SHAKESPEARE
As put forth in 1623.

A REPRINT OF
MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE'S
COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, &
TRAGEDIES.
Published according to the True Originall Copies.

LONDON
Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount, 1623;
and Re-Printed for
Lionel Booth, 307 Regent Street.
1864.
A NEW CRITICAL EDITION

OF WILLIAM

SHAKESPEARE'S

COMEDIES

HISTORIES &

TRAGEDIES

LONDON:

Printed by J. Strangeways and H. E. Walden, 28 Castle Street,
Leicester Square.

1864
To the Reader.

I have endeavored to explain the changes in the heads of the law in several learned and noble communities, the wealth and the wisdom of which I esteem with a very high preference to those of our own. If I have not been able to avoid the mistakes which a learned controversy is liable to, I have, at least, avoided one great sin, viz. that of publishing a work for which I have not been prepared. The first edition of the present was intended to be a trial, and the second at most a permanent correction of the errors I might have been guilty of, had it been published at first. If I have been happy enough to have received good advice in the meantime, it is not my business to complain. As I have not been guilty of anything which is not of a nature to hurt my character, I will, upon any future occasion, be so good as to publish my books without the trouble of submitting them to the censure of the learned, who are too sensible of the inconvenience it is to the public to be forced to read the errors of others without seeing them corrected by the authors. I am, etc.
To the Reader.

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

B. I.
TO THE MOST NOBLE
AND
INCOMPARABLE PAIRE
OF BRETHREN.

WILLIAM
Earle of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to the
Kings most Excellent MAIEFY.

AND

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

Right Honourable,

Hilè we studie to be thankful in our particular, for
the many fauors we haue received from your L.L.
we are faine upon the ill fortune, to mingle
two the most diuerse things that can bee, feare,
and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and
feare of the succeffe. For, when we valew the places your H.H.
sustaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to descend to
the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we haue
depriu'd our felues of the defence of our Dedication. But since your
L.L. haue beene pleas'd to thinke these trifles some-thing, bereeto-
fore; and haue prosequuted both them, and their Authour liuing,
with so much fauour: we hope, that (they out-liuing him, and be not
hauing the fate, common with some, to be exequutor to his owne wri-
tings) you will vse the like indulgence toward them, you haue done

A 2
The Epiftle Dedicatorie.

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

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

I O H N H E M I N G E.
H E N R Y C O N D E L L.
To the great Variety of Readers.

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

It had bene a thing, we confeffe, worthie to haue bene wilfed, that the Author himelsfe had liu'd to haue set forth, and overfeen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwife, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to haue collected & publisht them; and fo to haue publisht them, as wher (before) you were abus'd with diuerfe ftolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and theftes of injurious imposter, that expos'd them: even thofe, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest, abolute in their numbers, as he conceived the. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a moft gentle exprefser of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse, that wee haue scarce receuied from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our prouince, who onely gather his works, and glue them you, to praiе him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your diuers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be loft. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to vnderf tand him. And fo we leaue you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your felues, and others. And fuch Readers we with him.

A 3

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

The AUTHOR

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:

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

BEN: IONSON.
Vpon the Lines and Life of the Famous Scenicke Poet, Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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

HVGH HOLLAND.
TO THE MEMORIE
of the deceased Author Maister
W. SHAKESPEARE.

Hake-shpeare, at length thy pious fellowes giue
The world thy Workes: thy Workes, by which, out-live
Thy Tombe, thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And Time dissolves thy Stratford Moniment,
Here we alive shall view thee still. This Booke,
When Brass and Marble fade, shall make thee looke
Fresht to all Ages: when Pofteritie
Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodegie
That is not Shake-shpeares; eu'ry Line, each Verje
Here shall reviue, redeeme thee from thy Herse.
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as Nafsaid,
Of his, thy wits fraught Booke shall once invade.
Nor shall I e're beleue, or thinke thee dead
(Though mist) untill our bankrout Stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new straine t'out-do
Pasions of Tulliet, and her Romeo;
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy halfe Sword parlying Romans speake.
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest
Shall with more fire, more feeling be expresst,
Be sure, our Shakespeare, thou canst never dye,
But crown'd with Lawrell, liue eternally.

L. Digges.

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

VEE wondred (Shake-shpeare) that thou went'ft so soon
From the Worlds Stage, to the Graue-Tyring-room.
Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
Tells thy Spectators, that thou went'ft but forth
To enter with applause. An Actors Art,
Can dye, and liue, to acte a second part.
That's but an Exit of Mortalitie;
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

I. M.
TO THE MEMORIAL

[Text not legible or extract not provided]
The Workes of William Shakespeare, containing all his Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies: Truely set forth, according to their first OR FG I N A L L.

The Names of the Principall Actors in all these Playes.

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A CATALOGUE of the seuerall Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies contained in this Volume.

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

**Master.**

**Botef.** Heere Master: What cheere? 
**Mafi.** Good: Speake to th'Mariners: fall too, yarely, or we run our felues a ground, or to theire, or to theire.

Enter Mariners.

**Botef.** Heigh my hearts, yarely, yarely my harts: yare, yare: Take in the toppe-sale: Tend to th'Masters whistler: Blow till thou burft thy winde, if roome enough.

Enter Alonfio, Sebastiano, Antinio, Ferdinando, Gonzalo, and others.

**Alon.** Good Botefwaine haue care: where's the Master? Play the men. 
**Botef.** I pray now keepe below. 
**Ant.** Where is the Master, Bofon? 
**Botef.** Do you not heare him? you marre our labour, Keepe your Cabines: you do aslant the storme.

**Gonz.** Nay, good be patient. 
**Botef.** When the Sea is: hence, what cares these roapers for the name of King? to Cabine; silence: trouble vs not.

**Gen.** Good, yet remember whom thou haft aboard. 
**Botef.** None that I more love 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, vfe your authoritie: If you cannot, give thanks you have liu'd so long, and make your selfe readie in your Cabine for the mischance of the houre, if it so hap. Cheereuly good hearts: out of our way I say.

**Gen.** I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning marke upon him, his complexion is perfect. Gallowes: stand fast good Fate to his hanging, make the rope of his definity our cable, for our owne doth little advantage: If he be not borne to bee hang'd, our cafe is miserable.

Enter Botefwaine.

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

_A try within._ Enter Sebastiano, Antinio & Gonzalo.

Upon this howling: they are lower then the weather, or our office: yet againe? What do you heere? Shal we glue ore and drown we, haue you a minde to finke?

**Sebaf.** A pox of your throat, you bawling, blasphemous incharitable Dog.

**Botef.** Worke you then.

**Ant.** Hang cur, hang, you whoreon insolent Nobleman, we are leffe afraid to be drownede, then thou art.

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

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

Enter Marineres yet.

**Marti.** All loft, to prayers, to prayers, all loft.

**Botef.** What muft our mouths be cold?

**Gonn.** The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's affift them, for our cafe is as theirs.

**Sebaf.** I'am out of patience.

**Ant.** We are meerely cheated of our liues by drunkards, this wide-chopt-racally, would thou mightst lye drowning the washing of ten Tides.

**Gonz.** He'll be hang'd yet, though every drop of water sweare against it, and gape at width to glut him. _A confused noye within._

Mercy on us.

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

**Ant.** Let's all finke with King

**Seb.** Let's take leue of him.

**Gonz.** Now would I gie a thousand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Browne firs, any things the wills aboue be done, but I would faine dye a dry death.

**Scena Secunda.**

Enter Troffero and Miranda.

**Mira.** If by your Art (my deere father) you have put the wild waters in this枯燥ay them:

The skye it feemes would powre down thinking pitch, But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheeke, Difhers the fire out. Oh! I have suffered With those that I few suffere: A braue vefell

_A (Who_
The Tempest.

(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her) 
Dafh'd all to peeces: O the cry did knocke 
Against my very heart: poore soules, they perish'd. 
Had I bryn any God of power, I would 
Haue funkne the Sea within the Earth, or ere 
it should the good Ship to haue swallow'd, and 
The fraughting Soules within her. 
Prof. Be collected, 
No more amazement: Tell your piteuous heart 
there's no harme done. 
Mira. O woe, the day. 
Prof. 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 Poverforo, Master of a full poore cell, 
And thy no greater Father. 
Mira. More to know 
Died neuer medle with my thoughts. 
Prof. 'Tis time 
I should informe thee farther: Lend thy hand 
And plucke my Magick garment from me: So, 
Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, haue comfort, 
The direfull spectacle of the wracke which touch'd 
The very vertue of compation in thee: I 
haue with such pronifion in mine Art 
So safely ordered, that there is no foule 
No not so much perdition as an hayre 
Betid to any creature in the vessell 
Which thou heardest cry, which thou faw'rt finke: Sit 
For thou must now know farther. [downe, 
Mira. You have often 
Begun to tell me what I am, but flopt 
And left me to a bootlefle Inquisition, 
Concluding, fly: not yet. 
Prof. The hour's now come 
The very minute byds thee ope thine eare, 
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember 
A time before we came vnto this Cell? 
I doe not thinke thou canst, for then was not 
Out three yeeres old. 
Mira. Certainly Sir, I can. 
Prof. By what? by any other house, or perfon? 
Of any thing the Image, tell me, that 
Hath kept with thy remembrance. 
Mira. 'Tis farre off: 
And rather like a dreame, then an affurance 
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not 
Fowre, or five women once, that tended me? 
Prof. Thou hast; and more Miranda: But how is it 
That this lives in thy minde? What feeth thou els 
In the dark-backward and Abiffe of Time? 
Yf thou remembr'ft ought ere thou can'tt here, 
How thou can'tt here thou maid. 
Mira. But that I doe not. 
Prof. Twelve yer eince (Miranda) twelve yer eince, 
Thy father was the Duke of Milaine and 
A Prince of power: 
Mira. Sir, are not you my Father? 
Prof. Thy Mother was a piece of vertue, and 
She faid thou waft my daughter: and thy father 
Was Duke of Milaine, and his only heere, 
And Princepe; no worfe lifyed. 
Mira. O the heauens, 
What fowle play had we, that we came from thence? 
Or bleffed waft' we did? 
Prof. Both, both my Girle, 
By fowle-play (as thou faith) were we haund thence, 
But bleffedly holpe hither. 
Mira. O my heart bleedes 
To thinke thee trene that I haue turn'd you to, 
Which is from my remembrance, pleafe you, farther; 
Prof. My brother and thy vnkle, call'd Antonio: I 
pray thee marke me, that a brother should 
Be fo perifious: he, whom next thy felfe 
Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put 
The mannage of my flate, as at that time 
Through all the fignories it was the firft, 
And Poverforo, the prime Duke, being fo reputed 
In dignity; and for the liberal Artes, 
Without a parrelle; I thofe being all my ftdie, 
The Government I caft vpon my brother, 
And to my State grew strangre, being transported 
And rapt in fecretfteudies, thy falfe vnkle 
(Do'ft thou attend me?) 
Mira. Sir, moft heedfully. 
Prof. Being once perfected how to graunt fuites, 
how to deny them: who t'advance, and who 
To traff for over-topping; new created 
The creatures that were mine, I fay, or chang'd 'em, 
Or els new form'd 'em: hauing both the key, 
Of Officer, and office, fet all hearts ith flate 
To what tune pleas'd his eare, that now he was 
The Luy which had hid my princely Trunck, 
And fuctk my verdure out on't: Thou attend'ft not? 
Mira. O good Sir, I doe. 
Prof. I pray thee marke me: 
I thus negligence worldly ends, all dedicated 
To clofenes, and the bettering of my mind 
with that, which but by being fo retir'd 
Ore-prize'd all popular rate:in my falfe brother 
Awak'd an euill nature, and my truth 
Like a good parent, did beget of him 
A falfehood in it's contrarie, as great 
As my truth was, which had indeede no limit, 
A confidence fans 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 fuch a fynner of his memore 
To credite his owne lie, he did beleue 
He was indeed the Duke, out o' th' Subftitution 
And executing th'outward face of Roidalte 
With all prorogatives: hence his Ambition growing: 
Do'ft thou hear? 
Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure defacenesse. 
Prof. To have no Screeene between this part he plaid, 
And him he plaid it for, he needes will be 
Abolute Milaine, Me (poore man) my Librarie 
Was Dukedome large enough: of temporall realities 
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates 
(fo dre he was for Sway) with King of Naples 
To give him Annuall tribute, doe him homage 
Subiect his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend 
The Dukedom yet vnbow'd (ala poore Millaine) 
To moft ignoble flooping. 
Mira. Oh the heauens: 
Prof. Marke his condition, and th'euen, then tell me 
If this might be a brother. 
Mira. I shou'd finne 
To thinke but Noble of my Grand-mother, Good
The Tempest.

Good wombs have borne bad fowes.

Pro. Now the Condition.

This King of Naples being an Enemy
To me innsate, hearken my Brothers suit, Which was, That he in lieu o' th' premisses, Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute, Should presently extirpate me and mine Out of the Duke's Commen, and confer faire Millaine With all the Honors, on my brother Whereon A treacherous Armie leued, one mid-night Fated to th' purpose, did Antiochus open The gates of Millaine, and th' dead of darkennesse The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence Me, and thy crying felfe.

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

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

Mir. Wherefore thev they not That howre destroy't?

Pro. Well demanded, wench: My Tale provokes that question: Deare, they durt not, So deare the loue my people bore me: nor fet A marke so bloudy on the businesse; but With colours fairer, painted their soule ends. In few, they hurried a board a Barke, Bore vs some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared A rotten carkaffe of a But, not rigg'd, Nor tacke, fayle, nor moufe, the very rats Infinitelie have quitted it: There they hoynt vs To cry to th' Sea, that road to vs; to figh To th' windes, whose pitty fighing backe againe Did vs butlowing wrong.

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

Pro. O, a Cherubin Thou wast that did preferue me; Thou didft smile, Infu'd with a fortitude from heavens, When I haue deck'd the sea with drops full fat, Vnder my battern groan'd, which ra'lld in me An vndergoing ftomacks, to bare vp Against what fhould enue.

Mir. How came we a shore?

Pro. By prouidence diuine, Some food, we had, and some fresh water, that A noble Neapolitan Gonalo Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed Master of this deigne) did glue vs, with Rich garments, linnen, fpiffes, and necessaries Which fince haue ftewed much, fo of his gentlenesse Knowing I lou'd my bookes, he furnished me From mine owne Library, with volumes, that I prize above my Duckedome.

Mir. Would I might But euer fee that man.

Pro. Now I arie, Sit fyll, and heare the laft of our sea-forrow: Here in this Land we arriu'd, and heere Haue I, thy Schoolemafter, made thee more profit Then other Princefle can, that haue more time For vainer howeres; and Tutors, not fo carefull.

Mir. Heuens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir, For still 'tis beating in my minde; your reafon For rayling this Sea-ftorme?

Pro. Know thus far forth, By accident moft strange, bountifull Fortune (Now my dreere Lady) hath mine enemies Brought to this thore: And by my prefience I finde my Zenith doth depend vpon A moft aupitious ftarr, whose influence If now I count not, but omit; my fortunes Will euer after droope: Heare ceafe more questions, Thou art inclinde to sleepe: 'tis a good dulneffe, And glue it way: I know thou canst not chufe: Come away, Seruant, come; I am ready now, Approach my Artel. Come.

Ari. All hales, great Maffer, graue Sir, halle: I come To answere thy beft pleasure; be't to fly, To swim, to die into the fire: to ride On the curd clowds: to thy strong bidding, takest

Ariel, and all his Quality.

Pro. Haft thou, Spirit, Performed to point, the Tempest that I bad thee. Ar. To every Article. I boorded the Kings fhip now on the Beake, Now in the Waffe, the Decke, in every Cabyn, I fam'd amazement, sometime I'd duide And burne in many places; on the Top-maft, The Yards and Bore-spirit, would I fame diftinctly, Then meete, and loyne. Jove Lighting, the precurers O'th dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie And fight out-running were not; the fire, and cracks Of sulphurous roaring, the moft mighty Neptune Seeme to befiege, and make his bold waves tremble, Ye, his dread Tridents haile.

Pro. My brave Spirit, Who was fo fime, fo confitant, that this coyle Would not infect his reafon?

Ar. Not a fould But belt a Feauer of the madde, and piald Some tricks of defperation; all but Mariners Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quitt the vellif; Then all a fire with me the Kings fonne Ferdinand With harte vp-flarering (then like reeds, not haire) Was the firft man that leapt: cride hell is emptie, And all the Diuels are heere.

Pro. Why that's my fpirit: But was not this nye thore?

Ar. Clofe by, my Maffer.

Pro. But are they (Ariel) fafe?

Ar. Not a haire perill'd:

On their fulfaining garments not a blemiff, But frether then before: and as thou badft me, In troops I haue difperfed them 'bout the ifle: The Kings fonne haue I landed by himselfe, Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with fighes, In an odd Angle of the ifle, and fitting His armes in this fad knot.

Pro. Of the Kings fhip,
The Marriners, fhew how thou haft difpoft, And all the reft of thy Fleete?

Ar. Safely in harbour Is the Kings fhippe, in the deeppe Nooke, where once Thou caull'd me vp at midnight to fetch dewe From the flill-vext Bermouipes, there th' is hid; The Marriners all vnder hatches flowed, Who, with a Charme loynd to their fuffed labour I haue left afleep: and for the reft o'th' Fleete

Which
The Tempest.

(Which I dispers'd) they all have met againe, And are upon the Mediterranean Flote Bound suddenly home for Naples, Supposing that they saw the Kings ship wrackt, And his great perfon perift. Pro. Ariel, thy charge

Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work: What is the time o' th' day? Ar. Paft the mid season. Pro. At least two Glaffes: the time 'twixt fix & now Must by vs both be spent most preciously. Ar. Is there more toyle? Since y doft glue me pains, Let me rememb're thee what thou haft promis'd, Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moodie? What is't thou canst demand? Ar. My Libertie. Pro. Before the time be out? no more: Ar. I prethee, Remember I have done thee worthy seruice, Told thee no lyes, made thee no miftakings, serv'd Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou did promise To bate me a full yeere.

Pro. Do't thou forget From what a torment I did free thee? Ar. No. Pro. Thou do'st: & thinke't it much to tread y Ooze Of the salt deeps; To run vp on th' sharp winds of the North, To doe me bufinesse in the veins o'th' earth When it is bak'd with frost.

Ar. I do not Sir. Pro. Thou haft: where was the born? speake: tell me! Ar. Sir, in Argier. Pro. Oh, was the fo: I must

Once in a moneth recount what thou haft bin, Which thou forget't. This damn'd Witch Sycorex For mischifes manifold, and forcreries terrible To enter humane hearing, from Argier Thou know'ft it 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 hitther brought with And here was left by th'Saylors; thou my flue, (child) As thou repor'tst thy felie, was then her feruant, And for thou waft a Spirit too delicate To acht her earthly, and abord commands, Refusing her grand hefts, she did confine thee By helpe of her more potent MinifTERS, And in her moft vnmitigable rage, Into a clouen Pyne, within which rife Impifion'd, thou didst painefullly remaine A dozen yeeres: within which space the di'd, And left thee there: where thou didst not wyt thy groanes As faft as Mill-wheiles frike: Then was this Iland (Saue for the Son, that he did littoor heere, A frekellid whelpe, bag-borne) not honour'd with A humane shape.

Ar. Yes: Caliban her fonne.

Pro. Dull thing, I fay fo: he, that Caliban Whom now I keepe in seruice, thou know'ft now'That torment I did finde thee in; thy groanes Did make wolfes howle, and penetrate the breata Of euer-angry Beares; it was a torment

To lay vpon the damn'd, which Sycorex Could not againe vnfoe: it was mine Art, When I arriu'd, and heard thee, that made gape The Pyne, and let thee out. Ar. I thanke thee Mafter.

Pro. If thou more murmur'ft, I will rend an Oak And peg thee in his knotty entrailes, till Thou haft howl'd away twelve winter. Ar. Pardon, Mafter, I will be correpondent to command And doe my spryting, gently.

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


Mir. 'Tis a villaine Sir, I doe not loue to looke on. Pro. But as 'tis We cannot misfte him: be do's make our fire, Fetch in our wood, and ferues in Offices That profitt vs: What hoa: flue: Caliban:


Ar. My Lord, it shal be done. Exit. Pro. Thou payfonous flue, got by y diuell himfelfe Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth. Enter Caliban. Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother brufh'd With Rauens feather from vnwholefome Fen Drop on you both: A Southwift blow on ye, And bliffer you all ore.

Pro. For this be frost, to night thou shalt haue cramps, Side-ditches, that tallen thy breath vp, Vrchnis Shall for that vaft of night, that they may worke All exercife on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more flinging Then Been that made 'em.

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

For I am all the Subiects that you have, Which first was min owne King; and here you flye-me In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me The reft o'th' Iland.

Pro. Thou.
The Tempest.

Pro. Thou most lying flae,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I haue vs'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In mine owne Cell, till thou didst fecke to violate
The honor of my childre.
Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, wouldn't ha been done:
Thou didst preuent me, I had popeel'd elfe
This Isle with Calibans.
Mira. Abhorred Slave,
Which any print of goodnesse wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill: I pittied thee,
Took pains to make thee speake, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not (Savage)
Know thin owne meaning; but wouldst gibble, like
A thing moft brutish, I endow'd thy purpose
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 waft thou
Deferuedly confin'd into this Rockes, who hadst
Defend'd more then a prifon.
Cal. You taught me Language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red-plague rid you
For learning me your Language.
Prof. Hag-feed, hence:
Fetch vs in Fewell, and be quicke thou'rt best
To anwer other businesse: thrug't haue thou (Malice)
If thou neglidge, or doft vnwillingly
What I command, Ile racke thee with old Crampes,
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee sore,
That beafts thilme tremble at thy dyn.
Cal. No, I'pray thee,
I must obey, his Art is of such pow'r,
It would control my Dama god Seetebos,
And make a vassalle of him.
Pro. So shall, hence. Exit Cal.
Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, inuincible playing & singing.
Ariel Song. Come unto these yellow sands,
and then take bands:
Carted when you bate, and kist
the wilde wombs voubi.
Foste it feastly bears, and there,
and sower Sprites hear
the burthen.
Burthen elsefide.
Harpe, barke, boughd vouchsow: the watch-Dogges barke,
bough-vaugh.
At. Hark, hark, I heare, the straiens of strutting Chamicles
cry cockaldidle-dove.
Far. Where hold this Muick be? I'th aire, or th'earth?
It founds no more: and sure it waytes upon
Some God 'oth Ilランド, fitting on a banke,
Weeping against the King my Fathers wracke.
This Muickbe crept by me vpon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion
With it's sweet ayre: thence I have follow'd it
(Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.
Ariell Song. Full fadom fие thy Fader lies,
Of his bones are Corall made:
Toffe are pearies that were bi eies,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a Sea-change
Into something rich, & strange:
Sea-Nimphe's baurly ring his knell.
Burthen: ding dong.
Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.
Far. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,
This is no mortall busines, nor no found
That the earth owes: I heare it now aboe me.
Pro. The fringed Curtaine of thine eye adance,
And say what thou fee'lt yond.
Mira. What is't a Spirit?
Lord, how it looks about: Beleeue me sir,
It carries a braue forme. But 'tis a spirit.
Pro. No wench, it cats, and sleeps, & hath such senses
As we haue: such. This Gallant which thou seest
Was in the wracke: but hee's something about
With greefe (that's beauties canker) ye might't call him
A goodly perion: he hath left his fellows,
And frayses about to finde 'em.
Mira. I might call him
A thing dionine, for nothing natural
I euer saw fo Noble.
Pro. It goes on I see
As my foule prompts it: Spirit, fine spirit, Ie free thee
Within two dayes for this.
Far. Moft sure the Goddesse
On whom these ayres attend: Vouchsafe my pray'r
May know if you remaine vpon this Island,
And that you will some good instruction gue
How I may haue me here? I pray my prime requst
(Which I do last pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be Mayd, or no?
Mira. No wonder Sir,
But certainly a Mayd.
Far. My Language? Heauens:
I am the beft of them that speake this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.
Pro. How? the beft?
What wen'thou if the King of Naples heard thee?
Far. A fingle thing, as I am now, that wondren
To hear thee speake of Naples: he do's heare me,
And that he do's, I wepe: my felfe am Naples,
Who, with mine eyes (neuer fince at ebe) beheld
The King my Father wrack't.
Mira. Alacke, for mercy.
Far. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of Millaine
And his braue fonne, being twaine.
Pro. The Duke of Millaine
And his more brauer daughter, could controll thee
Now if 'twer fe Fit to do's: At the firft fight
They haue chang'd eyes: Delicate Ariel,
Ie let thee free for this. A word good Sir,
I feare you have done your felfe some wrong: A word.
Mira. Why speaks my father fo vagently? This
Is the third man that ere I faw: the firft
That ere I figh'd for: pity moue my father
To be encl'd my way.
Far. 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 buineses
I muft vneece make, leaft too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me: Thou do'ft heere vferpe
The name thou owfit not, and haft put thy felfe
Upon this Island, as a fpy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.
Far. No, as I am a man.
Mira. Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in such a Temple,
If the ill-spirit haue fo fayre a houfe,
Good things will frus to dwell with't.
Pro. Follow me.
The Tempest.

Profl. Speake not you for him: hee's a Traitor: come, Ile miracle thy necke and feete together: Sea water shalt thou drinke: thy food shall be The freth-brooke Muffels, withi'd roots, and huskes Wherein the Acornre cradled. Follow.

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

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

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

Mira. Beleeche you Father.

Prof. Hence: hang not on my garments. Mira. Sir haue pity,
Ille be his fortune.

Prof. Silence: One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What
An advocate for an Impofor? Huf: Thou think't there is no more fuch fapes as he,
(Hauing feene him and Caliban:) Foolifh wench,
To th'moft of men, this is a Caliban,
And they to him are Angels.

Mira. My affections
Are in the moft humble: I have no ambition
To fee a goodlier man.

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

Seb. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp:
My Fathers loft, the weakeffe which I feele,
The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
To whom I am fubdude, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prifon once a day
Behold this Mayd: all corners elfe o'th'Earth
Let liberty make vfe of: fpace enough
Haue in fuch a prifon.

Prof. It worke: Come on.
Thou haft done well, fine Ariel: follow me,
Harke what thou elfe doft meee.

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

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

Ariel. To th'ftillable.

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

Is much beyond our loffe; our hint of woe
Is common, every day, fame Saylors wife,
The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant
Hau'ft our Theame of woe: But for the miracle,
(I meane our prefervation) few in millions
Can speake like vs: then wifely (good Sir) weigh
Our sorrow, with our comfort.

Aloft. Prethee peace.

Seb. He receiues comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The Villitor will not give him ore fo.

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

Gen. Sir.

Seb. One: Tell.

Gen. When evergree is entertained,
That's offer'd comes to th'entertainer.

Seb. A dollor.

Gen. Doulour comes to him indeed, you have spoken
truer then you purpos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wifelier then I meant you should.

Gen. Therefore my Lord.

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

Aloft. I pre-thee fpare.

Gen. Well, I haue done: But yet

Seb. He will be talking.

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

Seb. The old Cocke.

Ant. The Cockrel.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A Laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this Ifland feeme to be defert.

Seb. Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. So: you paid.

Adr. Vininhabitable, and almoft inacceffible.

Seb. Yet

Adr. Yet

Ant. He could not mifle't.

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

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. I, and a subtle, as he moft learnedly deliu'r'd.

Adr. The ayre breathes vpvn vs here moft sweetly.

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

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

Gen. Heere is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True, faie means to liue.

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

Gen. How lufh and lufty the graffe looke's?

How greene?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of greene in't.

Ant. He miffe's not much.

Gen. No: he doth but miftake the truth totally.

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

Seb. As many vouched rarities are.

Gen. That all our garments being (as they were) drencht
in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their frethenesse and
gloffe, being rather new dy'd then strain'd with fiate
water.

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

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

Gen.
The Tempest.

Gen. 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. Sheb. "Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our returne.

Adri. Tunis was neuer graa'd before with such a Pagon to their Queene.


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

Seb. What if he had flied Widdowet Aneas too?

Good Lord, how you take it?

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

Gen. This Tusin Sir was Carthage.


Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

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

Ant. What impossible matter wil he make easy next?

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

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

Gen. I.

Ant. Why in good time.

Gen. 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 rareft that ere came there.

Seb. Bate (I beeche you) widdow Dido.


Gen. Is not Sir my doublet as freh as the firft day I wore it? I meane in a fort.

Ant. That fort was well fih'd for.

Gen. When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

Alon. You cram these words into mine eares, against the flamacke of my fene: I could have neuer married my daughter there: For comming thence My fonne is lost, and (in my rate) thee too, Who is so farre from Italy removed, I ne'er againe shal fee her: O thou mine heire Of Naples and of Millaine, what strange fih Hath made his meale on thee?

Fran. Sir he may lyve.

I saw him beate the furges vnder him, And ride vpon their backs; he trode the water Whose enmyt he flung aside: and brent

The furge most twolne that met him: his bold head 'Boue the contentious waues he kept, and oared HIMSELF with his good armes in lulty broke To th' thore; that ore his waue-worne baits bowed As flopping to releuice him: I not doubt He came alieue to Land.

Alon. No, no, hee's gone.

Seb. Sir you may thank your felfe for this great lofe, That would not beflue our Europe with your daughter, But rather lofe her to an African, Where she at leaft, is banifh'd from your eye, Who hath caufe to wet the greefe on't.

Alon. Pre-thee peace.

Seb. You were kneell'd too, & importun'd otherwife By all of vs, and the faire foule her felfe. Waught' betweene loathneffe, and obedience, at Which end o'behame should bow: we haue loot your I feare for evet: Millaine and Naples have (fon, Mo widdowes in them of this buifineffe making, Then we bring men to comfort them:
Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your person,
While you take your rest, and watch your safety.

Ari. Thank you; Wondrous heavy.

Seb. What a strange drownes postels they?

Ant. It is the quality o'the Climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids fiyne? I finde
Not my selfe dispost'd to sleepe.

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble:
They fell together all, as by content
They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke: what might
Worthy Sebastian? O, what might? no more:
And yet, me thinks I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: th'occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination see's a Crowne
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What? art thou wak'ning?

Ant. Do you not heare me speake?

Seb. I do, and surely
It is a sleepy Language; and thou speakest
Out of thy sleepe: What is it thou didst say?
This is a fringe repose, to be asleep,
With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, mouing:
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou lea'th thy fortune sleepe: die rather: winking
Whilest thou art waking.

Seb. Thou do'st more distinctly,
There's meaning in thy nores.

Ant. I am more ferious then my custome: you
Must be so too, if heed me: which to do,
Trebles thee o're.

Seb. Well: I am standing water.

Ant. Ieie teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb.

Hereby Sloth instructs me.

Ant. O!
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thou mocking it: how in tripping it
You more ineusit; it ebbing men, indeed
(Most often) do so near the bottome run
By their owne fearoe, or Sloth.

Seb. 'Pre-thee say on,

The letching of thine eye, and checque 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 persuasion, one)
Profeffes to perswade) the King his Sonne's alue,
'Tis as impossible that hee's vndrown'd,
As he that sleepees heree, flies.

Seb. I have 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 to note: that euery
Ambition cannot pierce a witcke beyond
But doubt dicovery 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 Queen of Tunis: she that dwels

Ten leagues beyond mans life: she that from Naples
Can hau'e no signes, vntill the Sun were set:
The Man l'th Moone's too floow, till new-born chimes
Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast againe,
(And by that definy) to performe an act
Whereof, what's past is Prologue; what to come
In yours, and my discharge.

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

Ant. A space, whole eu'ry cubit
Seemes to cry out, how shall that Claribell
Measure vs backe to Naples? keep in Tunies,
And let Sebastian wake. Say, this was death
That now hath faile'd them, why they were no worfe
Then now they are: There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleepe's: Lords, that can prate
As amply, and vnneecefully
As this Gonzaloe: I my selfe could make
A Chough of so deepe chat: O, that you bore
The minde that I do; what a sleepe were this
For your aduancement? Do you understand me?

Seb. Me thinks I do.

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

Seb. I remember
You did appall your Brothet Prospero.

Ant. True:
And looke how well my Garments fit upon me,
Much fatter then before: My Brothers feraunts
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 flipper: But I feele not
This Delit in my bosome: 'Twentie confidences
That fland 'twixt me, and Mililaine, candied be they,
And melt ere they mollett: 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 sleepe (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you doing thus,
To the perpetuell winke for aye might put
This ancient morfell: this Sir Prudence, who
Should not vpbraid our course: for all the reft
They'll take fugacion, as a Cat laps milke,
They'll tell the clocke, to any businesse that
We say befoes the houre.

Seb. Thy cafe, deere Friend
Shall be my preident: As thou go'st Mililaine,
I'll come by Naples: Draw thy fward, one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pailst,
And I the King shall loue thee.

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

Seb. O, but one word.

Enter Ariell with Musick and Song.

Ari. Now Mafter through his Art fore adec the danger
That you (his friends) are in, and tenders me forth
(For else his project dies) to keepe them liuing.

Sings in Gonzaloes ear.

While you here do frowning lies,
Open-ey'd Conftitute
His time doth take:

If
The Tempest.

If of Life you keep a care;
Shake off slumber and beware.

Awoke, awoke.

Ant. Then let us both be bodeine.

Gen. Now, good Angels preferre the King.

Alo. Why how now haos; awake? why are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gen. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here feuring your repose,

(Euen now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like Bulls, or rather Lyons, didn't not wake you?

It strokeo mine eare moft terribly.

Alo. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monferers ears;
To make an earthquake: sure it was the roare
Of a whole heard of Lyons.

Alo. Heard you this Gonsals?

Gen. 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 open,
I faw their weapons drawne: there was a noyle,
That's verily: 'tis best we stand upon 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 poor fonne.

Gen. Heaunes keep him from thefe Beasts:
For he is fure 'tis fland.

Alo. Lead away.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

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

Cal. All the infections that the Sunneuckyes vp
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By ych-meale a disease: his Spirits hearre me,
And yet I needes must curfe.But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with Vrchyn-thews, pitch me 'tis mere,
Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke
Out of my way, vnlefe he bid 'em; but
For every triffe, are they fet upon me,
Sometimes 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 hifice me into madness: Lo, now Lo,

Enter

Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me Trinculo.

For bringing wood in lowly: I'le fall flat,
Perchance he will not minde me.

Tri. Here's neither bush, nor shrub to beare off any
weather at all: and another Storme brewing, I hearre it
Sing iht' winde: yond fame blacke cloud, yond huge
one, looke as a foule bumbard that would file his
liquor: if it should thunder, as it did before, I know
not where to hide my head: yond fame cloud cannot
choofe but fall by palle-fuls. What haue we here, a man,
or a fish? dead or alive? a fish, hee smels like a fish: a
very ancient and fish-like flmell: a kind of, not of the

newtest poor John: 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 glue a pece of filuer:
there, would this Monfter, make a man: any strange
beast there, makes a man: when they will not give a
doit to relieue a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to see
a dead Indian: Leg'd like a man; and his Finnede like
Armes: warme o'th mouth: I doe now loofe my
pinion; hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an Hander,
that hath lately suffered by a Thunderbolt: Alas, the
storme is come againe: my bell way is to creepe un-
der his Gafterone: there is no other shelter herea-
bout: Milery acquaints a man with strange bedfellowes:
I will here throwd till the dregges of the storme be paft.

Enter Stephano singing.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I dye asoare.
This is a very furious tune to sing at a maws

Funerall: well, here's my comfort.

Drinkes.

Sing. The Majer, the Swabber, the Beate-juwaine & I;
The Gunner, and his mate

Lo'd Maller, Meg, and Marrian, and Margeris,
But none of us car'd for Kate.

For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a Sailor goe bang:
She lou'd not the favoure of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Toddor might scratch her bwure ere she did itch.

Then to Sea Boyes, and let her goe bang.

This is a furious tune too:
But here's my comfort.

Cal. Doe not torment me: oh.

Ste. What's the matter?

Have we diuels here?

Doe you put tricks vpons with Saluages, and Men of
Inde? ha? I have not scap'd drowning, to be afear
now of your foure legges: for it hath bin said; as pro-
per a man as euer went on foure legs, cannot make him
ghie ground: and it shall be soid so againe, while Ste-
phano breathes at nofrills.

Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh.

Ste. This is some Monfter of the Isle, with foure leggs;
who hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where the diuell
should he learne our language? he will give him some re-
lifie if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keepe
him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a Pre-
sent for any Empourer that euer trod on Neates-lea-
ther.

Cal. Doe not torment me prethee: I'le bring my
wood home after.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and doe's not talk after the
wight; hee shall take of my Botlle: if hee haue neuer
drunkne wine afore, it will goe neere to remove his Fit:
if I can recover him, and keepe him tame, I will not take
too much for him; hee shall pay for him that hath him,
and that foundly.

Cal. Thou don't me yet but little hurt; thou wilt a-
non, I know it by thy trembling: Now Prosper workes
vpon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways: open your mouth: here
is that which will gie language to you Cat; open your
mouth; this will make thy flashing, I can tell you, and
that foundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open
your chaps again.

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

Ste. Fourre legges and two voyces; a moft delicate Monfer: his forward voyce now is to speake well of his friend; his backward voyce, is to utter foule speeches, and to deftract: if all the wine in my bottle will recour him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will poure some in thy other mouth.

Tri. Stepbano.

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a diuell, and no Monfer: I will leave him; I have no long Spone.

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

Ste. If thou bee't Trinculo: come forth: I'le pull thee by the leffer legges; if any be Trinculo's legges, these are they: Thou art very Trinculo indeed: how cam'thou to be the thiefe of this Moone-calfe? Can he be Trinculo's?

Tri. I tocque him to be kil'd with a thunder-strok; but art thou not dround Stepbano? I hope now thou art not dround: Is the Storme ouer-blowne? I hid mee vnder the dead Moone-Calfe Gaberdine, for feare of the Storme: And art thou liuing Stepbano? O Stepbano, two Neapolitaines fcape'd?

Ste. Pre'thee doe not turne me about, my stomacke is not conbufant.

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

Ste. How did it thou scape? How cam'thau hither?

Stepbano: by this Bottle how thou cam'th hither: I fcape'd vpon a But of Sacke, which the Saylors heaud o'reboard, by this Bottle which I made of the barke of a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was caft a'flore.

Cal. I'le fwear vpon that Bottle, to be thy true fubfe, for the liquor is not earthy.

Ste. Heree: swear then how thou efcape'd.

Tri. Swom afore (man) like a Ducke: I can swim like a Ducke I'le be sworne.

Ste. Here, kiffe the Booke.

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

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

Stepbano: the whole But (man) My Cellar is in a rokke by th'ea-fide, where my Wine is hid:

Cal. How now Moone-Calfe, how do's thine Ague?

Cal. Ha'ft thou not dropt from heauen?

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

Cal. I haue feene thee in her: and I doe adore thee: My Miftris fhew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bulfe.

Ste. Come, swear to that: kiffe the Booke: I will furnifh it anon with new Contents: Sware.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very fhallo Monf'ter: I afear of him? a very weake Monf'ter:

The Man ith' Moone?

A moft poore croudulous Monf'ter: Well drawne Monf'ter, in good footh.

Cal. I'le fhew thee every fertill ynh 'oth Island: and I will kiffe thy fote: I prethee be my god.

Tri. By this light, a moft perfidious, and drunken Monf'ter, when's god's a feeppe he'll rob his Bottle.
Hee's faie for thefe three houres,
For O moft deere Miftres,
The Sun will fet before I fhall discharge
What I exceflive to do.
Mir. If you'l fhit downe
Ile beare your Logges the while: pray give me that,
Ile carry it to the pile.

Fer. No precious Creature,
I had rather crake my finewes, breake my backe,
Then you fhould fuch difhonour mynconference,
While I fit lazy by.

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

Pro. Poor worme thou art infected,
This visitation thenews it.

Mir. You looke wearely.

Fer. No, noble Miftres, 'tis freft morning with me
When you are by at night: I do befeech you
Chiefely, that I might fet it in my prayers,

What is your name?

Mir. Miranda, O my Father,
I have broke your heft to fay fo.

Fer. Admir'd Miranda,
Indeethe top of admiration, worth
What's deereft to the world: full many a Lady
I may eu'y with beft regard, and many a time
Th'harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage
Brought my too dilgent ear: for feuerall virtues
Have I lik'd feuerall women, neuer any
With fo full soule, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the nobleft grace the ow'd,
And put it to the gulle. But you, O you,
So perfeft, and fo peetifte, are created.

Of euery Creatures belft.

Mir. I do not know
One of my fexe; no womans face remember,
Saue from my glaffe, mine owne: Nor haue I feene
More that I may call men, then you good friend,
And my deere Father: how features are abroad
I am skilliffe of; but by my modelfe
(The Jewell in my dower) I would not with
Any Companion in the world but you:
Nor can imagination forme a flape
Befides your felfe, 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 fo) and would no more endure
This wodden flauerie, then to fatter
The fleath-flie blow my mouth: heare my foule speake.
The verie infant that I faw you, did
My heart fte to your feruice, there refides
To make me flue to it, and for your fake
Am I this patient Logge-man.

Mir. Do you loue me?

Fer. O heauen ; O earth, beare witness to this found,
And crowne what I profefle with kinde event
If I fpeak true: if hollowly, inward
What beft is boadde me, to miffchiefe: I,
Beyond all limit of what elfe 1' th world
Do loue, prize, honor you.

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

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

Fer. VVherefore wepe you?

Mir. At mine vnworthiness, that dare not offer
VVhat I desire to glue: and much leffe take
VVhat I fhall die to want: But this is tripping,
And all the more it feeks to hide it felfe,
The bigger bulke it thwes. Hence baftfull 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
VVhether you will or no.

Fer. My Miftres (deerefl)
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, thoufand.

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

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drinke
water, not a drop before; therefore beare vp, & board'em! Seruant Monfter, drinke to me.

Trin. Seruant Monfter? the folly of this Iland, they
fay there's but fieue upon this Ille; we are three of them,
if th'other two be brain'd like vs, the State totten.

Ste. Drinke seruant Monfter when I bid thee, thy
eyes are almoft fet in thy head.

Trin. VVhere fhould they bee fet elfe? hee were a
braue Monfter indeede if they were fet in his taile.

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

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

Ste. VVeel not run Monfieur Monfter.

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

Ste. Moorene-calfe, speake once in thy life, if thou bee
a good Moorene-calfe.

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

Trin. Thou lief't most ignorant Monfter, I am in cafe
to jullte a Contable: why, thou deboch't Fith thou,
was there euer man a Coward, that hath drunk fo much
Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell a monftrous lie, being
but halfe a Fith, and halfe a Monfter?

Cal. Loc, how he mocks me, wilt thou let him my
Lord?

Cal.
Enter Ariell invisible.

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

Ariell. Thou liest. Cal. Thou liest, thou lying Monkey thou! I would my valiant Mafter would destroy thee. I do not lyce. 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 Greatnifie will revenge on them, (for I know thou darst!) But this thing dare not. Ste. That's most certaine. Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and Ile ferve thee. Ste. How now shall this be compact? Canst thou bring me to the party? Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thee asleepe, where thou maist knocke a nail into his head. Ariell. Thou liest, thou canst not. Cal. What a myde Ninnies this? Thou fcuruy patch: I do befeech thy Greatnifie give him blows, and take his bottle from him: When that's gone, he shall drink noke but brine, for Ile not fweem him where the quicke Frethe are. Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: Interrupt the Monfter 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: He go farther off. Ste. Didst thou not fay he lyed? Ariell, Thou liest. Ste. Do I? Take thou that, as you like this, give me the lye another time. Trin. I did not give the lie: out o'your wittes, and hearing too? A pox o'your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo: a murren on your Monfter, and the diuell take your fingers. Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Stre. Now forward with your Tale: prethee fland further off. Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time I beate him too. Ste. Stand farther: Come proceed. Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a cuftome with him I' the afternoone to sleepe: there thou maift braine him, Haing firft fhe'd his bookees: Or with a logge Batter his skull, or pounce him with a flake, Or cut his wexand with thy knife. Remember first to poffefle his bookees; 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 Bookees, He ha's braue Ventenif (for fo he calleth them) Which when he ha's a house, he'll decke withall. And that moft deeply to confider, is The beautie of his daugther: he himfelfe Cal's her a non-parcell: I neuer saw a woman But onely Sycorax, my Dam, and she; But the as farre furpaffeth Sycorax, As great't do's leaf. Cal. Is it so braue a Laffe? Cal. I Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant, And bring thee forth braue brood. Ste. Monfter, I will kill this man; his daugther and I will be King and Queene, faue our Graces: and Trinculo and thy fefle shall be Vice-royes: Dofi thou like the plot Trinculo? Trin. Excellent. Ste. Give me thy hand, I am sorry I beate thee: But while thou li'ft keep a good tongue in thy head. Cal. Within this halfe hour will he be asleepe, Wilt thou defroy him then? Ste. I on mine honour. Ariell. This will I tell my Mafter. Cal. Thou mak'lt me merry: I am full of pleasure, Let vs be iocund. Will you troule the Catch you taught me but whileare? Ste. At thy requeft Monfter, I will do reaon, Any reaon: Come on Trinculo, let vs finge. Sings.

Flout'em, and cou't'em: and skow't'em, and floot'em, Thought is free. Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe. Ste. What is this fame? Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the picture of No-body. Ste. If thou beeft a man, fhew thy felfe in thy likenes: If thou beeft a diuell, take'ft as thou lift. Trin. O forgive me my finnes. Ste. He that dies payes all debts: I defie thee; Mercy vpon vs. Cal. Art thou affreud? Ste. No Monfter, not I. Cal. Be not affreud, the Ile is full of noyfes, Sounds, and sweet aires, that glue delight and hurt not: Sometimes a thoufand twangling Instrument Will hum about mine eares, and sometimies 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 thew riches Ready to drop vpon me, that when I wak'd I cri'de to dreame againe. Ste. This will prove a braue kingdome to me, Where I shall haue my Muflcke for nothing. Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd. Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the throte. Trin. The found is going away, Lets follow it, and after do our worke. Ste. Leade Monfter, Weel' follow: I would I could fee this Taborer, He lays it on. Trin. Wilt come? Ile follow Stephano.

Exeunt. Scena
Scena Tertia.

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

Gen. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir,
My old bones akers: here's a maze trod indeece
Through fourth rights, & Meanders: by your patience,
I needs must reft me.

Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who, am my selfe attach'd with wearesnife
To the droller of my spirits: sit downe, and rest:
Even here I will put off my hope, and keepe it
No longer for my Flatterer: he is droun'd
Whom thou shalt tray to finde, and the Sea mocks
Our fruitreare found 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 reso'd t'effect.

Seb. The next advantage will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to night:
For now they are oppreßd with trouaille, they
Will not, nor cannot vfe such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

Solemn and strange Musick: and Proser on the top (invi-

tible:) Enter fouerall strange shapes, bringing in a Banquet:
and dance about it with gentle actions of salutations, and
inviting the King, &c. to eate, they depart.

Seb. I say to night: no more.

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

Gen. Marvellous sweet Musick.

Al. Glue vs kind keepers, heauens: what were these?
Seb. A luing Drolerie: now I will beleue
That there are Vincornes: that is Arabia.

There is one Tree, the Phenix throne, one Phenix
At this houre reining there.

Ant. I beleue both:
And what do's elfe want credit, come to me
And I belewe 'ts true: Travellers euer did lye,
Though foole at home condemne 'em.

Gen. In naples
I should report this now, would they beleue me?
If I shou'd fly I saw such Ilands;
(For certes, these are people of the Iland)
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 a most any.

Pro. Honett Lord,
Thou hast laid well: for some of you there prestant;
Are worse then duels.

Al. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, suche gefure, and such sound expressing
(Altho' they want the vfe of tongue) a kinde
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing.
Fr. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their Viands behind; for wee have flo-
Wilt please you talle of what is here?

Al. No. Nor I. (Boytes)

Gen. Faith Sir, you neede not feare: when wee were
Who would beleue that there were Mountayneeres,
Dew-lapt, like Bulls, whose throats had hanging at'em
Wallets of Spees? or that there were such men

Whose heads stond in their brests? which now we finde
Each putter out of flue for one, will bring vs
Good warrant of.

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

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariel (like a Harpie) claps
his wings upon the Table, and with a quiet devise
The Banquet vanishes.

Ar. You are three men of finne, whom deftiny
That hath to infrument this lower world,
And what is in': the neuer surfeited Sea,
Hath caus'd to beelch vp you; and on this Iland,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongt men,
Being moft vnfit to live: I have made you mad;
And even with such like valour, me muddle, and droune
Their proper felues: you foolees, I and my fellows
Are minifters of Fate, the Elements
Of whom your fwords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winde, or with bemockt-att-Stabs
Kill the fill cloathing waters, as diminifh
One dowlle that's in my plume: My fellow minifters
Are like-invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your fwords are now too maffe for your strengths,
And will not be vplifed: But remember
(For that's my businesse to you) that you three
From Millaine did supplant good Prosero,
Expos'd vnto the Sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent childe: for which foule deed,
The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) have
Inensus'd the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures
Against your peace: Then of thy Sonne, Alfon
They have bereft; and doe pronounce by me
Lingering perdition (words then any death
Can be at once) shall ftep, by ftep attend
You, and your wayes, whose wrathes to guard you from,
Which here, in this moft defolate Ile, efe fals
Vpon your heads, is nothing but hearts-forrow,
And a cleere life enfuing.

He vanishes in Thunder: then (to thef Furies) Enter the
Shapes againe, and daunce (with mocks and mowers) and
Carry out the Table.

Pro. Braucely the figure of this Harpie, haft thou
Perform'd (my Ariel) a grace it had devouring:
Of my Infraction, haft thou nothing bated
In what thou had't to say: so with good life,
And obferuation strange, my meane minifters
Their feuerall kindees have done: my high charmes work,
And thefe (mine enemies) are all knit vp
In their diffrations: they now are in my powre;
And in thefe fits, I leaque them, while I will
Yong Ferdinand (whom they suppose is droun'd)
And his, and mine lou'd darling.

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

Al. O, it is monstrou's: monstro's:
Me thought the billowes spake, and told me of it,
The winde did fing it to me: and the Thunder
(That deeps and dreadfull Organ-pipe) pronounc'd
The name of Proser: it did bafe my Trefpass,
Therefore my Sonne i'th Ozee is bedded: and
I'll feke him deeper then ere plummet founded,
And with him there eye mudded.

Exit.

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

Ant.
Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I have too authorily punish’d you, Your compensation makes amends, for I have given you here, a third of mine owne life, Or that for which I live: who, once again I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations were but my trials of thy love, and thou haft strangely flown the test: here, afore heaven I ratifie this my rich guilt: O Ferdinand, doe not smile at me, that I boast her, for thou shalt finde she will out-frip all praise and make it halt, behind her. Fer. I doe believe it Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my guest, and thine owne acquisition Worthily purchas’d, take my daughter: But if thou do’st break her Virgin-knot, before All fandimonious ceremonies may With full and holy right, be miniftred, No sweet asperion shall the heauens let fall To make this contract grow; but barraine hate, Sower-e’y d’ difdain, and difcord shall befrew The unio of your bed, with weede so loathly That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heed, As Hymens Lamps shall light you. Fer. As I hope For quiet days, faire Issue, and long life, With such love, as ’tis now the muskied den, The moft opportune place, the strangst figgfeation, Our worfer Genius can, shall neuer melt Mine honor into luft, to take away The edge of that days celebration, When I shall thinke, or Peabou Steeds are founderd, Or Night kept chain’d below.

Pro. Fairly spokke; Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine owne: What Ariell? my induftious fervant Ariell. Enter Ariell. Ar. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou, and thy meeker fellows, your laft service Did worthyly performe: and I must vfe you In Such another tricke: goe bring the rable (Ore whom I glue thee powre) here, to this place: Incite them to quicke motion, for I must beftow upon the eyes of this young couple Some vainty of mine Art: it is my promife, And they expect it from me. Ar. Preferently? Pro. I: with a twinkke. Ar. Before you can fay 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 love me Mafter? no?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariell: doe not approach Till thou do’st heare me call.

Ar. Well: I conceuie.

Pro. Looke thou be true: doe not glue dalliance Too much the raigne: the strangst oathes, are straw To th’fire ith’ blood: be more abtenious, Or else good night your vow.

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


Ir. Ceres, most bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fitches, Oates and Pafe; Thy Turpifh-Mountains, where liue nibling Sheepe, And flat Medes thetched with Stouter, them to kepe: Thy bankes with plowed, and twilled brims Which fpunge Ariell, at thy heft betrime; To make cold Nymphes chaft crownes; & thy broome- Whofe shadow the diffimied Batchelor loues, (groues; Being laffe-lorne: thy pole-clipt vineyard, And thy Sea-marge ferrile, and rockey-hard, Where thou thy selfe do’st ayre, the Queene o’th Skle, Whose watry Arch, and messanger, am I. Bids thee leaue thefe, & with her foueraigne grace, Iuuo Here on this graffe-plot, in this very place defembs. To come, and fpore: here Peacocks eye amaine: Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertaine. Enter Ceres. Cer. Haile, many-coloured Messenger, that here Do’tes disobey the wife of Jupiter: Who, with thy faffon wings, vpon my flourres Diffuifte hony drops, refrehing flourres, And with each end of thy blew bowe do’t crowne My bokkie acres, and my vnfrubd downe, Rich fearp to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene Summond me hither, to this short gras’d Greene? Ir. A Contract of true Love, to celebrate, And some donation freely to eflate On the ble’sd 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 have forworne. Ir. Of her societe Be not afraid: I met her delite Cutting the clouds towards Paphos: and her Son Done-drawn with her: here thought they to have 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, Marfes hot Minion is returnd againe, Her wafipish headed fonne, has broke his arrows, Swears he wil shoote no more, but play with Sparrows, And be a Boy right out.

Cer. Highes Queene of State, Great Juno comes, I know her by her gate. Inu. How do’s my bountifull sifter? goe with me To bleffe this twaine, that they may prosperbe, And honourd in their Ifuue. They Sing.

Inu. Honor, riches, marriage, blesfing, Long continuance, and encreas’d, Heartely ioyes, be fill upon you,
The Tempest.

I am fancies.

Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited:) they joyn with the Nymphes, in a gracefull dance, towards the end whereof, Prospero startis solaine and speakes, after which to a strange bolowe and confused noise, they beauty warrant.

Pro. I had forgot that foulc conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come: Well done, auido: 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 distemp'd.

Pro. You doe looke (my fon) in a mou'd fort,
As if you were dismaid: be chearefull Sir,
Our Reuels now are ended: Tho'fe our actors,
(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
And like the baselesse fabricke of this vifion
The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,
The solemne Temples, the great Globe it felfe,
Yea, all which it inheriteth, shall dissolue,
And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded
Leave not a racke behinde: we are such fluffe
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a fleer: Sir, I am vert,
Bear with my weaknesses, my old braine is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity,
If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
And there repose, a turne or two, Ile walke
To fill my beating minde.

Fer. Mir. We with your peace.

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

Enter Ariel.

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 prefent Ceres
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Leaft I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave those varlets?
Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
So full of valour, that they imote the ayre
For breathing in their faces: beate the ground
For kifing of their feete: yet always bending
Towards their proiect: then I beate my Tabor,
At which like vnback'd colts they prick't their eares,
Aduan'd their eye-ids, lifted vp their noyes
As if they fnelt mucifie, so I charm'd their eares
That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd brarcs, sharpe firees, pricking goffe, & thorns,
Which entred their fraile thighs: at a I left them
I'th filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,
There dancing vp to th'chins, that the fowle Lake
Or-drunck their feet.

Pro. This was well done (my bird)
Thy shape inuifible retaine thou fill:
The trumpery in my houfe, goe bring it hither
For flate to catch these theeves. Ar. I go, I goe.

Exit. Pro. A Deuill, a borne-Deuill, on whole nature
Nurture can neuer ficke: on whom my paines
Humanely taken, all, all lofj, quite lofj,
And, as with age, his body ouglier grows,
So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,
Even to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.

Enter Ariel, laden with glifering apparel, &c. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all vert.

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

St. Monfier, your Fairy, w you fay is a harnes Fairy,
Has done little better then plaid the lacke with vs.

Trin. Monfier, I do flmell all horfe-plife, at which
My nofe is in great indignation.

Stc. So is mine. Do you heare Monfier: If I shou'd
Take a displeasure against you: Looke you.

Trin. Thou went but a loft Monfier.

Cal. Good my Lord, give mee thy favour fill,
Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too
Shall hudwinke this milchfane: therefore speake softly,
All's hufet as midnight yet.

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

Stc. There is not onely difgrace and dishonor in that
Monfier, but an infinite loffe.

Tr. That's more to me then my weting:
Yet this is your harneleffe Fairy, Monfier.

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

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

Stc. Glue me thy hand,
I do begin to hawe 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 true.

Tri. Oh, ho, Monfier: wee know what belongs to a
frippery, O King Stephano.
Enter Prospero (in his Magician robe) and Ariel.

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

Ari. On the first hower, at which time, my Lord You said our works should cease.

Pro. I did say so.

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

Ari. Conf'd together

In the same fashion, as you gave in charge, Luft as you left them; all prisoners Sir In the Line-grave which weather-fends your Cell, They cannot budge till your releas: The King, His Brother, and yours, abide all three distraught, And the remnant mourning over them, Brim full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord Gomzaio, His teares runs downe his beard like winters drops From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works 'em That if you now beheld them, your affection Would become tender.

Pro. Doft thou thinkke fo, Spirit?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine shall be.

Hath thou (what art but aire) a touch, a feeling Of their afflictions, and shall not my selfe, One of their kinde, that reliish all as sharply, Passion as they, be kindlier mou'd then thou art? Thogh with their high wrongs I am froom 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: Doe, releafe them Ariell, My Charms Ile breaeke, their fences Ile restore, And they shall be themselves.

Ari. Ile fetch them, Sir.

Pro. Ye Elues of hils, brooks, flading lakes & groues, And ye, that on the sands with printelefe foote Doe chafe the ebbing-Neptune, and doe file him When he comes backe: ye deny-Puppets, that By Moone-shine doe the greene lowre Ringlets make, Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whose paltime Is to make midnight-Moartrumps, that rejoyce To hear the solemne Carfewe, by whom ayde (Weake Maters though ye be) I haue bedym'd The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutenes winds, And twixt the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault Set roaring warre: To the dread ratling Thunder Haue I gien fire, and rifted Iowe float Oke With his owne Bolt: The strong bas'd promonorie Haue I made shake, and by the lipus 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 have requir'd Some heavenly Musick (which eu'n now I do) To worke mine end vpon their Sences, that This Aye-charme is for, I'le breake my staffe, Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth, And deeper then did euer Plument found Ile drowne my booke.

Solemne musick.

Here enters Ariel before: Then Alonso with a fanctific ge- sture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Antonio in like manner attended by Adrian and Franciaco: They all enter the circle wobib Prospero bad made, and there stand charm'd: wobib Prospero offering speeches.

A solemne Ayre, and the best comforter, To an vnsetted fancie, Cure thy braines (Now vileffe) boile within thy skull: there stand For you are Spell-fowt. Holy Gonzalia, Honourable man, Mine eyes ev'n fociable to the shew of thine Fall fellowly drops: The charme diffilues space, And as the morning firecalues upon the night (Melting the darkenesse) fo their rising fencas Begin to chace the ignorant rumes that mantle Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalia My true preferuer, and a loyal Sir, To him thou follow'st: I will pay thy graces Home both in word, and deede: Moit cruelly

Didst
The Tempest.

Did thou, Ariel, vie me, and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the Aél.
Thou art pinch'd for't now Scæfilan. Fleb, and bloud,
You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,
Expell'd remorse, and nature, whom, with Scæfilan
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
Would heere haue kill'd your King: I do forgive thee,
Vnnaturall though thou art: Their vnderstanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now ly foule, and mudy: not one of them
That yet lookes on me, or would know me: Ariel,
Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,
I will dische me, and my selfe present
As I was sometime Millaine: quickly Spirit,
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariel sings, and helps to attire him.
Where the Bee jacks, there juck I,
In a Couspins bell, I lie,
There I couch when Owles doe cri,
On the Raie backe I doe sit,
After summer merry,
Mercily, mercilly, shall I live now,
Under the blossem that hangs on the Bow.

Pro. Why that's my dainty Ariel: I shall misse
Thee, but yet thou shalt haue frendome: so, so, so,
To the Kings ship, inuincible as thou art,
There shalt thou finde the Marriners affeepe
Vnder the Hatches: the Master and the Boat-swaine
Beinge awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I preache.
Ariel. I drinkke the aire before me, and returne
Or ere you pulfe twice beate. Exit.

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

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

Alc. Where thou be't he or no,
Or some inchanted trifle to abuse me,
(As late I haue bene) I not know: thy Pule
Beats as of fleb, and blood: and since I saw thee,
Th'affiction of my minde amends, with which
I feare a madneffe held me: this must craue
(And if this be at all) a most strange fory.
Thy Dukedome I reigne, and doe entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs: But how shold Prospers
Be liuing, and be heere?

Pro. First, noble Frend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
Be meafur'd, or confin'd.
Gen. Whether this be,
Or be not, I're not fware.
Pro. You doe yet taue
Some subleties o'th'ile, that will nor let you
Beleeue things certaine: Welcome, my friends all,
But you, my brace of Lords, were I'mo minded
I heere could plucke his Highneffe frowne vpon you
And juftifie you Traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

"The Diuell speakes in him:
Pro. No:

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

Alc. If thou beest Prospers
Guie vs particulars of thy preteruation,
How thou haft met vs heere, whom three howres since
Were wracket vpon this shore? where I haue lof't
(How tharp the point of this remembrance is)
My deere fonne Ferdinand.

Pro. I am wee for't, Sir,
Alc. Irreparable is the losse, and patience
Saires, it is paft her cure.

Pro. I rather thinke
You haue not sought her helpe, of whose soft grace
For the like losse, I haue her foueraigne aid,
And reft my felle content.

Alc. 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.

Alc. A daughter?

Oh heauens, that they were lying both in Naipes
The King and Queene there, that they were, I wish
My felle were muddled in that oo-zie bed
Where my fonne lies: when did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this lat Tempete. I percieue thefe Lords
At this encounter doe so much admire,
That they devour their reafon, and scarce thinke
Their eies doe offices of Truth: Their words
Are natural breath: but howfoeu'r you haue
Beene iuftled from your fences, know for certain
That I am Prospers, and that very Duke
Which was thrift forth of Millaine, who moft strangely
Vpon this shore (where you were wracket) 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-faut, nor
Reffiting this firft meeting: Welcome, Sir;
This Cell's my Court: heere haue I few attendants,
And Subiefts none abroad: pray you lookie in:
My Dukedome since you haue given me againe,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At length bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much, as me my Dukedome.

Here Prospers discouers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at Chess.

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me falle.
Fer. No my dearest loue,
I would not for the world. (wrangle,
Mir. Yes, for a score of Kingdomes, you should
And I would call it faire play.

Alc. If this proue
A vision of the Iland, one deere Sonne
Shall I twice call
Seb. A most high miracle.
Fer. Though the Seas threatne they are mercifull,
I haue curs'd them without caufe.

Alc. Now all the bleslings
Of a glad father, compaffe thee about:
Arife, and say how thou cam't heere.

Mir. O wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there heere?
How beauteous mankinde is? O braue new world

B 3

That
The Tempest.

That has such people in't.

Pro. This new to thee. (play?)

Ab. What is this Maid, with whom thou was't at
Your el'd acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath (feuer'd vs,
And brought vs thus together?

Fer. Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal prudence, she's mine;
I chose her when I could not ask my Father
For his advice: not thought I had one: She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Millaine,
Of whom, so often I have heard renowne,
But never saw before: of whom I have
Receu'd a second life; and second Father
This Lady makes him to me.

Ab. I am hers.
But O, how odly will it found, that I
Must ask my childe forgivenesse?

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

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

Ab. I say Amen, Gonnello.

Gon. Was Millaine thrust from Millaine, that his Issue
Should become Kings of Naples? O reioyce
Beyond a common joy, and let it downe
With gold on lafting Pillers: In one voyage
Did Claribell her husband finde at Tunis,
And Ferdinand her brother, found a wife,
Where he himfelfe was loft: Prospero, his Dukedome
In a poore Ile: and all of vs, our felues,
When no man was his owne.

Ab. Glue me your hands:
Let grieve and allow still embrace his heart,
That doth not with you ly.

Gon. Be it fo, Amen.

Enter Arieil, with the Master and Boatfwayne
amusedly following.

O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of vs:
I prophesied, if a Growles were on Land
This fellow could not drowne: Now blaffemy,
That swear'd Grace ore-board, not an oath on shore.
Haft thou no mouth by land?
What is the newes?

Bot. The bef newes is, that we have safely found
Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,
Which but three glaffe finsce, we gave out split,
Is yte, and yare, and bravely rig'd, as when
We firft put out to Sea.

Ar. Sir, all this feruice
Hau'e I done since I went.

Pro. My trickfey Spirit.

Ab. These are not natural events, they strengthen
From frange, to franger: say, how came you hither?

Bot. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd strue to tell you: we were dead of sleepe,
And (how we know not) all clapt under hatches,
Where, but euen now, with frange, and feuerall noyces
Of roring, shreeking, howling, gingling chaines,
And mo dieriffte of founds, all horrible.
We were awak'd: straught way, at liberty;
Where we, in all our trim, freely beheld

Our roylall, good, and gallant Ship: our Master
Carping to eye her: on a trice, fo please you,
Euen in a dreame, we were diuided from them,
And were brought moaping hither.

Ar. Was't well done?

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

Ab. This is as strange a Maze, as ere men trod,
And there is in this Barneinne, more then nature
Was euer conduct of: some Oracle
Muft reftifle our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Leige,
Doe not infet thy minde, with beating on
The stranegneffe of this Barneinne, at pickt leisure
(Which shall be shortly fingle) I'll refole you,
(Which to you shall feeme probable) of euer
These happend accidents: till when, be cheerefull
And think of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,
Set Caliban, and his companions free:
Wayte the Spell: How fars my gracious Sir?
There are yet miffing of your Companie
Some few odd Lads, that you remember not.

Enter Arieil, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and
Trinculo in their faine Apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the reft, and let
No man take care for himfelfe; for all is
But fortune: Coragio Bully-Monfter Carago.

Tri. If thee be true fpies which I weare in my head,
here's a goody fight.

Cal. O Strakes, thefe be braue Spirits indeede
How fine my Master is? I am afraid
He will chaftife me.

Seb. Ha, ha:
What things are thefe, my Lord Anthony?
Will money buy em?

Ar. Very like: one of them
Is a plane Fih, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Marke but the badges of thefe men, my Lords,
Then fay if they be true: This miffitem knaue;
His Mother was a Witch, and one fo ftrong
That could controle the Moone: make flourves, and ebs,
And deale in her command, without her power:
These three hau'e robd me, and this demy-duell;
(For he's a baftard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of thefe Fellowes, you
Muft know, and owne, this Thing of darkennefe, I
Acknowledg mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Ab. Is not this Stephano, my drunken Butler?

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

Ab. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How can't thou in this pickle?

Tri. I haue bin in fuch a pickle since I faw you laft,
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'd be King o' the Ile, Sirfa?

Seb. I shou'd haue bin a fore one then.

Ab. This is a frange thing as ere I look'd on.

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

Cal. I that I will: and Ile be wife hereafter,
The Tempest.

And feake for grace: what a thrice double Aske
Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
And worship this dull foole?
Pro. Go to, away.
(Alc. Hence, and beftow your luggage where you
&b. Or flole it rather.
Pro. Sir, I intue your Highnesse, and your traine
To my poore Cell: where you shall take your reft
For this one night, which part of it, Ie waite
With fuch discourse, as I not doubt, fhall make it
Goe quicke away: The story of my life,
And the particular accidents, got by
Since I came to this faire: And in the morne
I'll bring you to your ship, and fo to Naples,

Where I haue hope to fee the nuptiall
Of thefe our deere-belou'd, folemnized,
And thence retire me to my Millaines, where
Every third thought fhall be my graue.
Alc. I long
To heare the fory of your life; which muft
Take the care finamely.
Pro. I'll deliver all,
And promife you calm Seas, auspicious gales,
And faile, fo expeditious, that fhall catch
Your Royall flete farre off: My Ariel; chicke
That is thy charge: Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well: pleafe you draw neere.
Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE,
spoken by Prospero.

Now my Charmes are all ore-browne,
And what ftreng'th I haue's mine owne.
Which is moft faint: now 'tis true
I muft be here confinde by you,
Or bent to Naples, Let me not
Since I haue my Dukedom got,
And pardon't the deceiver, dwell
In this bare Island, by your Spell,
But release me from my bands
With the helpe of your good bands:
Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes
Muit fill, or else my proueit failles,
Which was to pleafe: Now I want
Spirits to enforce: Art to incant,
And my ending is defpaire,
Venfle I be releiu'd by prayer
Which pierces fo, that it assaults
Mercy it felle, and frees all faultes.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence fet me free.
Exit.

The Scene, an vn-inhabited Island

Names of the Actors.

Alonfo, K. of Naples:
Sebastian bis Brother.
Prospero, the right Duke of Millaine.
Antonibis bis brother, the usurping Duke of Millaine.
Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.
Gonzalo, an beseft old Counseller.
Adrian, & Franciela, Lords.
Caliban, a salvage old Counciller.
Trinculo, a Iesfer.
Stepano, a drunken Butler.
Mafter of a Ship.
Beate-Swaine.
Morriners.
Miranda, daughter to Prospero.
Ariel, an ayrie Spirit.
Iris
Ceres
Iuno
Nymphes
Reapers

FINIS.
THE
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Valentine : Proteus, and Speed.

Valentine.

Eafe to perfwade, my louing Proteus;
Home-keeping-youth, haue euere homely wits,
We't not affection chaines thy tender days.
To the sweet glances of thy honoure Louise,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To fee the wonders of the world abroad,
Then (liuing duly fuggardis'd at hone)
Wearie thy youth with shapelefle idlenefe.
But fince thou lou'ft; loue full, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to loue begin.

Pro. Will thou be gone? Sweet Valentine ad ew,
Thinke on thy Proteus, when thou (hap'ly) feefet
Some rare note-worthy obiect in thy traveile.
With me partake in thy happinesse,
When thou do't mee good hap; and in thy danger,
(If euere danger doe environ thee)
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadel-man, Valentine.

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

Pro. Upon fome booke I loue, I'le pray for thee.

Val. That's on fome shallow Storie of deepje loue,
How yong Leander croft the Hellefpont.

Pro. That's a deepje Storie, of a deeper loue,
For he was more then ouer-thoos in loue,

Val. 'Tis true; for you are ouer-bootes in loue,
And yet you never fwoon the Hellefpont.

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

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

Pros. What? (grones)

Val. To be in loue; where fcorne is bought with
Coy looks, with hart-fere fighes: one fiding moments
With whyte watchfull, weary, tedious nights; (mirth,
If hap'ly won, perhaps a hapleffe gaine;
If loft, then a grieuous labour won;
How euere; but a fолly bought with wit,
Or elfe a wit, by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumftance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumftance, I fcare you'll profe.

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

Val. Loue is your mafter, for he mafter you;
And he that is fo yoked by a fool,
Me thinkes fhoold not be chronicled for wife.

Pro. Yet Writters fay; as in the sweeteft Bud,
The eating Canker dwells; fo eating Loue
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And Writters fay; as the moft forward Bud

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

Pro. And thither will I bring thee Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no: Now let vs take our leave:
To Millaine let me heare from thee by Letters
Of thy fucceffe in loue; and what newes elfe
Betideth here in abfence of thy friend:
And I likewife will vitife thee with mine.

Pro. All happinesfe bechance to thee in Millaine.

Val. As much to you at hone: and fo farewell. Exit.

Pro. He after Honour hunts, I after Loue;
He leaues his friends, to dignifie them more;
I loue my felfe, my friends, and all for loue:
Thou Julia thou haft metamorphiz'd me:
Made me negleét my Studies, loose my time;
Warre with good counfaile; let the world at nought;
Made Wit with mufing, weake; hart fick with thought.

Sp. Sir Proteus: faue you; faue you my Mafter?

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

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

Pro. Indeed a Sheepe doth very often stray,
And if the Shepheard be awhile away,

Sp. You conclude that my Mafter is a Shepheard then,
And I Sheepe?

Pro. I doe.

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

Pro. A filly anfwer, and fitting well a Sheepe.

Sp. This profees me still a Sheepe.

Pro. True: and thy Mafter a Shepheard.

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

Pro. It fhall goe hard but lie profe it by another.

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

Pro. The Sheepe for foddor follow the Shepheard,
The Shepheard for foode followes not the Sheepe: thou
for waffes fowleft thy Mafter, thy Mafter for waffes
followes not thee: therefore thou art a Sheepe.

Sp. Such another profe will make me cry baà.

Pro. But do'ft thou heare: gau'lt thou my Letter

to Julia?

Sp. I
Scena Secunda.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say Lucetta (now we are alone)
Would'th thou then counsaille me to fall in love?
Luc. I Madam, so you stumble not veinheadly.
Jul. Of all the faire reftort of Gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthieft love?
Lu. Pleafe you repeat their names, ile flew my minde,
According to my shallow fimple skill.
Lu. What think'th thou of the faire ft Eglamure?
Lu. As of a Knight, well-spoken, near, and fine;
But were I you, he never should be mine.
Lu. What think'th thou of the rich Mercatia?
Lu. Well of his wealth; but of himselfe, fo fo.
Lu. What think'th thou of the gentle Proteus?
Lu. Lord, Lord: to fee what folly reignes in vs.
Lu. How now? what means this passion at his name?
Lu. Pardon dear Madam, 'tis a palling flame,
That I (vnworthy body as I am)
Should confine thus on loyely Gentlemen.
Lu. Why not on Proteus, as of all the reft?
Lu. Then thus: of many good, I thinke him best.
Tul. Your reafon?
Jul. I haue no other but a womens reafon:
I thinke him fo, because I thinke him fo.
Tul. And would'th thou haue me call my love on him?
Lu. I: if you thought your love not call away.
Lu. Why he, of all the reft, hath never mould me.
Lu. You he, of all the reft, I thinke best loves ye.
Tul. His little ftpeaking, fhes his love but small.
Lu. Fire that's clofeft kept, burns moft of all.
Lu. They doe not love, that doe not fhew their love.
Lu. Oh, they loue leaft, that let men know their loue.
Jul. I would I knew his minde.
Lu. Perufe this paper Madam.
Tul. To Julia: fay, from whom?
Lu. That the Contents will shew.
Tul. Say, fay: who gave it thee?
Lu. Sir Valentines page: & fent I thinke from Proteus;
He would have gien it you, but I being in the way,
Did in your name receuie it: pardon the fault I pray.
Tul. Now (by my modesty) a goodly Broker:
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper, and confpire against my youth?
Now truft me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place:
There: take the paper: fee it be return'd,
Or elfe return no more into my fight.
Lu. To plead for loue, deferues more fee, then hate.
Tul. Will ye be gon?
Lu. That you may ruminatte.
Exit.
Tul. 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, fay no, to that,
Which they would have the profferer conftrue, I.
Fie, fie: how way-ward is this foolifh loue;
That (like a teftle Babe) will scratch the Nurfe,
And prefently, all humbled kiffe the Rod?
How churlithly, I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly, I would have had her here?
How angrily taught my brow to frowne,
When inward joy endure'd my heart to fmile?
My penance is, to call Lucetta backe
And ask remiflion, for my folly paft.
What hoe: Lucetta.
Lu. What would your Ladifhip?
Jul. Is't neere dinner time?
Lu. I would it were,
That you might kill your flamacke on your meat,
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

And not upon your Maid.
Lu. What is it that you Took vp so gingerly?
Lu. Nothing.
Lu. Why didst thou stoop then?
Lu. To take a paper vp, that I let fall.
In. And is that paper nothing?
Lu. Nothing concerning me.
In. Then let it lie, for there that it concerns.
Lu. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Vnleffe it have a false Interpreter.
In. Some love of yours, hath writ to you in Rime.
Lu. That I might sing it (Madam) to a tune:
Glue me a Note, your Ladisship can set
In. As little by fuch toyes, as may be possibile:
Beft sing it to the tune of Light O, Loue.
Lu. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
In. Heavy? belike it hath some burden then?
In. I: and melodious were it, would you sing it,
In. And why not you?
Lu. I cannot reach so high.
Lu. Let's see your Song:
How now Minion?
Lu. Kepe tune there still; so you will sing it out:
And yet me thinke I do not like this tune.
Lu. You do not?
Lu. No (Madam) is too sharpe.
Lu. You (Minion) are too faucie.
Lu. Nay, now you are too flat;
And marre the concord, with too harsh a defect!
There wanteth but a Meane to fill your Song.
In. The meanes is dround with you vnruely base.
Lu. Indeed I bid the bafe for Protheus.
In. This bable shall not henceforth trouble me;
Here is a coile with protestation;
Goe, get you gone; and let the papers lye:
You would be finging them, to anger me.
Lu. She makes it strainge, but she would be best pleas'd
To be so angred with another Letter.
Lu. Nay, would I were so angred with the famc:
Oh hatefull hands, to teare fuch louing words;
Inulurious Wafpes, to feede on fuch sweet hony,
And kill the Bees that yeeldle it, with your flings;
Ile kiffe each feueller paper, for amends:
Looke, here is writ, kinde Iulia: vnkinde Iulia,
As in reuenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruizing-flones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy diffaine.
And here is writ, Loue wounded Protheus:
Poore wounded name: my bosome, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly heal'd:
And thus I search it with a fouraigne kiffe.
But twice, or thrice, was Protheus written downe:
Be calme (good winde) blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter, in the Letter,
Except mine own name: That, some whirle-winde beare
Vnto a ragged, fearfull, hanging Rocke,
And throw it thence into the raging Sea.
Loe, here in one line is his name twice writ:
Poore forlorn Protheus, paffionate Protheus:
To the sweet Iulia: that iie teare away:
And yet I will not, fith fo prettily
He couples it, to his complaining Names;
Thus will I fold them, one upon another;
Now kiffe, embrace, contend, doe what you will.
Lu. Madam: dinner is ready: and your father flaines.

Lu. Well, let vs goe.
Lu. What, shall thse papers lye, like Tel-tales here?
Lu. If you refpeict them; beft to take them vp.
Lu. Nay, I was taken vp, for laying them downe.
Yet here they shall not lye, for catching cold.
Lu. I see you have a months minde to them.
Lu. I do (Madam) you may fay what lights you see;
I fsee things too, although you judge I winke.
Lu. Come, come, wilt pleafe you goe.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Antonio and Pantbino. Protheus.

Ant. Tell me Pantbino, what fad talke was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the Cloyfter?
Pan. 'Twas of his Nephew Protheus, your Sonne.
Ant. Why? what of him?
Pan. He wonderd that your Lordship
Would suffer him, to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of flander reputation
Put forth their Sonses, to feke preferment out.
Lu. Some to the warres, to try their fortune there;
Some, to dilcouer Ilands farre away:
Some, to the studious Vniverseeties;
For any, or for all these exercifes,
He faid, that Protheus, your Sonne, was meet;
And did requert me, to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachement to his age,
In hauing knowne no trauaille in his youth.
Ant. Nor need't you much importune me to that
Whereon, this month I have bin hammering:
I haue confider'd well, his loffe of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried, and tutord in the world:
Experience is by industry achto'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then tell me, whether were I beft to fend him?
Pan. I thinke your Lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthfull Valentius,
Attends the Emperour in his royall Court.
Ant. I know it well.
Pan. 'Thither, were good, I thinke, your Lordship fend him
There shall he prafticke Titls, and Tunemants;
Heare sweet discourfes, confuerue with Noble-men,
And be in eye of every Exercife
Worthy his youth, and noblenesse of birth.
Ant. I like thy confanaile: well haft thou aduis'd:
And that thou maft perceiue how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make knowne;
Even with the fpeedieft expedition,
I will dispatch him to the Emperors Court.
Pan. To morrow, may it pleafe you, Don Alphonfo,
With other Gentlemens of good efteme
Are iournyng, to salute the Emperors,
And to commend their fervice to his will.
Ant. Good company: with them shall Protheus goe:
In and 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;
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

O that our Fathers would applaud our loues
To fear, their happynesse with their content.

Pro. Oh heavenly 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;
Deilier'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 grace by the Emperor;
Withking me with him, partner of his fortune.

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 forted with his wish:
Mute not that I thus foadily proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end:
I am refol'd, that thou shalt fpend some time
With Valentine, in the Emperors Court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibitions thou that haue from me,
To morrow be in readinesse, to goe,
Excite it not: for I am peremptory.

Pro. My Lord I cannot be fo fome provid'd,
Please you deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look what thou want'st halfe fent after thee:
No more of flay: to morrow thou muft goe;
Come on Pantomus, you shall be implo'd,
To haften on his Expedition.

Pro. Thus have I thund the fire, for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the fee, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to fiew my Father Iulius Letter,
Leaff he should take exceptions to my loue,
And with the vantage of mine owne excufe
Hath he excepted against my loue.
Oh, how this fpring of loue refembles
The unceraine glory of an April day,
Which now fiewes all the beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

Pro. Sir Proutbus, your Fathers call's for you,
He is in haf, therefore I pray you go.

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

Exeunt. Finis.

Actus secundus: Scæna Prima.

Enter Valentine, Scæna Silvaia.

Val. 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 fee: I glue it me, it's mine:
Sweet Ornament, that deckes a thing diuine,
Ah Silvaia, Silvaia.

Speed. Madam Silvaia: Madam Silvaia.

Val. How now Sirha?

Speed. Shew is not within hearing Sir.

Val. Why Sir, who bad you call her?

Speed. Your worship sir, or elfe I mitooke.

Val. Well; you'll fill be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was laft children for being too slow.

Val. Goe to, fir, tell me: do you know Madam Silvaia?

Speed. Shee that your worship loues?

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

Speed. Marry by thefe speciall markes: firft, you haue
learn'd (like Sir Proutbus) to wretche your Armes like a
Male-content: to relifh a Loue-fong, like a Robin-red
brest: to wakke alone like one that had the pellifene:
to figh, like a Schoole-boy that had loft his A. B. C.
to weep like a yong wench that had buried her Grandam:
to falt, like one that takes diet: to watch, like one that
feares robbing: to speake puling, like a beggar at Hal
low-Maffe: You were wont, when you laughe, to crow
like a cocke; when you walk'd, to wakke like one of the
Lions: when you fainted, it was prefently after dinner:
when you look'd fadly, it was for want of money: And
now you are Metamorphis'd with a Miftria, that when I
looke on you, I can hardly thinke you my Mafter.

Val. Are all these things perceiued in me?

Speed. They are all perceiued without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you I say, that's certaine: for without
you were both simpfe, none elfe would: but you are
fo without these folfies, that these folfies are within you,
and shine through you like the water in an Vrinal: that
not an eye that sees you, but is a Phyfician to comment
on your Malady.

Val. But tell me: do't thou know my Lady Silvia?

Speed. Shee that you gaze on fo, as the fits at fupper?

Val. Haft thou obler'd that? even the I meane.

Speed. Why Sir, I know her not.

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

Speed. Is the not hard-favour'd, or?

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

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What doft thou know?

Speed. That shee is not fo faire, as (of you) well-fa
wour'd?

Val. I mean that her beauty is esquisite,
But her fauour infinite.

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

Val. How painted: and how out of count?

Speed. Marry fir, fo painted to make her faire, that no
man counts of her beauty.

Val. How eftem'd thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never faw her fince she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath the beene deform'd?

Speed. Euer since you lopt'd you go.

Val. I have lou'd her euer fince I faw her,
And thilfe I fee her beaufull.

Speed. If you loue her, you cannot fee 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 Proutbus, for going vn
garter'd.

Val. What should I fee then?

Speed. Your owne prefent folly, and her paffing de
formitie: for hee beeing in loue, could not fee to garter
his hofe: and you, beeing in loue, cannot fee to put on
your hofe.

Val. Belike (boy) then you are in loue, for laft mor-
You could not fee to wipe my fhoes.

Speed. True fir: I was in loue with my bed, I thank
you, you fwing'd me for my loue, which makes mee the
bolder
bolder to chide you, for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

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

Val. Left night the enjoiy'd me,
To write some lines to one the loues.

Speed. And haue you?

Val. I haue.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

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 & Miftres, a thousand good-morrows.

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

Sil. Sir Valentine, and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest: & she gives it him.

Val. As in joynd me; I haue writ your Letter
Vnto the secret, nameslee friend of yours:
Which I was much vnwillings to proceed in,
But for my duty to your Ladiship. (done.)

Sil. I thank you (gentle Servant) 'tis very Clerkly-

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

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

Val. No (Madam) fo it need you, I will write
(please you command) a thousand times as much:
And yet——

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

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

Val. What means your Ladiship?
Do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ,
But (since unwillingly) take them againe.

Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

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

Val. Pleaflue you, Ile write your Ladiship another.

Sil. And when it's writ: for my fake read it over,
And if it please you, fo: if not: why fo:

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

Sil. Why if it pleae you, take it for your labour,
And fo good-morror Servant. Ext, Sil.

Speed. Oh left ye feeene: infrucible: insuable,
As a nose on a mans face, or a Wethercokke on a fleape:
My Mafter fues to her: and she hath taught her Sutor,
He being her Pupill, to become her Tutor.
Oh excellent deuite, was there euer heard a better?
That my master being sribe,
To himselfe shoulde write the Letter?

Val. How now Sir?

What are you reasoning with your selfe?

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

Val. To doe what?

Speed. To be a Spokef-man from Madam Silvia.

Sil. To whom?

Sil. To you selfe: why, she woe you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a Letter, I shoulde say.

Val. Why the hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she,
When shee hath made you write to your selfe?

Val. Why, do you not perceive the left?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No beleaueing you indeed fir:
But did you perceive her earnest?

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

Speed. Why she hath given you a Letter.

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

Speed. And ye letter hath she deliuer'd, & there 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 elle for want of iule time, could not againe reply,
Or fearing els some meffiger, y might her mind difcouer
Her self hath taught her Loue himself, to write vnto her:
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it. (louer.
Why mufe 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
Vietaus; and would faile haue meate: oh bee not like
your Milutrefe, be moued, be moued. Extant.
Sonnet, and am going with Sir Protbeut to the Imperialills Court; I think e Crab my dog, be the sawret nature
dogge that rules: My Mother weeping: my Father
wayling: my Sifer crying: our Maid howling: our
Catte wringing her hands, and all our house in a great
perplexitie, yet did not this cruel-heartt Curred shedde
one teare: he is a stone, a very pibbe stone, and has no
more pitty in him then a dogge: a lew would haue wept
to haue seene our parting: why my Grandam hauing
no eyes, looke you, wept her felse blinde at my parting:
nay, Ilc shew you the manner of it. This shooe is my fa-
ther: no, this left shooe is my father; no, no, this left
shooe is my mother: nay, that cannot bee fo nether:
yes, it is fo, It is fo: it hath the worfer sole: this shooe
with the hole in it, is my mother: and this my father:
a veng'ance on't, there tis: Now fir, this staffe is my fis-
fer: for, looke you, the 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 felse: I; fo; fo: now
come I to my Father: Father, your bleffing: now
should not the shooe speake a word for weeping: now
should I kiffe my Father: well, hee weeps on:
Now come I to my Mother: Oh that the could speake
now, like a would-woman: well, I kiffe her: why
there tis; here's my mothers breath vp and downe:
Now come I to my fifter; marke the moane she makes:
now the dogge all this while feds not a teare: nor
speake a word: but see how I lay the duft with my
teares.
Phant. Launt, away, away: a Boord: thy Master is
flip'd, and thou art to poll after with oares: what's the
matter? why weep't thou man? away afe, you'l looze
the Tide, if you tarry any longer.
Launt. It is no matter if the tide were lost, for it is the
vknideft Tide, that euer any man tide.
Phantb. What's the vknideft tide?
Launt. Why, he that's tide here, Crab my dog.
Phant. Tut, man: I meane thou'lt looze 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 fervice, and in loosing thy fervice: —— why
doft thou fllop my mouth?
Launt. For feare thou shoul'dst loose thy tongue.
Phantb. Where should I looze my tongue?
Launt. In thy Tale.
Phant. In thy Tale.
Launt. Loofe the Tide, and the voyage, and the Ma-
ster, and the Seruice, and the tide: why man, if the River
were drie, I am able to fill it with my teares: if the winde
were dowe, I could drive the boate with my fighes.
Phant. Come: come away man, I was fent to call thee.
Launt. Sir: call me what thou dar't.
Phant. Wilt thou goe?
Launt. Well, I will goe.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, Speed, Duke, Protbeut.
Sil. Servant.
Val. MiftrefTe.

Spec. Mafter, Sir Thurio frownes on you.
Val. I Boy, it's for loue.
Spec. Not of you.
Val. Of my Miftrfes then.
Spec. 'Tis well you knockt him.
Sil. Servant, you are fad.
Val. Indeed, Madam, I feeme fo.
Thur. Seeme you that you are not?
Val. Ha'ly I do.
Thur. So doe Counterfeys.
Val. So doe you.
Thur. What feeme I that I am not?
Val. Wife.
Thur. What infance of the contrary?
Val. Your folly.
Thur. And how quao you my folly?
Val. I quoa it in your Jerkin.
Thur. My Jerkin is a doublet.
Val. Well then, Ie double your folly.
Thur. How?
Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio, do you change colour?
Val. Give him leave, Madam, he is a kind of Camileum.
Thur. That hath more minde to feed on your blood,
than live in your ayre.
Val. You have said Sir.
Thur. I Sir, and done too for this time.
Val. I know it well fir, you alwayes end ere you begin.
Sil. A fine volly of words, gentleme, & quickly shut off
Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam, we thank the guier.
Sil. Who is that Servant?
Val. Your felle (sweet Lady) for you gave the fire,
Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your Ladiships lookes,
And spends what he borrowes kindly in your company.
Thur. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I fhall
make your wit bankrupt.
(works,
Val. I know it well fir: you have an Exchequer of
And I thinke, no other trefure to give your followers:
For it appereas by their bare Luieries
That they live by your bare words.
Sil. No more, gentleme, no more:
Here comes my fader.
Duk. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beft.
Sir Valentine, your fater 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 meeffenger 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 defert fo well reputed.
Duk. Hath he not a Sonne?
Val. I, my good Lord, a Son, that well deferves
The honor, and regard of such a father.
Duk. You know him well?
Val. I knew him as my felle: for from our Infancie
We have conuerfed, andspent our houres together,
And though my felle have beene an idle Trewant,
Omitting the fweete benefit of time
To clothe mine age with Angel-like perfecion:
Yet hath Sir Protbeut (for that's his name)
Made vfe, and fave advantage of his daies:
His yeares but yong, but his experience old:
His head vn-mellowed, but his Judgement ripe;
And in a word (for far behinde his worth
Comes all the praifes that I now bellow.)

C. He
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

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

Duk. Behold me fit, but if he make this good He is as worthy for an Empresse love, As meet to be an Emperors Councillor:

Well, Sir: this Gentleman is come to me With Commendation from great Potentates, And here he means to spend his time a while, I think 'tis no vn-welcome news to you. 

Ual. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had beene he. 

Duk. Welcome him then according to his worth: Silvia, I speak to you, and you Sir Thurio,

For Valentine, I need not cite him to it, I will fend him hither to you presently. 

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

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

Val. Nay sure, I thinkne' the holds them prisoners fill. 

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

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

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

Val. To fee such Louers,thuris, as your felfe, Upon a homely obiect, Loue can winke. 

Sil. Have done, have done: here comes' gentleman. 

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus: Miftris, I befeech you Confirm his welcome, with some speciall fauer. 

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

Ual. Miftris, it is: I sweet Lady, entertaine him To be my fellow-feruant to your Ladiship. 

Sil. Too low a Miftris for fo high a feraunt. 

Pro. Not fo, I sweet Lady, but too meane a feraunt To have a looke of such a worthy a Mistrefle. 

Val. Leave off difcouer of diffability: 

Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Seruant. 

Pro. My diftice will I hoast of, nothing elfe. 

Sil. And dutie neuer yet did want his meed. 

Seruant, you are welcome to a worthlesse Mistrefle. 

Pro. Ile die on him that faies fo but your felfe. 

Sil. That you are welcome? 

Pro. That you are worthlesse. 

Thur. Madam, my Lord your father wold speake with 

Sil. I wait vpon his pleafure: Come Sir Thuris, 

Goe with me: once more, new Seruant welcome; Ile leave you to confer of home affairs, 

When you have done, we looke too heare from you. 

Pro. We'll both attend vpon your Ladiship. 

Val. Now tell me: how do al from whence you came? 

Pro. Your frends are wel, & have th'e much comended. 

Val. And how doe yours? 

Pro. I left them all in health. 

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

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

Val. I Proteus, but that life is alter'd now, 

I have done penance for contemming Loue, Whole high emiprious thoughts have punifh'd me With bitter farts, with penitentiall grones, With nightly tears, and daily hart-fore fighes, For in reuenge of my contempt of loue, Loue hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes, And made them watchers of mine owne hearts forrow. 

O gentle Proteus, 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 joy on earth: 

Now, no difcouer, except it be of loue: 

Now can I breake my fait, dine, fup, and sleepe, 

Upon the very naked name of Loue. 

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye: 

Was this the Idol, that you worship fo? 

Val. Even She; and is she not a heavenly 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 praiers. 

Pro. When I was fick, you gave me better pilis, 

And I must minifter 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 Mistrefse. 

Val. Sweet: except not any, 

Except thou wilt except against my Loue. 

Pro. Haue I not reafon 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, left the bafe earth Should from her veture chance to fleale a kiffe, 

And of fo great a fauer growing proud, 

Disdain to roote the Sommer-dwelling flowre, 

And make rough winter everlaftingly. 

Pro. Why Valentine, what Bragadifme is this? 

Val. Pardon me (Proteus) 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 jewell 

As twenty Seas, if all their fand were pearle, 

The water, Nadar, and the Rocks pure gold. 

Forgive me that I do not dreame on thee, 

Because thou feest I doate vnpon my loue: 

My foolish Riuall that her Father likes 

(Onely for his poffefions are fo huge) 

Is gone with her along, and I must after, 

For Loue (thou know'lt is full of jealoufie,) 

Pro. But the loues you? 

Val. 1, and we are betroothd: say more, our mariage 

With all the cunning manner of our flight 

Determine' of: how I must climbhe her window, 

The Ladder made of Cordes, and all the means 

Plotted, and 'greed on for my happynesse. 

Good Proteus goe with me to my chamber, 

In thefe affairs to aid me with thy counfaile. 

Pro. Goe on before: I shall enquire you forth: 

I must vnto the Road, to dif-embarke 

Some neceffaries, that I needes must vie, 

And then Ile prefently attend you. 

Val. Will you make hafe? 

Pro. I will. 

Euen as one heate, another heate expels, 

Or as one naile, by strengh draws out another. 

So the reemberance of my former Loue 

Is by a newe object quite forgotten, 

It is mine, or Valentines prail? 

Her true perfection, or my faile transgresion? 

That makes me reafonleff, to reaon thus? 

Shee is faire: and fo is Julia that I love,
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

(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 advice, That thus without advice begin to loue her? 'Tis but her picture I haue yet beheld, And that hath dazeI'd my reason 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 commaspe her Ile vfe my skill.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. Louer, by mine honesty welcome to Padua.

Laurence. Foreweare not thy felis, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this alwayes, that a man is never found till hee be hang'd, nor never welcome to a place, till some certaine shot be paid, and the Hostes say welcome.

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

Laurence. Marry after they clos'd in earneft, they parted very fairely in left.

Spee. But shall the marry him?

Laurence. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Laurence. No, neither.

Spee. What, are they broken?

Laurence. No; they are both as whole as a fishe.

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

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

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

Laurence. What a blooke art thou, that thou canst not? My stiffe vnderstands me?

Spee. What thou sayst?

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

Spee. It stands vnder thee indeed.

Laurence. Why, vnder-stands and vnder-stands is all one.

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

Laurence. Ask my dogges, if he say I, it will: if hee say no, it will: if hee shake his talle, and say nothing, it will.

Spee. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laurence. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

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

Laurence. I never knew him otherwise.

Spee. Then how?

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

Spee. Why, thou whorfon Affe, thou mistak'st me,

Laurence. Why Foolie, I meant not thee, I meant thy Master.

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

Laurence. Why, I tell thee, I care not, though hee burne himselfe 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 Chrifian.

Spee. Why?

Laurence. Because thou haft not so much charity in thee as to goe to the Ale with a Chrifian: Will thou goe?

Spee. At thy service.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Protheus flats.

Pro. To leaue my Iulah shall I be forsworne? To loue faire Siluis, shall I be forsworne? To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworne. And ev'n that Powre which gave me firft my oath Prouokes me to this three-fold perjurie. Loue bad mee forweare, and Loue bids mee for-sware; O sweet-fuggeth Loue, if thou haft fnd'd, Teach me (thy tempted fluidet) to excele it. At firft I did adore a twinkling Starre, But now I worship a celeftiall Sunne: Vn-heedfull vowes may heedfully be broken, And he wants wit, that wants refoled will, To leare his wit, echange the bad for better; Fie, fie, vnreuerend tongue, to call her bad, Whole foueraignty fo oft thou haft preferv'd, With twenty thousand foulle-confirming oaths. I cannot leaue to loue; and yet I doe: But there I leaue to loue, where I shoule loue. Julia I loose, and Valentine I loose, If I keep them, I needs must loofe my felfe: If I looofe them, thus finde I by their loffe, For Valentine, my felfe: for Julia, Silua. I to my felfe am deere then a friend, For Loue is fill mof tall precious in it felfe, And Silua (witness heauen that made her faire) Shewes Julia but a swarthy Ethiope. I will forget that Julia is alie, Remembering that my Loue to her is dead, And Valentine Ile hold an Enemie, Aying at Silua as a sweeter friend, I cannot now proue contrant to my felfe, Without some treachery vs'd to Valentine. This night he meaneth with a Corded-ladder To clime celeftiall Silua's chamber window, My felfe in counfaile his competitor. Now prefently Ile give her father notice Of their difguifing and pretended flight: Who (all inrag'd) will banifie Valentine: For Thorio he intends shall wed his daughter, But Valentine being gon, Ile quickly croffe By some fte tricks, blunt Thorio's dull proceeding. Loue lend me wings, to make my purpose swift As thou haft lent me wit, to plot this drif.

Exit.

Scena

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Scena septima.

Enter Iulia and Lucetta.

Iul. Cousinfaile, Lucetta, gentle girlie affiit me,
And eu'n in kinde loue, I doe coniure thee,
Who art the Table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly Charakter'd, and engrau'd,
To leffon me, and tell me some good meane
How with my honour I may vnertake
A journey to my loving Protheus.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long.
Iul. A true-devoted Pilgrime is not weary
To measure Kingdomes with his feelke steps,
Much leffe shall the that hath Loues wings to flie,
And when the flight is made to one fo deere,
Of such diuine perfection as Sir Protheus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Protheus make returne.
Iul. Oh, know'lt y' not, his looks are my soules food?
Pitty the dartt that I have pined in,
By longing for that food fo long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of Love,
Thou wouldest as soone goe Kindie fire with snow.
As fekke to quench the fire of Loue with words.
Luc. I doe not sekke to quench your Loues hot fire,
But qualfie the fires extreme rage,
Left it should burne above the bounds of reason.

Iul. The more thou dam'lt it vp, the more it burnes:
The Current that with gentle murmure glides
(Thou know'lt) being flup'd, impatiently doth rage:
But when his faire courfe is not hindered,
He makes sweet muickke with thenamelled ftones,
Giving a gentle kiffe to eveuy fedge
He ouer-taketh in his pilgrimage.
And fo by many winding nookes he flaries
With willing spurt to the wilde Ocean.
Then let me goe, and hinder not my courfe:
Ile be as patient as a gentle streame,
And make a paffime of each weary step,
Till the laft yet have brought me to my Loue,
And there Ile ref, as after much turmoilie
A bleffed soule doth in Etern.

Luc. But in what habbit will you goe along?
Iul. Not like a woman, for I would prevent
The loofe encounters of lasciuious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with fuch weedes
As may befeme some well reputed Page.

Luc. Why then your Ladiffip must cut your hair.
Iul. No girlie, Ile knitt it vp in filken stringes,
With twentie od-conceited true-loue knots:
To be fantaftique, may become a youth
Of greater time then I shall feew to be.

(chees)

Luc. What fashion (Madam) shal I make your bree-
Iul. That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord)
What compaffe will you weare your Fahrtingale?

Luc. Why eu'n what fashion thou beft liketh (Lucetta.)

Luc. You must needs haue the with a cod-peece (Ma-
Iul. Out, ou', (Lucetta) that wilbe illfaour'd. (dam)

Luc. A round hoof (Madam) now's not worth a pin
Vntill you have a cod-peece to flack pins on.

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

I fear me it will make me scandaliz'd.
Luc. If you thinke fo, then flay at home, and go not.
Iul. Nay, that I will not.

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

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

Luc. All thefe are ferrants to deceifull men.
Iul. Baie men, that vie them to fo bafe effect;
But truer ferres did gouerne Protheus birth,
His words are bonds, his oathes are oracles,
His loue fincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His teares, pure messengers, fent from his heart,
His heart, as far from fraud, as heauen from earth.

Luc. Pray heau'n he prove fo when you come to him.
Iul. Now, as thou lou't me, do him not that wrong,
To beare a hard opinion of his truth:
Onely deferue my loue, by louing him,
And priendly goe with me to my chamber
To take a note of what I fland in need of,
To furnifh me vpon my longeing journey:
All that is mine I leaue at thy dipofe,
My goods, my Lands, my reputation,
Onely, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence:
Come; anfwere not: but to it prefently,
I am impatient of my tarriance.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

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

Duke. Sir Thurio, glue vs leaque (I pray) a while,
We have some secrets to confer about.
Now tell me Protheus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I wold difcouer,
The Law of friendship bids me to conceale,
But when I call to minde your gracious favours
Done to me (vndeferuing as I am)
My dutie pricks me on to vter that
Which elfe, no worldly good should draw from you.
Know (worthy Prince) Sir Valentine my friend
This night intends to fleale away your daughter:
My felfe am one made priuy to the plot.
I know you have determ'nd to befnow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates,
And should the thus be flone away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus (for my duties fake) I rather chofe
To croffe my friend in his intended drift,
Then (by concealing it) heap on your head
A pack of forrowes, which would preffe you downe
(Being vnpreuented) to your timelieffe grage.

Duke. [who] I thank you for this honest care,
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This loue of theirs, my felfe have ofte seenes,
Haply when they haue iudg'd me faft aleepe,
And ofteentimes haue purpos'd to forbid

Sir

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Sir Valentine her companion, and my Court.
But fearing left my jealous ayme might erre,
And so (unworthily) disgrace the man
(A raineffe that I euer yet have thun’d)
I gaue him gentle lookes, thereby to finde
That which thy felfe haft now disclos’d to me.
And that thou maifst perceiue of me this
Knowing that tender youth is foones suggetted,
I fightly lodge her in an upper Towre,
The key whereof, my felfe haue euer kept:
And thence she cannot be conuay’d away.

Pro. Know (noble Lord) they haue deu’d a meane
How he her chamber-window will afcend,
And with a Corded-ladder fetch her downe:
For which, the youthfull Louer now is gone,
And this way comes he with it prefently.
Where (if it pleafe you) you may intercept him.
But (good my Lord) doe it fo cunningly
That thy difcouery be not aimed at:
For, love of you, not hate vnto my friend,
Hath made me publifer of this pretence.

Duke. Vpon mine Honor, he shall neuer know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my Lord, Sir Valentine is comming.

Duk. Sir Valentine, whether away so fayt?

Val. Pleafe it your Grace, there is a Medfleenger
That fayes to bewaye my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver 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: fay with me a while,
I am to brake with thee of some affairs
That touch me neere: wherein thou muft be fecret.
’Tis not vnown to thee, that I have fought
To match my friend Sir Tharius, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well (my Lord) and fure the Match
Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman
Is full of Vertue, Bounty, Worth, and Qualities
Beseeching such a Wife, as your faire daughter:
Cannot your Grace win her to fance him?

Duk. No, truft me, She is peeuifh, fullen, froward,
Prowd, difobedient, flubborne, laking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my childe,
Nor fearing me, as if I were her father:
And may I fay to thee, this pride of hers
(Vpon atrue) hath drawne my loue from her;
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should heene been cherifh’d by her child-like dutie,
I now am full resolv’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 poifficions he eftimates not.

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

Duk. There is a Lady in Verona heere
Whom I affect: but the he is nice, and coy,
And naught eftimates my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I have thee to my Tutor
(For long agone I have forgot to court,
Besides the fashion of the time is chang’d)
How, and which way I may beftow my felfe
To be regarded in her fun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if the refpeft not words,
Dumbe Jewels often in their faile know
More then quicke words, doe move a womans minde.

Duk. But she did force a prefent that I fent her,

Val. A woman fometime fcorne what beft covent her.
Send her another: neuer gue her ore,
For fcorne at first, makes after-lore the more.
If she doe frowne, ’tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you.
If she doe chide, ’tis not to haue you gone,
For why, the foolees are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, what euer the doth fay,
But get you gone, the doth not meane you.
Platter, and praffe, commend, extoll their graces:
Though nere fo blacke, fay they haue Angels faces,
That man that hath a tongue, I fay is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

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

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

Duk. I, but the dores and keyses kept fad,
That no man hath refourses to her by night.

Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?
Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built fo sheluing, that one cannot climb it
Without apperant hazard of his life.

Val. Why then a Ladder quantiy made of Cords
To caft vp, with a paire of anchoring hookes,
Would ferue to fcale another Here’s rowre,
So bold Leader would adventure it.

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

Val. When would you vfe it? pray fir, tell me that.

Duk. This very night; for Loue is like a childle
That longs for every clock, that he can come by.

Val. By feauen a clock, ille you get you a ladder.

Duk. But harbke thee: I will goe to her alone,
How shall I beft 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 ferue the turne?

Val. I my good Lord.

Duk. Then let me fee thy cloake,
Ile get me one of fuch another length.

Val. Why any cloake will ferue the turn (my Lord)

Duk. How fhall I fashion me to weare a cloake?
I pray thee, how me fay thy cloake vpon me.

What Letter is this fame? what’s here? to Silvia?
And here he an Engine fit for my proceeding,
Ile be fo bold to breake the fcale for once.

My thoughts do barbour with my Silvia nightly,
And flaues they are to me, that fend them flying.
Oh, could their Master come, and give us liberty,
Himfelfe would lodge, wheres (forcelles) they are lying.
My Herald Thoughts, in thy garb befome refh-them,
While I (thir King) that tillfer them importune
Dece ferue the grace, that with fafe grace bath bleft them,
Because my felfe doe want my servants fortune.
I curse my felfe, for they are fent by me,
That they should barbour where their Lord fhould be.

What’s here? Silvia, this night I will enfrachife thee.
’Tis fo: and here’s the Ladder for the purpole.
Why Pheoton (for thou art Mephos fonne)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly Car?
And with thy daring folly burne the world?
Wilt thou reach flars, because they shine on thee?

Goethe
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Goe bafe Intruder, over-weening Slaue,
Befow thy fawning similes on equall mates,
And thinke my patience, (more then thy defect)
Is priviledge for thy departure hence.

Thanke me for this, more then for all the fowers
Which (all too-much) I have beforowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my Territories
Longer then twittest expedition
Will glue thee time to leave our royall Court,
By heauen, my wrath shall farre exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thy felle.

Be gone, I will not heare thy vaine excuse,
But as thou loue'th thy life, make speed from hence.

Val. And why not death, rather then luying torment?
To die, is to be banish'd from my felle,
And Silvia is my felle: banish'd from her
Is felle from felle. A deadly banishment:
What light, is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Vnleffe it to be thinke that she is by.
And feed vnpon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no muficke in the Nightingale.
Vnleffe I looke on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to looke vnpon.
Shee is my effence, and I leau to be;
If I be not by her faire influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alioe.
I file not death, to file his deadly doome,
Tarry I heere, I but attend on death,
But file I hence, I file away from life.

Pro. Run (boy) run, run; and fecke him out.
Lau. So-hough, Soa hough.

Pro. What feele thou?
Lau. Him we goe to finde, there's not a hairre on his head, but 'tis a Valentine.


Pro. Villaine, forbearre.
Pro. Sirha, I fay forbearre: friend Valentine, a word. 
Val. My eares are ftope, & cannot hear good newes,
So much of bad already hath poffett them.

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

Val. Is Silvia dead? Pro. No, Valentine. Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia, Hath the forfoworne me?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forfoworne me.
What is your news?

Lau. Sir, there is a proclamation, you are vanished.
Pro. That thou art banish't: oh: that's the newes,
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.
Val. Oh, I have fed vnpon this woe already,
And now exceffe of it will make me furfet.

Doth Silvia know that I am banish'd?
Pro. I, I: and she hath offered to the doome

(Which vn-reuerft hands in effectuall force)
A Sea of melting pearle, which some call teares;
Thofe at her fathers churffhe fette he tenderd,
With them vnpon her knees, her humble felle;
Wringer her hands, while thine fefrenfes to become them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held vp,
Sad sighes, deep Groanes, nor fliuer-fhedding teares
Could penetrat her vncompassionate Sire;
But Valentine, if he be tane, must die.

Befides, her interceffion cha'd him fo,
When she for thy repeale was fuppliant,
That to clofe prifon he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more: vntles the next word that thou speake'st
Have some malignant power vpon my life:
If fo: I pray thee breath it in mine eare,
As ending Antheme of my endlefe dolor.

Pro. Ceafe to lament for that thou canft not helpe,
And stydy helpe for that which thou lament'st,
Time is the Nurfe, and breeder of all good;
Here, if thou say, thou canft not fee thy love:
Befides, thy faying will abridge thy life:
Hope is a louers flaffe, walkes hence with that
And manage it, against defpairing thoughts:
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliuer'd
Even in the milke-white bofomy of thy Loue.
The time now hertus not to expotulate,
Come, Ie conveye thee through the City-gate.
And ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concernce thy Loue-affaires:
As thou loue'th Silvia (though not for thy felle)
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

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

Val. Oh my deere Silvia; haplesfe Valentine.
Launce. I am but a fooloe, 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 horfe shall not plucke that from me: nor who
'tis I loue: and yet 'tis a woman: but what woman, I
will not tell my felle: and yet 'tis a Milke-maid: yet 'tis
not a maid: for thee haue had Goiffips: yet 'tis a maid,
for she is her Masters maid, and furues for wages. Shee
hath more qualities then a Water-Spaniell, which is
much in a bare Chrifian: Heere is the Cate-log of her
Condition. Inprima. Shee can fetch and carry: why
a horfe can doe no more: say, a horfe cannot fetch, but
only carry, therefore is thee better then a Iade. Item.
Shee can milke, looke you, a fweet vertue in a maid with
clean hands.

Speed. How now Signior Launce? what news with your Mastership?
La. With my Mastership: why, it is at Sea:
Sp. Well, your old vice fill: miachte the word: what
news then in your paper?
La. The black'ft newes that ever thou heard'st,
Sp. Why man? how by horfe?
La. Why, as blacke as Inke.
Sp. Let me read them?
La. Fn on thee Jolit-head, thou canft not read.
Sp. Thou leeft: I can.
La. I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee?
Sp. Marry,
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Sp. And more faults then haires.
La. That's monstruous: oh that that were out.
Sp. And more wealth then faults.
La. Why that word makes the faults gracious:
Well, he have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible.
Sp. What then?
La. Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Master's flays for thee at the North gate.
Sp. For me?
La. For thee! Is, who art thou? he hath saied for a better man then thee.
Sp. And must I go to him?
La. Thou must run to him; for thou hast said so long, that going will scarce serve the turne.
Sp. Why didn't not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love Letters.
La. Now will he be swing'd for reading my Letter; An unmannishly flue, that will thwart himself into secrets: He after, to rejoice in the boyes correctio. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Proteus.

Du. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that the will love you
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.
Th. Since his exile the hath defpis'd me most,
Forbore my company, and raill'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.
Du. This weake imprisell of Love, is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hours heat
Dissoles to water, and doth loose his forme.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthilie Valentine shall be forgot.
How now sir Proteus, is your countryman
(According to our Proclamation) gon?
Pres. Gon, my good Lord.
Du. My daughter takes his going grievously?
Pres. A little time (my Lord) will kill that griefe.
Du. So I beleue: but Thurio thinkes not so:
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shewn some signe of good defect)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pres. Longer then I proue loyal to your Grace,
Let me not live, to looke upon your Grace.
Du. Thou know'st how willingly, I would effect
The match betwixt sir Thurio, and my daughter?
Pres. I doe my Lord.
Du. And alfo, I thinkes, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will?
Pres. She did my Lord, when Valentine was here.
Du. I, and peruerily, she perueres fo:
What might we doe to make the girlie forget
The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?
Pres. The best way is, to slander Valentine,
With falsehood, cowardize, and poore difcent:
Three things, that women highly hold in hate.
Du. I, but she'll think, that it is spoke in hate.
Pres. I, if his enemy deliuer it.
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one, whom the etteemeth as his friend.
Du. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro.
The two Gentlemen of Verona

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 advantage him,
Your flander never can endanger him;
Therefore the office is indiffirent,
Being intreated to by your friend.
Pro. You have preuss'd (my Lord) if I can doe it
By ought that I can speeke in his dispraise;
She shall not long continue loure to him:
But say this weepe her louse from Valentine,
It follows not that she will louse for Thoria.
Th. Therefore, as you vnwinde her louse from him;
Left it should rune, and be good to none,
You must prouide to botome it on me:
Which must be done, by praiing me as much
As you, in worth dispraise, sir Valentine.
Du. And Probeat, we dare trust you in this kinde,
Because we know (on Valentines report)
You are already loues firme votary,
And cannot soone rouelt, and change your minde.
Upon this warrant, shall you have accesse,
Where you, with Silvia, may conferre at large.
For she is lumpiish, heaun, melanchollony,
And (for your friends fake) will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perfwation,
To hate yong Valentine, and loue my friend.
Pro. As much as I can doe, I will effect:
But you for Thoria, are not harpere enough:
You must lay Lime, to tangle her desires
By walefull Sonnets, whose compos'd Rimes
Should be full fraught with seruiceable vows.
Du. I, much is the force of heauen-bred Poesie.
Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighes, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Mouit it againe : and frame some feeling line,
That may discouer such integrity:
For Orpheus Lute, was furnished with Poets finewes,
Whose golden touch could soften steales and stone:
Make Tygers tame, and huge Leuathans
Forfake vnfounded deepes, to dance on Sands.
After your dire-lamenting Elegies,
Visit by night your Ladies chamber-window
With some sweet Comfor\; To their Instruments
Tune a deploring dumpe : the nights dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance:
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.
Du. This discipline, showes thou haft bin in loure.
Th. And thy aduice, this night, lie put in praetice:
Therefore, sweet Probeat, my direction-guer,
Let vs into the City prefently
To forte some Gentlemen, well skil'd in Muskicke.
I haue a Sonnet, that will ferue the turne
To glue the on-let to thy good aduice.
Du. About it Gentlemen.
Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace, till after Supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.
Du. Even now about it, I will pardon you. Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, and certaine Out-laws.

2. Out. If there be ten, shrinke not, but down with'um.
3. Out. Stand fir, and throw vs that you have about'ye.
If not : we'll make you fit, and rifle you.
Sp. Sir we are vndone; these are the Villaines
That all the Trauilers doe feare so much.
Val. My friends.
1. Out. That's not fo, fir : 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 have little wealth to lose ;
A man I am, crof'd with aduerfite :
My riches, are thefe poore habiliments,
Of which, if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and subfance that I have.
2. Out. Whether trauell you?
Val. To Verona.
1. Out. Whence came you?
Val. From Milane.
2. Out. Have you long fojourn'd there ?
Val. Some sixeene moneths, and longer might haue
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 tormentes me to rehaerse;
I kil'd a man, whose death I much repent,
But yet I flew him manfully, in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treschery.
1. Out. Why nere repent it, if it were done fo;
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doome.
2. Out. Have you the Tongues?
Val. My youthfull trauail, therein made me happy,
Or else I often had beene often miferable.
3. Out. By the bare scalpe of Robin Hoods fat Fryer,
This fellow were a King, for our wilde faction.
1. Out. We'll have him ; Sirs, a word.
Sp. Matter, be one of them.
It's an honourable kinde of theeuer.
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 vn gouern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men.
My felte was from Verona banish'd,
For praflifying 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 flab'd vnto the heart.
1. Out. And I, for such like petty crimes as thefe.
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 Linguift, and a man of fuch perfection,
As we doe in our quality much want.
2. Out. Indeede because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, aboe the ref, we parley to you.
Are you content to be our Generall?
To make a vertue of necessity,
And liue as doe we in this wildernesse?
3. Out. What fait thou? wilt thou be of our confort?
Say I, and be the captaine of vs all :
We'll doe thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Louve thee, as our Commander, and our King.

1. Out.
### Scena Secunda.

Enter Proteus, Thurio, Iulia, Hof, Mufian, Silvia.

**Pro.** Already have I bin false to Valentine, And now I must be as vnliu to Thurio, Under the colour of commending him, I haue acceffe my owne loue to prefer. But Silvia is too faire, too true, too holy, To be corrupted with my worthleffe 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 leaf whereof would quell a louers hope: Yet (Spaniel-like) the more she spurnes my loue, The more it growes, and fawmeth on her still; But here comes Thurio; now muft we to her window, And giue some euening Mufique to her eare. **Th.** How now, sir Proteus, are you crept before vs? **Pro.** I gentlly 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, Silvia, for your fake. **Th.** I thank you for your owne: Now Gentlemen Let's tone: and too it luftily a while. **Ho.** Now, my yong guest; me thinks your' allycholly; I pray you why is it? **In.** Marry (mine Hof) because I cannot be merry. **Ho.** Come, we'll haue you merry: he bring you where you shall haere Mufique, and fee the Gentleman that you ask'd for. **In.** But shall I heare him speake. **Ho.** I that you shall. **In.** That will be Mufique. **Ho.** Harke, harke. **In.** Is he among these? **Ho.** I: but peace, let's heare m.  

### Song.

Who is Silvia? what is she? That all our Swaines commend her? Holy, faire, and wife is she, The beaunf sub grace did lend her, that the might admired be. Is she kindes as she is faire? For beauty liues with kindnesse: Love durft to her eyes repaire, To beleve him of his blindnesse:

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**Pro.**

And being help'd, inhabits there. Then to Silvia, let vs fing, That Silvia is excelling; She excels each mortal thing Upon the dull earth dwelling, To her let vs Garlands bring.

**Ho.** How now? are you fadder then you were before; How doe you, man? the Muficke likes you not.  
**In.** You mistake: the Mufitian likes me not.  
**Ho.** Why, my pretty youth?  
**In.** He plaies falle (father.)  
**Ho.** How, out of tune on the strings.  
**In.** Not fo: but yet  
So falle that he grieues my very heart-strings.  
**Ho.** You haue a quicke eare. **(heart.)**  
**In.** I, I would I were deafe: it makes me haue a flow  
**Ho.** I perceiue you delight not in Mufique.  
**In.** Not a whif, when it iars fo.  
**Ho.** Harke, what fine change is in the Mufique.  
**In.** I: that change is the fpring.  
**Ho.** You would haue them alwaies play but one thing.  
**In.** I would alwaies have one play but one thing.  
But Hoft, doth this Sir Proteus, that we talke on, Often refert vnto this Gentlewoman?  
**Ho.** I tell you what Launce his man told me, He lou'd her out of all nicke.  
**In.** Where is Launce?  
**Ho.** Gone to feekte his dog, which to morrow, by his Maffers command, hee muft carry for a preffent to his Lady.  
**In.** Peace, fland afide, the company parts.  
**Pro.** Sir Thurio, feare not you, I will fo pleade, That you shall fay, my cunning drift excells.  
**Th.** Where meete we?  
**Pro.** At Saint Gregories well.  
**Th.** Farewell.  
**Pro.** Madam: good eu'n to your Ladifhip.  
**Sil.** I thank you for your Mufique (Gentlemen) Who is that that fpeakes?  
**Pro.** One (Lady) if you knew his pure hearts truth, You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.  
**Sil.** Sir Proteus, as I take it.  
**Pro.** Sir Proteus (gentle Lady) and your Servant.  
**Sil.** What's your will?  
**Pro.** That I may compasse yours.  
**Sil.** You have your will: my will is eu'n this, That prefently you bie you home to bed: Thou fubtile, periu'd, falle, difoyal man: Think'ft thou I am fo shallow, fo conceitiffle, To be seduced by thy flatterie, That has deceived so many with thy vowes? Returne, returne and make thy loue amends: For me (by this pale queene of night I fware) I am fo farre from granting thy request, That I defpife thee, for thy wrongfull fute; And by and by intend to chide my felfe, Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.  
**Pro.** I grant (sweet loue) that I did loue a Lady, But she is dead.  
**In.** 'Twere falle, if I should fpake it; For I am sure she is not buried.  
**Sil.** Say that the be: yet Valentine thy friend Suruines; to whom (thy felle art winneffe) I am betroth'd: and art thou not afham'd To wrong him, with thy importunity?  

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**Pro.**
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Pro. I like wife hear that Valentine is dead.
Sil. And so suppose am I, for in her grave
Affire thy felfe, my loue is buried.
Pro. Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the earth.
Sil. Go to thy Ladies grave and call hers thence,
Or at the least, in hers, repulcher thine.

Iul. He heard not that.

Pro. Madam i 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 figh and weep:
For fine the substance of your perfect felfe
Is elle deouted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow, will I make true loue.

Iul. If twere a subinance you would fure deceiue it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

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

Pro. As wretches haue ore-night
That wait for execution in the morne.
Iul. Hoh, will you goe?
Ho. By my hallidome, I was fat sleepe.
Iul. Pray you, where hes Sir Prothene?
Ho. Marry, at my howfe:
Truft me, I thinke 'tis almost day.
Iul. Not fo: but it hath bin the longest night
That ere I watch'd, and the moft heauiefst.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Eglamore, Siluia.

Eg. This is the houre that Madam Siluia
Entreated me to call, and know her minde:
There's some fowre matter she'll employ me in,
Madam, Madam.

Sil. Who cal's?

Eg. Your ferman, and your friend;
One that attends your Ladihps command.

Sil. Sir Eglamore, a thowand times good morrow.
Eg. As many (worthy Lady) to your felfe:
According to your Ladihps impofe,
I am thus early come, to know what fervice
It is your pleafure to command me in.

Sil. Oh Eglamore, thou art a Gentleman:
Thinke not I flatter (for I aware I doe not)
Valiant, wife, remorseful, well accomplisht.
Thou art not ignorant what deere good will
I beare unto the baniff'd Valentine:
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vaine Thario (whom my very foule abhor'd.)
Thy felfe haft lou'd, and I have heard thee fay
No griefe did euer come fo neere thy heart,
As when thy Lady, and thy true-loue dide,
Vpon whole Graue thou wot'st pure charitie;
Sir Eglamore: I would to Valentine
To Mantua, where I heare, he makes abode;
And for the wales are dangerous to paffe,
I doe defire thy worthy company,

Vpon whole faith and honor, I repofe,
Vrge not my fathers anger (Eglamoure)
But thinke vpon my grieue (a Ladies grieue)
And on the liufice of my flying hence,
To keepe me from a moft vn holy match,
Which heauen and fortune fill rewards with plagues.
I doe defire thee, even 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 faid to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grieuances,
Which, since I know they vertuoufly are plac'd,
I glue confent to goe along with you,
Wreaking as little what betideth me,
As much, I with all good befornte you.
When will you goe?

Sil. This euening comming.
Eg. Where shall I meeite you?
Sil. At Frier Patrickes Cell,
Where I intend holy Confession.
Eg. I will not fayre your Ladihpi:
Good morrow (gentle Lady.)

Sil. Good morrow, kinde Sir Eglamoure.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Laurence, Prothene, Iulia, Siluia.

Lau. When a mans ferman shall play the Curre with him (looke you) it goes hard: one that I brought vp of a puppy: one that I fau'd from drowning, when three or foure of his blinde brothers and fitters went to it: I haue taught him (even as one would fay prefitely, thus I would teach a dog) I was fent to deliuer him, as a preftent to Miftris Siluia, from my Mafter; and I came no fooner into the dyning-chamber, but he steps me to her Trencher, and feales her Capons-leg: O, 'tis a foule thing, when a Cur cannot keepe himfelfe in all compaines: I would have (as one fhould fay) 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 live he had fuffer'd for't: you shall ludge: Hee thrufts me himfelfe into the company of three or foure gentleman-like-dogs, vnder the Dukes table: hee had not bin there (bleffe the marke) a pifling while, but all the chamber fmetal him: out with the dog (faies one) what cur is that (faies another) whipp him out (faies the third) hang him vp (faies the Duke,) I hauing bin acqainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that呼びs the dogges: friend (quot h) you meane to whip the dog: I marrie doe I (quot h) you doe him the more wrong (quot h) 'twas I did the thing you wot of: he makes me no more adoe, but whips me out of the chamber: how many Mafter would doe this for his Seruant? nay, ile be fware I haue fent in the flockes, for puddings he hath flone, otherwife he had bin executed: I haue ftood on the Pillorie for Griefe he hath kill'd, otherwise he had fuffer'd for'ts thou think't not of this now: nay, I remember the tricke you feru'd me, when I tooke my leve of Madam Siluia: did not
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that, which I would have refused;
To praise his faith, which I would have displeased.
I am my Master's true confirmed Loue,
But cannot be true servaut to my Master,
Vnleffe I proue false trairor to my felle.
Yet will I woe for him, but yet so coldly,
As (heauen it knowes) I would not have him speed.
Gentlewoman, good day: I pray you be my meane.
To bring me where to speake with Madam Silvia.
Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?
Iul. If you be she, I doe intrest your patience
To heare me speake the message I am sent on.
Sil. From whom?
Iul. From my Master, Sir Probesius, Madam.
Sil. Oh: he swends you for a Picture?
Iul. I, Madam.
Sil. Vnfulia, bring my Picture there,
Goe, give your Master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, 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 vnada'sd
Delier'd you a paper that I should not;
This is the Letter to your Ladiship.
Iul. 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 flout with protestations,
And full of new-found oathes, which he will breeke
As easilly as I doe teare his paper.
Iul. Madam, he swends your Ladiship this Ring.
Sil. The more shame for him, that he swends it me;
For I haue heard him say a thoundred times,
His Julia gave it him, at his departure:
Though his falle finger haue prophan'd the Ring,
Mime shall not doe his Julia so much wrong.
Iul. She thankes you.
Sil. What fai'th thou?
Iul. I thank you Madam, that you tender her:
Poore Gentlewoman, my Master wrongs her much.
Sil. Do'ft thou know her?
Iul. Almost as well as I doe know my felle.
To vplode vpon her woes, I doe protest;
That I haue wept a hundred feuerall times.
Sil. Belike the thinks that Probesius hath forlook'd her?
Iul. I think she doth: and that's her caufe of forrow.
Sil. Is the not paffing falre?
Iul. She hath bin fairer (Madam) then she is,
When she did swends my Master lowd her well;
She, in my judgement, was as faire as you.
But since she did neglecd her looking-glaffe,
And threw her Sun-expelling Masque away,
The ayre hath staru'd the roes in her cheekes,
And pinch'd the illy-tintur'd 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 Pigeants of delight were plaid,
Our youth got me to play the womens part,
And I was trim'd in Madam Julias gowne,
Which serued me as fit, by all mens judgements,
As if the garment had bin made for me:
Therefore I know she is about my height,
And at that time I made her weape a good,

Alas poor Probesius, thou haft entertain'd
A Foxe, to be the Shepherd of thy Lambs;
Alas, poor foolo, why doe I pity him?
That with his very heart desiplefeth me?
Because he loues her, he defiples her,
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This Ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To binde him to remember my good will:
And now am I (vnhappy Meffenger)
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

For I did play a lamentable part.
(Madam) 'twas Ariadne, paffioning
For Thyfius periury, and vnliet flight;
Which I most liuely acted with my tears:
That my poor Miftris mowed therewithall,
Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead,
If in my thought felt not her very sorrow.

Sil. She is beholding to thee (gentle youth)
Alas (poore Lady) defolate, and left;
I wepe my selfe to thinke upon thy words:
Here youth: there is my purfe; I give thee this (well.
For thy sweet Miftris fake, because thou lou'ft her.
Fast...

And the hall thanke you for't, if ere you know
A vertuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull.
(her.
I hope my Masters fult will be but cold,
Since she respects my Miftris loue fo much.
Alas, how love can trifle with it felfe:
Here is her Picture: let me fee, I thinke
If I had fuch a Tyre, this face of mine
Were full as lowely, as is this of hers;
And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
Vnleefe I flatter with my felfe too much.
Her haire is Aburne, mine is perfect Yellow:
If that be all the difference in his flove,
Ile get me fuch a coulour'd Perrywig:
Her eyes are grey as glaffe, and fo are mine:
I, but her fore-head's low, and mine's as high:
What fhould it be that he respects her,
But I can make reftcheate in my felfe?
If this Lord Loue, were not a blinded god.
Come shadow, come, and take this shadow vp,
For 'tis thy riuell : O thou fencelfe forme,
Thou shalt be worship'd, kits'd, lou'd, and ador'd;
And were there fence in his Idolatry,
My fubfance fhould be statice in thy head.
Ile vie thee kindly, for thy Miftris fake
That vs'd me fo: or else by Loue, I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your vnfeeling eyes,
To make my Master out of loue with thee. 

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Eglamoure, Siluia.

Egl. The Sun begins to build the western skie,
And now it is about the very hour.
That Siluia, at Fryer Patricks Cell should meet me,
She will not faile; for Louers brake not houres,
Vnleefe it be to come before their time,
So much they fpur their expedition.
See where the comes : Lady a happy eveneing.
Sil. Amen, Amen: goe on (good Eglamoure)
Out at the Poitierne by the Abbey wall;
I fear I am attended by some Spies.
Egl. Fare or not: the Forrest is not three leagues off,
If we recover that, we are sure enough.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Thurius, Proteus, Iulia, Duke.

Th. Sir Proteus, what fales Siluia to my fult?

Pro. Oh Sir, I finde her milder then she was,
And yet the takes exceptions at your perfon.

Th. What? that my leg is too long?

Pro. No, that it is too little.

Th. Ile weare a Boot, to make it somewhat roun-

Pro. But loue will not be fpur'd to what it loathes.

Th. What fales fhe to my face?

Pro. She fales it is a faire one.

Th. Nay then the wanton lies: my face is blake.

Pro. But Pearles are faire; and the old faying is,

Blanke men are Pearles, in beauteous Ladies eyes.

Th. 'Tis true, fuch Pearles as put out Ladies eyes,
For I had rather wince, than looke on them.

Th. How likes she my difcourfe?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Th. But well, when I difcourfe of loue and peace.

Iul. But better indeede, when you hold you peace.

Th. What fayes fhe to my valour?

Pro. Oh Sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Iul. She needs not, when she knowes it cowardize.

Th. What fales fhe to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deri'd.

Iul. True: from a Gentleman, to a fool.

Th. Confiders the my Poffeffions?

Pro. Oh, I: and pittees them.

Th. Wherefore?

Iul. That fuch an Affe should owe them.

Pro. That they are out by Leaf.

Iul. Here comes the Duke.

Du. How now Sir Proteus: how now Thurius?

Which of you saw Eglamoure of late?

Th. 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 Fryer Laurence met them both
As he, in penance wander'd through the Forrest:
Him he knew well: and guefst that it was she,
But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.
Befides she did intend Confession
At Patricks Cell this evuen, and there she was not.
These likelihoods confirme her flight from hence;
Therefore I pray you ftrand, not to difcourfe,
But mount you prefently, and meete with me.
Upon the rifing of the Mountain foote
That leads toward Mantua, whether they are fied:
Dispatch (sweet Gentlemen) and follow me.

Th. Why this it is, to be a penuith Girle,
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
Ile after: more to be reueng'd on Eglamoure,
Then for the loye of reck-jeffe Siluia.

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silua loue
Then hate of Eglamoure that goes with her.

Iul. And I will follow, more to croffe that loue
Then hate for Silua, that is gone for loue.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Siluia, Out-loues.

1. Out. Come, come be patient:

We
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Proteus, Silvia, Julia, Duke, Thurtio, Out-trees.

Val. How vile doth breed a habit in a man?
This shadowy defart, vnrequestwooded
I better Brooke then flourishing people Townes:
Here can I sit alone, vn-seene of any,
And to the Nightingales complaining Notes
Tune my disrestites, and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my brest,
Leave not the Manion so long Tenant-leffe,
Left growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was,
Repair me, with thy prevence, Silvia:
Thou gentle Nymph, cherish thy for-lorne swaine.
What hallowing, and what dire is this to day?
Thise are my mates, that make their wills their Law,
Have some vnhappy passenger in chace;
They love me well: yet I have much to doe
To keepem from vncliquel outrages.
Withdraw thee Valentine: who's this comes heere?
Pro. Madam, this feruice I have done for you
(Though you repext not aught of your fervent do.)
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 leffe then this, I am sure you cannot glue.)

Val. How like a dreame is this? I see, and heare:
Louv, 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 have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approch thou mak'tt me moit vnhappy.
Iul. And me, when he approcheth to your presence.
Sil. Had I beene ceaazed by a hungry Lion,
I would have beene a break-fait to the Beaf,
Rather then haue fals Protheus reskue me:
Oh heauen be judge how I loue Valentine,
Whole life's as tender to me as my foule,
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I doe deteft fals periu'd Protheus:
Therefore be gone, follicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stoot it next to death
Would I not vndergoe, for one calme looke:
Oh 'tis the curfe in Loue, and still approu'd
When women cannot loue, where they're below'd.
Sil. When Proteus cannot loue, where he's below'd:
Read ower Iulie's heart, (thy first bett Loue)
For whole deare fake, thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oathes; and all those oathes,
Defended into purierty, to loue me,
Thou haft no faith left now, vnleste thou'dt two,
And that's farre worse then none: better haue none
Then plurlall faith, which is too much by one:
Thou Counterfeyt, to thy true friend.

Pro. In Loue,
Who repexts friend?
Sil. All men but Proteus.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of mouing words
Can no way change you to a milder forme;
Ile woore you like a Souldier, at armes end,
And loue you 'gainst the nature of Loue: force ye.
Sil. Oh heauen.
Pro. Ilfe force thee yeeld to my desire.
Val. Ruffian: let goe that rude vnciuill touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion.

Pro. Valentine.
Val. Thou cōmon friend, that's without faith or loue,
For such is a friend now: treacherous man,
Thou haft beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have perfwaded me: now I dare not say
I have one friend aliue; thou wouldst diquirre me:
Who should be trusted, when ones right hand
Is persuad to the bosome? Proteus
I am forry I mutt neuer truth thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy fake:
The private wound is deepest: oh time, molt accrue:
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worke?
Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me:
Forgive me Valentine: if hearty forrow
Be a sufficient Ranfome for offence,
I tender't heere: I doe as truely suffr,
As ere I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid:
And once againe, I doe receive thee honeft,
Who by Repenteance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heauen, nor earth; for these are pleead:
By Penitence th'Eternalls wrath's appeas'd:
And that my loue may appeare plaine and free,
All that was mine, in Silvia, I giue thee.
Iul. Oh me vnhappy.
Pro. Look to the Boy.
Val. Why, Boy?
Iul. O good sir, my mater charg'd me to deliver a ring
to Madam Silvia: w (out of my neglegt) 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 gauie to Iulia.
Iul. Oh, cry you mercy sir, I haue midtooke:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

Pro. But how cam'tt thou by this ring? at my depart
I gauie 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 gauie ayne to all thy oathes,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.
How oft haft thou with periuery cleft the roote?
Oh Proteus, let this habit make thee blush.

D Be
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Be thou aham'd that I have tooke vpon me,  
Such an immodest rayment; if flame true  
In a disguife of loue?

It is the leeter blot modelye 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

Fills him with faults: makes him run through all the'ns;  
Inconstancy falls-off, ere it begins:

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spie  
More freth in Iulia's, with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come: a hand from either:

Let me be bleft to make this happy clofe:

'Twere pitty two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witnes (heauen) I have my wish for ever.

Val.  And I mine.


Val. Forbeare, forbeare I say: It is my Lord the Duke.

Your Grace is welcome to a man disfanc'd,

Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine?

Val. Yonder is Silvia: and Silvia's mine.

Val. Tburio glue 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: here he standes,

Take but poiffion 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 Girl that loves him not:

I claine her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou

To make fuch meanes for her, as thou haft done,

And leave her on fuch flight conditions.

Now, by the honor of my Ancestry,
I doe applaud thy spirit, Valentine,

And think thee worthy of an Empresse loue:

Know then, I heere forget all former greeses,

Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,

Plead a new state in thy vn-rual'd merit,

To which I thus subcribe: Sir Valentine,

Thou art a Gentleman, and well deri'd,

Take thou thy Silvia, for thou haft deferu'd her.

Val. I thank your Grace, I gift hath made me happy:

I now beseech you (for your daughers 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 have kept withall,

Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:

Forgive them what they haue committed here,

And let them be recall'd from their Exile:

They are reform'd, cuill, full of good,

And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.)

Duke. Thou haft preuaild, I pardon them and thee:

Dispoze of them, as thou knowest their detears.

Come, let vs goe, we will include all larres,

With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And as we walke along, I dare be bold

With our discours, 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 sayeing?

Val. Pleese you, Ile tell you, as we passe along,

That you will wonder what hath fortun'd:

Come Protheus, 'tis your pennisance, but to heare

The story of your Loues discouered.

That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,

One Feat, one house, one mutuell happinesse.  

Exeunt.

The names of all the Actors.

Duke: Farber to Silvia.

Valentine. | the two Gentlemen.

Protheus. | Iulia: beloved of Protheus.

Antonacci: father to Protheus.

Tburio: a foolish riuall to Valentine.

Eglamoure: Agent for Silvia in her escape.

Haft: where Iulia lodges.

Out-lauws with Valentine.

Speed: a clownish servant to Valentine.

Launce: the like to Protheus.

Panthion: servant to Antonio.

Iulia: beloved of Protheus.

Silvia: beloved of Valentine.

Lucetta: woabting-woman to Iulia.

FINIS.

THe
THE
Merry Wives of Windsor.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Evans, Master Page, Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, Anne Page, Mistress Ford, Mistress Page, Simple.

Shallow.

It is Hugh, perfwade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if he be twenty Sir John Falstaff, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow Esquire.

(Coram.)

Slen. In the County of Gloucester, Justice of Peace and Shal. (Coven Slender) and Caff-actorum.

Shal. I, and Rato torum too; and a Gentleman borne (Master Parfon) who writes himselfe Armigero, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, Armigero.

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

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

Shal. It is an olde Coate.

Evans. The dozen white Lowies doe become an old Coat well: it agrees well paffant: It is a familiar beaft to man, and dignifies Loue.

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

Slen. I may quarter (Cooz).

Shal. You may, by marrying.

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

Shal. Not a whit.

Evans. Yes per-lady: if he ha's a quarter of your coat, there is but three Skirts for your felfe, in my simple con- ciecrures; but that is all one: if Sir John Falstaff haue committed diifparages vnto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to do my beneuolence, to make attone- ments and compleatly betwene you.

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

Evans. It is not meet the Counsell hear a Riot: there is no feare of Got in a Riot: The Counsell (looks you) shall defire to hear the feare of Got, and not to hear a Riot: take your viza-mients in that.

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

Evans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another deuide in my praine, which peraduenture prings gout diiferences with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? she has browne hair, and speakes small like a woman.

Evans. It is that ferrif perfon for all the orld, as iuft as you will defire, and feuen hundred pounds of Moneyes, and Gold, and Siluer, is her Grand-fyre vpon his deathbed, (Got deliuer to a joyfull refurreftions) glue, when she is able the huerlake feventeen yeares old. It were a gout motion, if we leue our priibles and prabbles, and defire a marriage betweene Master Abraham, and Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her Grand-fire leue her feuen hundred pound?

Evans. And, her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young Gentewoman, she has good gifts.

Evans. Seuen hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Wel, let vs see honest M. Page: is Falstaffe there?

Evans. Shall I tell you a lye? I doe defifie a lye, as I doe defifie one that is falle, or as I defifie one that is not true: the Knight Sir John is there, and I beleffe you be ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the doore for M. Page. What ha? Got-pleffe your houfe here.

M. Page. Who's there?

Evans. Here is go's pleffing and your friend, and Ju- stice Shallow, and heere yong Master Slender: that perad-uentures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

M. Page. I am glad to see your Worships wel: I thanke you for my Venilxon Master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good doe it your good heart: I wish'd your Venilon better, it was ill kill'd: how doth good Mistress Page? and I thanke 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.

Shal. How doe your fawall Greyhound, Sir, I heard fay he was out-run on Caffall.

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

Shal. You'll not conffeice you'll not conffeice.

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


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

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

Evans. It is spoke as a Chriftians ought to speake.

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

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


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

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

Fal. But not kill'd your Keepers daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin: this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answere it strait, I have done all this: That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Councell shall know this.

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

Eu. Pauca verba; (Sir John) good works.

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

Slen. Marry fir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your cony-catchings Ralcafs, Bardolf, Nym, and Piffell.

Bar. You Banbery Cheefe.

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Pifl. How now, Mr. Shalloweswhip? Slen. I, it is no matter.

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

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

Eua. Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnderstand: there is three Vnuries 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 finallly) mine Hoft of the Gater.

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

Euan. Ferry go't, I will make a prcie of it in my note-booke, and we will afterwards orke vpon the caufe, with as great disirely as we can.

Fal. Piffell.

Pifl. He heares with eares.

Euan. The Teull and his Tam: what phrase is this? he heares with eare? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Piffell'd, did you pickle M. Sleners purfe?

Slen. I, by these glouses did hee, or I would I might never come in mine owne great chamber againe elle, of straenge goates in mill-expences, and two Edwurd Shoelboords, that cost me two shilling and two pece a piece of Tred Miller: by these glouses.

Fal. Is this true, Piffell?

Euan. No, it is false, if it is a picke-purfe.

Pifl. Ha, thou mountaine Forrenyer: Sir John, and Maffier mine, I command challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word of denall in thy labors here; word of denall; froth, and fcum thou lief.

Slen. By these glouses, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be aux'd fir, and paffe 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 affe.

Fal. What say you Scarliet, and John?

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

Eu. It is his fiew fences: fie, what the ignorance is.

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

Slen. I, you spake in Latten then to: but 'tis no matter; Ile nere be drunk whilft I liue againe, but in honett, cliuill, godly company for this tricke: if I be drunke, Ile be drunke with thole that have the seare of God, and not with drunken knaues.

Euan. So pricke me, that is a vertuous minde.

Fal. You heare all these matters den'd, Gentlemen; you heare it.

Mr. Page. Nay daughter, carry the wine in, we'll drink within.

Slen. Oh heauen: This is Milfrette Anne Page.

Mr. Page. How now Milfrie Ford?

Fal. Milfrie Ford, by my troth you are very wel met: by your leave good Milfrie.

Mr. Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot Venion pafty to dinner; Come gentle- men, I hope we shall drinke downe all vnkindnesse.

Slen. I had rather then forty shilling I had my booke of Songs and Sonnets here: How now Simple, where have you beene? I must wait on my selfe, must I? you have not the booke of Riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Booke of Riddles? why did you not lend it to Alice Short-cake vpon Alhallowmas laft, a fortnight afo- re Michaelmas.

Skal. Come Coze, come Coze, we play for you: a word with you Coze: marry this, Coze: there is as twere a tender, a kindes 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.

Skal. Nay, but vnderstand me.

Slen. So I doe Sir.

Euan. Glue ear to his motions; (M.'Slen) I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will doe as my Cozen Shallow fales: I pray you pardon me, he's a Judic of Peace in his Coun- trie, simple though I stand here.

Euan. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Skal. I, there's the point Sir.

Eu. Marry is it: the very point of it, to Mi. An Page.

Slen. Why if it be so; I will marry her upon any reason- able demands.

Eu. But can you affection the 'o-man, let vs command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for diuers Philosphers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth: thereof precicly, can you carry your good wil to ? maid?

Sh. Cozen Abraham Slener, can you love 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 poiffible, if you can carry-her your desires towards her.

Skal. That you must:

Will you, (vpon good dowry) marry her?

Slen. I will doe a greater thing then that, vpon your reques't (Cozen) in any reason.

Skal. Nay conceive me, conceive mee, (sweet Coze): what I doe is to pleafure you (Coze): can you loue the maid?

Slen. I will marry her (Sir) at your reques't; but if there bee no great lone in the beginning, yet Heauen may decreafe it vpon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope upon familiarity will grow more content; but if you fay mary-her, I will marry-her, that I am frely difsolvs, and disfully.

Eu. It
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

En. It is a very delicious-anfwere; fave the fall is in the ord, diftinctly; the ort is (according to our meaning) refolutely: his meaning is good.
Sb. I : I thinken my Cofen meant well.
Sl. I, or elfe I would I might be hang'd (la.)
Sh. Here comes faire Mitiris Anne; would I were yong for your fake, Mitiris Anne.
An. The dinner is on the Table, my Father defires your worshipes company.
Sl. I will wait on him, (faire Mitiris Anne.)
En. Oo's pleaded-wil: I will not be abfide at the grace. 
An. Will ye pleafe your worship to come in, Sir?
Sl. No, I thank you forfooth, hartely; I am very well.
An. The dinner attends you, Sir.
Sl. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forfooth; goe, Sirha, for all you are my man, goe wait upon my Cofen Shallow; a luftice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend, for a Man; I kepe but three Men, and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead; but what though, yet I love like a poore Gentleman borne.
An. I may not goe in without your worship: they will not fit till you come.
Sl. I faith, ile eate nothing: I thank you as much as though I did.
An. I pray you Sir walke in.
Sl. I had rather walke here (I thank you) I bruiz'd my fin th'other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Mafter of Fence (three veneyes for a dill of fwe'd Prunes) and by my truth, I cannot abide the finmall of hot meate fince. Why doe your dogs barke fo? be there Beares ith' Towne?
An. I think there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.
Sl. I love the sport well, but I flall as soone quarrel at it, as any man in England; you are afraid if you fee the Beare lofe, are you not?
An. I indeede Sir.
Sl. That's meate and drinke to me now: I have scene Sackerfon lofe, twenty times, and have taken him by the Chaine: but (I warrant you) the women have fo cride and threket at it, that it paff: But women indeede, cannot abide'em, they are very ill-favoured' rough things.
Ma.Pa. Come, gentle M. Slandcr, come; we flay for you.
Sl. Ile eate nothing, I thank you Sir.
Sl. Nay, pray you lead the way.
Sl. Mitiris Anne: your felfe shall goe firft.
An. Not I Sir, pray you keepe on.
Sl. Truely I will not goe firft: truely-la: I will not doe you that wrong.
An. I pray you Sir.
Sl. Ile rather be vnmannerly, then troubleome: you doe your felfe wrong indeede-la.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Euant, and Simplice.
En. Go your waies, and ask of Doctor Caius houfe, which is the way; and there dwells one Mitiris Quickly; which is in the manner of his Nurfe; or his dry-Nurfe; or his Cooke; or his Laundry; his Washer, and his Ringer.
Si. Well Sir.
En. Nay, it is better yet: give her this letter; for it is a woman that altogether acquaintance with Mitiris Anne Page; this Letter is to defire, and require her to follicit your Matfers defires, to Mitiris Anne Page: I pray you be gon: I will make an end of my dinner; ther's Fippins and Cheefe to come.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffs, Hoy, Bardolph, Nym, Piffell, Page.
Fal. Mine Hoft of the Garier?
Fal. Truely mine Hoft; I must turne away some of my followers.
Hs. Difcard, (buly Hercules) caheere; let them wag; trot, trot.
Fal. I flt at ten pounds a weckke.
Ho. Thou'rt an Emperor (Cafer, Keifer and Phenome) I will entertaine Bardolph: he flall draw; he flall tap; said I well (buly Hefter?)
Fa. Doe fo (good mine Hoft).
Ho. I haue spoke: let him follow: I want mee then froth, and flue: I am at a word: follow.
Ba. It is a life that I haue defir'd: I will thriue.
Piff. O bafe hungarian wight: wilt y' the fipgot wield.
Ni. He was gotten in drink: is not the humor cocieed?
Fal. I am glad I am fo acquit of this Tinderbox: his Thefles were too open: his flitching was like an vnskilfull Singer, he kept not time.
Nt. The good humor is to flaele at a minutes reft.
Piff. Conauy: the wife it call; Steale? foh: a fico for the phrale.
Fal. Well fir, I am almoost out at heeles.
Piff. Why then let Kibes enfue.
Fal. There is no remedy: I must conicatch, I must thift.
Piff. Yong Raens mutt haue fooede.
Fal. Which of you know Ford of this Towne?
Piff. I ken the wight: he is of subftance good.
Fal. My honest Laes, I will tell you what I am about.
Piff. Two yards, and more.
Fal. No quips now Piffell: (Indeed I am in the wafe two yards about: but I am now about no wafe: I am a about' thift) briefely: I doe mean to make loue to Ford's wife: I fpie entertainment in her: thee difcourfes: thee caues: she gives the leere of inuitation: I can conftrue the aotion of her familiar fille, & the hardett voice of her behavior (to be engliff'd rightely) is, I am Sir Ebn Falstaffs.
Piff. He hath studied her will; and tranlated her will: out of honfly, into English.
Ni. The Anchor is depe: will that humor paff?
Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husbands Purfe: he hath a legend of Angelo.
Piff. As many diuelas entertaine: and to her Boy fay I.
Ni. The humor riles: it is good: humor me the angels.
Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: & here anothe- to Pages wife, who euen now gave mee good eyes too; examind my parts with moft judicious liellai: sometimes the beames of her view, gilded my footo: sometimse my portly belly.

D 3
Piff.
Si. I: for fault of a better.
Qu. And Master Slanders's your Master?
Si. I forsooth.
Qu. Do's he not wear 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 colour'd Beard.
Qu. A softly-frighted man, is he not?
Si. I forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between 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 fend Anne Page, no worfe fortune: Tell Master Parfon Evans, I will doe what I can for your Master: Anne is a good girle, and I with—
Ru. Out alas! here comes my Master.
Qu. We shall all be shent: Run in here, good young man: goe into this Clofet: he will not stay long: what John Rugby? John: 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, adrove us. &c.)
Ca. Vat is you fing? I doe not like des-toyes: pray you goe and vetch me in my Clofet, vnboyetene 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 have bin horne-mad.
Ca. Fr, fr, fr, fr, mai fay, il fait pour ebande, le man a voi a le Cour la grand affaires.
Qu. Is it this Sir?
Ca. Ouy mette le au mon pocket, a-de-speech quickly: Vere is dat knaue Rugby?
Qu. What John Rugby, John?
Ru. Here Sir.
Ca. You are Iohn Rugby, say you are Iack Rugby: Come, take-a-your Rapiere, 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 je oublie: dere is some Simples in my Clofet, dat I will not for the world I shall leave behinde.
Qu. Ay-me, he'll finde the yong man there, & be mad.
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 Clofet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my Clofet.
Qu. I beseech you be not fo flegmatique: hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to mee, from Parfon Hugh.
Ca. Vell.
Si. I forsooth: to defire her to—
Qu. Peace, I pray you.
Ca. Peace-a-your tongue: speake-a-your Tale.
Si. To defire this honest Gentlewoman (your Maid) to speake a good word to Miftris 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.
Qu. I
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Qu. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had bin throughly mowed, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy: but notwithstanding man, Ile doe youe 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, iowere, dresse meat and drinke, make the beds, and doe all my selfe.) Simp. 'Tis a great charge to come vnder one bodies hand.

Qu. Are you a-us'd o'those? you shall finde it a great charge: and to be vp early, and down late: but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your care, I wold have no words of it,) my Master himselfe is in love with Miftris Anne Page: but notwithstanding that I know Ann mind, that's neither heere nor there.

Caius. You, Jack 'Nape: give a letter to Sir Hugh, by gar it is a challenge: I will cut his troot in de Parke, and I will teach a scurril Jack-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 tfoles: by gar, he shall have a tfole to throw at his dogge.

Qu. Alas! he speakes but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter a ver dat: do not you tell a-me dat I shall have Anne Page for my selfe? by gar, I will kill de Jack-Priest: and I have appointed mine Hoft of de Iartee to measure our weapon: by gar, I wil my selfe haue Anne Page.

Qu. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shal bee well: We must glue folkes leaque to prate: what the good-ler.

Caius. Rugge, come to the Court with me: by gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turne your head out of my dont: follow my helmet, Rugge.

Qu. You shall haue An-fooles head of your owne: No, I know Ann mind for that: neuer a woman in Wind-foer knows more of Ann mind then I doe, nor can doe more then I doe with her, I thank haue.

Fenten. Who's with in there, hooa?

Qu. Who's there, I troa? Come neere the house I pray you.

Fen. How now (good woman) how doth thou? Qu. The better that it pleases your good Worship to ask?

Fen. What newes? how do? pretty Miftris Anne?

Qu. In truth Sir, and shee is pretty, and honeft, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praffe haueen for it.

Fen. Shall I doe any good think you? shall I not loose my self?

Qu. Truth Sir, all is in his hands aboue: but not-withstanding (Mafter Fenton) Ile be sworne on a booke thee looses you: haue not your Worship a warre aboue your eye?

Fen. Yes marry haue I, what of that?

Qu. Wel, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is such another Nan: (but (I detest) an honest maid as ever broke bread: wee had an howres talke of that warre: I shall never laugh in that maids company:but (indeed) shee is given too much to Allicholy and musing: but for all that wee ought to goe tooo.

Fen. Well: I shall haue her to day: hold, there's mony for thee: Let mee haue thy voice in my behalf: if thou feest her before me, commend me.

Qu. Will I? I faith that wee will: And I will tell your Worship more of the Wart, the next time we haue confidence, and of other woorers.

Fen. Well, fare-well, I am in great haste now.

Qu. Fare-well to your Worship: truely an honeft Gentleman: but Anne loves him not: for I know Ann mind as well as another doe: out vpnot I what have I forgot.

Exit.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Miftris Page, Miftris Ford, Mafter Page, Mafter Ford, Pittoll, Nim, Quickly, Hoilt, shallow.

Miff. Page. What, haue fap'd Loue-letters in the holly-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? let me fee?

Aske me no reaon why I love you, for though Loue as Rea-son for bis preciition, bee admits him not for bis Consiouer: you are not yong, no more am I: goe to then, there's simpatiche: you are mercie, fo am I: but, bythen there's more simpatiche: you love fackes, and fo do I: would you defire better simpatiche? Let it juftifie thee (Miftris Page) at the leafl if the Loan of Souldier can juftifie, that I love thee: I will not say pity mee, 'tis not a Souldier-like phrase: but I say, love me:

By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night:
Or any ofdes of light, with all his might.
For thee to fight.
Idon Falsfife.

What a Hand of fort is this? O wicked, wicked world:
One that is well-nye worne to peces with age
To thaw himselfe a yong Gallant? What an unwaied
Behauiour hath this Flemish drunkard pickt (with
The Deuliis name) out of my conueration, that he dares
In this manner affay me? why, hee hath not beene thriue
In my Company: what should I say to him? I was then
Frugall of my mirth; (heauen forgive mee:) why Ile
Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe
of men: how shal I be reueng'd on him? for reueng'd
I will be as furre as his guts are made of puddings.

Miff. Ford. Miftris Page, trueft mee, I was going to your house.

Miff. Page. And trust mee, I was comming to you: you looke very ill.

Miff. Ford. Nay, Ile nere beleeve that: I haue to fiew
to the contrary.


Miff. Ford. Well: I doe then: yet I fay, I could flow
you to the contrary: O Miftris Page, give mee some coungail.

Miff. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Miff. Ford. O woman: if it were not for one trifling re-
pect, I could come to such honour.

Miff. Page. Hang the trifle (woman) take the honour:
what is it? difpence with trifles: what is it?

Miff. Ford. If I would but goe to hell, for an eternal
moment, or fo; I could bee knighted.

Miff. Page. What thou lieft? Sir Alice Ford? these
Knights will hacke, and fo thou shalt not alter the ar-
icle of thy Gentry.

Miff. Ford. Wee burne day-light: heere, read, read:
perceiue how I might bee knighted, I shall think the
worfe of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make dif-
ference of mens liking: and yet bee not fwarene: praffe
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praise womens modesty: and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to al vncomelynesse, that I would have sworne his disposition would have 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 Green-sleeues: What tempest (I troo) threw this Whale, (with so many Tuns of oyle in his belly) a'flowre at Windsor? How shall we be revenged on him? I thinke the best way were, to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his owne grace: Did you ever hear the like?

Melf. 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 inheret first, for I protest mine never shall: I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blanke-space for different names (fure more): and these of the second edition: hee will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what hee puts into the preffe, when he would put vs two: I had rather be a Glanzeff, and lye vnder Mount Pelion: Well; I will find you twenti lafcullous Turtles ere one chaft man.

Melf. Ford. Why this is the very fame: the very hand: the very words: what doth he think of vs?

Melf. Page. Nay I know not: it makes me almost readie to wrangle with mine owne honesty: Ile entertaine my felle like one that I am not acquainted withall: for fure vnleffe hee know some ftranfe in mee, that I know not my felle, hee would never have boorded me in this furie.


M. Page. So will I: if hee come vnder my hatches, Ile neuer to Sea againe: Let be reueng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting: give him a show of comfort in his Suit, and lead him on with a fine bated delay, till hee hath pawn'd his horfes to mine Hoft of the Garter.

M. Ford. Nay, I will confent to act any villany against him, that may not fully the charineffe of our honesty: oh that my husband saw this Letter: it would give eternall food to his iealousie.

M. Page. Why look where he comes; and my good man too: hee's as farre from iealousie, as I am from looking him caufe, and that (I hope) is an vnmeasurable distance.

M. Ford. You are the happier woman.

M. Page. Let's confult together against this greafte Knight: Come lither.

Ford. Well: I hope, it be not fo.

Pif. Hope is a curtail-dog in some affairs:

Sir Iohn affects thy wife.

Ford. Why sir, my wife is not young.

Pif. He woeos both high and low, both rich & poor, both yong and old, one with another (Ford) he loues the Gally-mawfty (Ford) perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pif. With liss, burning hot: present:
Or goe thou like Sir Afehn he, with
Ring-wood at thy heele: $O$, odious is the name.

Ford. What name Sir?

Pif. The horne I say: Farewell: Take heed, have open eye, for theeues doe foot by night. Take heed, ere commer comes, or Cuckoo-birds doe finge.
Away sir Corporall Nim:

Beleeue it (Page) he speakes fencce.

Ford. I will be patient: I will find out this.

Nim. And this is true: I like not the humor of lying: hee hath wronged mee in some humors: I should have borne the humour'd Letter to her: but I have a sword: and it shall bite vpon my necessitie: hee loues your wife: There's the short and the long: My name is Corporall Nim: I speak, and I auoch; 'tis true: my name is Nim: and Falstaffe loyes your wife: adieu, I love not the humor of bread and cheefe: adieu.

Page. The humour of it (quoth'a) heere's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will secke out Falstaffe.

Page. I neuer heard such a drawing-affec ting rogue.

Ford. If I doe finde it: well.

Page. I will not beleeue such a Cajatan, though the Prieff o' th' Towne commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good fenfible fellow: well.

Page. How now Meg?

Melf. Page. Whether goe you (George?) harke you.

Melf. Ford. How now (sweet Frank) why art thou melancholy?

M. Ford. I melancholy? I am no melancholy:
Get you home: goe.

Melf. Ford. Faith, thou haft some crochets in thy head, Now: will you goe, Melfris Page?

Melf. Page. Haue with you: you'll come to dinner George? Looke who comes yonder: thee shall bee our Meilenger to this patrie Knight.

Melf. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: the'll fit it.

Melf. Page. You are come to fee my daughter Anne?

Que. I Prfooth: and I pray how do's good Miftreffe Anne?

Melf. Page. Go in with vs and see: we have an hours talke with you.

Page. How now Master Ford?

For. You heard what this knave told mee, 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 flaus: I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it: But theeue that accuse him in his intent towards our wiiue, is a yoake of his discarded men: very rogues, now they be out of seruice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it neuer the better for that,
Do's he lye at the Garter?

Page. I marry do's he: if hee should intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turne her looef to him; and what hee gets more of her, then sharpe words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I doe not misloombt my wife: but I would bee loath to turne them together: a man may be too confident: I would have nothing lye on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Looke where my ranting-Hoft of the Garter comes: there is eyther liquor in his pate, or mony in his purife, when hee lookes so merrily: How now mine Hoft?


Shal. I follow, (mine Hoft) I follow: Good-euen, and twenty (good Master Page) Master Page, wil you go with vs? we haue sport in hand.


Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betweene Sir Hugh the Welch Frieft, and Gains the French Docthor.

Ford. Good.
Ford. Good mine Hoyt o"t"Garter: a word with you.
Hoyt. What faith thou, my Bully-Rooke?
Shal. Will you goe with vs to behold it? My merry Hoyt hath had the measuring of their weapons; and (I thinke) hath appointed them contrary places: for (believe mee) I hearre the Parfon is no letter: harke, I will tell you what our sport shall be.
Hoyt. Haft thou no suit against my Knight? my gueft-Cauaileure?
Shal. None, I protest: but Ie gleue you a pottle of burn"d facke, to give me recouerfe to him, and tell him my name is Brome: onlye for a left.
Hoyt. My hand, (Bully:) thou shalt haue egriffe and regiffe (told I well?) and thy name shall be Brome. It is a merry Knight: will you goe An-heires?
Shal. Haue with you mine Hoyt.
Page. I haue heard the French-man hath good skill in his Kapler.
Shal. Tut fir: I could haue told you more: In these times you {stand on} {depend on} your Paffes, Stoccoado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart (Master Page) 'tis heere, 'tis heere: I haue feene the time, with my long-fword, I would haue made you fowre tall fellows, skippe like Rattes.
Hoyt. Heere boyes, heere, heere: shall we wag?
Page. Haue with you: I had rather heare them scold, then fight.
Ford. Though Page be a fecure foole, and {stands} so firmly on his wifes frailty; yet, I cannot put-off my opinion fo eafily: she was in his company at Pages houfe: and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will looke further into't; and I haue a difguife, to found Falstaffe; if I finde her honest, I looke not my labor: if the be other-wife, 'tis labour well befowed. 
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe, PiftoU, Robin, Quickly, Bardolfoe, Ford.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.
Pifh. Why then the world's mine Oyter, which I, with word will open.
Fal. Not a penny: I haue beene content (Sir,) you should lay my countenance to paunce: I haue grated vp or my good friends for three Repreces for you, and your Coach-fellow Nym; or elfe 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 Miftresse Briger loft the handle of her Fan, I took't upon mine honouer thou hadst it not.
Pifh. Didst not thou have? hadst thou not fifteene pence?
Fal. Reason, you roague, reason: thinkst thou Ie en danger my foule, grate? at a word, hang no more about mee, I am no gibbet for you: goe, a short knife, and a thong, to your Mannor of Pick-tbatch: goe, you'll not beare a Letter for mee you roague? you stand vpon your honor: why, (thou vnconfifiable bafeneffe) it is as much as I can doe to keepe the termes of my hononour precife: I, I, I, my selfe sometymes, leaing the feare of heauen on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necellity, am faine to shufifie: to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en-licence your rags; your Cat-a-Mountain-lookes, your red-lattice phrales, and your bold-beating-cathes, under the shelter of your honor? you will not doe it? you?
Pifh. I doe releant: what would thou more of man?
Robin. Sir, here's a woman would speake with you.
Fal. Let her approach.
Qui. Glue your worship good morrow.
Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife.
Qui. Not fo, an'd please your worship.
Fal. Good maid then.
Qui. Ile be sworne,
As my mother was the first hour I was borne, I do beleue the swaret; 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 Miftrresse Ford, (Sir) I pray come a little neerer this waies: I my felle dwell with M.Doctor Caius:
Fal. Well, on; Miftrresse Ford, you say.
Qui. Your worship faies 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 fo? heauen-blesse them, and make them his Seruants.
Fal. Well; Miftr esse Ford, what of her?
Qui. Why, Sir; shee's a good-creature; Lord, Lord, your Worship's a wanton: well: heauen forfve you, and all of vs, I pray—
Fal. Miftr esse Ford: come, Miftr esse Ford.
Qui. Marry this is the short, and the long of it: you have 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 beeene Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelings so sweetly; all Muske, and so rulhing, I warrant you, in filke and golde, and in such alligant termes, and in fuch wine and fugg of the beft, 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 felle twentie Angels given me this morning, but I defe all Angels (in any fuch fort, as they sfay) but in the waye of honesty: and I warrant you, they could neuer get her fo much as fippe on a cup with the prowdfee of them all, and yet there has beeene Earles: nay, (which is more) Pitioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.
Fal. But what faies thee to mee? be brefee my good thee-Mercurie.
Qui. Marry, the hath receu'd your Letter: for the which the thankes you a thousand times; and shee {glues} you to notifie, that her husband will be abidence from his house, betwene ten and eleuen.
Fal. Ten, and eleuen.
Qui. I, fortooth: and then you may come and fee the picture (the fayes) that you wot of: Malfier Ford her husband will be from home: alas, the sweet woman needs an ill life with him: hee's a very lealoufie-man; he leads a very frampold life with him, (good hart.)
Fal. Ten, and eleuen.

Woman
Woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

Qul. Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Miltrisse Page hath her hearty commendations to you to: and let mee tell you in your ear, she's as forthwith a chaste modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not misse you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windor, who ere bee the other: and thee bade mee tell your worship, that her husband is feldome from home, but the hopes there will come a time.

I neuer knew a woman so doate upon a man: surely I think you have charmes, la: yes in truth.

Fal. Not I, I affure thee; letting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charmes.

Qul. 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?

Qul. That were a left indeed: they have not so little grace I hope, that were a tricke indeed: But Mithia Page would desire you to fend her your little Page of al loues: her husband has a maruellous infectio to the little Page: and truely Mafter Page is an honest man: neuer a wife in Windor leads a better life then the do's: doe what thee will, say what thee will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when the lift, rife when the lift, all is as the will: and truly she deferves it: for if there be a kinde woman in Windor, she is one: you must fend her your Page, no remedie.

Fal. Why, I will.

Qul. Nay, but doe fo then, and looke thee, bee may come and goe betwixt you both: and in any cafe have a nay-word, that you may know one another 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 purfe, I am yet thy debter: Boy, goe along with this woman, this news doth distract me.

P.B. This Pumcke is one of Captains Carriers.
Clap on more soldiers, pursuie: vp with your fights.
Gue fire: she is my prize, or Ocean whelme them all.

Fal. Saife thou fo (old Jack) goe thy waies: Ie make more of thy olde body then I have done: will they yet looke after thee? wilt thou after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? good Body, I thank thee: let them say'ts grossely done, so it be fairely done, no matter.

Bar. Sir John, there's one Mafter Brome below which faine speake with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath fent your worship a mornings draught of Sacke.

Fal. Brome is his name?

Bar. Sir.

Fal. Call him in: such Brooms are welcome to mee, that ore flowes such liquor: ah ha, Miltrisse Ford and Miftriss Page, haue I encompass'd you? goe to, via.

Ford. Bleffe you Sir.

Fal. And you Sir: would you speake with me?

Ford. I make bold, to preffe, with fo little preparation vpon you.

Fal. You're welcome, what's your will? glue vs leaue Drawer.

Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that haue spent much, my name is Brome.

Fal. Good Mafter Brome, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you, for I must let you vnderstand, I thinke my felfe in better plight for a Lender, then you are: the which hath something emboldned me to this vnseason'd intrusion: for they fay, if money goe before, all waies doe lye open.

Fal. Money is a good Soulsier (Sir) and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money heere troubles me: if you will help me to bear it (Sir Iohn) take all, or haile, for eating me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may defeere to bee your Porter.

Ford. I will tell you Sirs, if you will give mee the hearing.

Fal. Speake (good Mafter Brome) I shall be glad to be your Servaunt.

Ford. Sir, I heare you are a Scholler: (I will be briefe with you) and you have been a man long knowne to me, though I had neuer fo good means as defire, to make my felfe acquainted with you. I will difference a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine owne imperfection: but (good Sir John) as you have one eye up on my follies, as you heare them unfolded, turne another into the Register of your owne, that I may passe with a reprofe the eafier, fith you your felfe know how cafe 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: Ingrofs'd opportunities to mee her: fee'd euer flight occasion that could but nigardly gie mee flight of her: not only bought many preffents to give her, but haue giuen largely to many, to know what fhee would have gien: briefly, I haue pursu'd her, as Loue hath pursu'd mee, which hath beene on the wing of all occasions: but whatsoever I have merited, either in my minde, or in my meenes, mee I am fure I have receiued none, vnlesse Experience be a Jewell, that I have purchas'd at an infinite rate, and that hath taught mee to fay this,

"Loue like a foadoe flies, when substance Loue pursueth, Pursuie that flies, and flying subat pursueth."

Fal. Have you receiued no promife of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Neuer.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpofe?

Ford. Neuer.

Fal. Of what quallity was your loue then?

Ford. Like a fair horse, built on another mens ground, so that I have loft my edifice, by mistaking the place, where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpofe have you vnfolded this to me?

For. When I have told you that, I have told you all: Some fay, that though the appeare honest to mee, yet in other places thee enlargeth her minde fo farre, that there is ferved conftruction made of her. Now (Sir Iohn) here is the heart of my purpofe: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authenticke in your place and perfon, 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 have, onely give
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Rug. Sir.
Caius. VAT is the clocke, Jack.
Rug. 'Tis past the howre (Sir) that Sir Hugh promis'd to meet.
Caius. By gar, he has faue his soule, that he is no-come: hee has pray his Pible well, that he is no-come: by gar (Jack Rugby) he is dead already, if he be come.
Rug. Hee is wife Sir: hee knew your worship would kill him if he came.
Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, fo as I will kill him: take your Rapier, (lacks) I will tell you how I will kill him.
Caius. Villanie, take your Rapier.
Rug. Forbeare: heer's company.
Hotspur. 'Blesse thee, bully-Doctor.
Shal. 'Saue you Mr. Doctor Caius.
Page. Now good Mr. Doctor.
Shal. 'Give you good-morrow, sir.
Caius. VAT be all you one, two, three, foure, come for? Hotspur. To thee fite, to thee fite, to thee fite, to thee fite, to thee fite, to thee fite, to thee fite, to thee fite.
Page. Pray hee, we are the fons of women (M.Page.)
Hotspur. Thou art a Caftalion-king-Vrinall: Hector of Grece (my Boy)
Caius. I pray you bear witness, that me have flay, fixe or feuen, two tree howres for him, and hee is no-come.
Shal. He is the wifer man (M.Doctor)he is a curer of foules, and you a curer of bodyes: if you should fight, you goe against the haire of your professions: is it not true, Master Page?
Page. Master Shallow: you haue your felse beene a great fighter, though now a man of peace.
Shal. Body-kins M. Page, though I now be old, and of the peace; if I see a fword out, my finger itches to make one: though wee are Iutrices, and Doctors, and Church-men (M. Page) wee have some falt of our youth in vs, we are the fons of women (M. Page.)
Page. Tis true, Mr. Shallow.
Shal. It will be found so, (M.Page) M.Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home: I was wont of the peace; you haue shou'd your felse a wife Physician, and Sir Hugh hath owne himfelfe a wife and patient Church-man: you must goo with me, M.Doctor.

Scena Tertia.

Ford. Good Sir.
FAL. If you pay you shall.
Ford. Want no money (Sir)you shall want none.
FAL. Want no Mistress Ford (Master Brome) you shall want none: I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her owne appointment, even as you came in to me, her affiant, or goe-between, parted from me: I say I shall be with her betwixt ten and eleuen: for at that time the ileanious-racally-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 ileanious wittolly-knaue hath maffes of money, for the which his wife feemes to me well-fauourd: I will vfe her as the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffier, & ther's my harref-home.
Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might aoid him, if you saw him.
FAL. Hang him, mechanick-falt-butter rogue; I will flare him out of his wits: I will awre him with my cudgell: it shall hang like a Meteor ore the Cuckolds horns: Master Broome, thou shalt know, I will predominate over the peazant, and thou shalt lye with his wife. Come to me tome at night: Ford's a knaue, and I will aggruate his fille: thou (Master Brome) shalt know him for knaue, and Cuckold. Come to me foon of night.
Ford. What a devil and Epicurian-Rascall is this? my heart is ready to cracke with impatience: who faies this is improued ileanious? my wife hath fent to him, the howre is fiet, the match is made: would any man have thought this? fee the hell of having a falle woman: my bed shall be abus'd, my Coffers ranfack'd, my reputaions gnawne at, and I shall not onely receive this villainous wrong, but fland under the adoption of abominable termes, and by him that does me this wrong: Termes, names: Amaimon founds well; Lucret, well; Barkofen, well: yet they are Diuels additions, the names of fiends: But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold? the Diuell himself hath not such a name. Page is an Afe, a fecute Afe; hee will truft his wife, hee will not be ileanious: I will rather truft a Fleming with my butter, Parfon Hugh the Weighman with my Cheefe, an Irishman with my Aqua-vitae, a Threate to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife with her felle. Then the plots, then the euei

uates, then thee deuiles: and what they think in their hearts they may effect: they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my ileanous: eleuen o'clock the howre, I will preuent this, detect my wife, bee reueng'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it, better three hours too foon, then a minute too late: fie, fie, fie : Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

Exit.
Enter Evans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoist, Caius, Rugby.

Evans. I pray you now, good Master Slender serving-man, and friend Simple by your name; which way have you look'd for Master Caius, that calls himselfe Doctor of Phisickes.

Sim. Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward: every way: olde Windor way, and every way but the Towne-way.

Evans. I most vehemently desyre you, you will also looke that way.

Sim. I will sir.

Evans. 'Pleffe my soule: how full of Chollors I am, and tremping of minde: I shal be glad if he have deuiced me: how melancholy I am? I will knog his Vrinal a-bout his knaues coffard, when I have good opportunities for the orke: 'Pleffe my soule: To shallow Riuers to subste falls: melodious Birds sing Madrigalls: There will we make our Peds of Roses: and a thousand fragrant posytes. To shallow: Mercie on mee, I have a great dispositions to cry.

Meleodious Birds sing Madrigalls:—When as I sat in Pablon: and a thousand vragram Posies. To shallow, &c.

Sim. Yonder he is comming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Evans. Hee's welcome: To shallow Riuers, to subste falls: Heuen profere the right: what weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, Sir: there comes my Master, Mr. Shallow, and another Gentleman; from Froghmore, over the file, this way.

Evans. Pray you gie mee my gowne, or else keepe it in your armes.

Shal. How now Master Parfon? good morrow good Sir Hugh: keepe a Gameffler from the dice, and a good Student from his booke, and it is wonderful.

Sim. Ah sweet Anne Page.

Evans. Pleece you from his mercy-fake, all of you.

Shal. What? the Sword, and the Word? Doe you study them both, Mr. Parfon?

Page. And youthfull skill, in your doublet and hose, this raw-ramutickie day?

Evans. There is reasons, and caufes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to doe a good office, Mr. Parfon.

Sim. Pleece you.

Page. Fery-well: what is it?

Evans. Yonder is a most reuerend Gentleman; who (be-like) having receu'de wrong by some perfon, is at moft odds with his owne gravity and patience, that euer you faw.

Shal. I haue liued fourre-score yeeres, and vpward: I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, to wide of his owne repect.

Evans. What is he?

Page. I thinke you know him: Mr. Doctor Caius the renowned French Physician.

Evans. Got's will, and his passion of my heart: I had as lief you would tell me of a meffe of porredge.

Page. Why?

Evans. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen, and hee is a knaue beides: a cowardly knaue, as you would desyre to be acquainted withall.

Page. I warrant you, hee's the man should fight with him.

Sim. Oh sweet Anne Page.

Shal. It appeares so by his weapons: keepe them a-funder: here comes Doctor Caius.

Evans. Nay good Mr. Parfon, keepe in your weapon.

Shal. So doe you, good Mr. Doctor.

Hoist. Diuarme 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; wherefore will you not meet-a me?

Evans. Pray you vie your patience in good time.

Cai. By-gar, you are de Coward: de Jack dog: de John Ape.

Evans. Pray you let vs not be laughing-focks to other mens humors: I defyre you in friendhip, and I will one way or other make you amends: I will knog your Vrinal about your knaues Cogs-combe.

Cai. 'Dialbe: Jack Rugby: mine Hoft de Karter: haue I not fray for him, to kill him? haue I not at de place I did appoint?

Evans. As I am a Christiane-foule, now looke you: this is the place appointed, Ile bee judgement by mine Hoft of the Karter.

Hoist. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gauls, French & Welch, Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer.

Cai. I,
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Cai. I, dat is very good, excellant.

Hoff. Peace, I say! heare mine Hoit of the Garter, Am I pricke? Am I fable? Am I Machiuell? Shall I loose my Doctor? No, hee gives me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I loose my Parfon? my Priet? my Sir Hugh? No, he gives me the Proverbs, and the No-verbes. Gee me thy hand (Celestiall) so: Boyes of Art, I have deceu'd you both: I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skinnes are whole, and let burn'd Sacke be the ifue: Come, lay their fwords to payne: Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shak. Trust me, a mad Hoit: follow Gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O sweet Anne Page.

Cai. Ha! do I perceive dat? Haue you makea:de:of of vs, ha, ha?

Eua. This is well, he has made vs his vlaming:so I defire you that we may be friends: and let vs knog our praines together to be reuenge on this fame scall-cur-y-coggery-companion the Hoit of the Garter.

Cai. By gar, with all my heart: he promise to bring me who is Anne Page: by gar he deceuie me too.

Euan. Well, I will limite his noddles: pray you follow.

Scena Secunda.

Mif. Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slennder, Hoff, Euan, Caius.

Mif. Page. Nay keepe thy 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 masters heeetes?

Rob. I had rather (forfoth) go before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarge. (Courtier.

M.Pa. O you are a flattering boy, now I fee you'll be a Ford.Well met miftris Page, whether you go.

M.Pa. Truly Sir, to fee your wife, is the 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 of, what do you call your Knights name?

Rob. Sir John Falstaffe.

M.Pa. Sir John Falstaffe.

M.Pa. He,he,he, can never hit on's name; there is such a league betweene my goodman, and he: is your Wife at Ford. Indeed the is. (home indeed)

M.Pa. By your leave sir, I am fcke till I see her.

Ford.Has Page any braines? Hath he any eyes? Hath he any thinking? Sure they sleepe, he hath no vfe of them: why this boy will carry a letter twenty mile as eafe, as a Canon will shoot point-blanke twelue score: hee peces out his wifes inclination: hee gives her folly motion and advantadge: and now she's going to my wife, & Falstaffe boy with her: A man may heare this showre fing in the winde; and Falstaffe boy with her: good plots, they are laide, and our resoluted wifes share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed vallie of modestie from the fo-fee-ming Mif. Page, divulge Page himselfe for a secure and willfull Acteon, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry ayme. The clocke gives me my Qu, and my affurance bids me search, there I shall finde Falstaffe: I shall be rather praifd for this, then mock'd, for it is as poifine, as the earth is firme, that Falstaffe is there: I will go.


Ford. Trust me, a good knotte; I have good cheere at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse my felle Mf. Ford.

Slen. And fo must I Sir, We have appointed to dine with Miftris Anne, And I would not breake with her for more mony Then lle speake of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match betweene An Page, and my cozen Slennder, and this day wee shall have our anwer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will Father Page.

Page. You have Mf. Slennder, 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 nurf-a-Quickly tell me so muth.

Hoff. What say you to yong Mr. Fenton? He capers, he dances, he has ies of youth: he writes veries, hee speaks holiday, he emes April and May, he will carry's, he in his buttons, he will carry's.

Page. Not by my conent I prome you. The Gentleman is of no hauing, hee kept companie with the wilde Prince, and Points: he is of too high a Region, he knowes 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 simpely: the wealth I have waits on my conent, and my conent does not go that way.

Ford. I bechef you heartily, some of you goe home with me to dinner: besides your cheere you shall have sport, I will shew you a monter: Mr. Doctor, you shall go, so shal you Mf. Page, and you Sir Hugh.

Slen. Well, fare you well:

We shall haue the freer woing at Mf. Pages.

Cai. Go home John Rugby, I come anon.

Hoff. Farewell my heartes, I will to my honeit Knight Falstaffe, and drinke Canarie with him.

Ford. I thinke I shall drinke in Pipe-wine firft with him, ile make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

All. Haue with you, to fee this Monter. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.


Mf. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the buck-basket——


M. Page. Give your men the charge, we must be briefe, Mf. Ford.Mariage, as I told you before (John & Robert) be ready here hard-by in the Brew-house, & when I fo- dally call you, come forth, and (without any pruif, or flaggering) take this basket on your shoulders: · y done, be trudge with it, till haft, and carry it among the Wist- fere in Dotchet Mead, and there empty it in the muddie ditch, clofe by the Thames fide.

M. Page. You will do it? (direction.

M. Ford. I ha told them ouer and ouer, they lacke no E Be
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Be gone, and come when you are call'd.
M. Page. Here comes little Robin.

(with you?)
M. Ford. Now now my Eyas-Musket, what newes
Rob. My M. Sir John is come in at your backe doore
(Mift. Ford, and requests your company.
M. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, haue you bin true to us
Rob. I, Ile be sworne: my Mafter knowes not of your being here: and hath threatened to put me into everla-
ing liberty, if I tell you of it: for he sweares he'll turne me away.
Mift. Pag. Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a Tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new dou-
blet and boste. Ile go hide me.
M. Ford. Do so: go tell thy Mafter, I am alone: Mif-
tras Page, remember you your Quy.
M. Ford. I warrant thee, if I do not act it, hisse me.
M. Ford. Go-too then: we'll vs this vnwholsome humidity, this groffe-watry Pumpion; we'll teach him to know Turtles from Iayes.
Fal. Haue I caught thee, my heuenly Jewell? Why now let me die, for I haue liu'd long enough: This is the period of my ambition: O this Heffed hour.
M. Ford. If, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (Mift. Ford) now shall I fin in my wife; I would thy Husband were dead, Ile speake it before the beft Lord, I would make thee my Lady.
M. Ford. I your Lady Sir John? Asl, I should bee a pitfull Lady.
Fal. Let the Court of France shew me such another: I see how thine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou haft the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-vaillant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance.
M. Ford. A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir John:
My browes become nothing elfe, nor that well neither.
Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make an abloute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy foote, would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a femi-
circled Farthingale. I see what thou wert if Fortune thy foe, were not Nature thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.
M. Ford. Beleeue me, there's no such thing in me.
Fal. What made me looe thee? Let that perfwade thee. Ther's something extraordinary in thee: Come, I cannot cog, and fry thou art this and that, like a manie of these lifping-hauhorne buds, that come like women in mens apparrel, and smell like Bucklers-berry in sim-
ple time: I cannot, but I looe thee, none but thee; and thou deferu'ld it.
M. Ford. Do not betray me sir, I fear you loue M. Page.
Fal. Thou mightst as well say, I loue to walke by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me, as the reeke of a Lime-kill.
M. Ford. Well, heauen knowes how I loue you, And you shall one day finde it.
Fal. Kepee in that minde, Ile defeire it.
M. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you doe; Or else I could not be in that minde.
Rob. My M. Sir John's here: Miftras Page at the doore, sweateing, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speake with you profently.
Fal. She shall not fee me, I will enconce mee behinde the Arras.
M. Ford. Pray you do so, she's a very tattling woman. What's the matter? How now?

M. Page. O miftras Ford what have you done?
You'r sham'd, y'are ouerbrownne, y're vndone for ever.
M. Ford. What's the matter, good miftras Page?
M. Page. O weladay, mif. Ford, having an honest man to your husband, to give him such caufe of sufpcion.
M. Ford. What caufe of sufpcion?
M. Page. What caufe of sufpcion? Out vpon you:
How am I mistooke in you?
M. Ford. Why (alias) what's the matter?
M. Page. Your husband's comming hether (Woman) with all the Officers in Windsor, to search for a Gentle-
man, that he layes is heere now in the houfe; by your conftent to take an ill advantage of his abfence: you are vndone.
M. Ford. 'Tis not fo, I hope.
M. Page. Pray heauen it be not fo, that you have such a man here: but 'tis moft certayne your husband's com-
ing, with halfe Windsor at his heelles, to serch for such a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your felfe 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 fentes to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to your good life for ever.
M. Ford. What shall I do? There is a Gentleman my deere friend: and I feare not mine owne shame fo much, as his perill. I had rather then a thouand pound he were out of the houfe.
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 houfe you cannot hide him. Oh, how haue you deecided me? Looko, heere is a basket, if he be of any reasonable fature, he may crepe in heere, and throw fowle linnen vpon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or it is whitening time, fend him by your two men to Datchet-Mead.
M. Ford. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?
Fal. Let me fee's, let me fee's, O let me fee's:
Ile in, Ile in: Follow your friends counsell, Ile in.
M. Page. What Sir John Faithaffe? Are thefe your Let-
ers, Knight?
Fal. I loue thee, helpe mee away: let me creepe in heere: Ile neuer—
M. Page. Help to couer your mafter (Boy:) Call your men (Mift. Ford:) You diciembling Knight.
M. Ford. What John, Robert, John; Go, take vp thefe cloathes heere, quickly: Wher's the Cowle-affe? Look how you droumble: Carry them to the Landrefse in Datchet mead: quickly, come.
Ford. 'Pray you come nere: if I suspeft without caufe, Why then make bot to me, then let me be your lef, I deferue it: How now? Whether heare you this? Scr. To the Landrefse fortooth?
M. Ford. Why, what have you to doe whether they heare it? You were beft meddle with buck-washing.
Gentlemen, I haue dreame'd to night, Ile tell you my dreame: heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, ac fend my Chambers, fearch, feeke, finde out: Ile warrant we'e vnkennel the Fox. Let me flop this way firft: so, now vncape.
Page. Good mafter Ford, be contented:
You wrong your felle too much.
Ford. True (mafter page) vp Gentlemen,
You shall fee fpor anon: Follow
Follow me, Gentlemen.

Enter Ford, Anne, Page, Shallow, Slender, Quickly, Page, Mist. Page.

Ford. I see I cannot get thy Fathers love, Therefore no more turne to me (sweet Nan.)
Anne. Alas, how then?
Ford. Why thou must be thy selfe.
He doth oblige, I am too great of birth, And that my state being gall'd with my expence, I seek to heal it onely by his wealth.
Besides these, other barret he lays before me, My Riotics pass, my wide Societies,
And tells me 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.
An. May be he tells you true.
No, heaven fo speed me in my time to come, Albeit I will confefle, thy Fathers wealth
Was the first motter, that I wou'd thee (Anne)
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more valew
Then flampe in Cold, or fumme in sealed bagges:
And 'tis the very riches of thy selfe,
That now I ayme at.
An. Gentle M. Fenton, Yeet seeke my Fathers love, still seeketh it still,
If opportunity and humblyt fuite
Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither.
Shal. Break their tale Mistirs Quickly,
My Kindman shall speake for himselfe.
Slen. Ile make a shaft or a bolt on't, sild, tis but ventu-
Shal. Be not dismayd, (ring)
Slen. No, the shall not dismay me
I care not for that, but that I am affoard.
Qui. Hark ye, M. Slender would speake a word with you
An. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice:
O what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Lookest 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 hardst a father.
Slen. I had a father (M. An) my vnkle can tell you good
lefs of him: pray you Vnkle, tel Mist. Anne the left how
My Father ftole two Geefe out of a Pen, good Vnckel.
Shal. Mistirs Anne, my Cozen louses you.
Slen. That I do, as well as I loue any woman in Glo-
centehshire.
Shal. He will maintaine you like a Gentlemewan.
Shal. 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
loynerty.
Anne. Good Master Shallow let him woo for him-
selfe.
Shal. Marrie I thank you for it: I thank you for
that good comfort: the cats you (Coz) Ile leave you.
Anne. Now Master Slender.
Slen. Now good Mistirs Anne.
Anne. What is your will?
Slen. My will? Odd's-hart-lings, that's a prettie
lefs indeede: I ne're made my Will yet (I thank Hea-
uent:) I am not such a tickely creature, I give Heauen
prail.

Exeunt.
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Anne. I mean (M. Slenor) what wold you with me? Slen. Truely, for mine owne part, I would little or nothing with you: your father and my uncle 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 ask your father, heere he comes. Page. Now M' Slenor; Loue him daughter Anne. Why how now? What does M' Fenter here? You wrong me Sir, thus fill to my housfe. I told you Sir, my daughter is distroyd of. Fen. Nay Mr Page, be not impatient. Mifht. Page. Good M. Fenton,come not to my child. Page. She is no match for you. Fen. Sir, will you hear me? Page. No, good M. Fenton. Come M. Sollow: Come fonnie Slenor, in; Knowing my minde, you wrong me (M. Fenton.) Qui. Speake to Miftris Page. Fen. Good Mifht. Page, for that I loue your daughter In such a righteous fashion as I do, Performe, against all chekkes, rebukes, and manneres, I must advance the colours of my loue, And not retire. Let me have your good will. An. Good mother, do not marry me to yond foole. Mifht. Page. I meane it not, I feake you a better husband. Qui. That's my matter, M. Doctor. An. Alas I had rather be feit quick 7th earth, And bow'd to death with Turnips. Mifht. Page. Come, trouble not your selfe good M. 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 was angry. Fen. Farewell gentle Miftris: farewell Nan. Qui. This is my doing now: Nay, sayde I, will you cast away your childe on a Foole, and a Phyfitian? Lookke on M. Fenton, this is my doing. Fen. I thanke thee: and I pray thee once to night, Give me my sweet Nan this Ring: there's for thy pains. 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 Maifter had Miftris Anne, or I would M. Slenor had her: or (in tooth) I would M. Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three, for fo I haue promis'd, and Ile bee as good as my word, but speeciously for M. Fenton. Well, I muft of another errand to Sir John Falstaffe from my two Mistrefles: what a beast am I to taskke it. 

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaffe, Bardolph, Quickly, Ford. Fal. Bardolph I say. Bar. Heere Sir. Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a tot in't. Haue I liu'd to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of burchers Offall? and to be throwne in the Thames? Wel, if I be feru'd such another tricke, Ile haue my braines 'tane out and butter'd, and glue them to a dogge for a New-yeares gift. The rouges flighted me into the river with as little remorse, as they would have drown'd a blinde bitches Puppies, fifteen i'th litter: and you may know by my face, that I have a kinde of alacrity in sink: ing: 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 aborre: for the water fwelles a man; and what a thing should I haue beene, when I had beene fwell'd? I should have beene a Mountains of Mummie. Bar. Heres M. Quickly Sir to speake with you. Fal. Come, let me pourre in some Sack to the Thames water: for my bellies as cold as if I had swallow'd snow-bals, for pilles to coole the reina. Call her in. Bar. Come in woman. Qui. By your leaue: I cry you mercy? Give your worship good morrow. Fal. Take away thefe Challlices: Go, brew mee a potte of Sacke finely. Bard. With all good Sir? 

Fal. Simple of it selfe: Ile no Pullet-Sperrinse in my breweage. How now? Qui. Marry Sir, I come to your worship from M. Ford. Fal.Mifht. 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 to take on with her men; they mifitoke their creation. (promife. Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish Womans Qui. Well, she laments Sir for it, that it would your heart to see it: her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her, betweene 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 frailtiye, and then judge of my merit. Qui. I will tell her. Fal. Do fo. Betweene nine and ten slait thou? Qui. Eight and nine Sir. Fal. Well, be gone Sir, I will not misse her. Qui. Peace be with you Sir. Fal. I mursile I heare not of M. Brooms: he sent me word to fay within: I like his money well. Oh, heere be comes. Ford. Bleffe you Sir. Fal. Now M. Brooms, you come to know What hath past betwene me, and Fords wife. Ford. That indeed (Sir John) is my businesse. Fal. M. Brooms I will not lye to you, I was at her housfe the houre she appointed me. Ford. And spead you Sir? Fal. Very ill-favouredly M. Brooms. Ford. How so sir, did the change her determination? Fal. No (M. Brooms) but the peaking Curnuto her husband (M. Brooms) dwelling in a continual larum of leolufe, coms me in the infant of our encounter, after we had embray, kift, proteted, & (as it were) spoke the prologue of our Comedy: and at his hecets, a rabble of his companions, thither provooced and inflagited by his dittemer, and (forbod) to ferch his hous for his wifes 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 hearre. As good lucke would haue it, comes in one Mifht. Page, gives intelligence of Fords approches: and in her invention, and Fords wifhes intrearion, they coney'd me into a bucke-basket.
Ford, A buck-basket?

Fal. Yes: a buck-basket: sam'd mee in with foule shirts and smockes, socks, four stockings, greefiy napkins, that (Master Broome) there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that ever offended no.-strill.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear (Master Broome) what I haue suffer'd, to bring this woman to eull, for your good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of Fords knewes, his Hindes, were cal'd forth by their Mi-

Fords, to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to Datchet-lane: they tooke me on their shoulderes: met the jealous knewe their Master in the doore; who asked them once or twice what they had in their Basket? I quak'd for feare least the Lunaticke Knaue would haue search'd it: but Fate (ordining he should be a Cuckold) hold his hand: well, on went hee, for a search, and away I for foule Cloathes: But marke the seuell (Master Broome) I suffered the pangs of three feuerall deaths: First, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten Bell-weather: Next to be compas'd like a good Bilbo in the circum-

Ference of a Pecke, hilt to point, heele to head. And then to be stop't in like a strong distillation with flin-

King Cloathes, that fretted in their owne grease: thinke of that, a man of my Kidney; thinke of that, that am as subjeckt to heate as butter; a man of contin-

iual dissolution, and thaw: it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this Bath (when I was more then halfe strew'd in grease (like a Dutch-

nish) to be throwne into the Thames, and could, glowing-hot, in that sarge like a Herse-

fho; thinke of that; bissing hot: thinke of that (Master Broome).

Ford. In good fauour Sir, I am sorry, that for my fake you haue suffer'd all this.

My fauie then is desperate: You'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Broome: I will be throwne into Ena, as I have beene into Thames, ere I will leave her thus; her Husband is this morning gone a Biriding: I haue receiv'd from her another ambiffle of mee-

eting: 'twixt eight and nine is the houre (Master Broome).

Ford. 'Tis past eight already Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address mee to my appointment: Come to mee at your conuenient leasure, and you shall know how I speeded: and the conclusion shall be crownd with your enjoying her: adieu: you shall haue her (Master Broome) Master Broome, you shall cuckold Ford.

Ford. Hum. ha? Is this a vifon? Is this a dreame? doe I sleepe? Master Ford awake, awake Master Ford: there's a hole made in your best coate (Master Ford) this 'tis to be married; this 'tis to have 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 feape me: 'tis impossible hee shoulde: hee cannot ereepe into a halfe-penny purfe, nor into a Pepper-

Boyce: But leafe the Doll e that guides him, should side him, I will search impossibl places: though what I am, I cannot auoide; yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: If I have horses, to make one mad, let the prouerbe goe with me, Ile be home-

mad.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

Enter Mistress Page, Quickly, William, Evan.

Mist. Pag. Is he at M. Fords already think'd thou?

Qu. Sure he is by this; and will be presently; but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistris Ford desires you to come so-

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 singly.

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 Boys leaye to play.

Qu. Blessing of his heart.

Mist. Pag. Sir Hugh, my husband sakes my fonne pro-

fits nothing in the world at his Booke I pray you ask him some queftions in his Accidence.

Eua. Come hither William; hold vp your head: come. Mist. Pag. Come on Sirra; hold vp your head; an-

fwer to your Master, be not afraid.

Eua. William, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

Will. Two.

Qu. Truely, I thought there had bin one Number more, because they say od's Nownes.


Qu. Powlcatts? there are fairer things then Powlcatts.

Eua. You are a very simplicitie o'man: I pray you peace.


Eua. And what is a Stone (William)? Will. A Peccele.

Eua. No: it is Lapi: I pray you rememuer in your praine.

Will. Lapi.

Eua. That is a good William: what is he (William) that do's lend Articles.

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronounes; and be thus declined. Singulariter nominatius hic, hee, he.

Eua. Nominatius big, bag, bog: pray you marke: geni-

tius bius: Well: what is your Accusatiue-cafe?

Will. Accusatiue binc.

Eua. I pray you haue your remembrance (childe) Ac-

cusatiue bing, bang, bog.

Qu. Hang-hogs, is latten for Bacon, I warrant you.

Eua. Leave your prables (o'man) What is the Foca-

tiue cafe (William)?

Will. 0, Vocatiue, 0.

Eua. Remember William, Vocatiue, is caret.

Qu. And that's a good roote.


Eua. What is your Genitiue cafe plural (William)?

Will. Genitiue cafe?

Eua. I.

Will. Genitiue barum, barum, barum.

Qu. Vengeance of Giynes cafe; fie on her; never name her (childe) if she be a whore.

Eua. For shafe o'man.

Qu. You doe ill to teach the childe such words: hee teaches him to hie, and to hac; which they'll doe fast enough of themselues, and to cal bargum; fie on you.

Eua. O'man.
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Euan. O'man, art thou Lunates? Hath thou no understandings for thy Cares, & the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures, as I would desires.

Mi. Page. Pre'thee hold thy peace. Euan. Shew me now (William) some declensions of your Pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot. Euan. It is Quy, que, quod; if you forget your Quies, your Quies, and your Quods, you must be preaches: Goe your wives and play, go.

M. Page. He is a better scholler then I thought he was. Euan. He is a good spreak-memory: Farewel Mis. Page. Mi. Page. Adieu good Sir Hugh: Get you home boy, Come we stay too long. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.


Fal. Mist. Ford, Your forrow hath eaten vp my suf- ferance; I fee you are obsequious in your loue, and I professe requittal to a haires breadth, not onely Mist. Ford, in the simple office of lobe, but in all the accruement, complemet, and ceremony of it: But are you sure of your husband now?


Mist. Page. Why woman, your husband is in his olde line againe: he fo takes on yonder with my husband, so ralles against all married mankinde; fo curles all Eues daughters, of what compleccion fouer: and so buffettes himselfe on the for-head: crying peere-out, peere-out, that any madneffe I euer yet beheld, feem'd but tame- neffe, ciuility, and patience to this his dissembler he is in now: I am glad the fat Knight is not heere.

Mist. Ford. Why, do'o he talke of him?

Mist. Page. Of none but him, and sweares he was caried out the laft time hee search'd for him, in a Basket: Protefs to his husband he is now heere, & hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his fulpition: But I am glad the Knight is not heere; now he shall fee his owne foo- lerie.

Mist. Ford. How neere is he Mistris Page?

Mist. Page. Hard by, at street end; he will be here anon. Mist. Ford. I am vndone, the Knight is heere.

Mist. Page. Why then are you vitterly sham'd, & hee's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him: Better flame, then murther.

Mist. Ford. Which way shoud he go? How should I belfow 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. Ford's brothers watch the doore with Pifols, that none shall iusue out: other-wise you might flip away ere hee came: But what make you heere?


Fal. Where is it?

Mist. Ford. He will secke there on my word: Neyther Preffe, Cofer, Chef, Trunke, Well, Vault, but he hath an abtract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. Ile go out then.

Mist. Ford. If you goe out in your owne semblance, you die Sir John, vnleefe you goe out disguis'd.

Mist. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mist. Page. Alas the day I know not, there is no woman gowne bigge enough for him; other-wise he might put on a hat, a mufffer, and a kerschief, and fo escape.

Fal. Good hearts, deulfe someting: any extremity, rather then a milchefe.

Mist. Ford. My Maids Aunt the fat woman of Brain- ford, has a gowne aboue.

Mist. Page. On my word it will ferue him: sh'ee's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her mufffer too: run vp Sir John.

Mist. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistris Page and I will looke some linnen for your head.

Mist. Page. Quicke, quicke, we'le come dreffe you straight: put on the gowne the while.

Mist. Ford. I would my husband would meette him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brainford: he sweares she's a witch, forbard her my houfe, and hath threatened to beate her.


Mist. Ford. But is my husband comming?

Mist. Page. I in good falneffe is he, and talkes of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mist. Ford. We'll try that: for Ile appoint my men to carry the basket againe, to meette him at the doore with it, as they did laft time.

Mist. Page. Nay, but he'll be heere prefently: let's go dreffe him like the witch of Brainford.

Mist. Ford. Ile firft direct direc't my men, what they shall doe with the basket: Goe vp, Ile bring linnen for him straight.

Mist. Page. Hang him dishonest Varlet, We cannot misufe enough:

We'll leaue a proffe by that which we will doo, Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not acte that often, left, and laugh,
'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh.

Mist. Ford. Go Sirs, take the basket againe on your shouldeurs: your Mafter is hard at doore: if hee bid you fet it downe, obey him: quickly, dispitch.

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 liefe as beare so much lead.

Ford. I, but if it proue true (Mist. Page) have you any way then to vnfoole me againe. Set downe the basket villaines: some body call my wife: Youth in a basket: Oh you Panderly Rafeals, there's a knot: a gin, a packe, a conspiracie against me: Now shal the diuell be sham'd.

What wife I say: Come, come forth: behold what ho- neft
neft clothes you fend forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this paffes M. Ford: you are not to goe loofe any longer, you must be pinnion'd.
Enans. Why, this is Lunaticks: this is madde, as a mad dogge.
Shall. Indeed M. Ford, thi is not well indeed.
Ford. So fay I too Sir, come hither Miftris Ford, Miftris Ford, the honett woman, the modest wife, the vertuous creature, that hath the jealous foole to her husband: I fuppeaf without caufe (Miftris) do I?
Miftris Ford. Haue men my wittesse you doe, if you fuppeaf me in any difhonestly.
Ford. Well faid Brazon-face, hold it out: Come forth firrah.
Page. This paffes.
Miftris Ford. Are you not afham'd, let the cloths alone.
Ford. I fhall finde you anon.
Enans. 'Tis unreasonable; will you take vp your wifes cloaths? Come, away.
Ford. Empty the basket I fay.
M. Ford. Why man, why?
Ford. Mafter Page, as I am a man, there was one conuay'd out of my houfe yesterday in this backet: why may not he be there againe, in my houfe I am fue he is: my Intelligence is true, my iealousie is reafonable, pluck me out all the linnen.
Miftris Ford. If you fand a man there, he fhall dye a Fleas death.
Page. Heer's no man.
Shall. By my fidelity this is not well Mr. Ford: This wrongs you.
Enans. Mf. Ford, you muft pray, and not follow the imaginations of your owne heart: this is iealousies.
Ford. Well, hee's not here I feeke for,
Page.No, nor no where elfe but in your braine.
Ford. Helpes to search my houfe this one time: if I find not what I feeke, fheu no colour for my extremity: Let me for euer be your Table-fport: Let them fay of me, as iealous as Ford, that fearch'd a hollow Wall-nut for his wifes Lemman. Satifie me once more, once more ferch with me.
M. Ford. What hoa (Miftris Page,) come you and the old woman downe: my husband will come into the Chamber.
Ford. Old woman? what old womens 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 houfe. She comes of errands do's he? We are fimple men, wee doe not know what's brought to paffe vnder the profefion of Fortune-telling. She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th'Figure, & fuch dawry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know no thing. Come downe you Witch, you Haggue you, come downe I fay.
Miftris Ford. Nay, good sweet husband, good Gentlemen, let him fpreake the old woman.
Miftris Page. Come mother Prat, Come geue me your hand.
Miftris Page. Are you not afham'd?
I think you have kill'd the poore woman.
Miftris Ford. Nay he will do it, 'ts 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 fpy a great peard vnder his muffler.
Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I befeech you fol low: fee but the iuffe of my iealousie: If I cry out thus vpon no tralle, neuer trutt me when I open again.
Page. Let's obey his humour a little further:
Come Gentlemen.
Miftris Page. Trufit me he beate him moft pitifully.
Miftris Ford. Nay by th'Maffe that he did not: he beate him moft vnpitifully, me thought.
Miftris Page. Ile haue the cudgell hallow'd, and hung ore the Altar, it hath done meritorious feruice.
Miftris Ford. What thinke you? May we with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witnesse of a good confidence, pursue him with any further reuenge?
M. Page. The spirit of wantonelle is pure fcar'd out of him, if the disuell haue him not in fee-simle, with fine and recovery, he will neuer (I thinke) in the way of waft, attempt vs againe.
Miftris Ford. Shall we tel our husbands how wee haue fer'd him?
Miftris Page. Yes, by all meanes: if it be but to fcape the figures out of your husbands braines: if they can find in their hearts, the poore vnvurtuous fat Knight shal be any further afflicted, wee two will ftil affection the minifters.
Miftris Ford. Ile warrant, they'll haue him publiquely sham'd, and me thinkes there would be no period to the left, should he not be publicky sham'd.
Miftris Page. Come, to the Forge with it, then shape it: I would not haue things coole.

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hoft and Bardolf.

Bar. Sir, the Germane defires to haue three of your horses: the Duke himselfe will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.
Hoft. What Duke shoule that he comes fo fecretly? I hear not of him in the Court: let mee fpreake with the Gentlemen, they fpreake English?
Bar. I Sir? Ie call him to you.
Hoft. They shall haue my horses, but Ie make them pay: Ie fauce them, they haue had my houfes a week at command: I haue turn'd away my other guelts, they must come off, Ie fawce them, come.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Page, Ford, Miftris Page, Miftris Ford, and Enans.

Eua. 'Tis one of the beft direcctions of a o'man as euer I did looke vpon.
Page. And did he fend you both these Letters at an infant?
Miftris Page. Within a quarter of an hour.
Ford. Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what y wilt: I rather will fuppeat the Sunne with gold, Then the with wantonelles: Now doth thy honor fland
The Merry Wives of Windor.

(In him that was of late an Heretike)
As frite as faith.
Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more:
Be not as extreme in submiffion, as in offence,
But let our plot go forward: Let our wives
Yet once again (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 ² to fend him word they'le meet him in
The Parke at midnight? Fe, fie, he'll never come.
Ex. You say he has bin throwne in the River's: and
Has bin greeuoufly peaten, as an old o\'man: me-thinkes
there should be terrours in him, that he should not come:
Me-thinkes his flesh is punif\'d, hee shall have no de-
fires.
Page. So thinke I too.
M. Ford. Deifie but how you'le vfe him wh\' he comes,
And let vs two deifie to bring him thether.
Mift. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the
Hunter (sometime a keeper heere in Windfor Forrest)
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight
Walks about round an Oakke, with great rag'd-hornes,
And there he blaffs the tree, and takes the cattle,
And make milch-kine yeele blood, and thakes a chaine
In a moft hideous and dreadful manner.
You have heard of such a Spirit, and well you know
The uperflitious idle-headed-Eld
Recu\'d, and did deliver to our age
This tale of Herne the Hunter, for a truth.
Page. Why yet there want not many that do fear
In depe of night to walke by this Hernes Oakke:
But what of this? ²
Mift. Ford. Marry this is our deifie,
That Falstaff at that Oakke shall meete with vs.
Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape, when you have brought him thether,
What shall be done with him? What is your plot?
Mift. Pa. That likewise we have thought vpon: & thus:
Nan Page (my daughter) and my little fonne,
And three or foure more of their growth, wee\'l dreffe
Like Vrchins, Ouphes, and Fairies, greene and white,
With roundes of waxen Tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; vpon a fodaine,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a faw-pit ruth at once
With some diffused long: Vpon their fight
We two, in great amazednifie will flye:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairy-like to pinche the vniclane Knight;
And ask him why that hour of Fairy Reuell,
In their fo facred pathes, he dares to tread
In shape prophane.
Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the suppos'd Fairies pinch him, found,
And burne him with their Tapers.
Mift. Page. The truth being knowne,
We'll all prefent our felves ; dil-horne the spirit,
And mocke him home to Windfor.
Ford. The children must be
Be pra\'d\'d well to this, or they'll neer do't.
Eua. I will teach the children their behauours: and I
will be like a Lacke-an-Apes also, to burne the Knight
with my Taber.
Ford. That will be excellent,
Ile go buy them vizards.

Mift. Page. My Nan shall be the Queene of all the
Fairies, finely attire'd in a robe of white.
Page. That fike will I go buy, and in that time
Shall M. Slender file the Nan away,
And marry her at Eaton: go, fend to Falstaffe straight.
Ford. Nay, Ile to him again in name of Bronne,
He'll tell me all his purpofe: sure he\'ll come.
Mift. Page. Fear not you that: Go get vs properties
And tricking for our Fayries.
Euan. Let vs about it,
It is admirable pleafures, and ferry honest knaueries.
Mift. Page. Go Mift. Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his minde:
Ile to the Doctor, he hath my good will,
And none but he to marry with Nan Page:
That Slender (though well landed) is an ideal:
And he, my husband beft of all affectes:
The Doctor is well monied, and his friends
Potent at Court: he, none but he shall have her,
Though twenty thouand worther come to craue her.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Ho\', Simple, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Euan,
Cau\', Quickly.

Ho\'. What wouldn't thou have? (Boore) what? (thick
skin) Speake, breathe, difcufse: breath, short quicke,
Snap.
Simp. Marry Sir, I come to speake with Sir John Fal-
staffe from M. Slender.
Ho\'. There's his Chamber, his Houfe, his Cattle,
his flanding-bed and truckle-bed: 'tis painted about
with the story of the Prodigall, freth and new: go, knock
and call: he'll speake like an Anthropophaginian vato
there: Knocke I fay.
Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone vp
into his chamber: Ile be fo bold as fay Sir till the come-
downe: I come to speake with her indeed.
Ho\'. Ha? A fat woman? The Knight may be rob'd:
Ile call. Bully-Knight, Bully Sir John: speake from thy
Lungs Military: Art thou there? It is thine Ho\', thine
Ephemeral caes.
Fal. How now, mine Ho\'?
Ho\'. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar taries the comming
downe of thy fat-woman: Let her defend (Bully) let her
defend: my Chambers are honourable: Fie, priu-
cy? Fie.
Fal. There was (mine Ho\') an old-fat-woman even
now with me, but she's gone.
Simp. Pray you Sir, was't not the Wife-woman of
Brainford?
Fal. I marry was it (Muffel-feil) what would you
with her?
Simp. My Mafter (Sir) my mafter Slender, fent to her
feeling her go thorough the streets, to know (Sir) whe-
ther one Nim (Sir) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the
chaine, or no.
Fal. I speake with the old woman about it.
Simp. And what fayes she, I pray Sir?
Fal. Marry shee fayes, that the very fame man that
beguil'd Mafter Slender of his Chaine, cozon'd him of it,
Simp. I would I could have spoken with the Woman her
her fel°e, I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let vs know.


Fal. I may not conceale them (Sir.)

Hoft. Conceale them, or thou di't?

Sim. Why sir, they were nothing but about Miftris

Anne Page, to know if it were my Masters fortune to
have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis'tis his fortune.

Sim. What Sir?

Fal. To have her, or no : goe; say the woman told
me fo.

Sim. May I be bold to say so Sir?

Fal. I Sir : like who more bold.

Sim. I thanke your worship : I shall make my Master
 glad with these tydings.

Hoft. Thou are clearkly : thou art clearkly (Sir Iohn)
was there a wife woman with thee?

Fal. I. That I there was mine Hoft:one that hath taught
me more witt, then ever I learn'd before in my life ;
and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my
learning.

Bar. Out alas (Sir) cozond: meere cozondage.

Hoft. Where be your horse: 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 fpures, and
away ; like three Germaines-dielys ; three Doctor Faub-
flaenes.

Hoft. They are gone but to meete the Duke (villaine)
doest not they be fled: Germaines are honest men.

Euan. Where is mine Hoft?

Hoft. What is the matter Sir?

Euan. Have a care of your entertainments : there is a
friend of mine come to Towne, tels mee there is three
Cozen-Iermans, that has cozened all the Hofts of Readins,
of Mainde-heads; of Cal-e-brooks, of horses and money: I
tell you for good will (looke you) you are wife, and full
of gibes, and vloutings-flocks : and 'tis not convenient
you shold be cozoned. Fare you well.

Cai. Ver's mine Hoft de Larteree?

Hoft. Here (Master Doctor) in perplextie, and doub	
tfull delerma.

Cai. I cannot tell vat is dat : but it is tell-a-me, dat
you make grand preparation for a Duke de Iamantie: by
my troth : der is no Duke that the Court is knowe, to
come : I tell you for good will i adieu.

Hoft. Huy and cry, (villaine) goe: affit me Knight, I am
vdone: fly, run: huy, and cry (villaine) I am v-
done.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozond, for I
have beene cozond and beaten too : if it shold come
to the care of the Court, how I have beene transformed ;
and how my transformation hath beene washd, and
cudgel'd, they would melt mee out of my fat drop by
drop, and liquor Fithermens-boots with me : I warrant
they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as
cref-talie as a dride-peare: I neuer prosper'd, since I
forsware my felce at Primer: well, if my windes were
but long enough ; I would repent: Now? Whence come
you?

Qui. From the two parties forfooth.

Fal. The Diuell take one partie, and his Dam the
other: and so they shall be both betowed ; I have fur-
fer'd more for their fakes ; more then the villainous in-
constancy of mans disposition is able to beare.

Qui. And have not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant; 
pec
cially one of them; Miftris Ford (good heart) is beaten
blacke and blew, that you cannot fee a white footer about
her.

Fal. What tell'th thou mee of blacks, and blew? I
was beaten my selle into all the colours of the Raine
bow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch
of Braineboord, but that my admirable dexteritie of wit,
my counterfeiting the action of an old woman delier'd
me, the knaue Contable had fet me ith Stocks, ith com-
mon Stocks, for a Witch.

Qui. Sir: let me speake with you in your Chamber,
you shall heare how things goe, and (I warrant) to your
content: here is a Letter will say somewhat : (good-
hearts) what a-do here is to bring you together? Sure,
one of you do's not ferue heauen well, that you are so
croft'd.

Fal. Come vp into my Chamber. Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Hoft.

Hoft. Master Fenton, talke not to mee, my minde is
heayy: I will glue owre all.

Fen. Yet heare me speake: affit me in my purpose,
And (as I am a gentleman) iie glue thee
A hundred pound in gold, more then thy loffe.

Hoft. I will heare you (Master Fenton) and I will (at
the leaff) keepes thy counsell.

Fen. From time to time, I haue acquainted you
With the deare loue I beare to faire Anne Page,
Who, mutually, hath anfwerd my affectio:
(Boe farre forth, as her felce might be her choosers)
Even to my wif: I haue a letter from her
Of such contents, as you will wonder at;
The mirch whereof, so larded with my matter,
That neither (singly) can be manifested
Without the shew of both : fat Faleshe.
Hath a great Scene ; the image of the left
Ie showe you here at large (harke good mine Hoft:)
To night at Hernes-Oke, iuft twixt twelve and one,
Muff my sweet Now prent the Faere-Queen:
The purpose-why, is here : in which diffigle
VWhile other Ieeds are something ranke on footes,
Her father hath commanded her to flip
Away with Slander, and with him, at Eaton
Immediatly to Marry : She hath conffented : Now Sir,
Her Mother, (even strong against that match
And firme for Doctor Caius) hath appointed
That he shall likewiseuffle her away,
While other Ieorts are tasking of their minds,
And at the Dead, where a Privy attends
Smalt marry her : to this her Mothers plot
She seemingly obedient) liekewife hath
Made promise to the Doctor: Now, thus it reft,
Her Father meanes she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slander lees 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
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

That quaint in green, the shall be loose en-roab'd,
With Ribonds-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Docror spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath guien convent to go with him.

Hoff. Which meane to shee deceiv't: Father, or Mo-

The first (my good Hoff) to go along with me:
And here it refa, that you'll procure the Vicar
To play for me at Church, 'twixt twelve, and one,
And in the lawfull name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Hoff. 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;
Befides, Ile make a preuent recompence.

Acltor Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Falstaff, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Pre'thee no more pratling: go, Ile hold, this
is the third time I hope good luckes lies in odd numbers:
Away, go, they say there is Diuinity in odd Numbers,
either in naivety, chance, or death: away.

Qrg. Ile prouide you a chaine, and Ile what do I can
to get you a pare of hornes.

Foll. Away I say, time weares, hold vp your head &
mince. Now how M. Brome? Mazer Brome, the mat-
er will be knowne to night, or neuer. Bee you in the
Parke about midnight, at Hernes-Oake, and you shall
fee wonders.

Ford. Wont you not to her yesterday (Sir) as you told
me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her (Mazer Brome) as you fea, like a
poore-old-man, but I came from her (Mazer Brome)
like a poore-old-woman; that fame knaue (Ford hir hus-
band) hath the finest mad diuell of leaoufe in him (Ma-
ster Brome) that ever govern'd Frenchie. I will tell you,
he beate me greuously, in the shape of a woman: (for in
the shape of Man (Mazer Brome) I feare not Goliah
with a Weauers beame, because I know alfo, life is a
Shuttle) I am in haft, go along with mee, Ile tell you all
(Mazer Brome) since I pluckt Gelfie, 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 deliver his wife into your hand. Follow, strange
things in hand (M. Brome) follow.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.

Page. Come, come: we'll couch it's Cattle-ditch,
till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember fon Slend-
ner, my

Sleee. I forsooth, I haue spoke with her, & we haue
a say-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.

Skul. That's good too: But what needs either your
Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well
enough. It hath brooke ten a'clocke.

Page. The night is darke, Light and Spirits will be-
come it we: Heauen proffer our sport. No man means
euill but the devill, and we shall know him by his horns.
Let's away: follow me.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Mift. Page, Mift. Ford, Caius.

Mift. Page. My Docror, my daughter is in green, when
you fee your time, take her by the hand, away her
to the Deaneery, and dispatch it quickly: go before into
the Parke: we two must go together.

Cai. I know vat I haue to do, adieu.

Mift. Page. Fare you well (Sirs) my husband will not
reioyce fo much at the abufe of Falstaffe, as he will chafe
at the Docror marrying my daughter: But 'tis no mat-
ter; better a little chiding, then a great deal of heart-
breakes.

Mist. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of Fair-
ies? and the Welch-devill Herne?

Mift. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Hernes
Oake, with obfcur'd Lights; which at the very infrant
of Falstaff and our meeting, they will at once display to
the night.

Mift. 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 euer way be mock'd.

Mist. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mift. Page. Against such Lewdsters, and their lechery,
Those that betray them, do na treachery.

Mist. Ford. The houre draws-on: to the Oake, to the
Oake.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Evans and Fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib Fairies: Coue, and remember your
parts: be poild (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and
when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pod you: Come,
come, trib, trib.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaff, Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Evans,
Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly,
Slender, Fenton, Caius, Piffell.

Fal. The Windfor-bell hath brooke twelve: the Mi-

nute draws-on: Now the hot-blooded-Gods affift me:
Remember Ioue, thou was't a Bull for thy Europa, Iyou
fet on thy hornes. O powerful Loue, that in some re-

pects makes a Beast a Man: in som other, a Man a beast.
You were also (Jupiter) a Swan, for the loue of Leda: O

omnipotent
omnipotent Loue, how here the God drew to the comple-
xion of a Goole: a fault done first in the forme of a
beast, (O loue was beastly faults:) and then another fault,
in the linbale of a Fowle, thinkes not (iue) a fowle-
fault. When Gods have hot backes, what shall poore
men do? For me, I am heere a Windsor Stagge, and the
fattest (I thinkes) 1th Forrest. Send me a coole rut-time
(loue) or who can blame me to plisse my Tallow? Who
comes heere? my Doe?
-M.Ford. Sir Thbn? Art thou there (my Deere?)
My male-Deere?
Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scot? Let the skie
raines Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-
fluenes, halie-kiifing Comfits, and snow Eringoes: Let
there come a tempest of pronunciation, I will shelter me
heree.
-M. Ford. Mistris Page is come with me (tweet hart.)
Fal. Divide me like a brih-bucke, each a Haunch:
I will keepe my fides to my selle, my shoulders for the
fellow of this walke; and my horses I bequeath your
husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like Horne
the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of confidence;
he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome.
-M. Page. Alas, what noise?
Fal. What should this be?
Fal. I thinke the duel will not have me damned,
Leafe the style that's in me should set hell on fire;
He would never else croffe me thus.
Ent. Fairies.
Qyi. Fairies blacke, grey, gree, and white,
You Moone-shine revellers, and flades of night.
You Orphan heires of fixed definity,
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier Hob-gobly, make the Fairy Oyes.
Pift. Elues, lift your names: Silence you airy tyes.
Cricket, to Windsor-chimnies shalt thou leap;
Where fires thou findst vnrank'd, and hearths vnwet,
There pinch the Malds as blew as Bill-berry,
Our radiant Queene, hates Sluts, and Sluttery.
Fal. They are Fairies, he that speaks to them shall die,
Ile winke, and cough: No man their workes must eie.
Eu. Wher's Bede? Go you, and where you find a maid
That cre the sleeke has thrishe her prayers said,
Raife vp the Organs of her fantasie,
Sleep she as found as carelesse infantle,
But thofe as sleeke, and thinke not on their fins,
Pinch them armes, legs, backes, shoulders, fides, & thins.
Qy. About, about:
Search Windsor Castle (Elues) within, and out.
Stew good luckes (Oaphs) on every sacred roomes,
That it may stand till the perpetuall doome,
In state as wholome, as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.
The feueral Chaires of Order, looke you fecore
With lyce of Balme ; and evey precious floweres,
Each faire Infallim, Coast, and fecrull Creft,
With loylall Blazon, euermore be blest.
And Nightly-maidens, Fairies, looke you fing
Like to the Garters-Compasse, in a ring,
Thexpreffure that it beares: Greene let it be,
Mote fertile-fresh then all the Field to fee:
And, Honey Sit Qui Mal-y-Pence, write
In Emerald-tusses, Floweres purple, blew, and white,
Like Saphire-pearle, and rich embroilerie,
Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending knee;
Fairies vie Flowers for their caracterie.
Away, differfe: But till 'tis one a clocke,
Our Dance of Outforme, round about the Oke.
Of Horne the Hunter, let vs not forget.
(efet.)
Euun. Pray you lock hand in hand: your fulwes in order
And twenty glow-wormes shall our Lanthornes bee
To guide our Meafure round about the Tree.
But flay, I smell a man of middle earth.
Fal. Heaunen defend me from that Welsh Fairy,
Leafe he transforme me to a pece of Cheese.
Pift. Vilde worme, thou waft ore-look'd eu'n in thy
birth.
Qyi. With Triall-fire touch me his finger end:
If he be chaffe, the flame will backe descend
And turne him to no paine: but if he flart,
It is the fleth of a corrupted hart.
Pift. 'A trial, come.
Euu. Come: will this wood take fire?
Fal. Oh, oh, oh.
Qyi. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire.
About him (Fairies) fign a formfull rime,
And as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

The Song.
Fix on Sunnefullphantace: Fix on Luft, and Luxurie:
Luft is but a bloody fire, kindled with unchaste defires,
Fed in heart woofe 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 have watcht you
now: W'll none but Horne the Hunter fere your
turne?
-M. Page. I pray you come, hold vp the left no higher.
Now (good Sir Ibe) how like you Windsor-wyres?
See you thefe husband? Do not these faire yokes
Become the Forrest better then the Towne?
Ford. Now Sir, whose a Cuckold now?
M' Brome, Falaffaf a Knave, a Cuckoldly knave,
Heere is his horns Master Brome:
And Master Brome, he hath enjoyed nothing of Fords,
but his Buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of
money, which must be paid to M' Brome, his horses are
arrested for it, M' Brome.
M. Ford. Sir Iohn, we have had ill lucke: wee could
never meets: I will never take you for my Loue again,
but I will always count you my Deere.
Fal. I do begin to perceiue that I am made an Asse.
Ford. I, and an Ox too: both the proofs are ex-
tant.
Fal. And these are not Fairies:
I was three or foure times in the thought they were not
Fairies, and yet the gullitines of my minde, the fodiaine
surprise of my powers, drove the guffenesse of the fop-
pery into a receius beleefe, in defpight of the teeth of
all rime and reafon, that they were Fairies. See now
how wit may be made a Lacke-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill
employment.
Euun. Sir John Falaffaf, fere Got, and leave your
defires, and Fairies will not pinfe you.
Ford. VVell faid Fairy Hugh.
Euuns. And leave you your iealousies too, I pray
you.
Ford.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Ford. I will neuer mistrust my wife againe, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Haue I laid my braine in the Sun, and dri'de it, that it wantes matter to present fo groffe 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 piece of tafted Cheere.

Eu. Seefe is not good to glue putter; your belly is al putter.

Fal. Seefe, and Putter? Haue I li'd to stand at the tounge 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 John, do you thinke though wee would have thrust vertue out of our heares by the head and shoulders, and haue gluen our felues without cruple to hell, that euer the deuell could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?

Mist. Page. A puff man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entredibles?

Ford. And one that is as fnderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poore as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eaan. And gluen to Fornication, and to Tauernee, and Sacke, and Wine, and Metholutions, and to drinkings and fweareings, and strangings Pribles and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your Theme: you have the start of me, I am deflected: I am not able to anwer the Welch Flannell, Ignorance it selfe is a plummet ore me, vfe me as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, wee'l bring you to Windsor to one Mrs Broune, that you have cozen'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 bitting affiction.

Page. Yet be cheerfull Knight: thou shalt eat a pot-

Page. Of to night at my house, wher I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her Mr Slen-

Page. Page. Doctours 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 dispaite?

Slen. Dispatch'd? Ile make the best in Glofterhine

know on't: would I were hang'd la, elfe.

Page. Of what fonne?

Slen. I came yonder at Eaton to marry Misfitris Anne

Page, and she's a great hubberry boy. If it had not bene

ith Church, I would have swing'd him, or shee should have swing'd me. If I did not thinke it had bene Anne

Page, would I might neuer stirre, and 'tis a Post-masters Boy.

Page. Upon 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 apparel) I would not haue

Page. 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 the 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 indeed she is now with the Doctor at the Deanrie, and there married.

Cei. Ver is Mistris Page: by gar I am cozened, I ha

Page. V'ly? did you take her in white?

Cei. 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 miijues 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 Slander?

Mist. Page. Why went you not with Mr Doctor, maid?

Pen. You do amaze her: heare the truth of it,

You would have married her most shamefully,

Where there was no proportion held in loue:

The truth is, she and I (long fince contracted)

Are now so fure that nothing can disloue vs:

Th'offence is holy, that she hath committed,

And this decret looses the name of craft,

Of disobedience, or vnduteous title,

Since therein she doth cuitate and thun

A thousand irreligious curhed hours

Which forced marriage would have brought vpon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedie:

In Loue, the heavens themselfes do guide the face,

Money buyes Lands, and wives are fold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have tane a special fland to strike at me, that your Arrow hath glance'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heauen glue thee joy, what cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogges run, all forts of Deere are chad.'

Mist. Page. Well, I will mune no further: Mr Fenton,

Heauen glue you many, many merry dayes:

Good husband, let vs evry one go home,

And laugh this sport ore by a Countrie fire,

Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so (Sir John).

To Master Broome, you yet shall hold your word,

For he, to night, shall ly with Mistris Ford: Exeunt;
MEASURE,
For Measure.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Duke, Egeus, Lords.

Duke.
Egeus.

Egeus. My Lord.

Duk. Of Government, the properties to.vn- 
Would seeme in me t'affect speech & discourse,
Since I am put to know, that your owne Science
Exceeds (in that) the lifts of all advice
My strength can glue you: Then no more remains
But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them worke: The nature of our People,
Our Cities Institutions, and the Terms
For Common Industry, y'are as pregnant in
As Art, and prattise, hath inrichted any
That we remember: There is our Commission,
From which, we would not have you warpe; call hither,
I say, bid come before vs Angelo:
What figure of vs thinke you, he will bear.
For you must know, we have with specchall foule
Eicled him our abilience to supply;
Lent him our terror, drest him with our love,
And giv'en his Deputation all the Organs
Of our owne powre: What thinke you of it?
Ege. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergoe such ample grace, and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.

Duk. Looke where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your Graces will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo:

There is a kinde of Character in thy life,
That to th'oaberue, doth thy history
Fully vnfold: Thy selfe, and thy belongings
Are not thine owne so proper, as to wafe
Thy selfe vpon thy vertues; they on thee:
Heauen doth vso vs, as we, with Torches doe,
Not light them for themselfes: 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 iflues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But like a thriftie goddesse, the determines
Her selfe the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks, and vse; but I do bend my speeche

To one that can my part in him aduertise;
Hold therefore Angelo:
In our remove, be thou at full, our selfe:
Mortalitie and Mercie in Vienna
Lie in thy tongue, and heart: Old Egeus
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy Commission.

Ang. Now good my Lord
Let there be some more teft, made of my mettle,
Before fo noble, and fo great a figure
Be famp't vpon it.

Duk. No more equalion:
We haue with a leaue'n, and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors:
Our haffe from hence is of fo quicke condition,
That it prefers it selfe, and leaves 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 leave you,
Of your Commisions.

Ang. Yet glue leaue (my Lord,)
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duk. My haffe may not admit it,
Nor neede you (on mine honor) haue to doe
With any scruple: your scope is as mine owne,
So to informe, or qualifie the Lawes
As to your foule feemes good: Glue me your hand,
Ile priuily away: I loue the people,
But doe not like to flage me to their eyes:
Though it doe well, I doe not relish well
Their loud applaus, and Aues vehement:
Nor doe I thinke the man of safe dierection
That do's affect it. Once more fare you well.

Ang. The heavens glue safety to your purpose.

Ege. Lead forth, and bring you backe in happe-

Duk. I thanke you, fare you well.

Ege. I shall defire you, Sir, to glue me leaue
To haue free speech with you; and it concerns me
To looke into the bottome of my place:
A powre I haue, but of what strenght and nature,
I am not yet infructed.

Ang. "Tis so with me: Let vs with-draw together,
And we may foome our satifsaction haue
Touching that point.

Ege. Ile wait vpon your honor.

Exit.
Measur for Measur.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1. Gent. Heauen grant us peace, but not the King of Hungaries.


Luc. Thou conclu’d like the Sandimomious Prat, 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 Captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steale: There’s not a Souldier of vs all, that in the thank-giving before meate, do rallish the petition well, that praises for peace.

2. Gent. I neuer heard any Souldier dislike it.

Luc. I beleue thee: for I thinke thou neuer was’t where Grace was said.

2. Gent. No? a dozens times at least.

1. Gent. What? In meeter?

Luc. In any proportion: or in any language.

Luc. I, why not? Grace is, Grace, despiete of all controuerse: as for example; Thou thy selfe art a wicked villain, despiete of all Grace.

1. Gent. Well: there went but a pair of sheeres betweene vs.

Luc. I grant: as there may betweene the Lifts, and the Veluet: Thou art the Lift.

1. Gent. And thou the Veluet; thou art good veluet; thou’rt a three pils-pece I warrant thee: I had as lief be a Lyft of an Enlish Kersey, as be pil’d, as thou art pil’d, for a French Veluet. Do I speake feelingly now?

Luc. I thinke thou doest: and indeed with most painfull feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine owne confection, learne to begin thy health; but, whilst I live forget to drinke after thee.

1. Gent. I thinke I have done my selfe wrong, have I not?

2. Gent. Yes, that thou halfe; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Enter Beawde.

Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes. I have purchas’d as many diseases under 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 always figuring diseases in me: but thou art full of error, I am found.

Luc. Nay, not (as one would say) healthy: but so found, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; limpiety has made a feast of thee.

1. Gent. How now, which of your hips has the most profound Ciatica?

Beawd. Well, well: there’s one yonder arrrested, and carri’d to prifon, was worth six thousand of you all.

2. Gent. Who’s that I pray thee?

Beawd. Marry Sir, that’s Claudie, Signior Claudie.


Beawd. Nay, but I know ’tis so: I saw him arrrested: faw him carry away: and which is more, within these three dales his head to be chop’d off.

Luc. But, after all this foolish, I would not haue it so: Are you sure of this?

Beawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Julieta with childe.

Luc. Beleeue me this may be he promis’d to meeke me two howres fince, and he was ever precie in promis keeping.

2. Gent. Besides you know, it draws somthing neere to the speech we had to fuch a purpose.

1. Gent. But most of all agreeing with the proclamatio.

Luc. Away: let’s goe learne the truth of it. Exit. Beawd. Thus, what with the war; what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am Custom-shrunke. How now? what’s the newes with you. Enter Clovene.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prifon.

Beawd. Well: what has he done?

Clo. A Woman.

Beawd. But what’s his offence?

Clo. Grooping for Trowts, in a peculiar River.

Beawd. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No: but there’s a woman with maid by him: you have not heard of the proclamation, haue you?

Beawd. What proclamatio, man?

Clo. All howses in the Suburbs of Vienna must bee pluck’d downe.

Beawd. And what shall become of those in the City?

Clo. They shall stand for feed: they had gon down to, but that a wife Burger put in for them.

Beawd. But shall all our howses of refort in the Suburbs be pul’d downe?

Clo. To the ground, Miftria.

Beawd. Why heere’s a change indeed in the Common-wealth: what shall become of me?

Clo. Come: feare not you: good Counsellors lacke no Clients: though you change your place, you neede not change your Trade: Ile bee your Tapster fill; courage, there will bee pitty taken on you; you that haue wonne your eyes almoit out in the seruice, you will bee considered.

Beawd. What’s to doe heere, Thomas Tapster? let’s withdraw?

Clo. Here comes Signior Claudie, led by the Prouoxt to prifon: and there’s Madam Julieta. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Prouoxt, Claudie, Julieta, Officers, Lucius. & 2. Gent. Cla. Fellow, why do’t thou say me thus to th’world? Bearer me to prifon, where I am committed.

Pre. I do it in equil disposition, But from Lord Angio by speciall charge.

Cla. Thus can the demy-god (Authority) Make vs pay downe, for our offence, by weight. The words of heauen; on whom it will, it will, On whom it will not (foe) yet still ‘tis iuft. (dratn)

Luc. Why how now Claudie? whence comes this re.

Cla. From too much liberty, (my Lucie) Liberty As furiet is the father of much fall: So every Scope by the immoderate vie

Turnes to restraint; Our Natures doe pursue

Like
Measure for Measure.

Like Rats that rayn downe their proper Bane,
A thirsty eul, and when we drinkes, we die.

Luc. If I could speake fo wisely vnder an arrest, I
would fend for certaine of my Creditors: and yet, to say
the truth, I had as lief haue the popery 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?

Cl. No.

Luc. Lecherie?

Cl. Call it fo.

Pro. Away, Sir, you must goe.

Cl. One word, good friend;

Lucio, a word with you,

Luc. A hundred:
If they'll doe you any good: Is Lecherie so look'd after?

Cl. Thus stands it with me: vpon a true contract
I got poiffion of Juliet as bed,
You know the Lady, she is fett my wife,
Saue that we doe the denunciation lacke
Of outward Order. This we came not to,
Onely for propagation of a Dowre
Remaining in the Coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our Loue
Till Time had made them for vs. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutuall entertainment
With Character too groffe, is writ on Iliet.

Luc. With child, perhaps?

Cl. Unhappely, even fo.
And the new Deputie, now for the Duke,
Whether it be the fault and glimps of newnes,
Or whether that the body publique, be
A horfe whereon the Governour doth ride,
Who newly in the Seate, that it may know
He can command; let it striate feele the fpur :
Whether the Tiranny be in his place,
Or in his Eminence that fills it vp.
I fagger in: But this new Governour
Awakes me all the inrolled penalties
Which haue (like vn-scowerd’ Armor) hung by th’wall.
So long, that ninetene Zodiacks haue gone round,
And none of them beene worne; and for a name
Now puts the drowfie and negligence Act
Frehily on me: ‘tis furely for a name.

Luc. I warrant it is: And thy head stands fo tickle on
thy shoulders, that a milke-maid, if she be in loue, may
figh it off: Send after the Duke, and appeale to him.

Cl. I have done fo, but hee’s not to be found.
I prethée (Lucio) doe me this kinde service:
This day, my sister shoulde the Cloyfter enter,
And there receive her approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my flate,
Implore her, in my voice, that shee makes friends
To the stricte deputie: bid her selfe alay him,
I have great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and speechlesse dialect,
Such as moue men: because, the hath prospereus Art
When shee will play with reafoon, and discourse,
And well shee can perswade.

Luc. I pray thee may: as well for the encouragement of
the like, which else would stand vnder greuous im-
pofition: as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be
forry shoulde bee thus foolishly lost, at a game of ticke-
tacket: Ile to her.

Cl. I thankke you good friend Lucio.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duk. No: holy Father, throw away that thought,
Believe not that the drilbing dart of Loue
Can pierce a compleat bosome: why, I defire thee
To giue me secret harbour, hath a purpoe
More grave, and wrinkled, then the aimes, and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace speake of it?

Duk. My holy Sir, none better knowes then you
How I have euer lou’d the life remoued
And held in idle price, to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and coff, wilderue brapees keeps.
I have deliiuerd to Lord Angelos
(A man of stricte and firm st Führung)
My abolute power, and place here in Vienna,
And he supposeth me trauaild to Poland,
(For fo I have firewed it in the common eare)
And fo it is receiudd: Now (pious Sir)
You will demand of me, why I do this.

Fri. Gladly, my Lord.

Duk. We have stricte Statutes, and most biting Laws,
(The needfull bits and curbes to headstrong weedes)
Which for this foureteene yeares, we have let flip,
Even like an ore-grown Lyon in a Cauce
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers,
Hauing bound vp the threatening twigs of birch,
Onely to flice it in their childrens fight,
For terror, not to vie: in time the rod
More mock’d, then fear’d: so our Decrees,
Dead to infliclion, to themelues are dead,
And libertie, plucks Loufe by the nose;
The Baby beats the Nurse, and quite atheist
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It refled in your Grace
To vnloofe this tyde-vp Loufe, when you pleaf’d:
And it in you more dreadfulfull would have seem’d
Then in Lord Angelos.

Duk. I doe feare: too dreadful:
Sith ’twas my fault, to glue the people sfope,
"I would be my tiranny to strike and gill them,
For what I bid them doe: For, we bid this be done
When euill deeds have their permifflue paife,
And not the punishment: therefore indeede (my father)
I haue on Angelos impos’d the office,
Who may in th’ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet, my nature neuer in the fight
To do in flander: And to behold his fway
I will, as ’twere a brother of your Order,
With both Prince, and People: Therefore I prethée
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in perfon beare
Like a true Friar: Moe reasons for this action
At our more leyture, shall I render you;
Onely, this one: Lord Angelos is precipic,
Stands at a guard with Enuite: scarce confed,"
That his blood flowes: or that his appetite
Is more to bread then stone: hence shall we see
If power change purpoe: what our Seemers be.

Exit.

Scene
Scena Quinta.

Enter Isabella and Francisca a Nun.

_Measure for Measure._

Isabella and Francisca a Nun.

(And with full line of his authority)
Gouernes Lord Angelo; A man, whose blood
Is very snow-broth: one, who neuer feelis
The wanton flings, and motions of the fence;
But doth rebate, and blunt his naturall edge
With profits of the minde: Studie, and falt
He (to give feare to wife, and libertie,
Which haue, for long, run-by the hideous law,
As Myce, by Lyons) hath pickt out an act,
Vnder whose heavy fence, your brothers life
Fals into forfeit: he arreftis him on it,
And follows clofe the rigor of the Statute
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Vnifeffe you haue the grace, by your faire praver
To soften Angelo: And that's my pith of businesse
"Twixt you, and your poore brother.

Isabella. Doth he so,
Seeketh his life?

Lucio. Has cenfur'd him already,
And as I heare, the Prouff hath a warrant
For's execution.

Isabella. Alas: what poffe
Ablittles in me, to doe him good.

Lucio. Aflay the powre you have.

Isabella. My power? alas, I doubt.

Lucio. 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 learen to know, when Maidens fue
Men giue like gods: but when they wepe and kneele,
All their petitions, are as freely theirs
As they themselfes would owe them.

Isabella. I le fe what I can doe.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isabella. I will about it strait;
No longer flaying, but to giue the Mother
Notice of my affaire: I humbly thanke you:
Commend me to my brother: flone at night
Ile fend him certaine word of my lucesse.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isabella. Good sir, adieu.

Exeunt

ACTUS Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, and seruants, Judges.

_Angelo._ We must not make a far-row of the Law,
Setting it vp to feare the Birds of prey,
And let it keepe one shape, till culsmce make it
Their pearch, and not their terror.

_Escalus._ I, but yet
Let vs be keene, and rather cut a little
Then fall, and bruife to death: alas, this gentleman
Whom I would faue, had a most noble father,
Let but your honour know
(Whom I beleue to be most ftrait in vertue)
That in the working of your owne affections,
Had time coheard with Place, or place with wishing,
Or that the refolute actung of our blood
Could have attaind the effect of your owne purpose,
Whether it was not fume time in your life
Er'd in this point, which now you cefure him,
And puld the Law vpun you.

_Angelo._ 'Tis one thing to be tempted (_Escalus_

Another
Another thing to fall: I not deny
The Jury palling on the Prisoners life
May in the two-and-twelve have a thief, or two
Guilty then him they try; what's open made to Jusfice,
That Jusfice ceizes; What knowes the Lawes
That theesus do passe on theesus? 'Tis very pregnant,
The Jewell that we finde, we floope, and take't,
Because we see it; but what we doe not see,
We tread upon, and never thinke of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me
When I, that cenfure him, do so offend,
Let mine owne Judgement pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partill. Sir, he must dye.

Enter Prauof.

Efc. Be it as your wifedom will.
Ang. Where is the Prauof?
Pro. Here if it like your honour.
Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to morrow morning,
Bring him his Confeffior, let him be prepar'd,
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.
Efc. Well: heauen forgive him; and forgive vs all:
Some rife by fame, and some by vertue fall:
Some run from brakes of Ice, an d aniswere none,
And some condemnèd for a fault alone.

Enter Elicow, Froth, Clowye, Officers.

Elic. Come, bring them away: if these be good people
in a Common-weale, that doe nothing but vs their abuies
in common houes, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now Sir, what's your name? And what's
the matter?

Elic. If it pleasse your honour, I am the poore Dukes
Confable, and my name is Elicow; I doe leane vpon
Jusfice Sir, and doe bring in here before your good honor,
two notorious Benefactors.

Efg. Are they not Malefactor?

Elic. If it pleasse your honour, I know not well what
they are: But precke villains they are, that I am sure of,
and void of all prophanation in the world, that good
Christians ought to hauie.

Efc. This comes off well: here's a wifes Officer.

Ang. Goe to: What quality are they of? Elicow is
your name?

Why do'th thou not speake Elicow?

Clo. He cannot Sir: he's out at Elicow.

Ang. What are you Sir?

Elic. He Sir: a Tapifer Sir: parell Baud: one that
utters a bad woman: whose house Sir was (as they say)
pluckt downe in the Suburbs: and now she professes a
hot-houfe; which, I thinke is a very ill houfe too.

Efc. How know you that?

Elic. My wife Sir? whom I dethet before heauen, and
your honour.

Efc. How? thy wife?

Elic. I Sir: whom I thanke heauen is an honest woman
in hauing.

Do'th thou dethet her therefore?

Elic. I say Sir, I will dethet my felle alo, as well as she,
that this house, if it be not a Bauds house, it is pitty of her
life, for it is a naughty houfe.

How do'th thou know that, Confable?

Elic. Marry Sir, by my wife, who, if she had bin a woman
Cardinally gien, might have bin accuss'd in forni-
cation, adultery, and all vncleneffe there.

Efc. By the womans means?

Elic. I Sir, by Myftris Over-dons means: but as the spitt
in his face, fo the defde him.

Clo. Sir, if it plesse your honor, this is not fo.

Elic. Proue it before thefe varlets here, thou honora-
ble man, proue it.

Efc. Doe you heare how he misplaces?

Clo. Sir, the came in great with child: and longing
(fauing your honors reuerence) for swed prewens: Sir,
we had but two in the houfe, which at that very distant
time froid, as it were in a fruit dith (a dith of some three
pence; your honours have feene fuch dithes) they are not
China-dithes, but very good dithes.

Efc. Go too: go too: no matter for the dith Sir.

Clo. No indeede Sir not of a pin; you are therein
in the right: but, to the point: As I say, this Myftris Elicow,
being (as I say) with child, and being great belliied, and
longing (as I fay) for prewens: and hauing but two in the
dith (as I fay) Mafter Froth here, this very man, hau-
ing eaten the reit (as I fay) & (as I fay) paying for them
very honestly: for, as you know Mafter Froth, I could not
give you no woman again.

Fra. No indeede.

Efc. Very well: you being then (if you be remem-
bred) cracking the ftones of the foresaid prewens.

Fra. I, fo I did indeede.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then (if you be
remembered) that such a one, and such a one, were past
cure of the thing you wot of, vnleffe they kept very good
diet, as I told you.

Fra. All this is true.

Clo. Why very well then.

Efc. Come: you are a tedious foole: to the purpose:
what was done to Elicow wife, that hee hath caufe to
complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

Efc. No Sir, nor I meane it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honours
lease: And I befeech you, looke into Mafter Froth here
Sir, a man of foure-score pound a yere; whose father
died at Hallemus: Was't not at Hallemus Mafter Froth?

Fra. Allhallond-Eue.

Clo. Why very well: I hope here be true: he Sir,
futting (as I say) in a lower chaire, Sir, 'twas in the banch
of Grapes, where indee do you have a delight to fift, have
you not?

Fra. I haue fo, because it is an open roome, and good
for winter.

Clo. Why very well then: I hope here be true.

Ang. This will laft out a night in Rufsia
When nights are longeft there: Ie take my leane,
And leave you to the hearing of the caufe;
Hoping youle finde good caufe to whip them all.

Exit. 

Ebc. I thinke no leffe: good morrow to your Lord-
ship. Now Sir, come on: What was done to Elicows
wife, once more?

Clo. Once Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elic. I befeech you Sir, aske him what this man did to
my wife.

Clo. I befeech your honor, aske me.

Efc. Well Sir, what did this Gentleman to her?

Clo. I befeech you firl, looke in this Gentlemans face:
good Mafter Froth looke upon his honor; 'tis for a good
purpofe: doth your honor marke his face?

Frc. 1
Measure for Measure.

Efc. I fir, very well.
Clo. Nay, I believe you marke it well.
Efc. Well, I doe so.
Clo. Doth your honor see any harme in his face?
Efc. Why no.
Clo. I bele suppos'd upon a booke, his face is the worst thing about him; good then: if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth doe the Constables wife any harme? I would know that of your honour.
Efc. He's in the right (Constable) what say you to it? Elb. First, and it like you, the horse is a reputed houfe; next, this is a reputed fellow; and his Miftris is a reputed woman.
Clo. By this hand Sir, his wife is a more reputed person then any of vs all.
Elb. Varlet, thou lye'st; thou lye'kest wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that thee was ever reputed with man, woman, or child.
Clo. Sir, she was reputed with him, before he married with her.
Efc. Which is the wiser here; Justice or Iniquity? Is this true?
Elb. O thou caitiff: O thou varlet: O thou wicked Hanniball, I reputed with her, before I was married to her: if ever I was reputed with her, or the with me, let not your worship thinke mee the poore Duke Officer: proue this, thou wicked Hanniball, or I haue mine action of battre on thee.
Efc. If he tooke you a 'oth'低价，you might have your action of flander too.
Elb. Marry I thank you your good worship for it: what isn't your Worshippes pleasure I shall doe with this wicked Caitiff?
Efc. Truly Officers, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover, if thou couldst, let him continue in his course, till thou knowst what they are.
Elb. Marry I thank you your worship for it: Thou fearest thou wicked varlet now, what's come vpon thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue.
Efc. Where were you borne, friend?
Froth. Here in Vienna, Sir.
Efc. Are you of fourscore pounds a yeere?
Froth. Yes, and 't pleases you, Sir.
Efc. So: what trade are you of, Sir?
Clo. A Tapffer, a poore widowess Tapffer.
Efc. Your Miftris name?
Clo. Miftris Ouer-don.
Efc. Hath she had any more then one husband?
Clo. Nine, Sir: Ouer-don by the last.
Efc. Nine? come hether to me, Master Froth: Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with Tapfters: they will draw you Master Froth, and you will hang them: get you gone, and let me heare no more of you.
Fro. I thank you your worship: for mine owne part, I never came into any roome in a Tapp-house, but I am drawn in.
Efc. Well: no more of it Master Froth: farewell! Come you hether to me, Mr. Tapffer: what's your name Mr. Tapffer?
Clo. Pompey.
Efc. What else?
Clo. Bum, Sir.
Efc. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the bestchild fence, you are Pompey the great; Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey; howsoever you colour it in being a Tapffer, are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.
Clo. Truly Sir, I am a poore fellow that would live.
Efc. 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.
Efc. But the Law will not allow it Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.
Clo. Do's your Worshippes money to geld and play all the youth of the City?
Efc. No, Pompey.
Efc. Truely Sir, in my poore opinion they will too't then: if your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.
Efc. There is pretty orders beginning I can tell you: It is but heading, and hanging.
Clo. If you head, and hang all that offend that way but for ten yeare together; you'll be glad to gue 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 like to see this come to passe, say Pompey told you so.
Efc. Thank me good Pompey; and in requital of your prophelie, harke you: I aduise you let me not finde you before me againe upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you doe: if I doe Pompey, I shall beat you to your Tent, and proue a threwd Caesar to you in plaine dealing Pompey, I shall haue you whipt; for this time, Pompey, fare you well.
Clo. I thank you your Worship for your good counsell; but I shall follow it as the fleth and fortune shall better determine. Whimp me? no, no, let Carman whisp his Iade, The valiant hart's not whipt out of his trade. Exit.
Efc. Come hether to me, Master Elbrow: come hither Master Constable: how long haue you bin in this place of Constable?
Efc. Seuen yeere, and a halfe fir.
Efc. I thought by the readinesse in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say seauen yeares together.
Efc. And a halfe fir.
Efc. Alas, it hath beene great paines to you: they do you wrong to put you fo oft vpon't. Are there not men in your Ward sufficient to ferue it?
Elb. 'Faith fir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chidden, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and goe through with all.
Efc. Looke you bring mee in the names of some fixe or seuen, the most sufficient of your parish.
Elb. To your Worships house fir?
Efc. To my house: fare you well: what's a clocke, thinke you?
Iaft. Eleuen, Sir.
Efc. I pray you home to dinner with me.
Iaft. I humbly thank you.
Efc. It grieues me for the death of Claudia but there's no remede:
Iaft. Lord Angelos is seuerre.
Efc. It is but needfull.
Mercy is not if felfe, that oft lookes fo,
Pardon is fill the nurse of second woe:
But yet, poore Claudia: there is no remede.
Come Sir.

Exeunt. Scena.
Scena Secunda.

Enter Prouasf, Servant.

Sir. He'se's hearing of a Caufe ; he will come straight, I'll tell him of you.

Pro. 'Pray you doe; Ile know His pleasure, may he be he will relent; alas He hath but as offended in a dreame, All Sefts, all Ages smack of this vice, and he To die for't?

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter Prouasf?

Pro. Is it your will Claudia shall die to morrow ?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea ? hadst thou not order? Why do't thou ask againe? 

Pro. Left I might be too rash : Under your good correction, I have seene When after execution, Judgement hath Repented or his doome. 

Ang. Goe to ; let that be mine, Doe you your office, or give vp your Place, And you shall well be faer'd. 

Pro. I crave your Honours pardon : What shall be done Sir, with the groaning Juliet? Shee's very neere her howre. 

Ang. Dilipofe of her To some more fitter place ; and that with speed. 

Ser. Here is the fitter of the man condemn'd, Defires access to you. 

Ang. Hath he a Sifer ?

Pro. I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid, And to be shortte of a Sifer-hood, If not alreadie. 

Ang. Well : let her be admitted, See you the Fornicatrefe be remou'd, Let her have needful, but not lauish meanes, There shall be order for't. 

Enter Lucius and Isabella.

Pro. Save your Honour. (will?) 

Ang. Stay a little while : y'are welcome : what's your Isab. I am a woufull Sutor to your Honour, 'Please but your Honor heare me. 

Ang. Well. what's your fuite. 

Isab. There is a vice that moft I doe abhorre, And moft desire should meet the blow of Iustice; For which I would not pleade, but that I muft, For which I muft not pleade, but that I am At warre, twixt will, and will not. 

Ang. Well : the matter? 

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die, I doe befeech you let it be his fault, And not my brother. 

Pro. Heauen glue thee moving graces. 

Ang. Condemne the fault, and not the actor of it, Why every fault's condemn'd ere it be done: Mine were the verie Cipher of a Function To fine the faults, whole fine flands in record, And let goe by the Author: 

Isab. Oh juif, but feure Law : I had a brother then ; heauen keepe your honour. 

Luc. Glue't not ore so : to him againe, entreat him, Kneele downe before him, hang vpon his gowne, You are too cold : if you should need a pin, 

You could not with more tame a tongue defire it: To him, I say. 

Isab. Muit he needs die? 

Ang. Maidens, no remedie. 

Isab. Yee! I doe thinke that you might pardon him, And neither heaven, nor man grieue at the mercy. 

Ang. I will not do't. 

Isab. But can you if you would? 

Ang. Looke what I will not, that I cannot doe. 

Isab. But might you do'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 speake 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 Judges Robe Become them with one halfe fo good a grace As mercie does: If he had bin as you, and you as he, You would haue flipt like him, but he like you Would not have beene fo sterne. 

Ang. Pray you be gone. 

Isab. I would to heauen I had your potencie, And you were Iacob: should it then be thus? No : I would tell what t'were to be a Judge, And what a prifoner. 

Luc. I, touch him : there's the vaine. 

Ang. Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law, And you but waule your words. 

Isab. Alas, alas : Why all the foules that were, were forfeit once, And he that might the vantage left have took, Found out the remedie : how would you be, If he, which is the top of Judgement, shoul'd But judge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that, And mercie then will breathe within your lips Like man new made. 

Ang. Be you content, (faire Maid) 

It is the Law, not I, condemn your brother, Were he my kinman, brother, or my fonne, It shoul'd be thus with him : he must die to morrow. 

Isab. To morrow ? oh, that's fodain, Spare him, spare him : 

Hee's not prepar'd for death ; euen for our kitches We will the fowle of feaon; shall we ferue heauen With leffe reprefent then we doe minifter To our groffe-felues? good, good my Lord, bethink you; Who is it that hath d'it for this offence? There's many have committed it. 

Luc. I, well said. 

Ang. The Law hath not bin dead, though it hath left Tho'se many had not dar'd to doe that euill If the firft, that did th'Edift infringe Had anfwer'd for his deed : Now 'tis awake, Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet Lookes in a glaffe that thewa what future euilla Either now, or by remifenesse, new concei'd, And fo in propride to be harch'd, and borne, 

Are now to have no succifue degrees, But here they live to end. 

Isab. Yet shew some pitie. 

Ang. I swew it moft of all, when I shew Iustice; For then I pitie tho'te I doe not know, Which a dillim'd offence, would after gaule

And
Measure for Measure.

And doe him right, that anfwerer one foule wrong
Lues not to ať another. Be fatified;
Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.

Ifab. So you must be y first that gies this fentence,
And hee, that fuffers: Oh, it is excellent
To haue a Giants strength: but it is tyrannous
To vfe it like a Giant.

Luc. That's well fai'd.

Ifab. Could great men thunder
As thou wilt? Ile never be quiet,
For every pelting petty Officer
Would vfe his heauen for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heauen,
Thou rather with thy sharpfe and fulphurous bolt
Splits the vn-wedgable and gnarled Oke,
Then the loft Merrill: But man, proud man,
Dreif in a little breife authoritie,
Moft ignorant of what he's moft affur'd,
(His glafie Offence) like an angry Ape
Plaides fuch phantomque tricks before high heauen,
As makes the Angles weep: who with our spleenes,
Would all themfelves laugh mortally.

Luc. Oh, to him, to him wench: he will reteft,
Hee's comming: I perceive't.

Pro. Pray heauen he win him.

Ifab. We cannot weigh our brother with our felfe,
Great men may left with Saints: tis wit in them,
But in the leffe fowle prophanation.

Luc. Thou'rt i'th right (Girl) more o'that.

Ifab. That in the Captaine's but a chellerick word,
Which in the Soudier is flat blafphemie.

Luc. Art aus'd o'that? more on't.

Ang. Why doe you putte these fayings vpon me?
Ifab. Becaufe Authoritie, though it erre like others,
Hath yet a kinde of medicine in it felfe
That skins the vice o'th top; goe to your bofome,
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brothers fault: if it confefle
A naturall guiltineffe, fuch as is his,
Let it not found a thought vpon your tongue
Againft my brothers life.

Ang. Shee speaks, and 'tis fuch fence
That my Sence breeds with it; fare you well.

Ifab. Gentle my Lord, turne backe.

Ang. I will bethinke me: come againe to morrow.

Ifa. Hark, how Ile brie by you: good my Lord turn back.

Ang. How? brie me?

If. I, with fuch gifts that heauen fhall share with you.

Luc. You had mar'd all elfe.

Ifab. Not with fond Sickles of the tefted-gold,
Or Stones, whose rate are either rich, or poore
At fancie values them: but with true prayers,
That fhall be vp at heauen, and enter there
Ere Sunne rife: prayers from preferued foules,
From falleting Maides, whose mindes are dedicate
To nothing temporall.

Ang. Well: come to me to morrow.

Luc. Goe to: 'tis well away.

Ifab. Heauen keepes your honour fafe.

Ang. Amen.

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers crofe.

Ifab. At what hower to morrow,
Shall Iattend your Lordshifp?

Ang. At any time 'fore-noone.

Ifab. 'Sue your Honour.

Ang. From thee: even from thy vertue.
What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who fins moft? ha?
Not he: nor doth he tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne,
Doe as the Carrion do's, not as the floweres,
Corrupt with vertuous feafon: Can it be,
That Modelly may more betray our Sence
Then womans lightneffe? haveing waffe ground enough,
Shall we defire to raze the Sanquary
And pitch our euils there? oh fie, fie, fie;
What doft thou? or what art thou Angelo?
Doft thou defire her fowly, for thofe things
That make her good? oh, let her brother live:
Theuees for their robberie have authority,
When Judges ftele themfelves: what, doe I love her,
That I defire to heare her fpeake againe?
And featt vpon her eyes? what 's I dreame on?
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints doft bait thy hooke: moft dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth good vs on
To finne, in lowing vertue: never could the Strumpet
With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature
Once fir my temper: but this vertuous Maid
Subdus me quite: Euer till now
When men were fond, I fmalld, and wondered how. 

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke and Prufsof.

Duke. Haile to you, Prufsof, do I thinke you are.

Pro. I am the Prufsof: what's your will, good Frier?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest order,
I come to vifite the affifted spirits
Here in the prifon: doe me the common right
To let me fee them: and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minifter
Them accordingly.

Pro. I would do more then that, if more were needfull

Enter Iuliit.

Looke here comes one: a Gentilwoman of mine,
Who falling in the flaws of her owne youth,
Hath blifferd her report: She is with child,
And he that got it, fentenc'd: a yong man,
More fit to doe another fuch offence,
Then dye for this.

Duk. When muft he dye?

Pro. As I do thinke to morrow.

I have prouidid for you, flay a while
And you fhall be conducted.

Duk. Repent you (faire one) of the fin you carry?

Iul. I doe; and bear the fame moft patiently.

Duk. Ile teach you how you fhall araign your confcioufe
And try your penitence, if it be found,
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 feemes you moft offence full aet
Was mutually committed.

Iul. Mutuaily.

Duk. Then was your fin of heauier kinde then his.

Iul. I doe confede it, and repent it (Father.)

Du. 'Tis
Measure for Measure.

Duk. 'Tis meet so (daughter) but least you do repent
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is alwayes toward our felues, not heauen,
Showing we would not spare heauen, as we love it,
But as we stand in feare.

Jul. I doe repent me, as it is an euill,
And take the blame with joy.

'Duke. There reft:
Your partner (as I heare) must die to morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him:
Grace goe with you, Benedicte.

Jul. Must die to morrow? oh injurious Loue
That repits me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horrore.

Pro. 'Tis pity of him.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo.

An. When I would pray, & think, I thinke, and pray
To euerall subieccts: heauen hath my empty words,
Whilft my Invention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on Isabella: heauen in my mouth,
As if I did but onceley his name,
And in my heart the strong and dwelling euill
Of my conception: the state whereon I fludied
Is like a good thing, being often read
Grownse 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 doft thou with thy cafe, thy habit
Wrench afe from fooles, and tye the wifer foules
To thy falle feeming? Blood, thou art blood,
Let's write good Angell on the Deuils horne
'Tis not the Deuils Creft: how now? who's there?
Enter Servant.

Sr. One Isabella, a Sifter, desires acces to you.

Ang. Teach her the way: oh, heauens
Why doe's my blood thus murther to my heart,
Making both it vnable for it selfe,
And difpoftting all my other parts
Of necessary fitnesse?
So play the foolish throngs with one that twounds,
Come all to help him, and so fop the ayre
By which hee should reuie: and even fo
The generall subiection to a wel-wifht King
Quit their owne part, and in obfequious fondnesse
Crowd to his presence, where their vn-taught loue
Muft needs appear offence: how now faire Maid.
Enter Isabella.

Isab. I am come to know your pleafure. (me,
An. That you might know it, wold much better pleafe
Then to demand what 'tis: your Brother cannot live.

Isab. Even fo: heauen keep hee Honor.

Ang. Yet may he live a while: and it may be
As long as you, or 1: yet he must die.

Isab. Vnder your Sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I befeech you: that in his Repriue
(Longer, or shorter) he may be so fitted
That his foule ficken not.

Ang. Ha? fie, thefe filthy viues: It were as good

To pardon him, that hath from nature floene
A man already made, as to remit
Their fawcie sweetines, that do coyne heauens Image
In flamps that are forbid: 'tis all as cafe,
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in reftrained meanes
To make a false one.

Ang. 'Tis set downe fo in heauen, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you fo: then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the moft iuft Law
Now tooke your brothers life, and to redeeme him
Gue vp your body to such sweet vncleanesse
As she that he hath flaind?

Isab. Sir, beleewe this.
I had rather glue my body, then my soule.

Ang. I take not of your foule: our compell'd fins
Stand more for number, then for accompl.

Isab. How fay you?

Ang. Nay I le not warrant that: for I can speake
Against the thing I fay: Anfwere to this,
I (now the voynce of the recorded Law)
Prone a fentence on your Brothers life,
Might there not be a charitie in finne,
To faue this Brothers life?

Isab. Plead you to doo's,
Ie take it as a perill to my soule,
It is no finne at all, but charitie.

Ang. Plead'd you to doo's, at perill of your soule
Were equall poize of finne, and charitie.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be finne
Heauen let me beare it; you granting of my fult,
If that be fin, Ie make it my Morn'e-prayer,
To haue it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your anfwere.

Ang. Nay, but heare me,
Your fentence pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or feme fo crafty; and that's not good.

Isab. Let be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wildeome wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth taxe it felfe: As thefe blacec Masques
Proclame an en-ield beauty ten times louder
Then beauty cou'd displea: But marke me,
To be recevied plaime, Ie speake more groffe
Your Brother is to dye.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is fo, as it appears,
Accountant to the Law, vpon that paine.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to faue his life
(As I publifhe not that, nor any other,
But in the loffe of queftion) that you, his Sifter,
Finding your felle defir'd of fuch a perfon,
Whole credidt with the Judge, or owne great place,
Could fetch your Brother from the Manacles
Of the all-building-Law: and that there were
No earthly meane to faue him, but that either
You muft lay downe the treaures of your body,
To this suppos'd, or elfe to let him fuffer:
What would you doe?

Isab. As much for my poore Brother, as my felfe;
That is: we were i vnder the tearmes of death,
Th'impreffion of keene whips, I'd weare as Rubies,
And strip my felle to death, as to a bed,
That longing have bin fickle for, ere I'd yeeld
My body vp to thame.

Ang. That
Meafor for Meafor.

Ang. Then muft your brother die.
Ila. Amen, to twer the cheaper way.
Better it were a brother slide at once,
Then that a sister, by redeeming him
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruefl as the Sentence,
That you have flander'd fo?

Ila. Ignomie in ranfome, and free pardon
Are of two houses: lawfull mercie,
Is nothing kin to foulre 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.

Ila. Oh pardon me my Lord, it oft fails out
To haue, what we would haue,
We speake not what we meane;
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all fraile.

Ila. Elfe let my brother die,
If not a fedarie but onely be
Owe, and succeed thy weakneffe.

Ang. Nay, women are fraile too.

Ila. I, as the glasse where they view themselves,
Which are as eafe broke as they make formes:
Women? Helpe heauen; men their creation marre
In profiting by them: Nay, calI vs ten times fraile,
For we are foft, as our complixions are,
And credulous to foft 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 arrear your words. Be that you are,
That is a woman; if you be more, you're none.
If you be one (as you are well express
By all external warrants) shew it now,
By putting on the deflin'd Lucretie.

Ila. I have no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
Let me entreate you speake the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceiue I love you.

Ila. My brother did love Isallet,
And you tell me that he shall die for't.

Ang. He shall not Isabell if you give me loue.

Ila. I know your vertue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler then it is,
To plucke on others.

Ang. Beleeve me on mine Honor,
My words express my purpofe.

Ila. Ha? Little honor, to be much beleu'd,
And moft pernitious purpofe: Seeming, seeming.
I will proclame thee Angeli, looke for't.
Signe me a prefent pardon for my brother,
Or with an out-fretcht throte Ile tell the world aloud
What man thou art.

Ang. Who will beleue thee Isabell?
My vnfold name, th'auteureneffe of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place 1' th' State,
Will fo your accufation ouer-weigh,
That you shall flife in your owne repore,
And smell of calumnie. I haue begun,
And now I glue my fenfuall race, the reine,
Fit thy confent to my sharpe appetitie,
Lay by all niceties, and prolixious blusses.
That banifh what they fce for: Redeeme thy brother,
By yielding vp thy bodie to my will.

Or else he muft not onelie die the death,
But thy vnkindneffe fhall his death draw out
To lingring fufference: Anfwre me to morrow,
Or by the affection that now guides me moft,
Ile prooue a Tirant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my falle, ore-weighs your true. Exit

Ila. To whom should I complaine? Did I tell this,
Who would beleue me? O perilous mouthes
That bare in them, one ond the felfe fame tongue,
Either of condemnation, or approoue.
Bidding the Law make curfute to their will,
HooKing both right and wrong to th'apetite,
To follow as it draws. Ile to my brother,
Though he hath falne by promtute of the blood,
Yet hath he in him fuch a minde of Honor,
That had he twen tie heads to tender downe
On twentie bloodie blockes, he'd yeeld them vp,
Before his fitter should her bodie floope
To fuch abord pollution.
Then Isabell lue chaftes, and brother die;
"More then our Brother, is our Chaffite.
Ile tell him yet of Angelo's requent,
And fit his minde to death, for his foules ref.

Exit.  

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost. 

Da. So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

Cla. The miserable have 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. Reafon thus with life:
If I do loofe thee, I do loofe a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Seruile to all the skye-influences,
That doft this habitation where thou keepest
Hourly affid: Meereely, thou art deaths foole,
For him thou labouref by thy flight to fhun,
And yet runeft toward him fill. Thou art not noble,
For all th'accommodations that thou beart,
Are nureft by bafenefte: Thou'rt by no meanes valiant,
For thou dost feare the foft and tender forke
Of a poore worne: thy belt of reft is fleape,
And that thou oft provokft, yet groffelesse fearft
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy felfe,
For thou exifts on manie a thousand grains
That ifue out of duft. Happie thou art not,
For what thou haft not, fill thou flirul't to get,
And what thou haft forgetit. Thou art not certaine,
For thy complixion shifts to strange effects,
After the Moon: If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,
For like an Affe, whole backe with Ingoe bowes:
Thou beart thy haueie riches but a journie,
And death vnloads thee; Friend haft thou none.
For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire
The meere effufion of thy proper loines
Do curse the Gowt, Sapego, and the Rheume
For ending thee no sooner. Thou haft nor youth, nor age
But as it were an after-dinners fleape
Dreaming on both, for all thy bleffed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes
Of palied-Elid: and when thou art old, and rich

Thou
Measur for Measure.

Thou hast neither heate, affection, limbe, nor beautie
To make thy riches pleasant: what's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid mee thousand deaths; yet death we scare
That makes these oddes, all even.
Cla. I humbly thank you.
To sue to liue, I finde I feake to die,
And seeking death, finde life: Let it come on.
Enter Isabell.
Isab. What hoa? Peace here; Grace, and good company.
Pro. Who's there? Come in, the with defecrs a welcome.
Duke. Deere Sir, ere long Ile viſt you againe,
Cla. Moft holie Sir, I thank you.
Iſab. My busienes is a word or two with Claudio.
Pro. And verie welcom: looke Signor, here's your fitter.
Duke. Prouoſt,a word with you. Pro. As manie as you pleafe.
Duke. Bring them to hear me speake, where I may be conceaſld.'
Cla. Now fitter, what's the comfort?
Iſab. Why,
As all comforts are: moft good, moſt good indeeſe,
Lord Angelo hauing affaires to heauen
Intends you for his swift Ambassador,
Where you ſhall be an everlaſting Leiger;
Therefore your bell appointment make with speed,
To Morrow you fet on.
Cla. Is there no remedie?
Iſab. None,but fuch remedie, as to faue a head
To cleaue a heart in twaine:
Clau. But is there anie?
Iſab. Yet brother, you may liue;
There is a diuellifh mercie in the Ludge,
If you'ſll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
Cla. Perpetuall durance?
Iſab. I ſuff, perpetual durance, a restraint
Through all the worlds vaſtitude you had
To a determin'd scope.
Cla. But in what nature?
Iſab. In ſuch a one, as you confeventing too't,
Would barke your honor from that trunque you bear,
And leaue you naked.
Clau. Let me know the point.
Iſab. Oh, I do feare thee Claudio, and I quake,
Least thou a feauorous life ſhould entertaine,
And fix or feuen winters more repife?
Then a perpetuall Honor. Dar't thou die?
The fence of death is moſt in apprehenſion,
And the poore Betele that we treade vpon
In corporallſufferrance, finds a pang as great,
As when a Giant dies.
Cla. Why give you me this thame?
Thinke you I can a revolution fetch
From flowrie tenderneſse? If I muſt die,
I will encounter darkneſse as a bride,
And hugge it in mine armes.
Iſab. There ſpake my brother: there my fathers graue
Did ſtiller forth a voice. Yes, thou muſt die:
Thou art too noble, to conferue a life
In base appliances. This outward ſainted Deputie,
Whose fetted vifage, and deliberate word
Nips youth i' th' head, and follies doth emmew
As Falcon doth the Fowle, is yet a diuell:
His fhine within being caſt, he would appare
A pond, as deep as hell.
Cla. The prenzie, Angels?
Iſab. Oh 'tis the cunning Liuerie of hell,
The damneſſ bodie to inneſt, and couer
In prenzie garde; doſt thou thinke Claudio,
If I would yeeld him my virginitie
Thou might't be freed?
Cla. Oh heauen, it cannot be.
Iſab. Yes, he would giu't thee from this rank offence
So to offend him till. 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.
Iſab. O, were it but my life,
I'de throw it downe for your deluercer
As frankly as a pin.
Clau. Thankes deere Isabell.
Iſab. Be readie Claudio, for your death to morrow.
Cla. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thou can make him bite the Law by th'noſe,
When he would force it? Sure it is no finne,
Or of the deadly feuen it is the leaſt.
Cla. Which is the leaſt?
Cla. If it were damnable, he being fo wife,
Why would he for the momentarie tricke
Be perdurable finde? Oh Isabell.
Iſab. What faies my brother?
Cla. Death is a fearfult thing.
Iſab. And damned life, a hatefull.
Cla. I, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot,
This fenſible warme motion, to become
A kneaded clof; And the delighted spirit
To bath in ferie floods, or to recide
In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed Ice,
To be imprifon'd in the viewleſſe windes
And blowne with reſtelleſſe violence round about
The pendant world: or to be worfe then worfe
Of thios, that lawleſſe and incertaine thought,
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.
The waryefh, and moft loathed worldly life
That Age, Ache, periury, and imprifonment
Can lay on nature, is a Paradise
To what we feare of death.
Iſab. Alas, alas.
Cla. Sweet Sister, let me liue.
What finne you do, to faue a brothers life,
Nature displeas with the deede fo farre,
That it becomes a vertue.
Iſab. Oh you beaſt,
Oh faithleffe Coward, oh dishonest wretch,
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
It's not a kind of Incen, to take life
From thine owne fitter's thame? What should I thinke,
Heuen shield my Mother plaid my Father faire:
For such a warped flip of wilderneſse
Nere iff'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, perifh: Might but my bending dawne
Repeeue thee from thy fate, it ſhould proceede.
Ile pray a thoufand prayers for thy death,
No word to faue thee.
Cla. Nay hearre me Isabell.
Iſab. Oh fie, fie, fie;
Thy finn's not accidentall, but a Trade;
Mercie
Mercy to thee would prove it: felse a Bawd,
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.
Cia. Oh hear we statea.
Duk. Vouchsafe a word, yong fitter, but one word.
Jfa. What is your Will.
Duk. Might you dispence with your leyfure, I would by and by have some speech with you; the satisfacion I would require, is likewise your owne benefit.
Jfa. I have no superfluous leyfure, my tray must be stolen out of other affaires: but I will attend you a while. 
Duk. Son, I have ouer-heard what hath past between you & your fitter. Angelo had neuer the purpole to corrupt her; onely he hath made an afay of her vertue, to praftice his judgement with the disposition of natures. She (hauing the truth of honour in her) hath made him that gracious deniell, which he is most glad to receive: I am Confellor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; there fore prepare your felse to death: do not fatisfye your re foulution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you must die, goe to your knees, and make ready.
Cia. If I ask my fitter pardon, I am for out of love with life, that I will fue to be rid of it.
Duke. Hold you there: farewell: Proutb, a word with you.
Pro. What's your will (father?)
Duk. That now that you are come, you will be gone: leave me a while with the Maid, my minde promisses with my habit, no loffe 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 goodness; but grace being the foule of your complexion, shall kepe the body of it euer faire: the affault that Angelo hath made to you, Fortune hath conuius 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 faue your Brother? 
Ifab. I am now going to refolute him: I had rather my brother die by the Law, then my fonne should be unlawfullie borne. But (oh) how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in Angelo: if euery be returne, and I can fpeak to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or discover his gouernment.
Duke. That shal not be much amisse: yet, as the matter now flants, he will auoid your accuation: he made triall of you onelie. Therefore faften your eare on my advisings, to the loue I haue in doing good; a remedie prefents it felse. I doe make my felse beleue that you may moft vrighteously do a poor wronged Lady a meri ted benefit; redeem your brother from thengery Law; doe no flaue to your owne gracious perfon, and much pleafe the abfent Duke, if peraduenture he shall ouer returne to hauing of this businesse.
Ifab. Let me hear you fpeak fairether; I haue fpirit to do any thing that appeares not fowle in the truth of my fpirit.
Duke. Vertue is bold, and goodes neuer fearfull: Haue you not heard fpeeke of Mariana the fitter of Fredericke the great Souldier, who mifcarried at Sea? 
Jfa. I haue heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name.
Duke. Shee should this Angelo haue married: was af fanced to her oath, and the nuptiall appointed; betweene which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnities, her brother Fredericke was wrackt at Sea, hauing in that perished vsefull, the dowry of his fitter: but marke how beatifull this befell to the poore Gentlewoman, there the loft a noble and renowned brother, in his loue toward her, euery moft kinde and natural: with him the portion and finew of her fortune, her marriage dowry: with both, her combynate-husband, this well-seeing Angelo.
Ifab. Can this be fo? did Angelo fo leave her?
Duke. Left her in her teares, & dried not one of them with his comfort: fwalowed, his vowes whole, pretending in her, difcoueries of dishonor: in fewe, because he did vntoward her on her owne lentionment, which she yet weares for his fake: and he, a marble to her teares, is washed with them, but relents not.
Ifab. What a meriet were it in death to take this poore maid from the world? what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live? But how out of this can thee a uale? 
Duke. It is a rupture that you may easely heal: and the cure of it not onely Satan's your brother, but keepes you from dishonor in doing it.
Ifab. Shew me how (good Father.)
Duk. This fore-named Maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his vnuft vnkindenesse (that in all reaon shoule have quenched her loue) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more violent and vnruely: Goe you to Angelo, anfwere his requir ing with a plaifible obedience, agree with his demands to the point: onely referre your felse to this advantadge; for, that your tray with him may not be long: that the time may have all shadow, and silence in it: and the place anfwered to convenience: this being granted in couerse, and now folows all: wee shall aduise this wronged maid to feeld vp your appoitment, goe in your place: if the encounter acknowledge it felse hearer, it may compell him to her recompence; and heere, by this is your brother faued, your honor vntainted, the poore Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt Deputed sealed. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if yet he well to carry this as you may, the doublenes of the benefit defends the deceit from reproofs. What thinke you of it?
Ifab. The image of it gives me content already, and I truft it will grow to a moft prosperous perfecution.
Duk. It lies much in your holding vp: hafte you speedily to Angelo, if for this night he intend you to his bed, give him promife of satisfacion: I will prefently to S. Lukes, there at the moated-Grange recides this dete cted Mariana; at that place call vpou me, and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.
Ifab. I thank you for this comfort: fare youwell good father. 
Exit. 
Enter Elbow, Cloues, Officers.
Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and fell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drinke browne & white baffard.
Duk. Of heauens, what fluffe is here.
Clou. Twas neuer merry world since of two vitsuries the merriet was put downe, and the worcer allow'd by order of Law. So a far'd goowe to keene him warme; and fard with Foxe and Lamb-skins too, to signifie, that craft being richer then Innocency, flands for the facing.
Elb. Comie your way fir: 'bleffe you good Father Frier. 
Duk. And you good Brother Father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?
Elb. Marry
Elb. Marry Sir, he hath offended the Law; and Sir, we take him to be a Thieves too Sir: for wee haue found upon him, a strange Pick-lock, which we haue sent to the Deputie.
Duke. Fie, sirrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd, The evil that thou caufest to be done, That is thy meanes to live. Do thou but thinke
What tis to cram a maw, or cloath a backe
From such a filthie vice: say to thy felfe,
From their abominable and beaflly touches
I drink, I eate away my felfe, and liue:
Canft thou beleue thy liuing is a life,
So flankingly depending? Go mend, go mend.
Clo. Indeed, it do's flinke in fome fort, Sir:
But yet Sir I would proue.
Duke. Nay, if the dullue haue given thee proofs for fink Thou wilt proue his take. Take him to prison Officer.
Correftion, and Inftruction muft both worke
Ere this rude beaufe will profit.
Elb. He muft before the Deputy Sir, he ha's given him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-ma-
ter: if he be a Whore-monger, and comes before him, he was as good go a mile on his errand.
Duke. That we were all, as fome would feeme to bee
From our faults, as faults from feeming free.
Enter Lucio.
Elb. His necke will come to your waft, a Cord fir.
Clo. I fpy comfort, I cry baile: Here's a Gentleman, and a friend of mine.
Luc. How now noble Pompeo? What, at the wheels of Caesar? Art thou led in triumph? Is there none of Pigmations Images newly made woman to bee had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracfting clurch'd? What reply? Ha? What falt thou to this Tune, Matter, and Method? Is't not drown'd? i'th laft raine? Ha? What falt thou Trot? Is the world as it was Man? Which is the vway? Is it fad, and few words? Or how? The tricke of it?
Duke. Still thus, and thus: fill vworfe?
Luc. How doth my deere Moriff, thy Miftris? Pro-
cures the flill? Ha?
Clo. Troth fir, fhee hath eaten vp all her beeves, and
she is her felfe in the tub.
Luc. Why tis good: It is the right of it: it muft be fo.
Event your teeth Whore, and your pouders Baud, an
vnhun'd confequence, it muft be fo.
Art going to pri-
son Pompeo?
Clo. Yes faith fir.
Luc. Why 'tis not amiffe Pompeo: farewell: goo fay
I fent thee thether: for debt Pompeo? Or how?
Elb. For being a baud, for being a baud.
Luc. Well, then imprison him: If imprisonmefl be the due of a baud, why 'tis his right. Baud is he do-
blede, and of antiquity too: Baud borne. Farwell good
Pompeo! Commend me to the prison Pompeo, you will
turne good husband now Pompeo, you vvil keep the house.
Clo. I hope Sir, your good Worship wil be my baile?
Luc. No indeed vvil I not Pompeo, it is not the wear:
I will pray (Pompey) to encrease your bondage if you take it not patientely: Why, your mettle is the more:
Adieu truffie Pompeo.
Bliffe you Frar.
'Duke. And you.
Luc. Do's Bridget paint flill, Pompeo? Ha?
Elb. Come your waies fir, come.
Clo. You will not baile me then Sir?
Luc. Then Pompeo, nor now: what newes abroad Fri-
er or What newes?
Elb. Come your waies fir, come.
Luc. Go to kennell (Pompey) goe:
What newes Frier of the Duke?
Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?
Luc. Some fay he is with the Emperor of Ruffia: other
fome, he is in Rome: but where is he think you?
Duke. I know not where: but wherefoever, I with
him well.
Luc. It was a mad fantastical tricke of him to fleale
from the State, and vflupe the beggerie hee was never
borne to: Lord Angelo Dukes it well in his abence: he
puts transgression too.
Duke. He do's well isn't.
Luc. A little more lenitie to Lecherie would doe no
harme in him: Something too crabb'd that way, Frier.
Duke. It is too general a vice, and feueritie muft cure it.
Luc. Yes in good footh, the vice is of a great kindred;
It is vveil allied, but it is impoffible to extirpe it quite,
Frier till eating and drinking be put downe. They fay
this Angelo was not made by Man and Woman, after
this downe-right vway of Creation: is it true, think ye?
Duke. How fhould he be made then?
Luc. Some report, a Sea-maidSpawn'd him. Some,
that he was begot betweene two Stock-fishes. But it
is certain, that when he makes water, his Vrine is con-
genal'd ice, that I know to bee true: and he is a motion
generative, that's infallible.
Duke. You are pleafant fir, and speake apace.
Luc. Why, what a ruthleffe 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 abften have done this?
Ere he vwould have hang'd a man for the getting a hun-
dred Baffards, he vwould haue paide for the Nurfing a
thousand. He had some feeling of the fport, he knew
the feruice, and that inftructed him to mercie.
Duke. I neuer heard the abfenl Duke much defected
for Women, he was not enclin'd that vway.
Luc. Oh Sir, you are deci'd.
Duke. Tis not poiffible.
Luc. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty:
and his vie was, to put a ducket in her Clack-dift; the
Duke had Crochets in him. Hee would be drunke too,
that let me informe you.
Luc. Sir, I was an inward of his: a fhee fellow vvas
the Duke, and I beleue I know the caufe of his vwith-
drawings.
Duke. What (I prethee) might be the caufe?
Luc. No, pardon: 'Tis a fecret must bee lockett with-
in the teeth and the lippes: but this I can let you under-
stand, the greater file of the fubiek held the Duke to be
vife.
Duke. Wife? Why no quefion but he was.
Luc. A very superficial, ignorant, vnweighing fellow
Duke. Either this is Enuite in you, Folly, or mif-
taking: The very fream of his life, and the bufineffe he
hath helmed, muft vppon a warranted neede, give him
a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in
his owne bringings forth, and hee shall appear to the
enious, a Scholler, a Statefman, and a Soldier: there-
fore you speake vnskilfully: or, if your knowledge bee
more, it is much darkned in your malice.

G Luc.
Luc. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Loue talkes with better knowledge, & knowledge with dearer loue.

Luc. Come Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly beleue that, since you know not what you speake. But if euer the Duke returne (as our prayers are he may) let mee desire you to make your an-
swer before him : if it bee honest you haue spake, you haue courage to maintaine it ; I am bound to call vppon you, and I pray you your name?

Luc. Sir my name is Lucio, well known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better Sir, if I may liue to report you.

Luc. I feare you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will returne no more : or you imagine me vnurturfull an opposite : but indeed I can doe you little harme : You'll for-swear me this a-
gaine?

Luc. Ile be hang'd first: Thou art deciu'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 Tanne-dish : I would the Duke we take of were return'd againe: this vnegenitur'd, Agent will vn-people the Province with Continencins. Sparrowes must not build in his houfe- ceues, because they are lecherous: The Duke yet would haue darke deeds darkele anwered, hee would never 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 Fridais. He's now paft it, yet (and I say to thee) hee would montn with a beg- gar, though the smelt browne-bread and Garlick : say that I faid so: Farewell. Exit.

Duke. No might, nor greatnesse in mortality Can censure faie : Back-wounding calumnie The whitest vertue strikes. What King fo strong, Can tie the gall vp in the flanderous tong ? But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Proues, and Benvol.

Efc. Go, away with her to prision.

Benvol. Good my Lord be good to mee, your Honor is accounted a mercifull man : good my Lord.

Efc. Double, and trebble admonition, and still for- feite in the fame kinde? This would make mercy fwear and play the Tirant.

Pro. A Bawd of eleueen yeares continuance, may it please your Honor.

Benvol. My Lord, this is one Lucio's information a-
 gainst mee, Mistris Kate Kepte-downe was with childe by him in the Dukes time, he promis'd her marriage : his Childe is yeere and a quarter olde come Philip and Ja- cob : I haue kept it my selfe; and fee how hee goes about to abuse me.

Efc. That fellow is a fellow of much License : Let him be call'd before vs. Away with her to prision: Goe too, no more words. Prouoy, my Brother Angelo will not be alter'd, Claudio must die to morrow: Let him be furnisht with Diuines, and have all charitable prepara-
tion. If my brother wroght by my pite, it should not be fo with him.

Pro. So please you, this Friar hath beene with him, and advis'd him for the entertenent of death.

Efc. Good'even, good Father.

Duke. Bliffe, and goodnesse on you.

Efc. Of wherence are you?

Duke. Not of this Countrie, though my chance is now To vfe it for my time: I am a brother

Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea,

In speciall businesse from his Holinesse.

Efc. What news abroad?th World?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a Feauor on
goodnesse, that the diffolution of it must cure it. No-
velle is onely in requesst, and as it is as dangerous to be
aged in any kinde of course, as it is vertuous to be con-
dant in any vndertaking. There is scarce truth enough
alise to make Societies secure, but Securitie enough
to make Fellowships accurrt: Much vpon this riddle runs
the wisdomse of the world: This news is old enough,
yet it is euery daies newes. I pray you Sir, of what dif-
position was the Duke?

Efc. One, that above all other strifes,

Contended especially to know himselfe.

Duke. What pleasure was he gluen to?

Efc. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, then

merriie at anie thing which profeft to make him releice.

A Gentleman of all temperance. But leave wee him to
his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperus, &

let me desire to know, how you finde Claudio prepar'd?

I am made to vnderstand, that you have lent him visit-
a.

Duke. He profefts to have received no finisher mea-

ture 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-
caying promises of life, which I (by my good leasure)
have discredited to him, and now is he resolu'd to die.

Efc. You have paid the heavens your Function, and

the prisioner the verie debt of your Calling. I have la-
bour'd for the poore Gentleman, to the extremest shore
of my modelste, but my brother-Iustice haue I found fo
fevere, that he hath for'd me to tell him, hee is indeed
Iustice.

Duke. If his owne life,

Anwered the finisher of his proceeding,

It shall become him well : wherein if he chance to faile
he hath fentenc'd himselfe.

Efc. I am going to visit the prisioner, 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 fland, and Vertue go:

More, nor leffe to others paying,

Then by felfe-offences weighing.

Shame to him, whoe cruel stricking,

Kils for faults of his owne liking:

Twice trebble flame on Angello,

To vveede my vice, and let his grow.

Oh, what may Man within him hide,

Though Angello on the outward fide?

How may likenesse made in crimes,

Making pradifie on the Times,

To draw with yde Spiders string,

Must ponderous and subftantiall things?

Craft againft vice, I must apply.

With Angello to night shall lye

His old betrathed (but defpised:)

So difguise shall by th' undisclosed

Pay with falsdom, falle exacting,

And performe an olde contracting.
Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.

Song.

Take, oh, take those lips away,
that so sweetly were forewarn'd,
And take the brake of day,
lights that doe mislead the Morn;
But my kisst bring againe, bring againe,
Scales of love, but steal'd in vain, steal'd in vain.

Enter Duke.

Mar. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away,
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often fill'd my bewailing discontent.
I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wish
You had not found me here so much call.
Let me excuse me, and beleue me so,
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duk. Tis good; though Mufick oft hath such a charm
To make bad, good; and good prouoke to harme.
I pray you tell me, hath any body enquire'd for mee here to day;
much upon this time have I promis'd here to meete.

Mar. You have not bin enquir'd after: I have fitt here all day.

Enter Isabella.

Duk. I doe constantly beleue you: the time is come
even now. I shall craue your forbearance alltie, may be
I will call vpou you anon for some advantage to your selfe.

Mar. I am always 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 Brickes,
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 leads,
There have I made my promis'ee, vpon the
Heuy middle of the night, to call vpou him.

Duk. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?
Isab. I haue tane a due, and wary note vpou'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
Betwene you 'greed, concerning her obseruation?

Isab. No: none but onely a repaire ith darke,
And that I haue poffest him, my motl stay
Can be but briefe: for I haue made him know,
I haue a Seruant comes with me along
That fakes vpon me; whose perswaision 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 haue, within; come forth,
I pray you be acquainted with this Maid,
She comes to doe you good.

Isab. I doe defer the like.

Duk. Do you perswaide 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 florie readie for your care:
I shall attend your leisure, but make haue
The vaporous night approaches.
Mar. Wilt pleafe you walke aside.

Exit.

Duke. Oh Place, and greatness: millions of false eies
Are fucte vpon thee: volumes of report
Run with these faltc, and most contrarious Quest:
Vpon thy doinges: 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 vpou her father,
If you aduise it.

Duk. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.
Isab. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mar. Fear me not.

Duk. Nor gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contrat:
To bring you thus together'tis no finne,
Sith that the Jultice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let vs goe,
Our Corne's to reape, for yet our Tithes to loww. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prouost and Cloven.

Pro. Come hither Sirra; 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 wifes head,
And I can never cut off a womens head.

Pro. Come sir, leauve me your fnauchtes, and yeeld mee
a direct answere. To morrow morning are to die Claunia
and Barnardine: heere is in our prifon a common execu- 
cutioner, who in his office lacks a helper, if you will take
it on you to affift him, it shall redeeme you from your
Gyues: if not, you shall haue your full time of imprison-
ment, and your deliuerance with an vnpitied whipping:
for you have beene a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have 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 receive some instrucion from
my fellow partner.

Pro. What haas, Aberfon: where's Aberfon there?
Enter Aberfon.

Abb. Doe you call Sir?

Pro. Sirra, here's a fellow will help you to morrow
in your execution; if you thinke it meet, compound
with him by the yeree, and let him abide here with you, if not,
ve him for the preuent, and difmisse him, hee cannot
plead his estimation with you: he hath beene a Bawd.

Abb. A Bawd Sir? fie vpon him, he will difcredit our
myfterie.

Pro. Go to Sir, you waigh equallie: a feather will
turne the Scale.

Clo. Pray Sir, by your good fador: for surely Sir, a
good fador you haue, but that you haue a hanging look:
Doe you call Sir, your occupation a Myfterie?

Abb. 1,

G 2
Measure for Measure.

Abb. I Sir, a Misterie.

Clo. Painting Sir, I have heard say, is a Misterie; and your Whores sir, being members of my occupation, v- sing painting, do prowe my Occupation, a Misterie: but what Misterie there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abb. Sir, it is a Misterie.

Clo. Prooft.

Abb. Euerie true mans apparrel fits your Theefe.

Clo. If it be too little for your theefe, your true man thinks it bigge enough. If it bee too bigge for your Theefe, your Theefe thinks it little enough: So euerie true mans apparrel fits your Theefe.

Enter Prouooff.

Pro. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will ferue him: For I do finde your Hang- man is a more penitent Trade then your Bawd: he doth ofter ask fouerineefee.

Pro. You sirrah, prouide your blocke and your Axe to morrow, soure a clocke.

Abb. Come on (Bawd) I will infruct thee in my Trade: follow.

Clo. I do desire to learne sir: and I hope, if you have occasion to vfe me for your owne turne, you shall finde me yere. For truly sir, for your kindneffe, I owe you a good turne.

Exit

Pro. Call hether Barnardine and Claudio:

Th'one has my piete: not a lot the other, Being a Murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Looke, here's the Warrant Claudio, for thy death, 'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow Thou must be made immortall. Where's Barnardine?

Cla. As faf lock'd vp in sleepe, as guiltleffe labour, When it lies fafely in the Travellers bones, He will not wake.

Pro. Who can do good on him?

Well, go, prepare your selfe. But harke, what noife? Heauen give your spirits comfort: by, and by, I hope it is some pardon, or reprove

For the most gentle Claudio. Welcome Father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The beft, and wholomft spirits of the night, Inuellop you, good Prouooff: who call'd heere of late? Pro. None since the Curpewh rung.

Duke. Not Iſabel?

Pro. No.

Duke. They will then e're be long.

Pro. What comfort is for Claudio?

'Duke. There's fome in hope.

Pro. It is a bitter Deputie.

Duke. Not fo, not fo: his life is paralied

Even with the froke and line of his great Luftice: He doth with boile abifheme fuldue

That in himfelle, which he fperres on his powre To qualifie in others: were he meaf'd with that Which he correfets, then were he tirannous, But this being fo, he's iuft. Now are they come. This is a gentle Prouooff, fildome when

The feedled Caoler is the friend of men: How now? what noife? That spirit's poifeft with haft, That wounds th'vning Puterne with these frokes.

Pro. There he muft obey untill the Officer

Afife to let him in: he is call'd vp.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet?

But he muft die to morrow?

Pro. None Sir, none.

Duke. As neere the dawning Prouooff, as it is,

You shall heare more ere Morninge.

Pro. Happily

You something know: yet I beleue there comes No countermand: no such example haue we,

Befides, vpon the verie fije of Iuftice,

Lord Angelo hath to the publicke eare

Profeft the contrarie.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his Lords man.

Pro. And heere comes Claudio's pardon.

Meff. My Lord hath fent you this note,

And by mee this further charge;

That you swerve not from the smallift Article of it,

Neither in time, matter, or other circumftance.

Good morrow: for as I take it, it is almoft day.

Pro. I fhall obey him.

Duke. This is his Pardon purchas'd by fuch fin

For which the Pardoner himfelfe is in:

Hence hath offence his quicke celerlde,

When it is borne in high Authority.

When Vice makes Mercie; Mercie's fo extended,

That for the faults loue, is th'offender friended.

Now Sir, what newes?

Pro. I told you:

Lord Angelo (be-like) thinking me remiffe

In mine Office, awakens mee

With this vnwonted putting on, methinks strangely:

For he hath not vs'd it before.

Duke. Pray you let's heare.

The Letter.

What fay you may heere to the contrary, let Claudio be ex- ecuted by fount of the clocke, and in the aftronoeo Barnar- dine: For my better satisfactiun, let mee baue Claudio head fent me by fue. Let this be delyuer'd with a thought that more depends on it, then we muft yet deliever. This fails not to doe your Office, as you will anfwere it at your perill.

What fay you to this Sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be execut'd in th'afternoone?

Pro. A Bohemian borne: But here nurft vp & bred, One that is a prisoner nine yeeres old.

Duke. How came it, that the abfent Duke had not either deliever'd him to his libertie, or executed him? I have heard it was euery man's duty to do fo.

Pro. His friends flill wrought Repeares for him: And indeed his fift till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtfull profe.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Pro. Mofl manifeft, and not denied by himfelfe.

Duke. Hath he borne himfelfe penitently in prison?

How femees he to be touch'd?

Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dread- fully, but as a drunken sleepe, careleffe, wreakeleffe, and fereeleffe of what's paft, prefent, or to come: infenfible of mortality, and dearefully mortall.

Duke. He wants aduice.

Pro. He will heare none: he hath euermore had the li- berty of the prifon: gue him leaue to ecape hence, he would not. Drunke many times a day, if not many days entirely drunke. We have verie oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming war- rant for it, it hath not mouded him at all.

Duke.
Measure for Meaure.

"Duke. More of him anon: There is written in your brow Provoost, honesty and constancie; if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldnes of my cunning, I will lay my felle in hazard: Claudio, whom heere you haue warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the Law, then Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifester effect, I crave but foure daies repfit: for the which, you are to do me both a preuent, and a dangerous courtefe.

Pro. Pray Sir, in what?
Duke. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alacke, how may I do it? Having the hour limited, and an expresse command, ynder penaltie, to deliuer his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my cafe as Claudio's, to croffe this in the smallesi.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you, if my inftructions 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 dilguiser, and you may adde to it: Shame the head, and tie the beard, and say it was the defire of the penfent to be so bar'd before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you vpon this, more then thankes and good fortune, by the Saint whom I professe, I will plead againft it with my life.

Pro. Pardon me, good Father, it is against my oath.
Duke. Were you sworne to the Duke, or to the De-putie?
Pro. To him, and to his Substitutes.

Duke. You will thinkke you have made no offence, if the Duke auouch the luflice of your dealing?
Pro. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a refemb lance, but a certainty; yet since I fee you fearfull, that neither my coate, integritie, nor perfwaion, can with eafe attempt you, I will go further then I meant, to plucke all feares out of you. Lookke you Sir, heere is the hand and Seale of the Duke: you know the Charra[c]ter I doubt not, and the Signet is not strange to you?

Pro. I know them both.

Duke. The Contents with this, is the returne of the Duke; you shall anon ouer-reade it at your plesaure: where you shall finde within these two daies, he will be heere. This is a thing that Angeloknowes not, for hee this very day receiues letters of strange tenor, perchaunce of the Dukes death, perchaunce entering into some Mo[n]atterie, but by chance nothing of what is writ.Lookke, th'vndolding Starre calleth vp the Shepherd; but put your felle 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 give him a present thirft, and aduise him for a better place. Yet you are amase'd, but this shal be absolutely reoluue you: Came away, it is almost cleere dawnne. Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Closerie.

Clo. I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our house of profission: one would think it were Mifbris

Out-rons owne house, for heere be manie of her old Cufomers. First, here's yong Mr. Raff, hee's in for a commodite of browne paper, and olde Ginger, nine score and feventeene pounds, of which hee made fиеe Markes readie money: marrie then, Ginger was not much in reques, for the olde Women were all dead. Then is there heere one Mr. Copr, at the suite of Mafter Three-Pile the Mercer, for some faire suites of Peacoch-colord Satten, which now peaches him a beggar. Then haue vve heere, yong Dimies, and yong Mr. Deepevowes, and Mr. Copperpue[re], and Mr. Statre-Lahcey the Raper and dagger man, and yong Drop-beere that kild little Pudding, and Mr. Fortsight the Tilter, and braue Mr. Scoorie the great Traveller, and Wilde Half-canne that flabb'd Pots, and I thinkke fortie more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the Lords fake.

Enter Abborson.
Abb. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hether.
Clo. Mr. Barnardine, you must rife and be hang'd,
Mr. Barnardine.
Abb. 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 rife, and be put to death.
Bar. Away you Rogues, away, I am sleepe.
Abb. Tell him he must awake,
And that quickly too.
Clo. Pray Maister Barnardine, awake till you are ex-ecuted, and sleepe afterwards.
Abb. Go in to him, and fetch him out.
Clo. He is comming Sir, he is comming: I heare his Straw ruffle.

Enter Barnardine.
Abb. Is the Axe vpon the blocke, sirrah?
Clo. Verie readie Sir.
Bar. How now Abborson?
What's the newes with you?
Abb. Truly Sir, I would deire you to clap into your prayers: for looke you, the Warrants come.
Bar. You Rogue, I haue bin drinking all night,
I am not fitted for't.
Clo. Oh, the better Sir: for he that drinks all night,
and is hanged becommes in the morning, may sleepe the founder all the next day.

Enter Duke.
Abb. Looke you Sir, heere comes your ghastly Fa-
ther: do we left 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 brains with billets: I will not confent to die this day, that's certaine.
Duke. Oh sir, you must: and therefore I befeech you Looke forward on the iournie you shall go.
Bar. I fware I will not die to day for anie mans per-
Ifasion.
Abb. But heare you:
Bar. Nor a word: if you haue anie thing to say to me, come to my Ward: for thence will not I to day.

Enter Prousfl.
Duke. Vnfit to live, or die: oh grauell heart.

G 3 

After
After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke.

_Pro. Now Sir, how do you finde the prisoner?

_Duke. A creature vnpre-pard, vnmeet for death, And to transport him in the minde he is, Were damnable.

_Pro. Heere in the prifon, Father,

There died this morning of a crull Feauor, One Ragazine, a moft notorious Pirate, A man of Claudio's yeares : his beard, and head Iuft of his colour. What if we do omit This Reprobate, til he were wel enclin'd, And satisfie the Deputie with the vifage Of Ragazine, more like to Claudio?

_Duke. Oh, 'tis an accident that heauen prouides : Dispatch it prefently, the houre draws on Prefift by Angelo : See this be done, And fent according to command, whiles I Perfwade this rude wretch willingly to die. _Pro. This fhall be done (good Father) prefently : But Barnardine must die this afternoone, And how fhall we continue Claudio, To fave me from the danger that might come, If he were knowne alie?

_Duke. Let this be done, Put them in fecret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio, Ere twice the Sun hath made his iournall greeting To yond generation, you fhall finde Your fafetie manifefte.

_Pro. I am your free dependant.

_Duke. Quicke, dispatch, and fend the head to Angelo,
Now wil I write Letters to ~Angelo,
(Thro' the Prouofh he fhall bear them) whose contents Shal witneffe to him I am neere at home : And that by great Iniuions I am bound To enter publicke : him Ile defire To meet me at the cofecrated Fount, A League below the Citie : and from thence, By cold gradation, and weale-ballanc'd forme. We fhall proceed with Angelo.

Enter Prouofh.

_Pro. Heere is the head, Ile carry it my felfe.

_Duke. Conneint is it : Make a fift returne, For I would commune with you of fuch things, That want no care but yours.

_Pro. Ile make all speede.

_Exit. Iftbell within.

_Ift. Peace hoa, be heere.

_Duke. The tongue of Iftbell. 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 heavenly comforts of elfpaine, When it is leaft expected.

Enter Iftbella.

_Ift. Hoa, by your leave.

_Duke. Good morning to you, faire, and gracious daughter.

_Ift. The better guien me by fo holy a man, Hath yet the Deputie fent my brothers pardon?

_Duke. He hath releafed him, Iftbell, from the world, His head is off, and fent to Angelo.

_Ift. Nay, but it is not fo.

_Duke. It is no other,
Shew your wifedom daughter in your clofe patience.

_Ift. Oh, I wil to him, and plucke out his eies.

_Duke. You fhall not be admitted to his fight.

_Ift. Unhappy Claudio, wretcheft Iftbell,

Injuious world, moft dammed Iftabella.

_Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a lot, Forbeare it therefore, give your caufe to heauen, Marke what I say, which you fhall finde By every fillable a faithful veritie.

The Duke comes home to morrow : nay drie your eyes, One of our Couen, and his Confessor Giveth me this incantation : already he hath caried Notice to Efcalus and Iftabella,

Who do prepare to meete him at the gates, (done,
There to give vp their powre : if you can pace your wif- In that good path that I would with it go, And you fhall have your bosome on this wretch, Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart, And general Honor.

_Ift. I am direcfted by you.

_Duke. This Letter then to Friar Peter give,
'Tis that he lent me of the Dukes returne : Say, by this token, I defire his companie At Marianna's howe to night. Her caufe, and yours Ile perfec'h him withall, and he fhall bring you Before the Duke ; and to the head of Angelo Accufe him home and home. For my poore felfe, I am combined by a facred Vow, And fhall be abfent. Wend you with this Letter : Command thofe fretting waters from your eies With a light heart ; truth not my holine Order If I peruey your courfe : whole heere?

Enter Lucius.

_Luc. Good 'euen;

_Frier, where's the Prouofh?

_Duke. Not within Sir.

_Luc. Oh prettie Iftabella, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes fo red : thou must be patient ; I am faine to dine and fup with water and bran : I dare not for my head fill my belly. One fruitful Meale would fet mee too't : but they fay the Duke will be heere to Morrow. By my troth Iftabella I lou'd thy brother, if the olde fantatical Duke of darke corners had bene at home, he had liued.

_Duke. Sir, the Duke is maruisous little beholding to your reports, but the beh is, he lies not in them. 

_Luc. Friar, thou knoweft not the Duke fo wel as I do : he's a better woodman then thou tak'st him for.

_Well. You'll anfwer 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 have told me too many of him already fir 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 fish a thing?

_Luc. Yes marrie did I; but I was faine to forswear it, They would elfe have married me to the rotten Medler.

_Duke. Sir your company is fairener then honeft, reft you well.

_Lucio. By my troth Ile go with thee to the lanes end: if baudy talke offend you, we'el haue very little of it : may Friar, I am a kind of Burre, I fiall tlicker.

Exit. Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo & Efcalus.

_Efc. Every Letter he hath writ, hath difcouch'd other.
Measure for Measure.

An. In most vneuen and disaffected manner, his actions how much like to madness, pray heaven his wisdome bee not tainted: and why meet him at the gates and relieuer on rau thorities there?  

Efc. I giefe not.  

Ang. And why shoulde wee proclaime it in an houre before his entring, that if any craue redresse of injustice, they shoulde exhibit their petitions in the street?  

Efc. He shewes his reason for that: to have a dispatch of Complaints, and to deliver vs from deuices heere after, which shall then haue no power to fland against vs.  

Ang. Well: I beseech you let it bee proclaem'd be times I'h th'morne, Ie call you at your howe: gue notice to such men of fort, and suite as are to meete him.  

Efc. I shall sir: fareyouwell.  

Ang. Good night.  

This decea vnshapes me quite, makes me vnpregnant  

And dull to all proceedings. A deflowered maid,  

And by an eminient body, that enforc'd  
The Law against it? But that her tender shame  
Will not proclaime against her maiden losse,  
How might the 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 shoulde have li'd,  
Saue that his riotous youth with dangerous fenc  
Might in the times to come haue ta'ne renuege  
By fo receiving a diuador'h life  
With ranfome of fuch shame: would yet he had liued.  
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,  
Nothing goes right, we would and we would not.  

Exit.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Duke and Frier Peter.  

Duke. These Letters at fit time deliver me,  
The Proudrot knowes our purpose and our plot,  
The matter being a foot, keep your instruction  
And hold you ever to our speciall drif,  
Though sometimes you doe blench from this to that  
As caufe doth minifter: Goe call at Flania's howe,  
And tell him where I stay: gue the like notice  
To Valentine, Rowland, and to Graffus,  
And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate:  
But send me Flania first.  

Peter. It shall be speeded well.  

Enter Varrius.  

Duke. I thank thee Varrius, thou hast made good haft,  
Come, we will walke: There's other of our friends  
Will greet vs here anon: my gentle Varrius.  

Exit.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.  

Ifab. To speake so indirectly I am loath,  
I would say the truth, but to accuse him fo  
That is your part, yet I am adul'd to doe it,  
He fies, to vaile full purpofe.  

Mar. Be rul'd by him.  

Ifab. Besides he tells me, that if peraduenture  
He speake against me on the aduere side,  
I should not think it strange, for 'tis a phyficke  
That's bitter, to sweet end.  

Enter Peter.  

Mar. I would Frier Peter  

Ifab. Oh peace, the Frier is come.  

Peter. Come I have found you out a flood maft fit,  
Where you may haue such vantage on the Duke  
He shall not paffe you:  

Twice hauie the Trumpets founded.  

The generous, and graueft Citizens  
Haue hent the gates, and very neere vpon  
The Duke is entring:  

Therefore hence away.  

Exit.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Efcalus, Lucio,  
Citizens at几urall dores.  

Duk. My very worthy Cofen, fairly met,  
Our old, and faithfull friend, we are glad to see you.  

Ang. Efc. Happy returne be to your royall grace.  

Duk. Many and harty thankings to you both:  
We have made enquiry of you, and we heare  
Such goodness of your Iustice, that our foule  
Cannot but yeeld you forth to publique thanks  
Forerunning more requittal.  

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.  

Duk. Oh your defert speakes loud, & I should wrong it  
To locke it in the wards of courst before  
When it deferves with characters of bratte  
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time,  
And razour of obliuion: Glue we your hand  
And let the Subiecte fee, to make them know  
That outward curtefies would faime proclaime  
Faoures that keepe within: Come Efcalus,  
You muft walke by vs, on our other hand:  
And good supporter are you.  

Enter Peter and Isabella.  

Peter. Now is your time  
Speake loud, and kneele before him.  

Ifab. Iustice, O royall Duke, vaile your regard  
Vpon a wrong'd (I would faie haue faid a Maid)  
Oh worthy Prince, diuador not your eye  
By throwing it on any other obiect,  
Till you haue heard me, in my true complaint,  
And guuen me Iustice, Iustice, Iustice, Iustice.  

Duk. Relate your wrongs;  
In what, by whom? be briefe;  
Here is Lord Angelo shall guie you Iustice,  
Reveal your felle to him.  

Ifab. Oh worthy Duke,  
You bid me fpeeke redemption of the diuell,  
Heare me your felle: for that which I muft speake  
Must either punifh me, not being beleev'd,  
Or wring redrefle from you:  
Heare me: oh heare me, heare.  

Ang. My Lord, her wits I fear me are not firme:  
She hath bin a fuitor to me, for her Brother  
Cut off by course of Iustice.  

Ifab. By course of Iustice.  

Ang. And she will speake most bitterly, and strange.  

Ifab. Muft
Measure for Measure.

Iab. Most strange: but yet most truly will I speake,
That Angelo's forsworne, is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer, 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?
Iab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Then this is all as true, as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
To th'end of reckning.
Duke. Away with her: poor foule
She speaks this, in th' infirmity of fience.
Iab. Oh Prince, I confufe thee, as thou beleu'lt
There is another comfort, then this world,
That thou negleft me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madneffe: make not impossible
That which but femees unlike, 'tis not impossible
But one, the wickedft cadiffe on the ground
May feme as fie, as graue, as luftr, as abfolufe:
As Angelo, even fo may Angelo
In all his drefsings, caftles, titles, formes,
Be an arch-villaine: Believe it, royall Prince
If he be felfe, he's nothing, but he's more,
Had I more name for badneffe.
Duke. By mine honeftly
If he be mad, as I beleue no other,
Her madneffe hath the oddft frame of fenfe,
Such a dependancy of thing, on thing,
As ere I heard in madneffe.
Iab. Oh gracious Duke
Harpe not on that; nor do not banifh reafon
For inequality, but let your reafon ferve
To make the truth appear, where it femees hid,
And hide the falfe femees true.
Duk. Many that are not mad
Haue fure more lacke of reafon:
What would you fay?
Iab. I am the Sifter of one Claudio,
Condemned vpon the Act of Fornication
To loofe his head, condemn'd by Angelo,
I, (in probation of a Sisterhood)
Was lent to by my Brother; one Lucio
As then the Meatfer.
Luc. That's I, and'd like your Grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and defir'd her,
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo,
For her poore Brothers pardon.
Iab. That's he indeed.
Duk. You were not bid to fpeek.
Luc. No, my good Lord,
Nor with'd to hold my peace.
Duk. I with you now then,
Pray you take note of it: and when you haue
A buifineffe for your felle: pray heauen you then
Be perfect.
Luc. I warrant your honor.
Duk. The warrant's for your felle: take heed to't.
Iab. This Gentleman told fomewhat of my Tale.
Luc. Right.
Duk. It may be right, but you are i' the wrong
To fpeek before your time: proceed,
Iab. I went
To this pernicious Cadiffe Deputie.
Duk. That's fomewhat madly fpoken.
Iab. Pardon it,

The phrase is to the matter.
Iab. In briefe, to fett the iniquities proceffe by:
If he perfwaded, how I praid, and kneeld,
How he refcold me, and how I replide
(For this was of much length) the vild conclufion
I now begin with griefe, and shame to vter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaffe body
To his concupifible intemperate luft
Releafe my brother; and after much debatement,
My fifter remorfe, confutes mine honour,
And I did yeeld to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpoſe furreftting, he fends a warrant
For my poore brothers head.
Duke. This is moft likely.
Iab. Oh that it were as like as it is true. (fpeek't)
'Duk. By heauen (fond wretch) you know not what thou
Or else thou art born'd against his honor
In hatefull praficie: firft his Integritie
Stands without blemifh: next it imports no reafon,
That with fuch vehemency he should pursue
Fauls proper to himfelfe: if he had fo offended
He would have weigh'd thy brotfher by himfelfe,
And not have cut him off: fome one hath fet you on
Confede the truth, and say by whole advice
Thou can't heere to complaine.
Iab. And is this all?
Then oh you bleffed Minifters abufe
Keape 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 vnbeleuued goe.
'Duke. I know you'll faine be gone: An Officer:
To prifon with her: Shall we thus permit
A blafting and a fandalous breath to fall,
On him so neere vs? This needs muft be a praficie;
Who knew of your intent and comming hither?
Iab. One that I would were heere, Fryer Lodowic.
Duk. A goodly Father, belike:
Who knowes what Lodowicke?
Luc. My Lord, I know him, 'tis a medling Fryer,
I doe not like the man: had he beene Lay my Lord,
For certaine words he fpake againft your Grace
In your retirement, I had ow'd him fondly.
Duke. Words againft me? this 'a good Fryer belike
And to fet on this wretched woman here
Againft our Sublitute: Let this Fryer be found.
Luc. But yefternight my Lord, she and that Fryer
I faw them at the prifon: a fawcy Fryer,
A very fcuruy fellow.
Fryer. Bleffed be your Royall Grace:
I haue blynd my Lord, and I haue heard
Your royall earl abu'd: firft hath this woman
Moft wrongfully accus'd your Sublitute,
Who is as free from touch, or fame with her
As the from one vngot.
Duke. We did beleue no leffe.
Know you that Fryer Lodowic that the fpakes of?
Fryer. I know him for a man diuine and holy,
Not fcuruy, nor a temporary medier:
As he's reported by this Gentleman:
And on my trut, a man that neuer yet
Did (as he vouches) mil-report your Grace.
Luc. My Lord, moft villainoufly, beleue it.
Fryer. Well: he in time may come to cleere himselfe;
But at this instant he is sicke, my Lord:

Of
Measur for Measur.

Of a strange Feauer: upon his meere requete
Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came i thither
To speake as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false: And what he with his oath
And all probation will make vp full cleare
Whensoever he's contented: First for this woman,
To iustifie this worthy Noble man
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you heare disprofed to her eyes,
Till she her selfe confesse it.

Duk. Good Friere, let's heare it:

Doe you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?
Oh heauen, the vanity of wretched foolcs.
Glive vs some feeses, Come cofen Angelo,
In this I'll be impartial: be you Judge
Of your owne Cause: Is this the Witness Frier?

Enter Mariana.

Firt, let her shew your face, and after, speake.

Mar. Pardon my Lord, I will not shew my face
Vntill my husband bid me.

Duk. What, are you married?
Mar. No my Lord.
Duk. Are you a Maid?
Mar. No my Lord.
Duk. A Widow then?
Mar. Neither, my Lord.
Duk. Why you are nothing then: neither Maid, Wi-
dow, 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 caue
to prattle for himselfe.

Luc. Well my Lord.

Mar. My Lord, I doe confesse I were 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, woult 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 felte-fame manner, doth accuse my husband,
And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,
When I'l depose I had him in mine Arms
With all th'effect of Loue.

Ang. Charges the moe then me?  
Mar. Not that I know.

Duk. No? you say your husband.

Mar. Why lust, my Lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinkes he knowes, that he nere knew my body,
But knowes, he thinkes, that he knowes Isabell.

Ang. This is a strange abused: Let's see thy face.

Mar. My husband bids me, now I will vmaske.
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo
Which once thou savor'd, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which with a vowd contract
Was falt beolcket in thine: This is the body
That tooke away the match from Isabell,
And did supply thee at thy garden-houfe
In her Imagin'd perfon.

Duk. Know you this woman?

Luc. Carnallie the faies.

Duk. Sirha, no more.

Luc. Enouj my Lord.

Ang. My Lord, I muft confesse, I know this woman,
And flue yeres since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt my felfe, and her; which was broke off,
Partly for that her promis'd proportions
Came short of Composition: But in chief:
For that her reputation was dif-valued
In leuite: Since which time of flue yeres
I never 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 breath,
As there is fence in truth, and truth in vertue,
I am affiance this mans wife, as strongly
As words could make vp vowes: And my good Lord,
But Tuesday night left gun, in's garden houfe,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raife me from my knees,
Or else for ever be confexed here
A Marble Monument.

Ang. I did but smile till now,
Now, good my Lord, give me the scope of Iustice,
My patience here is touch'd: I doe perceiue
Thre poore informal women, are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on. Let me haue way, my Lord
To finde this praucifie out.

Duk. I, with my heart,
And punifh them to your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish Frier, and thou pernicious woman
Compact with her that's gone: think't thou, thy oathes,
Though they would sworwe downe each particular Saint,
Were testimonies against his worth, and credit
That's feald in approbation? you, Lord Efcaus
Sit with my Cozen, lend him your kinde paines
To finde out this abufe, whence 'tis deriu'd.
There is another Frier that fet them on,
Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my Lord, for he indeed
Hath fet the women on to this Complaint;
Your Prouoost knowes the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duk. Does he do it instantly:

And you, my noble and well-warranted Cofen
Whom it concerns to heare this matter forth,
Doe with your injuries as femees you bift
In any chaftellment; I for a while
Will leaue you; but ifr not you till you have
Well determin'd vpon these Slanderes.

Exit.

Ejf. My Lord, we'll do it throughly: Signior Lu-
cio, did not you say you knew that Frier Lediowick to be a di-
ameth perfon?

Luc. Caecilus non facit Monasticum, honest in nothing
but in his Clothes, and one that hath spoke most villi-
nous speeches of the Duke.

Ejf. We shall intreat you to abide heere till he come,
And force them against him: we shall finde this Frier a
notable fellow.

Luc. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Ejf. Call that name Isabell here once again, I would
speake with her: pray you, my Lord, gie mee leave to
question, you shall see how I leaue her.

Luc. Not better then he, by her owne report.

Ejf. Say you?

Luc. Marry sir, I thinkke, if you handled her privately
She would sooner confesse, perchance publibly she'll be shamed.

Enter Duke, Provost, Isabella.

Efc. I will goe darkely to worke with her.

Luc. That's the way: for women are light at midnight.

Efc. Come on Minfirs, here's a Gentlewoman, Denies all that you have said.

Luc. My Lord, here comes the rafcall I spoke of,
Here, with the Provost.

Efc. In very good time: speake not to you, till we call vpon you.

Luc. Mum.

Efc. Come Sir, did you set these women on to flan-
der Lord Angelo? they have confed'd you did.

Duk. 'Tis false.

Efc. How? Know you where you are?

Duk. Refpeck to your great place; and let the divell Be fometime honour'd, for his burning throne.

Where is the Duke? 'tis he should heare me speake.

Efc. The Duke's in vs: and we will heare you speake, Looked you speake instandy.

Duk. Boldly, at leaft. But oh poor foules,
Come you to heeke the Lamb here of the Fox;
Good night to your redrelfe: Is the Duke gone?
Then is your caufe gone too: The Duke's vniuft,
Thus to retort your manifett Appeal, And put your triall in the villaines mouth,
Which here you come to acuife.

Luc. This is the rafcall: this is he I spoke of.

Efc. Why thou vveerrestring, and unhallowed Fryer:
Isn't not enough thou haft forbond'd these women, To accuse this worthy man? but in foule mouth, And in the witnesse of his proper ear, To call this villain: and then to glance from him,
To th'Duke himselfe, to take him with iniustice, Take him hence; to th' racke with him: we'll towze you
Joynt by joynt, but we will know his purpoe:
What? vniuft?

Duk. Be not fo hot: the Duke dare
No more stretch this finger of mine, then he Dare racke his owne: his Subjext am I not,
Nor here Prouinceall: My busineffe in this State
Made me a looker on here in Piuenn, Where I have feene corruption boyle and bubble,
Till it ore-run the Stewre: Lawes, for all faults, But faults fo countenanc'd, that the strong Statutes Stand like the forfeltes in a Barbers shop,
As much in mocke, as marke.

Efc. Slander to th' State:
Away with him to prifon.

Ang. What can you vouch against him Signior Lucius?
Is this the man that you did tell vs of?

Luc. 'Tis he, my Lord: come hithe runon bald-pate, doe you know me?

Duk. I remember you Sir, by the found of your voice, I met you at the Prifon, 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 fielh-mon-
ger, a foole, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duk. You mist(Sir) change perfons with me, ere you make that my report; you indeeed spoke fo of him, and
much more, much worke.

Luc. Oh thou damnable fellow: did not I plucke thee by the nofe, for thy fiechters?

Duk. I protest, I loue the Duke, as I loue my selfe.

Ang. Harke how the villaine would close now, after his travefable abuses.

Efc. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withall: Away with him to prifon: Where is the Provost? away with him to prifon: lay bolt enough vpon him: let him speak no more: away with thofe Giglets too, and with the oth-
er confedrate companion.

Duk. Stay Sir, stay a while.

Ang. What, refuits he? helpe him Lucius.

Luc. Come sir, come sir, come sir: foñ fir, why you bald-pated lying rafcall you must be hooded mufit you? show your knaues vifage with a poxe to you: show your sheepe-biting face, and be hang'd an houre: will't not off?

Duk. Thou art the firft knaue, that ere mad't a Duke.

Firft. Provost, let me bayle thyfe gentle three:
Sneake not away Sir, for the Fryer, and you,
Must have a word anon: lay hold on him.

Luc. This may prove worfe then hanging.

Duk. What you have spoke, I pardon: fit you downe,
We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your leaue;
Ha'ft thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can doe thee office? If thou ha'ft
Rely on it, till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. Oh, my dread Lord, I should be guiltier then my guiltineffe,
To think I can be vndiscernable,
When I perceive your grace, like powre diuine,
Hath look'd vpon my paffes. Then good Prince,
No longer Seffion hold vpon my shame,
But let my Triall, be mine owne Confeffion:
Immediate sentence then, and fequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duk. Come hithe Mariana,
Say: was thou ere contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was no Lord.

Duk. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.

Duk. I shew not, then my guiltineffe,
To think I can be vndiscernable,
When I perceive your grace, like powre diuine,
Hath look'd vpon my paffes. Then good Prince,
No longer Seffion hold vpon my shame,
But let my Triall, be mine owne Confeffion:
Immediate sentence then, and fequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duk. Come hithe Isabella,
Your Fryer is now your Prince: As I was then
Aduertifying, and holy to your busineffe,
(Not changing heart with habit) I am still,
Attourned at your seruice.

Isabe. Oh give me pardon
That I, your vaffaile, haue imploide, and pain'd
Your veknowne Soueraignty.

Duk. You are pardon'd Isabeall:
And now, deere Maide, be you as free to vs.
Your Brothers death I know fits at your heart:
And you may maruaile, why I obfcur'd my felfe,
Labouring to faue his life: and would not rather
Make raht remonftrance of my hidden powre,
Then let him be lofi: oh moft kinde Maide,
It was the fwiit celerity of his death,
Which I did thinke, with flower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpoe: but peace be with him,
That life is better life past fearing death,
Then that which lies to feare: make it your comfort,
Measur e for Measure.

So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo, Marz, Peter, Prouost.

I think I doe my Lord.

Duke. For this new married man, approaching here,
Wholes falt imagination yet hath wrong'd,
Your well defended honor: you must pardon,
For Marz's sake: But as he sing'd your Brother,
Being criminal, in double violation,
Of sacred Chastity, and of promisfe breach,
Thereon dependant for your Brothers life,
The very mercy of the Law cries out.
Molt audible, even from his proper tongue.

An Angelo for Claudio, death for death;
Hafte still pales hafte, and leafe, anfwers leafe;
Like doth quit like, and Measure fill for Measure:
Then Angelo, thy fault's thus manifef ted,
Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage.
We doe condemn thee to the very Blocke,
Where Claudio floop'd to death, and with like hafte.
Away with him.

Mar. Oh my moft gracious Lord,
I hope you will not mocke me with a husband?

Duke. It is your husband mock't you with a husband,
Confentling to the safe-guard of your honor,
I thought your marriage fit: elfe Imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come: For his Pollifions,
Although by confutation they are ours;
We doe en-flate, 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 definete.

Mar. Gentie my Liege.

Duke. You doe but loofe your labour.

Away with him to death: Now Sir, to you.

Mar. Oh my good Lord, sweet Iftabel, take my part,
Lend me your kisses, and all my life to come,
I'll lend you all my life to doe you service.

Duke. Against all fence you doe importune her,
Should the kneele downe, in mercie of this falt,
Her Brothers ghost, his pauid bed would breake,
And take her hence in horror.

Mar. Iftabel:
Sweet Iftabel, doe yet but kneele by me,
Hold vp your hands, say nothing: I'll speake all.
They fay beft men are moulded out of faults,
And for the moft, become much more the better
For being a little bad: So may my husband.
Oh Iftabel: will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Iftab. Most bounteous Sir.
Looke if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my Brother liu'd: I partly think,
A due incarciere govern'd his deedes,
Till he did looke on me: Since it is fo,
Let him not die: my Brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he diete.
For Angelo, his Act did not ore-take his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perifh'd by the way: thoughts are no subiects
Intents, but meerely thoughts.

Mar. Meereely my Lord.

Duke. Your fante's not expreflable: Stand vp I fay:
I have bethought me of another fault.
Prouost, how Came it Claudio was beheaded?

At an vnufuall howre?

Præ. It was commanded fo.

Duke. Had you a spesiall warrant for the deed?

Præ. No my good Lord: it was by private message.

Duke. For which I doe discharge you of your office,
Give vp your keyes.

Præ. Pardon me, noble Lord,
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
Yet did repent me after more advice,
For testimony whereof, one in the prifon
That should by private order elfe have dide,
I Have refer'd alio.

Duke. What's he?

Præ. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done fo by Claudio:
Goe fetch him hither, let me looke vp on him.

Eff. I am forry, one fo learned, and fo wife
As you, Lord Angelo, haue fill appear'd,
Should flip it groffifie, both in the heat of bloud
And lacke of temper'd judgement afterward.

Ang. I am forry, that such forrow I procure,
And fo deepe ficks it in my penitent heart,
That I craue death more willingly then mercy,
'Tis my deferuing, and I doe entreat it.

Enter Barnardine and Prouost, Claudio, Iulietta.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Præ. This my Lord.

Duke. There was a Friar told me of this man.
Sirha, thou art faide to have a flubborne foule
That apprehends no further then this world,
And Squaft thy life according: Thou'ret 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 aduife him,
I leave him to your hand: What muffeld fellow's that?

Præ. This is another prisoner that I sau'd,
Who shou'd have di'd when Claudio loft his head,
As like almoft to Claudio, as himselfe.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his fake
Is he pardon'd, and for your louelie fake
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that:
By this Lord Angelo perceives he's fale,
Methinks I fee a quickning in his eye:
Well Angelo, your eulil quitts you well.
Looke that you love your wife: her worth, worth yours
I finde an apt remifion in my selfe:
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon,
You firha, that knew me for a fool, a Coward,
One all of Luxurie, an affe, a mad man:
Wherein haue I fo defer'd of you
That you extoll me thus?

Luc. Faith my Lord, I fpoke it but according to the trick:
If you will hang me for it you may: but I had rahter
It would please you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt fir, fir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it Prouost round about the Citie,
If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow
(As I have heard him fwear himfelfe there's one
Whom he begot with childe) let her appeare,
And he fhall marry her: the nuptiall fin'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Luc. I refech your Highneffe doe not marry me to a Whore: your Highneffe faid even now I made you a Duke, good my Lord do not recompence me, in making me a Cuckold.

Duk. Vpon
**Measure for Measure.**

*Duke.* Vpon mine honor thou shalt marrie her.
Thy flanders I forgive, and therewithall
Remit thy other forfeits : take him to prifon,
And fee our pleafure herein executed.

*Luc.* Marrying a punke my Lord, is preffing to death,
Whipping and hanging.

*Duke.* Slandering a Prince deferves it.
She Claudia that you wrong’d, looke you restore.
Joy to you Mariana, loue her Angelo:
I haue confes’d her, and I know her vertue.
Thanks good friend, Efcalus, for thy much goodneffe,

There’s more behinde that is more grateufal.
Thanks Prouofi for thy care, and fecrecie,
We fhall imploy thee in a worthier place.
Forgiue him Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Raguzine for Claudia’s,
The offence pardons it fitte. Deere Ifabella,
I haue a motion much imports your good,
Wherefo 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 shew
What’s yet behinde, that meece you all fhould know.

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**The Scene Vienna.**

The names of all the Actors.

Angelo, the Deputy.
Efcalus, an ancient Lord.
Claudio, a yong Gentleman.
Lucio, a fantastique.
2. Other like Gentlemen.
Prouofi.

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FINIS.
The Comedie of Errors.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, with the Merchant of Siracusa, Iaylor, and other attendants.

Merchant.

Roeed 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 partial 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 gliders to redeem their lives,
Have feild his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threatening lookes:
For since the mortall and intifine irares
Twixt thy feditious Countrimen and vs,
It hath in solemne Synodes beene decreed,
Both by the Siracujians and our felues,
To admit no trafficke to our aduerse townes:
Nay more, if any borne at Ephesus
Be scene at any Siracujian Mart and Fayres:
Againe, if any Siracujian borne
Come to the Bay of Ephesus, he dies:
His goods confiscate to the Dukes dippofe,
Vnleffe a thousand markes be levied
To quit the penalty, and to ranfome him:
Thy subfance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto 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 evening Sonne.
Duk. Well Siracujian; say in briefe the caufe
Why thou departest from thy native home?
And for what caufe thou canst not to Ephesus.
Mer. A heauier taske could not have beene impo'd,
Then I to speake my griefes vnspakeable:
Yet that the world may witnessse that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
Ile vetter what my forrow gives me leaue.
In Siracusa was I borne, and wedde
Vnto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me; had not our hap beene had:
With her I liued in joy, our wealth increas'd
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamium, till my factors death,
And he great care of goods at randome left,
Drew me from kinde embracements of my spouse;
From whom my absence was not fixe moneths olde,
Before her felde (almost at fainting vnder
The plesing punishment that women beare)
Had made prouision for her following me,
And soone, and safe, arrived where I was:
There had she not beene long, but she became
A joyfull mother of two goodly fonnes:
And, which was strange, the one fo like the other,
As could not be diftinguished but by names.
That very howre, and in the felte-fame Inne,
A meane woman was deliuered
Of such a burthen Male, twins both alike:
Thiefs, for their parents were exceeding poore,
I bought, and brought vp to attend my fonnes.
My wife, not meanely proud of two such boyes,
Made daily motions for our home returne:
Vnwilling I agreed, alas, too soone wee came aboard.
A league from Epidamium we had said
Before the alwaies winde-obeying deep.
Gave any Tragicke Instance of our harme;
But longer did we not retaine much hope;
For what obfcurd light the heavens did grant,
Did but conuay vnto our fearefull minde:
A doubtfull warrant of immediate death,
Which though my felfe would gladly haue imbrac'd,
Yet the inceffant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what the saw must come,
And pitteous playnings of the prettie babes
That mourne'd for falion, ignorant what to feare;
Forfeit me to fceake delays for them and me,
And this it was (for other meanes was none)
The Sailors fought for safety by our boates,
And left the ship then finking ripe to vs.
My wife, more carefull for the latter borne,
Had faftned him vnto a small spare Maft,
Such as sea-faring men prouide for storms:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilft I had beene like heedfull of the other.
The children thus ifo'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Faftned our felues at eyther end the maft,
And floating straight, obedient to the streame,
Was carried towards Corinthus, as we thought.
At length the sonne gazing upon the earth,
Difperft those vapours that offended vs,
And by the benefit of his wifhed light
The feas waxt calme, and we discouered
Two shippes from farre, making amaine to vs:
Of Corinthus that, of Epidaurus this.
But ere they came, oh let me fay no more,
Gather the fequell by that went before.
Duk. Nay forward old man, doe not breake off fo,

For
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

**March.** Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthy team’d them mercifully to vs:
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rocke,
Which being violently borne vp,
Our helpefull ship was splitt in the midt;
So that in this vnuit divorce of vs,
Fortune had left to both of vs alike,
What to delight in, what to sorrow for,
Her part, poore foule, seeming as hardened
With leffer wight, but not with leffer woe,
Was carried with more speed before the winde,
And in our fight they three were taken vp
By Fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length another ship had feiz’d on vs,
And knoweing whom it was their hap to faue,
Gave healthfull welcome to their ship-wrakst guests,
And would haue ref’t the Fishers of their prey,
Had not their backe beene very flow of faile;
And therefore homeward did they bend their courfe.
Thus haue you heard me feuer’d from my bliffe,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong’d,
To tell ful stories of my owne mishaps.

**Duke.** And for the fafe of them thou forrowest for,
Doe me the favour to dilate at full,
What haue befalne of them and they till now.

**March.** My yongest boy, and yet my eldste care,
At eighteene yeares became inquiuitue
After his brother; and importun’d me
That his attendant, fo his cafe was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain’d his name,
Might beare him company in the queft of him:
Whom whilome I laboured of a loue to fee,
I hazarded the losse of whom I lou’d.
Fiee Sommer haue I spent in fartheft Greece,
Roming cleane through the bounds of Asia,
And coafting homeward, came to Ephesus:
Hopeleffe to finde, yet loft to leave vnought
Or that, or any place that harbours men:
But heere muft end the story of my life,
And happy were I in my timelie death,
Could all my trauails warrant me they live.

**Duke.** Hopeleffe Egean whom the fates have haue markt
To bear the extremite of dire mishap:
Now truft me, were it not againft our Lawes,
Against my Crowne, my oath, my dignitie,
Which Princes would they may not difanuall,
My foule shoulde fce as advocate for thee:
But though thou art adiu’d to the death,
And paifed fentence may not be recal’d
But to our honours great difparagement:
Yet will I faue thee in what I can;
Therefore Marchant, Ile limit thee this day
To fecke thy helpe by beneficall helpe,
Try all the friends thou haft in Ephesus,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make vp the summe,
And liue: if no, then thou art doom’d to die:
Taylor, take him to thy cucstodie.

**Taylor.** I will my Lord.

**March.** Hopeleffe and helpeleffe doth Egean wend,
But to procrafinate his liveleffe end.

**Enter Antipholis Erstes, a Marchant, and Dromio.**

**Mer.** Therefore glue out you are of Epidamum,
Left that your goods too foone be confiscate:

This very day a Syracusan Marchant
Is apprehended for a riualle here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the towne,
Dies ere the weare fume ftock in the Weft:
There is your monie that I had to keepe.

**Ant.** Goe beare it to the Centaure, where we hoft,
And flay there *Dromio*, till I come to thee;
Within this houre it will be dinner time,
Till that Ile view the manners of the towne,
Perufe the traders, gaze vpon the buildings,
And then returne and sleepe within mine Inne,
For with long trauaille I am fitle and wearie.
Get thee away.

**Dro.** Many a man would take you at your word,
And goe indeepe, hauing fo good a menace.

**Exit Dromio.**

**Ant.** A truftie villaine ftr, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry lefts;
What will you walke with me about the towne,
And then goe to my Inne and dine with me?

**E.Mar.** I am inuited ftr to certaine Marchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefite:
I crave your pardon, foone at five a clocke,
Please you, Ie meete with you vpon the Mart,
And afterward confort you till bed time:
My prefent bufinesse calls me from you now.

**Ant.** Farewell till then: I will goe loofe my felle,
And wander vp and downe to view the Citie.

**E.Mar.** Sir, I commend you to your owne content.

**Exit.**

**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 feekes another drop,
Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,
(Vnfeene, inquiuitue) confounds himfelfe.
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
In queft of them (vnhappie) loofe my felle.

**Enter Dromio of Ephesus.**

Here comes the almanacke of my true date:
What now! How chance thou art return’d fo fooner.

**E.Dro.** Return’d fo fooner, rather approacht too late:
The Capon burnes, the Pigeon falt from the fplitt;
The clocke hath runne twelue vpon the bell:
My Miftris made it one vpon my cheeke:
She is fo hot because the meate is colde:
The meate is colde, because you come not home:
You come not home, because you have no ftockace:
You have no ftockace, having broke your fift:
But we that know what ’tis to fift and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day.

**Ant.** Stop in your winde ftr, tell me this I pray?
Where haue you left the monie that I gaue you.

**E.Dro.** Oh fift pence that I had a wenfday left,
To pay the Sadler for my Miftris crupper:
The Sadler had it Sir, I kept it not.

**Ant.** I am not in a sportive humor now:
Tell me, and daily not, where is the monie?
We being strangers here, how dar’st thou trauail
So great a charge from thine owne cucstodie.

**E.Dro.** I pray you leafe far as you fit at dinner:
I from my Miftris come to you in post:
If I returne I shall be post indeede.

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For
The Comedie of Errors.

For she will scour your fault upon your pate:
Me thinkes your maw, like mine, should be your cooke,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. Come, Dromio, come, these leaves are out of season,
Referre them till a merrier houre then this then:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?
E.Dro. To me sir? why you gave no gold to me?
Ant. Come on sir knave, haue done your foulhames,
And tell me how you haft difpos'd thy charge.
E.Dro. My charge was but to fetch you the Mart
Home to your house, the Phoenix fir, to dinner;
My Miftris and her sister stays for you.

Ant. Now as I am a Christian answer me,
In what safe place you haue betow'd my monie;
Or I shall breake that merrie fconce of yours
That bands on tricks, when I am vndifpos'd:
Where is the thousand Markes thou hadst of me?
E. Dro. I have some markes of yours upon my pate:
Some of my Misiris 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 Misiris markes? what Misiris haue thou?
E. Dro. Your worships wife, my Misiris at the Phoenix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner:
And praiseth that you will be your home to dinner.

Ant. What wilt thou flout me thus vnto my face
Being forbid? There take you that fir knave.
E. Dro. What meane you sir, for God fake hold your
Nay, and you will not fir, Ile take my heele.

(Exeunt Dromio Es.)

Ant. Vpon my life by some deuife or other,
The villaine is ore-wrought of all my monie.
They say this towne is full of cofenage:
As nimble fuglers that deceu the eie:
Darke working Sorcerers that change the minde:
Soule-killing Witches, that deform the bodie:
Difguifed Cheaters, pratting Mountebankes:
And manie such like libertyes of finne:
If it proue so, I will be gone the sooner:
Ile to the Centaur to geake this flawe,
I greatly feare my monie is not safe.

Ae Designatur.

Enter Adrianna, wife to Antipholus Serenus, with Luciana her Sister.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haffe I sent to feake his Master?
Sure Luciana it is two a clocke.
Luc. Perhaps some Merchant hath invinit 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 fee time,
They'll goe or come; if fo, be patient Sifer.

Adr. Why should their libertie then ours be more?
Luc. Because their bufinesse still lies out adore.

Adr. Let me know, and I will haue it thus.
Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There's none but affes will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is laftht 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 foules
Are their males subiects, and at their controules:
Man more duine, the Master of all theue,
Lord of the wide world, and wilde watery seas,
Indus with intellectual fence and foules,
Of more preheminence then fith and foules,
Are masters to their females, and their Lords:
Then let us will attend on their accords.

Adr. This feruitude makes you to keepe vnoed.
Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear some sway
Luc. Ere I lerne loue, Ile praftifie to oby.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?
Luc. Till he come home againe, I would forbeare.

Adr. Patience vrn'mou'd, no marre! though he paue,
They can be mecke, that haue no other caufe:
A wretched foule bruis'd with aduerfity,
We bid be quiet when we heare it crie.
But were we burnden with like weight of paine,
As much, or more, we should our selves complaine:
So thou that haft no vnkinde mate to greece thee,
With vrging helpelesse patience would releue me;
But if thou lue to fee like right herein,
This foolc-beg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to trie:
Here comes your man, now is your husband nie.

Enter Dromio Es.

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 ear,
Beareth his hand, I scarce could vnderstand it.

Luc. Speake hee so doubtfully, thou couldst not fee
his meaning.

E. Dro. Nay, hee strooke to plainly, I could too well
fee the blowes; and withall so doubtfully, that I could
scarce vnderstand them.

Adr. But say, I prethee, is he comming home?
It freemes he hath great care to pleafe his wife.

E. Dro. Why Mistrefse, fare my Master is horne mad.

Adr. Horne mad, thou villain?

E. Dro. I meane not Cuckold mad,
But sure he is dranke 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 gave thee villain?
The Pigge quoth I, is burn'd: my gold, quoth he:
My mistrefse, sir, quoth I: hang vp thy Mistrefse:
I know not thy mistrefse, out on thy mistrefse.

Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dr. Quoth my Master, I know quoth he, no hous, no
wife, no mistrefse: fo that my arrant due vnto my
or in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back againe, thou slave, & fetch him home.

Dro. Goe backe againe, and be new beaten home?

For Gods sake fend some other messenger.

H 2

Adr. Backe
Adri. Backe flute, or I will breake thy pate a-croffe.

Dro. And he will bleepe a croffe with other beating:
Between you, I thinke heasse a holy dinner.

Adri. Hence prating peant, fetch thy Master home.

Dro. Am I to 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 left in this feruice, you must cafe me in leather.

Luci. Fie how impiantence lawreth in your face.

Adri. His company must do his minions grace,
Whillit at home thare for a merrie lookie:
Hath homelie age th' alluring beauty tooke,
From my poore cheeks? then he hath wafted it.
Are my discountes dull? Barren my wit,
If voluble and sharpe discourses be mar'd,
Vnkindnelfe blunts it more then marble hard.
Doe their gaye visments his affections sake?
That's not my fault, hee's matter of my fate.
What runes are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed faire,
A funnie looke of his, would foone repaire.
But, too vnruely Deere, he breaks the pale,
And feedes from home; poore I am but his fate.

Luci. Selfe-harming lealoufie; fie beat it hence.

Ad. Vnfeelng fools can with fuch wrongs dispence:
I know his eye doth homage other-where,
Or elfe, what lets it but he would be here?
Siler, 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 fee the Jewell belt enamede
Will loue his beautie; yet the gold bides still
That others touch, and often touching will,
Where gold and no man that hath a name,
By fallhood and corruption doth it shame:
Since that my beautie cannot pleaxe his ear,
Ile weep (what's left away) and weeping die.

Luci. How manie fond fooleis ferue mad Ieloufie?

Enter Antipholus Erraticus.

Ant. The gold I gave to Drusius is laid vp
Safe at the Centaur, and the headfull flawe
Is wanded forth in care to fecke me out
By computation and mine hops report.
I could not speake with Drusius, since at firft
I fent him from the Mart? see here he comes.

Enter Drusius Siraciusa.

How now fir, is your merrie humor alter'd?
As you love froakes, so left with me againe:
You know no Centaur? you receiu'd no gold?
Your Miftreffe fent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
That thus fo madly thou didst anfwer me?

S.Dro. What anfwer fir? when speake I such a word?

E.Ant. Even now, even here, not halfe an howre fince.
S.Dro. I did not fee you fince you fent me hence
Home to the Centaur with the gold you gaue me.
Ant. Villaine, thou didft denie the golds receit,
And told me of a Miftreffe, and a dinner,
For which I hope thou felteft I was difpleat'd.

S.Dro. I am glad to fee you in this merrie vaine,
What meanes thislef, I pray you Mafter tell me?

Ant. Yeas, doft thou ieere & flowt me in the teeth?
Thinkt I left? hold, take thou that, & that.

Beats Dro.

S.Dr. Hold fir, for Gods fake, new your left is earneft,

Vpon what bargain do you give it me?

Antip. Because that I familierlile sometimes
Doe we vs for my foole, and chat with you,
Your favvinesse will left upon my love,
And make a Common of my serios howres,
When the funne ffineth, let foolifh gnats make sport,
But creepe in crannie, when he hides his beamses:
If you will left with me, know my afspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my lookes,
Or I will beat this method in your fconce.

S.Dro. Sconce call you it? so you would leave batte-
ring, I had rather hau it a head, and you wile thoughts long,
I must get a fconce for my head, and Infconce it to,
or elles I shall feck my wit in my shoulders, but I pray
fir, what am I beaten?

Ant. Doft thou not know?

S.Dro. Nothing fir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S.Dro. I fir, and wherefore; for they fay, everly why
hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why firft for flowing me, and then wherefore,
for vrging it the second time to me.

S.Dro. Was there euere an man thus beaten out of
feafon, when in the why and the wherefore, is neither
rime nor reafon. Well fir, I thanke you.

Ant. Thanke me fir, for what?

S.Dro. Marry fir, for this fomething that you gauve me
for nothing.

Ant. Ile make you amends next, to gue you nothing
for fomething. But fay fir, is it dinner time?

S.Dro. No fir, I thinke the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time fir: what's that?

S.Dro. Baffing.

Ant. Well fir, then 'twill be drie.

S.Dro. If it be fir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reafon?

S.Dro. Left it make you chollerick, and purchafe me
another drie baffing.

Ant. Well fir, learme to lefte in good time, there's a
time for all things.

S.Dro. I durft haue denied that before you vvere fo
chollerick.

Ant. By what rule fir?

S.Dro. Marry fir, by a rule as plaine as the plaine bald
pate of Father time himelfe.

Ant. Let's hear 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 loft haire of another man.

Ant. Why, is Time such a niggard of haire?, being (as
it is) fo plentifull an ecrement?

S.Dro. Because it is a blessing that hee befewes on
beasfs, and what he hath flantied them in haire, hee hath
given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but thers manie a man hath more haire
then wit.

S.Dro. Not a man of thee but he hath the wit to lose
his haire.

Ant. Why thou didft conclude hairie men plain dea-
er without wit.

S.Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost; yet he loo-
seth it in a kinde of lollitie.

Ant. For what reafon.

S.Dro. For two, and found ones to.

An.Nay.
Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. I, I, Antipholus, looke strange and frowne, Some other Midtreffe hath thy sweet afeets: I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou vn-vrg'd wouldst vow,
That neuer words were muificke to thine ear,
That neuer object pleasing in thine eye,
That neuer touch well welcome to thy hand,
That neuer sweet-faour'd in thy taffe,
Vnleffe I fappe, 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 efranged from thy felfe?
Thy felfe I call it, being strange to me:
That vnindissuval Incorporate
Am better then thy deere felfs better part.
Ah doe not teare away thy felfe from me:
For know my loue : as easie maift thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulfe,
And take vnmingled thence that drop againe
Without addition or diminishng,
As take from me thy felfe, and not me too.
How deereely would it touch thee to the quicke,
Shouldft thou but hear I were licencious?
And that this body confecrate to thee,
By Ruffian Lust shoulde be contaminat.
Wouldft thou not spit at me, and fpurne at me,
And hurle the name of husband in my face,
And ear the flain'd skin of my Harlot brow,
And from my falle hand cut the wedding ring,
And brake it with a deepc-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst, and therefore fee thou doe it.
I am poiftt with an adulterate bolt,
My bloud is mingled with the crime of luft:
For if we two be one, and thou play falfe,
I doe digett the poifon of thy flesh,
Being frumpteted by thy contagion:
Keepe then faire leuge and truce with my true bed,
I liue daint'd, thou vnindif honoured.

Ant. Plead you to me faire dame? I know you not:
In Ephesius I am but two houres old,
As strange vnto your towne, as to your talke,
Who euer word by all my wit being scan'd,
Wants wit in all, one word to vnderstand.

Luc. Fie brother, how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to vfe my fitter thus?
She fent for you by Dromio home to dinner.
Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the Goldsmith, and Baltasar the Merchant.

E. Anti. Good signior Angelo you must excuse vs all, My wife is shrifwhen when I kepe not howres; Say that I lingered 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 villain 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 will sir, but I know what I know, That you beat me at the Mart I have your hand to shew; If your skin were parchement, & your blows you gave were ink, Your owne hand-writing would tell you what I thinkke. E. Anti. I thinkke thou art an affe. E. Dro. Marry fo doth appeare By the wrongs I suffer, and the blowes I beare, I shoule kickes being kicke, and being at that affe, You would kepe from my heelees, and beware of an affe. E. An. Y'are lad signior Baltasars, pray God our cheer May answer my good will, and your good welcom here. Bal. I hold your dainties cheap sir, & your welcom dear. E. An. Oh signior Baltasars, either at flesh or fish, A table full of welcome, makes scarce one daring difie. Bal. Good meat sir is comon that every churle affords. Anti. And welcome more common, for thats nothing but words. Bal. Small cheere and great welcome, makes a merrie 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, Malthorpe, Capon, Coxcombe, Indi- ot, Patch, Either get thee from the doore, or fit downe at the hatch : Doft thou coniure for wenches, that calit for such flore, When one is one too many, goe get thee from the doore. E. Dro. What patch is made our Porter? my Master flays in the street. S. Dro. Let him walke from whence he came, let hee catch cold on's feet. E. Anti. Who talks within there? hoa, open the doore. S. Dro. Right sir, Ile tell you when, and you'll tell me wherefore. Anti. Wherefore? for my dinner I 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'rt mee out from the howfe I owe? S. Dro. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is Dromio. E. Dro. O villain, thou haft rolne both mine office and my name, The one nere got me credit, the other mickle blame: If thou haft beene Dromio to day in my place,

Thou wouldst haue chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an affe.

Enter Lucre.


Adr. Who is that at the doore y keeps all this noife? S.Dro. By my troth your towne is troubled with vn- ruly boies. Anti. Are you there Wife? you might haue come before. Adr. Your wife sir knaue? go get you from the doore. E. Dro. If you went in paine Master, this knaue wold goe fore. Angelo. Heere is neither cheere sir, nor welcome, we would faine haue either. Balro. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither. E. Dro. They stand at the doore, Master, bid them welcome hither. Anti. There is something in the winde,that we cannot get in. S. 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. Anti. Go fetch me something, Ile break ope the gate. E. Dro. Breake any breaking here, and Ile breake your knaes pate. E. Dro. A man may breake a word with your sir, and words are but winde : I and breake it in your face, so he break it not behind. S. Dro. It feedes thou want'ft breaking, out vspon thee hinde. E. Dro. Here's too much out vspon thee, I pray thee let me in. S. Dro. I, when fowles have no feathers, and fish have no fin. Anti. Well, Ile breake in:go borrow me a crow. E. Dro. A crow without feather, Master meanes you so;

For
The Comedie of Errors.

For a fish without a finne, ther's a fowle without aletter, If a crow help vs in fira, wee'll plucke a crow togerther.

Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron Crow.

Bah! Have patience sir, oh let it not be so, Herein you warre against your reputation, And draw within the compass of suspense Th'venilated honor of your wife.

Once this your long experience of your wifedom, Her fober 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 felle alone, To know the reafon of this strange restraint: If by strong hand you offer to break in Now in the diring passage of the day, A vulgar comment will be made of it; And that suppos'd by the common rowt Against your yet vnngaled effimation, That may with foule intrusion enter in, And dwell upon your grave when you are dead; For fander liues upon succeffion; For euer how'd, where it gets poftition.

Ant. You have preualld, I will depart in quiet, And in defpight of mirth meane to be morrie: I know a wench of excellent disfoure, Pretjie and wirrie; wilde, and yet too gentile; There will we dine: this woman that I meane My wife (but I proteft without defert) Hath ofteffimes 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 Porfentine, For there's the houser: That chaine will I betow (Be it for nothing but to fright my wife) Vpon mine hostesse there, good sir make hafe: Since mine owne dores refuse to entreate me, Ile knocke else-where, to fee if they'll dislaine me.

Ang. Ile meet you at that place some houre hence. Ant. Do fo, this fell shall cost me some expence. Exeunt.

Enter Juliana, with Antipholus of Siracusa. Islia. And may it be that you have quite forgot A husbands office? shall Antipholus Euen in the spring of Loue, thy Lone-springs rot? Shall loue in buildings grow so ruinate? If you did wed my fitter for her wealth, Then for her wealths-take vfe her with more kindniffe: Or if you like else-where do it by stealth, Muffle your falle loue with some shew of blindnffe: Let not my fitter read it in your eye: Be not thy tongue thy owne fhames Orator: Looke sweet, speake faire, become dilloyaltie: Apparellice like vertues harberger: Bear a faire preference, though your heart be tainted, Teach finne the carrige of a holy Saint, Be secrct falle: what need the be acquainted? What limple thiefre 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 baffard fame, well managed, Ill deeds is dovded with an eull word: Alas poore women, make vs not beleuee (Being compact of credit) that you loue vs,

Though others have the arme, thow vs the fleuee: We in your motion turne, and you may moue vs. Then gentle brother get you in againe; Comfort my fitter, cheere her, call her wife: 'Tis holy sport to be a little vaine, When the sweet breath of flatterie conquers strife.

3. Ant. Sweete Miliris, what your name is else I know not; Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine: Leffe in your knowledge, and your grace you show not, Then our earths wonder, more then earth diuine. Teach me deere creature how to think and speake: Lay open to my earthe groffe conceit: Smoothed in errors, feeble, shallow, weake, The fouled meaning of your words deceit: Against my foules pure truth, why labour you, To make it wander in an 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, then well I know, Your weeping fitter is no wife of mine, Nor to her bed no homage doe I owe: Farre more, farre more, to you doe I decline: Oh traine me not sweet Mermaidie with thy note, To drowne me in thy fitter fluid of teares: Sing Siren for thy felle, and I wil dote: Spread ore the furer wanes thy golden hailers; And as a bud Ile take thee, and there lie; And in that glorious supposition thinke, He gains by death, that hath such meanes to die: Let Loue, being light, be drownd if the flinke.

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 elle. Ant. For gazing on your beames faire fun being by. Luc. Gaze when you shoulde, and that will cheere your fight. Ant. As good to winke sweet loue, as looke on night. Luc. Why call you me loue? Call my fitter fo. Ant. Thy fitters fitter. Luc. That's my fitter.

Ant. No i't is thy felle, mine owne felves better part: Mine eies cleere eie, my deere hearts deare heart; My foode, my fortune, and my sweet hopes ayme; My fole earths heauen, and my heavens clame. Luc. All this my fitter is, or else shou'd be. Ant. Call thy felle fitter sweet, for I am thee: Thee will I loue, and with thee lead my life; Thou haft no husband yet, nor I no wife: Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh soft sir, hold you still: Ile fetch my fitter to get her good will.

Enter Dromio, Siracusa.

Ant. Why how now Dromio, where run'n thou fo fast?

S. Dro. Doe you know me sir? Am I Dromio? Am I your man? Am I thy felle?

Ant. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thy felle.

Dro. I am an afle, I am a women man, and besides my felle.

Ant. What women man? and how besides thy felle?

Dro. Marrie sir, besides my felle, I am due to a woman: One that claimes me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. What
The Comedie of Errors.

Ant. What cliame laies thee to thee?

Dro. Marry sir, such cliame as you would lay to your horfe, and the would have me as a beast, not that I beeing a beast the would have me, but that the being a ve-rie beaftly creature layes cliame to me.

Ant. What is thee?

Dro. A very reuerent body : I such a one, as a man may not speake of, without he say sir reuerence, I hauve but leane lucke in the match, and yet is the a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. How dought thou meane a fat marriage?

Dro. Marry sir, she's the Kitchin wench, & al greafe, and I know not what vide to put her too, but to make a Lampe of her, and run from her by her owne light. I warrant, her rages and the Tallow in them, will burne a Poland Winter : If the liues till doome-day, she'll burne a weeke longer then the whole World.

Ant. What complexion is thee of?

Dro. Swart like my shoo, but her face nothing like so cleane kept : for why? she sweats a man may see ouer-chooses in the grime of it.

Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. No sir, 'tis in graine, Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. What's her name?

Dro. Nell Sir : but her name is three quarters, that's an Ell and three quarters, will not meare her from hip to hip.

Ant. Then the beares some breth?

Dro. No longer from head to foot, then from hippe to hippe : she is spherically like a globe : I could find out Countries in her.

Ant. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. Marry sir in her buttuckes, I found it out by the bogges.

Ant. Where Scotland?

Dro. I found it by the barrenesse, hard in the palme of the hand.

Ant. Where France?

Dro. In her forthead, arm'd and reverted, making warre against her heire.

Ant. Where England?

Dro. I look'd for the chalklie Cliffs, but I could find no whitenesse in them. But I guesse, it flood in her chin by the salt rheume that ranne betwixt France, and it.

Ant. Where Spaine?

Dro. Faith I knew it not; but I felt it hot in her breth.

Ant. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. Oh sir, upon her nofe, all ore embellished with Rubies, Carbuncales, Saphires, declining their rich Al-pect to the hot breath of Spaine, who fent whole Ar-madoes of Carrefts to be ballaat at her nofe.

Ant. Where flood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. Oh sir, I did not looke so low. To conclude, this drudge or Duiner layd cliame to mee, call'd mee Dromio, I swore I was affured to her, told me what pruie marks I had about me, as the marke of my shoulder, the Mole in my necke, the great Wart on my left arm, that I amaz'd ranne from her as a witch. And I thinke, if my brest had not beene made of faith, and my heart of fleete, she had transform'd me to a Curtull dog, & made me turne i' th' wheel.

Ant. Go hie thee presently, poit 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 file I from her that would be my wife.

Exit.

Ant. There's none but Witches doe inhabite heree,

And therefore 'tis his time that I were hence:

She that doth call me husband, even my foule

Doth for a wife abhorre.

But her faire fitter

Poss't with fuch a gentle fouereign grace,

Of such enchanting prefence and difcourfe,

Hath almost made me Traitor to my felfe:

But leat my felfe be guilty to felfe wrong,

Ile stop mine cares against the Mermaids fong.

Enter Angelo with the Chaine.

Ang. Mr Antipholus.

Ant. I that's my name.

Ang. I know it well sir, loe here's the chaine,

I thought to have tane you at the Porpentine,

The chaine vnfin'd made me flay thus long.

Ant. What is your will that I fhall do with this?

Ang. What pleafe your felfe sir : I have made it for you.

Ant. Made it for me fir, I bepoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:

Go home with it, and pleafe your Wife withal,

And foone at supper time Ile vifit you,

And then receive my money for the chaine.

Ant. I pray you sir receive the money now,

For feare you re'ree fuch chaine, nor many 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 fo vaine,

That would refuse to faire an offer'd Chaine.

I fee a man herehe needs not liue by shifts,

When in the streets he meets fuch Golden gifts:

Ile to the Mart, and there for Dromio flay,

If any flhip put out, then ftraight away.

Exit.

Aenetus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Merchant,Goldsmitth, and an Officer.

Mar. You know since Pentecoft the sum is due,

And since I have not much importun'd you,

Nor now I had not, but that I am bound

To Perfa, and want Gilders for my voyage:

Therefore make present satisfaction,

Or Ile attach you by this Officer.

Gold. Even iuft the sum that I do owe to you,

Is gowing to me by Antipholus,

And in the infant that I met with you,

He had of me a Chaine, at five a clocke

I fhall receive the money for the fame:

Pleafe thy walke with me downe to his Houfe,

I will discharge my bond, and thanke you too.

Enter Antipholus Ephefi-Dromio from the Courtinans.

Offi. That labour may you faue: See where he comes.

Ant. While I go to the Goldsmiths houfe, go thou

And
The Comedie of Errors.

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And buy a ropes end, that will I bestow
Among my wife, and ther their confedrates,
For locking me out of my doores by day:
But soft I fee the Goldsmith get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

[Dra. I buy a thousand pound a yeare, I buy a rope.

Exit Dramio

Epb. Ant. A man is well holp vp that truth to you,
I promisde your presence, and the Chaine,
But neither Chaine nor Goldsmith came to me:
Belike you thought our loue would laft too long
If it were chain'd together: and therefore came not.

Gold. Saving your merrie humor: here's the note
How much your Chaine weigheth to the vmpofh charge,
The finenesse of the Gold, and chargefull fattoon,
Which doth amount to three odd, Ducks more
Then I stand debted to this Gentleman,
I pray you fee him prefently difcharge,
For he is bound to Sea, and flayes for but it.

Ant. I am not furnisht with the prefent monie:
Befides I have some bufinesse in the towne,
Good Signior take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the Chaine, and bid my wife
Disburfe the funnee, on the receit thereof,
Perchance I will be there as foone as you.

Gold. Then you will bring the Chaine to her your felue.

Ant. No beare it with you, leaft I come not time enoough.

Gold. Well sir, I will: Have you the Chaine about you?

Ant. And if I have not sir, I hope you have:
Or else you may returne without your money.

Gold. Nay come I pray you sir, give me the Chaine:
Both winde and tide flayes for this Gentleman,
And I too blame haue held him heere too long.

Ant. Good Lord, you vse this dalliance to excufe
Your breach of promife to the Portepine,
I shoulde have chid you for not bringing it,
But like a fhrew you firit begin to brawle.

Mar. The houre flatea on, I pray you sir dispatch.

Gold. You hear he how he importunes me, the Chaine.

Ant. Why gie it to my wife, and fetch your monie.

Gold. Come, come, you know I giae it you even now.
Either fend the Chaine, or fend me by fome token.

Ant. Fie, now you run this humor out of breath,
Come where's the Chaine, I pray you let me fee it.

Mar. My bufineffe cannot brooke this dalliance,
Good sir fay, whe're you'lanfer me, or no:
If not, ile leave him to the Officer.

Ant. I anfer you? What flould I anfer you.

Gold. The monie that you owe me for the Chaine.

Ant. I owe you none, till I receive the Chaine.

Gold. You know I gaue it you halfe an houre fince.

Ant. You gaue me none, you wrong mee much to fay fo.

Gold. You wrong me more fir in denying it.

Consider how it flands upon my credit.

Mar. Well Officer, arret him at my fuite.

Offi. I do, and charge you in the Dukes name to obey me.

Gold. This touches me in reputation.

Either confent to pay this fune for me,
Or I attach you by this Officer.

Ant. Confent to pay thee that I never had:
Arreft me foolifh fellow if thou darft.

Gold. Heere is thy fe, arreft him Officer.

I would not fpare my brother in this cafe,
If he should fcorne me fo apparantly.

Offi. I do arreft you sir, you heare the fuite.

Ant. I do obey thee, till I glue thee baile.

But firrah, you shall buy this sport as deere,
As all the mettall in your fhop will anfwer.

Gold. Sir, fir, I shall haue Law in Epsophu,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dramio Sira, from the Bay.

Dra. Mafter, there's a Barke of Epidamium,
That flayes but till her Owner comes abroad,
And then fir he bears away. Our fraughtage fir,
I hauecomed'aboard, and I haue bought
The Oyle, the Ballamam, and Aqua-vitae.
The ship is in her trim, the merrie winde
Blows faire from land: they flay for nought at all,
But for their Owner, Mafter, and your felue.

Ant. How now? a Madman? Why thou peeuifh sheep
What fhip of Epidamium flayes for me.

S'Dra. A ship you fent me too, to hier waftage.

Ant. Thou drunken flawe, I fent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpofe, and what end.

S'Dra. You fent me for a ropes end as foone,
You fent me to the Bay fir, for a Barke.

Ant. I will debate this matter at more leifure
And teach your cares to lift me with more heede:
To Adriana Villaine hee thia straight:
Give her this key, and tell her in the Dafeke
That's couer'd o're with Turkifh Tapiftrie,
There is a purfe of Duckets, let her fend it:
Tell her, I am arrested in the streete,
And that that baile me: hee thia flawe, be gone,
On Officer to prifon, till it come.

Exit. S. Dramio. To Adriana, that is where we din'd,
Where Dowfabell did claime me for her husband,
She is too bigge I hope for me to compaffe,
Thither I muff, although againft my will:
For feruants mufit their Masters mindes fullifh.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'ft thou perceiue aufferely in his eie,
That he did plead in earneft, yea or no:
Look'd he or red or pale, or fad or merrily?
What obfervation mad'ft thou in this cafe?
Oh, his hearts Meteors timeling in his face.

Luc. Firft he den'de you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant he di did me none: the more my spight
Luc. Then fhowre he that he was a ftranger heere.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet ffordorned hee were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what faid he?

Luc. That loue I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what perfwadion did he tempt thy loue?

Luc. With words, that in an honeft fuit might moue.

Firft, he did praife my beautie, then my speech.

Adr. Did it fpeak him faire?

Luc. I have patience I beleech.

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 fere,
ill-fac'd, worfe bodied, shapeffe every where:
Vicious, vangent, foolifh, blunt, vnkinde.

Stigma-
The Comedie of Errors.

Stigmatically in making worfe in minde.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No eunill lost is wall’d, when it is gone.

Adr. Ah but I thinke him better then I say:
And yet would herein others eies were worse:
Farre from her neft the Lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him, though my tongue doe curse.

Enter S. Dromio.

S. Dro. Here goe: the deske, the purfe, sweet now make haft.

Luc. How haft 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, worfe then hell:
A diuell in an everlasting garment hath him;
On whose hard heart is button’d vp with Steele:
A Feind, a Fairie, pitiflesse and ruffe:
A Wolf,e, a Wourfe, a fellow all in buffe:
A Back friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermads
The paffages of allies, creekes, and narrow lands:
A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws droifto well,
One that before the Judgme'tt carrieth poore foules to hel.

Adr. Why man, what is the matter?
S. Dro. I doe not know the matter, hee is refted on the cafe.

Adr. What is he arrested? tell me at whose suite?
S. Dro. I know not at whose suite he is arrested well;
but is in a suite of buffe which refted him,that can I tell,
will you send him Miftris redemption, the monie in his deske.

Adr. Go fetch it Sifer: this I wonder at.

Exit Luciana.

Thus he vnknowne to me should be in debt:
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?
S. Dro. Not on a band, but on a stronger things:
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 hours come backe, that did I neuer here.
S. Dro. Oh yes, if any hour meete a Servient, a turns backe for vere feare.

Adri. As if time were in debt: how fondly do’t thou reafon?
S. Dro. Time is a verie bankerout, and owes more then he’s worth to feaon.
Nay,he’s a thief too: haue you not heard men say,
That time comes fleeting on by night and day?
If I be in debt and theft, and a Servient in the way,
Hath he not reafon to turne backe an hour in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go Dromio, there’s the monie, beare it straight,
And bring thy Master home immediately.
Comeifter, I am preft downe with conceit:
Concern’d my comfort and my injurie.

Exit.

Enter Antipholus Sirecyllia.

There’s not a man I meet 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 invite me;
Some other glue me thankes for kindnesse;
Some offer me Commodities to buy.
Even now a tailor cal’d me in his shop,

And shou’d me Silkes that he had bought for me,
And therewithall tooke measure of my body.
Sure these are but imaginare wifes,
And Iapland Sorcerers inhabithe here.

Enter Dromio Sir.

S. Dro. Master, here’s the gold you sent me for: what have you got the picture of old Adam new apparel’d?

Ant. What gold is this? What Adam do’t thou meane?

S. Dro. Not that Adam that kept the Paradifie: but that Adam that keeps the prifon; hee that goes in the caules-skin, that was kill’d for the Prodiggall: hee that came behinde you fir, like an euill angel, and bid you forake your libertie.

Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why ’tis a plane cafe: he that went like a Bafe-Viole in a cafe of leather; the man fir, that when gentlemen are tired gives them a bob, and reftrs them: he fir, that takes pittie on decayed men, and gives them suites of durance: he that fets vp his ref’t to doe more exploits with his Mace, then a Moris Pike.

Ant. What thou mean’st an officer?

S. Dro. I fir, the Servient of the Band: he that brings any man to answr it that breaks his Band: one that thinks a man alwayes going to bed, and faies, God give you good ref’t.

Ant. Well fir, there ref’t in your foulierie:
Is there any ships puts forth to night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why fir, I brought you word an hour since, that the Barke Expeditition put forth to night, and then were you hindered by the Servient to tarry for the Hey Delay: Here are the angels that you fent for to deliver you.

Ant. The fellow is diutract, and fo am I,
And here we wander in illusions:
Some bleffed power deliuer vs from hence.

Enter a Curuesan.

Cur. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus:
I fee fir you have found the Gold-smith now:
Is that the chaine you promis’d me to day.

Ant. Satan avoidance, I charge thee tempt me not.

S. Dro. Master, is this Miftris Satan?

Ant. It is the diuell.

S. Dro. Nay, the is wors’e, 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 written, they appear to men like angels of light, light is an effect of fire, and fire will burnes: ergs, light wenches will burne, come not neere her.

Cur. Your man and you are maraulous merrie fir.
Will you goe with me, we’ll mend our dinner here?

S. Dro. Master, if do expect spoon-meate, or beppeakes a long spoone.

Ant. Why Dromio?

S. Dro. Marrie he must have a long spoone that must cate with the diuell.

Ant. Avoid then fiend, what tel’st thou me of sup.
Thou art as you are all a forceffe; (ping)
I enure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cur. Glue me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my Diamond the Chaine you promis’d,
And Ile be gone fir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some diuels ask but the parings of ones nailes,
The Comedie of Errors.

a ruff, a hairy, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherrie-
stone: but the more courteous, wold have a chaine: Ma-
ter be wife, and if you give it her, the diuell will shake
her Chaine, and fright vs with it.

Car. I pray you sir my Ring, or else the Chaine,
I hope you do not meane to cheate me fo?
Ant. Auant thou witch: Come Dromio let vs go.
S. Dro. File pride sales the Pea-cocke, Mitrias that
you know.

Car. Now out of doubt Antipholus is mad, Elfe
would he never so demeane himselfe, A Ring he hath of mine worth fortie Ducks-
ket, And for the fame he promis'd me a Chaine,
Both one and other he denies me now:
The reaon that I gather he is mad,
Befides this preuent inconstance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner,
Of his owne doores being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doores against his way:
My way is now to his home to his house,
And tell his wife, that being Lunaticke,
He rush'd into my house, and tooke perforce
My Ring away. This course I fittet choose,
For fortie Duckscket is too much to loose.

Enter Antipholus Ephef. with a Tailor.

An. Feare me not man, I will not breake away,
Ile glue thee ere I leave thee fo much money.
To warrant thee as I am refted for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to day,
And will not lightely truft the Messenger,
That I should be attach'd in Ephefus,
I tell you 'twill found harsly in her eares.

Enter 'Dromio Epb. with a ropes end.
Heere comes my Man, I thinke he brings the monie.
How now sir? Have you that I fent you for?
E. Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.
Ant. Flue hundred Duckscket valliant for a rope?
E. Dro. Ile ferue you sir flue hundred at the rate.
Ant. To what end did I bid thee thee home?
E. Dro. To a ropes end fir, and to that end am I re-
turn'd.
Ant. And to that end fir, I will welcome you.
Off. Good fir be patient.
E. Dro. Nay 'tis for me to be patient, I am in aduer-
site.
Off. Good now hold thy tongue.
E. Dro. Nay, rather perfiuade him to hold his hands.
Ant. But where's the Money? E. Dro. I would I were fennefelle fir, that I might
not feele your blowes.

Ant. Thou art fenneble in nothing but blowes, and so
is an Affe.
E. Dro. I am an Affe indeede, you may proue it by
my long eares. I have ferved him from the house of my
Natuitive to this infant, and have nothing at his hands
for my servuce 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 fit, drunen out of doores with it when I goe
from home, welcom'd home with it when I returne, nay
I beare it on my shoulde, 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, Courtian. and a Schoole-
mater, call'd Pinch.

Ant. Come goe along, my wife is comming yon-
der.
E. Dro. Mitrias interfices firmes, refpect your end, or
rather the prophesy like the Parrat, beware the ropes end.
Car. How eyre you now? Is not your husband mad?
Ant. His incendiour confirmes no leffe.
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a Conjuror,
Establish him in his true fence agayne,
And I will pleafe you what you will demand.
Luc. Alas how fiery, and how fharpe he looks.
Car. Marke, how he trembles in his extaffe.
Pinch. Glue me your hand, and let mee feele your
pulse.
Ant. There is my hand, and let it feele your eare.
Pinch. I charge thee Sathan, how'd within this man,
To yeeld poftiffion to my hole praier.
And to thy flate of darknesc he thee straight,
I conuire thee by all the Saints in heauen.
Ant. Peace doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.
Adr. Oh that thou wert not, poor diftressed foule.
Ant. You Minion you, are thefe your Customers?
Did this Companion with the faffron face
Recuell and feeal it at my house to day,
While I vpon me the guiltie doores were flut,
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 thee flanders, and this open flame.

Ant. Din'd at home? Thou Villaine, what fayefth
thou?
Dro. Sir footh to fay, you did not dine at home.
Ant. Were not my doores lockt vp, and I flut out?
Dro. Perdie, your doores were lockt, and you flut out.

Ant. And did not the her felfe reuile me there?
Dro. Sants Fable, the her felfe reuill'd you there.
Ant. Did not her Kitchen maide rauie, taunt, and
fororne me?
Dro. Certis the did, the kitchin vettall fcom'd you.
Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?
Dro. In veritie you did, my bones beares witneffe,
That fince have felt the vigor of his rage.

Adr. It's good to footh him in thefe contraries?
Pinch. It is no fame, the fellow finds his vaine,
And yeelding to him, humors well his frendie.
Ant. Thou haft fouborn'd the Goldsmith to arreft
mee.

Adr. Alas, I fent you Monie to redeeme you,
By 'Dromio heere, who came in haft for it.
Dro. Monie by me? Heart and good will you might,
But feruely Master not a ragge of Monie.
Ant. Went not thou to her for a purfe of Duckscket.
Adr. He came to me, and I deliuier'd it.
Luc. And I am witneffe with her that she did:
Dro. God and the Rope-maker beare me witneffe,
That I was fent for nothing but a rope.
Pinch. Mitrias, both Man and Master is poifett,
I know it by their pale and deadly lookers,
The Comedie of Errors.

They must be bound and laide in some darke roome.

\textit{Ant.} Say wherefore didst thou locke me forth to day, And why dost thou denie the bagge of gold?
\textit{Adr.} I did not gentle husband locke thee forth. But I confesse sir, that we were lock'd out.
\textit{Dro.} And gentle M' I receiued no gold:

Enter three or foure, and offer to binde him:

\textit{Hee siris.}

\textit{Adr.} Oh binde him, binde him, let him not come neere me.

\textit{Pinch.} More company, the fiend is strong within him.
\textit{Luc.} Aye me poor man, how pale and wan he looks.
\textit{Ant.} What will you murther me, thou Tailor thou?

I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them to make a rescue?

\textit{Off.} Masters let him go: he is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

\textit{Pinch.} Go binde this man, for he is frantick too.
\textit{Adr.} What wilt thou do, thou peevish Officer? Hast thou delight to see a wretched man Do outrage and displeasure to himselfe?

\textit{Off.} He is my prisoner, if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.
\textit{Adr.} I will discharge thee ere I go from thee,
Bear me forthwith vnto his Creditor, And knowing how the debt growes I will pay it.

Good-Master Doctor see him safe convej'd Home to my house, oh moost vnhappy day.
\textit{Ant.} Oh moit vnhappy trumpet.
\textit{Dro.} Master, I am heere entred in bond for you.
\textit{Ant.} Out on thee Villaine, wherefore doft thou mad mee?

\textit{Dro.} Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good Master, cry the duell.

\textit{Luc.} God helpe poore foules, how ideely doe they talke.

\textit{Adr.} Go bare him hence, fetter go you with me:
Say now, whose suitte is he arrested at?


\textit{Off.} One \textit{Angelo} a Goldsmith, do you know him?
\textit{Adr.} I know the man: what is the summe he owes?
\textit{Off.} Two hundred Duckets.
\textit{Adr.} Say, how growes it due.
\textit{Off.} Due for a Chaine your husband had of him.
\textit{Adr.} He did bespeake a Chaine for me, but had it not.
\textit{Car.} When as your husband all in rage to day Came to my houfe, and tooke away my Ring,
The Ring I faw upon his finger now;
Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine.

\textit{Adr.} It may be fo, but I did neuer see it.
Come Iailor, bring me where the Goldsmith is, I long to know the truth heerof at large.

\textit{Enter Antipholus Siras'ia with his Rapier drawn, and Dromio Siras.}

\textit{Luc.} God for thy mercy, they are loose againe.

\textit{Adr.} And come with naked swords, Let's call more helpe to hau'e them bound againe.

\textit{Runne all out.}

\textbf{Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.}

\textit{Enter the Merchant and the Goldsmith.}

\textit{Gold.} I am sorry Sir that I have hinded you, But I protest he had the Chaine of me,
Though moft dishonestly he doth deny it.

\textit{Mar.} How is the man esteem'd here in the City?

\textit{Gold.} Of very reverent reputationSir, Of credit infinite, highly belov'd, Second to none that liues here in the Citie:
His word might beare my wealth at any time.

\textit{Mar.} Speake softly, yonder as I thynke he walkes.

\textit{Enter Antipholus and Dromio againe.}

\textit{Gold.} 'Tis so: and that selfe chaine about his necke, Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir draw neere to me, Ile bespeake to him:
Signior \textit{Antipholus}, I wonder much That you would put me to this shame and trouble, And not without some feacdall to your selfe,
With circumstance and oaths, so to denie This Chaine, which now you weare so openly.

\textit{Befide the charge, the shame, imprisonment, You have done wrong to this my honest friend, Who but for staying on our \textit{Controverfie}, Had hoifted falle, and put to fce to day:
This Chaine you had of me, can you deny it?

\textit{Ant.} I thinke I had, I neuer did deny it.
\textit{Mar.} Yes that you did fir, and forswore it too.

\textit{Ant.} Who heard me to denie it or forswiere it are?
\textit{Mar.} Thefe cares of mine thou knowft did hear thee:
Fie on thee wretch, 'tis pity that thou liu'ft!

\textit{To walke where any honeft men refor't.}

\textit{Ant.} Thou art a Villaine to impeach me thus, Ile proue mine honor, and mine honefte
Against thee prefently, if thou dar'ft fland:

\textit{Mar.} I dare and do defeie thee for a villaine.

\textit{They draw.} \textit{Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtoisian, & others.}
\textit{Adr.} Hold, hurt him not for God sake, he is mad, Some get within him, take his fword away:
Binde Dromio too, and beare them to my houfe.

\textit{Dro.} Runne master run, for Gods sake take a houfe,
This is some Priorie, in or we are foyp'd.

\textit{Exeunt to the Priorie. Enter}
Enter Lady Abbese.

Ab. Be quiet people, wherefore throng ye hither?
Adr. To fetch my poor distraffed husband hence,
Let vs come in, that we may binde him saf,
And beare him home for his recoyrie,
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 poffeffion held the man.
Adr. This weeke he hath beene heauie, fower fad,
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 loft much wealth by wrack of sea,
Buried fome deere friend, hath not elfe his eye
Stray'd his affencion in vainfull loue,
A finne prevailing much in youngfull men,
Who glue their eies the liberty of gazing.
Which of these forrowes is he fubiect too?
Adr. To none of thefe, except it be the laft,
Namely, fome loue that draw him oft from home.
Ab. You fhou'd for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why fo I did.
Ab. I but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly as my modeftie would let me.
Ab. Haply in private.
Adr. And in assemblies too.
Ab. I, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copie of our Conference.
In bed he loft not for my vrging it,
At board he fed not for my vrging it:
alone, it was the fubiect of my Theme:
In company I often glanced it:
Still did I tell him, it was vife and bad.
Ab. And thereof came it, that the man was mad.
The venome clamors of a feafional woman,
Polions more deadly then a mad dogges tooth.
It feemes his fleepes were hindered by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou fayft his meane was fawed with thy wpbraidings,
Vnquiet meales make ill digestion.
Thereof the raging fire of feauer bred,
And what's a Feauer, but a fit of madness?
Thou fayft his fipes were hindered by thy bralles.
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enufe
But modie and dull melancholly.
Kinfman to grim and comfortlefe depair,
And at her heales a huge infecious troope
Of pale diftemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in fport, and life-prefering reft
To be distur'd, would mad or man, or beaf:
The confequence is then, thy jealous fits
Hath scar'd thy husband from the vie of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demeane'd himfelfe, rough, rude, and wildly,
Why bear ye these rebukes, and anfwer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my owne reprofe,
Good people enter, and lay hold on him.

Ab. No, not a creature enters in my house.
Adr. Then let your fervants bring my husband forth
Ab. Neither: he tooke this place for fanctuary,
And it thall pruiledge him from your hands,
Till I haue brought him to his wins againe,
Or loose my labours in affaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurfe,
Diet his fickneffe, for it is my Office,
And will have no attourney but my felfe,
And therefore let me haue him home with me.
Ab. Be patient, for I will not let him flire,
Till I haue ye'ld the approv'd means I haue,
Wich wholome frrups, 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 and depart, and leave him heere with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband heere:
And ill it doth befeeme your holineffe
To separate the husband and the wife.

Ab. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not have him.
Luc. Complaine vnto the Duke of this indignity.
Adr. Come go, I will fell proflrate at his feetes,
And never rife untill my teares and prayers
Haue won his grace to come in perfon hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbesse.

Mar. By this I thinke the Dilall points at fute:
Anon I'me fure the Duke himfelfe in perfon
Comes this way to the melancholly vale;
The place of depth, and forrie execution,
Behinde the ditches of the Abbey heere.

Gold. Vpon what caufe?
Mar. To fee a reuerent Siracufan Merchant,
Who put vnluckily into this Bay
Against the Lawes and Statutes of this Towne,
Beheaded publickely for his offence.

Gold. See where they come, we behold his death
Luc. Kneele to the Duke before he paffe the Abbey.

Enter the Duke of Ephebus, and the Merchant of Siracuse,
bare head, with the Headman, & other Officers.

Duke. Yet once againe proclame it publiquely,
If any friend will pay the fumme for him,
He flall not die, fo much we tender him.

Adr. In due moft fared Duke againft the Abbffe.
Duke. She is a vertuous and a reuerend Lady,
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it pleafe your Grace, Antipholus my husba'd,
Who I made Lord of me, and all I had,
At your important Letters this ill day,
A moft outrageus fit of madneffe tooke him:
That deplorably he hurried through the streete,
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,
Doing difpleaflure to the Citizens,
By ruffing in their houses: bearing thence
Rings, Jewells, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and fent him home,
Whil't to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his furie had committed,
Anon I wrought not, by what ftrong ecape
He broke from thofe that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himfelf,
Each one with irrefull paflion, with drawnne swords
Met vs againe, and madly bent on vs
Chac'd vs away: till raifing of more aide
We came againe to binde them: then they fled
Into this Abbey, whether we purf'd them,
And heere the Abbffe shuts the gates on vs,
And will not fuffer vs to fetch him out,
Nor fend him forth, that we may beare him hence.

Therefore
Therefore most gracious Duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband seru'd me in my wars
And I to thee ingrâ'd a Princes word,
When thou diest 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 flirre.

Enter a Messenger.

Oh Miftris, Miftris, shift and fave your selfes,
My Master and his man are both broke looke,
Before the Maids a-row, and bound the Doctor,
Whole beare they haue fndg'd off with brands of fire,
And euer as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pales of puddled myre to quench the haire;
My M' preschess patience to him, and the while
His man with Citizens nickes him like a foole:
And fure (vntlefe you fende fome prefent helpe)
Betweene them they will kill the Coniurer.

Adr. Peace foole, thy Master and his man are here,
And that is falf thou doft report to vs.

Meff. Miftris, vpon my life I tel you true,
I haue not breath'd almoft fince I did fee it.
He cries for you, and vowes if he can take you,
To fcourch your face, and to diffiguere you:

Cry within.

Harke, harke, I heare him Miftris: flie, be gone.

Duke. Come fland by me, feare nothing: guard with
Halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband: witneffe you,
That he is borne about infubile,
Euen now we hou'd him in the Abbey heere.
And now he's there, paft thought of humane reaſon.

Enter Antipholus, and E. Dromio of Ephesius.

(Eflce, E.Ant. Ifuife most gracious Duke, oh grant me iu-
Euen for the feruice that long fince I did feue,
When I beftrid thee in the warres, and tooke
Deepe fcares to faue thy life: euen for the blood
That then I loft for thee, now grant me ifuifce.

Marr.Fatt. Vntlefe the feare of death doth make me
dote, I fee my fonne Antipholus and Dromio.

E.Ant. Ifuife (sweet Prince) againft 
Woman there: She whom thou gai't'nto me to be my wife;
That hath abu'd and dihonor'd me,
Euen in the strength and height of injurie:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That thefe day hath shameleffe throwne on me.

Duke. Diſcouer how, and thou shalt finde me iuifte.

E.Ant. This day (great Duke) the flut the doores
vpon me,
While the with Harlots reafhed in my howse.

Duke. A greuous fault: fay woman, dif't thou fo?

Adr. No my good Lord. My felfe, he, and my fifter,
To day did dine togethe: fo befal my foule,
As this is falf he burthen me withall.

Luc. Nere may I looke on day, nor fleepe on night,
But the tels to your Highneffe fimpie truth.

Gold. O periu'd woman! They are both foriworne,
In this the Madman iuftly chargeth them.

E.Ant. My Liege, I am auifued what I fay,
Neither difturbed with the effect of Wine,
Nor headie-rath pronoua'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wifer mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That Goldfmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witneffe it: for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine,
Promifing to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balbafyar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not comming thither,
I went to feeke him. In the freet I met him,
And in his companie that Gentleman.
There did this periu'd Goldfmitheware me done,
That I this day of him receu'd the Chaine,
Which God he knowes, I faw not. For the which,
He did arreft me with an Officer.
I did obey, and fent my Pefant home
For certaine Duket's: he with none return'd.
Then fairely I belpoke the Officer
To go in perfon with me to my howfe.

Byth.wy, we met my wife, her fifter, and a rabble more
Ofvide Confederates: Along with them
They brought one Pind, a hungry leane-fae'd Villaine;
A meere Anatomie, a Mountebanke,
A thred-bare liguer, and a Fortune-teller,
A needy-hollow-ey'd-flarpe-locking-wretch;
A liuing dead man. This pernicious fnae,
Forfooth 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 poifon'd. Then altogether
They fell vpon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a darke and darklfe vault at home.
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in funder,
I gain'd my freeome; and immediately
Ran hether to your Grace, whom I beechech
To give me ample fatisfacion
For thefe deepd fhaomes, and great indignities.

Gold. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witneffe with him:
That he did not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he fuch a Chaine of thee, or no?

Gold. He had my Lord, and when he ran in heere,
These peple faw the Chaine about his necke.

Mar. Befoole, I will be sworne thefe cares of mine,
Heard you confefle you had the Chaine of him,
After you firt forwore it on the Mart,
And thereupon I drew my fword on you:
And then you fied into this Abbey heere,
From whence I thinkke you are come by Miracle.

E.Ant. I never came within thefe Abbey wals,
Nor euer dif't thou draw thy fword on me:
I never faw the Chaine, fo helpe me heavem:
And this is falf ye burthen me withall.

Duke. Why what an intricate impace is this?
I thinkke you all haue drunke of Ciriets cup:
If heere you hous'd him, heere he would haue bin.
If he were mad, he would not pleade fo coldly:
You fay he din'd at home, the Goldfmith heere
Denies that faying. Sirra, what fay you?

E.Dre. Sir he din'd with her there, at the Porpen-
tine.

Car. He did, and from my finger fnacht that Ring.

E.Ant. Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'ft thou him enter at the Abbey heere?

Car. As fure (my Liege) as I do fee your Grace.

Duke. Why this is straunge: Go call the Abbiffe hither.
I thinkke you are all mated, or fkarke mad.
The Comedie of Errors.

Exit one to the Abbeffe.

Fa. Moit mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speake a word:
Haply I fee a friend will faue my life,
And pay the fum that may deliver me.
Farb. Is not your name Sir call'd Antipbolus?
And is not that your bondman Dro'dio?
E. Dro. Within this houre I was his bondman Sir,
But so I thanke him gnaw'd in two my cords,
Now am I Dro'dio, and his man, unbound.
Farb. I am sure you both of you remember me.
Dro. Ous felves 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 never faw you in my life till now.
Fa. Oh, griefe hath chang'd me since you faw me left,
And carefull hours with times deformed hand,
Have written strange defeaters in my face:
But tell me yet, doft thou not know my voice?
Ant. Neither.
Fat. Dro's, nor thou Sir?
Dro. No truft me Sir, nor I.
Fa. I am sure thou doft?
E. Dro'mio. I Sir, but I am sure I do not, and whatso-
euer a man denies, you are now bound to beleue him.
Farb. Not know my voice, oh times t'oremony
Hait thou fo crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In feuen short yeares, that heere my onely fonne
Knowes not my feeble key of vnrun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In fan-comfuming Winten drizled snow,
And all the Conduits of my blood froze vp:
Yet hath my night of life fome memorie:
My wafting lampes fome fading glimmer left;
My dull deafe eares a little fife to heare:
All thefe old witneffe, I cannot erre,
Tell me, thou art my fonne Antipbolus.
Ant. I never faw my Father in my life.
Fa. But feuen yeares fince, in Siracufa boy
Thou know'st we parted, but perhaps my fonne,
Thou fhal'ft to acknowledge me in militer.
Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the City,
Can witneffe with me that it is not so.
I ne're faw Siracufa in my life.
Duke. I tell thee Siracufan, twente yeares
Haue I bin Patron to Antipbolus,
During which time, he ne're faw Siracufa:
I fee thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbeffe with Antipbolus Siracufa, and Dro'mio Sir.

Abbeffe. Moit mightie Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
All gather to see them.

Adr. I fee two husbands, or mine eyes deceiue me.
Duke. One of these men is gentil to the other:
And fo of thefe, which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphs them?
S. Dro'mio. I Sir am Dro'mio, command him away.
E. Dro. I Sir am Dro'mio, pray let me stay.
S. Ant. Egeon art thou not? or effe his ghost.

S. Dro'mio. Oh my olde Mafter, who hath bound him here?
Abb. Who euer bound him, I will lofe his bonds,
And gaine a husband by his libertie:
Speake olde Egeon, if thou be'ft the man
That hadst a wife once call'd e'Emilia,
That bore thee at a barthen two faire fonnes? 
Oh if thou be'ft the fame Egeon, speake:
And speake vnto the fame e'Emilia.
Duke. Why heere begins his Morning forie right:
These two Antipbolus, these two fo like,
And these two Dro'mio's, one in semblance:
Besides her virging of her wracke at sea,
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Fa. If I dreame not, thou art e'Emilia,
If thou art thee, tell me, where is that fonne
That floated with thee on the faftall raffe.
Abb. By men of Epidamium, he, and I,
And the two Dro'mio's, all were taken vp;
But by and by, rude Fishermen of Corinnt
By force tooke Dro'mio, and my fonne from them,
And me they left with thefe of Epidamium.
What then became of them, I cannot tell:
I, to this fortune that you fee mee in.
Duke. Antipbolus thou cam'ft from Corinnt firft.
S. Ant. No Sir, not I, I came from Siracufa.
Duke. Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which.
E. Ant. I came from Corinnt my moft gracious Lord
E. Dro. And with I him.
E. Ant. Brought to this Town by that moft famous
Warriour,
Duke Menepbon, your moft renowned Vnkle.
Adr. Which if of you two did dine with me to day?
S. Ant. I, gentle Miftirs.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
E. Ant. No, I fay na to that.
S. Ant. And fo do I, yet did fhe call me fo:
And this faire Gentlewoman her fifter heere
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope I haue leulfure to make good,
If this be not a dreame I fee and heare.
Goldsmit. That is the Chaine fir, which you had of mee.
S. Ant. I thinke it be fir, I denie it not.
E. Ant. And you fir for this Chaine arrested me.
Gold. I thinke I did fir, I deny it not.
Adr. I fent you monie fir to be your baile
By Dro'mio, but I thinke he brought it not.
E. Dro. No, none by me.
S. Ant. This purfe of Duckets I receiued from you,
And Dro'mio my man did bring them me:
I fee we still did meece each others man,
And I was tane for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors are arose.
E. Ant. Thefe Duckets pawnne I for my father heere.
Duke. It shall not neede, thy father hath his life,
Car. 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 dicourfed all our fortunes,
And all that are assembled in this place:
That by this sympathized one daies error
Hau'e suffer'd wrong. Go, keepe vs companie.
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirtie three yeares haue I gone in trouaile
Of you my fonnes, and till this preuent houre
My heauie burthen are deliuered:
The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalenders of their Natiuity,
Go to a Goffips feaft, and go with mee,
After fo long greefe such Natiuitie.
Duke. With all my heart, Ile Goffip at this feaft.

Exeunt omnes. Manet the two Dromio’s and two Brothers.
S.Dro. Maft. shall I fetch your stuffe from shipbord?
E.Dro. Dromio, what stuffe of mine haft thou imbarkt
S.Dro. Your goods that lay at hoff fir in the Centaur.
S.Ant. He speakes to me, I am your master Dromio.

Come go with vs, wee’ll looke to that anon,
Embrace thy brother there, rejoyce with him.
S.Dro. There is a fat friend at your masters houfe,
That kitchin’d me for you to day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife,
E.Dro. I see by you, I am a sweet-face’d youth,
I see by you, I am a sweet-face’d youth,
Will you walke in to see their goslimping?
S. Dro. Not I sir, you are my elder.
E. Dro. That’s a question, how shall we trie it.
S. Dro. Wee’ll draw Cuts for the Signior, till then,
lead thou firft.
E. Dro. Nay then thus:
Wee came into the world like brother and brother:
And now let’s go hand in hand, not one before another.

Finis.
Enter Leonato Gournour of Messina, Innogen bis wife, Hero bis daughter, and Beatrice bis niece, with a messenger.

Leonato. Learn in this Letter, that Don Peter of Arragon, comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very neere by this: he was not three Leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many Gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any fort, and none of name.

Leon. A victorie is twice as felie, when the attcherer brings home full numbers: I finde heere, that Don Peter hath bestowed much honor on a yong Florentine, call'd Claudius.

Mess. Much deferu'd on his part, and equally remembred by Don Pedro, he hath borne himselfe beyond the promis of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the feats of a Lion, he hath indeede better betted expectation, then you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leo. He hath an vnkle heere in Messina, will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have alreadie delilvered him letters, and there appeares much joy in him, even so much, that Joy could not shew it felie modest enough, without a bag of bitteneffe.

Leo. Did he break out into teares?

Mess. In great meafeure.

Leo. A kinde overflour of kindneffe, there are no faces truer, then thofe that are so wahr'd, how much better is it to weep at joy, then to joy at weeping.

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Montanto return'd from the warres, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, Lady, there was none fuch in the armie of any fort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for Neece?

Her. 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 billes here in Messina, & challeng'd Cupid at the Fliht: and my vnckles foole reading the Challenge, subfcribd 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 take Signior Benedicke too much, but hee'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service Lady in these wars.

Beat. You had muty victual, and he hath holpe to ease it: he's a very valiant Trencher-man, hee hath an excellent flamacke.

Mess. And a good foouldier too Lady.

Beat. And a good foouldier to a Lady. But what is he to a Lord?

Mess. A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, fluft with all honourable vertues.

Beat. It is fo indeed, he is no leffe then a fluft man: but for the fluffling, 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 never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last confliet, foure of his flue wits went halting off, and now is the whole man gouern'd with one: so that if hee have wit enoue to keepe himselfe warme, let him bear it for a difference betweene himselfe and his horfe: For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reaonsable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath euery month a new sworne brother.

Mess. I'th possible?

Beat. Very easilly possible: he weares his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it euers changes with y next block.

Mess. I see (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your bookes.

Beat. No, and he were, I would burne my study. But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the duell?

Mess. He is moft in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang vpvn him like a disafe: he is sooner caught then the perfuifion, and the taker runs prently mad. God helpe the noble Claudio, if hee have caught the Benedic, it will coft him a thousand pound ere he be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you Lady.

Beat. Do good friend.

Leo. You'll ne're run mad Neece.

Beat. No, not till a hot Januar.

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter don Pedro, Claudin, Benedick, Balibafar, and John the haftard.

Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid coft, 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, I dare abide, and happenneffe takes his leave.
Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly: I think this is your daughter.

Leonato. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bened. Were you in doubt that you ask her?

Leonato. Signior Benedick, no, for then were you a child.

Pedro. You have it full Benedick, we may gape by this, what you are, being a man, truly the Lady fathers her self: be happy Lady, for you are like an honorable father.

Ben. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Meffina, as like him as she is.

Bened. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick, no body markes you.

Ben. What my deere Ladie Difdaine ! are you yet living?

Bened. Is it poiffible Difdaine should die, while she hath such mette foode to feede it, as Signior Benedick? Curtefie it selfe must conform to Difdaine, if you come in her preface.

Ben. Then is curtefie a turne-coate, but it is certaine I am loved of all Ladies, onely you excepted: and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truely I love none.

Bened. A deere happyfneffe to women, they would else haue beene troubled with a pernicious Suter, I thank 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 loves me.

Bened. God keepe your Ladifhip still in that minde, so some Gentleman or other shall feaue a predestination straftch face.

Bened. Scratching could not make it worfe, and twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare Parrat teacher.

Bened. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of your.

Bened. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so I was in continuance, but keepe your way a Gods name, I haue done.

Bened. You alwaies end with a Ladies tricke, I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the fumme of all: Leonato, Signior Claudius, and Signior Benedick; my deere friend Leonato, hath inuited you all, I tell him we shall stay here, at the least a moneth, and he heartily prays some occasion may detain vs longer: I dare sweare hee is no hypocrite, but prays 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 dutie.

John. I thanke you, I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace leade on ?

Pedro. Your hand Leonato, we will goe together.

Exeunt. Manet Benedickes and Claudius.

Claud. Benedickes, 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 judgement? or would you have me speake after my custome, as being a professed tyrant to their sexe ?

Pedro. You, John the bafard.

Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato?

Bened. I would your Grace would confraint me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy alleegance.

Ben. You heare, Count Claudia, I can be secret as a dumbe man, I would have you think fo (but on my alleegance, marke you this, on my alleegance) hee is in loue, With who? now that is your Graces part: marke how short his answere is, with Hero, Leonatoes short daughter.

Claud. If this were fo, fo were it vttred.

Bened. Like the old tale, my Lord, it is not fo, nor twas not fo: but indeede, God forbid it should be fo.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Pedro. Amen, if you loue her, for the Ladie is very well worthie.

Claud. You speake this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth I speake my thought.

Claud. And in faith, my Lord, I spoke mine.

Bened. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I speake mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feele.

Pedro. That she is worthie, I know.

Bened. That I neither feele 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 flake.

Pedro. Thou waft euere an obfinate heretique in the defpit of Beautie.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.
Much ado about Nothing.

Ben. That a woman conceived me, I thank her: that she brought me vp, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a rechate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldricke, all women shall pardon me: because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will doe my felfe the right to trust none: and the fine is, (for the which I may the goe finer) I will lue a Battчерlor.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover prefently, and tire the hearer with a booke of words: If thou doft loue faire Hero, cherish it, and I will breake with her: waft not to this end, That thou beginnt to twift it for a fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly doe you minifter to loue, that know loues griefe by his complexion! But left my liking might too sodaine feme, I would haue fal'd it with a longer treatise.

Ped. What need you bridge much broder then the flood? The faireft grant is the necelitie: Louke what will ferue, is fit: 'tis once, thow loueft, and I will fhit thee with the remedie, I know we fhall haue reueling to night, I will assume thy part in fome difguife, and tell faire Hero I am Claudio, and in her bofome Ie vnclafe my heart, and take her hearing prisoner with the force and strong incorquet of my amorous tale: Then after, to her father will I break, and the conclusion is, fhee shall be thine, in prefyle let vs put it prefently.

Enter Leonato and an old man, brother to Leonato.

Leo. How now brother, where is my cugen your fon: hath he proued this muffcke? Old. He is very bufe about it, but brother, I can tell you newes that you yet dreamt not of.

Leo. Are they good? Old. As the euents fflamps them, but they have a good couer: they fhes well outward, the Prince and Count Claudio walking in a thick pheached alley in my orchard, were thus ouer-heard by a man of mine: the Prince difcouered to Claudio that hee loued my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance, and if hee found her accordant, hee meant to take the prefent time by the top, and infantly breake with you of it.

Leo. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this? Old. A good fharpe fellow, I will fend for him, and question him your felfe.

Leo. No, no; wee will hold it as a dreams, till it appear it felle: but I will acquaint my daughter withall, that she may be the better prepared for an anfwer, if peraduenture this bee true: goe you and tell her of it: coofins, you know what you have to doe, O I crie you merce friend, goe you with mee and I will vfe your skill, good cofin haue a care this bufe time.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir John the Baffard, and Conrade bis companion.

Con. What the good yeere my Lord, why are you thus out of measure fad?

Job. There is no meafeure in the occasion that breeds, therefore the fadneffe is without limit.

Con. You should heare reafon.

Job. And when I haue heard it, what bleffing bringeth it?

Con. If not a prefent remedy, yet a patient fufferance.

Job. I wonder that thou (being as thou failes thou art, borne vnder Saturne) goeft about to apply a morall medicine, to a mortifying milchife: I cannot hide what I am: I muft bee faid when I haue caufe, and smile at no mans ifs, eat when I haue fomacke, and wait for no mans leifure: sleepe when I am drowlie, and tend on no mans busynefe, laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humor.

Con. Yes, but you muft not make the ful fhow of this, till you may doe it without controultment, you haue of late
late flood out against your brother, and hee hath tone you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take root, but by the faire weather that you make your selfe, it is needfull that you frame the season for your owne harueft.

<3VLuch. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a rofe in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, then to fashion a carriage to rob loose from any in this (though I cannot be faid to be a flattering honeft man) it must not be denied but I am a plaine dealing villain, I am trusted with a muscel, and enfranchised with a clog, therefore I haue decreed, not to fing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite: if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mane time, let me be that I am, and feeke not to alter me.

Can. Can you make no vfe of your discontent?

<3VLuch. I will make all vfe of it, for I vfe it onely. Who comes here? what newes Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Bor. I came yonder from a great supper, the Prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato, and can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

<3VLuch. Will it serve for any Modell to build misthief on? What is hee for a foule that betrothes himselfe to vnuquietneffe?

Bor. Mary it is your brothers right hand.

<3VLuch. Who, the most exquifite Claudius?

Bor. Even he.

<3VLuch. A proper finier, and who, and who, which way looks he?

Bor. Mary on Hero, the daughter and Heire of Leonato.

<3VLuch. A very forward March-chicke, how came you to this?

Bor. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoaking a mutty roome, comes me the Prince and Claudius, hand in hand in flor conference: I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the Prince should wooe Hero for himfelfe, and having obtayned her, give her to Count Claudius.

<3VLuch. Come, come, let us thither, this may proue food to my difpleasure, that young that vp hath all the glorie of my ouerthrow: if I can croffe him any way, I bleepe my selfe every way, you are both fure, and will affift mee?

Corin. To the death my Lord.

<3VLuch. Let vs to the great supper, their cheere is the greater that I am fubdued, would the Cooke were of my minde: shall we goe proue whats to be done?

Bor. Wee'll wait vpon your Lordship.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his niece, and a kinman.

Leonato. Was not Count John here at supper?

Brother. I saw him not.

Beatrice. How tartly that Gentleman lookes, I nouer can fee 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 juyt in the mid-way between him and Benedicks, the one is too like an image and faies nothing, and the other too like my Ladies eldest fonne, euermore tatling.

Leon. Then halfe signior Benedicks tongue in Count Johns mouth, and halfe Count Johns 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 Neceee, thou wilt nouer get thee a husband, if thou be fo threwd of thy tongue.

Brother. Infaith thee's too curte.

Beat. Too curte is more than curte, I shall leffen Gods fending that way: for it is faid, God fends a curte Cow short hornes, but to a Cow too curte he fends none.

Leon. So, by being too curte, God will fend you no hornes.

Bor. Juyt, if he fend me no husband, for the which bleffing, I am at him vpon my knees every morning and evening: 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? dreffe him in my apparell, and make him my waiting gentiewoman? he that hath a beard, is more then a youth: and he that hath no beard, is leffe then a man: and he that is more then a youth, is not for mee: and he that is leffe then a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take fixepence in earneft of the Berrord, and leade his Apees into hell.

Leon. Well then, goe you into hell.

Beat. No, but to the gate, and there will the Deuil meete mee like an old Cuckold with horns on his head, and fay, get you to heauen Beattrice, get you to heauen, here's no place for you maidis, fo deliuer me vp my Apees, and away to S. Peter: for the heauens, hee shewes mee where the Batchellers fit, and there liue wee as merry as the day is long.

Brother. Well neceee, I trust you will be rul'd by your father.

Beatrice. Yes faith, it is my cosens dutie to make curte, and fay, as it pleafe you: but yet for all that cosin, let him be a handfome fellow, or elle make an other curte, and fay, father, as it pleafe me.

Leonato. Well neceee, I hope to fee you one day fitted with a husband.

Beatrice. Not till God make men of some other mettall then earth, would it not griue a woman to be overmattred with a peece of valiant duft? to make account of her life to a clod of waierward marble? no vnckle, ile none: Adams tonnes are my brethren, and truly I hold it a finne to match in my kinred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you, if the Prince doe follicit you in that kinde, you know your anfwere.

Beatrice. The fault will be in the musicke cofin, if you be not wond in good time: if the Prince bee too impor-tant, tell him there is meafore in euery thing, & fo dance out the anfwere, for heare me Hero, wooing, wedding, & repenting, is as a Scotch ijgge, a meafore, and a cinque-pace: the firft fuite is hot and hafty like a Scotch ijgge (and full as fantafical) the wedding manerly modest, (as a meafore) full of state & auncheztry, and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he finkes into his grave.

Leonato.
Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudius, and Benedick, 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 favoure, for God defend the Lute should be like the cafe.

Pedro. My visor is Philemon's rofe, within the house is Loue.

Hero. Why then your visor should be thatthet.

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 have mane ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one? Mar. I say my prayers slow. Bene. I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen. Mar. God match me with a good dauncer.

Balt. Amen.

Mar. And God keep he out of my fight when the daunce is done: anfwer Clarke.

Balt. No more words, the Clarke is anfwered.

Vrfula. I know you well enough, you are Signior Antonio.

Anth. At a word, I am not.

Vrfula. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Anth. To tell you true, I counterfet him.

Vrfula. You could neuer doe him fo 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.

Vrfula. Come, come, doe you thinke I doe not know you by your excellent wit? can vertue hide it felte? goe to, mumme, you are he, grace will appeare, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you fo?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bened. Not now.

Beat. That I was disafinfall, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales: well, this was Signior Benedickes that faid fo.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not J, belleece me.

Beat. Did he neuer make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you what is he?

Beat. Why he is the Princes leafer, a very dull foole, onely his gift is, in deuising imposible flanders, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his witte, but in his villainie, for hee both pleafeth 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 boorded me.

Bene. When I know the Gentleman, Ile tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do, hee'll but breake a comparison or two on me, which peradventure (not markt, or not laugh'd at) strikes him into melancholy, and then there's a Par-

tride wing fauced, for the foolie will eate no fupper that night. We must follow the Leaders.

Ben. In euery good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they leade to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

Exeunt. Much teke 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 remaynes.

Barabio. And that is Claudius, I know him by his bear-

ing.

Iohn. Are not you signior Benedick?

Clau. You know me well, I am hee.

Iohn. Signior, you are verie neere my Brother in his love, he is enamor'd on Hero, I pray you difwade him from her, she is no euqal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Clau. How know you he loves her?

Iohn. I heard him swear his affection,

Ber. So did I too, and he swore he would marrie her to night.

Iohn. Come, let vs to the banquet. 

Exeunt Clau.

Clau. Thus anfwere I in name of Benedike, But heare these ill newes with the eares of Claudio: 'Tis certaine fo, the Princes woes for himselfe:

Friendship is conftant in all other things, Save in the Office and affaires of loue:

Therefore all hearts in loue vfe their owne tongues. Let euerie eye negotiate for it felfe, And truft no Agent: for beautie is a witch,

Against whole charmes, faith melteth into blood : This is an accident of hourly proofs,

Which I miferufed not. Farewell therefore Hero.

Enter Benedickes.

Ben. Count Claudio.

Clau. Yea, the fame.

Iohn. Come, will you go with me?

Clau. Whither?

Iohn. Even to the next Willow, about your owne bu-

fineffe, Count. What fashion will you weare the Gar-

land off? About your necke, like an Vfurers chaine? Or vnder your arme, like a Lieutenants scarf? You must weare it one way, for the Prince hath got your Hero.

Clau: I wish him joy of her.

Ben. Why that's spoken like an honest Drouer, so they fel Bullockes: but did you thinke the Prince wold haue fered you thus?

Clau. I pray you leave me.

Iohn. Ho now you strike like the blindman, twas the boy that flol your owne sonne, and you'll beat the poft.

Clau. If it will not be, Ile leave you.

Exit. Iohn. Alas poore hurt fowle, now will he creepe into fedges: But that my Ladie Beatrices shold know me, & not know me: the Princes foole! Hah? It may be I goe vnder that title, because I am merrie: yea but I am apt to do my felfe wrong: I am not fo reputed, it is the fafe (though bitter) disposition of Beatrices, that putt's the world into her perfon, and fo gives me out: well, he be reuenge as I may.

Enter the Prince.

Pedro. Now Signior, where's the Count, do you see him?

Ben.
Much adoe about Nothing.

Bene. Troth my Lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame, I found him here as melancholy as a Lodge in a Warren, I told him, and I think, told him true, that your grace had got the will of this young Lady, and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forswaken, or to bind 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-loved with finding a birds neft, shews it his companion, and he fleas it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a truft, a transgression? the transgression is in the flealer.

Bene. Yet it had not bene amife the rod had bene made, and the garland too, for the garland he might have wonne himselfe, and the rod hee mighthave beftowd on you, who as I take it haue foine his birds neft.

Pedro. I will but teach them to fing, and reftore them to the owner.

Bene. If their finging answer your faying, by my faith you fay honestly.

Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you, the Gentleman that daunt with her, told her fhee is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O the misfide me paft the indulance of a block: an oske but with one greene leafe on it, would haue anfwered her: my very vifor began to afume life, and fcoild with her: fhee told mee, not thinking I had bene my felfe, that I was the Princes Jeffer, and that I was duller then a great thaw, huiling left vpon left, with fuch impoffible conuenience vpon me, that I flood like a man at a marke, with a whole army fhooteing at me: fhee fpeaks poynyards, and every word fappes: if her breath were as terrible as terminations, there were no liuing neere her, she would infedt to the north starre: I would not marry her, though she were indowd with all that Adam had left him before he transgred, she would haue made Hercules haue turnd fipt, yea, and haue cleft his club to make the fire too: come, talke not of her, you fhall find her the i infernal! Ate in good apparell. I would to God fome fcholler would conuere her, for certainly while the is heere, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a fanchury, and people finne vpon purpofe, because they would goe thither, fo indeed all diuifuit, horror, and perturbation follows her.

Enter Claudio and Beatrices, Leonato, Hero.

Pedro. Lookhe heere she comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command mee any feruice to the worlds end? I will goe on the lighteft arrant now to the Antyopes that you can defife to fend me on: I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Afia: bring you the length of Pisgah Johns foot:fetch you a hayre off the great Obams beard: doe you any embullage to the Pigmies, rather then hould three words conference, with this Happy: you have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to defire your good company.

Bene. O God sir, heeres a dish I lose not, I cannot in- dulge this Lady tongue.

Exit. Pedro. Come Lady, come, you have loft the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed my Lord, hee lent it me a while, and I gaue him vfe for it, a double heart for a fingle one, marry once before he wonne it of mee,with falle dice, therefore your Grace may well fay I have loft it.

Pedro. You have put him downe Lady,you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my Lord, if I should prove the mother of foole: I have brought Count Claudio, whom you fent me to f eeke.

Pedro. Why how now Count, wherfore are you fad?

Claudio. Not fad my Lord.

Pedro. How then? ficks?

Claudio. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither fad, nor ficks, nor merry, nor well but ciuill Count, ciuill as an Orange, and some- thing of a jealous completion.

Pedro. Ifaith Lady, I think hee blazon to be true, though Ile be sworne, if hee be fo, his conceit is falle: heere Claudio, I haue woed in thy name, and fare Hero is won, I haue broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God glue thee ioy.

Leon. Count, take of me daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, & all grace say, Amen to it.

Beat. Speake Count, tis your Qu.

Claudio. Silence is the perfect 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 felfe for you, and doat vpon the exchange.

Beat. Speake cofin, or (if you cannot) flop his mouth with a kiffe, and let not him speake neither.

Pedro. Infaith Lady you have a merry heart.

Beat. Ye a my Lord I thanke it, poore foole it keepes on the windy fide of Care, my cofin tells him in his eare that he is in my heart.

Claw. And fo doth cofin.

Beat. Good Lord for alliance: thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am fun-burn'd, I may fit in a corner and cry, heigh ho for a husband.

Pedro. Lady Beatrices, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have 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 have me? Lady.

Beat. No, my Lord, vnleffe I might have another for working-dales, your Grace is too softly to weare euery day: but if beleefce your Grace pardon mee, I was borne to speake all mirth, and no matter.

Prince. Your silence most offends me, and to be mer- ry, beft becomes you, for out of question, you were born in a merry howre.

Beat. No fure my Lord, my Mother cried, but then there was a faffe daunt, and vnder that was I borne: co- fins God giue you ioy.

Leonato. Neece, will you looke to thofe rhings I told you of?


Prince. By my troth a pleafant spirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her my Lord, she is never fad, but when the fleepes, and not ever fad thenfor I haue heard my daughter fay, the hath often dreamt of vnhappyneffe, and wak't her felle with laughing.

Pedro. Shee cannot indure to hear tell of a husband.

Leonato. O, by no meanes, the mocks all her woorees out of fuite.

Prince. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leonato. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a wecke married,
Much ado about Nothing.

married, they would talk of themselves made.

Prince. Counte Claudio, when meanest you to goe to Church?

Clau. To morrow my Lord, Time goes on truchtes, till Loue have all his rites.

Leonata. Not till mondy, my deare Sonne, which is a heu fuen night, and a time too brieft too, to have all things answer minde.

Prince. Come, you shake the head at fo long a breading, but I warrant thee Claudio, the time shall not goe duly by vs, I will in the interim, undertake one of Hercules labors, which is, to bring Signior Benedicke and the Lady Beatrice into a mountaine of affection, th'o' with th'o' other, I would faine haue it a match, and I doubt not but to fation it, if you three will but minifter fuch affiance as I shall give you direcition.

Leonata. My Lord, I am for you, though it cost me 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 cofin to a good husband.

Bene. And Benedicke is not the vnhapfulleft husband that I know: thus farre can I praffe him, hee is of a noble fraine, of approued valour, and confirme honesty, I will teach you how to humour your cofin, that fhe shall fall in love with Benedicke, and I, with your two helpe, will fo prafticke on Benedicke, that in delight of his quicke wit, and his quefte fromacke, fhee shall fall in love with Beatrice: if wee can doe this, Cupid is no longer an Archer, his glory shall be ours, for wee are the onely loue, gods, goe in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

Exit. Enter John and Borachio.

Ido. It is fo, the Count Claudio shall marie the daugther of Leonato.

Bora. Ye a my Lord, but I can crosse it.

John. Any barre, any crosse, any impediment, will be medicinable to me, I am fickle in difpleasure to him, and whatsoever comes aithwart his affection, ranges euently with mine, how canft thou crosse this marriage?

Bor. Not honestly my Lord, but fo counterly, that no daffonfly shall appeare in me.

John. Shew me briefly how.

Bor. I thinke I told you your Lordship a yeere fince, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

John. I remember.

Bor. I can at any vnfeanoble inffant of the night, appoint her to look out at her Ladies chamber window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bor. The poynon of that lies in you to temper, goe to the Prince your brother, fpare not to tell him, that hee hath wronged his Honor in marrying the renowned Claudio, whose efimation do you mightily hold vp, to a contaminated state, fuch a one as Hero.

John. What proufes shall I make of that?

Bor. Prout enough, to mifie the Prince, to vexe Claudio, to vndece Hero, and kill Leonato, looke you for an other illuf?

John. O noue to defpight them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bor. Goe then, finde me a meeke howre, to draw on Pedro and the Count Claudio alone, tell them that you know that Hero loues me, intend a kind of zeale both to the Prince and Claudio (as in a loue of your brothers honor who hath made this match) and his friends reputa-

Prince. Come, shall we hear this mufike?

Claud. Ye a my good Lord: how fhill the evening is, As bouht on purpole to grace harmanie.

Prin. See you where Benedicke hath hid himfelfe?

Claud. O very well my Lord the mufike ended, We'll fit the kid-foxes with a penny worth.

Prince. Come Balthafar, we'll hear that fong again.

Balt. O good my Lord, taxe not to bad a voyce, To fander mufike any more then once.

Prin. It is the witneffe still of excellency,
Much adoe about Nothing.

To flander Musicke any more then once.

Prince. It is the witnesse fill of excellencie, To put a strange face on his owne perfection, I praye thee sing, and let me wee noe more.

Baltb. 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 fwear he loves.

Prince. Nay praye thee come, Or if thou wilt hold longer argument, Doe it in notes.

Baltb. Note this before my notes, Theres not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

Prince. Why these are very crotchetts that he speaks, Note notes forsooth, and nothing.

Bene. Now diuine aire, now is his foule rauifh, is it not strange that sheepe's guts should hole foules out of mens bodies? well, a horne for my money when all's done.

The Song.

Sigh no more Ladies, sigh no more, Men were deceivers ever, One foot in Sea, and one on shore, To one thing constant never, Then sigh not jo, but let them goe, And be you blithe and bonnie, Converting all your sounds of wooe, Into bey many nony.

Sing no more ditties, sing no more, Of dumps so dull and beauty, The fraud of men were ever so, Since summer first was heavy, Then sigh not jo, &c.

Prince. By my troth a good song.

Baltb. And an ill finger, my Lord.

Prince. Ha, no, no faith, thou fintget well enough for a shift.

Ben. And he had been a dog that should haue howld thus, they would have hang'd him, and I pray God his bad voyce bode no milchiefe, I had as lief haue heard the night-ruen, come what plague might haue come after it.

Prince. Yea marry, doft thou heare Baltsafar? I praye thee get vs some excellent musick: for to morrow night we haue it at the Lady Heroes chamber window.

Baltb. The best I can, my Lord.

Bene. Exit Baltsafar.

Prince. Do so, farewell. Come hither Leonato, what was it you told me of to day, that your Niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Cla. O I, slake on, slake on, the foule fits. I did never think that Lady would haue louse any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither, but moft wonderful, that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom shee hath in all outward behauiours seemd euer to abhorre.

Ben. It's possible? fits the winde in that corner?

Leo. By my troth my Lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she louses him with an iraged affecion, it is past the infinitue of thought.

Prince. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was never counterfeit of passion, came fo neere the life of passion as she discourse it.

Prince. Why what effects of passion shewes he?

Claud. Baithe the hooke well, this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects my Lord? shee will fit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did indeed.

Prin. How, how I praye you? you amaze me, I would have thought her spirit had beene invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leo. I would haue sworne it had, my Lord, especially against Benedick.

Bene. I should thinke this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speakes it: knauery cannot sure hide himselfe in such reuerence.

Leon. He hath tane th'infected, hold it vp.

Prince. Hath shee made her affecion known to Benedick?

Leonato. No, and sheeary the never will, that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true indeed, to your daughter faies: shall I, faies she, that haue so oft encountered him with scorne, write to him that I loue him?

Leo. This faies shee now when shee is beginning to write to him, for she'll be vp twenty times a night, and ther wil she fit in her smocke, till she haue wriat a sheet of paper: my daughter tells vs all.

Claud. Now you talke of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty left your daughter told us of.

Leon. O when she had wriat it, & was reading it ouer, the found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheete.

Claud. That.

Leon. O the tore the letter into a thousand halspence, raill at her selfe, that she should be so immodest to write, to one that shee knew would flout her: I measure him, faies she, by my owne spirit, for I should flout him if shee wriat to me, yea though I love him, I should.

Claud. Then downe vpone her knees the falls, weepes, fobs, beates her heart, teares her hayre, prays, curles, O sweet Benedick, God give me patience.

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter faies so, and the extasie hath so much ouerborne her, that my daughter is fortime afraid she wil doe a desperate out-rage to her selfe, it is very true.

Prince. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discouer it.

Claud. To what end? he would but make a sport of it, and torment the poore Lady worke.

Prin. And he should, it were an almes to hang him, the's an excellent sweet Lady, and (out of all fution,) she is virtuous.

Claudio. And she is exceeding wife.

Prince. In euerie thing, but in louing Benedick.

Leon. O my Lord, wifedome and bloud combating in fo tender a body, we haue ten prooves to one, that bloud hath the victory, I am forry for her, as I haue iuft caufe, being her Uncle, and her Guardian.

Prince. I would shee had betofed this dotage on mee, I would have daft all other respects, and made her halfe my felye: I praye you tell Benedick of it, and heare what he will say.

Leon. Were it good think you?

Claud. Hero thinkes furely the wil die, for she faies the will die, if shee loue her not, and thee will die ere shee make her loue knowne, and shee will die if shee woe her, rather than shee wile bate one breath of her accustomed croffenelle.

Prin. She doth well, if she should make tender of her
loose, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it, for the man as you know was a very proper man.

Clau. He is a very proper man.

Prin. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Clau. 'Fore God, and in my minde very wise.

Prin. He doth indeed shew some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Prin. As Heftor, I affure you, and in the managing of quarrels you may see he is wise, for either hee auoydes them with great discretion, or vnderstandeth them with a Christian-like faire.

Leon. If hee doe feare God, a must necessitie keepe peace, if hee brake the peace, hee ought to enter into to a quarrell with feare and trembling.

Prin. And so will he doe, for the man doth fear God, howsoever hee seems not in him, by some large leaves hee will make well, well, you know for your socrine, shall we go see Benedictke, and tell him of her love.

Clau. Nearer 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 hearie further of it by your daughter, let it coole the while, I love Benedictke well, and I could with hee would modestly examine himselfe, to see how much he is vnworthy to have so good a Lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walkie dinner is ready.

Clau. If he do not doat on her vpon this, I wil never truie my expeccion.

Prin. Let there be the fame Net spread for her, and that must your daughter and your gentlewoman carry: the sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another dotage, and no such matter, that's the Scene that I would fee, which will be meerely a dumbe shew: let vs send her to call him into dinner.

Exeunt. 

Bene. This can be no tricke, the conference was badly 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 cenfur'd, they say I will bear my fely prouide, if I perceiue the loue come from her: they say too, that she will rather die than give any figne of affections: I did never thinke to marry, I must not feeme 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 bear them witneffe: and vertuous, tis so, I cannot reprooue it, and wife, but for louing me, by my troth it is no addition to her witte, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her, I may chance have some odde quirkes and remnant of witte broken on mee, because I haue rai'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 fentences, and these paper bullets of the braine awe a man from the careare of his honour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a batcheler, I did not think I shalde lye till I were married, here comes Beatrice: by this day, thee's a faire Lady, I doe spie some markes of loue in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Faire Beatrice, I thanke you for your paines.
Much adoe about Nothing.

To with to let him wrattle with affection,
And neuer to let Beatrice know of it.

Vrfula. Why did you fo,doth not the Gentleman
Doverse as full as notune a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall cough vp on?

Hero. O God of loue! I know he doth deferue,
As much as may be yeelded to a man:
But Nature neuer fram’d a womans heart,
By providence fluxue then that of Beatrice.
Didaine and Scorne ride sparkling in her eyes,
Mif-prizing what they looke on, and her wit
Values it felse so highly, that to her
All matter else feesmes weake:thecannot loue,
Nor take no shape nor proiect of affection,
Shee is so felse indeareed.

Vrfula. Sure I think fo,
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, left the make sport at it.

Hero. Why you speake truth, I neuer yet faw man,
How wife, how noble,yong,how rarely featur’d.
But the would spell him backward: if faire fac’d,
She would surere the gentleman should be her fitter:
If blace, why Nature drawing of an anticke,
Made a foule blot:if tall, a launce ill headed:
If low, an aget very vildlie cut:
If speaking, why a vane blowne with all winde:
If silent, why a blocke moued with none.
So turns the every man the wrong fide out,
And neuer glues to Truth and Vertue, that
Which pimplesse and merit purchaseth.

Vrfu. 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 fo? if I should speake,
She would mocke me into syre, O she would laugh me
Out of my felse, preffe me to death with wit,
Therefore let Benedicke like covered fire,
Confame away in figbes, waste inwardly:
It were a better death, to die with mockes,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Vrfula. Yet tell her of it, heare what shee will say.

Hero. No, rather I will goe to Benedicke,
And counaille him to fight against his passion,
And truly Ie deifie some honest flanders,
To flaine my cofin with, one doth not know,
How much an ill word may imployen liking.

Vrfula. O doe not doe your cofin such a wrong,
She cannot be so much without true judgement,
Haung fo swift and excellent a wit
As she is pride to haue, as to refuse
So rare a Gentleman as signior Benedicke.

Hero. He is the onely man of Italy,
Alwaies excpected, my deare Claudio.

Vrfula. I pray you be not angry with me,Madam,
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedicke,
For shape, for bearing argument and valour,
Goes fromost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

Vrfula. His excellence did earne it ere he had it:
When are you married Madame?

Hero. Why euerie day to morrow, come goe in,
Ie shew thee some attires, and haue thy counsell,
Which is the belt to furnish me to morrow.

Vrfu. Shee’s tane I warrant you,
We have caught her Madame.

Hero. If it prove fo, then loving goes by haps,
Some Cupid kills with arrowes, some with traps.

Beat. What fire is in mine eares? can this be true?
Stand I condemn’d for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt,firewell, and maiden pride, a dew,
No glory liues behind the backe of fuch.
And Benedicke, loue on, I will requisite thee,
Taming my wilde heart to thy loving hand:
If thou doft loue, my kindenelle shall incite thee
To bide our love up in a holy band.
For others say thou doft deferue, and I
Believe it better then reportingly.

Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedicke, and Leonato.

Prince. I doe but stay till your marriage be consummate,
and then go I toward Arragon.

Claw. Ile bring you thatther my Lord, if you’ll vouchsafe me.

Prin. Nay, that would be as great a voley in the new
gloffe of your marriage, as to shew a child he his new cost
and forbid him to wear 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-tring, and the little hang-man
dare not shoot at him, he hath a heart as found as a bell,
and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes,
his tongue speakes.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have bin.

Len. So fay I, methinks you are fadder.

Claw. 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.

Claw. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.


Len. Where is but a humour or a worme.

Bene. Well, every one cannot matter a griefe, but hee
that has it.

Claw. Yet fay I, he is in loue.

Prin. There is no appearance of fancie in him, vnlesse
be a fancy that he hath to strange fugitives, as to bee
a Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow: vnlesse hee
have a fancie to this foolery, as it appeares hee hath, hee
is no foole for fancie, as you would haue it to appeare he is.

Claw. If he be not in loue with some wooman, there is
no belceuing old figues, a bruteless his hat a mornings,
What shoulde that bode?

Prin. Hath any man seene him at the Barbers?

Claw. No, but the Barbers man hath beene seene with
him, and the olde ornament of his chekke hath alreadie
flute tennis balls.

Len. Indeed he lookez younger then hee did, by the
loffe of a beard.

Prin. Nay, a rubs himselfe with Cuite, can you smell
him out by that?

Claw. That’s as much as to say, the sweet youth’s in
loue.

Prin. The greates note of it is his melancholy.

Claw. And vvhen was he vvento vvashe his face?
Prin. Yea, or to paint himselfe? for the which I heare
what they fay of him.

Claw. Nay, but his Iefting spirit, vvhich is now crept
into a lute-tring, and now gowned by steps.

Prince.
Much ado about Nothing. 111

Prin. Indeed that tells a heavy tale for him: conclude, he is in love.

Claus. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Prin. That would I know too, I warrant one that knows him not.

Cla. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despite of all, dies for him.

Prin. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache, old signior, walk a side with me, I have studied eight or nine wise words to speake to you, which thes hobby-horses must not heare.

Prin. For my life to breake with him about Beatrices. Claus. 'Tis even so, Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two Beares will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter John the Baffard.

Bafi. My Lord and brother, God faue you.

Prin. Good den brother.

Bafi. If your leisure seru'd, I would speake with you.

Prin. In privacie?

Bafi. If it please you, yet Count Claudio may heare, for what I would speake of, concerns him.

Prin. What's the matter?

Bafi. Means your Lordship to be married to morrow?

Prin. You know he does.

Bafi. I know not that when he knows what I know.

Claus. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

Bafi. 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 fute ill spente, and labour ill bestowed.

Prin. Why, what's the matter?

'Baffard. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shortned, (for the hath beene too long a talking of) the Lady is diffoloyal.

Claus. Who Herne?

Bafi. Even thee, Leonatos Hero, your Hero, every mans Hero.

Claus. Difoyall?

Bafi. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness, I could say the were worse, thinke you of a worfe title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till further warrant: goe but with mee to night, you shall see her chamber window entred, even the night before her wedding day, if you love her, then to morrow wed her: But it would better fit your honour to change your minde.

Claus. May this be so?

Prin. I will not thinke it.

Bafi. But you dare not trust that you fee, confesse not that you know: if you will follow mee, I will shew you enough, and when you have seene more, & heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claus. If I see any thing to night, why I should not marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I hold weade, there will I shame her.

Prin. And as I wou'd for thee to obtaine her, I will ioyne with thee to disgrace her.

Bafi. I will dispare her no farther, till you are my witneffes, bear it coldly but till night, and let the iifie shew it selfe.

Prin. O day vntowardly turn'd!

Claus. O milchifte strangelie thwarting!

Baffard. O plague right well prevented! so will you fay, when you have seene the queule.

Exit.

Enter Dogbery and his companion with the watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Ver. Yea, or else it were pitty but they should suffer saluation body and foule.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should haue any allegiance in them, being cho'en for the Princes watch.

Verge. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogbery.

Dog. First, who thinke you the most desartiflfe man to be Constable?

Watch. Hugh Ote-cake fir, or George Sea-coale, for they can write and reade.

Dogb. Come hither neighbour Sea-coale, God hath bleft you with a good name: to be a well-fauoured man, is the gift of Fortune, but to write and reade, comes by Nature.

Watch 2. Both which Master Constable

Dog. You have: I knew it would be your answere: well, for your favour fir, why give God thankes, & make no boaff of it, and for your writing and reading, let that appeare when there is no need of fuch vanity, you are thought heere to be the most fenfleffe 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?

Dog. Why then take no note of him, but let him go, and presently call the rest of the Watch together, and thank God you are ridde of a naue.

Ver. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the Princes subiects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Princes subiects: you shall also make no noife in the streetes: for, for the Watch to babbile and talkes, is most tolerable, and not to be induerd.

Watch. We will rather sleepe than talke, wee know what belongs to a Watch.

Dog. Why you speake like an ancient and moft quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleepeing should offend: only haue a care that your bills be not stolne: well, you are to call at all the Alehoufes, 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 answere, you may fay, they are not the men you tooke them for.

Watch. Well fir.

Dogb. If you meet a theefe, you may supefix him, by vertue of your office, to be no true man: and for fuch kinde of men, the leffe you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honesty.

Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him.

Dog. Truly by your office you may, but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the moft peaceable way for you, if doe take a theefe, is, to let him shew himfelfe what he is, and feale out of your company.

Ver. You haue bin alwaies cal'd a merciful fir partner.

Dog. Truely I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath anle honestie in him.

K 2

Verge.
Much ado about Nothing.

Verges. If you heare a child crie in the night you must call to the Nurse, and bid her fill it.

Watch. How if the Nurse be asleep and will not hear you?

Dog. Why then depart in peace, and let the childe wake her with crying, for the eue that will not hear her Lambe when it baes, will never anfwer a calefe when he bleates.

Verges. "Ist verie true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you confiable are to prefent the Princes owne perfon, if you meete the Prince in the night, you may f tale him.

Verges. Nay birldalie I thinkne a cannot.

Dog. Five Ishillings to one out with anie man that knowes the Statues, he may fate him, marrie not without the prince be willing, for indeed the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to fay a man against his will.

Verges. Birladie I thinkne it be fo.

Dog. Ha, ah ha, well mat ters good night, and there be anie matter of weighte chances, call vp me, keep your fellowes counfulies, and your owne, and good night, come neighbour.

Watch. Well mat ters, we heare our charge, let us go fit 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 coyte to night, adieu, be bientant I fbeeche you. Exeunt. Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bor. What, Conrade?

Watch. Peace, fir not.

Bor. Conrade I fay.

Con. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Bor. Mas and my elbow itchts, I thought there would have a fcalble follow.

Con. I will owne thee an anfwer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bor. Stand thee clofe then vnder this penthoufe, for it drieffs raine, and I will, like a true drunkard, ytter all to thee.

Watch. Some treafon mat ters, yet fland clofe.

Bor. Therefore know, I have earne of Don John a thousand Ducates.

Con. Is it posiffe that anie villianie should be fo deare?

Bor. Thou fhouldft rather ask, if it were possible anie villianie fhould be fo rich, for when rich villains have neede of poore ones, poore ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bor. That sheues thou art vnconfirmd, thou knowest that the fahion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloake, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bor. I mean the fahion.

Con. Yes the fahion is the fahion.

Bor. Thou may as well fay the foole’s the foole, but feethe thou not what a deformd theepe this fahion is?

Watch. I know that deformd, a has bin a vile theepe, this villyeares, 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. Serve thou not (1 fay) what a deformd thefe this fahion is, bow giddily a turns about all the Hot-
Enter Beatrice.

**Hero.** Good morrow Coze.

**Beatrice.** Good morrow sweet Hero.

**Hero.** Why how now? do you speake in theick tune?

**Beatrice.** I am out of all other tune, me thinkes.

**Mar.** Claps into Light a loue, (that goes without a burden,) do you fing it and Ile dance it.

**Beat. Ye Light alowe with your heles, then if your husband heare fables enough, you'll looke he shall lacke no barnes.

**Mar.** O illegitimate contruction! I forne that with my heele.

**Beat.** 'Tis almost flue a clocke coffin, '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 faying by the farrre.

**Beat.** What meanes the foolo trow?

**Mar.** Nothing I, but God send every one theri harts defire.

**Hero.** There Thloe the Count fent mee, they are an excellent perfume.

**Beat.** I am Ruff coffin, I cannot smell.

**Mar.** A maid and Ruff! there's goodly catching of colde.

**Beat.** O God helpe me, God help me, how long haue you profet apprehension?

**Mar.** Euer since you left it,doth not my wit become me rarely?

**Beat.** It is not seene enough, you should ware it in your cap, by my troth I am sicke.

**Mar.** Get you some of this diffill'd cardus benedictus and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a qualm.

**Hero.** There thou pric'st her with a thiffell.

**Beat. Benedictus, why benedictus? you have some morall in this benedictus.

**Mar.** Morall? no by my troth, I have no morall meaning, I meant plaine holy thiffell, you may thinke per-chance that I thinke you are in loue, nay birlady I am not such a foolo to thinke what I lift, nor I lift not to thinke what I can, nor indeed I cannot thinke, if I would thinke my hart out of thinke, that you are in loue, or that you will be in loue, or that you can be in loue: yet Benedictus was such another, and now is he become a man, he fowre hee would neuer marry, and yet now in desight of his heart he eates his meat without grudging, and how you may be converted I know not, but me thinkesyou looke with your eies as other women doe.

**Beat.** What pace is this that thy tongue keepes.
heere's that shall drive some of them to a non-come, only get the learned writer to set downe our communica
tion, and meete me at the Ialfe.

_Vivit._

__Actus Quartus._

_Enter Prince, Bailiff, Leonato, Frier, Claudio, Benedicke, Hero, and Beatrice._

__Leonato._ Come Frier Francis, be briefe, onely to the plaine forme of marriage, and you shall recount their par
ticular duties afterwards.

_Prince._ You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.

__Leon._ Now.

__Frier._ To be married to her: Frier, you come to mar
ry her.

__Leon._ 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 foules to vter it.

__Claudio._ Know you anie, Hero?

__Hero._ None my Lord.

__Frier._ Know you any, Count?

__Leon._ I dare make his anwer, None.

__Claudio._ O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do!

__Ben._ How now I intercions? why then, some be
of laughing, as ha, ha, ha.

__Claudio._ Stand thee by Frier, father, by your leaue, Will you with free and unconftrained foule Give me this maid your daughter?

__Leon._ As freely fonne as God did give her me.

__Claudio._ And what have I to glue you back, whose worth May counterpoife this rich and precious gift?

__Prin._ Nothing, valeffe you render her againe.

__Claudio._ Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness: There _Leonato_, take her backe againe, Glie not this rotten Orenge to your friend, She's but the figne and semblance of her honour: Behold how like a maid she blueth here! O what authoritie andthew of truth Can cunning finne couer it felle withall! Comes not that bloud, as modest evidence, To witneffe simple Vertue? would you not sweare All you that see her, that she were a maide, By thee extremere fheues? but she is none: She knowes the heat of a luxurious bed: Her bluh is gullinfeffe, not moddife.

__Leonato._ What doe you meane, my Lord?

__Claudio._ Not to be married,

_Not to knit my foule to an approued wanton.

__Leon._ Deere my Lord, if you in your owne proofe, Haue vanquifht the refinance of her youth, And made defeat of her virginitie.

__Hero._ I know what you would fay: if I have knowne You will fay, the did imbrazze me as a husband, And fo extenuate the forcond finne: No _Leonato_, I neuer tempted her with word too large, But as a brother to his fitter, fheued Bathful finceritie and comely loue.

__Hero._ And feem'd I euer otherwise to you?

__Claudio._ Out on thee seeming, I will write against it, You feeme to me as _Diane_ in her Orbe,

As chaffe as is the budde ere it be blowne:

But you are more intemperate in your blood,

Than Venus, or thole pampered animals,

That rage in fawge fenfualitie.

__Leon._ Is my Lord well, that he doth speakpe fo wide?

__Claudio._ Sweete Prince, why speake not you?

__Prin._ What should I speake?

I fland dishonour'd that have gone about,

To linke my deare friend to a common flafe.

__Leon._ Are thefe things spoken, or doe I but dreame?

__Baffo._ Sir, they are spoken, and thefe things are true.

__Ben._ This lookes not like a nuptiall.

__Hero._ True, O God!

__Claudio._ _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 fo, but what of this my Lord?

__Claudio._ Let me but moue one queffion to your daugh-
And by that fatherly and kindly power,

That you haue in her, bid her anwer truly.

__Leon._ I charge thee doe, as thou art my childe.

__Hero._ O God defend me how am I befet,

What kinde of catechizing call you this?

__Claudio._ To make you anwer truly to your name.

__Hero._ Is it not _Hero_? who can blot that name

With any luft reproach?

__Claudio._ Marry that can _Hero_,

_Hero_ it felle 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, anwer to this.

__Hero._ I talkt with no man at that howre my Lord.

__Prin._ Why then you are no maiden.

__Leonato._ I am forry you muft heare: vpon mine honor,

My felle, my brother, and this grieved Count

Did fee her, heare her, at that howre laft night,

Talke with a ruffian at her chamber window,

Who hath indeed moft like a liberrall villain,

Confet the vile encounters they haue had

A thonfand times in secreat.

__John._ Fie, fie, they are not to be named my Lord,

Not to be spoken of,

There is not chaffitie enough in language,

Without offence to vter them: thus pretty Lady

I am forry for thy much mi gouernment.

__Claudio._ O _Hero_! what a _Hero_ hadf thou bee

If halfe thy outward graces had beene placed

About thy thoughts and counfalles of thy heart?

But fare thee well, mors foul, mors faire, farewell

Thou pure impety, and impious puritie,

For thee Ile locke vp all the gates of Loue,

And on my eie-lids shall Coniecure 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 cofin, wherfore fink you down?

_Claudio._ Comne, let vs go: thefe things come thus to light,

Smother her spirits vp.

__Ben._ How doth the Lady?

__Beat._ Dead I think, helpe vnle, _Hero_, why _Hero_, _Vnle,Cesnor Benedicke_, Frier.

__Leonato._ O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand,

Death is the fairest courer for her fame

That may be wight for.
Much ado about Nothing.

**Beast.** How now coyn Hero?  
**Fri.** Haue comfort Ladie.  
**Leon.** Doft thou looke vp?  
**Friar.** Yeas, wherefore should the not?  
**Leon.** Wherfore? Why doeth not every earthly thing  
Cry shame vpon her? Could the heere deny  
The florie that is printed in her blood?  
Do not liue Hero, do not one thine eyes:  
For did I thinke thou wouldest not quickly die,  
Thought I thy spirits were stronger then thy thames,  
My felfe would on the reward of reproaches  
Strike at thy life. Grieud 1, I had but one?  
Child I, for that at fruagl Natures frame?  
O one too much by these: why had I one?  
Why euer was thou louellie in my cies?  
Why had I not with charitable hand  
Tooke vp a beggars iflue at my gates,  
Who fmeered thus, and mir'ld with infamie,  
I might haue faid, not part of it is mine:  
This thame deriues it felle fro vnknowne loines,  
But mine, and mine I lou'd, and mine I prais'd,  
And mine that I was prou'd on mine fo much,  
That I my felle, was to my felle not mine:  
Valeuing of her, why the, O she is faine  
Into a pit of Ink, that the wide fea  
Hath drops too few to was her cleane againe,  
And fait too little, which may feafon glue  
To her foule tainted fleas.

**Ben.** Sir, sir, be patient: for my part, I am fo attired  
in wonder, I know not what to say.  
**Bea.** O on my foule my coyn is belled.  
**Ben.** Ladie, were you her bedfellow laft night?  
**Bea.** No truly: not although vntill laft night,  
I haue this twelvemonth bin her bedfellow.  
**Leon.** Confirmd, confirmd, O that is stronger made  
Which was before barr'd vp with ribs of iron.  
Would the Princes lie, and Claudia lie,  
Who lou'd her fo, that speaking of her fouleffe,  
Wash'd it with teares? Hence from her, let her die.  
**Fri.** Heare me a little, for I haue onely bene silent fo long,  
and gluyn waye vnto this coure of fortune, by no-  
ting of the Ladie, I haue markt.  
A thousand blushing apparition  
To dart into her face, a thousand innocent flames,  
In Angel whiteneffe beare away those bluses,  
And in her eie there hath appear'd a fire  
To burne the errors that thefe Princes hold  
Againft her maiden truth. Call me a foole,  
Trut not my reading, nor my obervations,  
Which with experimental feale doth warrant  
The tenure of my booke: trut not my age,  
My reuerence, calling, or dinuiteit,  
If this sweet Ladie lye not guiltiefe heere,  
Vnder some biting error.

**Leo.** Friar, it cannot be:  
Thou feell that all the Grace that the hath left,  
Is, that the wil not adde to her damnation,  
A finne of periluy, the not denies it:  
Why feek't thou then to couer with excuse,  
That which appeares in proper nakedneffe?  
**Fri.** Ladie, what man is he you are accus'd of?  
**Hero.** They know that do accus'e me, I know none:  
If I haue more of any man allie,  
Then that which maiden modifie doth warrant,  
Let all my finnes lacke mercy. O my Father,  
Proue you that any man with me conuerft,

At hours vnmeete, or that I yeerntnight  
Maintaine the change of words with any creature,  
Refue 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 wifedomes be milled in this:  
The prafticie of it liues in Leon the baftard,  
Whole spirits toile in frame of wiliantes.  
**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 fo eate vp my inuention,  
Nor Fortune made fuch haunooke of my meanes,  
Nor my bad life reft me fo much of friends,  
But they shall finde, awak'd in fuch a kinde,  
Both strength of limb, and policie of minde,  
Ability in meanes, and choife of friends,  
To quitt me of them throughly.

**Fri.** Paufe awhile:  
And let my counfell fwaye you in this cafe,  
Your daughter heere the Princesse (left for dead)  
Let her awhile be fecretly kept in,  
And publith it, that she is dead indeed:  
Maintaine a mourning oftentation,  
And on your Families old monument,  
Hang mournfull Epitaphes, and do all rites,  
That appertaine vnto a burial.

**Leon.** What shall become of this? What wil this do?  
**Fri.** Marry this wel carried, shall on her behalfe,  
Change flander to remorfe, that is some good,  
But not for that dreame I on this flrange coure,  
But on this trauaille looke for greater birth:  
She dying, as it muft be fo maintaine'd,  
Vpon the infant that she was accu'd,  
Shall be lamented, pittled, and excus'd  
Of every hearer: for it fo fals out,  
That what we haue, we prize not to the worth,  
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and loft,  
Why then we racke the value, then we finde  
The vertue that poiffeon would not shew vs  
Whiles it was ours, fo will it fare with Claudia:  
When it haue the dyed vpon his words,  
Th'idea of her life shall sweetly creepe  
Into his stydy of imagination.  
And every lovely Organ of her life,  
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habite:  
More mowing delicate, and ful of life,  
Into the eye and prosperit of his foule  
Then when the llu'd indeed: then shal he mourne,  
If euer Loue had interet in his Luer,  
And with he had not fo and pollicie in her  
No, though he thought his accution true:  
Let this be fo, and doubt not but successe  
Wyl fasion the euent in better shape,  
Then I can lay it downe in likelihood.  
But if all ayme but this be leuell falle,  
The fuppositition of the Ladies death,  
Will quench the wonder of her infamie.  
And if it fort not well,you may conceale her,  
As beft befor her wounded reputacion,  
In some reucluife and religious life,  
Out of all eyes, tongnes, minds and injuries.  
**Bnee.** Signior Leonato, let the Frier adiue you,  
And though you know my inwardneffe and loue  
It is very much vnto the Prince and Claudia.  

Yet
Yet, by mine honor, I will deal in this,
As secretly and juftilie, as your foule
Should with your bodie.

Leon. Being that I flow in greefe,
The leaftlefe twine may lead me.

Frier. 'Tis well contented, prefently away,
For to strange fres, strangely they flraigne the cure,
Come Lady, die to live, this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd, have patience & endure. Exit. Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you kept all this while? Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer. Bene. I will not define that. Beat. You have no reafon, I doe it freely. Bene. Surelil I do beleue your fair cofin is wronged. Beat. Ah, how much might the man defcreue of mee that would right her! Bene. Is there any way to fhow fuch friendship? Beat. A verry even way, but no fuch friend. Bene. May a man doe it? Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours. Bene. I do loue nothing in the world fo well as you, is not that strange? Beat. As strange as the thing I know not, it were as poiffible for me to fay, I loued nothing fo well as you, but beleue me not, and yet I lie not, I confefle nothing, nor I deny nothing, I am forry for my cofin. Bene. By my word Beatrice thou luf't me. Beat. Doe not fwear by it and eat it. Bene. I will fwear by it that you loue mee, and I will make him eat it that fayes I loue not you. Beat. Will you not eat your word? Bene. With no fawce that can be defuited to it, I pro- teft I loue thee.

Beat. Why then God forgive me.
Bene. What offence sweet Beatrice? Beat. You have fhayed me in a happy howre, I was a-bout to proteft I loued you. Bene. And doe it with all thy heart. Beat. I loue you with fo much of my heart, that none is left to proteft.

Bene. Ha, not for the wide world.
Beat. You kill me to deny, farewell. Bene. Tarry 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. We'll be friends firft.
Beat. You dare easier be friends with mee, than fight with mine enemy.
Bene. Is Claudio thine enemie? Beat. Is it not approv'd in the height a villains, that hath floured, xcrooned, difhonour'd my kinfwoman? O that I were a man! what, beare her in hand vntill they come to take hands, and then with publique affocation vncover'd flander, unvmittigated rancour? O God that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me Beatrice.
Beat. Talkke with a man out at a window, a proper faying.
Bene. Nay but Beatrice.
Beat. Sweet Hero, she is wrong'd, shee is flandered, she is vndone.
Bene. Beat?
Kemp. Flat Burglarie as euer was committed.
Confl. Yea by th' maffe that it is.
Seaston. What eile fellow?
Watch r. And that Count Claudio did meane upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.
Kemp. O villain thou wilt be condemnd into everlastinge redemption for this.
Seaston. What eile?
Watch. This is all.
Seaston. And this is more matters then you can deny, Prince John is this morning secretly ftoile away: Hero was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and vpon the griefe of this fadainely died: Master Conflable, let thefe men be bound, and brought to Leonato, I will goo before, and shew him their examination.
Confl. Come, let them be opinion'd.
Sex. Let them be in the hands of Coxecombe.
Kem. Gods my lafe, where's the Sexton? let him write downe the Princes Officer Coxecombe: come, binde them thou naughty varlet.
Clausley. Away, you are an affe, you are an affe.
Kemp. Doft thou not fuppref thy place? doft thou not fuppref thy yeeres? O that hee were here to write mee downe an affe! but matters, remember that I am an affe: though it be not written down, yet forget not y. I am an affe: No thou villain, y art full of piety as shall be proud vpon thee by good witneffe, I am a wife fellow, and which is more, an officer, and which is more, a houfholder, and which is more, as pretty a piece of flefh as any in Messina, and one that knowes the Law, goe to, & a rich fellow enough, goe to, and a fellow that hath had loffes, and one that hath two gownes, and euery thing handfome about him: bring him away: O that I had been writ downe an affe!

Exit.

Auctus Quintus.

Enter Leonato and bis brother.

Brother. If you goe on thus, you will kill your selfe, and 'tis not wisedome thus to second griefe, Against your selfe.
Leon. I pray thee ceafe thy counfale, Which falls into mine ears as profiteffe, As water in a crie: glue not me counfale, Nor let no comfort delight mine eare, But such a one whole wrongs dothe fute with mine. Bring me a father that fo lou'd his childe, Whose joy of her is ouer-whelmed like mine, And bid him speake of patience, Meafure his woe the length and breth of mine, And let it anfwer euery frailte for frailte, As thus for thus, and such a griefe for fuch, In euery lineament, branch, shape, and forme: If fuch a one will smile and froke his beard, And forrow, wagge, crie hem, when he fhould grone, Patch griefe with provebres, make misfortune drunke, With candy-wafers: bring him yet to me, And of him will gather patience.
Kemp. But there is no fuch man, for brother, men Can counfale, and fpeake comfort to that griefe, Which they themfelves not feele, but taking it, Their counfale turns to paffion, which before, Would giue preceptiall medicine to rage, Fetter strong madneffe in a filken thred, Charme ache with ayre, and agony with words, No, no, 'tis all mens office, to fpeak patience To thofe that wring vnder the load of forrow: But no mans vertue nor fufficiencie To be fo morall, when he fhall endure The like himfelfe: therefore giue me no counfale, My grieves cry lowder then aduertifement.
Brubr. Therein do men from children nothing differ.
Leonato. I pray thee peace, I will be fleath and bloud, For there was neuer yet Philofopher, That could endure the tooth-ake patiently, How euer they haue writ the rite of gods, And made a pufh at chance and fufferance.
Brother. Yet bend not all the harme vpon thy felfe, Make thofe that doe offend you, fuffer too.
Leon. There thou speakeft reafon, ray I will doe fo, My foule doth tell me, Hero is belied,
And that fhall Claudio know, fo fhall the Prince, And all of them that thus diuoure her.

Enter Prince and Claudio.

Brot. Here comes the Prince and Claudio halfily.
Prin. Good day, good den.
Cla. Good day to both of you,
Leon. Heare you my Lords?
Prin. We haue some haft Leonato.
Leo. Some hafte my Lord: wel, fareyouwel my Lord, Are you so hafty now? well, all is one.
Prin. Nay, do not quarrel with vs, good old man.
Brot. If he could rife himfelfe with quarrelling, Some of vs would lie low.
Claud. Who wrongs him?
Leon. Marry 'd wrong me, thou fciemblere, thou
Nay, neuer lay thy hand vpon thy fword, I feare thee not.
Claud. Marry befrew my hand,
If it shoule giue your age fuch caufe of feare,
Infaith my hand meant nothing to my fword.
Leonato. Thuf, thuf, man: neuer fleere and leat at me, I fpeake not like a dotard, nor a foole, As vnder priviledge of age to bragge, What I haue done being yong, or what would doe,
Were I not old, know Claudio to thy head,
Thou haft fo wrong'd my innocent childe and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reuerence by,
And with grey haires and bruife of many dais,
Doe challenge thee to triall of a man,
I fay thou haft belied mine innocent childe.
Thy flander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancefors:
O in a tombe where neuer fcandlif lep,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villanie.
Claud. My villany?
Leonato. Thine Claudio, thine I fay.
Prin. You fay not right old man.
Leon. My Lord, my Lord,
I charge it on his body if he dare,
Defpight his nice fencet, and his acliffe practife,
His Maie of youth, and bloome of luftifhood.
Claud. Away, I will not have to doe with you.
Leo. Canft thou fo daffe me thou haft kill my child,
If thou kilft 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 firft:

Win.
Much adoe about Nothing.

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 fouyning fence,
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother.

Bro. Content your self, God knows I lou’d my neece,
And she is dead, flander’d to death by villains,
That dare as well answere a man indeede,
As I d’are take a ferment by the tongue.

Boyesseapes, braggrants, lackes, milke-fops.

Leon. Brother Anthony.

Bro. Hold you content, what man? I know them, yea
And what they weigh, even to the vtmost scruple,
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,
That yee, 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 durft.

And this is all.

Leon. But brother Antickes.

An. 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 forry for your daughters death:
But on my honour she was charg’d with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proove.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord.

Pri. I will not hear you.

Enter Benedick.

Leo. No come brother, away, I will be heard.

Execut ambo.

Bro. And shall, or some of vs will smart for it.

Pri. See, see, here comes the man we went to seeke.

Clau. Now signor, what newes?

Ben. Good day my Lord.

Pri. Welcome signor, you are almoft come to part
almoft a fray.

Clau. Wee had like to have haed our two noxes snapt
off with two old men without teeth.

Pri. Leonato and his brother, what think’st thou’ad
wee fought, I doubt we should haue been too yong for them.

Ben. In a falkar quarrell there is no true valour, I came
to seeke you both.

Clau. We haue beene vp and downe to seeke thec, for
we are high proffes melancholy, and would faine haue it
beaten away, wilt thou’ fhee wilt it?

Ben. It is in my scabberd, shall I draw it?

Pri. Dooest thou were thy wit by thy fide?

Clau. Never any did fo, though verie many have been
beside their wit, I will bid thee drawe, as we do the min-
ifters, draw to pleasur vs.

Pri. As I am an honest man he lookes pale, art thou
fique, or angrie?

Clau. What, courage man: what though care kill’d a
cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Ben. Sir, I shall meete your wit in the carere, and
you charge it against me, I pray you chuse another sub-
left.

Clau. Nay then give him another staffe, this laft was
broken croffe.

Pri. By this light, he changes more and more, I think
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 bleffe me from a challenge.

Ben. You are a villaine, I left not, I will make it good
how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:
do me right, or I will protest your cowardice: you have
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 have good
cheare.

Pri. What, a feaft, a feaft?

Clau. I faith I thanke him, he hath bid me to a calues
head and a Capon, the which if I do not carue mofi cu-
riously, say my knife’s naught, shall I not finde a wood-
cocke too?

Ben. Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes easily.

Pri. Ile tell thee how Beatrice praid’ thy wit the o-
other day: I said thou hadft a fine witstrue fies fhe, a fine
little one: no faid I, a great wit: right fies fhee, a great
groffe one: nay faid I, a good wit: loft faid fhe, it hurts
no boday: nay faid I, the gentleman is wife: certain faid
fhe, a wife gentleman: nay faid I, he hath the tongues:
that I beleue fad fhee, for fhe sware a thing to me on
munday night, which he forswore on tuesday morning:
there’s a double tongue, there’s two tongues: thus did
fhee an howre together tranf-cape thy particuler
verues, yet at last she concluded with a figh, thou waft the
proprefl man in Italie.

Clau. For the which she wept heartily, and said fhee
car’d not.

Pri. Yea that she did, but yet for all that, and if fhee
did not hate him deadlie, fhee would love him delyrly,
the old mans daughter told vs all.

Clau. All, all, and moreover, God faw him whne
he was hid in the garden.

Pri. But when shall we fet the fauze Bulls hornes
on the feoble Benedickes head?

Clau. Yea and text vnder-neath, heere draws Bene-
dicte the married man.

Ben. Fare you well, Boy, you know my minde, I will
leave you now to your golpe-like humor, you breake
iets as braggrants do their blades, which God be than-
kurd hurt not: my Lord, for your manie courteyes I thank
you, I must discontinue your companye, your brother
the Baflard is fled from & Myftra: you have among you,
kill’d a sweett and innocent Ladie: for my Lord Lacke-
beard there, he and I shall meett, and till then peace
be with him.

Pri. He is in earneft.

Clau. In mofi profound earneft, and Ile warrant you,
for the loue of Beatrice.

Pri. And hath challeng’d thee.

Clau. Mofl fincerely.

Pri. What a prettie thing man is, when he goes in his
doublet and hofe, and leaves of his wit.

Enter Confable, Conrades, and Boracchio.

Clau. He is then a Giant to an Ape, but then is an Ape
a Doctor to such a man.

Pri. But soft you, let me be, placke vp my heart, and
be sad, did he not say my brother was fled?

Conf. Come you Sir, if justice cannot tame you, fhee
shall nere weigh more reasons in her balancie, nay, and
you be a curing hypocrite once, you must be looke to.

Pri. How now, two of my brothers men bound? Bo-
aracio one.

Clau. Harken after their offence my Lord.

Pri. Officers, what offence haue these men done?

Con. Marrie
Much ado about Nothing.

Conf. Marrie sir, they have committed false report, moreover they have spoken vntrasons, secondarily they are flanders, first and last, they have belyed a Ladie, thirdly, they have verified vntrue things, and to conclude they are lying knaues.

Prin. First I ask thee what they have done, thridle I ask thee vvhat's their offence, first and last 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 vvell futed.

Prin. Who have you offended matters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned Confable is too cunning to be vnderfoold, vvhat's your offense.

Bor. Sweete Prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this Count kille mee: I haue deceiued euen your vere eies: vvhat your wifedomes could not diucover, these shallow fooles haue brought to light, who in the night overheard me confessing to this man, how Den John your brother incendied me to flander the Ladie Hero, how you were brought into the Orchard, and saw me corte Margaret in Heroes garments, how you diugrai'd her when you should marrie her: my villainy they haue sorne record, vvhich I had rather selle vvith my death, then repeat over to my shame: the Ladie is dead sorne mine and my matters false accuation: and briefelie, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Prin. Runs not this speech like yron through your blood?

Clau. I have drunke poisons whiles he vtted it.

Prin. But did my Brother fet thee on to this?

Bor. Yea, and paid me richly for the praftice of it.

Prin. He is compos'd and fram'd of treacherie, And fled he is vvpon this villain.

Clau. Sweet Hero, now thy image doth appear In the rare semblance that I lou'd it first.

Conf. Come, bring away the plaintiffs, by this time our Sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter: and matters, do not forget to specify when time & place shall ferve, that I am an Affe.

Con. a. Here, here comes matter Signior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

Enter Leonato.

Leon. Which is the villain? let me see his eies, When that I note another man like him, I may avoide him: vvhich of these is he?

Bor. If you would know your wronger, looke on me. Leon. Art thou thou the faue that with thy breath haft kild mine innocent child?

Bor. Yea, eu'en I alone.

Leon. No, no, not so villain, thou believe thy selfe,
Here stand a pare of honourable men,
A third is fled that had a hand in it:
I thank you Princes for my daughters death,
Record it with your high and worthie deedses,
'Twas brauely done, if you bethinke you of it.

Clau. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speake, choose your revenge your selfe,
Impose me to what penance your intention
Can lye upon my finne, yet finn'd I not,
But in misfaking.

Prin. By my foule nor I,
And yet to satisifie this good old man,
I would bend vnder anie hauele vight,
That heele enjoyne me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter liue,
That were impossible, but I praye you both,
Poseffe the people in Miffira here,
How innocent she died, and if your loue
Can labour aught in fad inuention,
Hang her an epitaph vpon her toomb,
And fing it to her bones, fing it to night:
To morrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my sonne in law,
Be yet my Nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copie of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heire to both of vs.

Clau. Give her the right you should giu'her cofin,
And so dies my reuenge.

Leon. O noble sir!
Your ouerkindnesse doth wring teares from me,
I do embrace your offer, and dispoee
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 beleue was packt in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bor. No by my soule she was not,
Nor knew not what she did when she s poke to me,
But alwaies had bin luft and vertuous,
In anie thing that I do know by her.

Conf. Moreover sir, which indeed is not vnder white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender did call mee affe, I beseech you let it be remembred in his punishement, and also the vvatch heard them tale of one Deroeme, they say he weares a kayin his eare and a lock hanging by it, and borrowes monie in Gods name, the which he hath vs'd so long, and neuer paied, that now men grow hard-hatrd and will lende nothing for Gods sake: praine you examine him vpon that point.

Leon. I thanke thee for thy care and honest paines.

Conf. Your vvoorship speaks like a molt thankefull and reuerent youth, and I praine God for you.

Leon. There's for thy paines.

Conf. God save the foundation.

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prifoner, and I thanke thee.

Conf. I leave an arrant knaue vwith thy vvoorship, which I beseech thy worship to correct his selle, for the example of others: God keepe your vvoorship, I with thy worship vwell, God refoore you to health, I humble glie you leaue to depart, and if a merrie meeting may be wifth, God prohibite it: come neighbour.

Leon. Vntill to morrow morning, Lords, farewell.

Exeunt.

Brot. Farewell my Lords, vve looke for you to morrow.

Prin. We will not faile.

Clau. To night I live with Hero:

Leon. Bring you these fellows on, weel talkse with Margaret, how her acquaintance grew vwith this lewd fellow.

Exeunt.

Enter Benedick and Margaret.

Ben. Praye thee sweete Mifira Margaret, defende vwell at my hands, by helping mee to the speech of Beatrice.

Mar. Will
\[120\]

**Much ado about Nothing.**

Mar. Will you then write me a Sonnet in praise of my woman?

Bene. In so high a style Margaret, that no man living shall come over it, for in most comely truth thou deseruest it.

**Mar. To have no man come over me, why, shall I always keepe below staires?**

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the grey-hounds mouth, it catches.

*Mar.* And yours, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit Margaret, it will not hart a woman: and so I pray thee call Beatrice, I gie thee the bucklers.

**Mar.** Glue vs the swords, wee have bucklers of our owne.

Bene. If you vfe 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.

Bene. And therefore will come, The God of loue that fits above, and knowes me, and knowes me, how pitiful I deferue. I meane in singeing, but in louing, Leander the good swimmer, Troilous the first imploier of pandars, and a whole booke full of these quondam carpent-mongers, whose name yet runne smoothely in the euen rode of a blanke verfe, why they were never so true ly turned over and over as my poore felwe in loue: marrie I cannot throw it rime, I haue tried, I can finde out no time to Ladie but babie, an innocent rime: for Scone, borne, a hard time: for schoole foole, a babling time: veree omniuous endings, no, I was not borne vnder a rime Plannet, for I cannot woe in festfull tearmes:

Enter Beatrice.

Sweete Beatrice would't thou come when I call'd thee?

Beat. Ye Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. Of slay but till then.

Beat. Then, is spoken: fare you well now, and yet ere I goe, let me goe with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath paft betweene you and 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 noisme, therefore I will depart vnkit.

Bene. Thou haft frighted the word out of his right fence, so forcible is thy wit, but I must tell thee plainely, Claudio vndergoes my challenge, and either I must short ly heare from him, or I will subcribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts diu'd thou first fall in loue with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd so politike a flate of cuill, that they will not admite any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts didst thou first labour loue for me?

Bene. Suffer louse! a good epithete, I do suffer loue indeed, for I loue thee against my will.

Beat. In fpright of your heart I think, alas poore heart, if you fpright it for my false, I will fpright it for yours, for I will never loue that which my friend hates.

Bened. Thou and I are too wise to woe peaceable.

Beat. It appereas not in this confession, there's not one wife man among twentie that will praie himselfe.

**Bene.** An old, an old infance Beatrice, that liu'd in the time of good neighbours, if a man doe not ereth in this age his owne tombe ere he dies, hee shall lie no longer in monuments, then the Bels ring, & the Widdow weepes.

Beat. And how long is that thinke you?

Bene. Questition, why an hower in clamour and a quarter in rheume, therefore is it most expedient for the wife, if Don worme (his confidence) finde no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpett of his owne vertues, as I am to my felwe so much for praizing my felwe, who I my felwe will beare witnesse is praie worthie, and now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beat. Verie ill.

Bene. And how doe you?

Beat. Verie ill too.

Enter Ursula.

Bene.Serue God, loue me, and mend, there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haffe.

Vrj. Madam, you must come to your Vncle, yonders old coile at home, it is proued my Ladie He ro hath bin falfelle accuste, the Prince and Claudio mightille abufe, and Don Iohn is the author of all, who is fied and gone: will you come prefentlie?

Beat. Will you go heare this newes Signior?

Bene. I will lufe in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes: and moreover, I will goe with thee to thy Vncles.

Exeunt.

Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or four with Tapers.

Clau. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Lord. It is my Lord.

Epitaph.

Done to death by slanderous tongues,
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death in guardian of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies:
She, that in the life that dyed with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tombe,
Praising her waken I am dumb.

Clau. Now muick found & sing thy solemn hymne

Song.

Pardon goddesse of the night,
Tohe that slew thy virgin knight,
For the unskill with songs of woe,
Round about her tombe they goe:
Midnight affhert our mone, helpe us to sigh & groane.
Heavily, beauty,
Graves yearene and yeilds thy dead,
Till death be utter'd,
Heavenly, beatufully.

Lo. Now vsta thy bones good night,yeerely will I do

Prin. Good morrow maisters, put your Torches out,
The wolues have priied, and looke, the gentle day
Before the wheeles of Phoebus,round about
Dapples the drouse Elaf with spotts of grey:
Thanks to you all, and lease vs, fare you well.

Clau. Good morrow maisters, each his feuell way.

Prin. Come let vs hence, and put on other weedes,
And then to Leonatos we will goe.

Clau. And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,
Much ado about Nothing.

Then this for whom we rendred vp this woe. Exeunt.

Enter Leonato, Bene, Marg, Vrfula, old man, Friar, Hero, Friar. Did not you tell me she was innocent?

Leo. So are the Prince and Claudia who accuss'd her, Vpon the eurors that you heard debated : But Margaret was in some fault for this, Although against her will as it appears, In the true course of all the question.

Old. Well, I am glad that all things fort so well. Bene. And so am I, being eyle by faith enforc'd To call young Claudia to a reckoning for it. Leo. Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all, Withdraw into a chamber by your felves, And when I fend for you, come hither mask'd : The Prince and Claudia promis'd by this howre To visit me, you know your fbrother Brother, You must be father to your brothers daughter, And give her to young Claudia. Exeunt Ladies. Old. Which I will doe with confirmd countenance. Bene. Friar, I must intreat your paines, I think me. Friar. 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 favour. Leo. That eye my daughter lent her, 'ts moft true. Bene. And I doe with an eye of love requisite her. Leo. The fight whereof I think you had from me, From Claudia, and the Prince, but what's your will?

Bened. Your answer fir is Enigmatical, But for my will, my will is, your good wil May stand with ours, this day to be conlynd, In the flate of honourable marriage, In which (good Friar) I shall defire your helpe. Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my helpe. Enter Prince and Claudia, with attendants. Prin. Good morrow to this faire assembly. Leo. Good morrow Prince, good morrow Claudia: We heere attend you, are you yet determin'd, To day to marry with my brothers daughter?

Claud. Ilfe hold my minde were the an Ethiope. Leo. Call her forth brother, hereis the Friar ready. Prin. Good morrow Benedick, why what's the matter? That you haue such a Februarie face, So full of froth, of forme, and cloudineffe. Claudia. I thinke he thinkeis upon the faule buff: Thuf, fere not man, we'll tip thy horses with gold, And all Europa shall rejoyce at thee, As once Europa did at lusty Iove, When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bun. Bull Iove fir, had an amiable low, And some fuch strange bull leapt your fathers Cow, A got a Calfe in that fame noble feat, Much like to you, for you haue luft his blest. Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, Margarita, Vrfula. Cla. For this I owe you: here comes other recknings. Which is the Lady I must feize upon?

Leo. This fame is she, and I doe guiue you her. Cla. Why then she's mine, sweet let me fee your face. Leon. No that you shal not, till you take her hand, Before this Friar, and fware to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy Friar, I am your husband if you like of me. Hero. And when I lovd I was your other wife, And when you lou'd, you were my other husband. Claud. Another Hero? Hero. Nothing certainer.

One Hero died, but I doe live, And surely as I live, I am a maid. Prin. The former Hero, Hero that is dead. Leon. Shee died my Lord, but whiles her flander liu'd. Friar. All this amazement can I qualify, When after that the holy rites are ended, Ie tell you largely of faire Heros death: Meane time let wonder frame familiar, And to the chappell let vs presently. Bene. Soft and faire Friar, which is Beatrice? Beat. I anfwer to that name, what is your will?

Bene. Doe not you loue me?

Beat. Why no, no more then reafon. Bene. Why then your Vncle, and the Prince, & Clau- dis, have beene deceived, they fwore you did.

Beat. Doe not you loue me?

Bene. Troth no, no more then reafon. Beat. Why then my Cofin Margaret and Vrfula Are much deceiu'd, for they did fware you did. Bene. They fwore you were almoft ficke for me. Beat. They fwore 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 Cofin, I am sure you loue the gentlema. Claud. And Ie be fwoerne won't, that he loues her, For heres a paper written in his hand, A halting fonnet of his owne pure braine, Fashioned to Beatrice.

Hero. And heeres another, Writ in my cofins hand, folne from her pocket, Containing her affection unto Benedick. Bene. A miracle, here's our owne hands againft our hearts: come I wil haue thee, but by this light I take thee for pitie. Beat. I would not denye you, but by this good day, I yeeld upon great perfwafion, & partly to fave your life, for I was told, you were in a conufpation. Leon. Peace I will fpop your mouth.

Prin. How doft thou Benedick the married man?

Bene. Ile tell thee what Prince: A Collegde of witt- crackers cannot float mee out of my humour, doft thou think I care for a Satyre or an Epigram? no, if a man will be beaten with braines, a fmall weare nothing honefome about him: in briefe, since I do purpose to marry, I will thinke nothing to any purpose that the world can fay a- gainft it, and therefore never fhould out at me, for I haue faid againft it: for man is a giddy thing, and this is my con- clusion: for thy part Claudia, I did thinke to have beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinman, live vn- bru'd, and loue my coufin. Cla. I had well hop'd I would haue denied Beatrice, if I might have cudgel'd thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer, which out of queftion thou wilt be, if my Coufins do not looke exceeding narrowingly to thee. Bene. Come, come, we are friends, let's haue a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our owne hearts, and our wises heels.

Leon. Wee'll have dancing afterward.

Bene. Firft, of my word, therefore play muffick. Prince, thou art fad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife, there is no flaff more reuerend then one tipp with horn. Enter Mef. Miffen. My Lord, your brother John is tane in flight, And brought with armed men backe to Miffen. Bene. Thinke not on him till to morrow, iel deuife thee brave punishments for him: strike vp Pipers. Danc. L FINIS.
Enter Ferdinand King of Navarre, Berowne, Longauill, and Dumane.

Ferdinand.

Et Fame, that all hunt after in their lies,
Liué registred upon our brazen Tombs,
And then grace vs in the disgrace of death:
When sight of coromant deavoring Time,
Th'enlevour of this present breath may buy:
That honour which shall bate his lythes keenke edge,
And make vs hayres of all eternitie.
Therefore brave Conquerors, for so you are,
That warre against your owne affections,
And the huge Armie of the worlds defers.
Our late edit shall strongly stand in force,
Navar shall be the wonder of the world.
Our Court shall be a little Achademe,
Still and contemplative in lying Art.
You three, Berowne, Dumaine, and Longauill,
Haue sworne for three yeere terme, to live with me:
My fellow Schollers, and to kepe those flatutes
That are recorded in this seckale herein.
Your oaths are past, and now subscrib your names:
That his owne hand may strike his honour downe,
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm't dooe, as sworne to do,
Subscribe to your deepe oaths, and kepe it to.

Longauill. I am relolu'd, 'tis but a three yeere falt:
The minde shall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat paunes haue leanke pates: and dainty bits,
Make rich the ribs, but bankenoute the wits.

Dumane. My loving Lord, Dumane is mortified,
The groffer manner of these worlds delights,
He throwes upon the groffe worlds bafer flaves:
To loye, to wealth, to pompes, I pine and die,
With all these liuing in Philosophie.
Berowne. I can but say their protestation over,
So much, deare Liege, I haue already sworne,
That is, to live and study heere three yeeres.
But there are other strick obseruances:
As not to see a woman in that terme,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
And one day in a weekke to touch no foode:
And but one meal on every day before:
The which I hope is not enrolled there.
And then to sleepe but three hours in the night,
And not be 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, th'ese are barren taskes, too hard to keepe,
Not to see Ladies, study, fast, nor 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 left.
What is the end of study, let me know?
Ferd. Why that to know which eile wee should not know,
Ber. Things hid & bard yon meanes the mon fente.
Ferd. I, that is studie god-like recompence.
Ber. Come on then, I will sweare to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, to study where I well may dine,
When I to fast expressly am forbid.
Or study where to meetsome Mislurde fent,
When Mislurdes from common fente are hid.
Or having sworne too hard a keeping oath,
Studie to brake it, and not brake my truth.
If studie gaine be thus, and this be fo,
Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,
Sware me to this, and I will never say no.
Ferd. Thence be the fops that hinder studie quite,
And traine our intellieicts to vaine delight.

Ber. Why? all delights are vaine, and that moft vaine
Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,
As painefully to poare upon a Booke,
To seeke the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falsely blinde the eye-light of his looke:
Light feeking light, doth light of light begulle:
So ere you finde where light in darkeneffe lies,
Your light growes darke by losing of your eyes.
Studie me how to please the eye indee,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye,
Who darling fo, that eye shal be his head,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Studie is like the heauens glorious Sunne,
That will not be deepie seark'd with fawcey lookes:
Small hauue continuall plodders ever wonne,
Save safe authority from others Bookes.
These earthly Godfathers of heauens lights,
That give a name to every fixed Starre,
Hauie 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 evey Godfather can give a name.
Ferd. How well hee's read, to reason against reading.
Dum.
Loues Labour's loft.

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.
Lon. Hee weeded the corne, and fill letts grow the weeding.
Ber. The spring is neare when greenne geese are a breeding.
Dum. How follows that?
Ber. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reason nothing.
Ber. Something then in rime.
Ferd. Berewone is like an ensious ineping Frosth,
That bites the first borne infants of the Spring.
Ber. Wel, say I am, why shoulde proud Summer boast,
Before the Birds have ancafe to fing?
Why should I Joey in any abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more define a Rose,
Then with a Snow in Mayes new fangled shows:
But like of each thing that in seafon grows.
So you to finde now it is too late,
That were to clymbe oer the houle to unlace the goat.
Fre. Well, fit you out : go home Berewone : adue.
Ber. No my good Lord, I have sworn to stay with you,
And though I haue for barbarisme spoke more,
Then for that Angell knowledge you can fay,
Yet confident I kepe what I haue sworne,
And bide the pence of each three yeeres day.
Glue me the paper, let me reade the same,
And to the strieffe decrees Ile write my name.
Fre. How well this yeelding refues thee from fame.
Ber. Item. That no woman shall come within a mile
Of my Court.
Hath this bin proclaimed?
Lon. Fourde dayes agoe.
Ber. Let's fee the penalitie.
On paine of loothing her tongue.
Who deu'd this penalitie?
Lon. Marry that did I.
Ber. Sweete Lord, and why?
Lon. To fright them hence with that dread penalitie,
A dangerous law against gentilitie.
Item. If any man be feene to talke with a woman with-
in the terme of three yeeres, hee shall induch fuch publique flame as the rest of the Court shall boldly deuife.
Ber. This Article my Lidge your felse must breake,
For well you know here comes Embaflie
The French Kings daughter, with your felse to speake:
A Maide of grace and compleat malefite,
About furrender vp of Aquitaine:
To her decrret, fickle, and bed-rid Father.
Therefore this Article is made in vaie,
Or vainely comes th'admir'd Princesse bither.
Fre. What fay you Lords?
Why, this was quite forgot.
Ber. So Studie euermore is overhot,
While it doth fudy to haue what it would,
It doth forget to doe the thing it fpouled:
And when it hath the thing it hunthet moft,
'Tis won as townes with fire, fo won,fo loft.
Fre. We must of force difpenche with this Decree,
She must lye here on meere necelitie.
Ber. Necelity will make vs all forworne
Three thousand times within this three yeeres fpace:
For euery man with his affeets is borne,
Not by might maatred, but by special grace.
If I breake faith, this word fhall breake for me,
I am forworne on meere necelitie.

So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breaks them in the leaft degree,
Stands in attainer of eternall flame.
Sugelotions are to others as to me:
But I beleue although I feeme fo loth,
I am the left that will laft keepe his oath.
But is there no quicke recreation granted?
Fre. I that there is, our Court you know is hanted
With a refined transalter of Spaine,
A man in all the worlds new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrafel in his braine:
One, who the muffcke of his owne vaine tongue,
Doth rauffh like inchanting harmonie:
A man of complements whom right and wrong
Have choie as empryle of their mutinie.
This childe of fancie that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies shall relate,
In high-born words the worth of many a Knight:
From tawnie Spaine loft 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 vfe him for my Minstreliie.
Ber. Armado is a molt illiutfirous wight,
A man of flire, new words, fashions owne Knight.
Lon. Coflard the swaine and he, shall be our sport,
And fo to flude, three yeeres is bot short.

Enter a Conflable with Coflard with a Letter.

Conf. Which is the Dukes owne perfon.
Ber. This fellow, What would't?
Con. I my felfe reprehend his owne perfon, for I am
his graces Tharborough: But I would fee his owne perfon
in fteff and blood.
Ber. This is he.
Con. Signeour Arm6,Arm6 commendes you:
Ther's villainie abroad, this letter will tell you more.
Clo. Sir the Contempts thereof are as touching mee.
Fre. A letter from the magnificant Armado.
Ber. How low fouer the matter, I hope in God for high words.
Lon. A high hope for a low heaven,God grant vs pa-
tience.
Ber. To heare, or forbear hearing.
Lon. To heare meekly fir, and to laugh moderately,
or to forbear both.
Ber. Well fir, be it as the fife shall glue vs caufe to
clime in the merrinelle.
Clo. The matter is to me fir, as concerning Laquenetta.
The manner of it, I was taken with the manner.
Ber. In what manner?
Clo. In manner and forme following fir all thoofe three:
I was feene with her in the Mannor houfe, fittting with
her upon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke:
which put to gether, is in manner and forme following.
Now fir for the manner; it is the manner of a man to speake to a woman, for the forme in forme forme.
Ber. For the following fir.
Clo. As it Shall follow in my correftion, and God de-
ford the right.
Fre. 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 fheef.

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Fre. Great
Ferdinand.

Great Deputies, the Welkins Vicegerent, and sole domi-
nator of Navar, my sealis earths God, and bodies fo-
thing patrones:

Colt. Not a word of Castard yet.

Ferd. So it is.

Colt. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is in telling
true: but so.

Ferd. Peace, Cast.

Cast. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight.

Ferd. No words, Cast.

Cast. Of other mens secrets I beseech you.

Ferd. So it is by justified with able coloured melancholies, I
did commend the blacke oppressing humour to the most vulba-
sume Phryficke of thy health-giving ayres: And as I am a Gen-
tleman, betooke my selfe to walke: the time When? about the
fext houre, When beafts moe graze, birds beft pecke, and
men fett downe to that nourishment which is called supper: So much
for the time When. Now for the ground Which? whicke I
meane I walke upon, it is yelld, Thy Parke. Thou for the
place Where? where I mean I did encounter that objecne and
most proficientus event that draweth from my snowe-white pen
the ebon coloured Inke, whicke beere thou vioeauft, bebelelbe
furialbe, or feft. But to the place Where? It handebb
North-East & by East from the West corner of thy
curious knotted garden: There did I see looscpirit-
ued Swaine, that bafe Minnow of thy myrth, (Clown. Meet)'
that vntellered small knowing foule, (Clown Me) that lialow
waffell, (Clown. Still mee) which I remember, eight Co-
ward, (Clown. O me) forde and conforted contrary to thy e-
vilibisted precommed Edith and Continent, Cannon: Which
vaite, wuffite, but with this I paffion to say woberwuffit:

Cast. With a Wenche.

Ferd. With a child of our Grandmother Eue, a female;
or for thy more sweete understanding a woman: him, I (as my
euer efeemed dutie prieke me on) bate fent to thee, to receive
the need of punishment by thy sweet Grace Officer Anthony
Dall, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, & elimination.
Ambh. Me, an't hell please you! I am Anthony Dall.

Ferd. For Laquentetta (fo is the sneaker waffell called)
whicke I apprehended with the aforesaid Swaine, I keper her
as a waffell of thy Louesy furie, and fhaile at the leaff of thy
sweete notice, bring bar to triall. Thine in all complements of
devoted and heart-burning heat of dutie.

Don Adriana de Armado.

Ber. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best
that ever I saw.

Ber. I the best, for the worst. But firra, What say you
to this?

Clo. Sir I confesse the Wenche.

Ber. Did you hear the Proclamation?

Clo. I doe confesse much of the hearing it, but little
of the marking of it.

Ber. It was proclaimed a yeeres imprifonment to bee
taken with a Wenche.

Clo. I was taken with none fir, I was taken with a
Damofell.

Ber. Well, it was proclaimed Damofell.

Clo. This no Damofell neyther fir, thee a
Virgin.

Ber. It is so varried too, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clo. If it were, I deny her Virginitie: I was taken
with a Maide.

Ber. This Maid will not ferue your turne fir.

Clo. This Maide will ferue my turne fir.

Kim. Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall
fatt a Weeke with Branne and water.

Clo. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and
Porridge.

Kim. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.

My Lord Biron, wee Lorne to put in practice that,
Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.

Ber. Ile lay my head to any good mans hat,
These othes and lawes will prove an idle fororne.

Sirr., come on.

Ber. I suffer for the truth fir: for true it is, I was
taken with Laquentetta, and Laquentetta is a true girl, and
therefore welcome the sawre cup of prosperitez, affilic-
tion may one day freme againe, and vntill then fitt downe
forrow.

Enter Armado and Matib bis Page.

"Arma. Boy, What figne is it when a man of great
spirit grows melancholy?

Boy. A great figne fir, that he will looke fa.

Brag. Why? fadneffe is one and the felle-fame thing
deare impe.

Boy. No no, O Lord fir no.

Brag. How canft thou part fadneffe and melancholy
my tender Iuanell?

Boy. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my
tough figneur.

Brag. Why tough figneur? Why tough figneur?

Boy. Why tender Iuanell? Why tender Iuanell?

Brag. I spake it tender Iuanell, as a congruent apa-
thaton, appertaining to thy young daies, which we may
nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough figneur, as an appertinent title to
your olde time, which we may name tough.

Brag. Pretty and apt.

Boy. How meane you fir, I pretty, and my faying apt?
or I apt, and my faying prettie?

Brag. Thou pretty because little.

Boy. Little prettie, because little wherefore apt?

Brag. And therefore apt, because quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my prafe Master?

Brag. In thy condigne prafe.

Boy. I will praffe an Eele with the fame prafe.

Brag. What? that an Eele is ingenious.

Boy. That an Eele is quicke.

Brag. I doe say thou art quicke in anwers. Thou
heatt my blood.

Boy. I am answer'd fir.

Brag. I loue not to croft. (him)

Boy. He speakes the meere contrary, croffes loue not
Br. I have promis'd to study li, yeres with the Duke.

Boy. You may doe it in an houre fir.

Brag. Imposible.

Boy. How many is one thrice told?

Br. I am ill at reckoning, it fits the spirit of a Tapeter.

Boy. You are a gentleman and a gamerer fir.

Brag. I confesse both, they are both the varnish of a
compliet man.

Boy. Then I am sure you know how much the grasse
fume of deuflace amounts to.

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the bafe vulgar call three.

Br. True. Boy. Why fir this is such a peece of study?
Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how
calle it is to put yeres to the word three, and stydy three
yeeres in two words, the dancing horfe will tell you.

Brag. A.


Loues Labour's lost.

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Brag. A moft fine Figure.
Brag. A moft fine Figure.
Boy. To proue you a Cypher.

Brag. I will hereupon confede I am in loue : and as it is bafe for a Souldier to loue ; fo am I in loue with a bafe wench. If drawing my fword againft the humour of affection, would deliuer mee from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Defire prisoner, and ranfome him to any French Courtier for a new defu'd curfete. I thinke foreme to figh, me thinkes I shoulde out-ware Capid. Comfort me Boy, What great men have beene in loue?

Brag. To bee whip'd : and yet a better loue then my Mafter.
Brag. Sing Boy, my spirit grows heavy in loue.

Brag. And that's great maruell, louing a light wench.
Brag. I say fing.
Brag. Forfear this company be paft.

Enter Clozen, Confable, and Wench.

Conf. Sir, the Dukes pleafure is that you kepe Co-ward safe, and you muft let him take no delight, nor no penance, but hee muft falt three daies a weeke : for this Damfell, I muft keepe her at the Parke, shee is slowd for the Day-woman. Fare you well. Exit.

Brag. I do betray my felfe with blushing: Maide.
Maid. Man.
Brag. I will visit thee at the Lodge.
Maid. That's here by.
Brag. I know where it is fittate.
Mai. You don't know how?
Brag. I will tell thee wonders.
Mai. With what face?
Brag. I love thee.
Mai. So I heard you say.
Brag. And so farewell.
Mai. Faire weather after you.
Clo. Come lagumenta, away.
Exeunt.
Brag. Villaine, thou shalt falt for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Brag. We'll fir, I hope when I doe it, I shall doe it on a full domacke.
Brag. Thou shalt be heauily punished.
Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.
Clo. Take away this villaine, shuts him vp.
Brag. Come you tranfgreffing flave, away.
Clo. Let mee not bee pent vp fir, I will falt being loose.
Brag. No fir, that were falt and loose: thou shalt to prifon.

Clo. Well, if euer I do fee the merry days of defola-ration that I haue seene, some falt fee.
Brag. What shall fome fee?
Clo. Nay nothing, Mafter Motb, but what they looke vpon. It is not for prisoners to be filent in their words, and therefore I will fay 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 bafe) where her fhooe (which is baider) guided her foote (which is bafe) doth tread. I fhall be forworn (which ia a great argument of falldom) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is fully attempted? Loue is a fa- miliar, Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill Angell but Loue, yet Loue was fo tempted, and he had an excel-lent strengt : Yet was Salomon fo seduced, and hee had a very good witte. Cupids Butfhaft is too hard for Her-cules Clube, and therefore too much ods for a Spa- niards Rapier : The firft and second caufe will not ferue my turne: the Paffado hee refpects not, the Duelle he regards not ; his digrffe is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to subdue men. Adue Valour, ruff Rapier, bee still Drum, for your manager is in loue ; yea hee loueth. Affift me some extemporal god of Rime, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Deuife Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio.

Exit.

Finis Actus Primus.

L. 3

Actus
Enter the Princeffe 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 Embaiffe. Your felé, held precious in the worlds estate, To parle with the fole inheritor Of all perfeotions that a man may owe, Matchleffe Nauarre, the plea of no leffe weight Then Aquitaine, a Dowlie for a Queene. Be now as prodigall of all deare grace, As Nature was in making Graces deare, When she did farue the generall world beside, And prodigally gave them all to you. Queen. Good L. Boyet, my beauty though but mean, Needs not the painted flourith of your praine; Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye, Not vttred by base sale of chapmans tongues: I am leffe proud to heere you tell my worth, Then you much wilging to be counted wife, In spending your wit in the praine of mine, But now to task the tasker, good Boyet, Prin. You are not ignorant all-telling fame Both noyle abroad Nauar hath made a vow, I’ll painfull study shall out-wear three yeares, No woman may approach his silent Court: Therefore to’s leemeth it a needfull courfe, Before we enter his forbidden gates, To know his pleasure, and in that behalfe Bold of your worthineffe, we fingle you, As our belt mouing faire solliciter: Tell him, the daughter of the King of France, On serious bufineffe crounig quicke dispatch, Importunts perfonall conference with his grace. Bitte, signifie fo much while we attend, Like humble vifag’d futers his high will. Boy. Proud of imploymt, willingly I goe. Exit. Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is fo : Who are the Votaries my louing Lords, that are vow- fellows with this vertuous Duke? Lor. Longauill is one. Princ. Know you the man? 1 Lady. I know him Madame at a marriage feast, Betweene L. Perigore and the beautious heire Of Iogues Faucenbridge fenromanized. In Normandie law I this Longauill, A man of fouraigne parts he is esteem’d: Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes: Nothing becomes him ill that he would well. The onely foyle of his faire vertues gloffe, If vertues gloffe will staine with any folie, Is a sharp wit match’d with too blunt a Will: Whoes edge hath power to cut whose will wills, It shoulde none spare that come within his power. Prin. Some merry mocking Lord belike, i’fto? Lad. 1. They say in moft, that moft his humors know. Prin. Such short lu’d wits do wither as they grow. Who are the reft? 2. Lad. The yong Damaine, a well accomplisht youth, Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued. Molt power to doe moft harme, leafing knowing ill: For he hath wit to make an ill shape good, And shape to win grace though he had no wit. I faw him at the Duke Alenfous once, And much too little of that good I faw, Is my report to his great worthineffe. Raft. Another of thefe 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 becoming mirth, I never spent an hours talke withall. His eye begets occasion for his wit, For every obiect that the one doth catch, The other turns to a mirth-mouing left. Which his faire tongue (conceits expositior) Deluera in fuch apt and gracius words, That aged cares play treuant at his tales, And yonger hangings are quite rauifhed. So sweete and voluble is his discoure. Prin. God bleffe my Ladies, are they all in loue? That every one her owne hath garnished, With fuch bedecking ornaments of praine. 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 adbre for to meete you gentle Lady Before I came : Marrie thus much I have learnt, He rather meanes to lodge you in the field, Like one that comes heere to besiege his Court, Then fecke a difpensation for his oath: To let you enter his vnpeopled house. Enter Nauar, Longauill, Damaine, and Berowne. Heere comes Nauar. Nauar. Faire Princeffe, welcome to the Court of Nauar. Prin. Faire I gue 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 safe to be mine. Nauar. You shall be welcome Madam to my Court. Prin. I wil be welcome then, Conduct me thither. Nauar. Hear me deare Lady, I haue fwoorne an oath. Prin. Our Lady helpes my Lord, he’l be forworne. Nauar. Not for the world fawe Madam, by my will. Prin. Why, will shal breake it will, and nothing els. Nauar. Your Ladiship is ignorant what it is. Prin. Were my Lord fo, his ignorance were wife, Where now his knowledge muft prove ignorance. I heare your grace hath fwoorne out Housekeeping: ’Tis deadly finne to keepe that oath my Lord, And finne to breake it: But pardon me, I am too fodaine bold, To teach a Teacher ill befeemeth me. Vouchsafe to read the purpoze of my comming, And sodainly refolve me in my suitte. Nauar. Madam, I will, if sodainly I may. Prin. You will the sooner that I were away, For you’ll prooue periu’d if you make me stay. Berow. Did not I dance with you in Brabant one? Refa. Did not I dance with you in Brabant one? Ber. I
Ber. I know you did.
Rofa. How needelesse was it then to ask the question?
Ber. You must not be so quicke.
Rofa. 'Tis long of you to purs me with such questions.
Ber. Your wit is too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.
Rofa. Not till it lease the Rider in the mire.
Ber. What time a day?
Rofa. The houre that foolest should ask.
Ber. Now fare befall your maske.
Rofa. Faire fall the face it covers.
Ber. And send you many louers.
Rofa. Amen, so you be none.
Ber. Nay then will I be gone.
Kin. Madame, your father here doth intimate,
The paiement of a hundred thousand Crownes,
Being but th'one halfe, of an intire summe,
Disburfed by my father in his warres.
But say that he, or we, as neither have
Received that summe; yet there remaines 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 vnpaid,
We will give vp our right in Aquitaine,
And hold faire friendship with his Maiestie:
But that it feemes he little purpofeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaire.
An hundred thousand Crownes, and not demands
One paiement of a hundred thousand Crownes,
To have his title lye in Aquitaine,
Which we much rather had depart withall,
And have the money by our father lent,
Then Aquitaine, as guelded as it is.
Deare Princesse, were not his requets so farre
From reafons yeilding, your faire felfe should make.
A yeilding gainft some reason in my bref,
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 fo vneeming to conffide receypt
Of that which hath so faithfully beene paid.
Kin. I doe protest I never heard of it,
And if you prove it, Ile repay it backe,
Or yeeld vp Aquitaine.
Prin. We arret your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquaintances
For such a summe, from speciall Officers,
Of Charles his Father.
Kin. Satisfie me so.
Boyet. So pleafe your Grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other specialties are bound,
To morrow you hall have a fight of them.
Kin. It shall suffice me; at which interview,
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 worthineffe.
You may not come faire Princesse in my gates,
But heree without you shall be so receiu'd,
As you shall live your felfe lodg'd in my heart,
Though fo coud't farther habborne in my house:
Your owne good thoughts excufe me, and farewell,
To morrow we shall visit you againe.
Prin. Sweet health & faire defires confort your grace.
Kin. Thyn own with with I thee, in euery place. Exit.
Proud with his forme, in his eie pride expressed.
His tongue all impatient to speake and not fee,
Did flamboule with haufe in his eie-fight to be,
All fences to that fence did make their repaire,
To seee onely looking on fairest of faire:
Me thought all his fences were lockt in his eye,
As Jewels in Chriftall for some Prince to buy. (glafs)
Who tendring their own worth from whence they were
Did point out to buy them along as you pait.
His faces owne margent did coate such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eies inchanted with gazes.
He gie ye Aquatina, and all that is his,
And you give him for my sake, but one louing Kiffe.

Prim. Come to our Paullion, Boyet is dispos'd.
Bro. But to speak that in words, which his eie hath dif-
I onelie haue made a mouth of his eie, (clo'd)
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.

La'd. Ro. Thou art an old Loue-monger, and speakest
skilfully.

La'd. Ma. He is Cupids Grandfather, and learnes news
of him.

La'd. 2. Then was Venus like her mother, for her fa-
ther is but grim.

Boy. Do you heare my mad wenches?

La. 1. No.

Boy. What then, do you fee?

La'd. 2. I, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for me.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Broggart and Boy.

Song.

Bro. Warbie childre, make passionat my sense of hear-
ing.

Boy. Concolinel.

Bro. Sweete Ayer, go tendermoss of yeares: take this
Key, glue enlargement to the swaine, bring him fe-
nitantly lither: I must imploie him in a letter to my
Loue.

Boy. Will you win your loue with a French braule?

Bro. How meanest thou, brauling in French?

Boy. No my compleat matter, but to ligge off a tune
at the tongues end, canarie to it with the fette, humour
it with turning vp your eie: figh a note and finge a note,
sometimes through the throate: if you swallowed loue
with finging, loue sometime through: note as you if
fuing vp loue by smilling loue with your hat pfenthou-
like ore the show of your eies, with your armes croft
on your thinbelly dobbet, like a Rabbet on a fip, or your
hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting,
and kepe not too long in one tune, but a finp and away:
these are complements, these are humoures, these befta
chee loue wenches that would be betrayed without thefe,
and make them men of note: do you note men that moft are
affected to thefe?

Bro. How haft thou purchased this experience?

Boy. By my penne of obseruation.

Bro. But O, but O.

Boy. The Hobbie-horfe is forgot.

Bro. Can't thou my loue Hobbie-horfe.

Boy. No Matuer, the Hobbie-horfe is but a Colt, and
and your Loue perhaps, a Hacknie:

But have you forgot your Loue?

Bro. Almof I had.

Boy. Negligent student, learene her by heart.

Bro. By heart, and in heart Boy.

Boy. And out of heart Matier: all those three I will
proue.

Bro. What wilt thou proue?

Boy. A man, if I lue (and this) by, in, and without, vp-
on the infant: by heart you lue her, because your heart
cannot come by her: in heart you lue her, because your
heart is in loue with her: and out of heart you lue her,
being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Bro. I am all thefe three.

Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing
at all.

Bro. Fetch hither the Swaine, he must carrie mee a
letter.

Boy. A meslidge wel simpathis'd, a Horfe to be em-
baffadow for an Affe.

Bro. Ha, ha, What fliest thou?

Boy. Marrie fir, you must fende the Affe upon the Horfe
for he is verie flow gaited: but I goe.

Bro. The way is but thort, away.

Boy. As fwtif as Lead fir.

Bro. Thy meaning prettie ingenious, is not Lead a
mettall haue, dull, and flow?:

Boy. Minime honest Matier, or rather Matier no.

Brad. I fay Lead is flow.

Boy. You are too fwtif fir, to fay fo.

Is that Lead flow which is fir'd from a Gunne?

Bro. Sweete fmoke of Rhertorike,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he: 
I fhoote thee at the Swaine.

Boy. Thump then, and I flee.

Bro. A moft acute Juuenall, voluble and free of grace,
By thy favour sweet Welkin, I must figh in thy face.
Moft rude melancholie, Valour glues thee place.
My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page and Clowene.

Pag. A wonder Matier, here's a Coflard broken in a
fin.

Ar. Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy Lenowy
begin.

Clow. No egna, no riddle, no lenowy, no false, in thee
male fir. Or fir, Plantan; a plaine Plantan: no lenowy,
no lenowy, no Salue fir, but a Plantan.

Ar. By verne thou inforceft laughter, thy fille
thought, my fpleene, the heaving of my lungs provokes
me to rediculous fmyling: O pardon me my fars, doth
the incomoderate take false for lenowy, and the word len-
owy for a false?

Pag. Doe the wife thinke them other, is not lenowy a
false? (plaine,)

Ar. No Page, it is an epilogue or discourse to make
Some olufbire precedent that hath tofore bin false.
Now will I begin your morral, and do you follow with
my lenowy.

The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were fill at oddes, being but three.

Arm. Vntill the Goofe came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding four.

Pag. A good Lenowy, ending in the Goofe: would you
defire more?

Ch. The Boy hath fald him a bargain, a Goofe, that's
Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as faut and loose:
Let me see a fat Lenuwy, I that's a fat Goose.

Are. Come hither, come hither:
How did this argument begin?
Boy. By saying that a Coffard was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the Lenuwy.
Clow. True, and I for a Plantain:
Thus came your argument in:
Then the Boyes fat Lenuwy, the Goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.
Are. But tell me: How was there a Coffard broken in a shin?
Pag. I will tell you fencibly.
Clow. Thou haist no feeling of it Matb,
I will speake that Lenuwy,
Coffard 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 Coffard, I will infranchifie thee.
Clow. O, marrie me to one France, I smell some Lenuwy,
Some Goose in this.
Arm. By my sweete soule, I meane, letting thee at libertie.
Enfreedoming thy perfon: thou wert emured,
restrained, captivated, bound.
Clow. True, true, and now you will my purgation,
and let me loose.
Arm. I giue thee thy libertie, let thee from durance,
and in lieu thereof, impone on thee nothing but this:
Beare this significant to the countrey Maide Iaquinetta:
there is remuneration, for the belt ward of mine honours
is saving my dependants. Matb, follow.
Pag. Like the fequelle I.
Signeur Coffard adieu.
Exit.
Clow. My sweete ounce of mans flesh, my in-cone Jew:
Now will I looke to his remuneration.
Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three-farthings:
Three-farthings remuneration, What's the price of this yncle? i.d. no, I lie giue you a remuneration: Why?
It carries it remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name then
a French-Crowne. I will neuer buy and fell out of this word.

Enter Berowe.

Ber. O my good knaue Coffard, exceedingly well met.
Clow. Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon
may a man buy for a remuneration?
Ber. What is a remuneration?
Coff. Marrie sir, halfe penny farthing.
Ber. O, Why then threefarthings wort of Silke.
Coff. I thanke your worship, God be wy you.
Ber. O thy flau, I must employ thee:
A thou wilt win my favour, good my knaue,
Doe one thing for me that I shal intreate.
Clow. When would you haue it done sir?
Ber. O this after-noone.
Clow. Well, I will do it sir: Fare you well.
Ber. O thou knowest not what it is.
Clow. I shall know sir, when I haue done it.
Ber. Why villaine thou must know firft.
Clow. I wil come to your worship to morrow morning.
Ber. It must be done this after-noone,
Harke flau, 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 Royalline they call her, ake for her:
And to her white hand fee thou do commend
This faul'd vp counseile. Ther's thy gourd: goe.
Clow. Gardon, O sweete gardon, better then remuneration,
a leuenence-farthing better: most sweete gardon.
I will doe it sir in print: gardon, remuneration.

Exit.

Ber. O, and I forsooth in lowe,
I that haue beene lowes whip?
A verie Beadle to a humerous figh: A Critick,
Nay, a night-watch Contable.
A domineering pedant ore the Boy,
Then whom no mortall fo magnificent.
This wimpled, whyning, purblinde waiward Boy,
This signior James gent drawer, don Cupid,
Regent of Lone-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
Th'annotated fouersign of fighes and groanes:
Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of Placats, King of Codpeeces.
Sole Emperator and great general
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 fwe, I feake 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 worfe of all,
A whilty wanton, with a velvet brow.
With two pitch bals flucke in her face for eyes.
I, and by heauen, one that will doe the deed,
Though Argus were her Eunuch and her garde.
And I to figh for her, to watch for her,
To pray for her, go to ; it is a plague
That Cupid will impofe for my neglecs,
Of his almighty dreadfull little might.
Well, I will loue, write, figh, pray, fwe, grone,
Some men must loue my Laéy, and some lone.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Princesse, a Forrester, ber Ladies, and ber Lords.
Qu. Was that the King that spurde his horse fo hard,
Against the sleepe vuprising of the hill?
Boy. I know not, but I thinke it was he.
Qu. Who ere a was, a shew'd a mounting minde:
Well Lords, to day we shal have our dispatch,
On Saterday we will returne to France.
Then Forrester my friend, Where is the Bush
That we must fland and play the murtherer in?
For. Hereby vpon the edge of yonder Conpipe,
A Stand where you may make the fairest thoot.
Qu. I thanke my beautie, I am faire that thoot,
And thereupon thou speakest the fairest thoot.
For. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not so.
Qu. What, what! Firft praffe me, & then again fay no.
For. Yes.
For. Yes Madam faire.

Qu. Nay, prithee me now,
Where faire is not, praiue cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glasse) take this for telling true:
Faire painement for foule words, is more then due.
For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.

Qu. See, see, my beautie will be fau’d by merit.
O herefe in faire, fit for these dayes,
A guing hand, though foule, shall haue faire praiue.
But come, the Bow : Now Merrie goes to kill,
And shooting well, is then accounted ill:
Thus will I faue my credit in the shooe,
Not wounding, pittie would not let me doe:
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praiue, then purpoe meant to kill.
And out of queftion, fit it is sometimes:
Glory grows guillie of detested crimes,
When for Fames false, for praiue an outward part,
We bend to that, the working of the hart.

As I for praiue alone now fecke to spille
The poore Deere blood, that my heart means no ill,

Boy. Do not curf wise holds that selfe-fouraigntie
Onely for praiue fake, when they ftrive to be
Lords ore their Lords?

Qu. Onely for praiue, and praiue we may afford,
To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.

Enter Cloane.

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 ref that haue no heads.

Clo. Which is the greattest Lady, the highest?

Qu. The thickest, and the tallest.

Clo. The thickest, & the tallest : it is fo, truth is truth.
And your waife Milfris, were as fender as my wit,
One a thef Maldes girdles for your waife should be fit.
Are not you the chief of wom? You are the thickest here?

Qu. What’s your will sir? What’s your will?

Clo. I have a Letter from Monfer Bervone,
To one Lady Rosaline.

Qu. O thy letter, thy letter: He’s a good friend of mine.

Stand a fide good bearer.

Boyet, you can carue,
Breake vp this Capon.

Boyet. I am bound to fereue.

This Letter is milbooke : it importeth none here:
It is writ to Iaguenetta.

Qu. We will reade it, I sweare.

Breake the necke of the Waxe, and every one glue eare.

Boyet reads.

By heauen, that thou art faire, is moft infallible: true
that thou art beauteous, truth it felle that thou art lovely: more faire then faire, beauteful then beauteous, truer then truth it felle: haue comiferation on thy heroical
call Vaffall. The magnanimous and moft illustreate King
Cepheus let eie vpon the pernicious and indubitate Begger
Zenopheus: and he it was that might rightly fay, Ver-
nis, udie, uici: Which to anonimation in the vulgar, O
safe and obfcrue vulgar; videiuer, He came, and over-
came: hee came one; fee, two; couercame three: Who came? the King. Why did he come? to fee. Why
did he fee? to overcome. To whom came he? to the
Begger. What faw he? the Begger. Who overcame he? the Begger. The conclusion is vifiorie: On whose
fide? the King: the capture is inricht: On whose fide? the Beggers. The catastrophe is a Nuptial: on whose fide?
the Kings; one, or both in one, or one in both. I am the
King (for fo stands the comparison) thou the Begger,
Shall I entreate thy loue? I will. What, shalt thou ex-
change for rages, roaxes: for titles titles, for thy felfe
mee. Thus expeting thy reply, I prophane my lips on
thy foute, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy euerie part.

Thine in the dearest defigne of induftrie,

Don Adriana de Armathero.

Thus doth thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,
Gainst thee thou Lambe, that fandleth as his pray:
Submiffue fall his princely feet before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.

But if thou fhriue (poore foule) what art thou then?
Foodo for his rage, repature for his den.

Qu. What plume of feathers is hee that inditted this
ever hear better?

Boy. I am much deceived, but I remember the flile.

Qu. Else your memory is bad, going ore it erewhile.

Boy. This Armado is a Spaniard that keeps here in court
A Phantafime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the Prince and his Booke-mates.

Qu. Thou fellow, a word.

Who gave thee this Letter?

Clov. I told you, my Lord.

Qu. To whom should’it thou give it?

Clo. From my Lord to my Lady.

Qu. From which Lord, to which Lady?

Clo. From my Lord Bervone, a good master of mine,
To a Lady of France, that he call’d Rosaline.

Qu. Thou haft mistaken his letter. Come Lords away.
Here fweete, put vp this, twill be thine other day.

Exeunt.

Boy. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?

Refa. Why the that beares the Bow. Finely put off.

Boy. But the her felle is hit lower:

Haue I hit her now.

Refa. Shall I come vpon thee with an old faying, that
was a man when King Pippin of France was a little boy, as
touching the hit it.

Boyet. So I may anfwere thee with one as old that
was a woman when Queene Guinouer of Britaine was a
little wench, as touching the hit it.

Refa. Thou
Loves Labour's lost.

Roys. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it thy 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 marvellous well shot, for they both did hit.
Boy. A mark, O marke but that marke a marke faies my Lady.
Let the mark have a pricke in't, to meat at, if it may be.
Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, y'sith your hand is out.
Clo. Indeede a'muff shoote nearer, or heele ne're hit the clout.
Boy. And if my hand be out, then beilike your hand is in.
Clo. Then will shee get the vpshoo by cleaving the sin.
Ma. Come, come, you talke grafsely, 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 foule a Swaine, a moft simple Clowne.
Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I have put him downe.
O my troth most sweete lefts, most incoms vulgar wit,
When it comes to smoothely off, to obfcently, as it were, to fit.
Armatour ath to the side, O a moft dainty man.
To see him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fan.
To see him kiffe his hand, and how most sweete a will swære:
And his Page another side, that handfull of wit,
Ah heaven, it is moft patheticall nit.
Sowla, sowla.
Shoothe 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) fanguis in blood,
ripe as a Pomwater, who now handgeth like a Jewell in
the eare of Celo the Icke ; the welken the heaven, and a-
non fulleth like a Crab on the face of Terra, the foyle, the
land, the earth.
Corat.Natb. Truely M. Holofernes, the ephithes are
sweeetly varied like a Scholler at the leaff: but sir I affure
ye, it was a Bucke of the first head.
Hol. Sir Nathaniel, baud credo.
'Dul. 'Twas not a baud credo, 'twas a Pricket.
Hol. Moft barbarous intimation : yet a kind of inti-
mination, as it were in vita, in way of explication factere : as
it were replication, or rather oftentare, to show as it were
his inclination after his vnrefted, vnapolished, vneducated,
vprunved, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or rather
reft-unconformed fashion, to infect again my baud credo
for a Deare.
'Dul. I faid the Deare was not a baud credo, 'twas a
Pricket.
Hol. Twice fod simplicitie, bi cœtus, O thou mon-
ster Ignorance, how deformed dooef thou looke.
Natb. Sir hee hath never 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 animal,
onely fenfible in the droller parts and such barren plants
are fet before vs, that we thankfull shoue be : which we
take 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 foil ;
So there was a patch fet on Learning, to see him in a
School.
But some bene fay 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 five
weeks old as yet?
Hol. Dictiona goodman Dul, dictiona goodman
Dull.
Dul. What is dictiona?
Natb. 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 five-weekes when he came to huee-
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 polution holds in the Exchange:
for the Moone is neuer but a month old : and I say be-
side that, 'twas a Pricket that the Princezze kill'd.
Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you heare an extemprolar
Epitaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour
the ignorant call'd the Deare, the Princezze kill'd a
Pricket.
Natb. Perge, good M. Holofernes, perge, so it shal
please you to abrogate feurilitie.
Hol I will something affect the letter, for it argues
facilitie.

The preyfull Princezze perzze and prickt
a prettie pleasing Pricket,
Some fay a Sore, but not a fere,
till nowe made fere with booting,
The Dogges did yeal, put ell to Sore,
then Sorel jumps from thicker:
Or Pricket-fere, or elle Sorel,
the people fall a booting.
If Sore be fere, then ell to Sore,
makes fritte feres O forel :
Of one fere I an hundred make
by adding but one more L.

Natb. A rare talent.
Dul. If your talent be a claw, looke how he claues him
with a talent.
Natb. This is a gift that I have simpler: simple, a foo-
lifh extravagant spirit, full of formes, figures, shapes, ob-
jects, Ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions. These
are begot in the ventricle of memorie, nourish in the
wombe of primater, and deliver'd upon 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 profe 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.
Natb. Me bercels, If their Sonnes be ingenuous, they
shall
Loves Labour's lost.

shall want no instructions: if their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir sapô qui pauca loquitur,* a foule Feminine faluteth vs.

Enter Iaquenetta and the Clovonie.

*Iaqu.* God guie you good morrow *M. Perfon.*
*Natb.* Master Perfon, *quâs* Perfon? And if one should be perfit, Which is the one?
*Cl. M. Marry M. Schoolemaister,* hee that is likest to a hoghead.

*Natb.* Of persting a Hoghead, a good lufter of conceit in a turth of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: *tis prettie, it is well.

*Iaqu.* Good Master Perfon be so good as reade mee this Letter, it was given mee by *Cifard,* and sent mee from Don Armactso: I beseech you reade it.

*Natb.* Faccile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia sub umbra rumina, and so forth. Ah good old Mantuan, I may speake of thee as the traveller doth of *Penfis,* *venchie,* *venchie,* quae non te unde, quae non te perretche. Old Mantuan, old Mantuan.

What vsnderstandeth thee not, *et re sol mi fa,* Vnder pardon fir, What are the contents? or rather as *Horrace* sayes in his, *What my foule verfes.*

*Hol.* I fir, and ver learned.

*Natb.* Let me heare a faffe, a flanze, a verfe, *Lege domine.*

If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue? Ah neuer faith could, if not to beautie vowed.

Though to my felle forsworn, to thee He faithfull proue.

Thofe thoughts to mee were Oces, to thee like Ofers bowed.

Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.

Where all thofe pleafures live, that Art would compre hend. If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice. Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee comedon: All ignorant that foule, that fees thee without wonder.

Which is to me fome praiie, that I thy parts admire; Thy eye loves lightening bearers, thy voyce his dreadfull thunders.

Which not to anger bent, is muifique, and sweet fire.

Celeffiall as thou art, *Oh pardon loue this wrong,* That fings heavens praiie, with fuch an earthly tongue.

*Ped.* You finde not the apostrophas, and so misthe the accent. Let me suuerife the cangeten.

*Natb.* Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of poefie *caret,* *Ouidius Nape* was the man. And why in deed Nape, but for smelting out the odoriforous flowers of fancy? The ierkies of inuention imitarie is nothing: So doth the Hound his master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horfe his rider: But *Damosella virgini,* Was this directed to you?

*Iaq.* I fir from one moufier *Beronie,* one of the strange Queenes Lords.

*Natb.* I will ouerglance the supercritic.

To the fame white band of the miff beantious LadyRosaline. I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the perfon written vnto.

*Vour Ladißhips in all defred employment,* *Beronine.*

*Per.* Sir *Hof师范,* this Beronie is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a fequent of the franger *Queenes:* which accidentally, or by the way of progreffion, hath milcallied. Trip and
go my sweete, deliver this Paper into the hand of the King; it may concerne much: say not thy complemente, I forgive thy sweete, adue.

*Maid.* Good *Cifard* go with me:
Sir God faue your life.

*Cif. Haue with thee my girle.*

*Hol.* Sir you have done this in the feare of God very religiously: and as a certaine Father faith.*

*Ped.* Sir tell not me of the Father, I do feare colourable colours. But to return to the Verfes, Did they pleafe you fir *Natbaniel?*

*Natb.* Maruellous well for the pen.

*Ped.* I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pulpill of mine, where if (*being reapeft) it shall pleafe you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge I haue with the parents of the forefaid Childe or Pulpill, vndertake your bien vouuons, where I will proue thofe Verfes to be very vnlearned, neither favouring of Poetrie, *Wit,* nor Inuenition. I beseech your So ciety.

*Nat.* And thanke you to: for societe (faith the text) is the happinesse of life.

*Ped.* And certes the text most infallibily concludes it. Sir I do insite you too, you shall not fay me nay: *pauca verba.*

Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

*Exeunt.*

Enter Beronion with a Paper in his band,alone.

*Bero.* The King he is hunting the Deare, I am courfing my felfe.

They have pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pycht, pitch that defiles: defile, a foule word: Well, fee the downe forrow; for fo they fay the foule faide, and fo fay I, and I the foule: Well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as mad as *Aias,* it kills shepe, it kills mee, I a theepe: Well proued againe my fide. I will not loue: If I do hang me: yeithf wil I not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but ly, 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, the hath one a'my Sonnet already, the Cloone bore it, the Foole fent it, and the Lady hath it: sweet Cloone, sweeter Foole, sweete left Cloone. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God glue him grace to grone.

*He flands aixde.*

The King entreath.

*Kin.* Ay me!

*Ber.* Shot by heauen: procede sweet *Capit,* thou haft thumped him with thy Birdbolte vnder the left pap: in faith secretas.

*King.* So sweete a kiffe the golden Sunne glues not, To thofo fresh morning drops upon the Rote,
As thy eye beames, when their fresh raye haue simote.

The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flows.
Nor thines the fluer Moone one halfe so bright,
Through the transparente bottom of the deep.

As doth thy face through teares of mine glue light:
Thou shin'll in evere teare that I doe weepes,
No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee:
So rideft thou triumphing in my was,
Do but behold the teares that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my griefe will show:

But
Loves Labour's lost.

But do not love thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe
My teares for glasse, and still make me wepe.
O Queene of Queenes, how farre doft thou excell,
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How shall I know my griefes? Ie drop the paper,
Sweet leaues shade folly. Who is he comes heere?

Enter Longauile. The King steps aside.
What Longauile, and reading : leten eare.
Ber. Now in thy likenesse, one more foole appeare.
Long. Ay me, I am forsworne.
Ber. Why he comes in like a periuire, wearing papers.
Long. In loue I hope, sweet fellowship in flame.
Ber. One drunkard loues another of the name.
Len. Am I the first I have periuird so? (know, I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I
Thou makest the triumphery, the corner cap of societie,
The shap of Loues Tisburne, that hangs vp simplicitie.
Len. I feare thefe stubborn lines lack power to move.
O sweet Maria, Emprefse of my Loue,
Ber. These numbers will I teare, and write in profe:
Ber. O Rimes are gards on wanton Ovidis hofe,
Disguire not his Shop.
Len. This fame shall goe. He reads the Sonnet.
Didst not the heavenly Historics of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot bold argument,
Perfound my heart to this falls periuire?
Vowes for thee broke defere not punishment.
A Woman I forswore, but I will prove,
Thou being a Goddeffe, I forswore not thee.
My Vow was earthly, thou abeaneously Loue.
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour it.
Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth doft shine,
Exhale this vapour, in thee it is :
If broken then, it is no fault of mine :
If by me broke, What foole is not so wise,
To lose an oath, to win a Paradise?
Ber. This is the liuer veine, which makes fheft a deity.
A greene Goofe, a Cadiffe, pure pure Idolatry.
God amends us, God amends, we are much out o'th'way.

Enter Dumasine.
Len. By whom shall I fend this (company?) Stay.
Ber. All hid, all hid, an old infant play,
Like a demie God, here fit I in the skies,
And wretched foole's secrets heedfully ore-eye.
More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I have my whis,
Dumasine transform'd, foure Woodcocks in a dith.
Dum. O most diuine Kate.
Bero. O most prophan coxcombe.
Dum. By heaven the wonder of a mortall eye.
Bero. By earth she is not, corporall, there you lye.
Dum. Her Amber haires for foule hath amber coted.
Ber. An Amber coloured Rauen was well noted.
Dum. As upright as the Cedar.
Ber. Stoop I say, her shoulde is with-child.
Dum. As faire as day.
Ber. I as some daies, but then no fune mufh shine.
Dum. O that I had my wish?
Len. 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 blood,and will remembered be.
Ber. A Feuer in your blood, why then incision

Would let her out in Sawcers, sweet misprision.
Dum. Once more Ile read the Ode that I have writ.
Ber. Once more Ile marke how Loue can vary Wit.

'Dumaine reads his Sonnet.

On a day, alack the day:
Loue, whose Month is every May,
Splied a blissefull paffing faire,
Playing in the watton ayre :
Through the Velvet, leaues the winde,
All vaine, can passage finde.
That the Louer fiche to death,
Wifh bimjelte the beams breath.
Ayre (quoto be) thy cheakes may blowe,
Ayre, would I might triumph fo.
But alacke my hand is bled,
Nore to plucke thee from thy throne :
Vow alacke for youth vneneste,
Your fto apt to plucke a fweet.
Doe not call it fame in me,
That I am forsworne for thee.
Thou for whom loue would fwear,
Luno but an Abijer wore,
And deme himjelfe for loue.
Turning mortal for thy Loue.

This will I fend, and something else more plaine.
That shall expresse my true-loues fating paine.
O would the King, Bereone and Longauile,
Were Louers too, ill to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a periuird note:
For none offend, where all alike doe dote.
Len. Dumaine, thy Loue is farre from charitie,
That in Loues griefe does't societie.
You may looke pale, but I should blufh I know,
To be ore-heard, and taken napping fo.

Kin. Come sir, you blufh : as his, your cafe is fuch,
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You doe not loue Maria? Longauile,
Did neuer Sonnet for her fake compile;
Nor neuer lay his wretche arms athwart
His louing bosome, to keepe downe his heart.
I have bene clofely throtewed in this bufh,
And markt you both, and for you both did blufh.
I heard your guilty Rimes, ofurer'd your fashion
Saw fighes reekke from you, noted well your paffion.
Aye me, fayas one ! O Iove, the other cries!
On her haires were Gold, Chriftall the others eyes.
You would for Paradise breake Faith and troth,
And Iove for your Loue would infringe an oath.
What will Bereone say when he shall heare
Faith infringed, which fuch zeale did swarde.
How will he scourne? how will he fend his wit?
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that euer I did fee,
I would not have him know fo much by me.

Ber. Now flip I forth to whip hypocrite.
Ah good my Ledge, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What grace haft thou thus to reproue
These worrass for louing, that art moft in loue?
Your eyes doe make no noches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princeffe that appears.
You'll not be periuird, 'tis a hateful thing:
Tuff, none but Minfrel's like of Sonnetting.
But are you not afham'd? nay, are you not
Loves Labour's lost.

All three of you, to be thus much ore'hot? But 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'try have I feene. Of figues, of groines, of bowre, and of teene: O me, with what strik'patience have I far, To fee a King transformed to a Gnat? To fee great Hercules whipping a Gigge, And profound Salomon tuning a lygge? And Nefer play at puf'h-pin with the boyes, And Criticke Tyson laugh at idle boyes. Where lies thy grievie? O tell me good Dumaine? And gentle Longuill, where lies thy paine? And where my Liedges? all about the breft: A Candle haue.

Kin. Too bitter is thy left.

Are we betrayed thus to thy ouer-view? Ber. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you. I am that honett, I that hold it fnne To breake the vow I am ingaged in. I am betrayed by keeping company With men, like men of inconfiancice. When shall you fee me write a thing in rime? Or groine for Lune? or spend a minutes time, In prunning me, when shall you heare that I will praffe a hand, a foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a state, a brow, a breft, a wafte, a legge, a limme.

Kin. Soft, Whither a-way so falt? A true man, or a theepe, that gallops fo.

Ber. I poft from Loue,good Louer let me go.

Enter Lupenetta and Clewne.


Lau. I beseach your Grace let this Letter be read, Our perfon miff-doubts it: it was treason he faid. Kin. Beroune, read it ouer. He reads the Letter. Kin. Where hadft thou it?

Lau. Of Cofhard.

King. Where hadft thou it?

Cof. Of Dun Atramadex, Dun Atramadie.

Kin. How now, what is in you? why doft thou tear it?

Ber. A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needes not feare it.

Long. It did move him to paffion, and therefore let's heare it.

Dum. It is Beroune writing, and here is his name.

Ber. Ah you whorcon loggerhead, you were borne to doe me shame.

Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confesse, I confesse.

Kin. What? Ber. That you three foole, lackt mee foole, to make vp the meffe. He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I, Are picked-pares in Loue, and we deferue to die. O dimiff this audience, and I shall tell you more. Dum. Now the number is euen.

Beroue. True we, are fowre: will these Turtles be gone?

Kin. Hence firly, away.

Clo. Walk alilde the true folke, & let the traytors flay. Ber. Sweet Lords, sweet Louers, O let vs imbrace, As true we are as fleth and broid can be,

The Sea will fudder and bow, hearts and blood will fiew his face: Young broid doth not obey an old decree. We cannot croffe the caufe why we are borne: Therefore of all hands weft we be forworne.

King. What, did thefe rent lines fiew fome loue of thine?

(ROFAINE, Ber. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heauenly That (like a rude and faugue man of INDA.) At the first opening of the gorgeous East, Bowes not his vaffal head, and frownden blinde, Kiffes the base ground with obedient breaft? What peremptory Eagle-fighted eye

Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow, That is not blinded by her maiftie? Kin. What zeal, what furie, hath inspir'd thee now? My Loue(her Milftres) is a gracious Moone,

Shee (an attending Starre)Scarce feene a light. Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Beroune.

Or but for my Loue, day would turne to night, Of all complections the cul'd fonrafticy, Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheeke, Where feueraul Worthies make one dignity, Where nothing wants, that want it felie doth feeke. Lend me the flourifh of all gentle tongues,tie painted Rethoricke,O she needs it not, To things of fale, a tellers praiie belongs: She paffes praye, then praye too short doth blot. A withered Hermite, fluelcore winters wore, Might flike off flike, looking in her eye: Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new born, And gives the Crutch the Cradles infancte. O 'tis the Sunne that maketh all things shine.

King. By heauen, thy Lune is blacke as Ebionie.

Beroue. Is Ebionie like her? O word diuine? A wife of such wood were felicitie.

O who can give an oth? Where is a booke? That I may fwear Beauty doth beauty lacke, If that the learne not of her eye to looke: No face is fairer that is not full fo blacke.

Kin. O paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell, The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night: And beauties creft becomes the heauens well.

Ber. Dieuls soonel tent remembilling spirits of light. O if in blacce my Ladies browes be deckt, It mournes, that painting vpurgin hair

Should raiforn doters with a false affect: And therefore is the borne to make blacke, faire. Her fauour turns the fashion of the dayes, For nature blond is counted painting now: And therefore red that would auoyd difpraife, Paints it felie blacke, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are Chimny-flweapers blacke. Lon. And since her time, are Colliers counten'd bright. King. And Echips of their sweet complection crake. Dum. Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.

Ber. Your mistrefles dare never come in raime, For feare their colours should be wafft away.

Kin. Twere good yours did: for fir to tell you plaine, Ie finde a faire face is not wafft to day.

Ber. Ile proue her faire, or talke til dooms-day here. Kin. No Dulle will fright thee then so much as thee. Dum. I neuer knew man hold vile stuffe to deere. Lon. Lookye, her's thy loue, my foot and her face fee.

Ber. Of if the streets were paued with thine eyes,
Loues Labour's loft.

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Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.  
Dum. O vile, then as she goes what upward legs?  
The street should see as the walk'd over head.  
Kin. But what of this, are we not all in love?  
Ber. O nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworne.  
Kin. Then leave this chat, & good Berowm now prove  
Our rousing lawful, and our faith not torne.  
Dum. I marie there, some flattery for this cuill.  
Long. O some authority how to proceed,  
Some tricks, some quellots, how to cheat the duller.  
Dum. Some false for perjurer.  
Ber. O 'tis more then neede.  

Haue at you then affections men at arms,  
Confider what you first did flware unto:  
To fall, to fludy, and to see no woman:  
Flat treason against the Kingly flate of youth.  
Say, Can you fall? your romacks are too young:  
And abstinence ingenders maladies.  
And where that you have vow'd to fludie (Lords)  
In that each of you have forsworne his Book.  
Can you still dreame and pore, and thereon looke.  
For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,  
Haue found the ground of studys excellence,  
Without the beauty of a womans face;  
From womans eyes this doctrine I derive,  
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achademes,  
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.  
Why, vunerfull plooding poynons vp  
The nimble spirits in the arteries,  
As motion and long during action tyres  
The sinnowy vigour of the trauller.  
Now for not looking on a womans face,  
You haue in that forsworne the vfe of eyes:  
And flude too, the cauler of your vow.  
For where is any Author in the world,  
Teaches such beauty as a womans eye:  
Learning is but an adjunct to our selfe,  
And where we are, our Learning like wife is.  
Then when our felues we fee in Ladies eyes,  
With our selues.  
Do we not likewise fee our learning there?  
O we haue made a Vow to fludie, Lords,  
And in that vow we have forsworne our Bookes:  
For when would you (my Lege) or you, or you?  
In leade contemplation haue found out  
Such fery Numbers as the prompting eyes,  
Of beauties tutors haue inrich'd you with:  
Other flow Arts intirely kepe the braine:  
And therefore finding barraine practive,  
Scarce shew a harueft of their heaue toyle.  
But Loue first learned in a Ladies eyes,  
Lues not alone emured in the braine:  
But with the motion of all elements,  
Courses as swift as thought in every power,  
And glues to every power a double power,  
Aboue their functions and their offices.  
It adds a precious seeing to the eye:  
A Louer eyes shall gaze an Eagle blinde.  
A Louers care shall hear the louest found.  
When the fupicious head of theft is ropt.  
Loues looking is more soft and fenible,  
Then are the tender horns of Cockled Snylles.  
Loues tongue is a Cocked Shepe,  
Bacchus grofte in taile,  
For Valour, is not Loue a Hercules?  
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides.  
Subtill as Sphynx, as sweet and musical,  
As bright Apollo's Lute, strung with his hair.  
And when Loue speakes, the voice of all the Gods,  
Make heauen drowe with the harmonie.  
Neuer durft Poet touch a pen to write,  
Vanill his Inke were tempered with Loues fighes:  
O then his lines would raifh fhausen ears,  
And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.  
From womens eyes this doctrine I derive,  
They fparce still the right promethean fire,  
They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achademes,  
That shew, containe, and nourifh all the world.  
Elle none at all in ought proves excellent.  
Then foole you were thefe women to forsworne:  
Or keeping what is f worne, you will prove foole,  
For Wiledomes fakes, a word that all men loue:  
Or for Loues fake, a word that loues all men.  
Or for Mens fake, the author of thefe Women:  
Or Womens fake, by whom we men are Men.  
Let's once loofe our oathes to finde our felues,  
Or else we loofe our felues, to keepe our oathes:  
It is religion to be thus forsworne.  
For Charity it felle fulfills the Law:  
And who can feuer loue from Charity.  
Kin. Saint Capi'd then, and Soulhers to the field.  
Ber. Advance your handards, & vpon them Lords.  
Pell, mell, downe with them: but be firft advi'd,  
In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.  
Long. Now to plaine dealing, Lay thefe glowses by,  
Shall we refolute to woe thefe girles of France?  
Kin. And winne them too, therefore let vs deuife,  
Some entertainment for them in their Tenta.  
Ber. Firft from the Park let vs conduct them thither,  
Then homeward every man attach the hand  
Of his faire Milfreffe, in the afternoone  
We will with some strange paftime folace them:  
Such as the shortneffe of the time can shape,  
For Reuels, Dances, Maskes, and mercy houres,  
Fore-runne faire Loure, ftrieuing her way with flowres.  
Kin. Away, away, no time shall be omitted,  
That will be time, and may by vs be fett.  
Ber. Alone, alone fowed Cockell, reap'd no Corne,  
And Iuice alwaies whirlies in equall meaure:  
Light Wenchys may prove plauges to men forsworne,  
If fo, our Copper buies no better treaure.  
Exeunt.

Aetius Quartus.

Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.

Pedant. Satis quid sufficit.  
Curat. I praffe God for you fir, your reasons at dinner  
haue beene harpe & fenentious:pleafant without fcur- 
rillity, witty without affection, audacious without im- 
pudency, learned without opinion, and strange without  
hereffe: I did conuerfe this quodam day with a compa- 
nion of the Kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called,  
Don Adriano de Atrambo.  
Ped. Noui lumenin tarnquam te. His humour is lofty,  
his difcourfe peremptorije: his tongue flid, his eye  
bamitious, his gate maileftcall, and his generall behavi- 
our vaine, ridiculious, and thrafoncall. He is too picked,  
too frucre, too affected, too oddie, as it were, too pere- 
grinit, as I may call it.  

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too frucre, too affected, too oddie, as it were, too pere- 
grinit, as I may call it.  

M 2  
Curat.
Loues Labour's lost.

Curat. A moit singular and chollie Epithet,
Draw out his Table-books.
Peda. He draweth out the thred of his verbositi, finer then the stape of his argument. I abhor such phantasticall phantasmes, such insociable and poynt deuife companions, such rackers of ortigraphie, as to speake dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he shold pronounce deb; e b t, not det: he clepeth a Calfe, Caufe: halfe, haufe: neighbour vocatur nebour; nei gh abreualted ne: this is abominable, which he would call abominable: in finate me of infamie: ne intelligi domine, to make frantickc, lunatike?

Cura. Laus dein, bene intelligo.
Peda. Some boome for boome prevent, a little scrapethe, twil serue.

Enter Bragart, Boy.

Curat. Videt ne quin veniet?
Peda. Vides, & gaudiis.
Brag. Chirra.
Peda. Quarti Chirra, not Sirra?
Brag. Men of peace well incontrued.
Peda. Moft militarie for faltation.

Boy. They haue beene at a great feaft of Languages, and fioine the fcraps.

Cleow. O they haue ftu'dong on the almes-basket of words. I maruell thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not fo long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: Thou art eaiser swallowed then a fladragon.

Page. Peace, the peale begins.
Brag. Mountfet, are you not letterd?
Page. Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke: What is Ab fpeld backward with the horn on his head?
Peda. Ba,Scraria, with a horne added.
Page. Ba moft feely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare his learning.

Peda. Qui quii, thou Confonant?
Page. The laft of the fume Vowels if You repeat them, or the first I.
Peda. I will repeate them: a e I.

Page. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it ou.

Brag. Now by the falt waue of the mediterranian, a sweet tutch, a quickene wee of wit, fifp snap, quick & home, it reioyech my intellecte, 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.

Page. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie unum cita a gigge of a Cuckolds horne.

Cleow. And I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldt haue it to buy Ginger breads: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maifer, thou halfpenny purfe of wit, thou Pidgeon-egg of discretion. O & the heamens were fo pleas'd, that thou wert but my Baffard; What a joyfull father wouldt thou make mee? Goe to, thou haft it ad dungen, at the fingers ends, as they fay.
Peda. Oh I smell falle Latine, dungen for anguem.

Brag. Aris-man preambulate, we will bee fngled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charghoufe on the top of the Mountain?
Peda. Or Mons the hill.

Brag. At your sweet pleasure, for the Mountain.
Peda. I doe to all occasion.
Bra. Sir, it is the Kings moft sweet pleasure and afpection, to congratulate the Princeffe at her Paulion, in the poetries of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noone.
Peda. The poetries of the day, moft generouf, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the after-noone: the word is well culd, chose, sweet, and apt I doe afure you sir, I doe afure.
Brag. Sir, the Kings is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe afure ye very good friend: for what is inwared betweene vs, let it paffe. I doe befteech thee remembre thy courteffe. I befteech thee apparel thy head: and among other important & moft serious defignes, and of great import indeed too: but let that paffe, for I must tell thee it will pleafe his Grace (by the world) sometime to leafe upon my poore shoulder, and with his royall finger thus dalliie with my excrement, with my muffachio: but sweet heart let that paffe. By the world I recount no fable, some certaine speciall honours it pleareth his greatnesse to impart to Armado a Souldier, a man of tranuell, that hath fene the world: but let that paffe: the very all of all is: but sweet heart, I do implore ferrecie, that the King would have mee present the Princeffe (sweet chucke) with some delightfull offentation, or show, or pageant, or anticke, or fire-workes: Now, vnderstanding that the Curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and fadowne breaking out of myrth (as it were) I have acquainted you withall, to the end to crave your affilience.

Peda. Sir, you shall presente before her the Nine Worthies. Sir Holofemnes, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the poetries of this day, to bee rendred by our affilinants the Kings command; and this moft gallant, illustrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princeffe: I fay none fo fit as to presente the Nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you finde men worthy enough to present them?
Peda. Infas, your selfefme selfe, and this gallant gentleman Iudas Machabeus; this Swaine (because of his great limme or lyont) shall paffe Pompey the great, the Page Hercules.

Brag. Pardon sir, error: He is not quittance enough for that Wortheis thumb, hee is not fo big as the end of his Club.
Peda. Shall I haue audience? he shall present Hercules in minoritie: his enter and eschall bee frangling a Snake; and I will have an Apologie for that purpose.
Pag. An excellent deuice: if any of the audience hisse, you may cry, Well done Hercules, now thou crucifhet the Snake; that is the way to make an offence grauentious, though feue haue the grace to doe it.

Brag. For the ref of the Wortheis?
Peda. I will play thrwe my selfe.
Pag. Thrice worthy Gentleman.
Brag. Shall I teell you a thing?
Peda. We attend.
Brag. We will have, if this fadge not, an Antiquie. I befteech you follow.

Peda. Via good-man Dull, thou haft spoken no word all this while.
Dull. Nor vnderflood none neither sir.
Peda. Alone, we will employ thee.
Dull. Ile make one in a dance, or so: or I will play on
Loues Labour's lost.

on the taber to the Worthies, & let them dance the hey.
Ped. Molt Dull, honest Dull, to our sport away. Exit.

Enter Ladies.

Qn. Sweet heartes we shall be riche we depart, If fairings come thes plentiful in.
A Lady wa'll about with Diamonds : Look you,what I have from the loving King.

Rofa. Madam,came nothing else along with that?
Qn. Nothing but this : yes as much loue in Rime, As would be cram'd vp in a sheet of paper
Write on both the leafes,margin and all, That he was faire to feale on Cupids name.
Rofa. That was the way to make his god-head wax :
For he hath beene five thousand yeeres a Boy.

Kath. I, and a threadd unhappy gallowes too.
Rofa. You'll neere be friends with him, a kild your sister.
Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy, and fo the died : had the beene Light like you,of such a merrie nimble flirring spirit, the might a bin a Grandam ere the died. And so may you : For a light heart lies long.

Rofa. What's your darke meaning moue, of this light word?

Kat. A light condition in a beauty darke.

Rofa. We need more light to finde your meaning out.
Kat. You'll marre the light by taking it in knuffe ; Therefore Ie darkely end the argument.

Rofa. Look what you doe, you doe it fill i'th darke.
Kat. So do you not, for you are a light Wench.
Rofa. Indeed I waigh not you, and therefoire light.
Kat. You waigh me not, O that's you care not for me.
Rofa. Great reason : for paft care, is fill past cure.

Qn. Well bandied both, a fet of Wit well played. 
But Rofaline, you have a Faavour too?

What ient it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as faire as yours, My Faavour were as great, be witness this.
Nay, I haue Verfes too, I thanke Beroune,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too, I were the fairest goddefse on the ground.
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairys.
O he hath drawne my picture in his letter.

Qn. Any thing like ?
Rofa. Much in the letters,nothing in the praph.
Qn. Beauteous as Incke : a good conclusion.
Kat. faire as a text B. in a Coppie booke.

Rofa. Ware penfals, How? Let me not die your debtor, My red Domini call, my golden letter.
O that your face were full of Oes.

Qn. A Fox of that ief, and I behrew all Shrowes:
But Katherine, what was fent to you
From fare Domiane?

Kat. Madame, this Cloue.

Qn. Did he not fend you twaine ?
Kat. Yes Madame : and moreover,
Some thousand Verfes of a faithfull Louer.

A huge translatation of hyprolicr,
Wildly compiled, profound simplicite.

Mar. This, and thefe Pearls, to me fent Longusile.
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.
Qn. I thinke no leffe : Doft thou with in heart
The Chaine were longer, and the Letter short.

Mar. I, or I would thefe hands might neuer part.
Qn. We are wife girles to mocke our Louers fo.
Rofa. They are worfe foole to purchafe mocking fo.

That same Beroune hee torture ere I goe,
O that I knew he were but in by th'weeke,
How I would make him fawe, and begge, and feeke,
And wait the feallon, and obferve the times,
And fpend his prodigall wits in booteles rimes.
And shape his feruice wholly to my deuice,
And make him proud to make me proud that lefts.
So perauant like would I o'reflowe his state,
That he shold be my foole, and I his fate.

Qn. None are fo fairely called, when they are catcht,
As Wit turn'd foole, follie in Wifdomse hatch'd :
Hath wifesdoms warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole?

Rofa. The bloud of youth burns not with fuch excufle,
As grauitities resolt to wantons be.

Mar. Fellie in Foole bears not fo strong a note,
As fool'rly in the Wifse, when Wit doth dote :
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To proue by Wit, worth in simplicie.

Enter Boyet.

Qn. Heere comes Boyet, and mirth in his face.

Boy. O I am stab'd with laughter, Wher's her Grace?

Qn. Thy newes Boyet ?

Boy. Prepare Madame, prepare.

Arme Wenches arme, incounteres mounted are,
Against your Peace, Loue doth approach,disguis'd :

Armed in arguments, you'll be surpriz'd.
Mutter your Wits,fland in your owne defence,
Orhide your heads like Cowards, and fije hence.

Qn. Saint Dennis to S.Cupid: What are they,
That charge their breath against vs ? Say fcout lay.

Boy. Vnder the coole shade of a Siccamore,
I thought to clofe mine eyes some halfe an houre :
When lo to interrupt my purpofe reft,
Toward that shade I might behold addreft,
The King and his companions: warely
I role 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 knaufh Page:
That well by heart con'd his embassage,
Adition and accent did they teach him there.
Thus muft thou fpeak, and thus thy body beare.
And euuer and anone they made a doubt,
Prefence maiestifall would put him out:
For quoth the King, an Angell shalt thou fee :
Yet feare not thou, but speake audaciously.
The Boy reply'd, An Angell is not euill:
I should have fear'd her, had the beene a deuill.
With that all lang'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wagg by their prafens holder.
One rub'd his elboe thus, and fleer'd, and swore,
A better speach was never spoke before.
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd wis, we will do'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 :
That with they all did tumble on the ground,
With fuch a zelous laughter so profound,
That in this spleene ridiculous appears,
To checkke their folly paffions sollemne teares.

Qn. But what, but what,come they to visit vs?

Boy. They do, they do ; and are apparell'd thus,
Like Musconites, or Kuffamis, as I geffe.
Their purpose is to parle, to court, and dance,

And
And euery one his Loues feat will advance,
Vnto his faytell Mirthcffe: while they'll know
By fauours fearefull, which they did beflow.

Queuen. 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
Delsipt of fute, to fee a Ladies face.

Hold Rofaline, this Favour thou shalt weare,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:
Hold, take thou this my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Berowne take me for Rofaline.

And change your Faueurs too, so shal thy Loues
Woo contrary, decelin'd by these remoes.

Rofa. Come on then: weare the fauours moft in fight.
Katb. But in this changing, What is your intent?

Queuen. The effect of my intent is to crosse their:
They doe it but in mocking merriment,
And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.
Their fearefull counsels they vnbosome shall,
To Loues mybooke, and so be mockt withall.

Vpon the next occasion that we meete,
With Vfages dispoyled to talke and greate.

Rofa. But shall we dance, if they deare of us too?
Queuen. 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 disoure his memory from his part.

Queuen. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,
The reft will eare come in, if he be out.

Theres no such sport, as sport by sport that devoure:
To make theirs, and ours none but our owne.

So shall we fea mocking entended game,
And they well mock, depart away with blame.

Sund. Boy. The Trompet found, be maskt, the maskers come.

Enter Black moore with musick, the Boy with a speech,
and the rest of the Lords disaffect.

Page. All hail, the richeft Beauties on the earth.
Ber. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.
Pag. A holy parchell of the fairest dames that euer turn'd
their backes to mortall viewers.

The Ladies turne their backes to him.

Ber. Their eyes villain, their eyes.
Pag. That euer turn'd their eyes to mortall viewers.

Out.

Boy. True, out indeed.
Pag. Out of your fauours heavenly spirits vouchsafe
Not to beoldes.

Ber. Once to behold, rogue.

Pag. Once to behold with your Sunne beam'd eyes,
With your Sunne beam'd eyes.

Boy. They will not anfwer to that Ephytthe,
You were beatt call it Daughter beamt eyes.

Pag. They doe not marke me, and that brings me out.

Ber. Is this your perfechneffe? be gon you rogue.

Rofa. What would thefe strangrs?
Know their mindes Boyet.
If they doe fpeak our language, 'tis our will
That fome plaine man recount their purpoze.

Know what they would?

Boy. What would you with the Princes?
Ber. Nothing but peace, and gentle vifitation.
Rofa. Why that they haue, and bid them fo be gon.
Boy. She faires you haue it, and you may be gon.

Kin. Say to her we haue meafur'd many miles,
To tread a Meafure with you on the graffe.

Boy. They fay that they have meafur'd many a mile,
To tread a Meafure with you on this graffe.

Rofa. It is not fo. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile? If they haue meafur'd manie,
The meafure then of one is eafie told.

Boy. If to come hither, you have meafur'd miles,
And many miles: the Princeffe bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill vp one mile?

Ber. Tell her we meaufure them by weary feeps.

Boy. She heares her felfe.

Rofa. How manie wareie steys,
Of many wareie miles you haue ore-gone,
Are numbred in the travell of one mile?

Ber. We number nothing that we fpend for you,
Our dutie is fo rich, fo infinite,
That we may doe it fill without accompt.

Vouchsafe to fiew the funshine of your face,
That we (like fauages) may worship it.

Rofa. My face is but a Moone, and clouded too.

Kin. Bleffed are clouds, to doe as fuch clouds do.

Vouchfabe bright Moone, and thefe thy fars to shine,
(Thofe clouds remoued) vpon our waterie eyne.

Rofa. O vaine pericioner, beg a greater matter,
Then you now requelt but Moonefhine in the water.

Kin. Then in our meafure, vouchsafe but one change.
Then bid me begge, this begging is not ftrange.

Rofa. Play musick thefe lay you must doe it ferne.
Not yet no dance: thus change I like the Moone.

Kin. Will you not dance? How come you thus e- 

stranged?

Rofa. You tooke the Moone at full, but now thee's 
changed?

Kin. Yet still the is the Moone, and I the Man.

Rofa. The musick plays, vouchsafe fome motion to it:
Our eares vouchsafe it.

Kin. But your legges should doe it.

Rofa. Since you are strangars, & come here by chance,
We'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.

Kin. Why take you hands then?

Rofa. Onelef to part friends.

Curftfe sweet hearts, and fo the Meafure ends.

Kin. More meafure of this meafure, be not nice.

Rofa. We can afford no more at fuch a price.

Kin. Prife your felues: What buyes your companie?

Rofa. Your abfence onelle.

Kin. That can never be.

Rofa. Then cannot we be bought and fo adue,
Twice to your Vifore, and halfe once to you.

Kin. If you denie to dance, let's hold more chat.

Rofa. In priuate then.

Kin. I am best pleas'd with that.

Be. White handed Miltris, one feet word with thee.

Rofa. Hony, and Milke, and Sugar: there is three.

Ber. Nay then two troyes, as if you grow fo nice
Methengile, Wort, and Malmeyl; well runne dice:
There's halfe a dozen feets.

Qua. Seventh sweet adue, since you can cog,
Ile play no more with you.

Ber. One word in secret.

Qua. Let it not be fweet.

Ber. Thou greeuet my gall.

Queuen.
Loues Labour's lost.

Qu. Gall, bitter.
Ber. Therefore meete.
Duo. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair Ladie.
Mar. Say you fo? Fair Lord:
Take you that for your faire Lady.
Du. Please it you,
As much in private, and Ile bid adieu.
Mar. What, was your vizard made without a tong?
Leng. I know the reason Ladie why you ask.
Mar. O for your reason, quickly sir, I long.
Leng. You have a double tongue within your mask.
And would afford my speechlesse vizard hale.
Mar. Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not Veale a Calfe?
Leng. A Calfe faire Ladie?
Mar. No, a faire Lord Calfe.
Leng. Let's part the word.
Mar. No, Ile not be your halfe:
Take all and weane it, it may prove an Ox.
Leng. Lookke how you but your felfe in these sharpe mockes.
Will you give horses chaff Ladie? Do not fo.
Mar. Then die a Calfe before your horns do grow.
Lon. One word in private with you ere I die.
Mar. Beat fofly then, the Butcher heeres you cry.
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the Razors edge, insubile:
Cutting a finner's hair then may be feene,
Aboue the fene of fonce fo fensible:
Seemeth their conference, their conceits haue wings,
Fleeter then arrows, bullets wind, thought, wifter things.
Rofa. Not one word more my maides, break off, break off.
Ber. By heauen, all drie beaten with pure fcoffe.
King. Farewell madde Wenches, you haue simple wits.
Exeunt.
Qu. Twentie adieus my frozen Mufcoyts.
Are thefe the breed of wits fo wondred at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweete breathes puff out.
Rofa. Wel-liking wits they haue, groffe, groffe, fat, fat.
Qu. O poueritie in wits, Kingly poor fout.
Will they not (thinke you) hang themselues to night?
Or euer but in vizards fhw their faces:
This pert Beroume was out of count'nance quite.
Rofa. They were all in lamentable cafes.
The King was vweeping ripe for a good word.
Qu. Beroume did sweare himselfe out of all fuite.
Mar. Dameaine was at my feruice, and his sword:
No point (quoth I:) my feruant straight was mute.
Kar. Lord Longaulle said I came ore his hart:
And trow you whvhat he call'd me?
Qu. Quaime perhaps.
Kat. Yes in good faith.
Rof. Go fickneffe as thou art.
Rof. Well, better wits haue worne plain flatute caps,
But will you heare; the King is my loue sworne.
Qu. And quicke Beroume hath plighted faith to me.
Kat. And Longaulle was for my feruice borne.
Mar. Dameaine is mine as fure as barke on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and prettie mistrefles giue care,
Immediately they will againe be heere.
In their owne shapes: for it can neuer be,
They will digget this harsh indiginite.

Qu. Will they returne?
Boyet. They will they will, God knowes,
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blouses:
Therefore change Faours, and when they repaires,
Blow like sweet Roses, in this summer aire.
Qu. How blowe? how blowe? Speake to bee un-der-
stood.
Boyet. Fair Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:
Dismaskt, their damaske sweet commixature showne,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blowe.
Qu. Auant perplexity: What shall vve do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to wo?
Rofa. Good Madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mocke them still as well knowne as deliques:
Let vs complain to them what fooles were heare,
Deliques'd like Mufcouites in shapellese gear.
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shawle showes, and Prologue wildly pen'd:
And their rough carriage fo ridiculous,
Should be prefent at our Tent to vs.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.
Qua. Whipe to our Tents, as Roses runnes ore Land.
Exeunt.

Enter the King and the ref.

King. Faire Sir, God saue you. Wher's the Princeffe?
Boyet. Gone to her Tent.
Please it your Maiestie command me any feruice to her?
King. That the vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boyet. I will, and fo will she, I know my Lord. Exit.
Ber. This fellow picke vp wit as Pigeons peafe,
And wits it againe, when low doth pleafe.
He is Wits Pedler, and retailes his Wares,
At Wakes, and Waflets, Meetings, Markets, Faires.
And we thatfell by groffe, the Lord doth know,
Haue not the grace to grace it with fuch show.
This Gallant pins the Wenchens on his fleuee.
Had he bin Adam, he had tempted Eve.
He can carue too, and lifpe: Why this is he,
That kifft away his hand in courtesie.
This is the Ape of Forme, Monfeuir the nice,
That when he plays at Tables, chides the Dice
In honorable tearmes: Nay he can fing
A meane moft meanly, and in Vhiering
Mend him who can: the Ladies call him swete.
The faires as he treads on them kifft his feete.
This is the flower that smiles on euerie one,
To fliew his teeth as white as Whales bone.
And confiences that will not die in debt,
Pay him the dute of hone-tongued Boyet.
King. A blifer on his fweete tongue with my hart,
That put Armathoes Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladies.

Ber. See where it comes. Behauiour what we'th thou,
Till this madman shew'd thee? And what art thou now?
King. All halie sweet Madame, and faire time of day.
Qu. Faire in all Halle is foule, as I conceuie.
King. Confine my fpeeches better, if you may.
Qu. Then with me better, I will giue you leaue.
King. We came to visif you, and purpofe now
To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.
Qu. This field shall hold me, and fo hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in peril'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:

The
The vertue of your eie must breake my oth.

2. You nickname vertue: vice you should haue spoke:

For vertues office never breaches men trouth.

Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure
As the vnfallied Lilly, I protest,

A world of torments though I shou'd endure,

I would not yeild to be your housees goe:

So much I hate a breaking caufe to be

Of heauenly oats, vow'd with integritie.

Kin. O you haue ill'd in defolation heere,

Vnfeene, vnfaited, much to our shame.

2q. Not so my Lord, it is not so I sware,

We haue had pasimes heere, and pleafant game,

A meffe of Ruffians left vs but of late.

Kin. How Madam? Ruffians?

2q. I in truth, my Lord.

Trim gallants, full of Courtthrift and of state.

Rofa. Madam speake true. It is not to my Lord:

My Ladie (to the manner of the dates)

In curtefyes vnderlining praffe.

We foure indeed confronted were with foure

In Ruffia habit: Heere they flayed an hour,

And talk'd space: and in that hour (my Lord)

They did not bleffe vs with one happy word.

I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,

When they are thirifie, fools would faine haue drink.

Ber. This left is drie to me. Gentle sferete,

Your wits makes wife things foolish when we grease

With eies left feeling, heuens fierie eie:

By light we leef light; your capacitie

Is of that nature, that to your huge floore,

Wife things feeme foolish, and rich things but poore.

Rof. This proues you wife and rich: for in my eie

Ber. I am a foole, and full of povertie.

Rof. 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 poffeffe.

Rof. All the foole mine.

Ber. I cannot give you lefe.

Rof. Which of the Vizards what it that you wore?

Ber. Where? when? What Vizard?

What demand you this?

Rof. There, then, that vizard, that superfluous cafe,

That hid the worfe, and shew'd the better face.

Kin. We are diſcrid,

They'll mocke vs now downeright.

Du. Let vs confede, and turne it to a left.

2q. Amaz'd my Lord? Why looks your Highnes fadde?

Rofa. Helpe hold his browes, he'll found: why looke you

paie?

Sea-sicke I thinke comming from Mufcouie.

Ber. Thus poure the flars down plaques for periyur.

Can any face of braife hold longer out?

Heere ifand 1, Ladie dart thy skill at me,

Brifie me with icorne, confound me with a Ifout.

Thruft thy harpe wit quite through my ignorance.

Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit:

And I will with thee moreuer to dance,

Nor neuer more in Ruffian habit waite.

O! neuer will I truth to speeches pen'd,

Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boles tongue.

Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,

Nor wo in rime like a blind-harpers tongue,

Taffata phrases, filkens tearnets proucie,

Three-pit'd Hyperboles, spruce affection;

Figures pedantical, thefe summer flies,

Haue blowne me full of margot oftentation.

I do forfteare them, and I heere protest,

By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knows)

Henceforth my woing minde shall be expreft

In ruffet yeas, and honest kerfie noes.

And to begin Wench, fo God helpe me law,

My loue to thee is found, fans cracke or flaw.

Rofa. Sans, fans, I pray you.

Rofa. Yet I have a tricke

Of the old rage: beare with me, I am ficke.

He leave it by degrees: soft, let vs fee,

Write Lord haue mercie on vs, on thofe three,

They are infected, in their hearts it lies:

They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:

Thefe Lords are viſted, you are not free:

For the Lords tokens on you do I fee.

Rofa. No, they are free that gaufe thefe tokens to vs.

Ber. Our flates are forfeit, fekee not to vnfo vs.

Rof. It is not fo; for how can this be true,

That you fand forfeit, being thofe that fue.

Ber. Peace, for I will not haue to do with you.

Rof. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Ber. Speake for your felues, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach vs to vfee Madame, for our rude tranfgression, some faire excefe.

2q. The faireft is confedion.

Were you not heere but euen now, disguis'd?

Kin. Madam, I was.

2q. And were you well adua'd?

Kin. I was faire Madam.

2q. When you then were heere,

What did you whifer in your Ladies eare?

King. That more then all the world I did repect her

2q. When thee shall challenge this, you will releft her.

King. Upon mine Honor no.

Rofa. Peace, peace, forecaire:

your oath once broke, you force not to forfteare.

King. Defpie me when I breake this oath of mine.

2q. I will, and therefore keep it. Rofaime, What did the Ruffian whifer in your eare?

Rofa. Madam, he fwoare that he did hold me deare

As precious eye-fight, and did value me

Aboue this World: adding thereto moreouer,

That he wrould Wed me, or elfe die my Louer.

2q. God give thee joye of him: the Noble Lord

Moft honorably doth vphold his word.

King. What meane you Madame?

By my life, my troth,

I never fwoare this Ladie fuch an oth.

Rofa. By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine,

you gaue me this: But take it fir againe.

King. My faith and this, the Princeffe I did gue,

I knew her by this Iuell on her fleue.

2q. Pardon me fir, this Iuell did the ware,

And Lord Beroume (I thanke him) is my deare.

What? Will you have me, or your Pearle againe?

Ber. Neither of either, I remit both twaine.

I fee the tricke on't: Heere was a content,

Knowing aforchild of our merriment,

To daft it like a Christmas Comedie.

Some carry-tale, fome pleafe-man, fome flight Zanie,

Some mumble-newes, fome trencr-kincht, fom Dick

That smiles his cheeke in yeares, and knowes the trick

To make my Lady laugh, when she's difpo'd;

Told
Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,  
The Ladies did change Favours; and then we  
Following the figures, wou'd but the signe of thee.  
Now to our perjurie, to add more terror,  
We are againe forsworne in will and error.  
Much vpon this tis: and might not you  
Foretell our sport, to make vs thus vntrue?  
Do not you know my Ladies foot by' th fiquer?  
And laugh vpon the apple of her eie?  
And stand betweene her backe fir,and the fire,  
Holding a trencher, letting 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.  

Boy. Full merrily hath this braye manager, this caree bene run.  

Peer. Loe, he is tilting straight. Peace, I have don.  

Enter Cloues.  

Welcome pure wit, thou part't a faire fray.  
Clou. O Lord sir, they would kno,  
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.  
Peer. What, are there but three?  
Clou. No sir, but it is vara fine,  
For euerie one pursents three.  
Peer. And three times thrice is nine.  
Clou. Not so fir, vnder correccion fir, I hope it is not so.  
You cannot beg vs fir, I can affire you fir, we know what we know: I hope fir three times thrice fir.  
Peer. Is not nine.  
Clou. Vnder correccion fir, we know where-vntill it doth amount.  
Peer. By loue, I alwaies tooke three threes for nine.  
Clou. O Lord sir, it were pittie you should get your living by reckning fir.  
Peer. How much is it?  
Clou. O Lord sir, the parties themselves, 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.  
Peer. Art thou one of the Worthies?  
Clou. 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.  
Peer. Go, bid them prepare.  

Clou. We will turne it finelly off fir, we wil take some care.  
King. Berowes, they will shame vs:  
Let them not approach.  
Peer. We are shame-proof my Lord: and 'tis some policie, to have one shew worse then the Kings and his companie.  
King. I say they shall not come.  
Py. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now;  
That sport beft pleases, that doth leaft know how.  
Where Zeale friues to content, and the contents  
Dies in the Zeale of that which it pretends:  
Their forme confounded, makes most forme in mirth,  
When great things labouring peril in their birth.  
Peer. A right description of our sport my Lord.  

Enter Braggart.  

Brag. Annotated, I implore so much expence of thy  
royall sweet breath, as will vter a brace of words.  
Py. Doth this man ferue God?  
Peer. Why ask ye?  
Py. He fpake's not like a man of God's making.  
Brag. That's all one my faire sweet honie Monarch:  
For I preste, the Schoolmater is exceeding fantastical!  
Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we wil put it (as they say) to Fortune deliguer, I with you the peace of minde most royall supplement.  

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies;  
He preffeft Hector of Troy, the Swaine Pompey & great,  
The Parish Curate Alexander, Armadoes Page Hercules,  
The Pedant Iudas Macabaeus: And if these foure Worthies  
in their first shew thrue, these foure will change habites, and prentet the other fiue.  
Peer. There is fiue in the first shew.  
Kin. You are deceived, its not fo.  
Peer. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Priefl, the  
Foole, and the Boy,  
Abate throw at Novum, and the whole world againe,  
Cannot pricke out fiue fiuch, take each one in's vaine.  
Kin. The fiip is vnder fiale, and here she coms amain.  

Enter Pompey.  

Clou. I Pompey am.  
Py. You lie, you are not he.  
Clou. I Pompey am.  
Boy. With Libbards head on knee.  
Peer. Well faid old mockr,  
I muft needs be friends with thee.  
Clou. I Pompey am, Pompey furnam'd the big.  
Du. The great.  
Clou. It is great fir: Pompey furnam'd the great:  
That ofte in field, with Targe and Shield,  
did make my foe to fweat:  
And trauailing along this cooff, I beere am come by chance,  
And lay my Armes before the legs of this fweet Laffie of France.  
Clou. If your Ladihip would faie thankes Pompey, I had done.  
La. Great thankes great Pompey.  
Clou. Tis not fo much worth: but I hope I was perfec:  
I made a little fault in great.  
Peer. My hat to a halfe-penie, Pompey proues the best Worthie.  

Enter Curate for Alexander.  

Curat. When in the world I lvi'd, I was the worlides Commander:  
By East, West, North, & South, I fird my conquring might  
My Scotchmen plaine declares that I am Allsander.  
Briet. Your nofe fiales no, you are not:  
For it fands too right.  
Peer. Your nofe smels no, in this moft tender fmeling Knight.  
Py. The Conqueror is diifmaid:  
Proceede good Alexander.  
Cur. When in the world I liued, I was the worlides Commander.  
Briet. Most true, 'tis right: you were fo Allsander.  
Peer. Pompey the great.  
Clou. Your feruant and Coflard.  
Peer. Take away the Conqueror, take away Allsander  
Clou. O fir, you have ouerthrown Allsander the conqueror: you will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this.
this: your Lion that holds his Pollax sitting on a clofe
foole, will be given to Alax. He will be the ninth wor-
thie. A Conqueror, and afford to speake? Runne away
for shame Alifander. There an't shall please you: a foo-
lih milde man, an honeft man, looke you, &foon daft.
He is a marvellous good neighbour inboth, and a verie
good Bowler: but for Alifander, alas you see, how'tis a
little ore-parted. But there are Worthy's a comming,
will speake their minde in some other fort. Exit Cu.
Qu. Stand aside good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great Hercules is prefented by this Impe,
Whofe Club kill'd Cerceris that three-headed Canus,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a thrimpe,
Thus did he strangle Serpents in his Manus:
Quoniam, he feemeth in minoritie,
Ergo, I come with this Apologue.
Keppe some flate in thy eft, and vani.sh.

Exit Boy Ped. Iudas I am.

Iudas I am, eclipsed Machabevus.
Dum. Iudas Machabevus clipt, is plaine Iudas.
Ber. A kifing traitor. How art thou prou'd Iudas?
Ped. Iudas I am.

Dum. The more fame for you Iudas.
Ped. What meanes you fr?
Boi. To make Iudas hang himselfe.
Ped. Begin fr, 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 haft no face.
Ped. What is this?
Boi. A Citronne head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.
Ber. A deaths face in a ring.
Lou. The face of an old Roman coinie, scarce feene.
Boi. The yummell of Comfars Faulchion.
Dum. The caru'd-bone face on a Flask.
Ber. S. George's 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 have put thee in countenance
Ped. You haue put me out of countenance.
Ber. Falfe, we have gline them faces.
Ped. But you haue out-fa'ed them all.
Ber. And thou wer'n a Lion, we would do fo.
Boy. Therefore as he is, an Afe, let him go:
And fo adieu sweet Jude. Nay, why doft thou stay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name.
Ber. For the Afe to the Jude: give it him. Jude as a-
way.
Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
Boy. A light for monieur Iudas, it grows darke, he may humble.

Que. Alas poore Machabevus, 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 Troyan in reftect of this.

Boi. But is this Hector?
Kin. I thinke Hector was not fo cleane timber'd.
Lou. His legge is too big for Hector.
Dum. More Calfe certaine.
Boi. No, he is best induced in the small.
Ber. This cannot be Hector.
Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Brag. The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty,
gave Hector a gift.

Dum. A gift Nutmegge.
Ber. A Lemmon.
Lou. Stucke with Cloues.
Dum. No clouen.

Brag. The Armipotent Mars of Launces the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the boire of Illon;
A man jo breathed, that certaine he would fight: yea
From morn till night, out of his Paulion.
I am that Flower.

Dum. That Mint.
Long. That Callambine.

Brag. Sweet Lord Longesill reine thy tongue.
Lou. I must rather give it the reine: for it runnes a
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;
Sweet Royalcie bellow on me the frence of hearing.

Beronews flippes forth.
Qu. Speake braue haecor, we are much delighted.

Brag. I do adore thy sweet Graces flipper.
Boy. Loues her by the foot.
Dum. He may not by the yard.

Brag. The Hector farre surfounted Hanniball.
The partie's gone.

Clo. Fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two moneths
on her way.

Brag. What meanest thou?
Clo. Faith vneffe you play the honest Troyan, the
poore Wench is cast away: she's quick, the child brags
in her belly alreadie: tis yours.

Brag. Doft thou infamone me among Potentates?
Thou shalt die.

Clo. Then shall Hector be whipt for Iaguenetta that
is quicke by him, and hang'd for Pompey, that is dead by
him.

Dum. Moft rare Pompey.
Bri. Renowned Pompey.
Ber. Greater then great, great, great, great Pompey:
Pompey the huge.
Dum. Hector trembles.
Ber. Pompey is mouded, more Atees more Aees firte
them, or stirre them on.
Dum. Hector will challenge him.
Ber. I, if a'haue no more mans blood in's belly, then
will fip a Flea.

Brag. By the North-pole I do challenge thee.
Clo. I will not fight with a pole like a Northern man;
Ile flaie, Ile do it by the sword: I pray you let mee bor-
row my Armes againe.

Dum. Room for the incend furthies.

Clo. Ile do it in my shirt.
Dum. Moft relouent Pompey.

Page. Master, let me take you a button hole lower:
Do you not fee Pompey is vncasing for the combat: what

meane
meane you? you will loose your reputation.
'Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will not combat in my shirt.
'Du. You may not deny 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 inloyned him in Rome for want of Linens: since when, lie be tworne he wore none, but a difhcout of Lagenetts, and that hee weares next his heart for a fauour.

Enter a Magisenger, Monsieur Marcade.

Mar. God faue you Madame.
'By. Welcome Marcade, but that thou interruptest our errment.
'Mar. I am forrie Madam, for the newes I bring is heauie in my tongue. The King your father
'By. Dead for my life.
'Mar. Even fo: My tale is told.
'Ber. Worthes away, the Scene begins to cloud.
'Brag. For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I haue seen the day of wrong, through the little hole of difcretion, and I will right my felse like a Souldier.

Exeunt Worthies

Kin. How fare your Maifteffie?
'By. Boyer prepare, I will away to night.
'Kin. Madame not fo, I do beleech you stay.
'By. Prepare I fay. I thank you gracious Lords For all your faire endeavours and entreat, Out of a new fad-foule, that you vouchsafe, In your rich wisdome to excuse, or hide, The liberrall opposition of our spirits, If ouer-boldly we haue borne our felues, In the conuerfe of breath (your gentleniffe Was guiltee of it.) Farewell worthie Lord: A heauie heart beares not a humble tongue. Excufe me fo, comming fo short of thankes, For my great faiue, fo easily obtain'd.
'Kin. The extreme parts of time, extremelie formes All caufes to the purpofe of his fpeed: And often at his verie loofe decides That, which long proceffe could not arbitrate. And though the mourning brow of progenie Forbid the fmiting curfe of Loue: The holy fuite which faine it would convince, Yet fince loues argument was frit on foote, Let not the cloud of forrow fumble it From what it purpof'd fince to waife friends loft, Is not by much fo wholesome profitable, As to rejoyce at friends but newly found.
'By. I vnderfand you not, my greeves are double.
'Ber. Honest plain words, beft pierce the ears of grieve And by these badges vnderfand the King, For your faire fakes haue we neglected time, Plain foule play with our oaths: your beautie Ladies Hath much deformed vs, fadoning our humors Even to the oppofed end of our intents. And what in vs hath seem'd ridiculous: As Loue is full of vnbefitting straines, All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine. Form'd by the eie, and therefore like the eie. Full of fraying shapes, of habits, and of formes Varying in subiects as the eie doth roule, To euerie varied obiect in his glance: Which partie-coated preference of loffe loue Put on by vs, if in your heavenly eyes, Haue misbecome our oathes and grauities. Thofe heauenlie eyes that looke into thefe faults, Suggested vs to make: therefore Ladies.

Our loue beeing yours, the error that Loue makes Is likewife yours. We to our felues prove falle, By being once falle, for euer to be true To thofe that make vs both, faire Ladies you. And even that failhood in it felle a finne, Thus purifies it felle, and turns to grace.

'Qu. We have receiued your Letters, full of Loue: Your Favour, the Ambaffadors of Loue. And in our maiden counfaile rated them, At courtship, pleafant left, and curtefe, As bumbaft and as lining to the time: But more devout thene these are our repects Haue we not bene, and therefore met your loues In their owne fafhion, like a errment. 
'Du. Our letters Madam, fhew'd much more then left. Lan. So did our lookes. 
'Refa. We did not coat them fo.
'Kin. Now at the latest minute of the houre, Grant vs your loues.

'Qu. A time me thinkes too thort, To make a world-without-end bargainne in ; No, no my Lord, your Grace is periu'd much, Full of deare guiltinesse, and therefore this: If for my Loue (as there is no fuch caufe) You will do ought, this shall you do for me. Your oath I will not truft: but go with speed To fame forlorne and naked Hermitage, Remote from all the pleafures of the world: There fay, vntil the twelve Celefliall Signes Haue brought about their annuall reckoning. If this affure infociable life, Change not your offer made in heate of blood : If froths, and fafts, hard lodging, and thin weeds Nip not the gaudie bloffomes of your Loue, But that it bear this triall, and loafe loue: Then at the expiration of the yeare, Come challenge me, challenge me by thofe deferts, And by this Virgin palme, now killing thine, I will be thine : and till, that infant fhit My wofull felfe vp in a mourning houfe, Raining the tears of lamentation, For the remembrance of my Fathers death. If this thought fhall defier, let our hands part, Neither intituled in the others hart. 
'Kin. If this, or more then this, I would deny, To flatter vp thefe powers of mine with reft, The fodaine hand of death clofe vp mine eie. Hence euer then, my heart is in thy brefl. 
'Ber. And what to me if Loue? and what to me? Ref. You must be purged too, your fins are rack'd. You are attaint with faults and pernecie: Therefore if you my favor meane to get, A tweluenoonth shall you spend, and neuer reft, But feake the wareie beds of people ficide. 
'Du. But what to me my loue? but what to me? Kat. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honefte, With three-fold loue, I wish you all thefe three. 
'Du. O fhall I fay, I thanke you gentle wife? Kat. Not fo my Lord, a tweluenoonth and a day,
Ille marke no words that smooths’d wooers say.
Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:
Then if I have much louse, Ie give you some.

Dum. Ille ferue thee true and faithfully till then.

Kab. Yet scarce not, least ye be forsworne again.

Lon. What fates Maria?

Marl. At the twelvemonths end,
Ile change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.

Lon. Ile stay with patience; but the time is long.

Marl. The liker you, few taller are fo yong.

Bra. Studies my Ladie? Midrette, looke on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eie:
What humble fuite attends thy anser there,
Impose some service on me for my love.

Rof. Oft have I heard of you my Lord Berowen,
Before I saw you: and the worlds large tongue
Proclames you for a man repelate with mockes,
Full of comparisons, and winding flutes:
Which you on all effates 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 twelvemonth terme from day to day,
Vifite the speechlesse ficke, and still concurne
With groaning wretches: and your taske shall be,
With all the fierce endeavoure of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Bra. To make wilde laughter in the thoratoe of death
It cannot be, it is impoffible.

Mirth cannot moue a soule in agonie.

Rof. Why that’s the way to chace a gibing spirit,
Whole influence is bogot of that loue grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers glue to foole:
A leis prosperitie, lies in the ear
Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue
Of him that makes it; then, if fickely eares,
Dafft with the clamors of their owne deare grones,
Will heare your idle forones; continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall finde you emptie of that fault,
Right joyfull of your reformation.

Bra. A twelvemonth? Well: befall what will befall,
Ile leat a twelvemonth in an Hopitall.

Qu. I sweet my Lord, and so I take my leaue.

King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.

Bra. Our waying doth not end like an old Play;
Lacke hath not Gill: thefe Ladies courtefe
Might wele have made our sport a Comedie.

Kin. Come fr, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then ‘twil end.

Bra. That’s too long for a play.

Enters Braggari.

Bra. Sweet Maleley vouchsafe me.

Qu. Was not that Heztor?

Dum. The worthie Knight of Troy.

Bra. I wil kiffe thy royal finger, and take leaue.

I am a Votarie, I haue vow’d to Luachettta to holde the

Plough for her sweet louse three yeres. But moit efeemed greatnasse, wil you heare the Dialogue that the two Learned men have compiled, in praisf of the Owle and the Cuckow? It should have followed in the end of our fowel.

Kin. Call them forth quickly, we will do fo.

Bra. Holla, Approach.

Enter all.

This fide is Hien, Winter.

This Ver, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle,
Th’other by the Cuckow.

Ver, begin.

The Song.

When Dafies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew:
And Ladie-smocks all siluer white,
Do paint the Medowes with delight.
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mockes married men, for thus fings he,
Cuckow.

Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Unpleasing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Osten frawes,
And merrie Larkes are Floughmens clockes:
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their summe smocks:
The Cuckow then on euerie tree
Mockes married men; for thus fings he,
Cuckow.

Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Unpleasing to a married eare.

Winter.

When Ificles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Sphherhead blowes his naile;
And Tom beares Logges into the ball,
And Milke comes frozen home in palle:
When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,
Then nightly fings the flaring Owle
Tu-whit to-who.
A merrie note,
While grefie lone doth keele the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coffin drownes the Parfons faw:
And birds fit brooding in the snow,
And Marrians nofe looke red and raw:
When rosted Crabs hiffe in the bowle,
Then nightly fings the flaring Owle,
Tu-whit to who:
A merrie note,
While grefie lone doth keele the pot.

Bra. The Words of Mercurie,
Are earth after the fongs of Apollo:
You that way; we this way.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.
A MIDSOMMER Nights Dreame.

Actus primus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.

Theseus.

Thrice, my dear 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 reuennue.

Hippolita, I wold thee with my sword,
Now bent in heauen, that behold the night
Of our solemnities.

Thee. Go Philostrate,
Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,
Tune melancholly forth to Funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pompe,
Hippolita, I wold thee with my sword,
And wonne thy love, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lyfander, and Demetrius.

Egeus. Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke.
Thee. Thanks good Egeus: what's the news with thee?
Egeus. Full of vexation, come & with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia,
Stand forth Demetrius.

My Noble Lord,
This man hath my consent to marrie her.
Stand forth Lyfander.

And my gracious Duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosome of my child:
Thou, thou Lyfander, thou haft gien her times,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my childe:
Thou haft by Moone-light at her window sung,
With faining voice, veres of faining love,
And ftiyne the impression of her fantasies,
With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits,
Knackes, trifles, Noe-gaies, sweet meats (mefengers
Of strong preualiment in vnhardened youth)

With cunning haft thou flich'd my daughters heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
To ruffborne harfneffe. And my gracious Duke,
Be it fo the will not heere before your Grace,
Confent to marrie with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient priuiledge of Athens:
As the is mine, I may difpofe of her;
Which shall be either to this Gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our Law,
Immediatly prouided in that cafe.

Thee. What say you Hermia? be aduis'd faire Maide,
To you your Father should be as a God;
One that compouds your beauties; yea and one
To whom you are but as a forme in waxe
By him imprinted: and within his power,
To lease the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman.

Her. So is Lyfander.

Thee. In himselfe he is.

But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce.
The other muft be held the worther.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

Thee. Rather your eyes muft with his judgment looke.

Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.

I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern me my modellie
In such a prefence heere to pleade my thoughts:
But I befeech your Grace, that I may know
The want that may befall me in this cafe,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

Thee. Either to dye the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.

Therefore faire Hermia question your deffires,
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 Cloiifer mevd,'
To liue a barren fetter all your life.
Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitleffe Moone,
Thrice bleffed they that mafter fo their blood,
To vndergo fuch maiden pilgrimage,
But carthilier happie is the Rofe diil'd,
Then that which withereth on the virgin thorne,
Growes,liues, and dies, in single blefledneffe.
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collid'd night,
That (in a spleene) vnfolds both heauen and earth;
And ere a man hath power to say, behold,
The lawes of darknesse do devour it vp:
So quicke bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true Louers have bene euer croft,
It stand as an edifick in definiti:
Then let us teach our triall patience,
Because it is a customearie croft,
As due to loue, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighes,
Wishes and tears; poor Fancies followers.

Lys. A good perfwiation; therefore heare me Hermia,
I have a Widdow Aunt, a dowager,
Of great reuennew, and she hath no childe,
From Athens is her house remou'd feuen leagues,
And he refpecks me, as her onely fonne:
There gentle Hermia, may I marie thee,
And to that place, the harpe Athenian Law
Cannot purge vs. If thou lou'dst me, then
Thee 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 fware to thee, by Cupids frongest bow,
By his bent arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicitie of Venus Doves,
By that which knoteth foules, and profpers loue,
And by that faire which burn'd the Carthage Queene,
When the false Troyan ynder faille was feene,
By all the vowses that euer men haue broke,
(In more number then euer women spoke)
In that fame place thou haft appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meete with thee.


Enter Helena.

Her. God speede faire Helena, whither away?

Hel. Cal you me faire? that fare again vslopes,

Demetrius loues you faire: O happie faire!
Your eyes are loadifhars, and your tongues sweet ayre
More tuneable then Larke to shepheardes ear,
When wheate is Greene, when hauhorte buds appeare,
Sicknece is catching: O were fauer fo,
Your words I catch, faire Hermia ere I go,
My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongues sweet melodie,
Were the world mine, Demetrius being hated,
The reft Ile give to be to you translated.
O teach me how you looke, and with what art
You sawe the motion of Demetrius hart.

Her. I frowne upon him, yet he loues me till.

Hel. O that your frownes would teach my smilies fuch skil.

Her. I glue him curles, yet he glues me loue.

Hel. O that my prayers could fuch affection moue.

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, 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 fee my face,
Lysander and my selfe will fie this place.
Before the time I did Lysander fee,
Seem'd Athens like a Paradife to mee.
A Midsummer Night's Dream. 117

O then, what grace in my Loue do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell.

Lyf. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold,
To morrow night, when Phoebe doth behold
Her flourer vifage, in the watry glaffe,
Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed grass
(� time that Louers flights doth still conceale)
Through Aths gates, have we deuils'd to theeale.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Upon faint Primrofe beds, were wont to lye, Emptying our bofomes, of their counfell fweal:
There my Lyfander, and my felle fhal meete,
And thence from Aths turne away our eyes
To feeke new friends and strange companions,
Farwell sweete play-fellow, pray thou for vs,
And good lucke grant thee thy Demetrius.
Keep word Lyfander we must furue our fight,
From louters foode, till morrow deepe midnight.

Exit Hermione.

Lyf. I will my Hermia. Helena adie,
As you on him, Demetrius dotes on you. Exit Lyfander.

Hele. How happy fome, ore otherfome can be!
Through Aths I am thought as faire as shee.
But what of that? Demetrie thinks not so:
He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
And as he erreers, dotting on Hermione eyes;
So I, admiring of his qualitez:
Things base and wilde, holding no quantity,
Loue can tranfpoefe 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 judgement taffe:
Wings and no eyes, figure, vnheedy hate.
And therefore is Loue fald to be a childe,
Because in chofe he is often beguil'd,
As wagifh boys in game themfelves forswear;
So the boy Loue is periu'd euery where.
For ere Demetrius lookt on Hermione eyene,
He hail'd downe othes that he was onely minde.
And when this Haile fome heat from Hermia felt,
So he diffolu'd, and howfres of othes did melt,
I will goe tell him of faire Hermia flight:
Then to the wood will he, to morrow night
Purfe her; and for his intelligence,
If I have thankes, it is a deere expence:
But herein meane I to enrich my paine,
to haue his fight thither, and backe againe.

Exit.

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Ioyner, Bottom the Weaver, Flute the belllowes-mercer, Snout the Tinker, and Starveling the Taylor.

Quin. Is all our company here?
Bot. You were beth to call them generally, man by man, according to the fcript.

Qui. Here is the frowele 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 Quinc, say what the play treats on: then read the names of the Actors: and so grow on to a full compleat fcript.

Quin. Marry our play is the moft lamentable Comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbie.

Bot. A very good peec of worke I affure you, and a

merry. Now good Peter Quinc, call forth your Actors by the frowele. Matters spread your felues.

Quince. Anfwere as I call you, Nick Bottom the Weaver.

Bottom. Ready; name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quince. You Nick Bottom are fet downe for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus, a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A Lover that kills himselfe moft gallantly for loue.

Bot. That will aske fome teares in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience looke to their eyes: I will moue fторmes; I will condole in fome meafeure. To the ref yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all fplit the raging Rocks; and thining thocks shall break the locks of prifon gates, and Phibibus carrera fhall flie from farre, and make and marre the foolish Fates. This was lofty. Now name the reft of the Players. This is Ercles vaine, a tyrants vaine: a lover is more concling.

Quin. Francis Flute the Bellows-mender.

Flot. Heere Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisbie on you.

Flot. What is Thisbie, a wandring Knight?

Quin. It is the Lady that Pyramus muft loue.

Flot. Nay faith, let not mee play a woman, I have a bearded comming.

Quin. That's all one, you shall play it in a Maske, and you may fpeeke as fmall as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play Thisbie too: Ile fpeeke in a monfrous little voyce; Thisbie, Thisbie, ah Pyramus my lover deare, thy Thisbie deare, and Lady deare.

Quin. No no, you must play Pyramus, and Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling the Taylor.

Star. Heere Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisbies mother?

Tom Snout, the Tinker.

Snout. Heere Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus father; my selfe, Thisbies father; Snugge the Ioyner, you the Lyons part: and I hope there is a play fittted.

Snug. Haue you the Lions part written? pray you if be, glue it me, for I am flow of fudie.

Quin. You may doe it extemporie, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me 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 fay, Let him roare againe, let him roare again.

Quin. If you should doe it too terribly, you would fright the Dutcheffe and the Ladies, that they would shrike, and that were enough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs every mothers fonne.

Bottom. I grant ye friends, if that you should fright the Ladies out of their Witnes, they would have no more discretion but to hang vs: but I will aggravate my voyce fo, that I will roare you as gently as any fucking Doue: I will roare and 'twere any Nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Piramus, for Piramus,

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N 2
Enter a Fairy at one door, and Robin good-fellow at another.

Rob. How now spirit, whether wander you?

Fai. Ouer hil, ouer dale, through buses, through briar,
    Ouer parke, ouer pale, through flood, through fire,
    I do wander euerie where, twister then y Moons sphere;
    And I ferue the Fairy Queene, to drow her orbs upon
    The Cowflips tali, her penioneers bee,
    (green.)
    In their gold coats, spots you see,
    Tho'be Rubies, Fairy fupers,
    In thofe freckles, flue their fapers, I
    muft go feke fome dews drops here,
    And hang a pearle in every cowflies care.

Farewell thou Lob of fpirites, Ile be gone,
    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 light,
    For Oberon is paffing fell and wrath,
    Because that he, as her attendent, hath
    A louely boy falone from an Indian King,
    She never had fo sweet a changeling,
    And jeaulous Oberon would have the childe
    Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wide:
    But he (perforce) with-holds the loued boy,
    Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.
    And now they never meete in grous, or greene,
    By fountaine cleere, or spangled flar light fheene,
    But they do fquare, that all their Elues for feare
    Crepe into Acorne cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
    Or else you are that threw'd and knaughght spirit
    Cal'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not hee,
    That frights the maidens of the Villagare,
    Skim milke, and fometimes labour in the querne,
    And bootlelle make the breathleffe butwife cherne,
    And sometimse make the drinke to beare no barne,
    Miffeade night-wanderers, laughing at their harme,
    Tho'fe that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Pucke,
    You do their worcke, and they shall have good lucke.
    Are you not he?

Rob. Thou speakeft right;
    I am that merrie wanderer of the night:
    I left to Oberon, and made him smile,
    When I a fat and beane-fed horfe beguile,
    Neighing in likeneffe of a filly foale,
    And sometimse lurke I in a Gooseps bole,
    In very likeneffe of a roasted crab:
    And when the drinkes, against her lips I bob,
    And on her withered dewlop poure the Ale.
    The wilfe Aunt telling the faddfe tale,
    Sometime for three-foot floole, mihaftaketh me,
    Then flip I from her bum, dawne topples she,
    And tallour cries, and fals into a coffee.
    And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
    And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and fware,
    A merrier houre was never wafted there.
    But roome Fairy, heere comes Oberon.

Fair. And heere my Miftris:
    Would that he vvere gone.

Enter the King of Fairies at one door with his traine,
    and the Queene at another with hers.

Ob. Ill met by Moone-light,
    Proud Tytania.

Qg. What, jeaulous Oberon? Fairy skip hence.
    I have forfowrne his bed and companie.

Ob. Tarrie rath Wanton; am not I thy Lord?

Qg. Then I muft be thy Lady: but I know
    When thou vvaft falone away from Fairy Land,
    And in the shape of Corin,fate all day,
    Playing onpipes of Corne, and verting loue
    To amorous Pelida. Why art thou heere
    Come from the fartheft fpeepe of India?
    But that forfooth the bounching Amaran
    Your buxik'd Miftrix, and your Warrior loue,
    To Thefeus muft be Wedded; and you come,
    To give their bed joy and prosperite.

Ob. How canft thou thus for thame Tytania,
    Glance at my credite, with Hippolita?
    Knowing I knovv thy loue to Thefeus?
    Didst thou not lead him through the glimering night
    From Peregenia, whom he raulifhed?
    And make him vwith faire Eagles breake his faith
    With Ariadne, and Atipha?

Qg. Those are the forgeries of jeaulousie,
    And never fince the middle Summers fpring
    Met vve on hil, in dale, forrest, or mead,
    By pauid fountaine, or by ruthie brooke,
    Or in the beached margent of the fea,
    To dance our ringlets to the whifling Winde,
    But vwith thy brauies thou haft difturbed our fport.
    Therefore the Winde, piping to vs in vaine,
    As in reuenue, haue fuck'd vp from the fea
    Contagious fogges: Which falling in the Land,
    Hath euerie petty Riuere made fo proud,
    That they haue ouer-borne their Continentis.
    The Oxe hath therefore ftrech't his yoke in vaine,
    The Ploughman loft his fweat, and the greene Corne
    Hath rotted, ere his youth attaint a beard:
    The fold flands empty in the drowned field,
    And Crowes are fatted with the murrion flokke,

The
The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mud,
And the quaint 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 bieft;
Therefore the Moone (the gouernor of floods)
Pale in her anger, washes all the aire;
That Rheumaticke diseases doe abound.
And through this diatemperature, we fee
The feasons alter; hoarded headed frosts
Fall in the freth lap of the crimfon Rofe,
And on old Hyemn chinne and Iacie crowne,
An odorous Chaplet of sweet Sommer buds
Is as in mockry let. The Spring, the Sommer,
The childing Autumnne, angry Winter change
Their wonted Luries, and the mazed world,
By their increafe, now knowes not which is which;
And this fame progeny of euills,
Comes from our debate, from our diffention,
We are their parents and original.

Ober. Do you amend it then, it lies in you,
Why should Titania croffe her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my Henchman.

Ob. Set your heart at ref,
The Fairy land buyes not the childe of me,
His mother was a Votrefle of my Order,
And in the spiced Indian aire, by night
Full often hath the goiffit by my side,
And fat with me on Nephtes yellow fands,
Marking thembarkeed traders on the flood,
When we have laught to fee the fails conceive,
And grow big bellied with the wanton winde:
Which, the with pretty, and with swimming gate;
Following (her wome more rich with my yong Iquire)
Would imitate, and faille vpon the Land,
To fetch me trifles, and returne again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But the being mortall, of that boy did die,
And for her fake I doe reare vp her boy,
And for her fake I will not part with him.
Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay?
Ob. Perchance till after Thefleus wedding day.
If you will patiently dance in our Round,
And fee our Moone-light resels, goe with vs;
If not, than me and I will spare your haunts.
Ob. Give me that boy, and I will goe with thee.

Q. Not for thy Fairy Kingdome. Fairies away
We shall chide doone right, if I longer stay.

Exeunt.
Ob. Wel, go thy waye: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Pucke come hither; thou remembreft
Since once I fat vpon a promontory,
And heard a Meare-maid on a Dolphins backe,
Vttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude fea grew chiull at her song,
And certaine farres shot madly from their Spheres,
To heare the Sea-maids muflcke.

Pac. I remember.
Ob. That very time I say (but thou couldst not)
Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,
Cupid the am’r’d with a certaine aim he tooke
At a faire Vefhall, throne of the Welt,
And loo’d his lous-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it shou’d pierce a hundred thousand hearts,
But I might fee young Cupid’s fiery shaft
Quencht in the chaft beames of the watry Moone;
And the imperiaall Votrefle paffed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet markt I where the bolt of Cupid fell.
It fell vpon a little wefterne flower;
Before, nilke-white; now purple with loues wound,
And maidens call it, Loue in idleneffe.
Fetch me that flower; the heart I shew’d thee once,
The iuyce of it, on sleepeing eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Vpon the next lieue creature that it fees.
Fetch me this hearse, and be thou heere again,
Ere the Lenartban can swim a league.

Pucke. Ile put a girdle about the earth, in forty mi-
nutes.

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 the waking lookes vpon,
(Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,
On medling Monkey, or on buife Ape)
Shee shall pursue it, with the foule of loue.
And ere I take this charme off from her fight,
(As I can take it with another heare)
Ile make her render vp her Page to me.
But who comes heere? I am inuible,
And I will ouer-heare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following bim.

Dem. I loue thee not, therefore pursue me not,
Where is Lysander, and faire Hermia?
The one Ile fly, the other flyeath me.
Thou toldst me they were floine 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 Adaman,
But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart
Is true as fleele. Leaye you power to draw,
And I shall haue no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I speake you faire?
Or rather doe I not in plainest truth,
Tell you I doe not, nor I cannot loue you?

Hel. And even for that doe I loue thee more;
I am your Spaniel, and Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawnve on you.
Vfe me but as your spaniel; spurne me, strike me,
Neglect me, lofe me; onely glue me leaue
(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 vfed as you doe your dogge.

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am fickle when I do looke on thee.

Hel. And I am fickle when I looke not on you.

Dem. You doe impeach your modesty too much,
To leaue the City, and commit your selfe
Into the hands of one that loues you not,
To truft the opportunity of night,
And the counsell of a desperat place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your vertue is my pruilege: for that
It is not night when I doe fee your face.
Therefore I thinke I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,
A Midsummer night's Dream.

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? Dem. Ile run from thee, and hide me in the brakes, And leave 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 chafe; The Doue pursues the Griffin, the mild Hinde Makes speed to catch the Tyger. Booteffe speedes, When cowardiffe pursues, and valour flies. Demet. I will not stay thy questions, let me go; Or if thou follow me, doe not beleue, But I shall doe thee milchife in the wood. Hel. 1, in the Temple, in the Towne, and Field You doe me milchife. 3ye Demetrius, Your wrongs doe set a scandal on my fexe: We cannot fight for love, as men may doe; We should be wo'd, and were not made to woe. I follow thee, and make a heauen of hell, To die vpon the hand I love so well. Exit. Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, ere he doe leave this grove, Thou shalt finde him, and he shall feake thy loue. Haft thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke. Pucke. 1, there it is. Ob. I pray thee glue it me. I know a banke where the wilde time blowes, Where Oxflips and the nodding Violet growes, Quite over-cannoped with luscious woodbine, With sweet musique royes, and with Eglantine; There flepees Tytania, sometime of the night, Lull'd in those flowers, with dances and delight: And there the snake throws her enamel'd skinne, Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in. And with the ioyce of this ile streake her eyes, And make her full of hatefull fantasie. Take thou some of it, and feek through this grove; 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 the vpon her loue; And looke thou meet me ere the first Cocke crow. P3. Fear not my Lord, your servant shall do so. Exit. Enter Queen 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 rofe buds, Some ware with Eremerife, for their leathern wings, To make my small Elues coates, and some keepe backe The clamorous Owle that nightly hoots and wonders At our quaint spirts: Sing me now asleep, Then to your offices, and let me reft. Fairies Sing. Thou bristled Snakes with double tongue, Thorny Hedgehoggges be not seen, Newts and blinde wurmes do no wrong, Come not near our Fairy Queen. Philomel with melody, Sing in your sweet Lullaby, Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby, Neuer harming, nor speele, nor charme, Come our louely Lady me, So good night with Lullaby. 2. Fairy. Weaung Spiders come not heere, Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence: Beetles blackes approach not heere; Worme nor Snayle doe no offence. Philomel with melody, &c. 1. Fairy. Hence away, now all is well; One alphes, fland Centinell. Seee sheeres. Enter Oberon. Ober. What thou seest when thou dost wake, Doe it for thy true Loue take: Loue and languish for his fake. Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare, Pard, or Boare with brilfit haire, In thy eye that shall appeare, When thou wak'ft, it is thy dear, Wake when some vile thing is neere. Enter Lysander and Hermia. Lys. Faire loue, you faint with wandring in 's woods, And to speake troth I haue forgot our way; We'll reft vs Hermia, if you thinke it good, And tarry for the comfort of the day. Her. Be it to Lysander; find you out a bed, For I vpon this banke will reft my head. Lys. One turfe shall feare as pillow for vs both, One heart, one bed, two bofomes, and one troth. Her. Nay good Lysander, for my fake my dee re Lie further of yet, doe not lie so neere. Lys. O take the fence sweet, of my innocence, Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference, I meaned that my heart vnto yours is knit, So that but one heart can you make of it. Two bofomes interchanged with an oath, So then two bofomes, and a fangle troth. Then by your side, no bed-roome me deny, For lying so, Hermia, I do not lye. Her. Lysander riddles very prettily; Now much bethrow my manners and my pride, If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied. But gentle friend, for loue and courtelie Lie further off, in humane modesty, Such separaion, as may well be faid, Becomes a vertuous batchelor, and a maide, So farre be diftant, 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: Here is my bed, sleepe glue thee all his reft. Her. With halfe that wilis, the wispers eyes be prest. Enter Pucke. They sleepe. Pucke. Through the Forreft haue I gone, But Athenian finde I none. One whole eyes I might approve This flowen force in stirring loue. Night and silence: who is heere? Weedes of Athen he doth weare: This is he (my master faid) Defpised the Athenian maide: And heere the maiden sleepeing found,
On the danke and durtie ground.
Pretty soule, she durt not lye
Neere this lacke-loue, this kill-curtesie.
Churie, vpon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charme doth owe:
When thou wilt, let love forbid
Sleepe his feate on thy eye-lid.
So awake when I am gone:
For I must now to Oberon.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweeete Demetrius.
De. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.
De. Stay on thy peril, I alone will goe.

Exit Demetrius.

Hel. I am out of breath, in this fond chase,
The more my prayer, the leffer is my grace,
Happy is Hermia, wherefore she lies;
For the hath bleffed and attracting eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with fault teares.
If so, my eyes are oftner wail than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a Besire;
For beafts that mette me, runne away for feare,
Therefore no maruaille, though Demetrius
Doe as a monfter, file my prudence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glaffe of mine,
Made me compare with Hermia sphyre eyne?
But who is here? Lyfander on the ground;
Deade or afepee? I fee no bloud, no wound,
Lyfander, if you lye, good fir awake.
Lyf. And run through fire I will for thy sweet take.
Transparent Helena, nature her thwes art,
That through thy bosome makes me fee thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perifh on my sword!
Hel. Do not say fo Lyfander, say not fo:
What though he love your Hermia Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loues you; then be content.
Lyf. 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 Rauen for a Douse?
The will of man is by his reafon swayd:
And reafon faies you are the worther Maide.
Things growing are not ripe vntill their feason;
So I being yong, till now rife not to reafon,
And touching now the point of humane skill,
Reafon becomes the Marshall to my will,
And leads me to your eyes, where I oreloue
Loues flories, written in Loues riches booke.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keenke mockery borne?
When at your hands did I defeuer this forme?
Ift not enowth, ift not enowth, yong man,
That I did neuer, no nor neuer can,
Defuer a sweete looke from Demetrius eye,
But you must flout my ifsufficieny?
Good troth you do me wrong(good-sooth you do)
In such difdainfull manner, me to woone.
But fare you well; perficte I must confesse,
I thought you Lord of true gentlenesse.
Oh, that a Lady of one man refud,
Should of another therefore be abus'd.

Lyf. She fees not Hermia: Hermia sleepe thou there,
And neuer maifit thou come Lyfander neere;

For as a sufferit of the sweettfe things
The deeweft loathing to the stomacke brings:
Or as the herefies that men do leave,
Are hated most of thofe that did deceiue:
So thou, my feluett, and my herefie,
Of all be hated; but the moft of me;
And all my powers addrefsfe your loue and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her Knight.

Her. Helpe me Lyfander, helpe me; do thy beft
To plucke this crawling ferpent from my breft.
Aye me, for pitty; what a dreame was here?
Lyfander looke, how I do quake with feare:
Me-thought a ferpent eate my heart away,
And yet fat fmilin at his cruel prey.
Lyfander, what remou'd ? Lyfander, Lord,
What, out of hearing, gone? No found, no word?
Alacke where are you? speake and if you heare:
Speake of all loues; I found almoft with feare.
No, then I well perceiue you are not nye,
Either death or you lie finde immediately.

Exit.
request you, or I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think me hither as a Lyon, it were pitty 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 he is Smug the ioyner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moonelight into a chamber: for you know, Piramus and Thisby meete by Moonelight.

Sn. Doth the Moon shine that night wee play our play?


Enter Pucke.

Quin. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moonelight into a chamber: for you know, Piramus and Thisby meete by Moonelight.

Quin. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moonelight into a chamber: for you know, Piramus and Thisby meete by Moonelight.

Sn. Doth the Moon shine that night?

Bot. Why then may you leave a chamber of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moon may shine in at the chamber.

Quin. If ever one must come in with a bough of thorns and a lanthorne, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the perfon of Moones-shine. Then there is another thing, we must have a wall in the great Chamber; for Piramus and Thisby (faies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

Sn. You can never bring in a wall. What say you Botomnes?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall, and let him have some Paffet, or some Lome, or some rough caft about him, to signifie wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranney, shall Piramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit downe every mother sonne, and rehearse your parts. Piramus, you begin; when you have spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

Rob. What hempen home-spuns have we swagging here, So neere the Cradle of the Faerie Queen? What a Play toward? Ile be an auditor, An Actor too perhaps, if I fee cause.

Quin. Speake Piramus: Thisby stand forth.

Pir. Thisby, the flowers of odious favours sweete.

Quin. Odours, odours. Pir. Odours favours sweete, So bath thy breath, my dearest Thisby deare, But harke, a voyce: thy thou but here a while, And by and by I will to thee appear. Exit. Pir. Puck. A stranger Piramus, then ere plaid here.

Toib. Muft I speake now?

Pet. I marry muft you. For you must vnderstand he goes but to fee a noytle he that heard, and is come a-gaine.

Toib. Most radiant Piramus, moft Lilly white of hue, Of colour like the red rife on triumphant bryer, Moft brisky Iumenall, and eke moft loue ilew, As true as truest horse, that yet would never tyre, Ile meeete the Piramus, at Ninnes toombe.

Pet. Ninus toombe man: why, you must not speake that yet; that you anfwere to Piramus; you speake all your part at once, cues and all. Piramus enter, your cue is pait; it is newer tyre.

Toib. O as true as truest horse, that yet would never tyre:

Pir. If I were faire, Thisby I were onely thine.

Pet. O monftrous. O strange. We are hanted; pray mafters, frye mafters, helpe.

The Clowns all Exit.

Puf. Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round, Through bogge, through buft, through brake, through Someetime a horse Ile be, someetime a hound: (bryer, A bogge, a headlefe beare, someetime a fire, And neig, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne, Like horse, bound, hog, beare, fire, at every turne. Exit. Enter Piramus with the Affe head.

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knauery of them to make me afeard. Exit Snout.

Sn. O Bottom, thou art chang'd; What doe I fee on thee?

Bot. What do you fee? You fee an Affe-head of your owne, do you?

Enter Peter Quince.


Exit. Bot. I fee their knauery; this is to make an affe of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not flerre from this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe here, and I will finge that they shall heare I am not a-fraid.


Tyta. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke, The plainfong Cuckow gray; Whole note full many a man doth marke, And dares not anfwer, nay. For indeed, who would fet his wit to so foolifh a bird? Who would give a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow, neuer fo?

Tyta. I pray thee gentle mortall, sing againe, Mine ear is much enamored of thy note; On the first view to fay, to weary I love thee. So is mine eye entrafled to thy shape, And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth move me.

Bot. Me-thinks miftrefs, you should have little reafon for that: and yet to fay the truth, reafon and love keepe little company togethers, now-adayes. The more the pittie, that some honeft neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleake vpon occa- tion.

Tyta. Thou art as wife, as thou art beautiful. Bot. Not fo neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to ferue mine owne turne.

Tyta. Out of this wood, do not defire to goe, Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no. I am a spirit of no common rate:

The Summer fill doth tend vp my flate, And I doe love thee; therefore goe with me, Ile glue thee Fairies to attend on thee; And they shall fetch thee Jewels from the deepes, And fing, while thou on prefied flowers dote deepe: And I will purge thy mortall groffenesse fo, That thou shalt like an aire spirit go.

Enter Peafe-bl Moss, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard- seede, and four Fairies. Faf. Ready; and I, and I, and I, Where shall we go? Tit. Be
As he fight, away his fellows flye,  
And at our flame, here one and one falls;  
He murther cries, and helps from _Abbes_ cats.  
Their fenfe thus waake, left with their fears thus frong,  
Made _feneffe_ things begin to do them wrong.  
For briars and thornes at their apparell snatch,  
Some fleeces, some hats, from yeelders all things catch,  
I led them on in this distracted feare,  
And left _fweete Piramus_ tranlated there:  
When in that moment(_fo it came to paffe)_  
_Tyztian_ wak'd, and straight way loud an _Arfe._

Ob. This falls out better then I could desier:  
But haft thou yet lacht the _Athenian_ eyes,  
With the loye eye, as I did bid thee doe?  
Rob. I tooko thee sleeping (that is finift to)  
And the _Athenian_ woman by his fide,  
That when he wak't, of force the muft be eyde.

_Ob._ Stand close, this is the fame _Athenian._  
Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man.  
_Dem._ O why rebecke you him that loues you fo?  
Lay breath fo bitter on your bitter foe.  
_Her._ Now I but chide, but I shoulde vfe them worfe.  
For thou (I feare) haft given me caufe to curfe,  
If thou haft slaine _Lysander_ in his fleep,  
Being ore whoes in bloud, plunge in the depee, and kill me too:  
The Sunne was not fo true vnto the day,  
As he to me. Would he haue follen away,  
From _sleeping Hermit?_ I beleue as foone  
This whole earth may be bode, and that the Moone  
May through the Center creepe, and fo displeafe  
Her brothers nonette, with th'Antipodes.  
It cannot be but thou haft murdred him,  
So should a muttherer looke, fo dead, fo grim.  
Dem. So should the murderer looke, and fo shoulde I,  
Pierft through the heart with your _fearne_ crueltie:  
Yet you the murderer looks as bright as cleare,  
As yonder _Demea_ in her glimmering fphere.  
_Her._ What's this to my _Lysander_ where is he?  
Ah good _Demetrius_, wilt thou giue him me?  
_Dem._ I'de rather giue his carkaffe to my hounds.  
_Her._ Out dog, out cur, thou druit me paft the bounds  
Of maidens patience, and. Halft thou slaine him then?  
Henceforth be never numbred among men.  
Oh, once tell true, even for my fake,  
Durf thou a lookt vpon him, being awake?  
And haft thou kill'd him _sleeping?_ O braue tutch:  
Could not a worme, an Adder do fo much?  
An Adder did it: for with doubler tongue  
Then thine(thou ferpent) neuer Adder flung.  
_Dem._ You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood,  
I am not guiltie of _Lysander'_s 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 therefor?  
_Her._ A priulidge, neuer to fee me more:  
And from thy hated preffence part I:fee me no more  
Whether he be dead or no.  
_Dem._ There is no following her in this fierce vaine,  
Here therefore for a while I will remaine.  
So forrowes heauenife doth heauier grow:  
For debt that bankrout flip doth forrow owre,  
Which now in some flight measurfe it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.  
Lie down.  
Ob. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite  
And laid the louse byounce on true love's light;  
Of thy misprision, must perforce enue.  
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.  
Rob. Then fate ore-rules, that one man holding troth,  
A million false, confounding oath on oath.  
Ob. About the wood, goe swifter then the wind,  
And 
Helena of Athens looks thou finde.  
All fancy flocke the is, and pale of cheere,  
With sibges of louse, that costs the freth bloud deare.  
By some illusion fee thou bring her heere,  
Ile charme his eyes against the doth appear.  
Robin. I go, I go, looke how I goe,  
Swifter then arrow from the Torture bowe. 
Exit.  
Ob. 
Flower of this purple die,  
Hit with Captits archery,  
Sink in apple of his eye,  
When his love he doth espy,  
Let her shine as gloriously  
As the Venus of the sky,  
When thou wak't if she be by,  
Beg of her for remedy.  

Enter Pucks.  
Puck. Captain of our Fairy band,  
Helena is here at hand,  
And the youth, mytooke by me,  
Pleading for a Louers fee.  
Shall we their fond Pageant fee?  
Lord, what fools these mortals be!  
Ob. Stand averse the noyte they make,  
Will cause Demetrius to awake.  
Puck. Then will two at once wooe one,  
That must needs be sport alone:  
And tho'te things doe best pleafe me,  
That befall preposterously.  

Enter Lyfander and Helena.  

Lyf. Why should you think I should wooe in scorn?  
Scorne and derision neuer comes in teares;  
Looke where I vow I wepe, and vowes to borne,  
In their natality all truth appears.  
How can these things in me, feeme scorn to you?  
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true.  
Hel. You doe advance your cunning more & more,  
When truth kils truth, O diuellih holy tray!  
Thefe vows are Hermione. Will you glue her ore?  
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.  
Your vows to her, and me, (put in two scales)  
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.  
Lyf. I had no judgement, when to her I swore.  

Hel. Nor none in my minde, now you give her ore.  

Lyf. Demetrius loves her and, he loves not you.  

A dem, O Helen, goddeffe, nimph, perfect, divine,  
To what my love, shall I compare thine eyne!  
Chriftall is mudy, O how ripe in shoo,  
Thy lips, those kifling cherries, tempting grow!  
That pure concealed white, high 
Taurus know,  
Fan'd with the Eastern winde, turns to a cow,  
When thou holdst vp thy hand.  
O let me kiffe  
This Princeesse of pure white, this scale of bliffe,  
Holl. O spight! O hell! I fee you are all bent  
To fet against me, for your merriment:  
If you were ciuill, and knew curtezie,  
You would not doe me such inward injury,  
Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,  
But you must loyne in foules to mocke me to?  
If you are men, as men you are in shoo,  
You would not vse a gentle Lady so;  
To vow, and sweare, and superfrase my parts,  
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.  
You both are Riuals, and loue Hermione;  
And now both Riuals to mocke Helena.  
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,  
To contrive tears vp in a poore maids eyes,  
With your derision; none of noble fort,  
Would so offend a Virgin, and extort  
A poore foules patience, all to make you sport.  
Lyf. You are vnkind Demetrius; be not fo,  
For you loue Hermione; this you know I know;  
And here with all good will, with all my heart,  
In Hermione 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 waft more idle breath.  

Lyf. Lyfander, keep thy Hermione, I will none:  
If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.  
My heart to her, but as geutl-witte folourn'd;  
And now to Helen it is home return'd,  
There to remaine.  
Lyf. It is not so.  
Dr. I perifarge not the faith thou doft not know,  
Left to thy perill thou abide it deare.  

Looke where thy Loue comes, yonder is thy deare.  

Enter Hermes.  
Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,  
The eare more quicke of apprehension makes,  
Wherein it doth improve the seeing senfe,  
Ir paires the hearing double recompence.  
Thou art not by mine eye, Lyfander found,  
Mine eare (I thank it) brought me to that found.  
But why vnkindly didst thou leaue me so? (to go)  
Lyf. Lyfander. Why should hee itay whom Loue doth preffe  
Her. What loue could preffe Lyfander from my side?  
Faile Lyfander love (that would not let him beside)  
Hermes; who more englids the night,  
Then all you farte oes, and eies of light.  
Why seek'S thou me? Could not this make thee know,  
The hate I bare thee, made me leaue thee so?  
Her. You speake not as you thinkes; it cannot be.  

Hel. Loe, she is one of this confederacy,  
Now I perceiue they have conoy'd all three,  
To fashion this falle sport in flipte of me.  
Injurious Hermione, most vngratefull maid,  
Have you confir'd, have you with these contriud  
To baite me, with this foule derision?  
Is all the counsell that we two have shar'd,  
The fifters vowes, the houres that we have spent,  
When wee had child the hally footed time,  
For parting vs; O is all forgot?  
All schoole-dates friendship, child-hood innocence?  
We Hermia, like two Artificial gods,  
Have with our needles,created both one flower,  
Both on one samplers,fitting on one cuffion,  
Both wanting of one fong, both in one key;  
As if our hands, our fides, voices, and mindes  
Had beene Incorporate. So we grew together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
But yet a union in partition.
Two lovely berries molded on one stem,
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first life coats in Heraldry,
Dye but to one and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love afiender,
To love with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'ts not maidenly.
Our fexe as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone doe feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words,
I scorne you not; 'tis you I scorne me.
Hel. Have you not yet Lysander, as in scorne
To follow me, and prate my eies and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius
(Who even but now did spurne me with his foote)
To call me goddefle, nimph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestiall! Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth Lysander
Denie your love (fo rich within his soule)
And tender me (foorth) affeflion,
But by your fettng on, by your content?
What though I be not fo in grace as you,
So hung vpon with love, fo fortunate?
(But miserable mort, to love vnou'd)
This you should pitte, rather then defife.

Her. I vnderstand not what you meane by this.
Hel. I, doe, perfeuer, counterfeit fad looke,
Make mouthes vpon me when I turne my backe,
Winke each at other, hold the sweete left vp:
This fport well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pitte, grace, or manners,
You would not make me fuch an argument:
But fare ye well, 'tis party mine owne fault,
Which death or abfence foone shall remedie.

Lys. Stay gentle Helena, heare my excuse,
My love, my life, my foule, faire Helena.
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweete, do not scorne her fo.
Dem. If she cannot entreate, I can compell.
Lys. Thou cantt compell, no more then she entreate.
Thy threats have no more strength then her weak prate.

Hel. I loove thee, by my life I doe;
I sweare by that which I will lofe for thee,
To prove him falle, that me I loue thee not.

Dem. I fay, I loue thee more then he can do.
Lys. If thou fay fo, with-draw and proue it too.

Dem. Quick, come.
Hel. Lysander, whereto tends all this?
Lys. Away, you Ethiope.

Dem. No, no, Sir, feeme to broke loofe;
Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.

Lys. Hang off thou cat, thou bountifull thing let loose,
Or I will drive thee from me like a repent.

Her. Why are you growne fo rude?
What change is this sweete Louve?

Lys. Thy loue? out tawny Tartar, out;
Out loshed medicine; O hated poifon hence.

Her. Do you not left?
Hel. Yes footh, and fo do you.
Lys. Demetrius: I will keepe my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond: for I percieue
A broke word holds you; Ile not truift your word.

Lys. What, shoulde I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, Ile not harme her fo.

Her. What, can you do me greater harme then hate?

Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newes my Louve?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as faire now, as I was ere while,
Since night you loued me; yet fince night you left me.
Why then you left me (O the gods forbid)
In earneff, shall I fay?
Lys. I, by my life;
And never did defire to fee thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
Be certaine, nothing truer: 'ts no left,
That I doe hate thee, and loue Helena.

Hel. O me, you iugler, you canker blofomme,
You theefe of loue; What, hauve you come by night,
And tilone my loues heart from him?

Hel. Fine fych:
Flane you no monely, no maiden shame,
No touch baithfulneffe? What, will you teare
Impatien answeres from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you.

Hel. Puppet? why fo? I, that way goes the game.
Now I perceiue that the hath made compare
Betweene our fatures, the hath vrg'd her height,
And with her perfonage, her tall perfonage,
Her height (foorth) the hath preuill'd with him,
And are you growne fo high in his esteeme,
Beaucau I am fo dwarfish, and fo low?
How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake,
How low am I? I am not yet fo low,
But that my nails can reach vnto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was neuer curf'd.
I have no gift at all in threewithelle;
I am a right maide for my cowardize;
Let her not frike me: you perhaps may thinke,
Because she is something lower then my felle,
That I can match her.

Hel. Lower? harke againe.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be fo bitter with me,
I euemore did loue you Hermia,
Did euer keepe your counfels, neuer wronged you,
Save 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 threatened me
To frike me, spurne me, nay to kill me too;
And now,fo you will let me quiet go,
To Athenes will I heare my folly backe,
And follow you no further. Let me go.

You see how fimpfe, and how fond I am.

Her. Why get you gone? who lift that hinders you?
Hel. A foolifh heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?
Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid, she shall not harme thee Helena.

Dem. No fir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O when she's angry, she is keene and threwd,
She was a vixen when she went to schoolie,
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-graffe made,
You beard, you acone.

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalfe that scorner her ferules.

Let
Let her alone, speake not of Helena,  
Take not her part. For if thou doft intend  
Neuer fo little shew of loue to her,  
Thou shalt abide it.  
Lyf. Now she holds me not,  
Now follow if thou dar’st, to trye whose right,  
Of thine or mine is most in Helena.  
"Dem. Follow? Nay, Ie goe with thee cheeke by  
Iowle.  
Hor. You Miiftrie, all this coyle is long of you.  
Nay, goe not backe.  
Hel. I will not trust you I,  
Nor longer stay in your curf 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 knauneries willingly.  
Puck. Believe me, King of shadowes, I mislike,  
Did not you tell me, I should know the man,  
By the Athenian garments he hath on?  
And so faire blamelfe proyes my enterprize,  
That I have nointed an Athenians eies,  
And so faire am I glad, it so did fort,  
As this theiriangling I esteeme a sport.  
Ob. Thou seest these Louers seake a place to fight,  
Hie therefore Robin, overcast the night,  
The fairee Welkin couer thou anon,  
With drooping fogge as blacke as Athenon,  
And lead thee tellee Riuials so afrray,  
As one come not within anothers way.  
Like to Lyfander, sometime frame thy tongue,  
Then faire 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-counterfeiteing, sleepe  
With leaden legs, and Battle-wings doth creepe;  
Then cruze this heare into Lyfandere eie,  
Whose liquor hath this vertuous propriety,  
To take from thence all error, with his might,  
And make his eie-bals role with wonedt fight.  
When they next wake, all this derision  
Shall see me a dreame, and fruitelie vision,  
And backe to Aubens shall the Louers wend  
With leaque, whose date till death shall neuer end.  
Whiles I in this affaire do thee imply,  
Ile to my Queene, and beg her Indian Boy;  
And then I will her charmed eie releafe  
From monsters view, and all things shall be peace.  
Puck. My Fairie Lord, this must be done with hafte,  
For night-twift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast,  
And yonder thines Auros 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 wormlie beds are gone;  
For feare least day should looke their flames vp,  
They wilfully themselues exile from light,  
And must for aye comfort with blacke browd night.  
Ob. But we are spirits of another fort:  
I, with the mornings loue haue oft made sport,  
And like a Forreeter, the groues may tread,  
Euen till the Eafterne gate all fierie red,  
Opening on Neptune, with faire bleffed beames,  
Turnes into yellow gold, his falt greene freameas.

But notwithstanding hafte, make no dplay:  
We may effect this buinellef, yet ere day.  
Puck. Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will lead them vp and downe: I am fear’d in field and town.  
Gebelin, lead them vp and downe: here comes one.  

Enter Lyfander.  
Lyf. Where art thou, proud Demetrius?  
Speake thou now.  
Rob. Hiere wilние, drawne & readme. Where art thou?  
Lyf. I will be with thee fraught.  
Rob. Follow me then to planier ground.  

Enter Demetrius.  

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?  
Speake in some buffet: Where doth 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 defill’d  
That draws a sword on thee.  
Dem. Yea., art thou there?  
Ro. Follow my voice, we’l try no manhood here.  
Exit.  
Lyf. He goes before me, and still dares me on,  
When I come where he calls, then he’s gone.  
The villain is much lighter heel’d then I:  
I followed faft, but fafter he did flye;  
Appear of places.  
That fallen am I in darke vnuen way,  
And here will rest me. Come thou gentle day:  
Hye down.  
For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,  
Ie finde Demetrius, and reuenge this night.  

Enter Robin and Demetirus.  
Rob. Ho, ho, ho; coward, why com’t thou not?  
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar’st. For well I wot,  
Thou runft before me, shifting every place,  
And dar’ft not fland, 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  
If euer I thy face by day-light seee.  
Now goe thy way: fainteffe constrainethe me,  
To measure out my length on this cold bed,  
By daies approche looke to be visithe:  

Enter Helena.  
Hel. O wearty night, O long and tedious night,  
Abste thy houres, shine comfortes from the East,  
That I may backe to Aubens by day-light,  
From these the my poore companie deteile;  
And sleepe that sometime shunts vp forrowes eie,  
Steale me a while from mine owne companie.  
Sleepe.  
Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,  
Two of both kindes makes vp soure.  
Here she comes, curtif and fast,  
Cupid is a knauffish lad,  

Enter Hermia.  

Thus to make poore females mad.  

Herm. Neuer fo weare, nooer fo in woc,  
Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briers,  
I can no further crave, no further goe;  
My legs can keepe no pace with my desires.  
Here will I reft me till the breake of day,  
Heauens shield Lyfander, if they meane a fray.  
Rob. On the ground sleepe sound,  
Ile apply your eie gentle lourer, remedy.  
When thou wak’st, thou tak’st  
True delight in the fight of thy former Ladies eye,  
And
A Midsummer night's Dreame.

Enter Queen of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the King behind them.

Tita. Come, fit thee downe vpon this flowry bed, While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy, And tickte muske rotes in thy fleckke smoothe head, And kifte thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy. 
Clown. Where's Peasfe-blossume? 
Peaf. Ready. 
Clown. scratch my head, Peasfe-blossome. Wher's Mounfeur Cobweb.  
Cob. Ready. 
Clown. Mounfeur Cobweb, good Mounfeur get your weapons in your hand, & kill me a red hipt humble-Bee, on the top of a thistle ; and good Mounfeur bring mee the hony bag. Doe not fret your selfe too much in the action, Mounfeur; and good Mounfeur haue a care the hony bag breake not, I would be loth to haue yon over-flowne with a hony-bag signloure. Where's Mounfeur Mustardseed?

Must. Ready. 
Clo. Giue me your neafe, Mounfeur Mustardseed. Pray you leaue your countresie good Mounfeur. 
Must. What's your will? 
Clo. Nothing good Mounfeur, but to help Caulery Cobweb to fratch. I muft to the Barbers Mounfeur, for me-thinkes I am marveuolous hairy about the face. And I am such a tender affe, if my hair do buttickle me, I muft fratch. 
Tita. What wilt thou haue of muficke, my sweet loue. 
Clown. I haue a reaonable good eare in muficke. Let vs haue the tongs and the bones.  
Muficke Tongs, Rurall Muficke.

Tita. Or say sweete Loue, what thou defirest to eate. 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 felow. 
Tita. I haue a ventuorous Fairy, That shal fleete the Squirrels hoard, 
And fetch thee new Nuts. 
Clown. I had rather have a handfull or two of dried pease. But I pray you let none of your people fille me, I have an expostion of sleepe come vpon me. 
Tita. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my arms, Fairies be gone, and be always away. 

They sleepe all the Act.

Actus Quartus.

And the Country Proverb knoune, That every man shoulde take his owne, In your wakind shall be flowne, 
Iacke shall haue Ill, nought shall goe ill, The man shall haue his Mare againe, and all shall bee well.

O how I loue thee! I how I dote on thee!

Enter Robin goodfellow and Oberon.

Ob. Welcome good Robin: 
Sceft thou this sweete fight? Her dotage now I doe begin to pity. For meeting her of late behinde the wood, Seeking sweete favours for this hatefull foole, I did vpbraid her, and fall out with her. For the his hairy temples then had rounded, With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers. And that fame dew which fomtime on the buds, Was wont to swell like round and orient pears; 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 straighthe the gauce me, and her Fairy sent To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land. And now I haue the Boy, I will vnado This hatefull perfection of her eyes. And gentle Fuche, take this transformed scalpe, From off the head of this Athenian swaine; That he awaking when the other doe, May all to Athen backe againe repair, And thinke no more of this nights accidents, But as the fierce vexation of a dreame. But first I will releafe the Fairy Queene.

Now my Titania wake you my sweet Queene. 
Tita. My Oberon, what viuions haue I feene! Me-thought I was enamouerd of an Afse. 
Ob. There lies your loue. 
Tita. How came these things to paffe? Oh, how mine eyes doth loath this vilage now! Ob. Silence a while. Robin take off his head: Titania,mufick call, and strike more dead Then common sleepe of all the fleepers, fteue the felfe. 
Tita. Muficke, ho muficke, fuch as charmeth sleepe. 
Mufick fill.

Rob. When thou wak'st, with thine owne foolees eies pepee.  
(m) Sound mufick; come my Queene, take hands with And rocke the ground whereon thofe sleepers be. Now thou and I are new in amity, And will to morrow mid night, take only Dance in Duke Teufes houfe triumphantely, And belle it to all faire potterties. There shal the pairs of faithful Louers be Wedded, with Teufes, 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 gone, Swifter then the wandering Moone. 
Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight, Tell me how it came this night, That I sleepeing here was found,  
Sleepers Lye still. 
O With  
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With these mortals on the ground. 

Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolytus and all his train.

Thee. Go, one of you, find out the Forrester,
For now our obseruation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My Loue shall hear the muticke of my hounds.
Vncouple in the Wetherne valley, let them goe;
Dispache I say, and finde the Forrester.
We will faire Queene, vp to the Mountains top.
And mark the musicall confusion
Of hounds and echo in confusion.

Hipp. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bayed the Beare
With hounds of Sparta; neuer did I heare
Such gallant chiding. For befides the groues,
The skies, the fountains, euer region neere,
Seeme all one mutuall cry. I never heard
So musickall a discord, such sweet thunder.
Thee. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kinde,
So few'd, so fanned, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweepe away the morning dew;
Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt, like Thebellian Bulls;
Slow in pursuite, but match'd in mouth like bels,
Each vnder each. A cry more tuneable
Was never hallowed to, nor cheer'd with horse,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thebass;
Judge when you heare. But soft, what nymphs are these?
Egeus. My Lord, this is my daughter heere asleep,
And this Laflander, this Demetrius is,
This Helena, old Neare Helena,
I wonder of this being heere together.

Thee. 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 anfwer of her choice?
Egeus. It is, my Lord.
Thee. Goe bid the hunt-men wake them with their horses.

Horses and they wake.

Shout within, they all start vp.
Thee. Good morrow friends: Saint Valentine is past,
Begin these wood birds but to couple now?

Lyf. Pardon my Lord.
Thee. I prays you all stand vp.
I know you two are Rivall enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is to farre from jealouse,
To fleepe by hate, and fear no enemity.

Lyf. My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Halle fleepe, halle waking. But as yet, I fweare,
I cannot truly fay how I came heere.
But as I thinke (for truly would I speake)
And now I doe bethinke me, fo it is;
I came with Hermia hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from Atheni, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian Law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord: you haue enough;
I beg the Law, the Law, upon his head:
They would haue fpone away, they would Demetrius,
Thereby to haue defeated you and me:
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 steaith,
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 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 guade,
Which in my childhood I did doat upon:
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my Lord,
Was I betroth'd, ere I see Hermia,
But like a fackenesse did I loath this food,
But as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now doe I wish it, loue it, long for it,
And will for euermore be true to it.
Thee. Faire Louers, you are fortunate met;
Of this discouer we shall heare more anon.
Egeus, I will ouer-bare your will;
For in the Temple, by and by with vs,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And for the morning now is someting worse,
Our purpo't hunting shall be fret aside.
 Away, with vs to Athens; three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnite.

Come Hippolytus.

Exit Duke and Lords.

Dem. These things seeme small & vnthinkinguffles,
Like farre off mountains turned into Clouds.
Her. Me-thinks I see these things with parted eye,
When every things feemes double.

Hel. So me-thinks I.

And I have foune Demetrius, like a jewell,
Mine owne, and not mine owne.

Dem. It feemes to mee,
That yet we sleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,
The Duke was heere, and bid vs follow him?

Her. Yea, and my Father,

Hel. And Hippolytus.

Lyf. And he bid vs follow to the Temple.

Dem. Why then we are awake; let vs follow him,
And by the way let vs recount our dreames.

Bottoms wake.

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Haue you rent to Bottomes house? Is he come home yet?

Starv. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt hee is transported.

Thes. If
**A Midsummer night's Dream.**

**Actus Quintus.**

**Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus and his Lords.**

_Hip._ This strange my Theseus, y these louers speake of. _Th._ More strange then true. I neuer may beleue These anticke fables, nor these Fairy toys, Louers and mad men haue such festishing braines, Such thaping phantacies, that apprehende more Then coole reason euer comprehends. The Lunaticke, the Louer, and the Poet, Are of imagination all compact. One fees more diucls then vaile hell can hold; That is the mad man. The Louer, all as frantickke, Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egips. The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling,doth glance From heauen, from earth to heauen. And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things Vaknowne; the Poets pen turns them to shapes, And glues to aire nothing, a local habitation, And a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination,

That if it would but apprehend some joy, It comprehends some oringer of that joy. Or in the night, imagining some fear, How eafe is a bush luppard's a Beare? _Hip._ But all the storie of the night told ouer, And all their minds transfug'd to together, More witnessthe then facies images, And growes to something of great constancie; But howsoever,strange, and admirable.

_Enter lovers, Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena._

_Th._ Heere come the louers,full of joy and mirth : Joy, gentle friends, joy and freth days Of loue accompany your hearts, _Lys._ More then to vs, waite in your royall walkes, your boord, your bed. _Th._ The come now, what masks, what dances shall we haue, To weare away this long age of three hours, Between our after supper, and bed-time? Where is our visuall manager of mirth? What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play, To eafe the anguish of a torturing houre? Call _Egeus._

_Ege._ Heere mighty Theseus... _Th._ Say, what abridgement haue you for this euening? What maskes? What muicke? How shall we beguile The lasie time, if not with some delight? _Ege._ There is a breefe how many sports are rife: Make choife of which your Highnesse will fee first. _Lys._ The battell with the Centaurs to be fung By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harpe. _Th._ We'l none of that. That haue I told my Loue In glory of my kinman Hercules. _Lys._ The riot of the tipifie Bachanals, Tearing the Thracian finger,in their rage? _Th._ That is an old deuice, and it was plaid When I from _Thebes_ came laft a Conqueror. _Lys._ The thrice three Muses, mourning for the death of learning, late deceath in beggerie. _Th._ That is some Satire keene and critical, Not forting with a nupittial ceremonie. _Lys._ A tedious breefe Scene of yong _Piramus_, And his loue _Tibby_; very tragicall mirth, _Th._ Merry and tragicall? Tediouss, and briefe? That is, hot ice, and wondrouses 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 fittted. And tragicall my noble Lord it is: for _Piramus_ Therein doth kill himselfe. Which when I saw _Rehearse_, I must confesse, made mine eyes water : But more merrie teares, the passion of loud laughter Neuer shed. _Th._ What are they that do play it? _Ege._ Hard handed men, that worke in Athens heere, Which never laboured'd in their minde till now; And now haue toyed their unbreathed memories With this same play, against your nuptiall. _Th._ And we will heare it.

**Enter Seug the Icyner.**

_Sneg._ Mafters, the Duke is comming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords & Ladies more maried: If our spofe had gone forward, we had all bin made men. _Th._ O sweet bully _Bottom_: thus hath he loft sixence a day, during his life; he could not have scaped sixence a day. And the Duke had not given him sixence a day for playing _Piramus_, Ile be hang'd. He would have deferved it. Sixence a day in _Piramus_, or nothing. _Enter Bottom._

_Bot._ Where are these Lads? Where are these hearts? _Quin._ _Bottom_, 6 most courageous day! O most hap-pie houre! _Bot._ Mafters, I am to difcourse with; but ask me not what. For if I tell you, I am no true _Athenian_. I will tell you everty thing as it fell out. _Quin._ Let vs heare, sweet _Bottom._

_Bot._ Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together; good things to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps, meece prefently at the Palace, every man looke ore his part: for the short and the long is, our play is preferred: In any cafe let _Thoby_ haue cleane linnen: and let not him that plays the Lion, pare his nailes, for they shall hang out for the Lions claws. And moft deare Actors, cate no Onions, nor Garlick; for wee are to vter sweete breath, and I doe not doubt but to heare them say, it is a sweete Comedy. No more words: away, go away. _Exeunt._

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Enter the Prologue.  Quince.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To shew our simple skil,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in desight.
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.

Teuf. This fellow doth not fland upon points.
Lys. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Cowl; he knows not the stop. A good morall my Lord. It is not enough to speake, but to speake true.

Flor. Indeed hee hath plaid on his Prologue, like a childe on a Recorder, a found, but not in government.
Teuf. 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-faine, and Lyon.

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know
This beauteous Lady, Thisby is certaine.
This man, with lyme and rough-caft, doth present Wall, that vile wall, which did thefe louers funder;
And through walls chink (poor foules) they are content To whisper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and buft of thorne, Prefenteth moone-faine. For if you will know,
By moone-faine did thefe Louers think no fome
To meet at Nimus toome, there, there to woe.

This griye beast (which Lyon bright by name)
The trully Thisby, comming fift by night,
Did feare away, or rather did affright:
And as she fled, her mantile she did fall;
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did flaine.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And findes his Thisbies Mantle flaine;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He bravely brocht his boiling bloody breast,
And Thisby, tarrying in Mulberry tide,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the reft,
Let Lyon, Moone-faine, Wall, and Louers twaine,
At large difcource, while here they doe remaine.

Exit all but Wall.

Teuf. I wonder if the Lion be to speake.
Deme. No wonder, my Lord: one Lion may, when many Asses doe.

Exit Lyon, Thisby, and Moone-faine.

Wall. In this fame Interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one Snee (by name) present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you thinke,
That had in it a crannied hole or chinke:
Through which the Louers, Pyramus and Thisbie
Did whisper often, very secretly.
This loame, this rough-caft, and this ftone doth fhew,
That I am that fame Wall; the truth is fo.
And this the cranny is, right and finifter,
Through which the fceafefull Louers are to whisper.

Teuf. Would you defire Lime and Haire to speake better?

Deme. It is the vvrileft partition, that eu’er I heard
difcourage, my Lord.

Teuf. Pyramus draws neere the Wall, silence.

Enter Pyramus.

Pir. O grim lookt night, o night with hue fo blacke,
O night, which eu’er art, when day is not:
O night, o night, alacke, alacke, alacke,
I feare my Thisbies promife is forgot.
And thou o wall, thou sweet and lovely wall,
That fhands between her fathers ground and mine,
Thou wall, o wall, o wall and lovely wall,
Shew me thy chinke, to blinke through vwith mine eye.
Thankes courteous wall. Ioue fhield thee vwall for this.
But what vfee I? No Thisbie doe I feee.
O vwicked vwall, through vvhom I vfee no bliffe,
Curf be thy ftones for thus deceiving mee.

Teuf. The vwall me-thinkes being fensible, should
curfe againe.

Pir. No in truth for, he shold not. Decieving me,
Is Thisbies cue; the is to enter, and I am to spy
Her through the vwall. You fhall see it will fall.

Enter Thisbie.

Pat as I told you; yonder she comes.
Teuf. O vwall, full often haft thou heard my mones,
For parting my faire Piramus, and me.
My cherry lips have ofteen kift thy ftones;
Thy ftones with Lime and Haire knitt vp in thee.
Pyra. I fee a voyce; now will I to the chinke,
To Ipy and I can heare my Thisbies face? Thisbie?
Teuf. My Loue thou art, my Loue I thinke.

Pir. Thinke vwhat thou vwall, I am thy Louers grace,
And like Limander am I trufly fyll.

Teuf. And like Helen till the Fates me kill.

Pir. Not Sgufalus to Procrus, was fo true.

Teuf. As Sgufalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pir. O
Enter Lyon and Moone-shine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whose gentle harts do fear
The smallest monfrous mouse that creeps o' where)
May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere,
When Lion rough in wilder rage doth roare.

Then know that I, one Smug the Joyner 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 very gentle beast, and of a good confidence.
Dem. The verie beest at a beest, my Lord, ye ere I faw.
Lyr. This Lion is a verie Fox for his valor.
Du. True, and a Goose for his difcretion.
Dem. Not so my Lord: for his valor cannot carrie
his difcretion, and the Fox carryes the Goose.

Du. His difcretion I am sure cannot carrie his valor:
for the Fox carries not the Fox. It is well; leave it
to his difcretion, and let vs hearken to the Moone.

Moone. This Lanthorne doth the hornd Moone present.

De. He should have worne the horns on his head.
Du. Hee is no crescent, and his horns are invisuable,
within the circumference.

Moone. This lanthorne doth the hornd 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 straw.

Du. I am vearie of this Moone; vould he would change.

Du. It appeares by his small light of difcretion, that
he is in the wane: but yet in courtese, in all reaum, you
must stay the time.

Lyr. Proceed Moone.

Moone. All that I have to saie, is to tell you, that
the Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone; this
thorne buth, my thorne buth; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why all these should be in the Lanthornes: for
they are in the Moone. But silence, heere comes Thabby.

Enter Thabby.

Thabby. This is old Ninnies tombe: where is my loue?
Lyon. Oh.

Dem. Well roard Lion.

Du. Well run Thabby.

Dut. Well shone Moone.

Truly the Moone shines with a good grace.

Du. Wel mou'r Lion.

Dem. And then came Piramus.

Lyr. And so the Lion vanisht.

Enter Piramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moone, I thank thee for thy funny beames,
I thanke thee Moone, for shining now so bright:
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,
I truft to tale of truth Thabby's light.

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 feud with blood!

Approch you Furies fell:
O Fate! come, come: Cut thred and thrum,
Quails, cruth, conclude, and quell.

Du. This passion, and the death of a deare friend,
Would go neere to make a man looke sad.

Dut. Befhrew my heart, but I pittie the man.

Pir. O wherefore Nature, did'ft thou Lions frame?
Since Lion wilde hath heere defour'd my deere:
Which is: no, no, which was the fairest Dame
That ill'd, that lou'd, that lik'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 lofe 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.
Lyr. Lefte then an ace man. For he is dead, he is no thing.

Du. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recouer,
and proue an Aife.

Dut. How chance Moone-shine is gone before?

Thabby comes back, and finds her Louer.

Enter Thabby.

Duke. She wil finde him by starre-light.
Heere she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Dut. Me thinkes shee should not we a long one for
such a Piramus: I hope she will be brest.

Dem. A Moth will turne the ballance, which Piramus
which Thabby is the better.

(eyes.

Lyr. She hath spied him already, with those sweete
Dem. And thus shee meanes, videlicet.

This. Asleepe my Loue! What, dead my Doue?

O Piramus arilie:

Speak,Speak. Quite dumble? Dead,dead? A tombe
May couer thy sweete eyes.

These Lilly Lips, this cherry noe,
These yellow Cowlip cheeckes
Are gone, are gone: Louers make mone:
His eyes were greene as Leekes.
O fitters three, come, come to mee,
With hands as pale as Milke,
Lay them in gore, since you haue shore
With theeers, his thred of fike.

Tongue not a word: Come trully sword:
Come blade, my breitt imbrue:

O 3

And
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

And farewell friends, thus Thisbe ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duk. Moon-shine & Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. I, and Wall too.

But, No, I assure you, the wall is downe, that parted
their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or
to heare a Bergomaske dance, betweene two of our com-
pany?

Duk. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs
no excuse. Neuer excuse; for when the players are all
dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if hee that
writ it had plaid Piramus, and hung himselfe in Thisbies
garter, it would have beene a fine Tragedye; and so it is
truely, and very notably dicharg'd. But come, your
Burgomaske; let your Epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
Louers to bed, 'tis almost Fairy time.

I feare we shall out-sleepe the comming morne,
As much as we this nigh haue ouer-watcht.

This palpable grove play hath well beguil'd
The beaute gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.
A forensic hold we this solemnity.

In nightly Reuels; and new iollitie.

Exeunt.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyon roars,
And the Wolfe beholds the Moone:
Whilest the heavy ploughman inores,
All with weary taske fore-done.
Now the wafted brands doe glow,
Whil't the fritich-owl, fritiching loud,
Pun the wretch that lies in wo,
In remembrance of a throwd.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spight,
In the Church-way paths to glide.
And we Fairies, that do runne,
By the triple Heacates terme,
From the presence of the Sunne,
Following darkennesse like a dreame,
Now are frolick g; not a Moufe
Shall disurb the hallowed houfe.
I am fent with broome before,
To sweep the dust behinde the doore.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, with their traine.
Ob. Through the house give glimmering light,

By the dead and drowsie fier,
Euerie Elfe and Fairie spight,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this Ditty after me, sing and dance it trippinglie.

Tita. Firt rehearse this song by roate,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairie grace,
Will we finge and bleffe this place.

The Song.

Now untill the breaks of day,
Through this house each Fairy stray.
To the left Bride-bed will wee,
Which by ws shall bleffe be:
And the isfie there create,
Euer shall be fortunate:
So shall all the couples three,
Euer true in loving be:
And the kifs of Natures band,
Shall not in their isfie stand.
Neuer mole,barelip, nor scarre,
Nor marke prodigious, such as are
Despised in Nativitie,
Shall open their children be.
With this field dew confrerate,
Every Fairy take his gate,
And each severall chamber bleffe;
Through this Pallace with quiet peace,
Euer shall in safety reft;
And the owner of it bleffe.
Trip away, make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

Robin. If we shadowes have offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)
That you have but thumbed here,
While those visions did appear.
And this weake and idle theame,
No more yealding but a dreame,
Centes, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am an honett Pucke,
If we haue vnearned lucke,
Now to scape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Elfe the Pucke a lyar call.
So good night vnto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

FINIS.
The Merchant of Venice.

Actus primus.

Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Antonio.

N'footh I know not why I am so sad,
It weares me; you say it weares 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 fadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know my felle.

Sal. Your minde is toisings on the Ocean,
There where your Argoses with portly fale
Like Signior and rich Burgers on the flood,
Or as it were the PAGEANTS of the sea,
Do ouer-peere the petite Traffickers
That courtie to them, do them reuerence
As they fye by them with their woven wings.

Salar. Beleue me sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections, would
Be with my hopes abroad. I shoulde be full
Plucking the grasse to know where fits the winde,
Peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and rodes:
And ev'ry obiect that might make me fere
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 barme a winde too great might doe at fea.
I should not fee the fandie houre-claffe runne,
But I should think of shallows, and of flats,
And fee my wealthy Andrew docks in fand,
Vailing her high top lower then her ribs
To kiffe her burial; should I goe to Church
And fee the holy edifice of ftone,
And not bethinke me ftraight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle Veffels fide
Would catte all her fpices on the flame,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my filkes,
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To thinke on this, and shall I lacke the thought
That such a thing bechaunc'd would make me sad?
But tell not me, I know Antonio
Is sad to thinke vpon his merchandize.

Antb. Beleue me no, I thanke my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottome turfed,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole effate

Vpon the fortune of this preffent yeere:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sola. Why then you are in love.

Antb. Fie, fie.

Sola. Not in love neither: then let vs fay you are fad
Because you are not merry; and 'twere as ef fie
For you to laugh and leape, and fay you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed Ianna,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore pepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper.
And other of fuch vinegar aspeft,
That they'll not fheer their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nefor fware the left be laughable.

Enter Baffiano, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Sola. Heere comes Baffiano,
Your moft noble kinfman,

Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Farywell,
We leave you now with better company.

Sola. I would have laid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very deere in my regard.
I take it your owne bufines calls on you,
And you embrace th'occasion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow my good Lords. (when?)

Baff. Good fignoros both, when fhall we laugh fi ay,
You grow exceeding strangre; muft Be fi?

Sal. We'll make our leyfures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino, and Salanio.

Lor. My Lord Baffiano, fince you have found Antonio
We two will leaue you, but at dinner time
I pray you haue in minde where we muft meete.

Baff. I will not faie you.

Grat. You looke not well fignior Antonio,
You have too much repreff vpon the world:
They loofe It that doe buy it with much care,
Beleue me you are marcellously chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world Gratiano,
A raffe, where euery man muft play a part,
And mine a fad one.

Grati. Let me play the fool,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinckles come,
And let my Luer rather heate with wine,
Then my heart coole with mortifying grones.
Why should a man wholebloud be warme within,
Sit like his Grandfie, cut in Alablafier?
Sleepe when he wakes? and creep into the Iaundies

By
By being peevish? I tell thee what _Antipholus_, I love thee, and it is my love that speaks: There are a fort of men, whose vilefages Do ease and mantle like a standing pond, And do a wilfull selfe entertaine, With purpose to be drest in an opinion Of wildedome, gravity, profound conceits, As who should say, I am fit for an Oracle, And when I ope my lips, let no dogge bark, O _my Antipholus_, 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 cares Which hearing them would call their brothers foolish: Ile tell thee more of this another time. But fille not with this melanchololy bate For this foole Gudgin, this opinion: Come good _Lorenzo_, faryewell a while, Ile end my exhortation after dinner. _Lor._ Well, we will leave you then till dinner time. I must be one of these fame dumber wise men, For _Gratiano_ neuer let’s me speake. _Grat._ Well, keepe me company but two yeares mo, Thou shalt not know the found of shine owne tongue. _Ant._ Far you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare. _Grat._ Thanks is faith, for silence is onely commendable In a neats tongue dri’d, and a maid not vnderable. _Exit._ _Ant._ It is that any thing now. _Baj._ _Gratiano_ speakes an infinite deale of nothing, more then any man in all Venice, his reasons are two graines of wheate hid in two buflws of chaffe you shall finde all day ere you finde them, & when you have them they are not worth the search. _Ant._ _Well_ : tel me now, what _Lady is the fame To whom you fwore a secret Pilgrimage That you to day promis’d to tel me of? _Baj._ ’Tis not vnknovne to you _Antipholus_ How much I have disabled mine eftate, By sometiming dinging a more dwelling 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 someting too prodigall Hath left me gag’d: to you _Antipholus_ I owe the most in money, and in love, And from your love I have a warrantie To vnburthen all my plots and purposes, How to get cleere of all the debts I owe. _Ant._ I pray you good _Bajfiano_ let me know it, And if it fland as you your selfe still do, Within the eye of honour, be affur’d My perle, my perfon, my extremeast meannes _Lye_ all vnlock’d to your occasions. _Baj._ In _my schoole_ days, when I had loft one shaft I flort his fellow of the _selfe same_ flight The _selfe same_ way, with more aduised watch To finde the other forth, and by adventuring both, I oft found both. I vrge this child-hoode profe, 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 flhoote another arrow that _selfe_ way Which you did flhoote the _first_, I do not doubt, As I will watch the _arrow_ : Or to finde both, Or bring your latter hazard backe againe, And thankfully rest debtor for the first. _An._ You know me well, and herein spend but time To winde about my loue with circumspection, And out of doubt you doe more wrong In making question of my vtermost Then if you had made wafe of all I haue: Then doe but say to me what I shoule doe That in your knowledge may by me be done, And I am pret vnto it: therefoure speake. _Bajf._ In _Belmont_ is a Lady richly left, And she is faire, and fainer then that word, Of wondrous vertues, sometimes from her eyes I did receive faire speechlesse messagges: Her name is _Portia_, nothing vndevallued To _Cato’s daughter_, _Brutus Portia_, Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth, For the foure winde blowes in from every coaste Renowned futors, and her funny locks, Hang on her temples like a golden fleec, Which makes her feat of _Belmont_ Cholces ftrond, And many _Ladios_ come in quest of her. O _my Antipholus_, had I but the meanes To hold a riuell place with one of them, I have a minde prefages me fuch thrift, That I should questionleffe be fortunate. _Antb._ Thou knowest till all my fortunes are at fea, Neither haue I money, nor commodity To rafie a prefent furme, therefore goo forth Try what my credit can in _Venice_ doe, That shall be rake out euon to the vtermonf, To furnish thee to _Belmont_ to faire _Portia_. Goe presently enquire, and fo will I Where myne is, and I no question make To hauie it of my truft, or for my fake. _Exit._

_Enter Portia with her waiting woman Nerissa._

_Portia._ By my troth _Nerissa_, my little body is a wea-rie of this great world. _Ner._ You would be sweet Madam, if your milieres were in the fame abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for ought I fee, they are as fickle that furfet with too much, as they that flour with nothing; it is no fmal happineffe therefore to bee feated in the meanes, superfluifte comes fooner by white haires, but competencie liues longer. _Portia._ Good sentences, and well pronounce’d. _Ner._ They would be better if well followed. _Portia._ If 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 Duiue that follows his owne instructions; I can eaiser teach twentie what were good to bee done, then be one of the twen-tie to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may de-uide lawes for the blood, but a hot temper leapes ore a colde decree, such a hare is madneffe the youth, to skip ore the mefhes of good counsale the cripple; but this reafon is not in fashion to choose me a husband: _O mee_, the word choofe, I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuie whom I dislike, fo is the wil of a liuing daugh-ter curmill by the will of a dead father it is not hard _Ner-issa_, that I cannot choose one, nor refuie none. _Ner._ Your father was auer vertuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations, therefore the lot-terie that he had deuised in thee three cheeffes of gold, filuer, and lead, whereof who chooef his meaning, chooefes
chooses you, wilt no doubt never be chidden by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly lose: but what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these Princes futers that are already come?

Por. I pray thee over-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 Neapolitan Prince.

Por. I that's a colt indeedes, for he doth nothing but talk of his horfe, and hee makes it a great appropration 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 browne (as who should say, and you will not have me, choose: he heares merrie tales and fmites not, I feare hee will proue the weeping Phylophorer when he grows old, being to full of vn-mannerly fainefle in his youth.) I had rather to be marrieed to a deadhs head with a bone in his mouth, then to either of thefe: God defend me from thefe two.

Ner. How fay you by the French Lord, Mounfier Le Boune?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him passe for a man, in truth I know it is a finne to be a mockcr, but he, why he hath a horfe better then the Neapolitans, a better bad habite of frowning then the Count Palentine, he is every man in no man, if a Traffell fong, he fkae a caaping, he will fence with his owne shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twentie husbands: if hee would defpife me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madneffe, I fhoulde never require him.

Ner. What fay you then to Fauconbridge, the yong Baron of England?

Por. You know I fay 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 & feware that I have a poore penny-worth in the Engliſh: hee is a proper mans picture, but alas who can converte with a dumbe fhow? how odly he is fuitd, I think he bought his doublet in Italie, his round hole in France, his bonnet in Germanie, and his behauour every where.

Ner. What thinke you of the other Lord his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charifte in him, for he borrowed a boxe of the care of the Engliſhman, and fwere he would pay him againe when hee was able: I think the Frenchman became his furette, and feeld vnder for another.

Ner. How like you the yong Germanes, the Duke of Saxons Nephew?

Por. Very vildely in the morning when hee is fober, and most vildely in the afternoone when hee is drunkne: when he is beff, he is a little worfe then a man, and when he is worft, he is little better then a beuff: and the worft fall that euer fell, I hope I shall make shift to goo 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 worft, I pray thee fet a deepe glaffe of Reinfh-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 Nerijfa ere I will be married to a fponge.

Ner. You neede not feare Lady the having any of these Lords, they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeede to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more fuite, vntelle you may be won by fome other fort then your Fathers impoftition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. If I lie to be as olde as Sibilla, I will dye as chaffe as Dianas vntelle I be obtained by the manner of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcelf of woowers are fo reaonable, for there is not one among them but I doate on his verie abfence: and I with them a faire departure.

Por. Doe you not remember Ladie in your Fathers time, a Venecian, a Scholler and a Soullior that came hithe in company of the Marquaffe of Mountferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Baffanio, as I thinke, so was hee call'd.

Ner. True Madam, hee of all the men that euer my fouleif eyes look'd vpon, was the beft deferving a faire Lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Serviingman.

Ser. The foure Strangers feake you Madam to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of Morace, who brings word the Prince his Maifeer will be here to night.

Por. If I could bid the fift welcome with fo good heart as I can bid the other fourre favevell, I should be glad of his approch: if he haue the condition of a Saint, and the complektion of a diuell, I had rather hee fhould thrive me then wiuze me. Come Nerijfa, firra go before; whiles wee fhit the gate vpon one woore, another knocks at the doore.

Ner. Enter Baffanio with Skylocke the Iew.

Sky. Three thoufand ducates, well.

Baff. I ft, for three months.

Sky. For three months, well.

Baff. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Sky. Antonio shall become bound, well.

Baff. May you fceed me? Will you pleafure me? Shall I know your anfwere.

Sky. Three thoufand ducates for three months, and Antonio bound.

Baff. Your anfwere to that.

Sky. Antonio is a good man.

Baff. Haue you heard any imputation to the contrary.

Sky. Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in faying he is a good man, is to haue you vnderfand me that he is euffcient, yet his meanes are in fuppofition: he hath an Argoff bound to Tripolis, anothe to the Indies, I vnderfand moreover vpon the Ryan, he hath a third at Mexi-co, a fourth for England, and other venures hee hath ftquardred abroad, but fhips 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 perill of waters, windes, and rocks: the man is nothifstanding fufficient, three thoufand ducates, I think I may take his bond.

Baff. Be affured you may.

Iew. I
Irew. I will be assured I may: and that I may be assured, I will bethinke mee, may I speake with Antonio? Baff. If it pleafe you to dine with vs. 

Irew. Yes, to reme porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarite conjured the diuell into: I will buy with you, fell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and so following: but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the Ryalta, who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Baff. This is signior Antonio.

Irew. How like a flattering publican he lookes. I hate him for he is a Christian: But more, for that in low simplicitie He lends out money gratis, and brings downe The rate of vrice here with vs in Venice. If I can catch him once upon the hip, I will feeke fat the ancient bulge I bear him. He hates our sacred Nation, and he rashly Entraile where Merchants most doe congregate On me, my bargains, and my well-worne thrift, Which he cals interrife: Curfed be my Trybe If I forgive him.

Baff. Shylock, doe you heare. Shy. I am debating of my present flore, And by the neere gefle of my memorie I cannot infinitely calle vp the groffe Of full three thousand ducats - what of that? Tuball a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe Will furnish me but soft, how many months Do you defire? Reft you faire good signior, Your worship was the laft man in our mouths. 

Ant. Shylocke, albeit I neither lend nor borrow By taking, nor by giving of excesse, Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend, I breake a cutome: is he yet poiffeft How much he would? Shy. I, I, three thousand ducats. 

Ant. And for three months. Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me fo. Well then, your bond: and let me fee, but heare you, Me thoughts you faid, you neither lend nor borrow Upon advantage. 

Ant. I doe neuer vfe it. Shy. When Laban graz'd his Uncle Labans sheepe, This Iacob from our holy Abram was (As his wife mother wrought in his behalfe) The third poiffeiter: I he was the third. 

Ant. And what of him, did he take interrife? Shy. No, not take interrife, not as you would say Directly interrife, marke what Iacob did, When Laban and himselfe were compremeys'd That all the eannelings which were streake and pied Should fall as Iacobi hier, the Ewes being rancke, In end of Autumne turned to the Rammes, And where the worke of generation was Betweene these woollen breeders in the aether, The skilfull shepheard pil'd me certaine wands, And in the dooing of the deede of kinde, He flueke them vp before the fulforme Ewes, Who then conceasing, did in eating time Fall party-colour'd lambs, and thole were Iacobs. This was a way to thrise, and he was biet:

And thirth is blessing if men steale it not.

Ant. This is a ventur fir that Iacob Ieru'd for, A thing not in his power to bring to paffe, But Iwayd' and fisheon'd by the hand of heavne. Was this infected to make interrife good? Or is your gold and fluer Ewes and Rams? Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breede as saft, But note me signior.

Ant. Marke you this Baffianis, The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpose, An euil foule producinge holy witnisse, Is like a villain with a smiling cheecke, A goodly apple rotten at the heart. O what a goodly outside falsehood hath. Shy. Three thousand ducats, tis a good round sun. Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate. 

Ant. Well Shylocke, shall we be beholding to you? Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft In the Ryalta you have rated me About my monies and my vances: Still have I borne it with a patient shrug, (For suffrance is the badge of all our Tribe.) You call me misbeleeuer, cut-throat, dog, And spet upon my Iewish gaberdine, And all for vfe of that which is mine owne. Well then, it now appears you neede my helpe: Go to then, you come to me, and you say, Shylocke, we would have moneyes, you say fo: You that did viode your rume upon my bead, And foote me as you spurn'd a stranger courte Over your threshold, moneyes is you ofete. What should I say to you? Should I not say, Hath a dog money? Is it possible A curve should lend three thousand ducats? or Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key With bated breath, and whifpring humbleneffe, Say this: Faire sir, you spet on me on Wednesday laft; You spurn'd me such a day; another time You caied me dog: and for thefe curtesies Ile lend you thus much moneyes. 

Ant. I am as like to call thee fo againe, To spet on thee againe, to spurne thee too. If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not As to thy friends, when did friendship take A breed of barray mettall of his friend? But lend it rather to thine enemie, Who if he breake, thou maiflt with better face Exact the penalties. Shy. Why looke you how you foarme, I would be friends with you, and haue your loue, Forget the shame that you have stainde me with, Suppleie your preynt wants, and take no doite Of vince for my moneyes, and youle not heare me, This is kinde I offer.

Baff. This were kindnesse. Shy. This kindnesse will I showe, Goe with me to a Notarie, feale me there Your fingle bond, and in a merrie sport If you repair me not on such a day, In such a place, such fum or fums as are Expreft in the condition, let the forfeiture Be nominated for an equall pound Of your faire fleth, to be cut off and taken In what part of your bodie it pleafeth me. 

Ant. Content infaith, Ile feale to such a bond, And say there is much kindnesse in the Iew.
Exit. My Cornets. This If. Is. If. As. Who of. If. Of. This bond expires, I do expect returne. Of thrice three times the valew of this bond. Syl. O father Abram, what these Christians are, Whole owne hard dealings teach them suspicion. The thoughts of others: Praise 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 to effimable, profitable neither As flesh of Muttons, Beeves, or Gostes, I say To buy his favour, I extend this friendship, If he will take it, so if not adiew, And for my love I praire you wrong me not. Ant. Ye's Skythes, I will faire vnto this bond. Syl. Then meet me forthwith with the Notaries, Glue him direction for this merrie bond, And I will goe and purs the ducats frilate. See to my house left in the fearefull gard Von an vrthriftie knaue: and pretentie Ile be with you. Exit. Ant. Hee the gentle Jew. This Hebrew will turne Chriflian, he grows kinde. Baff. I like not faire teemes, and a villains minde. Ant. Come on, in this there can be no difmaie, My Shippes come home a mouth before the daie. Exeunt. 

Actus Secundus.

Enter Morochus a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerifia, and their traine. Fb. Cornets.

Mor. Mislike me not for my composition, The shadowed liuerie of the burnish'd fonne, To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred. Bring me the fairest creature Northward borne, Where Phæbus fire scareth the vicles, And let vs make incifion for your love, To prove whose blood is reddeffe, his or mine. I tell thee Ladie this aspect of mine Hath feared the valliant, (by my love I sweare) The beft regarded Virgins of our Cyme. Hau'e lou'd it to: I would not change this hue, Except to feele your thoughts my gentle Queene. Per. In tearmes of choife I am not faile led By nice direction of a maidens eies: Besides, the lottie of my delitienie Bars me the right of voluntarie choosing: But if my Father had not scanteed me, And hedg'd me by his wit to yeeld me felfe His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you, Your felle (renowned Prince) than foode as faire As any commer I haue look'd on yet For I affeccion. Mor. Even for that I thank you, Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets To trie my fortune: By this Symtare

That flew the Sophie, and a Perifhan Prince That won three fields of Sultan Solymon, I would ore-flare the sternerft eies that looke: Out-braue the heart moft doring on the earth: Plucke the yong fucking Cubes from the fee Beare, Yea, mocke the Lion when he rores for pray To win the Ladie. But alas, the while If Hercules and Lyonare plaine 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 Miffe 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. Per. First forward to the temple, after dinner Your hazard shall be made. Mor. Good fortune then, Cornets. To make me bleft or curfed among men. Exeunt. 

Enter the Cleweone alone.

Clo. Certainly, my confience will ferue me to run from this Iew my Maitfer: the fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me,saying to me, Jobbe, Launeclet Jobbe, good Launeclet, or good Jobbe, or good Launeclet Jobbe, vie your legs, take the start, run awaie: my confience faies no; take heed honest Launeclet, take heed honest Jobbe, or as afoe-ed honest Launeclet Jobbe, doe not runne, fororne running with thy heeles; well, the moft coragious fiend bids me pakke, flat faies the fiend, away faies the fiend, for the heauens roufe vp a braue minde faies the fiend, and run; well, my confience hanging about the necke of my heart, faies verie wifely to me: my honest friend Launeclet, being an honest mans fonne, or rather an honest womans fonne, for indeede my Father did something smack, something grow low too: he had a kinde of tale: well, my confience faies Launeclet bouge not, bouge faies the fiend, bouge not faies my confience, confiance faies I you confaile well, fiend faies I you confaile well, to be rul'd by my confience I should faie with the Iew my Maitfer,(who God bleffe the marke)is a kinde of diuell: and to run away from the Iew I should be ruled by the fiend, who faying your reverence is the diuell himfelfe: certainly the Iew is the verie diuell incarnacion, and in my confience, my confience is a kinde of hard conffience, to offer to confaile me to fawy with the Iew; the fiend giues the more friendly confaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commandement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbe with a Bafket.

Gob. Maitfer yong-man, you I praire you, which is the waie to Maitfer Iewes? Lan. O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then hand-blinde, high gruel blinde,knows me not, I will trie confusions with him. Gob. Maitfer yong Gentilmen, I praire you which is the waie to Maitfer Iewes. 

Lawn. Turne vpon your right hand at the next turn-
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nig, but at the next turning of all on your left; marrie at the verie next turning, turne of no hand, but turn down indirectie to the Jews house.

Geb. Be Gods fontes 'twill be a hard waie to hit, can you tell me whether one Launcelot that dwells with him, dwell with him or no.

Lan. Talk ye of yong Master Launcelot, marke me now, will I raife the waters; talke you of yong Master Launcelot?

Geb. No Master sir, but a poore mans sonne, his Father though I sayt's an honnelt exceeding poore man, and God be thanked well to blame.

Lan. Well, let his Father be what a will, wee talke of yong Master Launcelot.

Geb. Your worship's friend and Launcelot.

Lan. But I praiye you ergo old man, ergo I befeech you, talke you of yong Master Launcelot.

Geb. Of Launcelot, ant please your maitership.

Lan. Ergo Master Launcelot, talke not of maiter Lance- let Father, for the yong gentleman according to fates and definities, and such oddly fayings, the filters three, & fuch branches of learning, is indeede deceafed, or as you would faie in plaine tearmes, gone to heauen.

Geb. Marrie God forbid, the boy was the verie staffe of my age, my verie prop.

Lan. Do I look like a cudgel or a howell-poft, a staffe or a prop; doe you know me Father.

Geb. Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentle- man, but I praiye you tell me, is my yong God rest his foule alive or dead.

Lan. Doe you not know me Father.

Geb. Alacke sir I am fand blinde, I know you not.

Lan. Nay, indeepe if you had your eies you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wife Father that knowes his owne child. Weel, old man, I will tell you newes of your fon, give me your bleffing, truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a mans fonne may, but in the end truth will out.

Geb. Praiye you fir ftrand vp, I am sure you are not Lancet my boy.

Lan. Praiye you let's haue no more fooling about it, but gie me your bleffing: I am Lancet your boy that was, your fonne that is, your childe that shall be.

Geb. I cannot thiŋke you are my fonne.

Lan. I know not what I shal thiŋke of that; but I am Lancet the Iewes man, and I am sure Margerie your wife is my mother.

Geb. Her name is Margerie indeepe, Ile be sborne if thou be Lancet, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worlipt might he be, what a beart haft thou got; thou haft got more haire on thy chin, then Dobbin my philibobs has on his talle.

Lan. It should seeme then that Dobbins talle grows backward. I am sure he had more haire of his talle then I haue of my face when I loft faw him.

Geb. Lord how art thou chang'd: how dooth thou and thy Master agree, I haue brought him a prefect; how gree you now?

Lan. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue fet vp my reft to run awaie, so I will not reft till I haue run some ground; my Maidier's a verie Iew, give him a pre- fent, gie him a halter, I am famihf in his service. You may tell euuerie finger I haue with my rifs: Father I am glad you are come, gie me your present to one Maister Baffiano, who indeede gies rare new Liiories, if I ferue 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 Jew if I ferue the Iew anie longer.

Enter Baffiano with a follower or two.

Baff. You may doe fo, but let it be so hafted that supper be readie at the fairest by five of the clocke; see thefe Letters deliuered, put the Liiurities to mak- ing, and deferve Gratiano to come anone to my lodg- ing.

Lan. To him Father.

Geb. God bleffe your worship.

Baff. Gramercie, would it thou ought with me.

Geb. Here's my fonne fir, a poore boy.

Lan. Not a poore boy fir, but the rich Iewes man that would fir as my Father shal speffe.

Geb. He hath a great infection fir, as one would fay to ferue.

Lan. Indeede the short and the long is, I ferue the Iew, and haue a defire as my Father shal speffe.

Geb. His Maifter and he(faying your worliips reue- rence) are scarce ceterofins.

Lan. To be briefe, the verie truth is, that the Iew hauling done me wrong, doth caufe me as my Father bein- ing I hope an old man shall frutifie vnto you.

Geb. I haue here a dift of Doues that I would beftow vpon your worship, and my fute is.

Lan. In verie briefe, the fuite is impertinent to my felfe, as your worship shal know by this honeft old man, and though I fay it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

Baff. One speake for both, what would you?

Lan. Serue you fir.

Geb. That is the verie defect of the matter fir.

Baff. I know thee well, thou haft obtaiedn't fuite.

Shylocke thy Maifter spoke with me this day, and hath preferr'd thee, if it be proferrment.

To leave a rich Iewes fervice, to become

The follower of fo poore a Gentleman.

Clo. The old prouerbe is verie well parted betweene my Maifter Shylocke and you fir, you haue the grace of God fir, and he hath enough.

Baff. Thou fpokeft it well; goe Father with thy Son, Take leave of thy old Maifter, and enquire

My lodging out, gie him a Liierie

More garded then his fellows: fee it done.

Clo. Father in, I cannot get a fervice, no, I haue nec- e a tongue in my head, well: if anie man in Iitalie haue a faireer table which doth offer to fware upon a booke, I shal haue good fortune; goo too, here's a fimple line of life, here's a small tripe of wifes, alas, fifteen wifes is nothing, a leuen widdowes and nine maides is a fimple comming in for one man, and then to scape drowning thricke, and to be in perill of my life with the edge of a featherbed, are fimple fcape: well, if Fortune be a woman, the's a good wench for this gree: Father come, Ile take my leaue of the Iew in the twinkling.

Exit Clorene.

Baff. I praiye thee good Leonardo thiŋke on this,

These things being bought and orderly betowe

Returne in hafe, for I doe feate to night

My beft esteemed acquaintance, hie thee goe.

Leon. My beft endeavors shall be done herein. Exiit. Le.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Maifter.

Leon. Yonder.

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Exit. 

Lan. Nay, we will flinke away in supper time, 
Difguife vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre. 

Gra. We have not made good preparation. 

Sal. We have not spoke vs yet of Torch-bearers. 

Sl. 'Tis vile vnleague it may be quaintly ordered, 
And better in my minde not vnnderooke. 

Lor. 'Tis now but foure of clocke, we haue two hours 
To furnishe vs; friend Lancelot what's the newes. 

Enter Lancelot with a Letter. 

Lan. And so shall please you to break 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, 
I the faire hand that writ. 

Gra. Loue newes in faith. 

Lan. By your leave sir. 

Lor. Whither goest thou? 

Lan. Marry sir to bid my old Mafter the Iew to sup 
to night with my new Mafter the Christian. 

Lor. Hold here, take this, tell gentle Ieffica. 
I will not faile her, speake it privately: 
Go Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maske to night; 
I am prouided of a Torch-bearer. 

Exit. 

Sal. I marry, Ile be gone about it strait. 

Sal. 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 Ieffica? 

Lor. I must needs tell thee all, I have directed 
How I shall take her from her Fathers houfe, 
What gold and iewels she is furnishe with, 
What Pages suits the hath in readinesse: 
If ere the Iew her Father come to heauen, 
It will be for his gentle daughters fake; 
And neuer dare misfortune croffe her foote, 

Valeffe the doe it vnder this excuse, 

That she is issue to a faithlesse Iew: 

Come goe with me, pervse this as thou goest, 
Faire Ieffica shall be my Torch-bearer. 

Exit. 

Enter Iew, and bid man that was the Clowne. 

Iew. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge, 
The difference of old Skylocks and Baffianie; 
What Ieffica, thou shalt not garmandize 
As thou hast done with me: what Ieffica? 
And deepe, and sorne, and rend apparrell out. 

Why Ieffica I say. 

Clo. Why Ieffica. 


Clo. Your worship was wont to tell me, 
I could doe nothing without bidding. 

Enter Ieffica. 

Ief. Call you? what is your will? 
Sgy. I am bid forth to suppe Ieffica, 
There are my Keyes: but wherefore should I goe? 
I am not bid for loue, they flatttrr me, 
But yet Ile goe in hate, to feeede vpon 
The prodigall Christian. Ieffica my girle, 
Looke to my houfe, I am right loath to goe, 
There is some ill a bruining towards my rett, 
For I did dreame of money bags to night. 

Clo. I befeech you sir goe, my yong Mafter 
Doth expect your reproach. 

Sgy. So doe I his. 

Clo. And they have conspiret together, I will not say 
you shall fee a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for 
nothing that my nofe fell a bleeding on blacke monday 
P falf.
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Here dwells my father Lew. Hoa, who's within?

Iffica about.

Iff. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,  
Albeit Ie I were that I do know your tongue.  
Lor. Lorenzo, and thy Loue.  
Iff. Lorenzo certaine, and my loue indeed,  
For whom loue I am much? and now who knowes  
But you Lorenzo, whether I am yours?  
Lor. Heauen and thy thoughts are witnesses thou  
art.  
Iff. Heere, catch this casket, it is worth the paines,  
I am glad 'tis night, you do not looke on me,  
For I am much aphas'd of my exchange:  
But loue is blinde, and louers cannot see  
The pretty follies that themselves commit,  
For if they could, Cupid himselfe would blush  
To see me thus transformed to a boy.  
Lor. Defend, for you must be my torch-bearer.  
Iff. What, must I hold a Candle to my thames?  
They in themselues goodfooth are too too light.  
Why, 'tis an office of discouery Loue,  
And I should be obsecur'd,  
Lor. So you are sweet,  
Even in the lonely garnish of a boy: but come at once,  
For the close night doth play the run-away,  
And we are staid for at Baffanie's feast.  
Iff. I will make fast the doores and guild my selfe  
With some more ducats, and be with you fraught.  
Gra. Now by my hood, a gentle, and no Jew.  
Lor. Behire me but I loue her heartily.  
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,  
And faire she is, if that mine eyes be true,  
And true she is, as she hath prov'd her felse:  
And therefore like her felse, wife, faire, and true,  
Shall she be placed in my constant foule.

Enter Iffica.

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away,  
Our masking mates by this time for vs stay.  

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who's there?  
Gra. Signior Antonio?  
Ant. Fe, fe, 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,  
Baffanie prefently will goe aboard,  
I have lent twenty out to seake for you.  
Gra. I am glad on't, I defire no more delight  
Then to be vnder falle, and gone to night.  

Enter Portia with Morroco, and both their traines.

Por. Goe, draw aside the curtaines, and discouer  
The feuerall Caskets to this noble Prince:  
Now make your choyse.  
Mor. The first of gold, who this inscriptions beares,  
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what men desire.  
The second fliuer, which this promishe carrieth,  
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he defferes.  
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,  
Who chooseth me, must glue and hazard all he hath.  
How shall I know if I doe chooze the right?  
Por. The
How shall I know if I do choose the right.

**Por.** The one of them contains my picture Prince,
If you choose that, then I am yours withall.

**Mor.** Some must direct my judgement, let me see,
I will furrow the inscriptions, backe againe:
What fayes this leaden casket?

Who chooeth me, must glue and hazard all he hath.

Muft glue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?

This casket threatens men that hazard all

Doe it in hope of faire advantages:
A golden minde floopes not to showes of droffe,
It then nor glue nor hazard ought for lead.

What fayes the Silver with her virgin hue?

Who chooeth me, shall get as much as he defueres.
As much as he defueres; paufe there **Morocco**,
And whereby value with an euen hand,
If thou beest rated by thy estimation
Thou dost defuerse enough, and yet enough.
May not extend fo farre as to the Ladie:
And yet to be afraid of my deferuing,
Were but a weake disabling of my selfe.

As much as I defuer, why that's the Lady.
I doe in birth defuerse her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more then thefe, in loue I doe defuerse.
What if I ftray'd no farther, but chose here?

Let's see more this faying graud in gold.

Who chooeth me shall gaine what many men defire:
Why that's the Lady, all the world defires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come
To kifte this throne, this mortall breathing Saint.

The Hircanian deferts, and the vafte 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 barren
To stop the forraigne spirits, but they come
As ore a brooke to fee faire **Portia**.

One of thefe three contains her heauenly picture.
It's like that Lead contains her?twere damnation
To thinke fo base a thought, it were too grofe
To rib her facecloth in the obscure graue:
Or shal I thinke in Silver she's immur'd
Being ten times vndervalued to tride gold;
O finfull thought, never fo rich a Lem
Was fet in worfe then gold! They have in England
A coyne that bears the figure of an Angell
Stampt in gold, but that's inculp't vpon:
But here an Angell in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
Here doe I choo'e, and thrive I as I may.

**Por.** There take it Prince, and if my forme yeare there
Then I am yours.

**Mor.** O hell! what have we here,a carrion death,
Within whose emplie eye there is a written scroute;
Ile reade the writing.

All that glifters is not gold,
Often base you heard that told
Many a man his life bath fold
But my oue fate I know:
Gilded timber doe wormes infold:
Had you beene as wife as bold,
Tong in tongues, in judgement old,
Your answere had not beene infold;
Farsyowell,your suite is cold,

**Mor.** Cold indeede, and labour loft,
Then farewell heare, and welcome froft:
**Peria** adew, I have too grieud a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus loosers part.

**Por.** A gentle riddance: draw the curtaines, go:
Let all of his complexion choo'e me fo.

**Enter Salario and Solanio.**

**Fl. Cornets.**

**Sal.** Why man I saw **Baffiano** vnder wayle,
With him is **Grattiano** gone along;
And in their ship I am sure **Lorenzo** is not.

**Sol.** The villain **Iew** with outcries raifd the Duke.
Who went with him to search **Baffiano** ship.

**Sal.** He comes too late, the ship was vnderfaile;
But there the Duke was gien to vnderfland
That in a Gondilo were feene together
**Lorenzo** and his amorous **Ificia**.

Befides, **Antonio** certified the Duke
They were not with **Bassiano** in his ship.

**Sal.** I never heard a passion fo confud,
So strange,outrarious, and fo variable,
As the dogge Iew did vitter in the streets;
My daughter, O my daughter, O my daughter,
Fled with a Christian, O my Christian ducats!

**Ifius** the law, my ducats, and my daughter;
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, that doth from me, by my daughter,
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stone by my daughter: **Ifius**, finde the girl,
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.

**Sal.** Let good **Antonio** looke he keepe his day
Or he shall pay for this.

**Sal.** Marry well remembered,
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 country richly fraught:
I thought vpon **Antonio**, when he told me,
And wifht in silence that it were not his.

**Sal.** Yo were beft to tell **Antonio** what you heare.
Yet doe not fuddainly, for it may grieue him.

**Sal.** A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth,
I saw **Bassiano** and **Antonio** part,
**Bassiano** told him he would make some speede
Of his returne: he anfwered, doe not fo,
Slubber not buifie for my fake **Bassiano**,
But fay the very rising of the time,
And for the Ieues bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your minde of loue:
Be merry, and impoy your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and fuch faire offents of loue
As shall conveniently become you there;
And even there his eye being big with teares,
Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him,
And with affection wondrous fencible
He wrung **Bassiano** hand, and fo they parted.

**Sal.** I thinke he onely loues the world for him,
I pray thee let us goe and finde him out
And quicke en his embraced heauenife
With some delite or other.

**Sal.** Doe we fo.

**Enter Nerissa and a Scrutine.**

**Ner.** Quick! quick! I pray thee, draw the curtain strait,

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The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,  
And comes to his election presently.

Enter Arragon, his trains, and Portia.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets noble Prince,  
If you choose that wherein I 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 enjoyed by oath to observre three things:  
First, never to unfold to any one  
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I faile  
Of the right casket, never in my life  
To woo a maide in way of marriage:  
Lastly, if I do faile in fortune of my choice,  
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear  
That comes to hazard for my worthlesse felie.

Ar. And so haue I addrest me, fortune now  
To my hearts hope: gold, filuer, and base lead.  
Who chooseth me shall glue and hazard all he hath.  
You shall looke fairer ere I glue or hazard.  
What failest the golden chest, ha, let me fee:  
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men defire:  
What many men defire, that many may be meant  
By the foole multitude that choose by throw,  
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,  
Which pries not to th'interior, but like the Martlet.  
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,  
Euen in the force and rode of casualtie.  
I will not choose what many men defire,  
Because I will not lumpe 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 dost beare;  
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he defers;  
And well paid too; for who shall goe about  
To cofen Fortune, and be honourable.  
Without the flame of merrit, let none presume  
To weare an undervered dignitie:  
O that effates, degrees, and offices,  
Were not deri'd corruptly, and that cleare honour  
Were purchase by the merrit of the wearer;  
How many then should couer that fland bare?  
How many be commanded that command?  
How much low pleasantrie would then be gleaned  
From the true feede of honor? And how much honor  
Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times,  
To be new varnished: Well, but to my choice.  
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he defers.  
I will assume defert; give me a key for this,  
And instantly unloake 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 schedule, I will read it:  
How much unlike art thou to Portia?  
How much unlike my hopes and my deserings?  
Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he defers.  
Did I deferue no more then a foole head,  
Is that my prize, are my deferts no better?  
Ar. To offend and judge are diffcunt offices,  
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

Seaven times tried that judement is,  
That did never choose ame,  
Some there be that foadowes kiffe,  
Such haue but a foadowes bliffe:  
There be fooleys alio Iweu  
Siluer'd one, and so was this:  
Take what wife you will to bed,  
I will ever be your head:  
So be gone, you are ipe.

Ar. Still more foole I shall appear  
By the time I linger here,  
With one fooleys head I came to woo,  
But I goe away with two.  
Sweet adue, Ile keepe my oath,  
Patiently to bear my wrooth.

Por. Thys hath the candie fing'd the moath:  
O thefe deliberate fooles when they doe choose,  
They haue the wisdome by their wit to looke.

Ner. The ancient faying is no herefie,  
Hanging and wiuing goes by delitine.

Por. Come draw the curtain Nerissa.

Enter Messengers.

Mef. Where is my Lady?

Por. Here, what would my Lord?

Mef. 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 fensible regreets;  
To wit (besides commendes and curteous breath)  
Gifts of rich value: yet I haue not seene  
So likely an Embassador of loute.  
A day in April neuer came fo frete  
To shew how cooffly Sommer was at hand,  
As this fore-fpurrer comes before his Lord.

Por. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-feard  
Thou wilt lay anone he is some kin to thee,  
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him:  
Come, come Nerissa, for I long to fee  
Quickke Capida Poa, that comes fo mannerely.

Ner. Baffiano Lord, loove if they will it be.  

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Saliatio and Salarino.

Sal. Now, what newes on the Ryalto?

Sal. Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that Antonio  
Hath a flip of rich lading wrackt on the narrow seas; the  
Goodwins I thinkke they call the place, a very dangerous  
Flat, and fatal, where the carackets of many a tall ship, ly  
Buried, as they say, if my golffips report be an honett  
Woman of her word.

Sal. I should the were as lying a golffip in that, as ever  
Knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleue the wept  
For the death of a third husband: but it is true, without  
Any flips of prolixity, or crossing the plaine high-way  
of talk, that the good Antonio, the honett Antonius; that  
I had a title good enough to keepe his name company!  
Sal. Come, the full stop.

Sal. Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath loft  
A flip.
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Sal. I would it might prove the end of his looses.

Sal. Let me, Sir. Amen betimes, leaff the diuell crosse my prayer, & here he cometh in the likenes of a Jew, how now Shylocks, what newes among the Merchants?

Enter Shylock.

Shy. You knew none so well, none so well as you, of my daughters flight.

Sal. That’s certain, I for my part knew the Tailor that made the wings she flew with.

Sal. And Shylocks for his own part knew the bird was fledg, and then it is the complexion of them al to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damm’d for it.

Sal. That’s certain, if the diuell may be her ludge.

Shy. My owne flesh and blood to rebell.

Sal. Out vpon it old carrion, rebelts it at these yeeres.

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference betweene thy flesh and hers, then betweene Let and Luorie, more betweene your bloods, then there is betweene red wine and rennill: for tell vs, doe you heare whether Antonio have had nie loffe at fea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare scarce shew his head on the Ryalto, a beggar that was vfd to come so smug vpon the Mart: let him look to his bond, he was wont to call me Vfurter, let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Christian curtice, let him looke to his bond.

Sal. Why I am sure if he forfeite, thou wilt not take his flesh, what’s that good for?

Shy. To baite fih withall, if it will feede nothing else, it will feede my revengue; he hath defaced me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my lofes, mockt at my gaines, scorned my Nation, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what’s the reafon? I am a Jew: Hatth not a Jew eyes? hatth not a Jew hands, organs, dementions, fences, affections, passions, fed with the same foode, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same medicines, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Summer as a Christian is: if you prick vs doe we not bleed? if you tickle vs, doe we not laugh? if you poison vs doe we not die? and if you wrong vs shall we not revengue? if we are like you in the reft, we will revenge you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility, revengue? If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example, why revengue? The vilianie you teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard but I will better the infruction.

Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my mafter Anthonio is at his houfe, and defires to speake with you both.

Sal. We have beene vp and downe to seeke him.

Enter Tuball.

Sal. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot be matcht, vnleffe the diuell himselfe turne Jew.

Exeunt Gentlemen.

Shy. How now Tuball, what newes from Genowaw haft thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot finde her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, a diamond gone colt me two thousand ducats in Franscford, the curfe never fell vpon our Nation till now, I never felt it till now, two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, preclous jewel: I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewel in her care! would the be heart at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin: no newes of them, why so? and I know not how much is spent in the search: why thou loste vpon loste, the thefe gone with fo much, and so much to finde the thefe, and no satisfacci, no renue, nor no ill lucke flirring but what lights a my shoulnders, no sigthes but a my breathing, no tears but a my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill lucke too, Anthonio as I heard in Genova?


Tub. Hath an Argollie caft away comming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thanke God, I thanke God, is it true, is it true?

Tub. I spake with some of the Saylers that escaped the wracke.

Shy. I thanke thee good Tuball, good newes, good newes: ha, ha, here in Genova.

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genowa, as I heard, one night fourefcor ducats.

Shy. Thou flietk a dagger in me, I shall never fee my gold againe, fourefcore ducats at a fitting, fourefcor ducats.

Tub. There came divers of Anthonios creditors in my company to Venice, that fware 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 tortureft me Tuball, it was my Turkies, I had it of Leab when I was a Batcheler: I would not haue given it for a wildenfeal of Monikes.

Tub. But Anthonio is certainly vndone.

Shy. Nay, that’s true, that’s very true, goe Tuball, see me an Officer, bespeak him a forthright before, I will haue the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Venise, I can make what merchandise I will: goe Tuball, and meete us at our Sinagoque, goe good Tuball, at our Sinagoque Tuball.

Exeunt.

Enter Baffiano, Pertio, Graziano, and all their trains.

Por. I pray you tarrie, paufe a day or two

Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong I loofe your company; therefore forbear a while, There’s something tells me (but it is not love) I would not loofe you, and you know your felfe, Hate counfalias in not fuch a quallilie; But leaff 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 never be, so may you misse me, But if you doe, youle make me with a finne,

That I had beene forsworne: Befrow your eyes, They haue ore-lookt me and deuised me, One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours, Mine owne I would say: but of mine thine yours, And so all yours; O these naughtie times

Puts bars betweene the owners and their rights.

And so though yours, not yours (prove 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,

To fay you from elecution.

P 3

Baff. Let
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Baff. Let me choose,
For as I am, I live upon the racke.
Per. Upon the racke Baffiano, then confesse
What treason there is mingled with your louse.
Baff. None but that vile treason of mistrust.
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my louse:
There may as well be amity and life,
'Twixt eare and fire, as treason and my louse:
Per. 1, but I fear you speake upon the racke,
Where men enforced doth speake any thing.
Baff. Promises me life, and ile confesse the truth.
Per. Well then, confesse and lue.
Baff. Confesse and lue
Had beene the vertue sum of my confession:
O happie torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance:
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Per. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you doe love me, you will finde me out.
Nerissa and the reft, fland all aloofe,
Let musicke found while he doth make his choise,
Then if he looke he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in musique. That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the streame
And warie death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is musique than? Than musique is
Even as the flourith, when true subjicets bowe
To a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in breake of day,
That creep into the dreaming bride-groomes ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no leafe preference, but with much more lour
Then yong Alcides, when he did redeeme
The virgin tribute, paied by howling Troy
To the Sea-monster: I stand for sacrificse,
The reft aloofe are the Dardanian wiuos:
With blearied visages come forth to view
The issue of th'exploit: Goe Hercules,
Loue thou, I live with much more dimay
I view the fight, then thou that mak'th the fray.
Here Musick.

A Song the vbibbit Baffiano comments on the
Caskets to bimselfe.

Tell me wheres the fancie bred,
Or in the heart, or in the bead:
How beguys, how mourrified.
Reple, reple.
It is engendred in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and Fancie diis,
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring Fancie knell.
Ile begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.
All. Ding, dong, bell.

Baff. So may the outward showes be leafe themselues
The world is still deceu'd with ornament.
In Law, what Plea so tanted and corrupt,
But being feason'd with a gracious voice,
Oblores the show of euil? In Religion,
What dammed error, but some sober brow
Will blest it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grovemette with faire ornament:
There is no voice so simple, but affumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;

How manie cowardes, whose hearts are all as faine
As thayers of fand, weare yet vpon their chins
The beard of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who inward searcht, haue lyuers white as milke,
And these affume but valors excrement,
To render them redoubted. Looke on beautie,
And you shall fee 'tis purchas't by the weight,
Which therein workes a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteft that weare moft of it:
So are those crifped snakie golden lockes
Which makes fuch wanton gambols with the winde
Vpon suppofede faireneffe, often knowne
To be the dowel of a second head,
The fcall that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the gilded shore
To a most dangerous fea: the beautious scarfe
Vailing an Indian beautie; In a word,
The feeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wifeft. Therefore then thou gaudie gold,
Hard food for Midos, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
'Twenee man and man: but thou, thou meager lead
Which rather threatnest then doft promise ought,
Thy paleneffe moves me more then eloquence,
And here choose I, joy be the confequence.
Per. How all the other passions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and rash imbrac'd despaire:
And shuddering fears, and greene-eyed lealoufie.
O loue be moderate, alle thy exftase,
In meaure raine thy joy, fcan't this excelle,
I feel too much thy bleffing, make it leffe,
For feare I forfeitt.
Baff. What finde I here?
Faire Portia counterfeitt. What demie God
Hath come to noere creation? moue these eies?
Or whether riding on the bals of mine
Seeme they in motion? Here are feu'd lips
Parted with fuger breath, fo sweet a barre
Should funder fuch sweet friends: here in her haires
The Painter plaies the Spider, and hath wouen
A golden web with the hearts of man
Faler then gnats in cobwebs: but her eies,
How could he fee to doe them? hauing made one,
Me thinks it should haue power to fieale both his
And leaue it felle vnfurift: Yet looke how farre
The Subftance of my praffe doth wrong this shadow
In vnderprifing it, to farre this shadow
Doth limpe behind the Subftance. Here's the Scroule,
The continent, and fummarie of my fortune.

You that choofe not by the view
Chance at faire, and chooseth as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek me no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your biffes,
Turne you wherefore your Lady is,
And claim it with a loving kiffe.

Baff. A gentle scroule: Faire Lady, by your leaue,
I come by note to glue, and to receive,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinkes he hath done well in peoples eies:
Hearing applaufe and vniuerfall shoue,
Giddie in spiritt, still gazing in a doubt
Whether thoe peales of praffe be his or no.

So
So thrice faire Lady, stand I even fo,
As doubtfull whether what I see be true,
Vntill confirmd, sign'd, ratifid by you.

Por. You fee my Lord Baffiano where I stand,
Such as I am; though for my selfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wife,
To wifh my selfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my selfe,
A thousand times more faire, ten thousand times
More rich, that only to stand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, luings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full fumme of me
Is fum of nothing: which to term in groffe,
Is an unfeffoned girl, vnfohool'd, vnpractiz'd,
Happie in this, she is not yet fo old
But the feae leane: happier then this,
Shee is not bred fo dull but she can leare;
Happiefl of all, is that her gentile fpirit
Commits it felle to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Governour, her King.
My felle, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now confuered. But now I was the Lord
Of this faire manfor, matter of my fermen,
Queene ore my felle: and even now but now,
This house, these fermen, and this fame my felle.
Are yours, my Lord, I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, loofe, or glue away,
Let it prefage the ruine of your hone,
And be my vantage to exclaime on you.

Baff. Madam, you have hereft of me all words,
Onely my bloud speakes to you in my vaines,
And there fuch confusion in my powers,
As after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved Prince, there doth appeare
Among the buzzing pleafed multitude,
Where every fomething being blent together,
Turnes to a wildly of nothing, faue of my
Expreft, and not expreft: but when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
O then be bold to fay Baffiano's dead.

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That haue flood by and feene our widhes proper,
To cry good joy, good joy my Lord and Lady.

Gra. My Lord Baffiano and my gentle Lady,
I withe you all the joy that you can with:
For I am fure you can with none from me:
And when your Honours mean to folemnize
The bargaine of your faith: I doe beleefee you
Even at that time I may be married too.

Baff. With all my heart, fo thou canft get a wife.

Gra. I thanke your Lordship, you gave me one.
My eyes my Lord can looke as fwit as yours:
You faw the mistres, I beheld the maid:
You lou'd, I lou'd for intermiffion,
No more pertaines to me my Lord then you;
Your fortune flood vpon the caskets there,
And fo did mine too, as the matter falls:
For woeing here, vntil I fweat again,
And swearing till my very rough was dry
With oaths of love, at laft, if promife laft,
I got a promife of this faire one heere
To haue her love: promis'd that your fortune
Atchieu'd her miftref.

Por. Is this true Neriffa?

Ner. Madam it is fo, fo you stand pleas'd withall.

Baff. And doe you Gratiano mean god faith?

Gra. Yes faith my Lord.

Baff. Our feaft shall be much honored in your marraige.

Gra. Weele play with them the firt boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What and take downe?

Gra. No, we shall here win at that sport, and take downe.

But who comes heere? Lorenzo and his Infidell?

What and my old Venetian friend Salerio?

Enter Lorenzo, Juffica, and Salerio.

Baff. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hether,
If that the youth of my new intereft heere
Have 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 purpofe was not to haue feene you heere,
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did intreate me paft all faying nay
To come with him along.

Salerio. I did my Lord,
And I have reafon for it, Signior Antonio
Commends him to you,

Baff. Ere I ope his Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Salerio. Not ficke my Lord, vnfele it be in minde,
Nor wele, vnfele in minde: his Letter there
Wifh fheu you his eftate.

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Openes the Letter.

Gra. Neriffa, cheere yond stranger, bid her welcom.
Your hand Salerio, what's the newes from Venice?
How doth that royal Merchant good Antonio;
I know he vili be glad of our successe,
We are the Jufans, we haue won the fleec.

Salerio. I would you had won the fleec that hee hath loft.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yond fame Paper,
That fteales the colour from Baffanios cheeke,
Some deere friend dead, elfe nothing in the world
Could turne fo much the conflation
Of any conftant man. What, worfe and worfe?
With leaue Baffiano I am halfe your felle,
And I must freely have the halfe of any thing
That this fame paper brings you.

Baff. O sweet Portia,

Heree are a few of the vnplefant words
That euerm blotted paper. Gentle Ladie
When I did firft impart my love 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 felle at nothing, you hall fee
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My flate was nothing, I shold then haue told you
That I was worfe then nothing: for indeede
I haue ingag'd my felle to a deere friend,
Inag'd my friend to his meere enemie
To feeede my meanes. Heree is a Letter Ladie,
The paper as the bodie of my friend,
And euerie word in it a gaping wound
Ifuing life blood. But is it true Salerio,

Hath
Hath all his ventures fail'd, what not one hit,  
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,  
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,  
And not one vessell scape the dreadful touch  
Of Merchant-manning rocks?  

Said. Not one my Lord.  

Bifdes, it should appeare, that if he had  
The present money to discharge the Jew,  
He would not take it: never did I know  
A creature that did bear the shape of man  
So keene and greedy to confound a man.  
And doth impeach the freedom of the state  
If they deny him iustice. Twenty Merchants,  
The Duke himselfe, and the Magnificoes  
Of greatest port have all perfwaded with him,  
But none can drue him from the enuious plea  
Of forfeiture, of iustice, and his bond.  

Baff. When I was with him, I have heard him swearc  
To Taball and to Gious, his Countri-men.  
That he would rather have Antbonio's flesh,  
Then twenty times the value of the fumme  
That he did owe him: and I know my Lord,  
If law, authoritie, and power deny not,  
It will goe hard with poore Antbonio.  

Por. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?  

Baff. The deereft friend to me, the kindeft man,  
The beft condition'd, and unwaried spirit  
In doing curtesies: and one in whom  
The ancient Romane honour more appeares  
Then any that draws breath in Italie.  

Por. What fumme owes he the Jew?  

Baff. For me three thousand ducats.  

Por. What, no more?  

Pay him fixe thousand, and deface the bond:  
Double fixe thousand, and then treble that,  
Before a friend of this description  
Shall lofe a haire through Baffam'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 fide  
With an vaquet foule. You shall haue gold  
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.  
When it is payd, bring your true friend along,  
My maid Nerifia, and my felle meane time  
Will live as maides and widdowes: come away,  
For you shall hence with your wedding day:  
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheere,  
Since you are deere bought, I will loue you deere.  
But let me hear the letter of your friend.  

Sweet Baffamio, my fhips have all miscarried, my Creditors grow cruel, my estate is very iow, my bond to the Jew is forfeit, and since in paying it, it is imposfible I should live, all debts are clearer between you and I. If I might fee you at my death: now with this I fende you as your ploofures: if your lowe doe not persuade you to come, let not my letter.  

Por. O loue! dispatch all busines and be gone.  

Baff. Since I haue your good leaue to goe away,  
I will make haste, but till I come againe,  
No bed shall ere be guilty of my pay,  
Not that the interpreter twixt us twaine  

Por. Enter the Jew, and Solanio, and Antbonio, and the Taylor.  

Jew. Baffamio, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,  

This is the fool that lends out money gratis.  
Jaylor, looke to him.  

Ant. Heare me yet good Sbylo.  
Jew. Ille haue my bond, speake not against my bond,  
I haue iworne an oath that I will haue my bond:  
Thou call'd me dog before thou hadst a caufe,  
But since I am a dog, beware my phangs,  
The Duke shall grant me iustice, I do wonder  
Thou naughtie Taylor, that thou art fo fond  
To come abroad with him at his requent.  

Ant. I pray thee heare me speake.  
Jew. Ille haue my bond, I will not heare thee speake,  
Ile haue my bond, and therefore speake no more.  
Ille not be made a foft and dull ey'd foolie,  
To make the head, relented, and flipt, and yeeld  
To Christian interceffors: follow not,  
Ille haue no speaking, I will haue my bond.  

Said. It is the most impenectrable erre  
That ever kept with men.  

Ant. Let him alone,  
Ille follow him no more with bootleffe prayers:  
He seeks my life, his reafon well I know;  
I oft delier'd from his forfeitures  
Many that haue at times made mone to me,  
Therefore he hates me.  

Said. I am fure the Duke will never grant  
this forfeiture to hold.  

Ant. 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 city  
Confiseth of all Nations. Therefore goe,  
Thefe geerees and loffes haue fo bated mee,  
That I shall hardly ipare a pound of fleth  
To morrow, to my bloudy Creditor.  
Well Taylor, on, pray God Baffamio come  
To fee me pay his debts, and then I care not.  

Enter Pertia, Neriffa, Loreno, Iffica, and a man of Portia.  

Lor. Madam, although I speake it in your presence,  
You have a noble and a true conceit  
Of god-like amity, which appeares most strongly  
In bearing the abfence of your Lord.  
But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,  
How true a Gentleman you fend releefe,  
How deere a louer of my Lord your husband,  
I know you would be prouer of the worke  
Then cuftomary bounty can enforce you.  

Por. I never did repent for doing good,  
Nor shall now; for in companions  
That do conceufe and waife the timetogather,  
Whofe foules doe bear an egal yoke of loue,  
There must be needs a like proportion  
Of lynnaiements, of manners, and of spirit;  
Which makes me thinke that this Antbonio  
Being the boforme louer of my Lord,  
Muf't needs be like my Lord. If it be fo,  
How little is the cost I haue bestowed  
In purchasing the fembleance of my foule;  
From out the flatte of hellifh crueltie,  
This comes too neere the praiing of my felfe,  
Therefore no more of it: here other things  
Lorens I commit into your hands,
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Vntill my Lords returne: for mine owne part
I have towards heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by Nerrijfa 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 necessitie
Now lays vpon you.

Loren. Madame, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all faire commands.

Per. My people doe already know my minde,
And will acknowledge you and Iffica
In place of Lord Baffiano and my felfe.
So far you well till we shall meete againe.

Lor. Faire thoughts & happy hours attend on you,
Iffiji. I wish with your Ladiship all hearts content.

Per. I thankke you for your wife, and am well ples'd
To wish it backe on your fawyowell Iffica.

Exeunt. Now Balthazar, as I have euer found thee honest true,
So let me finde thee still : take this fame letter,
And vs thou all the indeaun of a man,
In speed to Mantua, fee thou render this
Into my cofins hand, Doctor Belario,
And looke what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speed
Vnto the Tranekt, to the common Ferrie
Which trades to Venice; waite no time in words,
But get thee gone, I shal be there before thee.

Baltb. Madam, I goe with all convenient speed.

Per. Come on Iffica, I have worke in hand
That you yet know not of; we'll fee our husbands
Before they thinke of vs?

Nerriffa. Shall they see vs?

Portia. They shal Nerriffas; but in such a habit,
That they shall thinke we are accomplished
With that we lacke; Ie hold thee any wager
When we are both attouder like yong men,
Ie proe 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 voyage, and turne two minfing steps
Into a manly stride ; and speake of frayses
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lyes
How honourable Ladies fought my loue,
Which I denying, they fell fickle and died.
I could not doe withall; then Ie repent,
And with for all that, that I had not kill'd them;
And twentine of thesepignie lies Ie tell,
That men shall sweare I have discontinued school
Above a twelve moneth: I have within my minde
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practife.

Nerriffa. Why, shall we turne to men?

Portia. Fie, what a questions that?

If thou wert here a lewd interpreter:
But come, Ie tell thee all my whole deuice
When I am in my coach, which flaves for vs
At the Parke gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twentie miles to day.

Exeunt.

Enter Clowne and Iffica.

Clown. Yes truely; for looke you, the finnes of the Fa-
To offices of tender curtesie,
We all expect a gentle anfwer Jew?
Jew. I hope perfett your grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworne
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Vpon your Charter, and your Cities freedom.
You'll ask me why I rather choose to have
A weight of carront fleth, then to receive
Three thousand Ducats; I le not anfwer that:
But fay it is my humor; Is it anfwered?
What if my house be troubled with a Rat,
And I be peale'd to give ten thousand Ducates
To have it bain'd? What, are you anfwer'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 fings it's nofe,
Can not containe their Vrine for affection.
Maters of paffion fways it to the moode
Of what it likes or loaths, now for your anfwer:
As there is no firme reafon to be rendred
Why he cannot abide a gaping Pigge?
Why he a harmlesse neceffarie Cat?
Why he a woollen bag-pipe? But of force
Muft yeeld to fuch ineuitable flame,
As to offend himfelfe being offended:
So can I glue no reafon, nor I will not,
More then a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing
I ear Antbonio, that I follow thus
A looking fuite against him? Are you anfwered?
Baff. This is no anfwer thou vnfeeling man,
To excufe the currant of thy cruelty.
Iew. I am not bound to pleafe thee with my anfwer.
Baff. Do all men kill the things they do not loue?
Iew. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Baff. Euerie offence is not a hate at firft.
Iew. What wouldft thou have a Serpent fing thee
twice?
Ant. I pray thee think you quefition with the Jew:
You may as well go fand vpon the beach,
And bid the malne flood bate his vifual height,
Or even as well vfe quefition with the Wolfe,
The Ewe bleeate for the Lambe:
You may as well forbid the Mountaine Pines
To waghe their high tops, and to make a noife
When they are fretted with the guls of heaven:
You may as well do any thing molt hard,
As feke to foften that, then which what harder?
His Jewifi heart. Therefore I do baffe you
Make no more offers, vfe no farther meanes,
But with all briefe and plaine conueniencie
Let me have judgement, and the Jew his will.
Baff. For thy three thoufand Ducates heereis fix
Iew. If euerie Ducat in fix thoufand Ducates
Were in fixe parts, and every part a Ducate,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond?
Da. How fhalt thou hope for mercie, rendring none?
Iew. What judgement fhall I dread doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchaft flau,
Which like your Affes, and your Dogs and Mules,
You vfe in abuif and in flauifh parts,
Becaufe you bought them. Shall I fay to you,
Let them be free, marrie them to your hearces?
Why fweate they vnder burthen? Let their beds
Be made as foft as yours: and let their pallatts
Be feafton'd with fuch Viands: you will anfwer

Enter 'Duke', the Magnificus, Antbonio, Baffano, and Gratiano.
Duke. What, is Antbonio heere?
Ant. Ready, fo pleafe your grace?
Duke. I am forry for thee, thou art come to anfwer
A ftonie adverfary, an inhuman wretch,
Vncapeable of pitty, voyd, and empty
From any dram of mercie.
Ant. I have heard
Your Grace hath tane great paines to quallifie
His rigorous courfe: but fince he flands obdurate,
And that no lawful meanes can carry me
Out of his enuies reach, I do oppofe
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
Touffer with a quietneffe of spirit,
The very trannif and rage of his.
Du. Go one and call the Jew into the Court.
Sal. He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.

Enter Skylocke.
Du. Make roome, and let him fland before our face.
Skylocke the world thinkske, and I thinkke fo to
That thou but leadeft this fashion of thy mallice
To the late houre of aft, and then 'tis poffible
Thou'll fheat thy mercy and remorfe more fhange,
Than is thy fhange apparant crueltie;
And where thou now exaft the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor Merchants flefth,
Thou wilt not onely loose the forfeiture,
But touch'd with humane gentlenefe and loue:
Forgive a moytie of the principall,
Glancing an eye of pitty on his losfes
That haue of late fo hulled on his backe,
Enow to preffe a royal Merchant downe:
And plucks commifion of his fate
From braffe bofomes, and rough hearts of flints,
From ftubborne Turkes and Tarters neuer traign
to offices of tender curtesie,
We all expect a gentle anfwer Jew?
Jew. I hope perfett your grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworne
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
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Becaufe you bought them. Shall I fay to you,
Let them be free, marrie them to your hearces?
Why fweate they vnder burthen? Let their beds
Be made as foft as yours: and let their pallatts
Be feafton'd with fuch Viands: you will anfwer
The flukes are ours. So do I anwser you. The pound of flesh which I demand of him is deereely bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it. If you deny me; &c vpon your Law, There is no force in the decrees of Venice; I stand for judgement, answer, Shall I have it? Du. Vpon my power I may dismisse this Court, Vnlesse Bellario a learned Doctor, Whom I have sent for to determine this, Come heere to day. Sal. My Lord, heere flaves without A Meffenger with Letters from the Doctor, New come from Padua. Du. Bring vs the Letters, Call the Meffengers. Bajf. Good cheere Antonio, What man, corage yet: The Iew hall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all, Ere thou shalt loffe for one drop of blood. Ant. I am a tainted Weather of the flocke, Mercett for death, the weakest kinde of fruité Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me; You cannot better be employ'd Bellario, Then to blue flill, and write mine Epitaph. Enter Nerijfa. Du. Came you from Padua from Bellario? Ner. From both. My Lord Bellario greets your Grace, Bajf. Why doot thou what thy knife so earnestly? Iew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there, Gra. Not on thy foale: but on thy foule hard lew Thou mak't thy knife keene: but no mettal can, No, not the hangmans Axe beare halfe the keeness of Thy sharpe enuy. Can no prayers pierce thee? Iew. No, none that thou haft wit enough to make. Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dogge, And for thy life let justice be accus'd: Thou almoft mak'ft me wauer in my faith; To hold opinion with Pythagoras, That foules of Animals infule themselves Into the trunks of men. Thy curiufl spirit Gene'md a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter, Euen from the gallowes did his fell foule fleet; And whil'st thou layest in thy vnhaunded dam, Infusi'd it selfe in thee: For thy defires Are Wolwifh, bloody, fier'd, and rauenous. Iew. Till thou canst take the foale from off my bond Thou but offend' thy Lungs to speake so loud: Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall To endlefe 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 anwser, whether you'd admit him. Du. With all my heart. Some three or four of you Go give him curteous conduct to this place, Meane time the Court shall heare Bellarios Letter. Your Grace shal understand, that at the receit of your Letter I am very fakke: but in the infant that your mes- fenger came, in loving vallitation, was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is Balthasar: I acquainted him with the caufe in Controuerzie, between the Iew and Anthony the Merchant: We turn'd ore many Boakes together: kee it furnisht with my opinion, which betterd with his owne learning, the greatest whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my fliet. I beseech you, let his lackes of years be no impediment to let him lacke a requercnt apposition: for I never knew fo yong a body, with fo old a band. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, subjes trial shall better publishe his commendation. Enter Portia for Baltazar. Duke. You heare the learn'd Bellario what he writes, And heere I take it is the Doctor come. Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario? Por. I did my Lord. Du. You are welcome: take your place; Are you acquainted with the difference That holds this present question in the Court. Por. I am enformed throughly of the caufe. Which is the Merchant here? and which the Iew? Du. Antonio and old Skylocks, both stand forth. Por. Is your name Skylocks? Iew. Skylocks is my name. Por. Of a strange nature is the fute 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, fo he fayes. Por. Do you confesse the bond? Ant. I do. Por. Then mult the Iew be mercifull. Iew. On what compulsion mult I? Tell me that. Por. The quality of mercy is not ftrain'd, It dropeth as the gentle raine from heaven Upon the place benefic. It is twice bleff, It bleffeth him that giveth, and him that takes, 'Tis mightieft in the mightieft, it becomes The throned Monarch better then his Crown, His Scepter shewes the force of temporall power, The attribute to awe and Malefifie, Wherein doth fit the dread and feare of Kings: But mercy is above this fceptred sway, It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings, It is an attribute to God himfelfe; And earthly power doth then fwell likef God When mercie feasons Justice. Therefore Iew, Though Justice be thy plen, confider this, That in the course of Justice, none of vs Should fee falution: we do pray for mercie, And that fame prayer, doth teach vs all to render The deeds of mercie. I haue spoke thus much To mitigatte the lujifice of thy plea: Which if thou follow, this striet courfe of Venice Must needs gie sentence 'gainft thc Merchant there. Sky. My deeds vpon my head, I crave the Law, The penalitie and forfeite of my bond. Por. Is he not able to discharge the money? Bajf. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court, Yes, twice the famine, 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 bearers downe truth. And I befeech you Wret once the Law to your authority, To do a great right, do a little wrong, And curbe this cruel diuell of his will. Por. It must not be, there is no power in Venice Can alter a decree eftablisht: 'Twill be recorded for a President,
And many an error by the same example,
Will rush into the fleet: It cannot be.

**Iew.** A Daniel come to judgement, say a Daniel.

O wife young Judge, how do I honour thee.

**Por.** I pray you let me looke upon the bond.

**Iew.** Here: 'tis most revered Doctor, here it is.

**Por.** Skylocke, there's thrixe thy monie offered thee.

Sly. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heauen:
Shall I lay perjurie upon my foule?
**No not for Venice.**

**Por.** Why this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the law may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off

Neeref the Merchants heart; be mercifull,
Take thrixe thy money, bid me teare the bond.

**Iew.** When it is paid according to the tenure.

It doth appeare you are a worthy Judge:
you know the Law, your explocation
Hath beene most sound. I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-defacing pillar.

**Por.** Proceede to judgement: By my foule I sweare,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

**An.** Moft heartily I do beseech the Court
To give the judgement.

**Por.** Why then thus it is:
you must prepare your boform for his knife.

**Iew.** O noble Judge, O excellent yong man.

For the intent and purpose of the Law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which heere appeareth due vpon the bond.

**Iew.** 'Tis verie true: O wife and vright Judge,
How much more elder art thou then thy lookes?

**Por.** Therefore lay bare your boforme.

**Iew.** I, his breff,
So says the bond, doth it not noble Judge?

Neeref his heart, those are the very words.

**Por.** If it is so: Are there balance heere to weign the flesh?

**Iew.** I haue them ready.

**Por.** Haue by some Surgeon Skylock on your charge
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

**Iew.** It is not nominated in the bond.

**Por.** It is not so expressely: but what of that?

Twere good you do so much for charite.

**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.

Give me your hand Bassfani, fare you well.

Greeue not that I am talme to this for you:
For herein fortune shewes her felpe more kinder
Then is her coute. It is still her vie
To let the wretche man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow
An age of povertie. From which lingring penance
Of fuch miserie, doth she cut me off:
Commend me to your honourable Wife,
Tell her the proccesse of Antonio's end:
Say how I lou'd you; speake me faire in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassfani had not once a Love:
Repent not you that you shall lookee your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt.
For if the Iew do cut but deepe enough,
Hee pay it infantly, with all my heart.

**Bassf.** Antonio, 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 esteeme'd above thy life,
I would loose all, I sacrifice them all
Heere to this deuell, to deliver you.

**Por.** Your wife would guie you little thanks for that
If she were by to heare you make the offer.

**Gra.** I haue a wife whom I protest I love,
I would shee were in heauen, so the could
Intreat some power to change this currifh Iew.

**Ner.** 'Tis well you offer it behind her backe,
The whif would make elfe an vnquiet house.

(ter

**Iew.** These be the Christian husbands: I haue a daught-
Would any of the stocke of Barrabas
Had beene her husband, rather then a Christian.

We triffe time, I prays thee pursue sentence.

**Por.** A pound of that fame marchants flesh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth gie it.

**Iew.** Moft rightfull Judge.

**Por.** And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,
The Law allows it, and the Court awards it.

**Iew.** Moft learned Judge, a sentence, come prepare.

**Por.** Tarry a little, there is something else,
This bond doth guie thee heere no iot of bloud,
The words expressly are a pound of flesh:
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
But in the cutting it, if thou doest find
One drop of Christian bloud, thy lands and goods
Are by the Lawes of Venice conficrate
Vnto the flate of Venice.

**Gra.** O vright Judge,
Markle Iew, 'o learned Judge.

**Sly.** Is that the law?

**Por.** Thy selpe shalt fea the Act:
For as thou vrgest justice, be affur'd
Thou shalt have justice more then thou defirest.

**Gra.** O learned Judge, mark lew, a learned Judge.

**Iew.** I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian goe.

**Baff.** Here is the money.

**Por.** Soft, the Iew shall have all iustice, soft, no haft,
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

**Gra.** O Iew, an vright Judge, a learned Judge.

**Por.** Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,
Shed thou no bloud, nor cut thou leffe nor more
But iust a pound of flesh: if thou tak'ft more
Or leffe then a iust pound, be it so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the defilution of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, may, 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 inndiell I haue thee on the hip.

**Por.** Why doth the Iew paule, take thy forfeiture.

**Sly.** Give me my principal, and let me goe.

**Baff.** I haue it ready for thee, heere it is.

**Por.** He hath refud 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.

**Sly.** Shall I not haue barely my principal?

**Por.** Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be taken fo at thy perill Iew.

**Sly.** Why then the Deuill gie him good of it:
Ile stay no longer question.
Haye by your wifedome beene this day acquired
Of greatesse penalties, in lues whereof,
Three thoufand Ducats due vnto the Jew
We freely cope your curteous paines withall.

\[An.\] And fand indebted ouer and aboue
In loue and feruice to you euermore.

\[Por.\] He is well paid that is well fatisfied,
And I deliuering you, am fatisfied,
And therein doe account my felfe well paid,
My minde was neuer yet more mercinarie.
I pray you know me when we meeet againe,
I with you well, and fo I take my leave.

\[Baff.\] Deare fir, of force I muft attempt you further,
Take fome remembrance of vs as a tribute,
Not as fee : grant me two things, I pray you
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

\[Por.\] You prefume mee farre, and therefore I will yeld,
Gue me your gloues, Ile weare them for yourfake,
And for your loue Ile take this ring from you,
Doe not draw baccke your hand, Ile take no more,
And you in loue shall not deny me this?

\[Baff.\] This ring good fir, alas it is a trife,
I will not shame my felfe to give you this.

\[Por.\] I will haue nothing elle but onely this,
And now methinks I haue a minde to it.

\[Baff.\] There's more depends on this then on the valew,
The deareft ring in Venice will I give you,
And finde it out by proclamation,
Onely for this I pray you pardon me.

\[Por.\] I fee fir you are liberal in offers,
You taught me firft to beg, and now me thinke
You teach me how a beggar should be anfwer'd.

\[Baff.\] Good fir, this ring was guen me by my wife,
And when the put it on, the made me vow
That I should neither fell, nor guie, nor lofe it.

\[Por.\] That fceue ferues many men to faue their gifts,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I haue deferued this ring,
Shee would not hold out enemey for euer
Figure it to me : well, peace be with you.

\[Exeunt.\]

\[Ant.\] My L. Baffiano, let him haue the ring,
Let his deferuings and my loue withall
Be valued againft your wives commandement.

\[Baff.\] Go Graffiano, run and ouer-take him,
Give him the ring, and bring him if thou canst
Vnto Antionius houfe,away,make hafe.

\[Exeunt.\]

Come, you and I will thither prefently,
And in the morning early will we both
File toward Belmont, come Antonio.

\[Enter Portia and Nerissa.\]

\[Por.\] Enquire the Iewes houfe out, gie him this deed,
And let him figne it, wee'ell away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home :
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

\[Enter Graffiano.\]

\[Gra.\] Faire fir,you are weel ore-tane :
My L. Baffiano vpon more aduice,
Hath fent you heere this ring, and doth intreast
Your company at dinner.

\[Por.\] That cannot be ;
His ring I doe accept moft thankfully,
And fo I pray you tell him : furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth old Shylocks houfe.

\[Gra.\] That will I doe.

\[Ner.\] Sir, I would speake with you :
The Merchant of Venice.

Ile fee if I can get my husbands ring
Which I did make him fware to keepe for ever.
Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shall have old fwareing
That they did glue the rings away to men;
But weele out-face them, and out-fwareing them to:
Away, make halfe, thou know'rt where I will tarry.
Ner. Come good sir, will you fwoe me to this house.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lorenzo and Ieffica.

Lor. The moone fhines bright. In fuch a night as this,
When the sweet wifnes did gently kiffe the trees,
And they did make no mynfes, in fuch a night
Troylus me thinkes mounted the Trojan walls,
And figh'd his foute toward the Grecian tents
Where Grêiff laid that night.

Iff. In fuch a night
Did Thibbe fearfully one-trip the dewe,
And faw the Lyons shadow ere hiulfel, 
And ranne difmayed away.

Loren. In fuch a night
Stood Dido with a Willow in her hand
Upon the wifte fee banke, and waft her Loue
To come againe to Cartaghe.

Iff. In fuch a night
Made gathered the inchanted hearbs
That did renewe Efien.

Loren. In fuch a night
Did Ieffica fetch from the weathy Iewe,
And with an Vntreffit Loue did runne from Venice,
As farre as Belmont.

Iff. In fuch a night
Did young Lorenzo (were he lou'd her well,
Stealing her foule with many vowes of faith,
And see a true one.

Loren. In fuch a night
Did pretty Ieffica (like a little throw
Slander her Loue, and he forgau her it.

Iff. I would out-night you did no body come:
But harke, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Meflenger.

Lor. Who comes fo falt in flence of the night?
Mef. A friend.

Loren. A friend, what friend? Your name I pray you
Mef. Stephano is my name, and I bring word
My Miitreffe will before the breake of day
Be heere at Belmont, the doth fay about
By holy croffes where the kneelles and prayers
For happy wedlocke houres.

Loren. Who comes with her?
Mef. None but a holy Hermit and her maid:
I pray you it my Mafter yet return'd?

Loren. He is not, nor we have not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee Ieffica,
And ceremoniously let vs vs prepare
Some welcome for the Miitreffe of the house,

Enter Clorons.

Clo. Sola, fola: wo ha ho, fola, fola.

Loren. Who calls?
Clo. Sola, did you fee M. Lorenzo, & M. Lorenzo, fola,
Lor. Leave hollowing man, heere.
Clo. Sola, where, where?
Lor. Heere.

Clo. Tel him ther's a Poft come from my Mafter, with
his hone full of good newes, my Mafter will be here ere
morning sweet foule.

Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming.
And yet no matter; why should we goe in?
My friend Stephan, signifie pray you
Within the house, your Miitreffe is at hand,
And bring your musique fortho into the ayre.
How sweet the moone-light fleepes upon this banke,
Heere will we fit, and let the sounds of musicke
Creep in our ears soft, flines, and the night
Become the tutches of sweet harmony:
Sit Ieffica, looke how the floore of heauen
Is thicke inlayed with pattems of bright gold,
There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdst
But in his motion like an Angell fings,
Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;
Such harmonie is in immortall foules,
And whilst this muddy vefure of decay
Doth groly close in us, we cannot heare it:
Come hoe, and wake Diana with a humne,
With sweetefut tutches pearce your Miitreffe ear,
And draw her home with musicke.

Iff. I am never merry when I hear sweet musique.

Play musicke.

Lor. The reafon is, your spirits are attentive:
For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard
Or race of youthful and unhandled cols,
Fething mad bounds, bellowing and neiging loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blooud,
If they but hear perceiue a trumpet found,
Or any ayre of musicke touch their ears,
You shall perceiue them make a mutuall fland,
Their fauge eyes turnd to a modest gare,
By the sweet power of musicke: therefore the Poet
Did fame that Orpheus drew trees, flones, and floods.
Since naught fo flockish, hard, and full of rage,
But musicke for time doth change his nature,
The man that hath no musicke in himfelfe,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet founds,
Is fit for treafons, fratagems, and iployles,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affeccions dake as Erebus,
Let no such man bee trusted: make the musicke.

Enter Portia and Neroiffa.

Por. That light we fee is burning in my hall:
How farre that little candell throwes his beams,
So fhines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moone fhone we did not fee the can
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the leffe,
A fubftitute chimes brightly as a King
Vntill a King be by, and then his flate
Empties it felfe, 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 fee without repect,
Methinks it sounds much sweeter then by day?

Ner. Silence befoves that vertue on it Madam,
Por. The Crow doth finge as sweety as the Larke

When
When neither is attended: and I think
The Nightingale if she should sing by day
When every Goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a Multian than the Wren?
How many things by feason, season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection:
Peace, how the Moone sleepe with Endimion,
And would not be awak'd.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deciu'd of Portia.

Por. He knows me as the blind man knowes the
Cuckow by the bad voice?
Lor. Deere Lady welcome home?
Por. We have 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 Nerriffa,
Gie order to my seruants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you Lorenzo, Iffica nor you.
A Bucket sounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, feare you not.
Por. This night methinks is but the daylight skie,
It lookes a little paler, 'tis a day,
Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.

Enter Baffanio, Antononio, Gratiano, and their
Followers.

Baff. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walke in absence of the sunne.
Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heanie husband,
And neuer be Baffanio so for me,
But God for all; you are welcome home my Lord.

Baff. I thank you Madam, give welome to my friend
This is the man, this is Antononio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
Por. You shoud in all fence be much bound to him,
For as I heare he was much bound for you.
Amb. No more then I am wel acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appeare in other wais then words,
Therefore I flant this breathing curtefie.

Gra. By yonder Moone I sweare you do me wrong,
Infaith I gieue it to the Judges Clearke,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it Loue so much at hart.

Por. A quarrel how alredie, what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of Gold, a paire Ring
That the did give me, whose Poetie was
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry
Vpon a knife; 

Lor. What talkes you of the Poetie or the valve:
You swore to me when I did gieue it you,
That you would weare it til the houre of death,
And that it shou'd lye with you in your graue,
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You shou'd have beene respectfullie and have kept it.
Gave it a Judges Cearke: but well I know
The Cearke will here wearie halie on's face that had it.

Gra. He wil, and if he live to be a man.
Nerriffa. I, if a Woman line to be a man,
Gra. Now by this hand I gieue it to a youth,
A kinde of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher then thy selfe, the Judges Clearke,
A prating boy that begged 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 to lightly with your wifes first gift,
A thing diuine on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riueteu with faith vnto your flesh.
I gane my Loue a Ring, and made him swiare
Neuer to part with it, and here he stands:
I dare be sworne for him, he would not leave it,
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world matters. Now in faith Gratiano,
You gieue your wife too vnkinde a caufe of greefe,
And 'were to me I shold be mad at it.

Baff. Why I was left to cut my left hand off,
And swiare I loft the Ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord Baffanio gaeue his Ring away
Vnto the Judge that beg'd it, and indeede
Deferu'd it too: and then the Boy his Clearke
That tooke some pains in writing, he beg'd mine,
And neyther man nor matter would take ought
But the two Rings.

Por. What Ring gaeue you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receu'd of me.
Baff. If I could adue 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 falsie heart of truth.
By heauen I wil nere come in your bed
Vntil I fee the Ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours, til I againe fee mine.
Baff. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gau the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gau the Ring,
And would concerne for what I gau the Ring,
And how vnwillingly I left the Ring,
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the strength of your dilepasure?

Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,
Or halfe her worthinesse that gau the Ring,
Or your owne honour to continue the Ring,
You would not then have parted with the Ring:
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleasd to have defended it
With any termes of Zeale wanted the modelle
To vrgue the thing held as a ceremonie:

Nerriffa teaches me what to beleue,
Ile die for't, but some Woman had the Ring?

Baff. No by mine honor Madam, by my loule
No Woman had it, but a ciuill Doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand Ducates of me,
And beg'd the Rings the which I did denie him,
And suffer'd him to go dilepasure'd away:
Even he that had held vp the verie life
Of my deere friend. What should I say sweete Lady?
I was infor'd to fend it after him,
I was beset with flame and curtefie,
My honor would not let ingratitude
So much befnaere it. Pardon me good Lady,
And by thee bleffed Candles of the night,
Had you bene there, I thinke you would have beg'd
The Ring of me, to gueue the worthie Doctor?
The Merchant of Venice

Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my house,
Since he hath got the Jewell that I loved,
And that which you did sware 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.
Lye 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.

Nerissa. And I his Clarke: therefore be well aduiz'd
How you doe leave me to mine owne protection.

Gra. Well, doe you so : let not me take him then,
For if I doe, ile mar the yong Clarks pen.

Ant. I am the happy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, griuell not you,
You are welcome notwithstanding.

Baf. Poritia, forgive me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of these manie friends
I sware to thee, even by thine owne faire eyes
Wherein I see my selfe.

Por. Mark but that?
In both my eyes he doubtly sees himselfe:.
In each eye one, sware by your double selfe,
And there's an oath of credit.

Baf. Nay, but heare me.
Pardon this fault: and by my soule I sware
I never more will breake an oath with thee.

Antb. I once did lend my bodie for thy wealth,
Which but for him that had your husbands ring
Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound againe,
My soule vpon the forfeit, that your Lord
Will never more breake faith adulter'de.

Por. Then you shalbe his forrester: sware him this,
And bid him keepe it better then the other.

Ant. Here Lord Baffanio, sware to keep this ring.

Baf. By heauen it is the fame I gaued the Doctor.

Por. I had it of him: pardon Baffanio,
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me my gentle Gratiana,
For that fame scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke
In liwe 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 derer'd it.

Por. Speake not so grosselee,you are all amaz'd;
Here is a letter, reade it at your leyfure,
It comes from Padua from Bellario,
There you shal finde that Poritia was the Doctor,

Nerissa the her Clarke. Lorenzo heere
Shall witnesse I let forth as foonie 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 foonie,
There you shal finde three of your Argosies
Are richly come to harbour Fodainle.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Antio. I am dumbe.

Baff. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the Clarke that is to make me cuckold.

Ner. I, but the Clarke that never meanes to doe it,

Vnseale he liue vntill he be a man.

Baff. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

An. (Sweet Ladie) you have given me life & liuing;
For heere I reade for certaine that my ships
Are safelee come to Rode.

Por. How now Lorenzo?

My Clarke hath some good comforts to for you.

Ner. I, and leue them him withoout a fee.

There doe I glue to you and Ieffica
From the rich Iewe, a speecchfull deed of gift
After his death, of all he dies posseff'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 thes events at full. Let vs goe in,
And charge vs there upon intergatories,
And we will answere all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so, the first intergatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworne on, is,
Whether till the night she had rather stay,
Or goe to bed, now being two houres to day,
But were the day come, I should with it darke,
Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.

Well, while I liue, Ie feare no other thing
So faire, as keeping iafe Nerissa's ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS.
As you Like it.

Actus primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando.

As I remember Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poor a thousand Crownes, and as thou saist, charged my brother on his blessing to breed mee well: and there begins my fadness: My brother Iaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me raffically at home, or (to speak more properly) slaves me here at home unkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the flailing of an Oxe? his horses are bred better, for besides that they are faire with their feeding, they are taught their manmage, and to that end Riders dearely hir'd: but I (his brother) gaines nothing vnder him but growth, for the which his Animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I: besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave mee, his countenance feemes to take from me: hee lets mee feede with his Hinders, 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 grieves me, and the spirit of my Father, which I thinke is within mee, begins to mutinie against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wife remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your brother.
Orlan. Goe a part Adam, and thou shalt heare how he will make me vp.
Oli. Now Sir, what make you heere?
Oli. Nothing; I am not taught to make any thing.
Oli. What mar you then sir?
Oli. Marrie sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poore vnworthy brother of yours with idleness.
Oliuer. Marrie sir be better employed, and be naught a while.
Orlan. Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat huskes with them? what prodigall portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?
Oli. Know you where you are sir?
Oli. O sir, very well: heere in your Orchard.
Oli. Know you before whom sir?
Oli. I, better then him I am before knowes mee: I know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of blood you should so know me: the courteous of nations allows you my better: in that you are the first borne, but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt vs: I haue as much of my father in mee, as you, albeit I confesse your coming before me is neerer to his reverence.
Oli. Come, come elder brother, you are too yong in Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me villain?
Oli. I am no villain: I am the yongest sonne of Sir Rovoland de Boyes, he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that faies such a father begot villains: wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pul'd out thy tongue for saying so, thou haft rai'd on thy selfe.
Adam. Sweet Matters bee patient, for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord.
Oli. Let me goo I say.
Oli. I will not till I pleafe; you shall haere mee: my father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you haue train'd mee like a peasant, obfucing and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualitez: the spirit of my father growes strong in mee, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercis: as may become a gentleman, or glue mee the poore allottery my father left me by tefament, with that I will goo buy my fortunes.
Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg when that is spent? Well sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall haue some part of your will, I pray you leave me.
Oli. 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 have loft my teeth in your service: God be with my olde master, he would not haue spke such a word. Ex. Oli. Ad. Oli. Is it euen so, begin you to grow vpon me? I will phyfcke your ranckenelle, and yet giue no thousand crownes neyther: holla Dennis.
Enter Dennis.
Den. Calls your worship?
Oli. Was not Charles the Dukes Wraftler heere to speake with me?
Den. So pleafe you, he is heere at the doore, and importunes accesse to you.
Oli. Call him in: 'twill be a good way: and to morrow the wrafling is.
Enter Charters.
Char. Good morrow to your worship.
Oli. Good Mounffer Charles: what's the newes at the new Court?
Char. 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 loving Lords.
As you like it.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia.

C. I pray thee Rosalind, sweet my Cos, be merry.

R. Deere Celia; I shou: more mirth then I am mi-

traitfe of, and would you yet were merrier: vneife you
could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not
learne mee how to remember any extraordinary plea-

sure.

C. Herein I fee thou lou't mee not with the full
weight that I loue thee; if my Vnclle thy banished father
had banished thy Vnclle the Duke my Father, fo thou
hadt beene still with mee, I could haue taught my loue
to take thy father for mine; fo wouldst thou, if the truth
of thy loue to me were fo righteously temper'd, as mine
is to thee.

R. Well, I will forget the condition of my eftate,
to rejoyce in yours.

C. 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 fa-
ther perforce, I will render thee againe in affection: by
mine honor I will, and when I breake that oath, let mee
turne monftertherefore my sweet Ros, my deare Ros,
be merry.

R. From henceforth I will Cos, and deifie sports:
let me fee, what thinke you of falling in Louse?

C. Marry I prethee doe, to make sport withall: but
loue no man in good earneft, nor no further in sport ne-
ther, then with safety of a pure blush, thou maist in
hor come off again.

R. What shall be our sport then?

C. Let vs ft & mocke the good houeshwife Fur-
tune from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth be
beflowed equally.

R. I would wee could doe so: for her benefits are
mightily misplace'd, and the bountiffull blinde woman
doth moft miitake in her gifts to women.

C. "Tis true, for thothat she makes faire, the scarce
makes honeft, & thothat she makes honefl, the makes
very illafourely.

R. Nay now thou goest from Fortunes office to Na-
tures: Fortune reignes in gifts of the world, not in the
linements of Nature.

Enter Celia.

C. No; when Nature hath made a faire creature,
may he 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?

R. Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature, when
fortune makes nature natural, the cutter off of natures
witte.

C. Peraduenture this is not Fortunes work neither,
but Natures, who percuieus our natural witts too dull
to reasong of fuch goddefes, hath fent this Natural
for our whetstone. for alwaies the dunfele of the foole,
is the whetstone of the wits. How now Witte, whether
wander you?

Cle. Mistreffe, you must come away to your father.

C. Were you made the meffenger?

Cle. No by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you

Ref.
As you like it.

Ref. Where learned you that oath fools?

Clo. Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honour they were good Pan-cakes, and swore by his Honor the Muffard was naught: Now Ie fland to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Muffard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworne.

Clo. How prove you that in the great heape of your knowledge?

Ref. I marry, now vamuzzle your wifedome.

Clo. Stand you both forth now: flroke your chinnes, and flwre by your beards that I am a knaue.

Clo. By our beards (if we had them) thou art.

Clo. By my knauerie (if I had it) then I were: but if you flwre by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight flwearing by his Honor, for he never had anie; or if he had, he had sworne it away, before ever he faw those Pancakes, or that Muffard.

Clo. Prethee, who is’t that thou means’t?

Clo. One that old Fredericke your Father loves.

Ref. My Fathers love is enough to honor him enough; speake no more of him, you’ll be whipt for taxation one of these daies.

Clo. The more pittie that fooles may not speake wisely, what Wifemen do foolishly.

Clo. By my troth thou failest true: For, since the little wit that fooles have was silenced, the little foolerie that wife men haue makes a great shew; Heere comes Monfieur the Beu.

Enter le Beu.

Ref. With his mouth full of newes.

Clo. Which he vvill put on vs, as Pigeons feed their young.

Ref. Then shall we be newes-cram’d.

Clo. All the better: we shallbe the more Marketable.

Booz-court Monfieur le Beu, what’s the newes?

Le Beu. Faire Princefe, you haue loft much good sport.

Clo. Sport: of what colour?

Le Beu. What colour Madame? How shal I aunswer you?

Ref. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the deffinies decrees.

Clo. Well said, that was laid on with a trowell.

Clo. Nay, if I keepe not my ranke.

Ref. Thou looofeth thy old sell.

Le Beu. You amaze me Ladies: I would have told you of good wraftling, which you haue loft the fight of.

Ref. Yet tell vs the manner of the Wraffling.

Le Beu. I will tel you the beginning: and if it please your Ladifhips, you may fee the end, for the bell is yet to doe, and heere where you are, they are comming to performe it.

Clo. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beu. There comes an old man, and his three fons.

Clo. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beu. Three proper yong men, of excellent growth and preience.

Ref. With bills on their neckes: Be it knowne vnto all men by these presents.

Le Beu. The eldest of the three, wraftled with Charles the Dukes Wraffler, which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little hope of life in him: So he feru’d the second, and fo the third: yonder they lie, the poore old man their Father, making such pittifull sole ouer them, that all the behol-

ders take his part with weeping.

Ref. Alas.

Clo. But what is the sport Monfieur, that the Ladies haue loft?

Le Beu. Why this that I speake of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiser every day. It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribbes was sport for Ladies.

Clo. Or I, I promife thee.

Clo. But is there any else longs to see this broken Musickie in his fides? Is there yet another doates vpon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrafling Cofn?

Le Beu. You mutt if you stay heere, for heere is the place appointed for the wraftling, and they are ready to performe it.

Clo. Yonder sure they are comming. Let vs now stay and fee it.

Fleurish. Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendant.

Duke. Come on, since the youth will not be intreated His owne peril on his forwardnesse.

Ref. Is yonder the man?

Le Beu. Even he, Madam.

Clo. Alas, he is too yong: yet he looks succefffully.

Du. How now daughter, and Cousin: Are you crept hither to fee the wraftling?

Ref. I my Lige, fo pleae you glue vs leave.

Du. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you there is fuch oddes in the man: In pite of the challengers youth, I would faine diffwade him, but he will not bee entreated. Speake to him Ladies, fee if you can moue him.

Le Beu. Call him hether good Monfieur Le Beu.

Duke. Do fo: Ile not be by.

Le Beu. Monfieur the Challenger, the Princefle calls for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and dutie.

Ref. Young man, haue you challeng’d Charles the Wraffler?

Orl. No faire Princefe: he is the generall challenger, I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Clo. Yong Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your yeanes: you have feene cruell prove of this mans strength, if you faw your felle with your eye, or knew your felle with your judgment, the fear of your aduenture would counsel you to a more equall enterprize. We pray you for your owne fake to embrace your owne safe-tie, and guee over this attempt.

Ref. Do yong Sir, your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our fuite to the Duke, that the wraftling might not go forward.

Orl. I befeech you, punifh mee not with your harde thoughts, wherein I confesse me much guiltie to deny fo faire and excellent Ladies anie thing. But let your faire eyes, and gentle wilhes go with mee to my triall; wherein if I bee foil’d, there is but one tham’d that was never gracious: if kil’d, but one dead that is willing to be fo: I shal do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament moreworld no injuriue,for in it I have nothing: onely in the world I flil vp a place, which may bee better supplied, when I have made it empytie.

Ref. The little strength that I haue, I would it were with you.

Clo.
Col. And mine to eek out hers.  
Rof. Fare you well! praise heaven I be deceui'd in you.  
Col. Your hearts desires be with you.  
Char. Come, where is this yong gallant, that is so 
defareus to lie with his mother earth?  
Orl. Readie Sir, but his will hath in it a more modest 
working.  
'Duk. You shall trle but one fall.  
Char. No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat 
him to a second, that have so mightilie perfwaded him 
from a first.  
Orl. You mean to mocke me after: you should not 
haue mockt me before: but come your waies.  
Rof. Now Hercules, be thy speede yong man.  
Col. I would I were insensible, to catch the strong fel-
low by the legge.  
Wraffe.  
Rof. Oh excellent yong man.  
Col. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who 
should downe.  
Sloot. No more, no more.  
Orl. Yes I befeech your Grace, I am not yet well 
breath'd.  
Duk. How do't thou Charles?  
Le Beau. He cannot speake my Lord.  
Duk. Beare him awaie:  
What is thy name yong man?  
Orl. Orlando my Liege, the yongest sonne of Sir Ro-
land de Boys.  
Duk. I would thou hadst beene fon to some man else, 
The world eetem'd thy father honourable, 
But I did finde him full wise eneme: 
Thou shoul'dt have better plea'd me with this deede, 
Hadst thou defenced from another house: 
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth, 
I would thou hadt't told me of another father.  
Exit Duk.  
Col. Were I my Father (Coze) would I do this?  
Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rolands fonne, 
His yongest fonne, and would not change that calling 
To be adopted heire to Fredrick.  
Rof. 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 fonne, 
I should have given him these entretis, 
Ere he should thus haue ventur'd.  
Col. Gentle Coen, 
Let vs goe thanke him,and encourage him: 
My Fathers rough and enious disposition 
Sticks me at heart: Sir, you have well deuer'd, 
If you doe keep your promisses in love; 
But iully as you have exceeded all promisse, 
Your Miftrys shall be happie.  
Rof. Gentleman, 
Weare this for me: one out of suites with fortune 
That could glue more, but that her hand lacking means. 
Shall we goe Coze?  
Col. I fare you well faire Gentleman.  
Orl. Can I not fay, I thank you? My better parts 
Are all throwen downe, and that which here flands vp 
Is but a quinte, a metre listelle blocke.  
Rof. He calls vs back: my pride fell with my fortunes, 
He askes him what he would: Did you call Sir? 
Sir, you haue wraffled well, and ouerthrowne 
More then your enemies.  
Col. Will you goe Coze? 
Rof. Haeve with you: fare you well.  
Exit.  
Orl. What passion hangs these weights vpon my toog? 
I cannot speake to her, yet the wrg'd conference.  
Enter Le Beau.  
O poore Orlando! thou art ouerthrowne 
Or Charles, or something weaker matters thee.  
Le Beau. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsaille you 
Te leue this place; Albeit you haue deuer'd 
High commendation, true applaufe, and loue; 
Yet fioch is now the Dukes condition, 
That he milconfers 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 Wraffling?  
Le Beau. Neither his daughter,if we judge 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 vfurping Vole. 
To keepe his daughter companie, whose loues 
Are dearer then the naturall bond of Sifters: 
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke 
Hath tane difpleasure'gainft his gentle Neece, 
Grounded vpon no other argument, 
But that the people praffle her for her vertues, 
And pittle her, for her good Fathers fake; 
And on my life his malice 'gainft 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 reft much bounden to you: fare you well. 
Thus muft I from the smoke into the fmother, 
From tyrant Duke,vnto a tyrant Brother.  
Orl. Eext  
Scena Tertius.  

Enter Celia and Rosaline.  
Col. Why Cofen, why Rosaline: Capit haue mercie, 
Not a word?  
Rof. Not one to throw at a dog.  
Col. No, thy words are too preicious to be cast away 
upon curs,throw some of them at me; come lame mee 
with reaons.  
Rof. Then there were two Cofen laid vp, when the 
one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad 
without any.  
Col. But is all this for your Father? 
Rof. No, some of it is for my childes Father: Oh 
how full of briers is this working day world.  
Col. They are but burs, Cofen, throwme vpon thee 
in holiday foolerie, if we walke not in the trodden paths 
our very petty-coates will catch them. 
Rof. I could shake them off my coate, these burs are 
in my heart.  
Col. Hem them away. 
Rof. I would try if I could cry hem,and haue him. 
Col. Come,come,wraffle with thy affections. 
Rof. O they take the part of a better wraffler then 
my selfe.  
Col. O, a good with vpon you: you will trie in time
As you like it.

in dipight of a fall but turning these leaves out of seruice, let us take in good earnef: Is it poifible on fuch a fo- 
daine,you should fall into fo strong a liking with old Sir 
Rouland's young fonne?

Ref. The Duke my Father lou'd his Father deerelie. 
Cel. Doth it therefore enufe that you should loue his 
Sonne deerelie? If by this kinde of chafe, I should hate 
him, for my father hated his father deerefly; yet I hate not 
Orlando.

Ref. No faith, hate him not for my fake. 
Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deferue well?

Enter Duke with Lords.

Ref. Let me loue him for that, and do you loue him 
Because I doe. Louke, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eies full of anger.

Duk. Mistries, dispatch you with your safest haft, 
And get you from our Court.

Ref. Me Vnecl.

Duk. You Cofen, 
Within these ten daies if that thou beeft found 
So neere our publike Court as twentie miles, 
Thou dieft for it.

Ref. I doe befeech your Grace 
Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me : 
If with my felfe I hold intelligence, 
Or have acquaintance with mine owne defires, 
If that I do not dreame, or be not franticke, 
(As I doe trut I am not) then deere Vnecl, 
Never fo much as in a thought vnborne, 
Did I offend your highefelf.

Duk. Thus doe all Traitors, 
If their purgation did confift in words, 
They are as innocent as grace it felfe ; 
Let it suffice thee that I trut thee not.

Ref. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a Traitor 
Tell me whereon the likelikonds depends? 

Duk. Thou art thy Fathers daughter,there's enough. 

Ref. So was I when your highnes took his Dukdome, 
So was I when your highnefe banifh him ; 
Trayfion is not inherited my Lord, 
Or if we did derue it from our friends, 
What's that to me, my Father was no Traitor, 
Then good my Leige, mistake me not fo much, 
To thinke my pouerite is treacherous.

Cel. Deere Sournaine heare me speake. 

Duk. 1 Celia, we flaid her for your fake, 
Elfe shee with her Father rang'd along. 

Cel. I did not then intent to haue her flay, 
It was your pleafure, and your owne remorse,
I was too yong that time to value her, 
But now I know her: if she be a Traitor, 
Why fo am I : we fhill haue fleft together, 
Rofe at an infiant, learn'd, plaid, eate together, 
And wherefoere we went, like Iames Swans, 
Sill we went coupled and infeparable.

Duk. She is too subtle for thee, and her smoothnes; 
Her verie fience, and per patience, 
Speake to the people, and they plight her : 
Thou art a foole, the robst thee of thy name, 
And thou wilt show more bright, & feem more vertuous 
When he is gone : then open not thy lips 
Firme, and irreneeable is my doome, 
Which I haue paft vpon her, she is banifh'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 yourfelfe, 
If you out-flay the time, vpon mine honor, 
And in the greatefe of my word you die. 

Exit Duke,&c.

Cel. O my poore Rofaline,whether wilt thou goe? 
Wilt thou change Fathers? I will glue thee mine : 
I charge thee be not thou more grieu'd then I am. 
Ref. I haue more caufe.

Cel. Thou haft not Cofen, 
Prethee be cheerefull; know'ft thou not the Duke 
Hath banifh'd me his daughter?

Ref. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? Rofaline lacks then the loue 
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one, 
Shall we be freed? shall we part fweete girls? 
No, let my Father feke another heire : 
Therefore deuife with me how we may fie 
Whether to goe, and what to beare with vs, 
And doe not feke to take your change vpon you, 
To beare your griefes your felfe, and leave me out : 
For by this heauen, now at our fouerane pale; 
Say what thou canft, Ie goe along with thee.

Ref. Why, whether shall we goe?

Cel. To feke my Vnecl in the Forrest of Arden.

Ref. Alas, what danger will it be to vs, 
( Maides as we are) to trauell forth so farre? 
Beautie proueketh theues fooner then gold.

Cel. Ille put my felfe in poore and meane attire, 
And with a kinde of vmbre fmarine my face, 
The like doe you, fo shall we passe along, 
And never fir affillants.

Ref. Were it not better, 
Because that I am more then common tall, 
That I did fuite me all points like a man, 
A gallant curtelax vpon my thigh, 
A bore-speare in my hand, and in my heart 
Lye there what hidden womans feare there will, 
Weele have a swaffhing and a marshall outside, 
As many other mannifh cowards have, 
That doe outface it with their fembilances. 

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man? 
Ref. Ile have no worfe a name then Iames owne Page, 
And therefore looke you call me Ganined.

But what will you by call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my flate: 
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ref. But Cofen, what if we affaid to fieale 
The clownifh Foole out of your Fathers Court: 
Would he not be a comfort to our trauaille? 

Cel. Heele goe along ore the wide world with me, 
Leave me alone to woe him; Let's away 
And get our Ievels and our wealth together, 
Deuife 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 banifhment. 

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke Senior: Amyens, and two or three Lords 
lke Forrefters. 

Duk. Sen. Now my Coe-mates, and brothers in exile: 
Hath not old cuftome made this life more sweete 

Then
As you like it.

Then that of painted pome? Are not these woods
More free from peril then the emulous Court?
Here I feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The feasons difference, as the Icle phange
And carfulh chiding of the winters windes,
Which when it bites and blows upon my body
Even till I shrinke with cold, I smite, and say
This is not flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly perwade me what I am:
Sweet are the vies of aduérside
Which like the toad, ugly and venemous,
Wereas yet a precious jewel in his head.
And this our life exempt from publike baunt,
Findes tongues in trees, books in the running brookes,
Sermons in flowers, and good in every thing.
Amin. I would not change it, happy is your Grace
That can translate the stubbornesse of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a file.

Du. Sen. Come, shall we goe and kill vs venison?
And yet it irkes me the poore dampled fools
Being native Burgers of this defert City,
Should intheir owne confines with forked heads
Have their round hanches goard.
1. Lor. Indeed my Lord
The melancholy Jaques grieues at that,
And in that kinde Iwearer you doe more vifurpe
Then doth your brother that hath banish'd you:
To day my Lord of Amiens, and my selfe,
Did feale behinde him as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antick roote peepes out
Upon the brooke that brawles along this wood,
To the which place a poore fequerted Stag
That from the Hunters aime had tane a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed my Lord
The wretched annimall he'nd forth fuch groanes
That his dicharge did stretch his leatheern coat
Aimsto burfting, and the big round teares
Cours'd one another downe his innocent nofe
In pitrous chafe: and thus the haire foole,
Much marked of the melancholie Jaques,
Stood on th'extempest verge of the swift brooke,
Augmenting it with teares.

Du. Sen. But what faid Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
1. Lor. O yes, into a thousand families.
First, for his weeping into the needlele flame;
Poore Deere quoth he, thou mak'ft a tennent
As worlilings doe, gling thy fum of more
To that which had to much: then being there alone,
Left and abandond of his velout friend;
'Tis right quoth he, thus miserie doth part
The Fluex of companie: anon a careleffe Heard
Full of the pature, jumps along by him
And never flaes to greet him: 1 quoth Jaques;
Sweep on you fat and grezie Citizens,
'Tis laft the fashion; wherefore doe you looke
Vpon that poore and broken bankrupt there?
Thus mift iewedily he pierceth through
The body of Countrie, Citie, Court,
Yes, and of this our life, swearing that we
Are meere vifurers, tyrants, and whates worfe
To fright the Annimals, and to kill them vp
In their affign'd and native dwelling place.
D. Sen. And did you blame him in this contemplation?
2. Lor. We did my Lord, weeping and commeting
Vpon the sobbing Deere.

Du. Sen. Show me the place,
I love to cope him in thefe fullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.
Exunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, with Lords.

Duk. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be, some villains of my Court
Are of content and sufferance in this.
1. Lor. I cannot hear 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 Mistres.
2. Lor. My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom so oft,
Your Grace was wont to laugh is also missing.
Hifperia the Princefse Centlewman
Confesses that she secretly ore-heard
Your daughter and her Cofen much commend
The parts and graces of the Wrafter
That did but lately folle the fyновe Charles,
And she believe where ever 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 foadily;
And let not search and inquisition quail,
To bring against those foolish runawies.
Exunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. Who's there?
Ad. What my yong Mafter, oh my gentle mafter,
Oh my sweet mafter, 0 you memorie
Of old Sir Rowland; why, what make you here?
Why are you vertuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be fo fond to ouercome
The bonnie prifer of the humorous Duke?
Your prife is come too fwithily home before you.
Know you not Mafter, to feeme kinde of men,
Their graces ferue them but as enemies,
No more doe yours: your vertues gentle Mafter
Are fanchifie and holy traiors to you:
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it?
Why, what's the matter?
Ad. O vnappie youth,
Come not within these doores: within this rooffe
The enemie of all your graces lies
Your brother, no, no brother, yet the fonne
(0 yet not the fon, I will not call him fon)
Of him I was about to call his Father,
Hath heard your prifes, and this night he means,
To burne the lodging where you vie to lye,
And you within it: if he faile of that

He
As you like it.

He will have other means to cut you off;
I overheard him and his projects:
This is no place, this house is but a butcherie;
Abhorre it, fear it, do not enter it.
Ad. Why whether Adam would't haue me go?
Ad. No matter whether, so you come not here.
Orl. What, would't thou haue me go & beg my food,
Or with a bafe and boistrous Sword enforce
A theeuish lying on the common rode?
This I must do, or know what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can.
I rather will fabricate me to the malice
Of a diuerted blood, and bloudie brother.
Ad. But do not so: I haue five hundred Crownes
The thrieffe hire I faued vnder your Father,
Which I did flore to be my foffer Nurse,
When feruice should in my old limbs lie lame,
And vnregarded age in corners throwne,
Take that, and he that doth the Rauens feede,
Yea prouudently caters for the Sparrow,
Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
All this I gliue you, let me be your fervant:
Though I looke old, yet I am strong and luffie;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot, and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with vnbashfull forehead woe,
The meanes of weakeknesse and debilitie,
Therefore my age is as a luffie winter,
Fruifie, but kindely; let me goe with you,
Ile doe the feruice of a young man
In all your businesse and necessitie.
Orl. Oh good old man, how well in thee appeares
The constant feruice of the antique world,
When feruice 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 feruice vp,
Euen with the hauing, it is not fo with thee:
But poore old man, thou prun't h a rotten tree,
That cannot do much as a bloffome yeilde,
In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie,
In come thy waies, weelee goe along together,
And ere we haue thy youthfull wages spent,
Weele light vpon some feted low content.
Ad. Master goe on, and I will follow thee
To the last gape with truth and loyaltie,
From feauentie yeeres, till now almost foureescore
Here lised I, but now live here no more
At feauentene yeeres, many their fortunes fecke
But at foureescore, it is too late a weeks,
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Then to die well, and not my Masters debter.
Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosaline for Ganined, Celia for Aliena, and Clowne, alias Touchstone.

Ref. O Jupiter, how merry are my spirits?
Clo. I care not for my spirits, if my legges were not wearie.
Ref. I could finde in my heart to disgrace my mans apparell, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort
the weaker vessel, as doublet and hofe ought to shew it selfe coragious to petty-coate; therefore courage, good Aliena.
Clo. 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 have no money in your purse.
Ref. Well, this is the Forrest of Arden.
Clo. I saw you in Arden, the more fool I, when I was at home I was in a better place, but Traveillers must be content.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Ref. Ibe so good Touchstone Look you, who comes here, a young man and an old in solome talke.
Cor. That is the way to make her fcone you fill.
Sil. Oh Corin, that thou knowest how I doe love 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 waft as true a lover
As ever figh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy loue were ever like to mine,
As fure I thinke did never man loue so:
How many actions most ridiculous,
Hast thou beene drawn to by thy fantasie?
Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.
Sil. Oh thou didst then never loue so heartily,
If thou rememberst not the flighthest folly,
That euer loue did make thee run into,
Thou haft not lout'd.
Or if thou haft not sat as I doe now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy Misritis praine,
Thou haft not lout'd.
Or if thou haft not broke from companie,
Abruptly as my passion now makes me,
Thou haft not lout'd.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe.
Exit.
Ref. Alas poor Shephard searching of they would,
I have by hard adventure found mine owne.
Clo. And I mine: I remember when I was in love, I broke my sword vpon a flone, and bid him take that for comming a night to Jane Smile, and I remember the kiffing of her batler, and the Cowes dogs that her prettie choypt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooling of a peacled instead of her, from whom I tooke two coeds, and givinf her them againe, fald with weeping tears, weare thefe for my fake: wee that are true Louers, runne into erange capers; but as all is mortall in nature, so is all nature in loue, mortall in folly.
Ref. Thou speak't wiser then thou art ware of.
Clo. Nay, I shal neither be ware of mine owne wit, till I breake my thins against it.
Ref. Iose, Iose, this Shepherds paifion,
Is much vpon my fashion.
Clo. And mine, but it groes something stale with mee.
Cel. If I pray you, one of you question you'd man,
If he for gold will gue vs any foode,
I faint almoft to death.
Clo. Holls; you Clowne.
Ref. Peace foolie, he's not thy kinsman.
Cor. Who calls?
Clo. Your betters Sir.
Cor. Elle are they very wretched.

Ref. Peace
As you like it.

Ref. Peace I say; good even to your friend.
Cor. And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.
Ref. I prethee Shepheard, if that loye or gold
Can in this desart place buy entertainment.
Bring vs where we may reft our felues, and feed:
Here's a yong maide with trauaille much oppressed,
And faints for succour.
Cor. Fare Sir, I pitie her,
And with for her sake more then for mine owne,
My fortunes were more able to releue her:
But I am theheared to another man,
And do not theere the Fleeces that I graze:
My matter is of curulith dispoition,
And little wreakes to finde the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitalitie.
Besides his Coate, his Flockes, and bounds of feede
Are now on fale, and at our sheep-cost now
By reason of his absence there is nothing
That you will feed on: but what is, come fee,
And in my voice moft welcome shall you be.
Ref. What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture?
Cor. That yong Swaine that you saw heere but creste.
That little cares for buying any thing.
Ref. I pray thee, if it fland with honestie,
Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and the flocke,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of vs.
Col. And we will mend thy wages:
I like this place, and willingly could
Waitte my time in it.
Cor. Affuredly the thing is to be fold:
Go with me, if you like vpon report,
The foile, the profit, and this kinde of life,
I will your very faithfull Feeder be,
And buy it with your Gold right foddainly.  Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter, Amyens, Jaques, & others.

Song.
Under the greene wood tree,
Who loves to bee with mee,
And turne his merry Note,
Unto the fweetest Birds throate:
Come bitter, come bitter, come bitter;
Here shall be fea no enemie,
But Winter and rough Weather.

Ian. More, more, I pre'thee more.
Amy. It will make you melancholy Monfieur Jaques.
Ian. I thanke it: More, I prethee more,
I can fucke melancholy out of a fong,
As a Weazel fuckes egges: More, I pre'thee more.
Amy. My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please you.
Ian. I do not desire you to please me,
I do desire you to finge:
Come, more, another fzano: Cal you'em flazo's?
Amy. What you wil Monfieur Jaques.
Ian. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee
nothing: Will you finge?
Amy. More at your request, then to please my felfe.
Ian. 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 heartily,
I me thinkes I haue given him a penie, and he renders me
the begggerly thankes. Come finge; and you that wil not
hold your tongues.
Amy. Wel, Ile end the Song. Sirs, cover the while,
The Duke wil drinke vnder this tree; he hath bin all this
to day to looke you.
Ian. And I have bin all this day to avoid him:
He is too difuteable for my companie:
I think of as many matters as he, but I glue
Heauen thankes, and make no boast of them.
Come, warble, come.

Song, *Altogether beare.*
Who doth ambitious fonne,
and longs to live i'th Sunne
Seeking the food be eate,
and pleas'd with what he gets:
Come bitter, come bitter, come bitter,
Here shall be fée, & c.

Ian. Ile give you a verfe to this note,
That I made yesterdays in deligft of my Invention.
Amy. And Ile fing it.
Amy. Thus it goes.
If it do come to paffe, that any man tumne Aife:
Leaving his wealth and safe,
A fubborne wall to pleafe,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Herefhall be fee, groffe foles as be,
And if he wall come to me.
Amy. What's that Ducdame?
Ian. 'Tis a Greekke inquocation, to call fools into a circle.
Ile go fleee if I can: if I cannot, Ile raife against all
the firft borne of Egypt.
Amy. And Ile go fecke the Duke,
His banquet is prepar'd. Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Orlando, & Adam.

Adam. Deere Mafter, I can go no further:
O I die for food. Heere lie I downe,
And mesure out my graue. Farwel kinde mafter.
Orl. Why how now Adam? No greater heart in thee:
Lye a little, comfort a little, cheere thy felfe a little.
If this vncoth Forrest yield any thing faugue,
I will either be food for it, or bring it for foode to thee:
Thy conceite is nearer death, then thy powers.
For my fake be confortable, hold death a while
At the armes end: I wil heere be with thee prefently,
And if I bring thee not fomthing to eate,
I wil giue thee leaue to die: but if thou diest
Before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor.
Wel faid, thou lookt' cheeries,
And Ile be with thee quickly: yet thou lieft
In the bleake aire. Come, I wil beare thee
to fome helter, and thou shalt not die
For lacke of a dinner,
If there lie anything in this Defert.
Cheereely good Adam. Exeunt Scena

Du. Sen. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can no where finde him, like a man.

1. Lord. My Lord, he is but euen now gone hence,
Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Du. Sen. If he compact of larrys, grow Muscall,
We shall have shortly discord in the Spheres:
Go fecke him, tell him I would speake with him.

Enter L aun.

1. Lord. He faues my labor by his owne approach.

Du. Sen. Why do now Monfieur, what a life is this
That your poor friends must woe your compaine,
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 foole, I met a foole,
Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,
And raill'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good fet terms, and yet a motley foole.
Good morrow foole (quoth i:) no Sir, quoth he,
Call me not foole, till heauen hath lent me fortune,
And then he drew a diall from his poache,
And looking on it, with lache-luthe eye,
Says, very wisely, it is ten a clocke:
Thus we may fee (quoth he) how the world waggis:
'Tis but an hour auge, since it was nine,
And after one hour more, 'twill be eleuen,
And so from hour to hour, we rippe, and ripe,
And then from hour to hour, 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 depe contemplative:
And I did laugh, fans intemination
An hour by his diall. Oh noble foole,
A worthy foole: Motley's the only weare.

Du. Sen. What foole is this?

Iaq. O worthie Foole: One that hath bin a Courtier
And fayes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,
They haue the gift to know it: and in his braise,
Which is as drie as the remainder basket
After a voyage: He hath strange places cram'd
With obfcrution, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a foole,
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Du. Sen. Thou shalt haue one.

Iaq. It is my onely fuite,
Prouided that you heed your better judgements
Of all opinion that groves ranke in them,
That I am wife. I must haue libertie
Withall, as large a Charter as the winde,
To blow on whom I please, for fo foole haue:
And they that are most gaude with my folly,
They moft muft laugh: And why sir muft they fo?
The why is plaine, as way to Parith Church:
Hee, that a Foole doth very wily hit,
Doth very fooliilly, although he smart
Seeme fenfeleffe of the bob. If not,
The Wife-mans folly is anathomiz'd
Euen by the squandering glances of the foole.

Inseft me in my motley: Glue me leave
To speak in my minde, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foule bodie of th'infected world,
If they will patiently receiue my medicine.


Iaq. What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?

Du. Sen. Mof't miccheuous foule fin, in chiding fin:
For thou thy felfe haft bene a Libertine,
As fenfull as the brutth fing it felle,
And all th'imbossed fores, and headed euils,
That thow with license of free foot haft caught,
Would'st thou diggore into the general world.

Iaq. Why who cries out on pride,
That can therein taxe any private party:
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
Till that the wearie verie meanes do ebe.
What woman in the Citie do I name,
When that I faie the City woman beares
The cift of Princes on vnworthy shoulders?
Who fhould come in, and faie that I meane her,
When fuch a one as thee, fuch is her neighbor?
Or what is he of baifeft function,
That fayes his brauerie is not on my cof,
Thinking that I meane him, but therein fuites
His folly to the mettle of my speech,
There then, how then, what then, let me fee wherein
My tongue hath wrongd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himfelfe: if he be free,
why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies
Vnclim'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 thalt not, till neceffity be feru'd.

Iaq. Of what kinde fhould this Cocke come of?

Du. Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy diftres?
Or eile a rude defpifer of good manners,
That in ciuity thou feem'dst to emptie?

Orl. You touch'd my veine at firft, the thorny point
Of bare deftreffe, hath tane from me the fhw
Of smooth ciuility: yet am I in-land bred,
And know fome nourture: But forbeare, I fay,
He dies that touches any of this fruite,
Till I, and my affaires are anwer'd.

Iaq. And you will not be anwer'd with reafon,
I muft dye.

Du. Sen. What would you have?
Your gentlenesse fhall force, more then your force
Moue vs to gentlenesse.

Orl. I almoft die for food, and let me haue it.

Du. Sen. Sit downe and feed, & welcom to our table

Orl. Speake you fo gently? Pardon me I pray you,
I thought that all things had bin fanae heere,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ferue command'ment. But what ere you are
That in this defert inacceffible,
Vnder the shade of melancholly boughs,
Loofe, and neglecd the creeping hours of time:
If euer you have look'd on better dayes:
If euer beene where bels have knoll'd to Church:
If euer fate at any good mans feaft:
If euer from your eye-lds wip'd a teare,
And know what 'tis to pittie, and be pittied:
Let gentlenesse my strong enforcement be,
In the which hope, I blufh, and hide my Sword.

As you like it.
As you like it.

Du. Sen. True is it, that we haue seene better dayes;  
And haue with holy bell bin knowed to Church,  
And fat at good mens feasts, and wip'd our eies  
Of drops, that sacred sly hath engendred:  
And therefore fit you downe in gentienesse,  
And take vpon command, what helpe we haue  
That to your wanting may be ministr'd.  
Ori. Then but forbear your food a little while:  
Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawn,  
And give it food. There is an old poore man,  
Who after me, hath many a weary steppe  
Limp't in pure loue; till he be sifting'd,  
Opprest with two weake euls, age, and hunger,  
I will not touch a bit.  
And we will nothing waffe till you returne.  
Ori. I thanke ye, and be blest for your good comfort.  
Du. Sen. Thou feeft, we are not all alone vnhappy:  
This wide and vnsett fall Theater  
Preferr'd more wofull Pageants then the Scane  
Wherein we play in.  
Ja. All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women, meerely Players;  
They have their Exits and their Entrees,  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His Acts being feuen ages. At sirft the Infant,  
Mewing, and puking in the Nurseries arms:  
Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell  
And shining morning face, creeping like snale  
Vnwillingly to schoole. And then the Lauer,  
Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad  
Made to his Miftreffe eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,  
Ielous in honor, fadaine, and quicke in quarrell,  
Seeking the bubble Reputation  
Euen in the Canons mouth: And then, the Iuflice  
In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,  
With eyes seere, and beard of formall cut,  
Full of wise fawes, and moderne inranges,  
And so he playes his part. The flat age shifts  
Into the leane and flipper'd Pantaloone,  
With fpecacles on nofe, and pouch on fide,  
His youthfull hofe well su'd, a world too wide,  
For his shrinke thanke, and his bigge manly voice,  
Turning againe toward childifh trebble pipes,  
And whistles in his sound. Laft Scene of all,  
That ends this strange euentfull historie,  
Is second childifhneffe, and meer eoliuion,  
Sans teeth, fans eyes, fans tafe, fans euerie thing.  

Enter Orlando with Adam.  
Du. Sen. Welcome; let downe your venerable burthen,  
And let him feede.  
Ori. I thanke you moft for him.  
Ad. So had you neede,  
I scarce can speake to thanke you for my selfe.  
Du. Sen. Welcome, fall too: I will not trouble you,  
As yet to question you about your fortunes:  
Glue vs some Mufick, and good Cozen, fing.  

Song.  
Blew, blow, thou winter windes,  
Thou art no soonkinde, as mans ingratitude  
Thy tooth n'ut for keenes, because thou art not fuent,  
although thy breath be rude.

Heigh bo, sing heigh bo, unto the greene bally,  
Moft friendship, & fayning; most Louing, meerely folly:  
The heigh bo, the bally,  
This Life is moft folly.  

Freins, freins, thou bitter skit that daft not bight so nigh  
as benefits forget:  
Though thou the waters wapere, thy fling is not so sharpe,  
as freind remembered not.  
Heigh bo, Singh and.  

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 witneffe,  
Moft truly lim'd, and luing in your face,  
Be truly welcome hither; I am the Duke  
That lou'd your Father, the residue of your fortune,  
Go to my Cave, and tell mee. Good old man,  
Thou art right welcome, as thy matters is:  
Support him by the arme; give me your hand,  
And let me all your fortunes vnderstand. Exeunt.  

Aetius Tertius. Scena Prima.  

Enter Duke, Lords, & Olier.  
Du. Not see him since? Sir, fit, that cannot be:  
But were I not the better part made mercie,  
I shoul not seeke an abstent argument  
Of my reuenge, thou prefent: but looke to it,  
Finde out thy brother wherefore he is,  
Seek he him with Candle: bring him dead, or luing  
Within this twelvemonth, or turne thou no more  
To seeke a luing in our Territorie.  
Thy Lands and all things that thou doft call thine,  
Worth feiture, do we feize into our hands,  
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brethren mouth,  
Of what we thinke againft thee.  
Oli. Oh that your Highneffe knew my heart in this:  
I never lou'd my brother in my life.  
Duke. More villainous 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.  
Ori. Hang there my verme, in witneffe of my love,  
And thou thrice crowned Queene of night suruer  
With thy chaffe eye, from thy pale sphare aboue  
Thy Huntrefle name, that my full life doth sway.  
O Rosalind, thinke Trees shall be my Bookes,  
And in their barkes my thoughts Ie charactrer,  
That euerie eye, which in this Forrest lookes,  
Shall fey thy vertue witneffe euerie where.  
Run, run Orlando, carue on euerly Tree,  
The faire, the chaffe, and vnxpreffue thee.  
Exit.  

Enter Corin & Cloume.  
Co. And how like you this shepherds life Mr Touchstone?  
Cl.  

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As you like it.

Close. Truely Shepheard, in respect of it felle, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepheards life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well: but in respect that it is private, it is a very wild 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 faire life (looke you) it fits my humor well: but as there is no more plentie in it, it goes much against my stomacke, Havest any Philosophie in thee shepheard?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one sickens, the worse at exe he is: and that bee 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 caufe of the night, is lacke of the Sunne: That heat 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 ever in Court, Shepheard?

Cor. No truly.

Clo. Then thou art deadd, like an ill roated Egge, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at Court? your reason.

Clo. Why, if thou neuer was't at Court, thou neuer fawe good manners; if thou neuer fawe! good manners, then thy manners must be wicked, and wickednes is fin, and finne is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state shepheard.

Cor. Not a whit Touched, tho' that are good manners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Country, as the behauiour of the Countrie is most mockeable at the Court. You told me, you falute not at the Court, but you kiffe your hands: that courtefy would be vncleanlie if Courtiers were shepheards.

Clo. Infance, briefly: come, infance.

Cor. Why we are still handling our Ewes, and their Fels you know are grease.

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 infance I say: Come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips wil feele them the sooner. Shallow a-gien: a more founder infance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd ouer, with the surgery of our sheepe: and would you haue vs kiffe Tarre? The Courtiers hands are perfum'd with Cluet.

Clo. Most shallow man: Thou wormes meate in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed: leane of the wife and perpend: Cluet is of a bafer birth then Tarre, the verie vncleanlie fluxe of a Cat. Mend the infance Shepheard.

Cor. You have too Courtly a wit, for me, Ile reft.


Cor. Sir, I am a true labour'd, I earne that I eat: get that I weare; owe no man hate, ennie no mans hapINESE: glad of other mens good content with my harme: and the grestef of my pride, is to see my Ewes graze & my Lambs fucke.

Clo. That is another finple finne 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 Belweather, and to betray a shee-Lambe of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated olde Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damm'd for this, the duell himselfe will have no shepheards, I cannot see elfe how thou shouldeft scape.

Cor. Heere comes yong Mr'Gaminde, my new Mitrifles Brother.

Enter Rosalind.

Ros. From the caft to westerne Inde,
no iewel is like Rosalinde,
Hir worth being mounted on the winde,
through all the world heares Rosalinde.
All the pictures fairest Linds,
are but blackes to Rosalinde:
Let no face bee kept in mind,
but the faire of Rosalinde.

Clo. Ile rime you fo, eight yeares together; dinners, and suppers, and sleepings hours excepted: it is the right Butter-womens ranke to Market.

Ros. Out Fool.

Cor. For a taffe.

If a Hart doe lacke a Hinde,
Let him seeketh out Rosalinde:
If the Cat will all with kinde,
So be sure will Rosalinde:
Wintred garments must be linde,
So must slender Rosalinde:
They that reap muft beafe and binde,
then to carie with Rosalinde.
Sweeteft nut, bath freweft rindes,
such a nut is Rosalinde.
He that beweteast rofe will finde,
must finde Loues pricks, & Rosalinde.

This is the verie falsely gallop of Verfes, why do you inceff your felle with them?

Ros. Peace you dull foole, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truely the tree yeilds bad fruite.

Ros. He graffe it with you, and then I shall graffe it with a Medler: then it will be the earliest fruite of the country: for you'll be rotten ere you bee halfe ripe, and that's the right vertue of the Medler.

Clo. You haue fayd: but whether wisely or no, let the Forreft judge.

Enter Celia with a writing.

Ros. Peace, here comes my fitter reading, stand aside.

Cel. Why should this Delfert bee,
for it is unpeopled? Not: Tongs Ite bang on entwre tree,
that fball cull faying fhee.
Somes, how briefe the Life of man
runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the fretching of a fern,
buckles in his funne of age.
Some of isolated worms,
make the foules of friends, and friends
But upon the faireft beares,
or at euerie sentence end;
Will I Rosalinde avert,
teaching all that readeth, to know
The quintewence of euerie frite,
beauten would in little flowe.
Therefore beaue Nature char'd,
that one bodie should be fill'd
With all Graces vince enlarg'd,
nature prouely diftil'd.

Helens
Ref. Nay, but the diuell take mocking: speake fadde brow, and true maid.
Cel. Nay (Coz) tis he.
Ref. Orlando?
Cel. Orlando.
Ref. Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet & hole: What did he when thou faw’st him? What fayde he? How look’d he? Wherein went he? What makes heere heere? Did he aske for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou fee him again? Anfwere me in one word. 
Cel. You must borrow me Gargantuous mouth first: ‘tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages size, to fay I and no, to thefe particulars, is more then to anfwere in a Catechifme.

Ref. But doth he know that I am in this Forreft, and in mans apparrell? Looks he as frefhly, as he did the day he Wraffled?
Cel. It is as cafe to count Atomies as to refolve the refolutions of a Louer: but take a tafe of my finding him, and relifh it with good obfervation. I found him under a tree like a drop’d Acorne.
Ref. It may vveel be cal’d Loues tree, when it droppes forth fruite.
Cel. Give me audience, good Damad. 
Ref. Proceed.
Cel. There lay hee stretch’d along like a Wounded knight. 
Ref. Though it be pittie to fee fuch a fight, it vveel becomes the ground. 
Cel. Cry holla, to the tongue, I prethee: it curuettes vnfeasonymouly. He was furnifh’d like a Hunter.
Ref. O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart. 
Cel. I would sing my fong without a burthen, thou bring’t me out of tune.
Ref. Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke, I muft speake? sweet, fay on.

Enter Orlando & Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not here?
Ref. ‘Tis he, flinke by, and note him.
Jaq. I thanke you for your company, but good faith I had as liefle haue beene my felfe alone.
Orl. And fo had I: but yet for fahion fake I thanke you too, for your societie.

Jaq. God buy you, let’s meet as little as we can.
Orl. I do defire we may be better strangers.
Jaq. I pray you marre no more trees: with Writing Loue-fongs in their barks.
Orl. I pray you marre no moe of my verfes with rea- 

ding them ill-favouredly.
Jaq. Refalinde is your loues name? Orl. Yes, luft.
Jaq. I do not like her name.
Orl. There was no thought of pleafing you when she was wriften.
Jaq. What figure is the of?
Orl. Luft as high as my heart.
Jaq. You are full of prety anfwers: haue you not bin ac- 
quainted with goldsmiths wifes, & cond the out of rings
Orl. Not fo: but I anfwere you right painted cloath, from whence you have studied your queftions.
Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I thinke ‘twas made of
Attalanta’s hecles. Will you fitte downe with me, and we two, will raife againft our Miftirs the world, and all our miserie.
Orl. I will childe no breather in the world but my felfe against
As you like it.

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against whom I know most faults.

Ofl. The word that you have, is to be in love.

Ofl. 'Tis a fault I will not change, for your best ver-
tue: I am ware of you.

Iaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a Foole, when I
found you.

Ofl. He is drow'd in the brooke, looke but in, and
you shall see him.

Iaq. There I shall see mine owne figure.

Ofl. Which I take to be either a foole, or a Cipher.

Iaq. Ile tarrie no longer with you, farewell good fig-

Ofl. I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Mon-

Ofl. Ref. I wil speake to him like a sawcie Lucky, and

der that habit play the knave with him, do you hear For-

Ofl. Verie wel, what would you? (refter.

Ref. I pray you, what i'ft a clocke?

Ofl. You should ask me what time o'day: there's no
clocke in the Forrest.

Ref. Then there is no true Louer in the Forrest, elfe
fighting euery minute: and groaning euery houre would
detect the lazie foot of time, as well as a clocke.

Ofl. And why not the swift foot of time? Had not
that bin as proper?

Ref. By no means sir; Time travels in diuers paces,
with diuers perons: Ile tell you who Time ambles with-
all, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops with, and
who he runs full withal.

Ofl. I prethee, who doth he trot withal?

Ref. Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, between
the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized:
if the interim be but a fennent, Times pace is so hard,
that it feemes the length of feuen yeares.

Ofl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ref. With a Priest that lacks Latine, and a rich man
that hath not the Govt: for the one fleepes eaily be-
cause he cannot study, and the other lues merrily, be-
cause he feeleth no paine: the one lacking the burthen of
leane and waffeful Learning; the other knowing no bur-
then of heaste tedious penurie. These Time ambles withal.

Ofl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ref. With a thief to the gallowes: for though hee
go as softly as foot can fall, he thinkes himselfe too soon
there.

Ofl. Who stalest it full withal?

Ref. With Lawiers in the vacation: for they sleepe
betweene Terme and Terme, and then they perceiue not
how time move.

Ofl. Where dwel you prettie youth?

Ref. With this Shepheardesse my sister: heere in the
skirts of the Forrest, like fringe vpon a petticoot.

Ofl. Are you natiue of this place?

Ref. As the Conie that you see dwell where hee is
kindled.

Ofl. Your accent is something finer, then you could
purchase in fo remoued a dwelling.

Ref. I have bin told fo 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 love. I have heard him read many
LeCtours against it, and I thanke God, I am not a Wo-
man to be touch'd with fo many giddie offences as hee
hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Ofl. Can you remember any of the principall eulps,

that he laid to the charge of women?

Ref. There were none principal, they were all like
one another, as halfe pence are, euery one fault feeming
monstrous, till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Ofl. I prethee recount some of them.

Ref. No: I wil not caft away my phycick, but on those
that are ficker. There is a man haunts the Forrest, that a-
bumes our yong plants with careing Rosalinde on their
barkes; hangs Oades vpon Hauorthunes, and Elegies on
brambles: all (forsooth) defying the name of Rosalinde.
If I could meet that Fancie-monger, I would give him
good condulc, for he feemes to have the Quotidian of
Loue vpon him.

Ofl. I am he that is fo Loue-shak'd, I pray you tell me
your remedie.

Ref. There is none of my Vnckles marks vpon you:
he taught me how to know a man in loue: in which cage
of rufhes, I am sure you art not prisoners.

Ref. What were his marks?

Ref. A leane cheeke, which you have not: a blew eie
and funken, which you have not: an vnqueftionable spi-
r, which you have not: a head neglected, which you have
not: (but I pardon you for that, for simply your hav-
ing in bearding, is a yonger brethren renewne) then your
hoefe should be vngarter'd, your bonnet vnbanded, your
feene vnbutton'd, your hone vntide, and euery thing
about you, demonstrating a carelesse defolation: but you
are no fuch man; you are rather point deuice in your ac-
countments, as louing your felie, then feeming the Lou-
er of any other.

Ofl. Fare youth, I would I could make thee beleue
Ref. Me beleue it? You may affonne make her that
you Loue beleue it, which I warrant she is apter to do,
then to confefte she do's: that is one of the points, in the
which women fullie the lie to their concidences. But
in good faith, are you he that hangs the veries on the
Trees, wherein Rosalinde is fo admired?

Ofl. I sweare to thee youth, by the white hand of
Rosalinde, I am that he, that vnofteake he.

Ref. But are you so much in loue, as your times speake?

Ofl. Neither time nor reason can expresse how much.

Ref. Loue is meerely a madnede, and I tel you, de-
feres as wel a darke houfe, and a whip, as madmen do:
and the reafon why they are no so punisht and cured,
is that the Lunacie is fo ordinarie, that the whippers are
in love to: yet I profess er curer it by counfel.

Ofl. Did you euer cure any so?

Ref. Yes one, and in this manner. Hee was to im-
agine me his Loue, his Miliftus: and I fet him euery day
to woe me. At which time would I, being but a mooni-
youth, greene, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and
liking, proud, fantafical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full
e of tears, full of smiles: for euery passion somthing,
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 forwear
him: now wepe for him, then flipt at him: that I drawe
my Sutor from his mad humor of love, to a living humor
of madness, I was to forwearwe the full streame of'
y world, and to liue in a nooke meerly Monatrick: and thus I cur'd
him, and this way wil I take vpon mee to wae thy Li-
uer as clean as a sound sheepe hearth, that there flall not
be one spot of Loue in't.

Ofl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ref. I would cure you, if you would but call me ROS-
linde, and come euery day to my Coate, and woe me.

R 3.

Ofl.
As you like it.

Ofran. Now by the faith of my ioue, I will ; Tel me where it is.

Ref. Go with me to it, and lbe shew it you: and by the way, you shall tell me, where in the Forrest you liue : Will you go ?

Ofr. With all my heart, good youth.

Ref. Nay, you must call mee Refallind: Come sifter, will you go?

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cloues, Andrej, & Iacques:

Cl. Come apace good Andrej, I wil fetch vp your Goates, Andrej : and how Andrej am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, Lord warrant vs: what features?

Cl. I am heere with then, and thy Goates, as the most capricious Poet honf Ouid was among the Gothes.

Iaq. O knowledge ill inhabited, worfe then Ioue in a thatch’d house.

Cl. When a mens verfe cannot be vnderstood, nor a mans good wit fecorded with the forward childe, vnderstanding: it striketh a man more dead then a great rejoyning in a little roome: truly, I would the Gods hadde made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what Poetical is: is it honfet in deed and word: is it a true thing?

Cl. No trulie: for the trueft poetrie is the most faining, and Louers are given to Poetrie: and what they sweare in Poetrie, may be faid as Louers, they do feigne.

Aud. Do you with then that the Gods had made me poetical?

Clou. I do truly: for thou (weare’t to me thou art honfet: Now if thou were a Poet, I might have some hope thou didst feigne.

Aud. Would you not have me honfet?

Cl. No trulie, vnlesse thou wert hard favor’d : for honfetle coupled to beautie, is to haue Honie a fawce to Sugar.

Iaq. A materiall flooe.

Aud. Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honfet.

Cl. Truly, and to caft away honfetle vppon a foule flat, were to put good meate into an vncheane dish.

Aud. I am not a flat, though I thanke the Gods I am foule.

Cl. Well, praiied be the Gods, for thy foulnesse:flattinnesse may come hereafter. But be it, as it may bee, I wil marrie thee: and to that end, I haue bin with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the Vicar of the next village, who hath promis’d to mee in this place of the Forrest, and to couple vs.

Iaq. I would faine fee this meeting.

Aud. Wel, the Gods give vs ioy.

Cl. Amen. A man may if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt : for here wee haue no Temple but the wood, no assemblie but hornbe-beats. But what thoufht Couflage. As hornes are odious, they are necerfarie. It is fald, 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, even fo poore men alone:

No, no, the nobleft Deere hath them as huge as the Rafe- call: Is the fingle man therefore bleffed? No, as a wall’d Towne is more worthier then a village, fo is the fore- head of a married man, more honourable then the bare brow of a Batcheller : and by how much defence is better then no skill, by fo much is a horn more precious then to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Heere comes Sir Oliver, Sir Oliver Mar-text you are wel met. Will you dispatch vs here: vnder this tree, or shal we go with you to your Chappell?

Ofr. Is there none heere to give the woman?

Cl. I wil not take her on guilt of any man.

Ofr. Truly the must be guen, or the marriage is not lawfull.

Iaq. Proceed, proceede: Ile glue her.

Cl. Good even good M’s what ye call’ : how do you Sir, if you are verie well met? goddil the for your last company, I am verie glad to fee you, euen a toy in hand here: Sir Nay, pray be couer’d.

Iaq. Wil you be married, Motley?

Cl. As the Oxe hath his bow fyr, the horfe his curb, and the Falcon her bels, fo man hath his defires, and as Pigeons bill, fo wedlocke would be nibling.

Iaq. And wil you (being a man of your breeding) be married vnder a buft 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 Wainfcoft, then one of you wil proue a frunke pannell, and like greene timber, warpe, warpe.

Cl. I am not in the minde, but I were better to bee married of him then of another, for he is not like to mar- rie me wel : and not being well married, it wil be a good excuse for me hereafter, to leave my wife.

Iaq. Goe thou with mee,

And let me counfel thee.

Ofr. Come sweete Andrej, We must be married,or we must iue in baudrye: Farewel good M’ Oliver. Not O sweet Oliver, O braue Oliver leave me not behind thee: But winde away, bee gone I say, I wil not to wedding with thee.

Ofr. ’Tis no matter; Ne’re a fantatitical knaue of them all shal flout me out of my calling.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Refalind & Celia.

Ref. Neuer talke to mee, I wil weep. 

Cl. Neuer, but yet haue the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ref. But haue I not caufe to weep?

Cl. As good caufe as one would defire, Therefore wepe.

Ref. His very hair is of the diffembling colour.

Cl. Something browner then Iudaffes: Marrie his kifles are Iudaffes owne children.

Ref. I’faith his hair is of a good colour. 

Cl. An excellent colour: Your Cheffenut was euer the onely colour: RefAnd his kifling is as ful of lanclite, As the touch of holy bread.

Cl.
Col. Hee hath bought a pair of caft lips of Diana: a Nun of winters sisterhood kissey not more religiouse, the very yce of chafitye in them.

Ref. But why did hee sweare hee would come this morning, and comes not ?

Col. Nay certainly there is no truth in him.

Ref. Doe you thinke so ?

Col. Yes I thinke he is not a picke purfe, nor a horfe-stealer, but for his verity in loue, I doe thinke him as conceaue as a covered golphet, or a Worme-eaten nut.

Ref. Not true in loue ?

Col. Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in.

Ref. You have heard him sweare downright he was.

Col. Was,is not is besides, the oath of Louer is no stronger then the word of a Taffper, they are both the confrimer of falfe reckonings, he attends here in the forfeit on the Duke your father.

Ref. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much queftion with him : he ask 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 ?

Col. O that's a braue man, hee writes braue verfes, speaks braue words, sweare braue oaths, and breaks them brauely, quite trauers athwart the heart of his loyer, as a pulny Tilter, yl spur his horfe but on one side, breaks his slaffe like a noble goole; but all braue that youth mounts, and folly guides : who comes heere ?

Enter Corin.

Corin. Milftrefte and Mafter, you have oft enquired After the Shepherd that complain'd of loue, Who you faw fitting by me on the Turph, Praifing the proud disdainfull Shepherdiffe That was his Milftrefte.

Col. Well : and what of him ?

Cor. If you will fee a pageant truely plaid Betwenee the pale complexion of true Loue, And the red glowe of scorne and proud disdaine, Goe hence a little, and I shall conduct you If you will marke it.

Ref. O come, let vs remoue, The fight of Louers feedeth thofe in loue : Bring vs to this fight, and you fhall fay Ile proue a bufe actour in their play. Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe doe not scorne me, do not Phebe Say that you loue me not, but fay not fo In bittennesse; the common executioner Whofe heart th'accumfom'd fight of death makes hard Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck, But firft begs pardon ; will you fterne be Then he that dies and liues by bloody drops ?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner, I flye thee, for I would not injure thee : Thou tellit me there is murder in mine eye, 'Tis pretty fure, and very probable

That eyes that are the frailft, and loofett things, Who fuit 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 fwoond, why now fall downe, Or if thou canst not, oh for shame, for shame, Lye not, to fay mine eyes are murtherers: Now flew the wound mine eye hath made in thee, Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remaifes Some fcarre of it : Leane vpon a ruff The Cicatrice and capable impreffure Thy palme fome moment keepe : but now mine eyes Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not, Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes That can doe hurt. Sil. O deere Phebe,

If ever (as that ever may be neede) You meet in some refresh checke the power of fancie, Then fhall you know the wounds inuifible That Loues keene arrows make.

Phe. But till that time Come not thou neere me : and when that time comes, Affict me with thy mockes, pitty me not, As till that time I fhall not pitty thee.

Ref. And why I pray you? who might be your mother That you influf, exult, and all at once Over the wretched? what though you hau no beauty As by my faith, I fee no more in you Then without Candle may goe darke to bed: Muft you be therefore proud and pittiflee? Why what meanes this? why do you looke on me? I fee no more in you then in the ordinary Of Natures fale-worke? ods my little life, I thinke he meanes to tangle my eyes too : No faith proud Milftrefte, hope not after it, 'Tis not your inkle browes, your blakke filke hair, Your huggle eye-balls, nor your checke of creame That can entame my spirif to your worship: You foolifh Shepherd, wherefore do you follow her Like fogy South, puffing with winde and raine, You are a thoufand times a properer man Then fhe a woman. 'Tis fuch fooles as you That makes the world full of ill-fauourd children: 'Tis not her glaffe, but you that futters her, And out of you fhe fes her felfe more proper Then any of her lineaments can fhow her : But Milftritis, know your felfe, downe on your knees And thanke heauen, faffing, for a good mans loue; For I muft tell you friendly in your care, Sell when you can, you are not for all markets: Cry the man mercy, loue him, take his offer, Foule is mort foule, being foule to be a fcoffer. So take her to thee Shepherd, fareyouwell. Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yere togethre, I had rather here you chide, then this man woot. Res. Hee falne in loue with your souleffe, & the'll fall in loue with my anger. If it be fo, as falt As she anfweres thee with frowning lookes, ile fauce Her with bitter words: why looke you so vpon me? Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ref. I pray you do not fall in loue with mee, For I am faller then vowes made in wine : Beffides, I like you not: if you will know my house, 'Tis at the tuff of Oliures, here hard by : Will you goe Sifer ? Shephedy ply her hard :
Come Sirs: Shepherds, looke on him better
And be not proud, though all the world could fee,
None could be so bold'd in fight as hee.
Exit.

Come, to our flocke,
Phe. Dead Shephard, now I find thy fav of might,
Who euer lovd that? lovd not at first fight?
Sil. Sweet Phebe.
Phe. Ha! what saith thou Siluia?
Sil. Sweet Phebe pitty me.
Phe. Why I am sorry for thee gentle Siluia.
Sil. Where euer forrow is, reliefe would be:
If you doe forrow at my griefe in love,
By giving loye your forrow, and my griefe
Were both extermind:
Phe. Thou haft my loye, is not that neighbourly?
Sil. I would haue you.
Phe. Why that were coutoueneffe:
Siluia, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love,
But since that thou canst not talk of loye so well,
Thy company, which erit was irksome to me
I will endure; and I leese thee too;
But doe not looke for further recompenne
Then thine owne gladneffe, that thou art employed.
Sil. So haly, and so perfect is my loye,
And in such a poerty of grace,
That I shall thinke it a most plentiful crop
To gleece the broken exres after the man
That the maine haureft repeates:loose now and then
A gattend smile, and that Ie live vpon.

(while?)
Phe. Knowsf thou the youth that spooke to mee yere-
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 Matter of.
Phe. Thinksf not I lose him, though I ask for him,
Tis but a peeuifh boy; yet he talkes well;
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that fpeakes them pleaes fthose that hear:
It is a pretty youth, not very prettie,
But sure hee's proude, and yet his pride becomes him;
Hee'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion: and fafter then his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did healte it vp:
He is not very tall: yet for his yeeres hee's tall:
His leg is but fo fo, and yet fhis well;
There was a prettie redneffe in his lip,
A little riper, and more lufie red
Then that mixt in his cheeke: twas the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled Damask.
There be some women Siluias, had they markt him
In parcells as I did, would have gone neere
To fall in love with him: but for my part
I love him not, nor hate him not: and yet
Have more caule to hate him then to love him,
For what had he to doe to chiefe his heart?
He faid mine eyes were black, and mine haire blacke,
And now I am remembred, scorn'd at me:
I manuell why I answer'd not again,
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance:
Ie write to him a very tainting Letter,
And thou shalt beare it, wilt thou Siluia?
Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.
Phe. Ie write it fralt:
The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
I will be better with him, and paffing short;
Goe with me Siluia.

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia, and Jaques.

Rof. I prethee, pretty youth, let me better acquainted
with them.

Rof. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Rof. I am fo: I doe love it better then laughing.

Rof. Thofe that are in extremity of either, are abho-
minable followes, and betray themselues to euer mo-
derne cenfure, worfe then drunckards.

Rof. Why, 'tis good to be had and lay nothing.

Rof. Why then 'tis good to be a poete.

Rof. I haue neither the Schollers melancholy, which is
emulation: nor the Muftians, which is fantafical:
now the Courties, which is proud: nor the Souludiers,
which is ambitious: nor the Lawyers, which is politick:
now the Ladies, which is nice: nor the Louers,
which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine owne,
com-pounded of many fimples, extrafted from many obiects,
and indeed the fundrie contemplation of my travells,
in which by often rumination, wraps me in a most hu-
mo-rous fastneffe.

Rof. A Traveller: by my faith you have great rea-
ton to be had: I fear you have fold your owne Lands,
to fee other mens; then to have feene much, and to have
nothing, is to haue rich eyes and poore hands.

Rof. Yes, I haue gain'd my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Rof. And your experience makes you had: I had ra-
ther have a foolie to make me merrie, then experience
to make me fad, and to trauaille for it too.

Ori. Good day, and happineffe, deere Rosalind.

Rof. Nay then God buy you, and you talke in blanke
verie.

Ori. Farewell Mounfeur Travellor: looke you
life, and weare strange fuites; dilabe all the beneficts
of your owne Countrie: be out of love with your natuifiue,
and almoft chide God for making you that
countenance you are; or I will fcarce thinke you have
fwan in a Gundello. Why how now Orlando, where
have you bin all this while? you a louer? and you
ferue me fuch another tricke, nouer come in my fight
more.

Ori. My faire Rosalind, I come within an houre of my
promise.

Rof. Breake an houres promife in loue? hee that
will diuidle a minute into a thousand parts, and breake
but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs
of loue, it may be faid of him that Cufip hath clapt
him oth' shouder, but Ie warrant him heart hole.

Ori. Pardon me deere Rosalind.
Rof. Nay, and you be fo tardie, come no more in my
fight, I had as liefe be wo'd of a Snaile.

Ori. Of a Snaile?
Rof. I, of a Snaile: for though he memories, hee
carries his houfe on his head; a better ioyneure I thinke
then you make a woman: besides, he brings his deflinef
with him.

Ori. What's that?
Rof. Why hones, 'w such as youare faine to be be-
holding to your wives for: but he comes arm'd in his
fortune, and presents the flander of his wife.

Ori. Vertue
As you like it.

Orl. Virtue is no horne-maker: and my Rosalind is vertuous.

Rof. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It please him to call you so: but he hath a Rosalind of a better leere then you.

Rof. Come, we will make good society. For now I am in a holy-day humor, and like enough to content: What would you fay to me now, and I were your vere, verie Rosalind?

Orl. I would fife before I spake.

Rof. Nay, I was better fpeake first, and when you were grauel'd, for lacke of matter, you might take occa- sion to fife: verie good Orators when they are out, they will fife, and for lowers, lacking (God warne vs) matter, the cleanleff shift is to fife.

Orl. How if the fife be denide?

Rof. Then the fhips you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloned Miftris?

Rof. Marrie that should you if I were your Miftris, or I should thinkin my honeffle ranker then my wit.

Orl. What, of my fuite?

Rof. Not out of your apparell, and yet out of your fuite:

Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to fay you are, because I would be talking of her.

Rof. Well, in her perfon, I fay I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine owne perfon, I die.

Rof. No faith, die by Attorney: the poore world is almoft fix thousand yeeres old, and in all this time there was not anie man died in his owne perfon (widelicer) in a loue caufe: 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 Heros had turn'd Nun; if it had not bin for a hot Midsummer-night, for (good youth) he went but forth to washe in the Hel- lepont, and being taken with the cramppe, was dron'd, and the foolish Chronolcers of that age, found it was Heros of Ceftus. But these are all lies, men haue died from time to time, and worms haue eaten them, but not for loue.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for I protest her frowne might kill me.

Rof. By this hand, it will not kill a file: but come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more comming-on dif- position: and fay me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me Rosalind.

Rof. Yes faith will I, friadies and faterdaries, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou haue me?

Rof. I, and twentie fuch.

Orl. What faleft thou?

Rof. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope fo.

Rosalind. Why then, can one defire too much of a good thing: Come fifter, you shall be the Prieff, and marry vs: give me your hand Orlando: What doe you fay fifter?

Orl. Pray the fhee marrie vs.

Cel. I cannot fay the words.

Rof. You muft begin, will you Orlando.

Cel. Goe too: will you Orlando, have to wife this Ros- alind?

Orl. I will.
prate: we must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and shew the world what the bird hath hath to her owne neath.

Ref. O box, cox, cox: my pretty little cox, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love: but it cannot bee founded: my affection hath an unknowne bottome, like the Bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather bottomleffe, that as fast as you pour your affection in, in runs out.

Ref. No, that fame wicked Baffard of Venus, that was begot of thought, concei'd of spleene, and borne of madness, that blinde rascally boy, that abuseth evry ones eye; because his owne are out, let him bee judge, how deep I am in love: I'll tell thee Alissa, I cannot be out of the fight of Orlando: Ile goe finde a shadow, and fight till he come.

Cel. And Ile sleepe.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Jaques and Lords, Forrefters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the Deare?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke like a Romane Conquerour, and it would doe well to set the Deares horns upon his head, for a branch of victory: have you no fong Forrefter for this purpose?

Lord. Yes Sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it make noyse enough.

Musick. Song.

What shall be houe that hild the Deare?

His leather skin, and bornes to shewe:

Then sing him borne, the rest shall bear his burthen;

Take thou no forme to shewe the borne,

It was a craft, ere thou was born;

Thy fathers father wore it,

And thy father bore it,

The borne, the borne, the lusky borne,

Is not a thing to laugh to shewe.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ref. How fay you now, is it not past two a clock? And here much Orlando.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure loue, & troubled brain,

Enter Silvius.

He hath tane his bow and arrows, and is gone forth

To sleepe: looke who comes here.

Sif. My errand is to you, faire youth,

My gentle Phebe, did bid me give you this:

I know not the contents, but as I guess

By thecbere bow, and waspish action

Which the did vfe, as she was writing of it,

It beares an angry tenure: pardon me,

I am but as a guillette meffenger.

Ref. Patience her felle would tharte at this letter,

And play the fawggerer, heare this, heare all:

Shee faies 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 fo to me? well Shepheard, well,

This is a Letter of your owne deuice.

Sil. No, I proft, I know not the contents,

Phebe did write it.

Ref. Come, come, you are a fool,

And turn'd into the extremity of loue.

I saw her hand, she has a leatherne hand,

A freethone coloured hand I verily did think.

That her old glouses were on, but twas her hands:

She has a hufwises hand, but that's no matter:

I say the newer did inuent this letter,

This is a mans inuention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Ref. Why, this a boyterous and a cruelle file,

A file for challengers: why, she defies me,

Like Turke to Christian: vromens gentle braine

Could not drop forth such giant rude inuention,

Such Ethiope vwords, blacker in their effe?

Then in their countenance: v will you heare the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet:

Yet heard too much of Phebes cruelite.

Ref. She Phebes me: markke how the tyrant writes.

Read. Art thou god, to Shepherd turn'd?

That a maiden's heart bathe burn'd.

Can a woman raile thus?

Sil. Call you this railling?

Ref. Read. Why, thy godhead laid a part,

War'ft thou with a woman hart?

Did you ever heare such railling?

Whiles the eye of man did woome me,

That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beath.

If the forme of your bright eie

Hau'e powre to raise such loue in mine,

Alashe, in me, what strange effect

Would they worke in mine affections?

Whiles you chide me, I did loue,

How then might your prayers move?

He that brings this loue to thee,

Little knowes this Loue in me:

And by him feale up thy minde

Whether that thy youth and kinde

Will the faithful offer take

Of me, and all that I can make,

Or else by him my loue denie,

And then Ile finde bow to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas poore Shepheard.

Ref. Doe you pity him? No, he desures no pitty:

Wilt thou loue such a woman? what to make thee an

Infrument, and play false straines upon thee? not to be en-

dur'd. Well, goe your way to her; (for I see Loue hath

made thee a tame fnaile) and say this to her; That if the

louve me, I charge her to loue thee: if she will not, I will

never haue her, vnlesse thou intret for her: if you bee a

true Louer hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

Exit Sil.

Enter Oliver.

Ol. Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you

Where in the Purlews of this Forrest, flands
When from the first to last betwixt vs two,  
Tears our recounteds had most kindly bath’d,  
As how I came into that Defert place.  
I briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke,  
Who gae me freth aray, and entertainment,  
Committing me vnto my brothers love,  
Who led me infantly vnto hisCause,  
There tript himselfe, and here upon his arme  
The Lyonnesse had torne some flesh away,  
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,  
And crile in fainting vpon Rofalinde.  
Briefe, I recover’d him, bound vp his wound,  
And after some small peace, being strong at heart,  
He sent me hither, stranger as I am  
To tell this story, that you might excuse  
His broken promife, and to gieve this napkin  
Died in this bloud, vnto the Shepheard youth,  
That he in sport doth call his Rofalinde.  
Col. Why how now Ganined, sweet Ganined.  
Oli. Many will sawon when they do look on bloud.  
Col. There is more in it; Cofen Ganined.  
Oli. Looke, he recoveres.  
Rof. I would I were at home.  
Col. We’ll lead you thither:  
I pray you will you take him by the arme.  
Oli. Be of good cheere youth : you a man?  
You lacke a mans heart.  
Rof. I doe fo, I confesse it:  
Ah, firra, 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 paffion of earneft.  
Rof. Counterfeite, I affure you.  
Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.  
Rof. So I doe: but you, I should have beene a woman by right.  
Col. Come, you looke paler and paler: pray you draw homewards: good sir, goe with vs.  
Oli. That will 1: for I must beare anfwere backe  
How you excufe my brother, Rofalinde.  
Rof. I shall deuide something: but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him: will you goe?  
Exeunt.
my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for: we shall be laughing: we cannot hold.

**And**. God ye good eu'n *William*.

**Will.** Good eu'n *Audrey*.

**Clo.** Good eu'n gentle friend. Couter thy head, couter thy head: Nay prethee bee eno'rd. How olde are you Friend?

**Will.** Fieue and twenty Sir.

**Clo.** A ripe age: Is thy name *William*?

**Will.** *William*, Sir.

**Clo.** A faire name. Was't borne i'th Forreft heere?

**Will.** I fir, I thankke God.

**Clo.** Thankke God: A good anser:

Art rich?

**Will.** 'Faith fir, so, so.

**Clo.** So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not, it is but so, so:

Art thou wife?

**Will.** I fir, I have a prettie wit.

**Clo.** Why, thou faile well.I do now remeber a faying: The Foole doth thinke he is wife, but the wileman knowes himselfe to be a Foole. The Hethen Philofopher, when he had a defer 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 love this maid?

**Will.** I do fit.

**Clo.** Glue me your hand : Art thou Learned?

**Will.** No fir.

**Clo.** Then leerne this of me. To haue, is to haue. For it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drink being pow'r'd out of a cup into a glaffe, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do conuent, that *ipse* is hee: now you are not *ipse*, for i am hee.

**Will.** Which he fir?

**Clo.** He fir, that muft marrie this woman: Therefore you Clowne, abandon: which is in the vulgar,leave the societie: which in the boorifh, is companie, of this female: which in the common, is woman: which together, is, abandon the societie of this Female, or Clowne thou proffef: or to thy better understanding, dyeft: or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, tranflate thy life in to death, thy libertie into bondage: I will deale in poyn with thee, or in bastinado, or in steele: I will bandy with thee in faction, I will o're-run thee with police: I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways, therefore tremble and depart.

**Aud.** Do good *William*.

**Will.** God rett you merry fir.

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**Enter Corin.**

**Cor.** Our Master and Miftreff seckes you: come away, away.

**Clo.** *Trip Audrey*, *trip Audrey*, I attend, I attend.

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**Scena Secunda.**

**Enter Orlandes & Olivier.**

**Orl.** Is't possible, that on fo little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her?

And loving woo? and wooin, the should graunt? And will you peruefer to enjoy her?

**Orl.** Neither call the giddineffe of it in question: the pouerietie of her, the small acquaintance, my fodiaine woing, nor fodiaine confenting: but fay with mee, I love *Alena*: fay with her, that she loves mee; confent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good: for my fathers houfe, and all the reuenew, that was old Sir *Rolvbrands* will I eftate vpon you, and heere luye and die a Shepherd.

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**Enter Rosalind.**

**Orl.** You have my content.

Let your Wedding be to morrow: thisher will I

Invite the Duke, and all's contented followers:

Go you, and prepare *Alena*; for looke you,

Heere comes my Rosalinde.

**Ref.** God faue you brother.

**Orl.** And you faire fitter.

**Ref.** Oh my deere Orlandos, how it greuues me to fee thee were thine heart in a flare.

**Orl.** It is my arme.

**Ref.** I thought thy heart had beene wounded with the claws of a Lion.

**Orl.** Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady.

**Ref.** Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to found, when he shew'd me your handkercher?

**Orl.** I, and greater wonders then that.

**Ref.** O, I know where you are: nay, tis true: there was never any thing lo fodiaine, but the fight of two Rammes, and *Cefars* Thraffonicall bragge of I came, law, and overcom. For your brother, and my fither, no fooner met, but they look'd: no fooner look'd, but they lou'd; no fooner lou'd, but they sigh'd: no fooner sigh'd but they ask'd one another the reaon: no fooner knew the reaon, but they fought the remedie: and in these degrees, haue they made a pare of faires to marriage, which they will climebe incontinent, or elfe be incontinent before marriage; they are in the verie wrath of love, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part then.

**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 happynes through another mans eies: by fo much the more I shall to morrow be at the height of heart haueinffe, by how much I shal thinke my brother happie, in hauing what he wishes for.

**Ref.** Why then to morrow, I cannot serue your turne for Rosalind?

**Orl.** I can luye no longer by thinking.

**Ref.** I will wearie you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speake to fome purpoze) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit: I speake not this, that you should beare a good opinion of my knowledige: infomuch (I fay) I know you are myther do I labor for a greater esteeme then may in some little meafure draw a beleefe from you, to do your felfe good, and not to grate me. Beleeue then, if you pleafe, that I can do strange things: I haue since I was three years olde committ with a Magitian, moft profound in his Art, and yet not cmnallable. If you do luse Rosalinde so neere the hart, as your gesture crieth it out: when your brother marries Alena, shall you marrie her. I know into to 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.
Oro. Speak'lt thou in sober meanings?
Ros. By my life I do, which I tender dearly, though I say I am a Magician: 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 Silvius & Phebe.
Looke, here comes a Lover of mine, and a lover of hers.
Phe. Youth, you have done me much vngentlenesse, To the letter that I writ to you.
Ros. I care not if I have: it is my studie
To seeme delightful and vngentle to you: you are there followed by a faithfull shepheard, Looke upon him, loue him: he worships you.
Phe. Good shepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to loue
Sil. It is to be all made of fighes and teares,
And so am I for Phebe.
Phe. And I for Ganymed.
Ros. 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 so am I for Ganymed.
Ros. And so am I for Rosalind.
Ros. And 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?
Ros. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?
Ros. Why do you speake too, Why blame you mee to loue you?
Ros. To her, that is not heere, nor doth not heare.
Ros. Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling of Iriph Wolves against the Moone: I will help you if I can: I would loue you if I could: To morrow meet me altogether: I will marie you, if ever I marie Woman, and Ile be married to morrow: I will satisfie you, if ever I satisfie man, and you shall bee married to morrow. I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to morrow: As you love Rosalind meet, as you loue Phebe meet, and as I loue no woman, Ile meet: fo fare you wel: I haue left you commands.
Sil. Ile not faile, if I live.
Phe. Nor I.
Ros. Nor I.
Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Cleone and Audrey.
Ch. To morrow is the joyfull day Audrey, to morrow will we be married.
Aud. I do define it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest define, to define to be a woman of y world?

Heere come two of the banish'd Dukes Pages.

Enter two Pages.

Ros. By my troth well met: come,fit, fit, and a song.
2.Pa. We are for you, fit i'th middle.
1.Pa. Shal we clap into't roundly, without hauing, or spitting, or saying we are hoarfe, which are the onlye prologues to a bad voice.
2.Pa. I faith, y'faith, and both in a tune like two gigipes on a horfe.

Song.
It was a Lauer, and his love,
With a boy, and a bo, and a boy name,
That o're the greene cornes field did paffe,
In the spring time, the onlye prettie range.
When Birds do sing, bey ding a ding,ding,
Sweet Louers loue the spring,
And therefore take the present time,
With a boy, & a bo, and a boy name,
For ryle & crowned with the prime.
In spring time, etc.
Between the acres of the Re,
With a boy, and a bo, & a boy name:
Those prettie Country folks would lie.
In spring time, etc.

This Caroll they began that bourse,
With a boy and a bo, & a boy name:
How that a life was but a Flower,
In spring time, etc.

Ros. Truly yong Gentleman, though there vwas no great matter in the dittie, yet y note was very vntuble
1.Pa. you are deceiu'd Sir, we kept time, we loft not our time.
Ros. By my troth yes: I count it but time lofte to heare such a foolish song. God buy you, and God mend your voices. Come Audrie.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke Senior, Anyssen, Laques, Orlan-
Duc. Sen. Doft thou beleeue Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promis'd?
Orl. I sometimes do beleeue, and sometimmes do not, As thofe that feare they hope, and know they feare.

Enter Rosalinde, Silvius, & Phebe.
Ros. Patience once more, whiles our cuppe is vrg'd:
You say, if I bring in your Rosalinde,
You will bestow on her Orlando here?
Duc. Sen. That would I, had I kingsdom to give with him.
Ros. And you say you wil have her, when I bring her?
Orl. That would I, were I of all kingsdomes King.
Ros. You say, you'ill marie me, if I be willing.
Phe. That will I, should I die the houre after.
Ros. But if you do refuse to marie me,
You'll give your lcliffe to this most faithfull Shepheard.
Phe. So is the bargain.
Ros. You say that you'ill have Phebe if she will.
Sil. Though to have her and death, were both one thing.
S
Ros.
As you like it.

Ref. I have promis'd to make all this matter even:
Keep you your word, O Duke, to glue your daughter,
You yours Orlando, to receive his daughter:
Keep you your word, that you'll marrie me,
Or else refusing me to wed this shepheard:
Keep your word Silvia, that you'll marrie her
If she refuse me, and from hence I go
To make these doubts all even. Exit Ref. and Celia.

Du. Sen. I do remember in this shepheard boy,
Some liuely touches of my daughters fauour.
Orl. My Lord, the time that I ever faw him,
I thought he was a brother to your daughter:
But my good Lord, this Boy is Forrester borne,
And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies, by his vnkle,
Whom he reports to be a great Magitian.

Enter Closune and Audrey.

Obcurred in the circle of this Forreft.

Iaq. There is fure another flood toward, and thefe
Couples are comming to the Arike. Here comes a payre
Of verie frange beafts, which in all tongues, are called
Foolies.

Clos. Salutation and greetyng to you all.

Iaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome: This is the
Motley minded Gentleman, that I have fo often met in
the Forreft: he hath bin a Courtier he fwareas.

Clos. If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my
purification, I haue trod a meafeure, I haue flatted a Lady,
I haue bin politickke with my friend, smooth with mine
enemies, I have vndone three Tailors, I haue had foure
quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Iaq. And how was that tan vp?

Clos. Faith we met, and found the quarrel was upon
the feuenth caufe.

Iaq. How feuenth caufe? Good my Lord, like this fellow.
Dus. I like him very well.

Clos. God'll you fir, I defign you of the like: I preffe
in heere fir, among the rest of the Country caputaries
to fwareas, and to forfwears, according as mariage binds
and blood beakes: a poore virgin fir, an il-fauor'd thing
fir, but mine owne, a poore humour of mine fir, to take
that that no man elfe willl: rich honeftie dwells like a
mifer fir, in a poore houfe, as your Pearl in your foule oyter.
Dus. By my faith, he is very swift, and fenctuous
Clos. According to the foolies bolt fir, and fuch dulcet
diflaces.

Iaq. But for the feuenth caufe. How did you finde
the quarrel on the feuenth caufe?

Clos. Upon a lye, feuen times removed: (beare your
bodie more feeming Audrey) as thus fir: I did dislike the
cut of a certaine Courtiers heare: he fent me word, if I
faid his heare was not cut weel, hee was in the minde it
was: this is call'd the retract courtois. If I fent him word
againe, it was not well cut, he wold fende me word
he cut it to pleafe himselfe: this is call'd the quip modeft.
If againe, it was not well cut, he fipbled my judgment:
this is called, the reply churlifh.If againe it was not well
cut, he wold anfwer I fpake not true: this is call'd the
reproofe valiant. If againe, it was not well cut, he wold
fay, I lie: this is call'd the counter-checke quarrelisme:
and fo by lye circumfantiall, and the lye direcft.

Iaq. And how oft did you fay his heare was not well
cut?

Clos. I durft go no further then the lye circumfantiall:

nor he durft not give me the lye direcft: and fo wee mea-
fur'd fwords, and parted.

Iaq. Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of
the lye.

Clos. O fir, we quarrel in print, by the booke: as you
haue bookes for good manners: I will name you the
degrees.
The firft, the Retort courtois: the feccond, the
Quip-modeft: the third, the reply Churlifh: the fourth,
The Reprofe valiant: the fift, the Counterchecke quarr-
relisme: the fixt, the Lye with circumfance: the fea-
venth, the Lye direcft: all these you may auyod, but the
Lye direcft: and you may auide that too, with an If: I
knew when feuen Ifufices could not take vp a Quarrel,
but when the parties were met themfelves, one of them
thought but of an If: as if you faiide fo, then I faiide fo:
and they fhooke hands, and ftrewe brothers. Your If, is
the onely peace-maker: much vertue in it.

Iaq. Is not this a rare fellow my Lord? He's as good
by any thing, and yet a fole.

Dus. He vles his folly like a ftalking-horfe, and vn-
der the preffentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.

Still Musick.

Hymen. Then is there mirib in beaun,
When earthly things made eauen
attone together.

Good Duke receive thy daughter,
Hymen from Hausten brought her,
Tea brought her better.

That thou migbfifty diane bii band with bii,
Who beart wythbii bii beofme ii.

Ref. To you I giue my felle, for I am yours.
To you I giue my felle, for I am yours.

Dus. If there be truth in fight, you are my daughter.
Orl. If there be truth in figh, you are my Rosalind.

Petr. If fght & shape be true, why then my loue adieu
Ref. 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 fhee.

Hy. Peace how: I barre confusion,
'Tis I mutt make conclusion
Of these moft strange earuent:
Here's eight that moft take hands,
To loyne in Hymens bands,
If truth holds true contentes.
You and you, no croffe thall part;
You and you, are hart in hart:
You, to his loue mutt accord,
Or haue a Woman to your Lord.
You and you, are fure together,
As the Winter to fowle Weather:
Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we finge,
Feede your felves with queftioning:
That reafon, wonder may diminifh
How thus we met, and these things finifh.

Song.

Wedding is great Jonas crowne,
O blefed bond of board and bed:
'Tis Hymen peoples euerie towne,
High wedlock then be honored:
Honour, high honor and renowne
To Hymen, God of euerie Towne.

Dus. O my deere Nece, welcome thou art to me,
Euen daughter welcome, in no leffe degree.

Petr.
As you like it.

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P. I will not cate 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 bornne of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this faire assembly.
Duke Frederick hearing how that euerie day
Men of great worth reforted to this forret,
Addreft a mightie power, which were on footes
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 convertted
Both from his enterprise, and from the world:
His crowne bequeathing to his banish’d Brother,
And all their Lands reftor’d to him againe
That were with him exil’d. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Du. &c. 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 Duke-dome.
First, in this Forrest, let vs do those ends
That heere yeate well begun, and wel begot:
And after, every of this happy number
That haue endur’d thew’d daies, and nights with vs,
Shal share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their dates.
Meane time, forget this new-faine dignite,
And fall into our Rufticke Reuelrie:
Play Muficke, and you Brides and Bride-groomes all,
With meafeure heap’d in joy, to’th Meafures fall.

Iag. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a Religious life,
And throwne into neglecf the pompous Court.

2. Bro. He hath.

Iag. To him will I: out of these convexitie,
There is much matter to be heard, and learn’d:
you to your former Honer, I bequeath
your patience, and your vertue, well deferues it.
you to a loue, that your true faith doth merit:
you to your land, and loue, and great allie:
you to a long, and well-deferued bed:
And you to wrangling, for thy louring voyage.
Is but for two moneths virtuall’d: So to your pleasures,
I am for other, then for dancing meafures.

Du. &c. Stay, Logues, stay.

Iag. To fee no paftime, I: what you would haue,
Iie stay to know, at your abandon’d caue.

Du. &c. Proceed, proceed: we’ll begin these rights,
As we do truft, they’ll end in true delights.

Ref. It is not the fashion to fee the Ladie the Epi-
logue: but it is no more vnhandfome, then to fee the
Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs
no bulb, ’tis true, that a good play needes no Epilogue.
Yet to good wine they do vse good bufhes: and good
plays praue the better by the helpe of good Epilogues:
What a cafe am I in then, that am neither a good Epi-
logue, nor cannot infinuate with you in the behalfe of a
good play? I am not furnisht like a Begger, therefore
to begge will not become mee. My way is to conuire
you, and Ile begin with the Women. I charge you (O
women) for the loue you bare to men, to like as much
of this Play, as pleafe you: And I charge you (O men)
for the loue you bare to women (as I perceiue by your
fimprine none of you hates them) that betweene you,
and the women, the play may pleafe. If I were a Wo-
man, I would kiffe as many of you as had beards that
plea’d me, complextions that lik’d me, and breaths that
I deif’d not: And I am sure, as many as have good
beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind
offer, when I make curt’lie, bid me farewell.

Exit.
Enter Beggars and Hostes, Christopher Sly.

Beggar.

Le theere you infall
Host.

A pair of fockes you rogue.

Host.

Are you baggage, the Sylts are no rogues. Look, in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Comperer: therefore Paul the world slide: Sylts. Host. You will not play for the glasse you have burnst? Bege. Not a deniere: goe to thy cold bed, and warme thee. Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the Headborough.

Bege. Third, or fourth, or first Borough, Ile answere him by Law. Ile not budge an inch boy: Let him come, and kindly. Falle asleep.

Winds burnes. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his traine.

Le. Huntsman I charge thee, tender wel my hounds, Brach Meriman, the poore Curre is imboft, and couple Glauder, with the deep-mouth'd brach, Saw't thou not boy how Siluer made it good At the hedge corner, in the coldeft fault, I would not lofte the dogge for twenti pound.

Hunt. Why Belman is as good as my Lord, He cried upon it at the meetest loffe, And twice to day pickt' out the dullet fent, Trust me, I take him for the better dogge.

Lord. Thou art a Foole, if Eccho were as flete, I would eftimate him worth a dozen fuch: But fip them well, and looke vnto them all, To morrow I intend to hunt againe.

Hunt. I will my Lord.

Lord. What's here? One dead, or drunk? See doth he breath?

2. Hunt. He breathes my Lord. Were he not warm'd with Ale, this were a bed but cold to sleep in soundly.

Lord. Oh monftrous beast, how like a swine he lyes. Grim death, how foule and loathfome is thine image: Sirs, I will praiſe on this drunken man. What thinke you, if he were convyed to bed, Wrap'd in sweet cloathers: Rings put upon his fingers: A most delicious banquet by his bed, And brave attendants neere him when he wakes, Would not the begger then forget himself?


2. If. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dreame, or worthies fancies.

Then take him vp, and manage well the left: Carry him gently to my fairest Chamber, And hang it round with all my vanton pictures: Balme his foule head in warme diſſilled waters, And burne sweet Wood to make the Lodging sweete: Procure me Mufick readie when he wakes, To make a dulcet and a heavenly found: And if he chance to speake, be readie straight (And with a lowe submiflion reverence.) Say, what is it your Honor vil command: Let one attend him with a fluer Bafon Full of Rofe-water, and beftrrew'd with Flowers, Another beare the Ewer: the third a Diaper, And fay wilt pleafe your Lordfhippe coole your hands. Some one be readie with a cofly fuite, And ask him what apparel he will ware: Another tell him of his Hounds and Horfe, And that his Ladie mournes at his difease, Perfwade him that he hath bin Lunaticke, And when he fayes he is, fay that he dreams, For he is nothing but a mightie Lord: This do, and do it kindly, gentle firs, It will be pastime paffing excellent, If it be husbanded with modelfte.

1. Hunt. My Lord I warrant you we will play our part As he shall thinke by our true diligence He is no leff than what we fay he is.

Lord. Take him vp gently, and to bed with him, And each one to his office when he wakes. Sound trumpets. Sirrah, go fee what Trumpet 'tis that sounds, Belike fome Noble Gentleman that means (Trauelling fome journey) to repofe him here. Enter Scruplingman.

How now? who is it?

Sir. An't please your Honor, Players That offer feruice to your Lordfhip.

Enter Players.

Lord. Bid them come neere:
Now fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thanke your Honor.

Lord. Do you intend to fay with me to night?

2. Player. So please your Lordfhippe to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember, Since one he plaide a Farmers eldeft fonne, 'Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman fo well: I have forgot your name: but sure that part
The Taming of the Shrew.

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd. 

Sinnick. I think 'twas Soo that you 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 affint me much. 

There is a Lord will hear you play to night; 

But I am doubtfull of your mouldifies, 

Least (ouer-eying of his odde behaoulour, 

For yet his honor never heard a play) 

You break into some merrie pailion, 

And so offend him: for I tell you first, 

If you should smile, he growes impatient. 

Plai. Feare not my Lord, we can contain our selues, 

Were he the verie antickie in the world. 

Lord. Go sirra, take them to the Bitterie, 

And glue them friendly welcome euerie one, 

Let them want nothing that my house affords. 

Exit one with the Players. 

Sirra go you to Bartholomew my Page, 

And fee him drest in all Dutes like a Ladie: 

That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber, 

And call him Madam, do him obeifance: 

Tell him from me (as he will win my love) 

He beare himselfe with honourable action, 

Such as he hath obeyd' in noble Ladies 

Vnto their Lords, by them accomplished, 

Such dutie to the drunkard let him do: 

With soft lowe tongue, and lowly curtsefe, 

And say: What is't your Honor will command, 

Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife, 

May shew her dutie, and make knowne her love. 

And then with kinde embracements, tempting kiffes, 

And with declining head into his bosome 

Bid him shed tears, as being ouer-joyed 

To fee her noble Lord reftor'd to health, 

Who for this feuen yeares hath efeemed him 

No better then a poore and loathsome begger: 

And if the boy have not a womanes guift 

To raine a shower of commanded teares, 

An Onion wil do well for such a thift, 

Which in a Napkin (being close couen'd) 

Shall in despitfull enforte a waterie eie: 

See this dispatch'd with all the haft thou canst, 

Anon Ile glue thee more instructions. 

Exit a seruingman. 

I know the boy will wel viurpe the grace, 

Voice, gait, and action of a Gentlewoman: 

I long to heare him call the drunkard husband, 

And how my men will lay themselues from laugher, 

When they do homage to this simple pesant, 

Ile in to couenell them: haply my preference 

May well abate the ouer-merrie spleene, 

Which otherwise would grow into extremes. 

Enter alfeft the drunkard with attendants, some with apparel, 

Bajan and Ever, & other apperances, & Lord. 

Beg. For Gods fake a pot of small Ale. 

1. Sir. Wilt please your Lord drink a cup of facke? 

2. Sir. Wilt please your Honor taste of these Con- 

ferues? 

3. Sir. What raiment wilt your honor weare to day. 

Beg. I am Christopher Sly, call not mee Honour nor 

Lordshipe: I ne're drank facke in my life: and if you give 

me any Conferues, glue me conferues of Beefe: nere ask me 

what raiment Ile weare, for I haue no more doub-

lets then backes: no more flockings then legges: nor 

no more shooes then feet, nay sometime more feete then 

shoes, nor such shooes as my toes looke through the ou- 

er-leather. 

Lord. Hauean cese this idle humor in your Honor. 

Oh that a mightie man of such dicent, 

Of such poffessions,and so high esteeeme 

Should be infuted with fo foule a spirit. 

Beg. What would you make me mad? Am not I Chris- 

opher Sly, old Sies fonne of Burton-heath, by byth a 

Peder, by education a Cardmaker, by tranmutation a 

Bears-heard: and now by present proffession a Tinker. 

Aske Marriane Hacket the fat Alewife of Winces, if thee 

know me not: if the Iay I am not xill.i.d. on the score for 

theere Ale, score me wp for the likingt knaue in Christen 

done. What I am not betrakted: here's—- 

3. Man. Oh this it is that makes your Ladie mourne. 

2. Man. Oh this it is that makes your seruants droop. 

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred thuns your 

As beaten hence by your strange Lunacie. 

(houfe 

Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth, 

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment, 

And banish hence these abject lowlie dreams: 

Looke how thy seruants do attend on thee, 

Each in his office redie at thy becke. 

Wilt thou haue Muicke? Harke Apollo plapes, 

Musick 

And twentie caged Nightingales do sing. 

Or wilt thou sleepe? Wee'll have thee to a Couch, 

Softer and sweeter then the luftfull bed 

On purpoe trim'd vp for Semiramis. 

Say thou wilt walke: we will betrow the ground, 

Or wilt thou ride? Thy horfes shal be trap'd, 

Their harnesse fludded all with Gold and Pearle. 

Doft thou louse hawking? Thou haft hawkes will forae 

Aboue the morning Larke. 

Or wilt thou hunt, 

Thy hounds shal make the Welkin answer them 

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth. 

1 Man. Say thou wilt couer, thy gray-hounds are as 

As breathed Stage: I fleeter then the Roe. 

2. Man. Doft thou louse pictures? We will fetch thee frith 

Adonis painted by a running brooke, 

And Cithera all in fedges hid, 

Which sceme to moue and wanton with her breath, 

Euen as the wauing fedges play with winde. 

Lord. We'll shew thee Jo. as she was a Maid, 

And how she was beguiled and surpriz'd, 

As liuelle painted, as the deede was done. 

3. Man. Or Daphne roming through a thornie wood, 

Scratching her legs, that one thal sweare the bleeds, 

And at that fight thal fas Apollo weepe, 

So workmanlie the blood and teares are dawne. 

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord: 

Thou haft a Ladie farre more Beautifull, 

Then any woman in this waining age. 

1 Man. And til the teares that he hath shed for thee, 

Like enuious fluids ore-run her louely face, 

She was the fairest creature in the world, 

And yet thee is inferior 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 fee, I heare, I speake: 

I smel sweet favours, and I feel soft things: 

Vpon my life I am a Lord indeede, 

And not a Tinker, nor Christopher Sly. 

Well, bring our Ladie hither to our fight, 

And once again a pot o'th smallest Ale. 


S 3
tie, a Christmas gambold, or a tumbling tricke?
Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleasaung fflufse.
Beg. What, household fflufse.
Lady. It is a kinde of hitory.
Beg. Well, we'll fect:'
Come Madam wife fit by my fide,
And let the world flip, we fhall nere be yonger.

Flourifh. Enter Luuentio, and his man Triano.
Luc. Triano, fince for the great defire I had
To fee faire Padus, purifier of Arts,
I am arrin'd for fruitfull Lumbardies,
The pleafant garden of great Italy,
And by my fathers lone and leave am arm'd
With his good will, and my good company.
My troufle furrant well approv'd in all,
Heere let vs breath, and haply institute
A course of Learning, and ingenious studies.
Pife renown'd for grave Citizens
Gave me my being, and my father firft
A Merchant of great Traffickke through the world:
Vincentio's come of the Bentiuility,
Vincentio's fonne, brough vp in Florence,
It fhall become to ferve all hopes conceiv'd
To decke his fortune with his vertuous deedes:
And therefore Triano, for the time I fudie,
Vertue and that part of Philosophie
Will I appile, that treats of happinesse,
By vertue specially to be afch'd in.
Tell me thy minde, for I have Pife left,
And am to Padus come, as he that leaues
A fhallow plath, to plunge him in the deep,
And with faciety feekes to quench his thirt.
Tra. Me Pardomato, gentle matter mine:
I am in all affected as your felfe,
Glad that you thus continue your refolue,
To facke the fweetes of fweete Philosophie.
Oney (good matter) while we do admire
This vertue, and this morall discipline,
Let's be no Stoickes, nor no flockes I pray,
Or fo devohte to Airiftolic checks
As Ouid; be an out-caf charitable abur'd:
Balke Lodgickes with acquaintance that you have,
And praffe Rhetorick in your common talke,
Mufick and Poftee vie, to quicken you,
The Mathematices, and the Metaphyficke
Fall to them as you finde your fmancke ferves you;
No profite groves, where is no pleafure tane:
In breife fir, fudy what you moft affect.
Luc. Gramercies Triano, well doft thou aduife,
If Biandello thou wert come afhore,
We could at once put vs in readineffe,
And take a Lodging fit to entertaine
Such friends (as time) in Padus fhall beget.
But why a while, what company is this?
Tra. Master done fhew to welcome vs to Towne.

Enter Baptiffa with bis two daughteres, Katerina & Bianca,
Gretna a Pantelewone, Hortensio fifer to Bianca.
Lucen. Trlano, fand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, important me no farther,
For how I firmly am refolvd you know:
That is, not to beftow my yongeft daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katherina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

_Gre._ To case her rather. She's too tough for me.

_Thoso._ Will you any Wife?

_Kate._ I pray you sir, is it your will
To make a flae of me amongst these mates?

_Hor._ Mates maid, how meane you that?

No mates for you,

_Vnlefe._ You were of gentler milder mould.

_Kate._ I'faith sir, you shall never neede to feare,
I-wis it is not halfe way to your heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her care should be,
To combe your nodule with a three-leg'd ftoole,
And paint your face, and vfe you like a foole.

_Hor._ From all such diuels, good Lord deliever vs.

_Gre._ And me too, good Lord.

_Tra._ Huift mafter, heres some good paffeit toward;
That wench is farke mad, or wonderfull froward.

_Luc._ But in the others silence do I fee,
Maidis milde behaviour and fabrieite.

_Peace._

_Tra._ Well faid Mr, mum, and gare your fill.

_Bap._ Gentleman, that I may moone make good
What I haue faid, Bianca get you in,
And let it not difpleafe thee good Bianca,
For I will loue thee nere the leffe my girle.

_Kate._ A prettie peate, it is beft put finger in the eye,
and the knew why.

_Bian._ Sister content you, in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleare humbly I subscribe:
My bookes and infruments shall be my companie,
On them to looke, and prafie by my felfe.

_Luc._ Harke Tranio, thou maift heare Minerva speake.

_Hor._ Signior Bapifha, will you be fo freage,
Sorrie am I that our good will effect
Bianca's greefe.

_Gre._ Why will you mew her vp
(Signior Bapifha) for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue.

_Bap._ Gentleman content ye: I am refould:
Go in Bianca.
And for I know she taketh moft delight
In Mufick, Infrumments, and Poetry,
Schoolmasters will I kepe within my house,
Fit to intruch her youth. If you Hortenfia,
Or signior Gremio you know any fuch,
Preferre them hither: for to cunning men,
I will be very kinde and liberaile,
To mine owne children, in good bringing vp,
And fo farewell: Karberine you may fay,
For I have more to commune with Bianca.

_Exict._

_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 leave? Ha.

_Exict._

_Gre._ You may go to the diuels dam: your giues are so good here's none will hold you: Their loue is not fo great Hortenfia, but we may blow our nails together, and fall it fairely out. Our cakes dough on both fides.
Farewell: yet for the loue I haue my sweet Bianca, if I can by any meanes light on a fitt man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will with 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 advice, it toucheth vs both that we may yet again haue acceffe to our faire Miftris, and be happy riuals 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 Sifter.

_Gre._ A husband: a diuell.

_Hor._ I fay a husband.

_Gre._ I fay, a diuell: Think't thou Hortenfia, though her father be verie rich, any man is fo verie a foole to be married to hell?

_Hor._ Tuh Gremio: though it paife your patience & mine to endure her lowd alarams, why man there bee good fellows 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 croffe euerie morning.

_Hor._ Faith (as you fay) there's small choife in rotten apes: but come, since this bar in law makes vs friends, it shall be fo farre forth friendly maintaine'd, till by helping Bapifhas cloeft daughter to a husband, wee fet his young free for a husband, and then haue too affre: Sweet Bianca, happy man be his doe: her that runnes fallet, gets the King: How fay you Signior Gremio?

_Grem._ I am agreed, and would I had given him the beft horfe in Padua to begin his woond that would throoughly woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the house of her. Come on.

Exeunt ambo. _Manet Tranio and Lucenio._

_Trao._ I pray sir tel me, is it poiffible
That loue should of a fodeine take fuch hold.

_Luc._ Oh Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it poiffible or likly.
But fe, while idey I flood looking on,
I found the effect of Loue in idleneffe,
And now in plainneffe 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 perifh Tranio,
If I achiue not this yong modelfe gyrl:
Counffe me Tranio, for I know thou canft,
Affift me Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

_Trao._ Mafter, it is no time to chide you now,
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If loue haue touch'd you, naught remaines but fo,
Redime te capitam quam quam quas minimo.

_Luc._ Gramercies Lad: Go forward, this contents,
The reft will comfort, for thy counsels found.

_Trao._ Mafter, you look'd fo longly on the maide,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the plaine of all.

_Luc._ Oh yes, I faw sweet beautie in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great loue to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kit the Cretan ftorme.

_Trao._ Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how hir fifter
Began to scold, and raife vp fuch a florme,
That mortal cares might hardly induce the din.

_Luc._ Tranio, I faw her corall lips to moue,
And with her breath she did perfume the ayre,
Sacred and fweet was all I faw in her.

_Trao._ Nay, then 'tis time to firre him frow his trance:
I pray awake fir: if you love the Maide,
Bend thoughts and wits to atcheue her. Thus it ftands:

_Her elder fifer is fo curif and threw'd,
That til the Father rid his hands of her,
Mafter, your Loue muft lieue a maide at home,
And therefore has he clofely men'd her vp,
The Taming of the Shrew.

Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.  
Luc. Ah Tranio, what a cruel Fathers he:  
But art thou not advis'd, he tooke some care,  
To get her cunning Schoolmasters to intrick her.  
Tran. I marry am I fir, and now 'tis plotted.  
Luc. I haue it Tranio.  
Tran. Mater, for my hand,  
Both our inventions meet and jumpe in one.  
Luc. Tell me thine first.  
Tran. You will be schoole-mater,  
And vndertake the teaching of the maid:  
That's your device.  
Luc. It is: May it be done?  
Tran. Not possible: for who shall beare your part,  
And be in Padua heare Vincentio's fonne,  
Keep e house, and ply his bookes, welcome his friends,  
Visit his Countrymen, and banquet them?  
Luc. Bofia, 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 mater: then it follows thus;  
Thou shalt be mater, Tranio in my stead:  
Keep e house, and port, my sonne Lucentio, as I should,  
I will some other be, some Florentes,  
Some Neapolitan, or manner man of Pisa.  
'Tis batch'd, and shall be so: Tranio at once  
Vncape thee: take my Conlord hat and cloake,  
When Biendello comes, he waite on thee,  
But I will charme him first to keepe his tongue.  
Tran. So had you neede?  
In breede Sir, thit it your pleasure is,  
And I am tyed to be obedient,  
For so your father charg'd me at our parting?  
Be seurcuseable to my sonne ( quoth he)  
Although I thinke 'twas in another fence,  
I am content to bee Lucentio,  
Because so well I love Lucentio.  
Luc. Tranio be so, because Lucentio loves,  
And let me be a flauce, 'catchieus that male,  
Whole fodaine fight hath thral'd my wounde eye.

Enter Biendello.  
Here comes the rogue. Sirra, where have you bin?  
Biend. Where have I beene? Nay how now, where are you?  
Maiter, ha's my fellow Tranio fizzle your clothes, or fizzle his, or both? Pray what's the newest?  
Luc. Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to left,  
And therefore frame your manners to the time  
Your fellow Tranio heere to faze my life,  
Puts my apparell, and my count'nance on,  
And I for my escape haue put on his:  
For in a quarrel since I came a shore,  
I kill'd a man, and fear I was defreated:  
Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes:  
While I make way from hence to faze my life:  
You understand me?  
Biend. I fir, ne're a whit.  
Luc. And not a lot of Tranio in your mouth,  
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.  
Biend. The better for him, would I were so too.  
Tran. So could I faith boy, to havee the next with after,  
that Lucentio indeede had Euphro's yongeit daugther.  
But fir, Sirra, for my false, but your malters, I advise you vfe your manners differently in all kind of companies: When I am alone, why then I am Tranio: but in all places els, you master Lucentio.  
Luc. Tranio let's go:  
One thing more refle, that thy selfe execute,  
To make one among these woers: if thou ask me why,  
Sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty.  
Exeunt.  

1. Man. My Lord you nod, you do not minde the play.  
Beg. Yes by Saint Anne do I, a good matter surely:  
Comes there any more of it?  
Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun.  
Beg. 'Tis a very excellent peece of worke, Madame  
Ladie: would 'were done.  
They fit and marke.  

Enter Petrucke, and bid man Gramio.  
Petr. Verona, for a while I take my leave,  
To see my friends in Padua; but of all  
My beit beloued and approued friend  
Hortensio & I: I trow this is his house:  
Here sirra Gramio, knocke I say.  
Gram. Knocke fir? whom shoulde I knocke? Is there any man ha's rebus'd your worship?  
Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me heere foundly.  
Gram. Knocke you heere fir? Why fir, what am I fir,  
that I shoulde knocke you heere fir.  
Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me at this gate,  
And rap me well, or Ile knocke your knaues pate.  
Gram. My M't is grown quarrellome:  
I should knocke you first,  
And then I know after who comes by the worke.  
Petr. Will it not be?  
'Faith firrah, and you'll not knocke, Ile ring it,  
Ile trie how you can Sol, Fa, and fing it.  

He rings him by the ears  
Gram. Helpe miftris helpe, my mater is mad.  
Petr. Now knocke when I bid you: firrah villain.  

Enter Hortensio.  
Hor. How now, what's the matter? My olde friend  
Gramio, and my good friend Petrucke? How do you all at Verona?  
Petr. Signior Hortensio, come you part the fray?  
Contenti le core bene tribato, may I say.  
Hor. Alla noftra cafa bene venuto molto honora froni  
or mio Petruckio.  
Rife Gramio rife, we will compound this quarrel.  
Gram. Nay 'tis no matter fir, what he legs in Latine.  
If this be not a lawfull cause for me to leave his seruice,  
looke you fir: He bid me knocke him, & rap him foundly  
Fir, Was it for a servant to vfe his mater fo,  
being perhaps (for ought I fee) two and thirty, a peep  
out? Whom would to God I had well knockt at firft,  
then had not Gramio come by the worke.  
Petr. A fencleffe villaine: good Hortensio,  
I bad the rapcall knocke vpon your gate,  
And could not get him for my heart to do it.  
Gram. Knocke at the gate! O heauen: spake you not these words plaine? Sirra, Knocke me heere: rappe me heere: knocke me well, and knocke me foundly? And come you now with knockling at the gate?  
Petr. Sirra be gone, or talke not I advisue you.  
Hor. Petruckio patience, I am Gramio's pledge:  
Why this a heauie chance twixt him and you,  
Your ancient truittie pleasanter servant Gramio:  
And tell me now (sweet friend) what happie gale  
Blows you to Padua heere, from old Verona?  
Petr. Such wind as flatters yongmen through y world,  

To
To seek their fortunes farther then at home, Where small experience grows but in a few.
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me, _Antonio_ my father is deceas'd, And I have thrust my selfe into this maze, Happily to wise and thrive, as best I may: Crowes in my purte I have, and goods at home, And fo am come abroad to fee the world.
_Hor._ Petruchio, sall I then come roundly to thee, And with thee to a shrew'd ill-fauour'd wife? Thou'lt thank me but a little for my counsell: And yet Ie promife thee she shall be rich, And verie rich: but th'art too much my friend, And Ie not with thee to her.
_Petr._ Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we, Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou know One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife: (As wealth is burthen of my woing dance) Be she as foule as was _Florentius_ Loue, As old as _Sisell_, and as curft and throw'd As _Socrates_ Zeriniti, or a worfe: She mouseth me-not, or not remoues at least Affections edge in me. Were she as rough As are the swelling _Adriaticke_ feas.
I come to wise it wealthily in Padua: If wealthily, then happily in Padua.
_Gru._ Nay looke you fier, hee tells you flatly what his minde is: why glue him Gold enough, and marrie him to a Puppet or an Aglet babe, or an old trot with ne're a tooth in her head, though she have as manie diffaies as two and fifte horfes. Why nothing comes amittio, if monie comes withall.
_Hor._ Petruchio, fince we are ftept thus farre in, I will continue that I broach'd in left, I can Petruchio helpe thee to a wife With wealth enough, and yong and beautious, Brought vp as bent becomes a Gentlewoman. Her onely fault, and that is faults enough, Is, that she is intollerable curst, And throw'd, and froward, fo beyond all meare, That were my fate farre worser then it is, I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.
_Petr._ Hortensio peace: thou knowft not golds effeC, Tell me her fathers name, and 'tis enough: For I will boord her, though she chide as loud As thunder, when the clouds in Autumn cracke.
_Hor._ Her father is _Baptisfia_ Minola, An affable and courteous Gentleman, Her name is Katberina Minola, Renownd'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.
_Petr._ I know her father, though I know not her, And he knew my deceased father wel: I wil not fleape _Hortensio_ til I fee her, And therefore let me be thus bold with you, To give you ouer at this first encounter, Vnleeffe you wil accompanie me thither.
_Gru._ I pray you Sir let him go while the humor lasts. A my word, and the knew him as well as I do, she would thinke scolding would doe little good vpon him. Shee may perhaps call him halftime a score _Knaues_, or so: Why that's nothing; and he begin once, hee'll raile in his rope tricke. Ile tell you what fier, and the stand him but a little, he wil throw a figure in her face, and fo disfigure hir with it, that shee shall have no more eies to fee withall then a Cat: you know him not fir.
_Hor._ Tarrie Petruchio, I muft go with thee,

For in _Baptisfia_ keepe my tresure is: He hath the jewel of my life in hold, His yong daughter, beautifull _Bianca_, And her with-holds from me. Other more Sutes to her, and riuals in my Loue: Supposing it a thing impossible, For those defectes I haue before rehearft. That ouer _Katherina_ wil be good:
Therefore this order hath _Baptisfia_ tane, That none shal haue acceffe vnto _Bianca_, Til Katharina the Curf, haue got a husband.
_Gru._ Katharina the curf, A title for a malde, of all titles the workt.
_Hor._ Now shal my friend Petruchio do me grace, And offer me disgui'd in fober robes, To old _Baptisfia_ as a schoole-master.
_Well_ feene in Muflccke, to infruct _Bianca_, That fo I may by this deuce at leaft Haue leaue and leasure to make loue to her, And vnsupected court her by her felle.

_Enter_ Gremio and _Lucesio_ diuergd.
_Gru._ Heere's no knauerie. See, to beguile the olde-folkes, how the young folkes lay their heads together. Mafter, mafter, looke about you: _Who_ goes there? ha. 
_Petr._ Peace _Gremio_, it is the riuall of my Loue.
_Petruchio_ fland by a while.
_Gremio._ A proper tripling, and an amorous.
_Gremio._ O very well, I haue peru'd the note.
Hearke you Sir, Ie haue them verie fairly bound, All bookes of Loue, fee that at any hand, And fee you reade no other Lectures to her: You vnderftand me. Ouer and befide Signior _Baptisfia_ liberallite, Ie mend it with a Largeffe. Take your paper too, And let me haue them verie well perfumed; For she is sweeter then perfume it felle. To whom they go to: what will you reade to her. _Luc._ What ere I reade to her, Ie pleade for you, As for my patron, Ieand you fof affir'd, As firmely as your felle were fill in place, Yea and perhaps with more succeffull words Then you; vnleeffe you were a scholler fir.
_Gre._ Oh this learning, what a thing it is. 
_Gru._ Oh this Woodcocke, what an Affe it is.
_Petr._ Peace firra.
_Hor._ Gremio mou _God_ faue you signior _Gremio_.
_Gre._ And you are wel met, Signior _Hortensio_.
Trow you whither I am going? To _Baptisfia_ Minola, I promitt 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 promitt me to helpe one to another, A fine Muftian to infruct our Milthers, So that I no whit be behinde in dutie To faire _Bianca_, to beloved of me. 
_Gre._ Beloved of me, and that my deeds shal proue. 
_Gru._ And that his bags shal proue.
_Hor._ _Gremio_ , 'tis now time to vent our loue, Listen to me, and if you speake me fale, Ie tel you newes indifferrnt good for either. Heere is a Gentleman whom by chance I met

Vpon
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 he is an irkesome brawling scold:
If that be all Matters, I heare no harms.

Gre. No, sayte me so, friend? What Countreyman?
Petr. Borne in Verona, old Butonios fone:
My father dead, my fortune liues for me,
And I do hope, good days and long, to fee,

Gre. Oh sir, such a life with such a wife, were strange:
But if you have a thomacke, too a Gods name,
You shall haue me affifting you in all.
But will you woo this Wilde-cat?
Petr. Will I live?

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, puff vp with windes,
Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with sweate?
Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heaunes Artillerie thunder in the skies?
Haue I not in a pitched battell heard
Loude larums, neeving feedes,& trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a womens tongue?
That giues not halfe so great a blow to heare,
As wil a Cheffe-nut in a Farmers fire.
Tulh,tulh, feare boyes with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none.

Grem. Hortensiio heare:
This Gentlemen is happily arriu'd,
My minde prefumes for his owne good, and yours.

Hor. I promit we would be Contributors,
And beare his charge of wooning whatsoeere.

Gremio. And fo we wil, prouided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio brace, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen God fave you. If I may be bold
Tell me I befeeche you, which is the readieast way
To the hous of Signior Baptifha Mimola?

'Bian. He that ha's the two faire daughters: if he you mean? 

Tra. Even he Biondello.

Gre. Hearke you sir, you mane not her to———

Tra. Perhaps him and her frit, haue you to do?
Petr. Not her that chides frit,at any hand I pray.

Tra. I loue no chiders frit: Biondello, let's away.
Luc. Well begun Tranio.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:
Are you a futor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?

Tra. And if I be frit, is it any offence?

Gremio. No: if without more words you will get you hence.

Tra. Why sir, I pray are not the freers as free
For me, as for you?

Gre. But fo is not he.

Tra. For what reaason I befeech you.

Gre. For this reaason if you'll kno,
That she's the cholie loue of Signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the choen of signior Hortenio.

Tra. Softly my Matters: If you be Gentlemen
Do me this right: heare me with patience.

Baptifha is a noble Gentleman,

To whom my Father is not all vnknowne,
And were his daughter fairer then she is,
She may more futors haue, and me for one.

Faire Ladias daughter had a thousand woovers,
Then well one more may faire Baptifha haue;
And so the shall: Lucenio that 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 he'll proue a lade.
Petr. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet euer fee Baptifhas 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 frights for me, let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leaue that labour to great Hercules,

And let it be more then Alcides twelue.
Petr. Sir vnderhand you this of me (infwoth)
The yongest daughter whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all accefe of futors,
And will not promishe her to any man,
Vntill the elder fitter first be wed.

The yonger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be firt, that you are the man
Muit fteed vs all, and me amongt the ref:
And if you breake the ice, and do this feeks,
Atechie the elder: fet the yonger free,
For our accefe, whole hap shall be to haue her,
Will not fo gracelesse be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir you say wel, and wel you do conceuie,
And since you do profese to be a futor,
You must as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
To whom we all ref generally beholding.

Tra. Sir, I thal not be facke, inigne whereof,

Please ye we may contrie this afternoone,
And quaffe carowlies to our Mistrefle health,
And do as adueraries do in law,
Strive mightily, but este and drinke as friends.


Hor. The motions good indeed, and be it fo,

Petruchio, I thal be your Been wenotes.

Enter Katharina and Bianca.

'Bian. Good fifter wrong me not, nor wrong your self,
To make a bondmaide and a flawe of mee,
That I didainen: but for these other goods,
Vانبide my hands, Ile pull them off my felse,
Yea all my raiment, to my petticoate,
Or what you will commande me, will I do,
So well I know my dutie to my elders.

Kate. Of all thy futors heere I charge tel
Whom thou lou'ft beft: fee thou difemble not.

'Bianca. Beleeue me fister, of all the men alioe,
I never yet beheld that specall face,
Which I could fance, more then any other.

Kate. Minion thou lyet: Is't not Hortenio?

'Bian. If you afferd him fiter, heere I fware
Ile please for you my felse, but you thal haue him.

Kate. Oh then belike you fance riches more,
You will haue Gremio to kepe you faire.

'Bian. Is it for him you do enuie me fo?
Nay then you left, and now I wel perceue
You haue but lefled with me all this while:
I prethee fiter Kate, vntie my hands.

Kz. If that be left, then all the ref was fo. Strikes her

Enter
Enter Baptifta.

_Bap._ Why how now Dame, whence grows this insolence?

_Bianca_ stand aside, poor gyre the weepes:
Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her.
For shame thou Hilding of a dissolute spirit,
Why doth thou wrong her, that did nere wrong thee?
When did the croffe thee with a bitter word?
_Kate._ Her flience flouts me, and I be reveng'd.

Flies after Bianca.

_Bap._ What in my sight? Bianca get thee in.

_Exit._

_Kate._ What will you not suffer me: Nay now I fee
She is your treasure, she muft have a husband,
I muft dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And for your loue to her, lead Apes in hell.
Talke not to me, I will goe fit and weepe,
Till I can finde occasion of reuenge.

_Bap._ Was ever Gentleman thus green'd as I?
But who comes here.

Enter Gremio, Lucentio, in the habit of a meane man,

_Petruchio_ with Tranio, with a boy

bearing a Lute and Bookes.

_Gre._ Good morrow neighbour Baptifta.

_Bap._ Good morrow neighbour Gremio: God faue you.

_Gre._ Peace and you good sir: pray haue you not a daughter,
calld Katerina, faire and vertuous.

_Bap._ I haue a daughter sir, calld Katerina.

_Gre._ You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

_Gre._ 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 qualitie, and milde behaviour,
Am bold to fliew my felle a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witneffe
Of that report, which I fo ofte haue heard,
And for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do prefent you with a man of mine
Cunning in Muficke, and the Mathematickes,
To infruct her fully in those fciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant,
Accept of him, or elfe you do me wrong,
His name is Littis, borne in Mantua.

_Bap._ Y'are welcome sir, and he for your good fake.
But for my daughter Katherine, this I know,
She is not for your turne, the more my greefe.

_Gre._ I fee you do not mean to part with her,
Or elfe 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.

_Petruchio_ is my name, _Antonio_'s fonne,
A man well knowne throughout all Italy.

_Bap._ I know him well: you are welcome for his fake.

_Gre._ Suing your tale Petruchio, I pray let vs that are
poore petitioners speake too? _Bacaro_, you are meruaylous forward.

_Petr._ Oh, Pardon me signior Gremio, I would faine be doing.

_Gre._ I doubt it not sir. But you will curfe
Your wooing neighbors: this is a guilt
Very grateau, I am fure of it, to exprefs.
The like kindneffe my felle, that have bene
More kindely beholding to you then any:

Freely giue vnto this yong Scholler, that hath
Beene long fudyng at _Rome_, as cunning
In Grecke, Latine, and other Languages,
As the other in Muficke and Mathematickes:
His name is Cambio: pray accept his fervice.

_Bap._ A thousand thankes signior Gremio:

Welcome good Cambio. But gentle sir,
Me thinkes you walke like a stranger,
May I be fo bold, to know the cause of your comming?

_Tra._ Pardon me sir, the bokdneffe is mine owne,
That being a stranger in this Cittie heere,
Do make my felle af tutor to your daughter,
Vnto Bianca, faire and vertuous:

_Nor is your firme resolute vnknowne to me,
In the preffernent of the eldeft fitter._

This liberty is all that I requert,
That vpon knowledge of my Parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongft the rest that woo,
And free access and favour at the refi.

And toward the education of your daughters:
I heere bellow a fimple instruement,
And this small packet of Grecke and Latine bookes:
If you accept them, then their worth is great:

_Bap._ Lucentis is your name, of whence I pray.

_Tra._ Of Pifia sir, fonne to _Piccentio_.

_Bap._ A mightie man of Pifia by report,

I know him well: you are vere welcome sir:

Take you the Lute, and you the fet of bookes,
You Hall go fee your Pupils prefently.

_Holla,_ within.

Enter a Servant.

Sireh, leade thfe Gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
These are their Tutors, bid them vfe them well,
We will go walke a little in the Orchard,
And then to dinner: you are paffing welcome,
And fo I pray you all to thinke your felues.

_Petr._ Signior Baptifta, my buiffene asketh haffe,
And enuerie day I cannot come to woo,
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left folie heire to all his Lands and goods,
Which I haue bettered then decreafe,
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 poiffession twentie thoufand Crownes.

_Petr._ And for that dowrie, Ile affure her
Of her widow-hood, be it that the furuiue me
In all my Lands and Leafes whatfoever,
Let specialties be therefore drawne betweene vs,
That covenantes may be kept on either hand.

_Bap._ I, when the speciall thing is well obtain'd,
That is her love: for that is all in all.

_Petr._ Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as peremptorie as the proud minded:

_And where two raging fires meete together,
They do confume the thing that feeds their furie.

Though little fire growes great with little winde,
Yet extreme gufts will blow out fire and all:
So to her, and fo the yeilds to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

_Bap._ Well maift thou woo, and am happy be thy speed:
But be thou arm'd for some vnpleasur'd words.

_Petr._ To the proofes, as Mountaines are for windes,
'That shakkes not, though they blow perpetually.

Enter _Hortensia_ with his brad broke.

_Bpa._
Women are made to beare, and so are you.  
Kate. No such lade 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 heanie as my weight should be.  
Pet. Shold be, shold be: buzz.  
Kate. Well tane, and like a buzzard.  
Pet. Oh flow-wing'd Turtle, hal a buzzard take thee?  
Kate. I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzzard.  
Pet. Come, come you Wafpe, y'faith you are too  
angrie.  
Kate. If I be wafphif, beft beware my fling.  
Pet. My remedy is then to pluckle it out.  
Kate. I, if the fool could finde it where it lies.  
Pet. Who knowes not where a Wafpe does ware  
his fling? In his tale.  
Kate. In his tongue?  
Pet. Whole tongue.  
Kate. Yours if you talke of tales, and fo farewell.  
Pet. What with my tongue in your tale.  
Nay, come againe, good Kate, I am a Gentleman,  
Kate. That Ile trie.  
Pet. I fwear I cffe you, if you strike againe.  
Kate. So may you loofe your armes,  
If you strike me, you are no Gentleman,  
And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.  
Pet. A Herald Kate? Oh put me in thy booke.  
Kate. What is your Creft, a Coxcombe?  
Pet. A comblesse Cocke, fo 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 fo  
fowre.  
Kate. It is my fashion when I fee a Crab.  
Pet. Why heere's no crab, and therefore looke not  
fowre.  
Kate. There is, there is.  
Pet. Then thow it me.  
Kate. Had I a glaffe, I would.  
Pet. What, you meane my face.  
Kate. Well aym'd of such a yong one.  
Pet. Now by S. George I am too young for you.  
Kate. Yet you are witherd.  
Pet. 'Tis with cares.  
Kate. I care not.  
Kate. I chaffe you if I tarrie. Let me go.  
Pet. No, not a white, I finde you paffing gentle:  
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and fullen,  
And now I finde report a very liar:  
For thou art pleafant, gamefome, paffing courteous,  
But flow in speech: yet sweet as spring-time flowers.  
Thou canst not frowne, thou canst not looke a fonce,  
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,  
Nor haft thou plesure to be croffe in talke:  
But thou with mildneffe entertain's thy woeeres,  
With gentle conference, foft, and affable.  
Why does the world report that Kate doth limpe?  
Oh fland'rous world: Kate like the hazle twig  
Is ftraight, and fnder, and as browne in hue  
As hazle nuts, and fweeter raen the kernels:  
Oh let me fee thee walke: thou doft not halt.  
Kate. Go foolie, and whom thou keep't command.  
Pet. Did ever 'Dian fo become a Groue  
As Kate this chamber with her princely gate:  
O be thou 'Dian, and let her be Kate,
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportfull.
Kate. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Pet. It is extempore, from my mother wit.
Kate. A witty mother, witlesse else her sonne.
Pet. Am I not wife?
Kate. Yes, keepe you warme.
Pet. Marry, lo I mean sweet Katherine in thy bed:
And therefore letting all this chat aside,
Thou in plaine terms, thou father hast contented
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,

Entri Bapstissa, Gremio, Traiano.

For I am he am borne to tame you Kate,
And bring you from a wilde Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other household Kate:
Here comes your father, neuer make deniall,
I mut, and will have Katherine to my wife. (daughter)
Bap. Now Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my
Pet. How but well sir? How but well?
It were impossibell I should speed amisse. (dumps)
Bap. Why how now daughter Katherine, in your
Kate. Call you me daughter? now I promis you
You haue shewed a tender fatherly regard,
To with me wed to one halfe Lunaticke,
A mad-cap rufian, and a swearing lacke,
That thinkes with othes to face the matter out.
Pet. Father, 'tis thus, your selle and all the world
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amisse of her :
If she be curst, it is for policell,
For shee's not froward, but modest as the Doe,
Shee is not hot, but temperate as the mornce,
For patience shee will prove a second Grifell,
And Romane Lucrece for her charitie:
And to conclude, we haue 'greed so well together,
That vpon fonday is the wedding day.
Kate. Ile fee thee hang'd on fonday first. (firl)
Gre. Hark Petruchio, the styes shee'll fee thee hang'd
Tra. Is this your speaking? may the godnitie our part.
Pet. Be patient gentlemen, I choose her for my selle,
If shee and I be pleasd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd twixt us twaine being alone,
That the shall still be curst in company,
I tell you 'tis incredible to belewe
How much she lovess e; oh the kindest Kate,
Shee hung about my necke, and kiffe on kiffe
Shee vi'd go fast, protefling othe on oath,
That in a twinke the won me to her louse,
Oh you are nooices, 'tis a world to fee
How tame when men and women are alone,
A meacoake wretch can make the cursthe flrow:
Glue me thy hand, Kate, I will vnto Venice
To buy apparell 'gainst the wedding day;
Prouide the feast father, and bid the guestes,
I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine.
Bap. I know not what, to say, but give me your hâds,
God fend you joy, Petruchio, 'tis a match.
Gre. Tra. Amen say we, we will be winnettes.
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu,
I will to Venice, fonday comes space,
We will haue rings, and things, and fine array,
The Taming of the Shrew.

She is your own, else you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?
Tray. That's but a caull : he is old, you young.
Greg. And may not young men die as well as old?
Bapt. Wall gentlemen, I am thus refolvd,
On tuesday next, you know
My daughters Katherine is to be married:
Now on the sunday following, shall Bianca
Be Bride to you, if you make this assurance:
If not, to Signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thanke you both. Exit. Greg. Adieu good neighbour : now I fear thee not.
Syr: yong gamester, your father was a foole
To give thee all, and in his wayning age
Set foot vnder thy table : tut, a toy.
An old Italian foxe is not fo kinde my boy. Exit. Tray. A vengeance on your craftsify withered hide,
Yet I haue faed it with a card of ten:
'Tis in my head to doe my mafter good:
I fee no reaion but fuppo'd Lucentio,
Mufet get a faver, call'd fuppo'd Dinencia,
And that's a wonder : fathers commonly
Doe get their children : but in this cafe of woing,
A childe shall get a fire, if I faile not of my cunning. Exit.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.
Luc. Filder forbeare, you grow too forward Sir,
Haue you fo foonne forgot the entertainment
Her fifter Katherine welcom'd you withall.
Hort. But wrangling pedant, this is
The patronnele of heavenly harmony ;
Then glue me leaue to hauve prerogative,
And when in Muifike we hauue spent an houre,
Your Lecture shalt have leaure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous Affe that never read fo furre,
To know the caufe why muifike was ordain'd:
Was it not to refreh the minde of man
After his fuddies, or his fviulall paine?
Then glue me leaue to read Philosophy,
And while I paufe, fere in your harmony.
Hort. Sirra, I will not beare thefe branes of thine.
Bianc. Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,
To ftrive for that which refleth in my choice:
I am no breacching scholler in the schooles,
Ie not to be tied to howres, nor pointed times,
But leaerne my Leffons as I pleafe my felfe,
And to cut off all ftrife heere fit we downe,
Take you your inches, play you the whiles,
His Lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.
Hort. You'le leave his Lecture when I am in tune?
Luc. That will be noear, tune your instrument.
Bian. Where left we left ?
Luc. Heere Madam : His Ibat Simola, he ef fegia
tellus, he fisterat Priami regia Celfa fenti.
Bian. Conferr them.
Luc. His Ibat, as I told you before, Simola, I am Lu-
cento, he ef, honne vnto Vincen cio of Pifa, Segeria tel-
luus, diligued thus to get your love, he fisterat, and that
Lucentio that comes a woong, priami, is my man Tra-
nio, regia, bearing my port, celfa fenti that we might be-
guile the old Pantaloune.

Hort. Madam, my Instrumets in tume.
Bian. Let's hearre, oh fee, the treble iarres.
Luc. Spit in the hole man, and tune againe.
Bian. Now let mee fee if I can confet. He that fi-
mair, I know you not, bie ef fegiera tellus, I truit you not,
bie fisterat priami, take heede heere ve not, regia pre-
fume not, Celfa fenti, delaire not.
Hort. Madam, its now in tume.
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,
Pediature, Ile watch you better yet:
In time I may beleeeue, yet I myrftuit.
Bian. Miftruit it not, for sure Ociudes
Was Axay caid fo from his grandfather.
Hort. I must beleue my mafter, elfe I promise you,
I shoule be argument fill upon that doubt ;
But let it reft, now Lito to you :
Good mafter take it not vnkindly pray
That I have beeone thus peflant with you both.
Hort. You may goe walk, and give me leaue a while,
My Leffons make no mufick in three parts.
Luc. Are you fo formall Sir, well I myuft waite
And watch withall, for but I be deceiu'd,
Our fine Mufitian growth amongs.
Hort. 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 fort,
More pefiant, pity, and effectual,
Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,
And there it is in writing fairely drawne.
Bian. Why, I am paft my gamoth long agoe.
Hort. Yet read the gamoth of Lucentio.
Bian. Gamon I am, the ground of all accord :
Are, to pleade Hortenio's paffion:
Bene, Bianca take him for thy Lord
Cfeus, that loues with all affection :
Dole, one Cliffe, two notes have I,
Elami, thou pity or I die.
Call you this gamoth ? tut I like it not,
Old fashions pleafe me bitt, I am not fo nice
To charge true rules for old inuentions.

Enter a Myffengers.
Nicks, MifTreffe, your father prayes you leave your
And helpe to dreffe your fifters chamber vp,
(books,
You know to marrow is the wedding day.
Bian. Farewell sweet maffers both, I mufet be gone.
Luc. Faith MifTreffe then I have no caufe to fay.
Hor. But I have caufe to pry into this pedant,
Methinks he lookeas as though he were in loue :
Yet if thy thoughts Bianca be fo humble
To cut thy wandring eyes on every flake :
Seize thee that Lift, if once I finde thee ranging,
Hortenio will be quit with thee by changing.

Enter Baptifla, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and oth-
ers,attendants.
Bap. Signior Lucentio, this is the pointed day
That Katherine and Petruckio should be married,
And yet we heare not of our fonne in Law:
What will be faid, what mockery will it be?
To want the Bride-grome when the Priet attends
To fpake the ceremoniall rites of marriage?
What fain Lucentio to this shame of ours?
No
Kat. No flame but mine, I must forsooth be forfit
To give my hand oppos'd against my heart.
Vnto a mad-braine rudebay, full of spleene,
Who wo'd in haffe, and meanes to wed at leyfure:
I told you I, he was a frantickke foole,
Hiding his bitter lfts in blust behavieur,
And to be noted for a merry man;
He'll woe you thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, and proclaim the banes,
Yet neuer meanes to wed where he hath wo'd:
Now must the world point at poore Katherine,
And say, loe, there is mad Petruchio's wife
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience good Katherine and Baptistia too,
Vpon my life Petruchio meanes but well,
What euer fortune ftyes him from his word,
Though he be blunte, I know him passing wife,
Though he be merry yet withall he's honeft.

Kate. Would Katherine had neuer seen him though.

Exit waiting.

Bap. Goe girlie, I cannot blame thee now to wepe,
For such an injury would were a very faire,
Much more a shrew of impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Mafter, mafter, 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
Bap. Is he come? (comming?)
Bion. Why no fir.
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 fry, what to thine olde newes?

Bion. Why Petruchio is comming, in a new hat and
an olde lerkyn, a pare of olde breeches thrice turn'd; a
pare of bootes that haue beene candle-cafes, one buckled,
another laced: an olde ruly fword tane out of the
Towne Armory, with a broken hilt, and chapellefe: with
two broken points: his horfe hipt with an olde mothy
faddle, and firropts of no kindred: befides poiffeft
with the glanders, and like to mofe in the chine, troubled
with the Lampaffe, infected with the fashions, full
of Windegalls, fpred with Spawins, raised with the
Yellowes, past cure of the Flues, flanke fpyiol'd with the
Staggers, begnawne with the Botes, Waid in the backe,
and shoulder-shotten, neere leg'd before, and with a
half-checkt Bitt, & a headfall of sheepe lether, which
being refrain'd to keepe him from flambing, hath been
often burft, and now repaired with knobs: one girt fixe
times pee'd, and a womans Crupper of velure, which
hath two letters for her name, fairely set down in fluds,
and heere and there pee'd with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?
Bion. Oh fir, his Lackey, for all the world Capri-
fion'd like the horfe: with a linnen fock on one leg, and
a kerfey boot-hoof on the other, garterd with a red and
blew lift; an olde hat, & the humor of forty fancies prickt
in't for a feather: a monfter, a very monfter in apparell,
& not like a Chriftian foot-boy, or a gentlemans Lacky.

Tra. 'Tis some od humor pricks him to this fashion,
Yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howfoere he comes.
Bion. Why fir, he comes not.
Bap. Didst thou not fay hee comes?

Bion. Who, that Petruchio came?
Bap. I, that Petruchio came. (backe)
Bion. No fir, I fay his horfe comes with him on his
Bap. Why that's all one.
Bion. Nay by S. Lampe, I hold you a penny, a horfe
and a man is more then one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio,

Pet. Come, where be thefe gallants? who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome fir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not to fow apparel'd as I with you were.

Pet. Were it better I should riu in thus:
But where is Katherine? where is my lovely Bride?
How does my father gentiles methinkes you frowne,
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they faw fome wondrous monument.
Some Commet, or vnuiall prodigie?

Bap. Why fir, you know this is your wedding day:
First were we led, fearing you would not come,
Now firder, that you come fo vnprov'd:
Fie, doeft this habit, shame to your eflate,
An eye-fore to our folemne feftiall.

Tra. And tell vs what occasion of import
Hath all fo long detain'd you from your wife,
And lent you hither fo unlike your felfe?

Pet. Tedious It were to tell, and harfh to hear,
Sufficeth I am come to keepe my word,
Though in fome part infur'd to digreffe,
Which at more leyfure I will fo excuse,
As you shall well be fatisfi'd with all.
But where is Katherine? I fay too long from her,
The morning weares, 'tis time we were at Church.

Tra. See not your Bride in thefe vnreuerent robes,
Goe to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, beleeue me, thus Ile vilfit her.

Bap. But thus I truft you will not marry her. (words)

Pet. Good fheet even thus: therefore ha done with
To me the married, not vnto my clothes:
Could I repaire what she will weare in me,
As I can change thefe poore accoutrements,
'Twere well for Katherine, and better for my felfe.
But what a foolle am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my Bride?
And feele the title with a lovely kiffe.

Tra. He hath fome meaning in his mad attire,
We will perfwade him be it poiffible,
To put on better cre he goe to Church.

Bap. Ile after him, and fee the event of this.

Pet. But fir, Loue concerneth vs to adde
Her fathers likings, which to bring to paffe
As before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man what ere he be,
It skils not much, weele ft him to our turne,
And he fhall be Vincentio of Pifia.
And make affurance heere.

Padua. Of greater fumes then I have promifed,
So fhall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with content.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmater
Doth watch Bianca's steps fo narrowly:
'Twere good me-thinkes to fleale our marriage,
Which once perfom'd, let all the world lay no,
Ile keepe mine owne defpite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to looke into,

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And
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And watch our vantage in this businest, 
We'll outer-reach the grey-beard Gremio, 
The narrow prying father Minola, 
The quaint Muflian, amorous Lilli, 
All for my Masters fake Lucentio.

Enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio, came you from the Church?
Gre. As willingly as ere I came from schoole. 
Tra. And is the Bride & Bridgroom coming home? 
Gre. A Bridgroome say you? 'tis a groome indeed, 
A grumling groome, and that the girl shall finde. 
Tra. Curder then the, why 'tis impossible. 
Gre. Why hee's a deuell, a deuell, a very fiend. 
Tra. Why she's a deuell, a deuell, the deuils damme. 
Gre. Tut, she's a Lambe, a Doue, a foule to him: 
Ie tell you sir Lucentio; when the Priest 
Should ask if Katherine shoulde be his wife, 
I, by gogs woones quoth he, and swore so loud, 
That all amas'd the Priest let fall the booke, 
And as he frownd againe to take it vp. 
This mad-brain'd bridegroome tooke him such a cuffs, 
That downe fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest, 
Now take them vp quoth he, if any lift.

Tra. What said the wench when he rofe againe? 
Gre. Trembled and shooke: for why, he flurr'd and swore, 
as if the Vicar meant to cozen him: but after many ceremonies done, hee calls for wine, a health quoth he, 
as if he had beene aboord carowing to his Mates after a storme, quaff off the Muflcadell, and threw the fops all in the Sextons face: hauing no other reason, but that his beard grew thinne and hungerly, and feem'd to aske him fops as hee was drinking: This done, hee tooke the Bride about the necke, and kift her lips with such a clamorous smacke, that at the parting all the Church did echos: and I seeing this, came thence for very flame, and after mee I know the root is comming, such a mad marryage neuer was before: harke, harke, I heare the minfrels play. 
Mufick players.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortensio, Baptifia.

Petr. Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your pains, 
I know you thynke to dine with me to day, 
And haue prepar'd great flore of wedding cheere, 
But fo it is, my wife doth call me hence, 
And therefore hence I meane to take my leaue. 
Bap. Is't possible you will away to night? 
Petr. I must away to day before night come, 
Make it no wonder: if you knew my businesse, 
You would intreat me rather goe then fay: 
And honelt company, I thank you all, 
That haue beheld me gue away my felde 
To this most patient, sweet, and vertuous wife, 
Dine with my father, drink a health to me, 
For I must hence, and farewell to you all. 

Tra. Let vs intreat you fay till after dinner. 
Petr. It may not be. 

Gre. Let me intreat you. 
Petr. It cannot be. 
Kat. Let me intreat you. 
Petr. I am content. 
Kat. Are you content to fay? 
Petr. I am content you shall entreat me fay, 
But yet not fay, entreat me how you can.

Kat. Now if you love me fay. 
Petr. Gremio, my horfe. 

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 pleafe my felde, 
The dore is open fir, there lies your way, 
You may be logging whiles your bootes are greene: 
For me, Ile not be gone till I pleafe my felde, 
'Tis like you'll prove a lolly furly groome, 
That take it on you at the first fo roundly. 

Pet. O Kate content thee, prethee be not angry. 
Kat. I will be angry, what haft thou to doe? 
Father, be quiet, he shall fay my leifure. 
Gre. I marry sir, now it begins to worke. 

Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the briddall dinner, 
I see a woman may be made a fool 
If he had not a spirit to refift. 

Pet. They shall goe forward Kate at thy command, 
Obey the Bride you that attend on her. 
Goe to the feaft, reuell and dominere, 
Carowe full meaure to her maiden-head, 
Be madde and merry, or goe hang your felues: 
But for my bonny Kate, the muff with me: 
Nay, lookes not big, nor flarte, nor faire, nor fret, 
I will be matter of what is mine owne, 
Shoe is my goods, my chattels, she is my houfe, 
My houfhold duke, my field, my barren, 
My horfe, my ox, my affe, my any thing, 
And heere the flands, touch her who euer dare, 
Ie bring mine aotion on the proudest he 
That fops my way in Padua: Gremio 

Draw forth thy weapon, we are beter with theues, 
Refuce thy Miftrefse if thou be a man: 
Fare not sweet wench, they shall not touch thee Kate, 
Ie buckler thee against a Million. 

Exeunt. P. Ka. 

Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones. 
(ing. 

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laugh. 
Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like. 

Luc. Miftrefse, what's your opinion of your fitter? 
Bian. That being mad her felde, she's madly mated. 

Kat. I warrant him Petruchio is Kated. 

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride & Bride- 
For to supply the places at the table, 
(groom wants 
You know there wants no inkets at the feast: 
Lucentio, you shall supply the Bridgroomes place, 
And let Bianca take her fitters roome. 

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca pradice how to bride it? 
Bap. She shall Lucentio come gentlemens let goe. 

Enter Gremio. 

Exeunt. 

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired lades, 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, & foone hot; my very lippes might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roofe of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me, but I with blowing the fire shall warme my felde: for considering the weather, a taller man then I will take cold: Holls, hoa Curitis. 

Enter Curitis. 

Cart. 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
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greater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good
Cur. Is my master and his wife comming Grumio?
Gru. Oh I Curte I, and therefore fire, fire, caft on no water.
Cur. Is the fo hot a shrew as he's reported.
Gru. She was good Curte before this frost: but thou
now'llt winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath
tham'd my old master, and my new mistresse, and my
fels fellow Curte.
Gru. Away you three inch foole, I am no beast.
Gru. Am I but three inches? Why thy horse is a foot
and so long am I at the left. But wilt thou make a fire,
or shall I complaine on thee to our mistresse, whose hand
(the being now at hand) thou shalt foone feele, to thy
cold comfort, for being flow in thy hot office.
Cur. I prethee good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?
Gru. A cold world Curte in every office but thine, &
therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thou dutie, for my
Master and mistresse are almoft frozen to death.
Cur. There's fire readie, and therefore good Grumio
the newes.
Gru. Why lacke boy, ho boy, and as much newes as
wilt thou.
Cur. Come, you are so full of conjatching.
Gru. Why therefore fire, for I have caught extreme
cold. Where's the Cooke, is supper ready, the house
trim'd, rushes fire'd, colwwebs swept, the servingmen
in their new fuflian, the white flockings, and every officer
his wedding garment on? Be the lackes faire with-
in, 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 horfe is tired, my master & mi-
striss faire 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 care.
Cur. Heere.
Gru. There,
Cur. This 'tis to feele a tale, not to heare a tale.
Gru. And therefore 'tis cal'd a tenible tale: and this
Cufe was but to knocke at thy ear, and befeech li-
ning: now I begin, Inprimis wee came downe a howe
hill, my Master riding behinde my Mistresse.
Cur. Both of one horfe?
Gru. What's that to thee?
Cur. Why a horfe.
Gru. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not croft me,
thou should't haue heard how her horfe fel, and the un-
der her horfe: thou shouldt haue heard in how miery a
place, how she was bemoll'd, how bee left her with the
horfe upon her, how he beat me because her horfe flum-
bled, how she waded through the durt to plcuck him of
me: how he swore, how he praid, that neuer praid be-
fore: how I cried, how the horses ranne away, how her
bride was burnt: how I loft my crupper, with manie
things of worthy memorie, which now shall die in obli-
ung, and thou returne vnexperienc'd to thy graue.
Cur. By this reckning he is more shew than she.
Cur. I, and that thou and the proudefl of you all shall
finde when he comes home. But what talke I of this?
Call for'd Nathaniel, Ieffep, Nicholas, Phillip, Walter, Su-
gerjap and the rest: let their heads bee flickely comb'd,
their blew coats brudh'd, and their garters of an indiffe-
rent knitt, let them currife with their left legs, and not
prefume to touch a haire of my Master horfe-taille, till
they kiff their hands. Are they all readie?
Cur. They are.
Gru. Call them forth.
Cur. Do you heare ho! you muft meeke my master
to countenance my mistresse.
Gru. Why the hath a face of her owne.
Cur. Who knowes not that?
Gru. Thou it femeas, that calls for company to coun-
tenance her.
Cur. I call them forth to credit her.
enter foure or five servingmen.
Gru. Why the comes to borrow nothing of them.
Nat. Welcome home Grumio.
Efe. What Grumio.
Nick. Fellow Grumio.
Nat. How now old lad.
Gru. Welcome you : how now you: what you fel-
low you; and thus much for greeting. Now my spurge
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 paftion, filence, I hear my master.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be thefe knaues? What no man at doore
To hold my fitrop, nor to take my horfe?
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Phillip.
All fer. Heere, heere fir, heere fir.
You logger-headed and vnpollih'd grooms :
What! no attendance? no regard? no dutie?
Where is the foolish knaue I fent before?
Gru. Heere fir, as foolish as I was before.
Pet. You perzant, Iwain, you horfion malte-horfe drudg
Did I not bid thee meeke me in the Parke,
And bring along thefe rafcal knaues with thee?
Grumio. Nathaniels coate fir was not fully made,
And Gabrel: pumps were all vnpinkt Ith heele :
There was no Linke to colour Peters hat,
And Walters dagger was not come from sheathing :
There were none fine, but Adam, Rafts, and Gregory,
The ref were ragged, old, and begggerly,
Yet as they are, heere are they come to meeue you.
Pet. Go rafcals, go, and fetch my fupper in.
Ex.Ser.
Where is the life that late I led?
Where are thofe? Sit downe Kate,
And welcome. Soud,found,found, found.
Enter fervants with furper.

Why when I say! Nay good sweete Kate be merrie.
Oft with my boots, you rogues: you villaines, when?
It was the Friar of Orders grey,
As be forth washed on blud eye.
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 Treuit Sirra, get you hence,
And bid my coven Ferdinand come hither:
One Kate that you much kine, and be acquain'ted with.
Where are my Slippers? Shall I have fome water?
Come Kate and wash, & welcome hearty:
you horfion villaines, will you let it fall?
Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault unwillmg.

Pet. A horion beetle-headed flap-ear'd knave,

Come Kate sit downe, I know you have a fomacke,

Will you glue thankes, sweete Kate, or eile shall I?

What's this, Mutton?


Pet. Who brought it?

Peter. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meate:

What dogges are theft? Where is the rascal Cooke?

How durst you villaines bring it from the dreefer

And ferue it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.

You headless loll-heads, and vanmanner'd flaves.

What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight.

Kate. I pray you husband be not so diuqiet,

The meate was well, if you were fo contented.

Pet. I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt and driued away,

And I expressly am forbid to touch it:

For it engenders choller, planteth anger,

And better 'twere that both of vs did di.

Sine of our felves, our felves are chollerick,

Then feeke with fuch ouer-rofted feth:

Be patient, to morrow 'tale mende'd, and

For this night we'll fay for company.

Come I will bring thee to thy Bridall chamber.  Exeunt.

Enter Servants joyfully.

Natb. Peter did it ever feue the like.

Petrie. He kills her in her owne humor.

Grumio. Where is he?

Enter Curtie a Servant.

Cur. In her chamber, making a fermon of continence to her, and railes, and fweares, and rates, that fhee (poore foule) knowes not which way to fhand, to looke, to speake, and fits as one new riven from a dreame.  Awaie, awaie, for he is compung hither.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus haue I policyckely begun my reigne,

And 'tis my hope to end succedually:

My Faulcon now is sharpe, and paffing emptie,

And till the ftoope, the mufet not be full gorg'd,

For then the neuer lookes upon 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 thefe Kittes,

That baie, and beate, and will not be obedienc:  She eate no meate to day, nor none thal eate.

Last night the fleep not, nor to night the fleep not:

As with the meate, fome vnderfed fault

Ile finde about the making of the bed,

And heere Ile flinge the pillow, there the boullet,

This way the Courerle, another way the sheeta:

I, and amidst this hurrie I intend,

That all is done in reuerent care of her,

In conclusion, the flal watch all night,

And if the chance to nod, Ile raie and brawle,

And with the clamor keepe her fill awake:

This is a way to kill a Wife with kindneffe,

And thus Ile curbe her mad and headstrong humor:

He that knowes better how to tame a threwe,

Now let him speake, 'tis charity to fwear.

Enter Tranio and Hortensio:

Tran. I'st possible friend Life, that miftris Bianca

Both fanece any other but Lucentio,

I tell you sir, she beares me faire in hand.

Luc. Sir, to fatisfie you in what I have saie,

Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca.

Hor. Now Miftris, profit you in what you reade?

Bian. What Mafter reade you firft, refolue me that?

Hor. I reade, that I profetie the Art to loue.

Bian. And may you proue fir Mafter of your Art.

Luc. While you feet deere proue Mifitreffe of my heart.

Hor. Quicke proceeders marry, now tel me I pray,

you that durft fwear that your miftris Bianca

Lou'd me in the World fo wel as Lucentio.

Tra. Oh delightsfull Loue, vnonfaint womankand,

I tel thee Life this is wonderfull.

Hor. Miflake no more, I am not Life,  

Nor a Mufitian as I feeme to be,

But one that fcorne to live in this disguife,

For fuch a one as leaves a Gentleman,

And makes a God of fuch a Cullion;

Know fir, that I am cal'd Hortenfio:

Tra. Signior Hortenfio, I haue often heard

Of your entire affection to Bianca,

And fince mine eyes are witneffe of her lightneffe,

I wil with you, if you be fo contented,

Forfware Bianca, and her loue for euer.

Hor. See how they kiffe and court: Signior Lucentio,

Heree is my hand, and heere I firmy vow

Neuer to woo her more, but do forfware her

As one vnworthie all the former favours

That I have fondly flatter'd them withall.

Tra. And heere I take the like vnfaithful oath,

Neuer to marry with her, though she would intreate,

Fie on her, fie how beaftly the 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 paffe, which hath as long lou'd me,

As I have lou'd this proud disdaiffull Haggard,

And fo farewel signior Lucentio,

Kindneffe in women, not their beauteous lookes

Shal win my loue, and fo I take my leaue,

In refolution, as I fware before.

Tra. Miftris Bianca, bleffe you with fuch grace,

As longeth to a Louers bleffed cafe:

Nay, I haue tane you napping gentle Loue,

And haue forfworne you with Hortenfio.

Bian. Tranio you left, but haue you both forfworne mee?

Tra. Miftris we haue.

Luc. Then we are rid of Life.

Tra. I'faith hee'l haue a lustie Widdow now,

That shalbe woo'd, and wedded in a day.

Bian. God gie him joy.

Tra. I, and hee'l tame her.

Bianca. He lyes to Tranio.

Tra. Faith he is gone vnto the taming schoole.

Bian. The taming schoole: what is there such a place?

Tra. I miftris, and Petruchio is the matter,

That teacheth tricks cleuen and twentie long,

To tame a threwe, and charm her chauffering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Oh Mafter, matter I haue watcht fo long,

That I am dogge-wearie, but at laft I fplied

An ancient Angel comming downe the hill,

Will ferue the turne.

Tra. What is he Biondello?

Bis. Mafter, a Marcantant, or a pedant,
I know not what, but formall in apparrell,  
In gate and countenance fully like a Father.  

Luc. And what of him Transio?  

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,  
Ile make him glad to feeme Vincenio,  
And give assurance to Baptiſha Minola.  
As if he were the right Vincenio.  

Par. Take me your loue, and then let me alone.  

Enter a Pedant.  

Ped. God saue you fir.  

Tra. And you fir, you are welcome,  
Trauale 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 fo to Tripolifie, if God lend me life.  

Tra. What Countreyman I pray?  

Ped. Of Mantua.  

Tra. Of Mantua Sir, marry God forbid,  
And come to Padua carelesse of your life.  


Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua  
To come to Padua, know you not the caufe?  
Your ships are faiad at Venice, and the Duke  
For private quarre 'twixt your Duke and him,  
Hath publisht'd and proclaimed it openly:  
'Tis meruaile, but that you are newly come,  
you might haue heard it ife proclaimed about.  

Ped. Alas fir, it is worfe for me then fo,  
For I haue bins for monie by exchange  
From Florence, and mufṭ heere deliver them.  

Tra. Wel fir, do you courtifie,  
Thiswil I do, and this I wil auido you.  
First tell me, haue you euer beene at Pifa?  

Ped. I fir, in Pifa haue I often bin,  
Pifa renowned for graue Citizens.  

Tra. Among them know you one Vincenio?  

Ped. I know him not, but I haue heard of him:  
A Merchant of incomparable wealth.  

Tra. He is my father fir, and footh to fay,  
In count'nance somewhat doth reemblle you.  

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyter, & all one.  

Tra. To sace your life in this extremitie,  
This favor wil I do you for his fake,  
And thinke it not the worth of all your fortunes,  
That you are like to Sir Vincenio,  
His name and credite thal you vndertake,  
And in my houfe you fal be friendly lodg'd,  
Looke that you take vpon you as you fhould,  
you vnderland me fir: fo thal you stay  
Til you haue done your buinelf in the Citie:  
If this be courtfie fir, accept of it.  

Ped. Oh fir 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 vnderland,  
My father is heere look'd for euerie day,  
To paffe assurance of a dowe in marriage  
'Twixt me, and one Baptiſha daughter heere:  
In all these circumftances Ile instruct you,  
Go with me to cloath you as becomes you.  

Exit.  

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA PRIMA.  

Entor Katherina and Grumio.  

Gru. No, no forfooth I dare not for my life.  

Ka. The more my wrong, the more his fpite appears.  

What, did he marry me to famifie me?  

Begger that come vnto my fathers doore,  
Vpon intreatie have a preuent almes,  
If not, elsewhere they meete with charitie:  
But I, who never knew how to intreat,  
Nor neuer needed that I should intreat,  
Am flaru'd for meate, giddle for lacke of sleep:  
With othes kept waking, and with brawling fed,  
And that which spiftes me more then all these wants,  
He does it vnder name of perfect loue:  
As who should fay, if I should sleepe or eate  
'Twere deadly fickneffe, or elfe preuent death.  

I prethee go, and get me some repaft,  
I care not what, so it be holome foode.  

Gru. What fay you to a Neats foote?  

Kat. 'Tis passing good, I prethee let me haue it.  

Gru. I feare it is too chollerick a meate.  

How fay you to a fat Tripe finely broy'd?  

Kat. I like it well, good Grumio fetch it me.  

Gru. I cannot tell, I feare 'tis chollerick.  

What fay you to a peace of Beefe and Muffard?  

Kat. A difh that I do loue to feede vpon.  

Gru. I, but the Muffard is too hot a little.  

Kat. Why then the Beefe, and let the Muffard reft.  

Gru. Nay then I wil not, you shal have the Muffard  
Or elfe you get no beefe of Grumio.  

Kat. Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.  

Gru. Why then the Muffard without the beefe.  

Kat. Go get thee gone, thou falfe deluding flau,  

Beats bim.  

That feed'ft me with the verie name of meate.  
Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you  
That triumph thus vpon my mifery:  
Go get thee gone, I fay.  

Enter Petruchio, and Hortensio with meate.  

Petr. How fares my Kate, what fweeting all a-mort?  

Hor. Miftiſ, what cheere?  

Kate. Faith as cold as can be.  

Petr. Plucke vp thy fpirites, looke cheerfully vpon me.  

Heere Loue, thou feeffe how diligent I am,  
To drefle thy meate my felfe, and bring it thee.  

I am fure fwee Kate, this kindneffe merites thankes.  

What, not a word! Nay then, thou lou'ft it not:  

And all my paines is fortd to no prooffe.  

Heere take away this difh.  

Kate. I pray you let it fland.  

Petr. The poore ferver is repaide with thanks,  
And fo shall mine before you touch the meate.  

Kate. I thanke you fir.  

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie you are too blame:  
Come Miftiſ Kate, I lea your companie.  

Petr. Eat it vp all Hortenſio, if thou loueft mee:  

Much good do I vnto thy gentle heart:  

Kate eat apace; and now my honie Loue,  
Will we returne vnto thy Fathers houfe,  
And reuell it as brauely as the beft,  
With filk'en coats and caps, and golden Rings,  
With Ruffes and Cuffes, and Fardinges, and things:  
With Scarves, and Fannes, & double change of brau'y,  
With Amber Bracelets, Beades, and all this kno'ny.  

What haft thou din'd? The Tailor flaves thy leasure,  
To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treasure.  

Enter Tailor.  

Come
Come Tailor, let vs see thesee ornaments. Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you sir? Fel. Here is the cap your Worship did bespeak. Pet. Why this was moulded on a porrenger, a Velvet duff: Fire, fire, 'tis lewd and filthy, War. A cockle or a walnut-heel, 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 ware such caps as thefe. Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too, And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haft. Kate. Why sir I trust I may have leaue to speake, And speake I will. I am no child, no babe, Your betters haue indur'd me fay my minde, And if you cannot, beft you ftop your ears, My tongue will tell the anger of my heart, Or els my heart concealing it will breake, And rather then it fhal, I will be free.

Even to the vndermoft as I pleafe in words. Pet. Why thou fayst true, it is paltire cap, A cuffard cofen, a babble, a filken pie, I love thee well in that thou like it not. Kate. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap, And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gowne, why I: come Tailor let vs fee't. Oh mercie God, what masking fuffle is heere? What's this a fuffle? 'tis like demi cannon, What, wp and downe can't like an apple Tart? Heers flip, and nip, and cut, and fliff and flash, Like to a Cenfor in a barbers choppe: Why what a deuils name Tailor call'ft thou this? Hor. I fee fches like to have 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 remembered, I did not bid you marre it to the time. Go hop me ouer euer kennel home, For you fhall hop without my cuftome firs: Ile none of it; hence, make your beft of it. Kate. I never faw a better fashion'd gowne,

More queint, more pleafing, 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 fakes your Worship meanes to make a puppet of her.

Pet. Oh monstrous arrogence: Thou lyeft, 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 thall fo be-mete thee with thy yard, As thou fhal think of pratong what thou liu'ft: I thall thee I, that thou haft mar't her gowne.

Tail. Your worship is deceu'd, the gowne is made lutf as my master had direcion:

Grumie gaue order how it should be done. Gr. I gaue him no order, I gaue him the fuffle. Tail. But how did you deffire it should be made? Gr. Marrie fir with needle and thred. Wat. But did you not request to have it cut? Gr. Thou haft fac'd many things. Tail. I haue.
The Taming of the Shrew.

You are still crossing it, first let's alone, I will not goe to day, and ere I doe, It shall be what a clock I say it is. Hor. Why so this gallant will command the funne.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant drest like Vincentio. Tran. Sirs, this is the house, please you it that I call. Ped. I what else, and but I be deceived, Signior Baptista may remember me. Neere twenty yeares a goe in Genoa. Tran. Where we were lodgers, at the Pegafus, Tis well, and hold your owne in any case, With such afferitie as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello. Ped. I warrant you: but sir here comes your boy, 'T were good he were school'd. Tran. Peare you no him: sirra Biondello, Now doe your dutie throughlie I advise you: Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio. Bion. Tut, fear not me. Tran. But haft 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. Tran. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drink, Here comes Baptista: yet your countenance fir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio: Pedant bested and bare headed. Tran. Signior Baptista you are happilie met: Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of, I pray you stand good father to me now, Give me Bianca for my patrimony. Ped. Soft fon: fir by your leauce, hauing com to Padua To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio Made me acquainted with a weighty caufe 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 the to him: to stay him not long, I am content in a good fathers care To haue him matcht, and if you please to like No worfe then I, vpon some agreement Me shall you finde readie and willing With one content to haue her fo befowled: For curious I cannot be with you Signior Baptista, of whom I heare so well. Bapt. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say, Your plainnesse and your shortnesse please me well: Right true it is your fonne Lucentio here Doth loue my daughter, and the loueth him, Or both diffemble deeply their affections: And therefore if you fay no more then this, That like a Father you will deal with him, And paffe my daughter a sufficient dower, The match is made, and all is done, Your fonne shall haue my daughter with content. Tran. I thanke you fir, where then doe you know best We be affed and such affurance tane, As shall with either parts agreement stand. Bapt. Not in my house Lucentio, for you know Pitchers haue care, and I haue manie feruants, Befides old Gremio is harkning still, And happlie we might be interrupted. Tran. Then at my lodgings, and it like you, There doth my father lie: and there this night Weele passe the businesse privately and well: Send for your daughter by your feruant here, My Boy shall fetch the Scriuener prettily, The worst is this that at fo flender warning, You are like to haue a thin and flender pittance. Bapt. It likes me well: Cambio he you home, and bid Bianca make her readie fraught: And if you will tell what hath hapned, Lucentio Father is arriv'd in Padua, And how she's like to be Lucentio wife. Biond. I praie the gods the 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 meele is like to be your cheere, Come fir, we will better it in Pisa. Bapt. I follow you.

Enter Lucentio and Biondello. Bion. Cambio. Luc. What saith thou Biondello. Biond. You saw my Mafter 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 hit fignes and tokens. Luc. I praie thee moralize them. Biond. Then thus: Baptista is safe talking with the deceu'ing Father of a deceitfull fonne. Luc. And what of him? Biond. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper. Luc. And then. Bio. The old Prieff at Saint Lakes Church is at your command at all hours. Luc. And what of all this. Bio. I cannot tell, expe'ct they are busied about a counterfeit affurance: take you affurance of her, Cam presilegio ad Impremendum solem, to th' Church take the Prieff, Clarke, and some fufficient honest witnesse: 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'th thou Biondello. Biond. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoono as shee went to the Garden for Parciele to suffe a Rabit, and fo may you fir: and so adew fir, my Mafter hath appointed me to goe to Saint Lakes to bid the Prieff be readie to come again 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: Happ what hap may, lye roundly goe about her: It shall goe hard if Cambio goe without her. Exit. Enter Petruechio, Kate, Hortentio Petr. Come on a Gods name, once more toward our fathers: Good Lord how bright and goodly shines the Moone. Kate. The Moone, the Sunne: it is not Moonelight now. Petr. I say it is the Moone that shines so bright. Kate. I know it is the Sunne that shines so bright. Petr. Now by my mothers fonne, and that's my selfe, It
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be full loyous.
will of thy arriuall
or is it elfe your pleafure,
Vine. But is this true,
breake a left
Like pleafant trauailors to

Who

:

haue come

if

to call

you pleafe

Henceforth

I

vowe

Petr. I fay

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Kate. 1

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it is

me.

Moone.
the Moone.
:

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nam'd,euen that

Gremio
Enter Wondello, Lucentio and ^Bianea,

fun,

is

out before.
the Prieft
fir, for

is ready.
chance to neede
Luc. I flie 'Biondello; but they may
hee at home, therefore leaue vs.
the Church a your backe,
Blond. Nay faith, He fee
as foone as I can.
and then come backe to my miftris
all this while.
Gre. I maruaile Camblo comes not

Blond. Softly and fwiftly

:

it is,

be fo for Katberine.
the field is won.
Hort. Petrucbio, goe thy waies,
thus the bowle
Petr. Well, forward, forward,
And not vnluckily againft the Bias :
is comming hereJut
foft,

Hort.

the blefled Sunne.

it is

Nay theu you lye
in the blefled
Kate. Then God be bleft, it
it is not,
But funne it is not, when you fay
And the Moone changes euen as your minde
Petr.

What you will
And fo it lhall

:

a rufh Candle,

it

the companie you ouertake? ^ ^
father fo it is.
I doe affure thee
fee the truth hereof,
Petr Come goe along and
Sxeunt.
made thee kalous.
For our firft merriment hath
has put me in heartj
Hor. Well Petrucbio, this
Haue to my Widdow, and if me froward,
vntoward.
Then haft thou taught Hortentio to be

Vpon
lo rarre,

we
Kate. Forward I pray, fince
be it moone, orfunne,or what you pleaie

And
And

to fee thy honeft fonne,

And wander we

I lift,
be moone,or ftarre,or what
Fathers houfe
r ere I iourney to your
Goe on, and fetch our horfes backe agame,
but croft.
uermore croft and croft, nothing
fhall neuer goe.
Hort. Say as he faies, or we
fljall

fhoul

(n,

Company

Enter Petrucbio, Kate, Vincent to, Qrumio
with Attendants
Lucentio s houfe,
Petr. Sir heres the doore, this is
My Fathers beares more toward the Market-place,
Thither muft I, and here I leaue you fir.
before you go,
Vin. You fhall not choofe but drinke
here ;
I thinke I fhall command your welcome
And by all likelihood fome cheere is toward.
beft knocke
Grem. They're bufie within, you were
lowder.
Pedant lookes out of the window.
beat downe
Ped. What's he that knockes as he would
the gate?
Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within fir?
Ped. He's within fir, but not to be fpoken withall.
.

Enter

Good morrow

Vlncent'to.

gentle Miftris,

where away

:

Tell me fweete AT^,and tell me truely too,
Haft thou beheld a frefher Gentlewoman :
Such warre of white and red within her cheekes
What ftars do fpangle heauen with fuch beautie,

:

become that heauenly face
thee:
Maide,once more good day to
Sweete Kate embrace her for her beauties fake.
?

thofe two eyes

As

'aire louely

A

Hort.

will

make

the

man mad

to

make

the

woman

of him.
Kate. Yong budding Virgin, faire, and frefh,&
Whether a way, or whether is thy aboade?

Happy the Parents of fo

faire a childe

fweet,

;

Vine.

Happier the man whom fauourable
A lots thee for his louely bedfellow.

ftars

Why how now

Petr.

This

And

Kate,

I

two

hope thou

art not

a

Kate. Pardon old father

my

miftaking

:

known

Which way thou trauelleft, if along with vs,
"We fhall be ioyfull of thy companie.
Vm. Faire Sir, and you my merry Miftris,
That with your ftrange encounter much amafde me
My name is calPd Vincentio, my dwelling Pifa,
And bound I am to Padua, there to vifite
Petr.

What

is

his

I

haue not feene.

name ?

Ped. Thou lieft his Father is
here looking out at the window.
Vin. Art thou his father?
Ped.

:

I fir,fo his

may

beleeue her.
is

flat

kna-

Enter Biondello.

haue feene them in the Church together, God
fend'em good fhipping but who is here? mine old Manow wee are vndone and brough to no
fter Vincentio
:

:

thing.

Vin.

Come

Thy Sonne

Vin.

by this hath married : wonder not,
Nor be not grieued, (he is of good efteeme,
Her dowrie wealthie,and of worthie birth ;

may befeeme

Spoufe of any noble Gentleman
imbrace with old Vincentio,

faies, if I

Why how now

Bion. I

me

mother

come from Padua, and

gentleman: why this
uerie to take vpon you another mans name.
Peda. Lay hands on the villaine, I beleeue a meanes
to cofen fome bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.
Petr.

may intitle thee my louing Father,
The fifter to my wife, this Gentlewoman,

Let

a hundred pound or

hee
Ped. Keepe your hundred pounds to your felfe,
neede none fo long as I liue.
beloued in
Petr. Nay, I told you your fonne was well
Padua doe you heare fir, to leaue friuolous circumftanFather is
I pray you tell fignior Lucentio that his
ces,
come from Pifa, and is here at the doore to fpeake with

I

The

him

bring

Bio. I

Vine. Lucentio gentle fir.
Petr. Happily met, the happier for thy fonne:
And now by Law, as well as reuerent age,

Befide,fo qualified, as

man

him.

I

fonne of mine, which long

if a

merrie withall.

:

:
perceiue thou art a reuerent Father
Pardon I pray thee for my mad miftaking.
Petr. Do good old grandfire, & withall make

A

What

make

fhall

eies,

That haue bin fo bedazled with the funne,
That euery thing 1 looke on feemeth greene

Now

mad,

man

old, wrinckled, faded, withered,
not a Maiden, as thou faift he is.

is

to

I
:

hope

Come

hither crackhempe.
I

may choofe

Sir.

hither you rogue,

what haue you

forgot

Blond. Forgot you, no fir: I could not forget you, for
neuer faw you before in all my life.
Vine. What, you notorious villaine, didft thou neuer

fee thy Miftris father, Vincentio

?

Bion.

What
zz6


Enter Pedant with servants, Baptista, Tranio.

Tr. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

Vinc. What am I of mine what are you sir: oh immortal Goddes: oh fine villain, a filken doublet, a veluet hoffe, a scarlet cloake, and a copatane hat : oh I am vndone, I am vndone: while I plaje the good husband at home, my fonne and my ferman spend all at the vnuerlite.

Tr. How now, what's the matter?

Bapt. What is the man lunaticke?

Tr. Sir, you feeme a sober ancient Gentleman by your habit: but your dews fliew you a mad man: why sir, what cernes it you, if I weary Pearle and gold? I thank my good Father, I am able to maintaine it.

Vinc. Thy father: oh villain, he is a Saille-maker in Bergamo.

Bapt. You mistake sir, you mistake sir, praije what do you thinke is his name?

Vinc. His name, as if I knew not his name: I have brought him vp ever since he was three yeere old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Awaie, awaie madaffe, his name is Lucentio, and he is mine onelie fonne and heire to the Lands of me fignior Vincentio.

Ven. Lucentio: oh he hath murdered his Mafter : laie hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my fonne, my fonne: tell me thou villain, where is my fon Lucentio?

Tr. Call forth an officer: Carrie this mad knaue to the Laiel: father Baptista, I charge you fee that hee be forth comming.

Vinc. Carrie me to the Laiel?

Gre. Staie officer, he shall not go to prifon.

Bapt. Talkle not fignior Greatme: I fale he shall goe to prifon.

Gre. Take heede fignior Baptista, leaft you be conicatcht in this bufineffe: I dare fware this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Sware if thou dar'ft.

Gre. Naie, I dare not fware it.

Tran. Then thou wert beft faire that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be fignior Lucentio.

Bapt. Awaie with the dotard, to the laile with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca.

Vinc. Thus strangers may be hald and abusd : oh monstrous villain.

Bian. Oh we are spoill'd, and yonder he is, denie him, forfilewe him, or else we are all vndone.

Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant as if as may be.

Luc. Pardon fweete father.

Kneele.

Vinc. Lues my fweete fonne?

Bian. Pardon deere father.

Bapt. How haft thou offended, where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio, right fonne to the right Vincentio,

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeit supposeth bleare'd thine eie.

Gre. Here's packing with a wittneffe to deceiue vs all.

Vinc. Where is that damned villain Tranio,

That fac'd and braued me in this matter?

Bapt. Why, tell me is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Loue wrought thefe miracles. Bianca loue

Made me exchange my flate with Tranio,

While he did beare my countenance in the towne,

And happilie I have arrived at the laf:

Vnto the wilde hauen of my bliffe:

What Tranio did, my felfe enforfe him to;

Then pardon him fweete Father for my fake.

Vinc. Ille fit the villains nofe that would have fent me to the laile.

Bapt. But doe you heare sir, haue you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vinc. Peare not Baptista, we will content you, goe to: but I will in to be reueng'd for this villain.

Exit. Bapt. And I to found the depth of this knaecrie. Exit. Luc. Looke not pale Bianca, thy father will not frown.

Exeunt.

Gre. My cake is doug,hbut Ilie in among the ref,
Out of hope of all, but my fhare of the feas.

Kate. Husband let's follow, to fee the end of this adoe.

Petr. First flie me Kate, and we will.

Kate. What in the midd' of the fircete?

Petr. What are thou afham'd of me?

Kate. Mo fir, God forbid, but afham'd to fiffe.

Petr. Why then let's home againe: Come Sirra let's awaie.

Kate. Nay, I will glue thee a fiffe, now praije thee Loue faine.

Petr. Is not this well? come my fweete Kate.

Better once then uuer, for uuer to late.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gregorio, the Pedant, Lucentio, and Bianca. Tranio, Biondello Grumio, and Widowou: The Seruymen with Tranio bringing in a Banquet.

Luc. At laft, though long, our larrer notes agree,
And time it is when raging warre is come,
To smile at scapes and peils ouerblowne:
My faire Bianca bid my father welcome,
While I with felfefame kindneffe welcome thine:
Brother Petruchio, fitter Katerina,
And thou Hortento with thy loving Widow:
Feast with the biff', and welcome to my house,
My Banket is to clofe our flamakes vp
After our great good cheere: praije you fit downe,
For now we fit to chat as well as eate.

Petr. Nothing but fit and fitt, and eate and eate.

Bapt. Padua affords this kindneffe, fonne Petruchio.

Petr. Padua affords nothing but what is kinde.

Hor. For both our fakes I would that word were true.

Petr. Now for my life Hortento fear's his Widow.

Wid. Then neuer truft me if I be affearde.

Petr. You are very fencible, and yet you miffe my fenfe:

I meane Hortento is afraid of you.

Wid. He
The Taming of the Shrew.

Wid. He that is giddie thinks the world turns round.
Petr. Roundlie replied.
Kat. Miftris, how meane you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him.
Petr. Conceives by me, how likes Hortensio that?
Hor. My Widdow fayes, thus she conceives her tale.
Petr. Verie well mended: kiffe him for that good Widdow.
Kat. He that is giddie thinks the world turns round, I praiye you tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your housband being troubled with a shrew,
Meaures my husbands forrow by his wo:
And now you know my meaning.
Kate. A verry meane meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean 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.

Drink to Hortensio.
Bap. How likes Gremio these quicke witted folks?
Gre. Beleeue me sir, they But together well.
Bian. Head, and but an haffie witted bodie,
Would Fay your Head and But were head and horne.
Vin. I Miftris Bride, hath that awakened you?
Bian. I, but not frightened me, therefore Ile sleepe a-gain.
Petr. Nay that you shall not since you have begun:
Have at you for a better left or too.
Bian. Am I your Bird, I mean to shift my buh,
And then purue me as you draw your Bow.
You are welcome all.
Exit Bianca.
Petr. She hath prevented me, here signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,
Therefore a health to all that shot and mift.
Tri. Oh sir, Lucentio flipt me like his Gray-hound,
Which runs himselfe, and catches for his Master.
Petr. A good swift fime, but some currifie.

Try. 'Tis well sir that you hunted for your felle:
'Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a bale.
Bap. Oh, oh Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.
Luc. I thanke thee for that gild good Tranio.
Hor. Confesse,confesse, hath he not hit you here?
Petr. A has a little gild me I confesse:
And as the left did glaunce awaye from me,
'Tis ten to one it malin'd you too out right.

Bap. Now in good faidnesse fonne Petruchio,
I thinke thou haft the verie threw of all.
Petr. Well, I say no : and therefore sir assurance,
Let's each one fend vnto his wife,
And he whose wife is most obedient,
To come at first when he doth fend for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propo.
Hor. Content, what's the wager?
Luc. Twentie crownes.
Petr. Twentie crownes,
Ile venture so much of my Hawke or Hound,
But twentie times so much upon my Wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Petr. A match, 'tis done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.

Goe Biendello, bid your Miftris come to me.

Bap. Ioge.
Bap. Sir, my Miftris fends you word
That she is buif, and she cannot come.
Petr. How? she's buife, and she cannot come : is that an anwere?
Gre. 1, and a kinde one too:
Praiye God sir your wife fend you not a worfe.
Petr. I hope better.
Hor. Sirra Biendello, goe and intreate my wife to come to me forthwith.

Exit. Bion.
Petr. Oh ho, intreate her, nay then shee must needs come.
Hor. I am afraid sir, doe what you can

Enter Biendello.
Bap. Now by my holliAM here comes Katerinka.
Kat. What is your will firt, that you fend for me?
Petr. Where is your fitter, and Hortenfios wife?
Kat. They fit conferring by the Parler fire.
Petr. Goe fetch them hither, if they denie to come,
Swinge me them roundly forth vnto their husbands:
Away I fay, and bring them hither ftraight.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.
Hor. And fo it is : I wonder what it boads.
Petr. Marrie peace it boads, and louse, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremicie:
And to be short, what not, that's sweete and happie.

Bap. Now faire befall thee good Petruchio;
The wager thau haft won, and I will adde
Vnto their loffes twentie thousand crownes,
Another downe 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 rigne of her obedience,
Her new built vertue and obedience.

Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.

See where she comes, and brings your froward Wius
As prisoners to her womanlie perfowation:
Katerno, that Cap of yours becomes you not,
Off with that bable, throw it vnnderfoot.

Wid. Lord let me never have a caufe to figh,
Till I be brought to such a fillie paffe.

Bian. Fie what a foolish duty call you this?
Luc. I would your dutie were as foolish too:
The widome of your dutie faire Bianca,
Hath coft me five hundred crownes since supper time.
Bian. The more foole you for laying on my dutie.
Petr. Kerterina I charge thee tell these head-strong
Women, what dutie they doe owe their Lords and husbands.

Wid. Come,
Wid. Come, come, your mocking: we will have 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 threatening vnkinde brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouernour.
It blots thy beautie, as frosts doe bite the Meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake faire buds,
And in no fence is meete or amiable.
A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,
Muddie, ill seeming, thicke, bereft of beautie,
And while it is fo, none fo dry or thristie
Will daigne to fip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy foueraigne: 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 fторmes, the day in cold,
Whil't thou ly'ft warme at home, secure and safe,
And cruase no other tribute at thy hands,
But loue, faire lookses, and true obedience;
Too little payment for fo great a debt.
Such dutie as the subject owes the Prince,
Euen such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she is froward, peevish, fullen, fowre,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foule contending Rebell,
And gracelefTe Traitor to her louing Lord?
I am asham'd that women are fo simple,
To offer warre, where they should kneele for peace:
Or feeke for rule, supremacie, and fway,
When they are bound to ferue, loue, and obey.
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 worms,
My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reacon haplie more,
To handle word for word, and frowne for frowne;
But now I fee our Launces are but frawes:
Our strength as weake, our weakeenefte paft compare,
That feeming to be moft, which we indeed leaff are.
Then vale your stomackes, for it is no boote,
And place your hands below your husbands footes:
In token of which dutie, if he pleafe,
My hand is readie, may it do him eafe.
Pet. Why there's a wench: Come on, and kiss mee.
Kate.
Luc. Well go thy waies olde Lad for thou shalt ha't.
Pet. Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.
Luc. But a hard hearing, when women are froward.
Pet. Come Kate, wee're 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 haft tam'd a curst Shrow.
Luc. Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.

FINIS.
ALLS
Well, that Ends Well.

ACTUS primus. Scena Prima.

Enter young Bertram Count of Rossillion, his Mother, and Helena, Lord Lafew, all in black.

Mother.

N delivering my fonne from me, I burie a second husband.

Ref. And I in going Madam, weep oer my fathers death anew: but I must attend his mailes command, to whom I am now in Ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband Madame, you for a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necelitie hold his vertue to you, whose worthie felle would ftrife it vp where it wanted rather then lack it where there is such abundance.

Mo. What hope is there of his Maleficies amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Phisitions Madam, under whose prefcriptions he hath perfecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the proccexe, but onely the looking of hope by time.

Mo. This yong Gentlewoman had a father, O that had, how sad a paffage tis, whose skill was almoft as great as his honefle, it had fretch't fo far, would have made nature immortal, and death ould have play for lacke of worke. Would for the Kings fake were liuing, I think it would be the death of the Kings diftrefe.

Laf. How call'd you the man you fpake of Madam?

Mo. He was famous fir in his proffition, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very late hee fpoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: he was skillfull enough to have liu'd still, if knowledge could be fet vp againft mortallitie.

Ref. What is it (my good Lord) the King languifhes of?

Laf. A Fufula my Lord.

Ref. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Mo. His ifte childe my Lord, and bequeathed to my over looking. I haue thofe hopes of her good, that her education promifes her diaphragms free inherits, which makes faire gifts ftras: for where an vnconceale mind carres vertuous qualities, there commendations go with pitty, they are vertues and traitors too: in her they are the better for thier fimplesenefle; she derives her honefle, and atcheues her goodneffe.

Lafew. Your commendations Madam get from her teares.

Mo. 'Tis the beft brine a Maiden can feafon her prafce in. The remembrance of her father neuer approaches her heart, but the tirany of her forrowes takes all liuelihood from her cheeckes. No more of this Helena, go too, no more leaft it be rather thought you affect a forrow, then to have——

Hell. I doe affect a forrow indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, exceffive griefe the enemie to the liuing.

Mo. If the liuing be enemie to the greefe, the exceffe makes it foone mortall.

Ref. Madam I defire your holi winhes.

Laf. How vnderftand we that?

Mo. Be thou bleffed Bertrams, and succed thy father in manners as in shape: thy blood and vertue Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodneffe Share with thy birth-right. Loe all, truft a few, Doe wrong to none: be able for thine enemie Rather in power then vfe: and keepe thy friend Vnder thy owne lifes key. Be checkt for silence, But never tax'd for speech. What heauen more wil, That thee may furnish, and my prayers plucke downe, Fall on thy head. Farewell my Lord, 'Tis an vnfeafon'd Courier, good my Lord Adulfe him.

Laf. He cannot want the beft That shall attend his loue.

Mo. Heauen bleffe him: Farewell Bertram.

Roo. The beft winhes that can be forg'd in thy thoughts be fervants to you: be comfortable to my mother, your Milthris, 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 thofe I shed for him. What was he like? I have forgott him. My imagination Carries no favour in't but Bertrams.

If am vndone, there is no liuing, none, If Bertram be away. 'Twer all one, That I should loue a bright particular fharre, And think to wed it, he is fo aboue me In his bright radience and colaterall light,
Muft I be comforted, not in his sphere;
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues it selfe:
The hind that would be mated by the Lion
Muft die for love. 'Twas prettie, though a plague
To fee him euerie houre to fit and draw
His arched browes, his hawking eie, his curles
In our hearts table: heart too capabole
Of euerie line and tricke of his sweet favoure.
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancie
Muft fancifie his Reliques. Who comes heere?

Enter Parrotles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his fake,
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way foole, allie a coward,
Yet these fiee euils fit to fit in him,
That they take place, when Veruces fteely bones
Lookes bleake: 'thold cold wind: withall, full oft we fee
Cold wisdome weighing on superfuous folie.

Par. Saue you faire Queene,
Hel. And you Monarch.
Par. No.
Hel. And no.
Par. Are you meditating on virginitie?
Hel. Is it have fome fhame of fouldier in you: Let mee anfver you a queation. Man is enemie to virginitie, how may we barracado it againft him?
Par. Keep him out.
Hel. But he affails, and our virginitie though valiant,in the defence yet is weak: vnfold to vs fome war-like refistance.

Par. There is none: Man fetting downe before you, will vndervmine you, and blow you vp.

Hel. Bleffe our poore Virginitie from vnderminers and blowers vp. Is there no Military policy how Virgins might blow vp men?

Par. Virginitie being blowne downe, Man will quicker be blowne vp: marry in blowing him downe againe, with the breach your fefues made, you lofe your City. It is not politicke, in the common-wealth of Nature, to preferve virginitie. Loffe of Virginitie, is rationall encreafe, and there was neuer Virgin goe, till Virginitie was firft loft. That you were made of, is mettall to make Virgins. Virginitie, by beeing once loft, may be ten times found: by being euer kept, it is euer loft: 'tis too cold a companion: Away with't.

Hel. I will famd for a little, though therefore I die a Virgin.

Par. There's little can bee faide in't, 'tis againft the rule of Nature. To speake on the part of virginitie, is to accufe your Mothers; which is moft infallable difobedience. He that hangs himselfe is a Virgin: Virginitie murther it felfe, and should be buried in highways out of all fancified limit, as a desperate Offencreffe againft Nature. Virginitie breeds mites, much like a Cheefe, confumes it felfe to the very payng, and fo dies with feeding his owne domace. Besides, Virginitie is pueuith, proud, yde, made of felle-loue, which is the moft inhibited finne in the Cannon. Keepe it not, you cannot chooje but loofe by't. Out with' it: within ten yeare it will make it felfe two, which is a goodly increafe, and the principall it felfe not much the worfe.

Away with't.

Hel. How might one do fir, to looie it to her owne liking?

Par. Let mee fee. Marry ill, to like him that ne're it likers: 'Tis a commoditie will lofe the glotte with lying: The longer kept, the leffe worth: Off with't while 'tis vendible. Anfwer the time of request, Virginitie like an olde Courtie, weares her cap out of fashion, richly futed, but vnfauteable,uft like the brooch & the tooth-pick, which were not now: your Date is better in your Pye and your Porridge, then in your cheekee: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French witherd peares, it lookes ill, it eates dryly, 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 virginitie yet:
There shall your Mafter have a thousand loues, A Mother, and a Miftrreff, and a friend, A Phenix, Captaine, and an enemy,
A guide, a Goddeffe, and a Soueraigne,
A Councellor, a Traitoreffe, and a Deare:
His humble ambition, proud humility:
His iarring, concord: and his dfford, dulce:
His faith, his sweet deflacer: with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious chriftendomes
That blinking Cupid goffips. Now fhall he:
I know not what he shall, God fend him well,
The Courts a learning place, and he is one.

Par. What one iffaith?
Hel. That I with well, 'tis pity.
Par. What's pity?
Hel. That wifhing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt, that we the poorer borne,
Whofe bater fllares do thout vs vp in wythes,
Might vwith effects of them follow our friends,
And flew what we alone mutt think, which never
Returns vs thankes.

Enter Page.

Pag. Monsieur Parrotles,
My Lord cal's for you.

Par. Little Helen farewel, if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at Court.

Hel. Monsieur Parrotles, you were borne vnder a charitable flare.

Par. Vnder Mars I.

Hel. I especially think, vnder Mars.

Par. Why vnder Mars?

Hel. The warres hath fo kept you vnder, that you must needs be borne vnder Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde I think rather.

Par. Why thinke you fo?

Hel. You go fo much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for aduantage.

Hel. So is running away,
When feare proptes the faferie:
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 fo full of businesse, I cannot anfwere thee acutely: I will returne perfect Courtie, in the which my inftuction fhall ferue to naturalize thee, fo thou wilt be capabell of a Courties councill, and verftand what aduice fhall threfh vppon thee, elfe thou dieft in thine withthankfulnes, and thine ignorance makes thee away, farewell: When thou haft leyfure, fay thy praier: when thou haft none, remember thy Friends:

V 2

Get
Get thee a good husband, and vfe him as he vfe thee:
So farewell.

Hol. Our remedies oft in our selves do lye,
Which we atribute to heauen: the fated skye
Gives vs free scope, onely doth backward pull
Our flow designes, when we our selves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my loue so hye,
That makes me fee, and cannot feede mine eye?
The mightieft space in fortune, Nature brings
To loyne like, likes, and iffe like native things.
Imposibl e strange attempts to thole
That weigh their pains in fence, and do suppose
What hath beene, cannot be. Who euer frowe
To fhow her merit, that did diffe her loue?
(The Kings difcase) my projecl may deceu me,
But my intents are fixt, and will not leave me.

FLOURISH CEREMTS.

Enter the King of France with Letters, and divers Attendants.

King. The Florensines and Sengs are by th'eares,
Haufe fought with equall fortune, and continue
A brauing warre.

1. Lo. G. So tis reported Sir.

King. Nay tis moft credible, we heere receive it,
A certantie vouch'd from our Cofin Affuria,
With caution, that the Florensine will moue vs
For speedie ayde: wherein our decreft friend
Prejudicates the bufinefs, and would feme
To haue vs make denial.

1. Lo. G. His loue and widowed
Approu'd do to your Maielfy, may pleade,
For ambleft credence.

King. He hath am'd our answer,
And Florence is den'd before he comes:
Yet for our Gentlemen that meane to fee
The Tuscan feruice, freely haue they leave
To fland on either part.

2. Lo. E. It well may ferve
A nurferie to our Gentric, who are fickle
For breathing, and exploit.

King. What's he comes heere.

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

1. Lor. G. It is the Count Rofignoll my good Lord,
Yong Bertram.

King. Youth, thou beart thy Fathers face,
Franke Nature rather curius then in haft
Hath well compos'd thee: Thy Fathers morall parts
Mall thou inherit too: Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duties are your Maieflies.

Kin. I would I had that corporall foundneffe now,
As when thy father, and my selfe, in friendship
First trude our fouldierie: he did looke farre
Into the fercue of the time, and was
Difciplfed of the bruault. He lafted long,
But on vs both did haggio Age feale on,
And wore vs out of act: It much repaires me
To talke of your good fathers; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obferue
To day in our yong Lords: but they may left
Till their owne corno returne to them vnoted
Ere they can hide their leuite in honour:
So like a Courtier, contempt nor bitterneffe

Were in his pride, or sharpneffe; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them, and his honour
Clocke to it felle, 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 prafe he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copie to thife younge 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 approoue lies not his Epitaph,
As in your royall speech.

King. Would I were with him he would alwayes fay,
(Me thinkes I heare him now) his plauffue words
He fatter'd not in eares, but graffed them
To grow there and to beare: Let me not liue,
This his good melancholy oft begin
On the Cataftrophe and heele of paftime
When it was out: Let me not liue (quoth hee)
After my fame lackes oyle, to be the fruffe
Of younge fpirits, whose apprehenfue fentes
All but new things difdaine: whose judgements are
Meere fathers of their garments: whose conftancies
Expire before their fashions: this he wifh'd.
I after him, do after him with too:
Since I nor wax nor honie can bring home,
I quickly were difsolved from my hyue
To give fome Labourers roome.

L. 2.E. You're looud Sir,
They that leaff lend it you, shall lacke you firft.

Kin. I fill a place I know't: how long in Count
Since the Phyftian at your fathers died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some fix moneths since my Lord.

Kin. If he were living, I would try him yet.

Lend me an arme: the refte haue wore me out
With feuerall applications: Nature and fickneffe
Debate it at their leifure. Welcome Count,
My fomme's no deerer.

Ber. Thank ye your Maielfty.

FLOURISH.

Enter Counteffe, Seward, and Clouene.

Coun. I will now heare, what lay you of this gentlewoman.

Sir. Maddam the care I have had to euen your content,
I wish might be found in the Kalender of my paft endevours, for then we wound our Modellie, and make foule the clearneffe of our deferings, whenof our felves we publik them.

Coun. What doe's this knaue heere? Get you gone firra: the complaints I have heard of you I do not all beleeue, 'tis my fowneffe that I doe not: For I know you lacke not folly to commit them, & haue abilitie enough to make fuch knaueries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not vnknown to you Maddam, I am a poore fellow:

Coun. Well fir.

Clo. No maddam,
'Tis not so well that I am poore, though manie
of the rich are damn’d, but if I may have your Ladyship's good will to goe to the world, Isbell the woman and w will doe as we may.

Coun. Wilt thou neede be a beggar?

Clo. I doe beg your good will in this case.

Coun. In what case?

Isbell cafe and mine owne: servisce is no heri-
tage, and I thinke I shall never have the blesford of God, till I have issue a my bole: for they say barnes are bles-

fings.

Coun. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marrie?

Coun. My poore bodie Madam requires it, I am druen onby the flesh, and hee must needes goe that the diuell 
driues.

Coun. Is this all your worshipps reason?

Coun. Faith Madam I have other holie reasons, such as they are.

Coun. May the world know them?

Coun. I have beene Madam a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are, and in deed I doe marrie that 
I may repent.

Coun. Thy marriage sooner than thy wickedneffe.

Coun. I am out a friends Madam, and I hope to have 
friends for my wifes fake.

Coun. Such friends are thine enemies knawe.

Clo. Y’are shallow Madam in great friends, for the 
knawe com to doe that for me which I am a weary of:
he that eres my Land, spare my teame, and glues mee 
leave to Iane 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 cherishe my flesh and 
blood, louses my flesh and blood; he that louses my flesh 
and blood is my frenders, he that kiffes 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 Powlam the Papift, how fomere 
their hearts are feuer'd in Religion, their heads are both one, 
they may loule horns together like any Deare P'th Herd.

Coun. Wilt thou ever be a foule mouth'd and calum-
nious knawe?

Clo. A Prophet I Madam, and I speake the truth the 
next waie, for I the Ballad will repete, which men full 
true shall finde, your marriage comes by definicie, your 
Cuckow fings by kinde.

Coun. Get you gone sir, Ile talke with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you Madam, that hee bid Helen 
come to you, of her I am to speake.

Coun. Sirs tell my gentlewoman I would speake with 
her, Helen I meane.

Clo. Was this faire face the caufe, quoth she, 
Why the Grecians facked Troy,
Fond done,done, fond was this King Priams toy, 
With that the fighed as the flood, is
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.

Coun. What, one good in tenne? you corrupt the song 
Sirs.

Clo. One good woman in ten Madam,which is a pu-
rifying ath'affong: would God would ferue the world so 
all the yeere, weed finde no fault with the tithe woman 
if I were the Parfon,one in ten quoat a? and wee might 
haue a good woman borne but ore euerie blazing firre, 
or at an earthquake, 'would mend the Lotteriewell, a 
man may draw his heart out ere a plucke one.

Coun. You eoule begne fir knawe, and doe as I command 
you?

Clo. That man should be at womans command, and 
yet no hurt done, though honefe be no Puritan, yet it 
will doe no hurt, it will weare the Surplis of humilitie 
over the blace-Gowne of a bigge heart: I am go-
ing fortothe, the businesse is for Helen to come hither.

Exit.

Coun. Well now.

Stew. I know Madam you loove your Gentiewoman 
intirely.

Clo. Faith I doe: her Father bequeath'd her to mee 
and the she felie without other advantage, may lawful-
lie make title to as much loue as shee findes, there is 
more owne her then is paid, and more shal be paid 
her then sheelee demand.

Stew. Madam, I was verie late more neere her then 
I thinke shee wifht mee, alone shee was, and did 
communicate to her felie her owne words to her 
owne eares, shee thought, I dare vowe for her, 
they toucht not anie franger fence, her matter was, shee 
loved your Sonne; Fortune flee, fadi was no god-
defe, that had put fuch difference betwixt their two 
efates : Loue no god, that would not extend his might 
onlie, where qualities were leuell, Queene of Vir-
gins, that would suffer her poore Knight surpris’d 
without refuce in the first affault or ranome after-
ward: This fhee deliuer'd in the molt bittter touch of 
forrow that ere I heard Virgin exclaine in, which I 
held my dutie speedily to acquaint you withall, firthence 
in the loffe that may happen, it concerns you someting 
to know it.

Clo. You have dicharg'd this honeftke, keepe it to 
your felie, manie likelihoods inform'd mee of this 
before, which hung fo trotting in the ballance, that 
I could neither beleue nor mildoubt: praise you 
leave mee, fall this in your bofome, and I thanke 
you for your honeft care: I will speake with you fur-
ther anon.

Exit Steward.

Enter Hellen.

Old.Cou. Even so it vs was vvithe me when I was yong:
If euer vve are nature,nthese are ours, this thorne 
Doth to our Rofe of youth riglie belong 
Our bloud to vs, this to our blood is borne,
It is the flow, and feale of natures truth,
Where loues strong passion is impref in youth,
By our remembrance of dales forgon,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none,
Her eie is ficke on't, I obferue her now.

Hellen. What is your pleasure Madam?

Old.Cou. You know Hellen I am a mother to you.

Hellen. Mine honorable Miftris.

Old.Cou. Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I 
Fed a mother.

Me thought you faw a ferpent, what's in mother,
That you start at it? I say I am your mother,
And put you in the Catalogue of thofe
That were enwombed mine, 'tis often feene 
Adoption ftriues vvith nature, and choife breedes
A natie flip to vs from foraine feedes :
You were oppreff me with a mothers groane,
Yet I exprefse to you a mothers care,
(Gods mercy maiden) do it curd thy blood 
To fay I am thy mother? what's the matter,
That this diftempered messenger of wet ?

V 3
The manie colour'd Iris rounds thine eye?

Why, that you are my daughter?

*Hell.* That I am not.

*Old Cou.* Say I am your Mother.

*Hell.* Pardon Madam.

The Count *Repetition* cannot be my brother:

I am from humble, he from honored name:

No note upon my Parents, his all noble,

My Master, my deere Lord he is, and I

His servaunt live, and will his vaffall die:

He murst not be my brother.

*Old Cou.* Nor is your Mother.

*Hell.* You are my mother Madam, would you were

So that my Lord your sonne were not my brother,

Indeed my mother, or were you both our mothers,

I care no more for, then I doe for heauen,

So I were not his fater, cant no other,

But I your daughter, he must be my brother.

**Old Cou.** Yes *Hell*, you might be my daughter in law, 

God shied you meane it not, daughter and mother

So frive upon your pulse; what pale agen?

My feare hath catcht your fondneffe! now I see

The mistrie of your louelinesse, and finde

Your falte tears head, now to all fence 'tis groffe:

You loue my sonne, invention is aham'd

Against the proclamation of thy passion

To say thou doost not: therefore tell me true,

But tell me then 'tis fo, for looke, thy cheekes

Confesse it 'ton tooth to th'other, and thine eies

See it fo groffely shone in thy behouers,

That in their kinde they speake it, onely finne

And hellish obfuscacie thy tongue

That truth shoulde be sulpeed, speake, if fo?

If it be fo, you have wound a goodly clewe:

If it be not, forwarne't how ere I charge thee,

As heauen shall worke in me for thine assure

To tell me truell.

*Hell.* Good Madam pardon me.

*Cou.* Do you loue my Sonne?

*Hell.* Your pardon noble Miftris.

*Cou.* Loue you my Sonne?

*Hell.* Doe not you loue him Madam?

*Cou.* Goe not aboutmy loue hath in't a bond

Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, diclofe:

The date of your affection, for your passions

Haue to the full approach'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 honett, so's my loue:

Be not offendeéd, for it hurts not him

That he is lou'd of me; I follow him not

By any token of preumpitious sue;

Nor would I have him, till I doe defere him,

Yet neuer know how that defert shoule be:

I know I loue in vaine, friue against hope:

Yet in this captious, and intemible Sue.

I fill poure in the waters of my loue

And lacke not to loue still; thus Indian like

Religious in mine error, I adore

The Sunne that lookes upon his worshipper,

But knowes of him no more. My deere Madam,

Let not your hate encounter with my loue,

For louing where you doe; but if your selfe,

Whose aged honor cites a vertuous youth,

Did ever, in so true a flame of likings,

With chaftly, and loue dearely, that your *Dian*

Was both her selfe and loue, O then giue pitie

To her whole flate is fuch, that cannot choose

But lend and guede where she is sure to looke;

That feakes not to finde that, her search implies,

But riddle like, loyes sweetely where she dies.

*Cou.* Had you not lately an intent, speake truly,

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 effecta, such as his reading

And manifeet experience, had collected

For generall soueraignty: and that he wil'd me

In heefeful! refertation to beftow them,

As notes, whose faculties incluie were,

More then they were in note: Amongst the rest,

There is a remedie, approvd, set downe,

To cure the desperate languishing whereof

The King is render'd loft.

*Cou.* This was your motieue 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 concuferation of my thoughts,

Happily beene absent then.

*Cou.* But thinke you *Hellen*,

If you should tender your suppos'd aide,

He would receive it? He and his Philosophs

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

Embrow'ld 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'luckieft stars in heauen, and would your honor

But giue me leaue to trie successe, I'de venture

The well loft life of mine, on his Graces cure,

By such a day, an houre.

*Cou.* Doo'lt thou belicue't?

*Hell.* I Madam knowingly.

*Cou.* Why *Heller* thou shalt haue my leaue and loue,

Meanses and attendants, and my louing greetings

To those of mine in Court, Ile haue at home

And prate Gods blessing into thy attempt:

Began to morrow, and be fure of this,

What I can helpe thee to, thou shalt not misse. 

*Exeunt.*

**Actus Secundus.**

Enter the King with dierers young Lords, taking leave for

the Florentine waare: Count, Raffe, and

Parrelles. Florishe Cornets.

*King.* Farewell young Lords thse watlike principles

Do 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 receiued,

And is enoather both.

*Lord G.* 'Tis our hope fir,
After well entred fouldiers, to returne
And finde your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confesse he owes the malady
That doth my life befiege: farwell yong Lords,
Whether I live or die, be you the fonnes
Of worthy French men; let higher Italy
(Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the lost Monarchy) fee that you come
Not to woe honour, but to wed it, when
The bratent quefant thinkes: finde what you feeke,
That fame may cry you loud: I say farewell.

L.G. Health at your bidding ferue your Maiestie.

King. Thooff girles of Italy, take heed of them,
They lay our French, lacke language to deny
If they demand: beware of being Captives
Before you ferue.

Bo. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell, come hether to me.

1. Lo.G. Oh my sweet Lord y ou will flay behind vs.

Parr. 'Tis not his fault the farke:

2. Lo.E. Oh 'tis braue warres.

Parr. Most admirable, I have seene thofe warres.

Roffill. I am commanded here, and kept a coyle with,
Too young, and the next yeere, and 'tis too early.

Parr. And thy minde ftand not too boy,
Seale away brauly.

Roffill. I fhal flay here the for-horse to a smocke,
Creeking my fothes on the plaine Mofonry,
Till honour be bought vp, and no fword worne
But one to dance with: by heauen, Ile ftele away.

1. Lo.G. There's honour in the theft.

Parr. Commit it Count.

2. Lo.E. I am your accelfary, and fo farewell.

Ref. I grow to you, & our parting is a tortur'd body.

1. Lo.G. Farewell Captaine.

2. Lo.E. Sweet Moufier Paroles.

Parr. Noble Heroes; my fword and yours are kinne,
good fparkes and lufrous, a word good mettals. You
fhall finde in the Regiment of the Spinij, one Captaine,
Sparko his ficatric, with an Embleme of warre here on
his finerfe cheeke; it was this very fword entrench'd it:
Jay to him I lue, and obfervs his reports for me.

Lo.G. We fhall noble Captaine.

Parr. Mars doate on you for his nouces, what will
ye doe?

Roff. Stay the King.

Parr. Vie a more fpacious ceremonie to the Noble
Lords, you haue refrain'd your felfe within the Lift
of too cold an adieu: be more expreffive to them; for they
wear themfelves in the cap of the time, there do mufter
ture gate; eat, fpake, and move vnder the influence of
the moft recueld flare, and though the deuill leade the
meaure, fuch are to be followed: after them, and take a
more dilated farewell.

Roff. And I will doe fo.

Parr. Worthy fellows, and like to prooue mot finewie fword-men.

Enter Lafew.

L.Laf. Pardon my Lord for mee and for my tidings.

King. Ile fee thee to ftand vp. (pardon,

L.Laf. Then heres a man ftands that has brought his
I would you had kneel'd my Lord to aske me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could fo ftand vp.

King. I would I had, fo I had broke thy pate

And askt thee mercy for't.

Laf. Good faith, a croffe, but my good Lord 'tis thus,
Will you be curd of your infrimite?

King. No.

Laf. O will you eat no grapes my royll foxe?
Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if
My royll foxe could reach them: I have feeen a medicine
That's able to breath life into a stone,
Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Canari
With frighted fire and motion, whom fimple touch
Is powerfull to arayle King Pippes, ray
To give great Charlotaine a pen in's hand
And write to her a loue-lin.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why doCtor the : my Lord, there's one arriu'd,
If you will fee her: now by my faith and honour,
If ferviously I may conuay my thoughts
In this my light delierance, I haue spoke
With one, that in her fexe, her yeeres, profeffion,
Wifedome and confiancy, hath amaz'd mee more
Then I dare blame my weakeffe: will you fee her?
For that is her demand, and know her buffonne?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now good Lafew,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May fpend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou tookit it.

Laf. Nay, Ile fit you,
And not be all day neither.

King. Thus be his fpeciall nothing ever prologues.

Laf. Nay, come your waies.

Enter Helien.

King. This haffe hath wins indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your waies,
This is his Maiestie, fay your minde to him,
A Traitor you doe looke like, but fuch traitors
His Maiesty feldome feares, I am Grefis Vnle,
That dare leaue two together, fat you well.

Exit.

King. Now faire one, do's your bafines follow vs

Hel. I my good Lord,

Gerard de Nelsun was my father,
In what he did profeffe, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praiifes towards him,
Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death,
Many receiues he gave me, chieflie one,
Which as the deareft rifse of his practive
And of his olde experience, th'only darling,
He had me flore vp, as a triple eye,
Safer then mine owne two: more deare I haue fo,
And hearing your high Maiestie is toucht
With that malignant caufe, wherein the honour
Of my deare fathers gift, flands cheefe in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thanke you maiden,
But may not be fo credulous of cure,
When our moft learned Doctors leave vs, and
The congregated Colledge haue concluded,
That labouring Art can never ranomfe nature
From her inadible effate: I fay we muft not
So ftaine our judgement, or corrupt our hope,
To profitute our paft-cure malladie
To empericks, or to diffeuer so
Our great felle and our credit, to effeme
A fencelaffe helpe, when helps paft fence we deeeme.

Hel. My
Lady. Come on fir, I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clov. I will show my selfe highly fed, and lowly taught, I know my buffe is but to the Court.

Lady. To the Court, why what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt, but to the Court?

Clov. Truly Madam, if God have lent a man any manners, hee may easilie put it off at Court: hee that cannot make a legge, put off his cap, kiffe his hand, and lay 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 have an anfwere will ferue all men.

Lady. Marry that’s a bountifull anfwere that fits all questions.

Clov. It is like a Barbers chaire that fits all buttockes, the pin buttocke, the quach-buttocke, the brawn buttocke, or any buttocke.

Lady. Will your anfwere ferue fit to all questions?

Clov. As fit as ten groats is the hand of an Attur-ney, as your French Crowne for your taffety punce, as Thib ruft for Tomes 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 foulding queue to a wrangling knawe, as the Nuns lip to the Friers mouth, nay as the pudding to his skin.

Lady. Have you, I say, an anfwere of such fitnesse for all questions?

Clov. From below your Duke, to beneath your Con-fiable, it will fit any question.

Lady. It must be an anfwere of most monarchic faze, that must fit all demands.

Clov. 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 fool in question, hoping to bee the wifer by your an-fwer.

Lady.
La. I pray you sir, are you a Courtier?
Clo. O Lord sir thers a simple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.
La. Sir I am a poor freind of yours, that loves you.
Clo. O Lord sir, thicke, thicke, spare not me.
La. I thinkke 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 thinkke.
Clo. O Lord sir, spare not me.
La. Doe you crue O Lord sir at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed your O Lord sir, is very fequent to your whipping: you would an'were very well to a whipping if you were but bound too't.
Clo. I here had worse lucke in my life in my O Lord sir: I fee things may ferue long, but not ferue ever.
La. I play the noble hufwife with the time, to entertein it feemerry with a foole.
Clo. O Lord sir, why there's ferues well agen.
La. And end fir to your businesse: glue Hellen this, and vrgie her to a preffent anfver backe, Commend me to your kinmen, and my fonne,
This is not much.
La. Not much commendation to them.
La. Not much improvement for you, you vnderstand me.
Clo. Most fruitfully, I am there, before my legegs,
La. Haft you agen.

Enter Count, Lafen, and Paroles.

O.Laf. They say miracles are paft, and we have our Philosophical persons, to make moderne and familiar things supernatural and casuaffle. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrours, enfoncing our felues into seeinge knowledge, when we fhould submit our felues to an unknowne fear.
Par. Why'tis the raresft argument of wonder, that hath shut out in our latter times.
Ref. And fo'tis.
O.Laf. To be relinquisht of the Artifts.
Par. So I fay both of Galen and Paracelius.
O.Laf. Of all the learned and authenticke fellows.
Par. Right fo I fay.
O.Laf. That gave him out incurable.
Par. Why there 'tis, fo fay too.
O.Laf. Not to be helped.
Par. Right, as 'twere a man aflur'd of a—
Par. luft, you fay well: fo would I have faid.
O.Laf. I may truly fay, it is a noveltie to the world.
Par. It is indeefe if you will have it faying, you fhall reade it in what ye call there.
Par. That's it, I would have faid, the verie fame.
O.Laf. Why your Dolphin is not luflier: fore mee
I fpeake in refpeet.
Par. Nay 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the breife and the tedious of it, and he's of a moft fadniferious spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the—
O.Laf. Very hand of heauen.
Par. I, fo I fay.
O.Laf. In a moft weake——
Par. And debile minifter great power, great tran-
scendence, which fhould indeeche glue vs a further vie to

be made, then alone the recou'ry of the king, as to be
Old Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, Hellen, and attendants.
Par. I would have faid it, you fay well: heere comes
the King.
O.Laf. Luffique, as the Dutchman fables: I le like a maide the better whil'st I have a tooth in my head: why he's able to leade her a Carranto.
Par. Mor va vinager, is not this Helen?
O.Laf. Fore God I thinkke fo.
King. Goe call before mee all the Lords in Court,
Sit my prefcruer by thy patients fide,
And with this healthfull hand whole banifht fence
Thou haft repel'd, a fcond time receyue
The confirmation of my promis'd guilt,
Which but attendes thy naming.*

Enter 3 or 4 Lords.
Faire Malde fend forth thine eye, this youthfull parcel
Of Noble Batchellors, fland at my beftowing,
Ore we are both Soueraigne power, and fathers voice
I haue to vfe thy franke elecion makes,
Thou haft power to chofe, and they none to forfake.
Hel. To each of you, one faire and vertuous Milfris,
Fall when lowe pleafe, marry to each but one.
Old Laf. I'de give bay cartull, and his furniture
My mouth no more were broken then these boyes,
And writ as little beadr.
King. Perufe them well:
Not one of thofe, but had a Noble father.
Ske addreffe her to a Lord.
Hel. Gentlemens, heauen hath through me, reftor'd
the king to health.
All. We vnderstand it, and thanke heauen for you.
Hel. I am a fimpdle Malde, and therein wealtedefh
That I proteft, I fimply am a Malde:
Pleafe it your Majefte, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheekes thus whifper mee,
We blufh that thou fhouldft chofe, but be refufed;
Let the white death fit on thy cheekes for ever,
We'll never come there again.
King. Make chofe and fte,
Who fhuns thy love, fhuns all his love in mee.
Hel. Now 'Dian from thy Altar do I fly,
And to imperall love, that God moff high
Do my fighes freame: Sir, will you heare my fuite?
1. La. And grant it.
Hel. Thanks for, all the reft is mute.
O.Laf. I had rather be in this chofe, then throw
Amef-ace for my life.
Hel. The honor fir that flames in your faire eyes,
Before I fpeake too threateningly replies:
Louve make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that do vfihes, and her humble loue.
2. La. No better if you pleafe.
Hel. My with receipt,
Which great loue grant, and fo I take my leau.
O.Laf. Do all they deny her? And they were sons
of mine, I'de have them whip'd, or I would fend them
to'th Turke to make Enuches of.
Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take,
Ile neuer do you wrong for your owne fake:
Bleffing vpon your voyes, and in your bed
Finde faireer fortune, if you ever wed.
Old Laf. These boyes are boyes of Ice, they'le none
All's Well that ends Well.

have here: sure they are bailards to the English, the French here got em.

La. You are too young, too happy, and too good
To make your felw a fonne out of my blood.

4. Lord. Faire one, I think not so.

Old Lord. There's one grape yet, I am sure thy father
drunkne wine. But if thou beft not an affe, I am a youth
of fourteen: I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say I take you, but I give
Me and my seruice, euer whilft I live
Into your guiding power: This is the man.

King. Why then young Bertram take thee thine thy
wife.

Ber. My wife my Leige? I shall befeech your highnes
In such a busines, give me leave to vie
The helpe of mine owne eies.

King. Know'ft thou not Bertram what thee ha's
done for me?

Ber. Yes my good Lord, but neuer hope to know
why I should marrie her.

King. Thou know'ft shee ha's rais'd me from my fick-
ly bed.

Ber. But followes it my Lord, to bring me downe
Much answer for your railing? I knowe her well:
Shee had her breeding at my fathers charges
A poore Phifdians daughter my wife? Difdain
Rather corrupt me euer.

King. Tis one title thou difdainst in her, the which
I can build vp: strange is it that our bloods
Of colour, weight, and heat, poore'd all together,
Would quite confound diffincion: yet standes off
In differences fo mightie. If the bee
All that is vertuous (faue what thou dislik'ft)
A poore Phifdians daughter, thou dislik'ft
Of vertue for the name: but doe not fo:
From loweft place, whence vertuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th' doers deede.

Where great additions I'llew's, and vertue none,
It is a dropped honour.Good a lone,
Is good without a name? Vileneffe is fo:
Th' property be what is, shou'd go,
Not by the title. Shee is young, wife, faire,
In thfe, to Nature shee's immediate heire:
And thefe breed honour: that is honours scorne,
Which challenges it felwe as honours borne,
And is not like the fire: Honours thrie,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Then our fore-goers: the meere words, a flawe.

Debof'd on euerie tombe, on euerie grave:
A lying Trophees, and as oft is dumbe,
Where duft, and damn'd oblivion is the Tombe.
Of honour'd bones indeed, what shou'd be faide?
If thou canst like this creature, as a maide,
I can create the reft: Vertue, and shee
Is her owne dower: Honour and wealth, from mee.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to doot.

King. Thou wrong'ft thy felwe, if thou shoul'dt strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well reserv'd my Lord, I'm glad:
Let the reft go.

King. My Honour's at the stake, which to defeat
I must produce my power. Herea, take her hand,
Proud scornfull boy, vnworthye this good gift,
That doth in vile misplifion slackle vp
My love, and her deftreth: that canst not dreame, We poizing vs in her defective state,

Shall weigh thee to the beame: That wilt not know,
It is in Vs to want thine Honour, where
We plesse to haue it grow. Checke thy contempt:
Obey Our will, which travailes in thy good:
Believe not thy difdain, but prefentlie
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 flaggers, and the careflee laple
Of youth and ignorance: both my reuenge and hate
Loosing vp thee, in the name of Juflice,
Without all terms of pitty. Speake, thine anwer.

Ber. Pardon my gracious Lord: for I submit
My fance to your eies, when I confider
What great creation, and what doe of honour
Flies where you bid it: I finde that which late
Was in my Nobler thoughts, moft safe: is now
The prailed of the King, who fo ennobled,
Is as 'twere borne fo.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her fie is thine: to whom I promife
A counterpoize: If not to thy eftate,
A ballance more repleat.

Ber. I take her hand.

Kin. Good fortune, and the favour of the King
Smile vp'n this Contraft: whom Ceremonie
Shall feme expedient on the now borne briefe,
And be perform'd to night: the Solemnne Featt
Shall more attend vp'n the coming space,
Expecting a benefent friends. As thou lou'ft her,
Thy lou'e's to me Religious: eile, doa erre.

Exeunt

Paroles and Lefus fay behind, commen-
ting of this wedding.

Laf. Do you hear Monsieur? A word with you.

Par. Your pleaure fir.

Laf. Your Lord and Mafter did well to make his re-
cantation.

Par. Recantation? My Lord? my Mafter?

Laf. I: Is it not a Language I speake?

Par. A moft harsh one, and not to bee vnderftooode
without bloudie succeding My Mafter?

Laf. Are you Companion to the Count Refilion?

Par. To any Count, to all Counts: to what is man.

Laf. To what is Counts man: Counts maitfer is of
another flie.

Par. You are too old fir: Let it satifie you, you are
too old.

Laf. I muft tell thee firrah, I write Man: to which
title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did thinke thee for two ordinaries: to bee a
pretty wife fellow, thou didst make tolerable vent of
thy travell, it might paffe: yet the sacres and the ban-
ereta about thee, did manifoldlie diuide me from be-
leeuing thee a vefell of too great a burthen. I have now
found thee, when I looke thee againe, I care not yet art
thou good for nothing but taking vp, and that th' out
scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the pruiedge of Antiquity vp-
on thee.

Laf. Do not plunide thy felwe to farre in anger, leat
thou haften thy triall: which if, Lord haue mercie on
thee for a hen, fo my good window of Lettice fare thee
well, thy cament I neede not open, for I look through
thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you glue me most egregious indignity.

Laf.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

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Laf. I with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.  
Par. I have not my Lord derer'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 done as thou can't, for thou haft to pull at a smacke a' th' contrarie. If ever thou bee't bound in thy skarfe and beaten, thou shalt finde what it is to be proud of thy bondage, I have a desire to holde my ac- 
quaintance 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 vexati- 
on.  
Laf. I would it were hell paines for thy sake, and my 
poor doing eternally; for doing I am paft, as I will by 
thee, in what motion age will give me leave.  
Exit.  
Par. Well, thou haft a sonne shall take this disgrace 
off me; secrue, old, filthy, secrue Lord: Well, I muft 
be patient, there is no fettering of authority. Ile beate 
him (by my life) if I can meeke him with any conveni- 
ce, and he were double and double a Lord. Ile have 
no more pittie of his age then I would haue of——— Ile 
beate him, and if I could but meet him agen.  
Enter Laffew.  
Laf. Sirra, your Lord and masters married, there's 
newes for you: you have a new Milfris.  
Par. I moft vnfriendly befeech your Lordshippe to 
make some refutation of your wrongs. He is my good 
Lord, whom I ferue aboue is my matter.  
Laf. Who'g God.  
Par. I fir.  
Laf. The deuill it is, that's thy matter. Why doest 
thou garter vp thy armses a this fashion? Doft make hofe 
of thy sleeues? Do other scrants fo? Thou wert best fet 
thy lower part where thy nose flandes. By mine Honor, 
if I were but two houres younger, I'de beate thee: me- 
think'ft thou art a generall offence, and every man thol 
beate thee: I thinkke thou wert created for men to breach 
themselfes vpvn thee.  
Par. This is hard and vndeferued measure my Lord.  
Laf. Go too fir, you were beaten in Italy for picking 
a kernell out of a Pomegranate, you are a vagabond, and 
no true truller: you are more favelie with Lordies and 
honourable perfonages, then the Composition of your 
birth and vertue givues you Heraldry. You are not worth 
another word, else I'de call you knaue. I leave you.  
Exit.  
Enter Count Roskillion.  
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?  
Roskill. Although before the solemne Priet I haue, 
sworne, I will not bed her.  
Par. What? what sweet heart?  
Ros. O my Parroles, they haue married me:  
Ile to the Tufcan warres, and never 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'im- 
plies, I know not yet.  
Par. I that would be knowne: too' th warres my bo- 
too' th warres:

He weares his honor in a boxe vnseene,  
That hugges his kickie wickie heare at home,  
Spending his manlie arrow in her armes  
Which should fufaine the bound and high curset  
Of Marfis ferie steed : to other Regions,  
France is a flabe, wee that dwell in't ladys,  
Therefore too' th warre.  
Ros. If it shall be fo, Ile send her to my houfe,  
Acqaint my mother with my hate to her,  
And wherefore I am fled: Write to the King  
That which I durft not speake. His present gift  
Shall furnishe me to thofe Italian fields  
Where noble fellows strike: Warres is no strife  
To the darke houfe, and the detected wife.  
Par. Will this Caprichlo hold in thee, art fure?  
Ros. Go with me to my chamber, and advice me.  
Ile send her knight away: To morrow,  
Ile to the warres. the to her finge forrow.  
Par. Why thefe bal boud, ther's noife in it. Tas hard  
A yong man maried, is a man tht mard:  
Therefore away, and leave her bravely: go,  
The King ha's done you wrong: but huff 'ts fo.  
Exit.  
Enter Helena and Clouve.  
Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is the weel?  
Clo. She is not weel, but yet she has her health, she's  
very merrie, but yet she is not weel: but thankses be gi- 
ven she's very weel, and wants nothing i' th world: but  
yet she is not weel.  
Hel. If she be verie weel, what do's the ayle, that she's  
not verie weel?  
Clo. Truly she's very weel indeed, but for two things  
Hel. What two things?  
Clo. One, that she's not in heauen, whether God fend  
her quickly: the other, that she's in earth, from whence  
God fend her quickly.  
Enter Parroles.  
Par. Bleffe you my fortunate Ladie.  
Hel. I hope fir 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 fill. O my knawe, how do's  
my old Ladie?  
Clo. So that you had her wrinkes, and I her money,  
I would the did as you say.  
Par. Why I say nothing.  
Clo. Marry you are the wifer man: for many a mans  
tounge shakkes out his masters vndoining: to lay 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 shoule haue said fir before a knaue, th'art a  
knave, that's before me th'art a knave: this had beene  
truth fir.  
Par. Go too, th art a wittie foolle, I haue found  
thee.  
Clo. Did you finde me in your felfe fir, or were you  
taught to finde me?  
Clo. The search fir was profitable, and much Foose  
may you find in you, even to the worlds pleasure, and  
the encreafe of laughter.  
Par. A good knaue ifaith, and well fed.  
Madam, my Lord will go awaie to night,
All's Well that ends Well.

A verie ferious businesse call's on him:

The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which as your due time claims, he do's acknowledge,
But puts it off to a commend'rd refraining:
Whose want, and whose delay, is threw'd with sweets
Which they distill now in the curbed time,
To make the comming houre oreflow with joy,
And pleaure drowne the brim.

Hel. What's his will elfe?
Par. That you will take your infant leave a'th king,
And make this haft as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what Apologie you thinke
May make it probable neede.

Hel. What more commands hee?
Par. That having this obtain'd, you pretentlie
Attend his further pleaure.

Hel. In every thing I waite upon his will.
Par. I shall report it fo. Exit Par.

Hell. I pray you come firrth. Exit

Enter Laftep and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your Lordshippe thinkes not him a fooldeier.
Ber. Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approoves.
Laf. You have it from his owne deliverance.
Ber. And by other warrantd 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 knowl-
ledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then fin'd against his experience, and
transgrefst against his valour, and my state that way is
dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent:
Here he comes, I pray you make vs frendes, I will pur-
sume the amitie.

Enter Parallels.

Par. These things shall be done fir.

Laf. Pray you sir whofe his Tailor?
Par. Sir?

Laf. O I know him well, I fir, hee sir a good worke-
man, a verie good Tailor.
Ber. Is hee gone to the king?
Par. Sirke is.
Ber. Will hee away to night?
Par. As you haue her.

Ber. I haue writ my letters, casketted my treasur,
Gien order for our horfes, and to night,
When I should take posseffion of the Bride,
And ere I doe begin.

Laf. A good Traueller is something at the latter end
of a dinner, but on that lies three thirde, and ves a
known truth to passe a thousand nothings with, shoul
bee once hard, and thrice beaten. God faue you Cap-
taine.

Ber. Is there any vnkindnesse betwene my Lord and
you Monfieur?
Par. I know not how I haue deferred to run into my
Lord's displeaure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, bootes and
spurrees and all like him: that leapt into the Cuffard,
and out of it you'le runne againe, rather then suffer queftion
for your refudance.

Ber. It may bee you haue miftaken him my Lord.

Laf. And shal doe so ever, though I tooke him at's
prayers. Fare you weel my Lord, and beleue this of

me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut: the soule
of this man is his cloathes: Truft him not in matter of
heauie confequence: I haue kept of them tame, & know
their natures. Farewell Monfieur, I haue spoken better
of you, then you haue or will to deferue at my hand, but
we must do good against euill.

Par. An idle Lord, I swere.
Ber. I thinke fo.
Par. Why do you not know him?
Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech
Gives him a worthy paffe. 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 leave
For prentent parting, onely he defires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not meruaile Helen at my courfe,
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 vnneted: This drives me to intreate you,
That prefently you take you way for home,
And rather mufe then ask why I intreate you,
For my respects are better then they seeme,
And my appointments have in them a neede
Greater then shewes it felte at the firft view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother,
'Twill be two daies ere I shall fee you, fo
I leaue you to your widelome.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient fervant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall

With true obseruance seek to ecke out that
Wherein toward me my homely ftares haue faid
To ecall my great fortune.

Ber. Let that goe: my haft is verie great. Farwell:

Hie home.

Hel. Pray sir your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you fay?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I fay 'is mine : and yet it is,
But like a timorous theefe, moft faine would steal
What law does vouche mion owne.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something, and fcarfe fo much : nothing indeed,
I would not tell you what I would my Lord : Faith yes,
Strangers and foes doe funder, and not kiffe.

Ber. I pray you fay not, but in haft to horfe.

Hel. I shall not breake your biddings, good my Lord:
Where are my other men? Monfieur, farwell.

Exit Ber.

Ber. Go thou toward home, where I wil never come,
Whileth I can shake my fword, or hear the drumme:
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Brauely, Coragio.

Actus Tertius.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, the two Frenchmen,
with a troop of Soldiars.

Duke. So that from point to point, now haue you heard

The
The fundamentall reasons of this warre,  
Whole great decision hath much blood let forth  
And more thirth after.  

1. Lord. Holy feemes the quarrell  
Vpon your Graces part : blakke and fearsfull  
On the opposer.  

Duke. Therefore we meruiall much our Cofin France  
Would in fo just a buineffe, flhit his boforme  
Against our borrowing prayers.  

French E. Good my Lord,  
The reasons of our flate I cannot yeddle,  
But like a common and an outward man,  
That the great figure of a Cousaine framed,  
By felle vnable motion, therefore dare not  
Say what I thinke of it, since I have found  
My selfe in my incertaine grounds to faile  
As often as I guette.  

Duke. Be it his pleasure.  

Fren.G. But I am fure the yonger of our nature,  
That furfet on their cafe, will day by day  
Come heere for Phyficke.  

Duke. Welcome shal they bee.  
And all the honors that can flie from vs,  
Shall on them settle : you know your places well,  
When better fall, for your auailles they fell,  
To morrow to' th field.  

Flourifh.  

Enter Countiffe and Clowone.  

Count. It hath happen'd all, as I would have ha it, faue  
that he comes not along with her.  

Clow. By my troth I take my young Lord to be a ve-  
rue melancholly man.  

Count. By what oberuance I pray you.  

Clow. Why he will looke vppon his boote, and finge  
mend the Ruffe and fing, aske questions and fing, picke  
his teeth, and fing: I know a man that had this tricke of  
melancholy hold a goodly Mannor for a fong.  

Lad. Let me fee what he writes, and when he meanes  
to come.  

Clow. I have no minde to Isbell fince I was at Court.  
Our old Lings, and our Isbels a're Country, are nothing  
like your old Ling and your Isbels a're Courtsche 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?  

Clow. In that you have there.  

A Letter.  

I have fent you a daughter in Love, her hath recouered the  
King, and vndone me: I have wedded her, not bedded her,  
and vnshe risen the not eternall. You shall heare I am  
rann away, know it before the report come. If there bee  
breath enough in the world, I will bold a long distance.  
My duty to you.  

Your unfortunate fonne,  
Bertram.  

This is not well rash and vnbridled boy,  
To flye the favours of fo good a King,  
To plucke his indignation on thy head,  
By the miſprifing of a Maide too vertuous  
For the contempt of Empire.  

Enter Clowone.  

Clow. O Madam, yonder is heasie newes within be-  
tweene two fouldiers, and my yong Ladie.  

La. What is the matter.  

Clow. Nay there is some comfort in the newes, some  
comfort, your fonne will not be kild fo soonne as I thought  
he would.  

La. Why should he be kild?  

Clow. So fay I Madam, if he runne away, as I heare he  
does, the danger is in flanding too, that's the loffe of  
money, though it be the getting of children. Heere they  
come will tell you more. For my part I onely heare your  
fonne was run away.  

Enter Hellen and two Gentlemen.  

French E. Saue you good Madam.  

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.  

French G. Do not fay fo.  

La. Think he vpon patience, pray you Gentlemen,  
I have fent fo many quirkes of ioy and greefe,  
That the first face of neither on the flart  
Can woman me vtnot'? Where is my fonne I pray you?  

Fren.G. Madam he's gone to ferue the Duke of Flo-  
rence,  

We met him thitherward, for thence we came:  
And after fome difpatch in hand at Court,  
Thither we bend again.  

Hel. Look on his Letter Madam, here's my Pasfport.  

When thou canft get the Ring upon my fnger, which never  
shall come off, and thou mee a child begett of thy bodie,  
that I am father too, then call me husband: but in fuch a(ken)  
I write a Neuer.  

This is a dreadfull sentence.  

La. Brought you this Letter Gentlemen?  
1.G. I Madam, and for the Contenues fake are forrie  
for our nation.  
Old La. I prethee Ladie have a better cheere,  
If thou engrofleft, all the greefe are thine,  
Thou robbt me of a moity: He was my fonne,  
But I do wath 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 fouldier.  

Fren.G. Such is his noble purpofe, and beleu't  
The Duke will lay vpon him all the honor  
That good conuenenance confirms.  

La. Returne you thither.  

Fren.E. I Madam, with the swiftefte wing of fpeed.  

Hel. Till I have no wifes, I have nothing in France,  
'Tis bitter.  

La. Finde you that there?  

Hel. I Madam.  

Fren.E. 'Tis but the boldneffe of his hand haply, which  
his heart was not confequint 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 deferves a Lord  
That twenty fuch rude boyes might tend vpon,  
And call her hourly Misfris. Who was with him?  

Fren.E. A fervant onely, and a Gentleman: which I  
haue sometime knowne.  

La. Paroles was it not?  

Fren.E. I my good Ladie, hee.  

La. A vere tainted fellow, and full of wickedneffe,  
My fonne corrupts a well derived nature  
With his inducement.  

Fren.E. Indeed good Ladie the fellow has a deale of  
that, too much, which holds him much to haue.  

La. Y'are welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you  
when you fee my fonne, to tell him that his (word can  
ever winne the honor that he loothes: more he intreate  

X  

you
you written to bearealong.

Frem. We fervu you Madam in that and all your

worthie affaires.

Le. Not so, but as we change our courteisies,

Will you draw neere?

Hel. Till I haue no wife I haue nothing in France.

Nothing in France vntill he has no wife:

Thou shalt haue none Raffillion, none in France,

Then haft thou all againe: poor Lord, is't I

That chafe thee from thy Country, and expofe

Thofe tender limbs of thine, to the event

Of the none-sparing warre? And is it I,

That drue thee from the fortuite Court, where thou

Was't shot at with faire eyes, to be the marque

Of smakie Muskets? O you leade messengers,

That ride vpon the violent spede of fire,

Fly with faire asyme, mowe the full-peeiring aire

That rings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:

Who euer shoots at him, I fet him there.

Who euer charges on his forward breff

I am the Califire that do hold him toot,

And though I kill him not, I am the caufe

His death was fo effected: Better 'twere

I met the ruaine Lyon when he roared

With sharpe constraint of hunger: better 'twere,

That all the miseries which nature owes

Were mine at once. No come thou home Raffilion,

Whence honor but of danger winnes a fcare,

As oft it loothes all. I will be gone:

My being here it is, that holds thee hence,

Shall I flay heere to doo't? No, no, although

The ayre of Paradife did fan the houfe,

And Angles off'd all: I will be gone,

That pitiful rumour may report my flight

To confolate thine eare. Come night, end day,

For with the darke (poore theeke) Ie flanke away.

Exit.

Fleurs. Enter the Duke of Florence, Raffillion, drum and trumpets, foldiers, Parrelles.

Duke. The Generall of our horfe thou art,and we

Great in our hope, lay our beft love and credence

Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is

A charge too heauy for my strenght, but yet

Wee'riue to bearn it for thy worthy sake,

To th'extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth,

And fortune play vpon thy properous helme

As thy aupicious misiris.

Ber. This very day

Great Mars I put my felle into thy file,

Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall proue

A louver of thy drumme, hater of louse.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Counsells & Steward.

Le. 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. Read it ajen.

Letter.

I am S. Lagues Pilgrim, thither gone:

Ambitious love both fo in me offended,

That bare-foot plaid I the cold ground upon

Withainted view my faults to bane amended.

Write, write, that from the bloody course of warre,

My dearest Mafter your deare fame, may be,

Bleff him at home in peace. While I from farre,

His name with sealeau farewor fanlifhe:

His taken labours bid me forgive:

I bid delightfull Iuns fent him forth,

From Courtly friends, with Campings foce to live,

Where death and danger dogges the beales of warre.

He is too good and faire for deaths, and mee,

Whom I my fifts embrace, to fet him free.

Ah what sharpe flings are in her mild fret words?

Rynaldo, you did neuer lacke aduice fo much,

As letting her paffe fo: had I spoke with her,

I could have well diuersted her intents,

Which thus the hath preuent.

Ste. Pardon me Madam,

If I had gien you this at ouer-night,

She might haue seene ore-tane: and yet the writes

Purpurte would be but vaine.

Le. What Angel shall

Bleffe this vnworthy husband, he cannot thrise,

Vnfeele 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,

Letuerie word weighe heauie of her worr,

That he does weighe too light: my greatest greefe,

Though little he do feele it, fet downe sharpe.

Dispatch the most conuenient meffenger,

When haply he shall heare that she is gone,

He will returne, and hope I may that thee

Hearing so much, will speedee her foote againe,

Led hither by pure loue : which of them both

Is deereft to me, I haue no skill in fence

To make definition: prouide this Meffenger:

My heart is heauie, and mine age is weake,

Greefe would haue teares, and forrow bids me speake.

Exeunt.

A Tucket aforre off.

Enter old Widow of Florence, her daughter, Violanta

and Sianiana, with other

Citizens.

Widow. Nay come,

For if they do approach the City,

We shall looke all the fight.

Diana. They gay, the French Count has done

Most honourable servise.

Wid. It is reported,

That he has taken their grown' Commander,

And that with his owne hand he flew

The Dukes brother: we haue lost our labour,

They are gone a contrarie way: harke,

you may know by their Trumpets.

Sianiana. Come lets returne againe,

And fuffice our felves 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 honeftie.

Widow. I haue told my neighbour

How you haue beene solicited by a Gentleman

His Companion.

Maria
Maria. I know that knaue, hang him, one Parolles, a filthy Officer he is in those suggestions for the young Earls, beware of them Diana; their promises, enti- ments, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of luft, are not the things they go vnder: many a maide hath beene seduced by them, and the miserie is example, that fo terrible shewes in the wracke of maiden-hood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twiggis 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 knonwne, but the moderate which is so loft.

Dias. You shall not neede to scarce me.

Enter Heifer.

Wid. I hope so: looke here comes a pilgrim, I know she will lye at my house, thither they send one another, Ie queffion her. God saue you pilgrim, whether are bound?

Her. To S. Jaques la grand. Where do the Palmers lodge, I do befeech you? Wid. At the S. Francis heere befide the Port. Hel. Is this the way? A march afarre.

Wid. I marry it. Harke you, they come this way: If you will terrie 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 passe fo Pilgrime. Hel. I thank you, and will lay upon your leisure. Wid. you came I thinke from France? Hel. I did fo.

Wid. Heere you shall see a Countriman of yours That has done worthy seruice. Hel. His name I pray you? Dias. The Count Reffilion: know you such a one? Hel. But by the care that heares most nobly of him: His face I know not.

Dias. What somere he is He's brauely taken heere. He ftole from France As 'tis reported: for the King had married him Against his liking. Thinke you it is so? Hel. I fully meere the truth, I know his Lady, Dias. There is a Gentleman that ferves the Count, Reports but courtefly of her. Hel. What's his name? Dias. Monsieur Parolles. Hel. Oh I beleue with him,

In argument of praffe, or to the worth Of the great Count himselfe, he is too meane To have her name repeated, all her defuring Is a referued honneste, and that I have not heard examin'd.

Dian. Alas poore Ladie, 'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife Of a detecting Lord.

Wid. I write good creature, wherefore the is, Her hart waies Lady: this yong maid might do her A thredew turne if the pleas'd.

Hel. How do you meane? May be the amorous Count follicites her In the vnlawfull purpofe.

Wid. He does indeede, And breaks with all that can in such a suite

All's Well that ends Well.

Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide: But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard In honestest defence.

Drumme and Colours.

Enter Count Reffillon, Parolles, and the whole Armie.

EMar. The goddess forbid elfe.

Wid. So, now they come: That is Antonio the Dukes elfe fonne, That Ecalus. Hel. Which is the Frenchman? Dias. Hee, That with the plume, 'tis a most gallant fellow, I would he lou'd his wife: if he were honefte He were much goodler. Isn't a handfom Gentleman Hel. I like him well.

Di.'Tis pitty he is not honeffytonds that fame knaue That leads him to thefe places: were I his Ladie, I would poifon that vile Rafcall.

Hel. Which is he? Dias. That lacke an-apes with scarres. Why is hee melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battale. Par. Loofe our drum? Well. Mar. He's threfedly vext at something. Looke he has fpyed vs.

Wid. Marrie hang you.

Mar. And your curtefe, for a ring-carrier. Exit. Wid. The troope is pait: Come pilgrim, I will bring you, Where you shall holte: Of injoynd penitents There's foure or fuye, to great S. Jaques bound, Alreadie at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you: Pleafe it this Matron, and this gentle Maide To eate wiche vs to night, the charge and thanking Shall be for me. and to requite you further, I will beftow some precepts of this Virgin, Worthy the note.

Botz. We'll take your offer kindly. Exeunt.

Enter Count Reffillon and the Frenchmen, as at firft.

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 refpeēt.

Cap.E. On my life my Lord, a bubble. Ber. Do you thinke I am fo farre Deceived in him.

Cap.E. Beleeue it my Lord, in mine owne direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speake of him as my kinman, hee's a most notable Coward, an infinite and endless Lyar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good qualitie,worthy your Lordships entertainment.

Cap.G. It were fit you knew him, least repofing too farre in his vertue which he hath not, he might at some great and trutifie businesse, in a mane daunger, fayle you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

Cap. G. None better then to let him fetch of his drumme, which you heare him so confidently unnder-take to do.

C.E. I with a troop of Florentines wil fiodainly fur-
All's Well that ends Well.

prize him; such I will have whom I am sure he knowes not from the enemie: wee will bind and hoowinke him so, that he shall toppifie no other but that he is caried into the List of the adueraries, 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 safe feare, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the diuine forfète of his soule vpon oath, never tru't my judgement in anie thing.

Cap.G. O for the loue of laughter, let him fetch his drumme, he syzes he has a stratagem for't: when your Lordship sees the bottome of this successe in't, and to what mettle this counterftery lump of ours will be melt't if you give him not John drummes entertainment, your inelinc cannot be removed. Heere he comes.

Enter Parrelles.

Cap.E. O for the loue of laughter hinder not the ho-nor of his degn,e, let himfetch off his drumme in any hand.

Ber. How now Monsieur? This drumme flicks fore ly in your disposition.

Cap.G. A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drumme.

Par. But a drumme: flit but a drumme? A drum so loyt. There was excellent command, to charge in with our horfe vpon our owne wings, and to rend our owne soldiers.

Cap.G. That was not to be blam'd in the command of the seruice: it was a disafter of warre that Cezar him selfe could not haue prevented, if he had beene there to command.

Ber. Well, wee cannot greatly condemne our succeede; some difhonor wee had in the losses of that drum, but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might haue beene recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered, but that the merit of ser uice is sildome attributed to the true and exact performer, I should haue that drumme or another, or bis la cet.

Ber. Why if you have a stoneacke, too't Monsieur: if you thinke your mysterie in firstagem, can bring this instrument of honour againe into his natue quarter, be magannious 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 greatneffe, even to the vtmote fyllable of your worthinesse.

Par. By the hand of a fouldier I wil vndertake it.

Ber. But you must not now flummer in it.

Par. Ile about it this evening, and I will prefently pen downe my dilemna's, encourage my fyle in my certaintie, put my fyle into my mortall preparation: and by midnight lookte to hearre further from me.

Ber. May I bee bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it.

Par. I know not what the successe will be my Lord, but the attempt I vnto.

Ber. I know that't art valiant, And to the posibillity of thy fouldship, Will fubscrib for thee: Farewell.

Par. I loue not many words. Exit

Cap.E. No more then a fift loues water. Is not this a strange fellow my Lord, that so confidentely feme's to vndertake this buffonzie, which he knowes not to be done, damnes himselfe to do, & dares better be damnd then to do't.

Cap.G. You do not know him my Lord as we do, certaine it is that he will feele himselfe into a mans fa-vour, and for a wecke escape a great deale of discoueries, but when you finde him out, you haue him ever afer.

Ber. Why do you thinke he will make no deede at all of this that so ferialous he does address his himelfe vnto?

Cap.E. None in the world, but returne with an in vention, and clap vpon you two or three probable lies: but we have almoft imbott him, you shall fee his fall to night; for indeede he is not for your Lordshippes refpeckt.

Cap.G. Weele make you some sport with the Foxe wee cafe him. He was frist smock'd by the old Lord Leforos, when his disguife and he is parted, tell me what a i prat you shall finde him, which you shall see this ve rio night.

Cap.E. I must go looke my twiggis, He shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

Cap.G. As't it pleaseth your Lordship, I lie leave you.

Ber. Now wil I leade you to the houre, and shew you the Laffe I spoke of.

Cap.E. But you say he's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with hir but once, And found her wondrous cold, but I lent to her By this fame Coxcombe that we haue i'th winde Tokens and Letters, which the did refend, And this is all I haue done: She's a faire creature, Will you go fee her?

Cap.E. With all my heart my Lord.

Enter Helissen, and Widdow.

Hel. If you misloubt me that I am not thee, I know not how I shall affure you further, But I shall loofe the grounds I worke vpon.

Wid. Though my eftate be faine, I was well borne, Nothing acquainted with thefse buffonines, And would not put my reputation now In any halting age.

Hel. Nor would I wish you. Firft give me truth, the Count he is my husband, And what to your fworne counfaile I haue spoken, Is fo from word to word: and then you cannot By the good aye that I of you shall borrow, Erre in befowing it.

Wid. I should beleue you, For you haue fher'd me that which well approves Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purfe 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 fledge before her beautie, Refolue to carrie her : let her in fine confent As we'l direct her how 'tis beft to beare it: Now his important blood will naught denie, That the'll demand: a ring the Countie weares, That downward hath succeeded in his houre.
Enter one of the Frenchmen, with two or three other soldiers in ambush.

1. Lord E. He can come no other way but by this hedge corner: when you fall in upon him, speak what terrible Language you will: though you understand it not your feloves, no matter: for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among vs, whom we must produce for an Interpreter.

1. Sol. Good Captaine, let me be th' Interpreter.

Lord E. Art not acquainted with him? knowes he not thy voice?


Lord E. But what linefe wofly hath thou to speake to vs againe.

1. Sol. E'n such as you speake to me.

Lord E. He must thinke vs some band of strangers, it's adueriaries entertainement. Now he hath a smake of all neighbouring Languages: therefore we must every one be a man of his owne fancies, not to know what we speake one to another: so we feeme to know, is to know strang't our purpose: Choughs language, gabblo enough, and good enough. As for you interpreter, you must seeme very politick: But couch ha, heere hee comes, to begule two hours in a sleepe, and then to returne & swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parrolles.

Par. Ten a clocke: Within these three hours 'twill be time enough to goe home. What shall I say I have done? It must bee a very plauid invention that carries it. They beginne to smoke mee, and disgrace 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.

Lord E. This is the first truth that ere thine own tongue was guiltie of.

Par. What do you make mee to understand of the courserie of this drumme, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must giue my felie some hurts, and say I got them in expoit: yet flight ones will not carry it. They will say, came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not giue, wherefore what's the insistance. Tongue, I must put you into a Butter-womans mouth, and buy my felie another of Bairelts Mule, if you prattice mee into these perilles.

Lord E. Is it possible he should know what hee is, and be that he is.

Par. I would the cutting of my garments wold ferue the turne, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Lord E. We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to say it was in stratagem.

Lord E. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drowne my cloathes, and say I was stript.

Lord E. Hardly ferue.

Par. Though I swore I leapt from the window of the Citadell.

Lord E. How deepe?

Par. Thirty fadome.

Lord E. Three great oathes would scarce make that be beleued.

Par. I would I had any drumme of the enemies, I would sweare I recover'd it.

Lord E. You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drumme now of the enemies.

>Allarum within.

Lord E. Throca movajus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, willianda par corbe, cargo.

Par. O ranfome, ranfome, Do not hide mine eyes.

Inter. Boskos thronomulde boskos.

Par. I know you are the Muktos Regiment, And I shall loose my life for want of language. If there be heere German or Dane, Low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speake to me.

Ile discouer that, which shall viado the Florentine.

Inter. Boskos vauvavade, I vnderstand thee, & can speake thy tonguie: Kerselybono sir, betake thee thy faith, for fourteen pounyards are at thy bosome.

Par. Oh.

Inter. Oh pray, pray, pray, Manka reunius dulcie.

Lord E. Oforbidulchos vellincro.

Int. The Generall is content to spare thee yet, And hoodwinkt as thou art, will lead thee on 'To gather from thee. Haply thou mayft Informe Something to ease thy life.

Par. O let me live, And all the secrets of our campe Ile shew, Their force, their purposis: Nay, Ile speake that, Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damne me.

Inter. Acorde lima.

Come on, thou are granted space.

About Allarum within.

Exit 3 Lord E.
L.E. Go tell the Count Raffilion and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him
Till we do hear from them. (muffled
Sil. Captain I will.
L.E. A will betray vs all vnto our felues,
Informe on that,
Sil. So I will fir.
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 Goddesse,
And worth it with addition; but faire soule,
In your fine frame hath loove no quality;
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 serene,
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet felse 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 servuce.
Dia. I fo you serue vs
Till we serue you: But when you have our Roses,
You barely leave our thornes to pricke our felues,
And mocke vs with our barrenesse.
Ber. How haue I worne.
Dia. Tis not the many othes that makes the truth,
But the plaine single vow, that is vow'd true:
What is not holie, that we swearne not by,
But take the high'ft to witnesse; then pray you tell me,
If I should swear by loues great attributes,
I lou'd you deeuely, would you beleue my othes,
When I did love you ill? This ha's no holding
To swerane by him whom I protest to loue
That I will workes against him. Therefore your othes
Are words and poore conditions, but vnfeald
At leaft in my opinion.
Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not so holy cruel: Loue is holie,
And my integritie ne're knew the crafts
That you do charge men with:stand no more off,
But glue thy felse vnto my sicke defires,
Who then recouer. Say thou art mine, and euere
My loue as it beginseth, shall fo perfeuer.
Dia. I fee that men make ropes in such a carre,
That weel forlike our felues. Give me that Ring.
Ber. Ile lend it thee my deare; but have no power
To give it from me.
Dia. Will you not my Lord?
Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,
Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloque i'th world,
In mee to loue. Thus your owne proper wifedome
Brings in the Champion honor on my part,
Against your vaine assault.
Ber. Heere, take my Ring,
My houfe, mine honor, yea my life be thine,
And Ile be bid by thee.
Dia. When midnight comes, knocke at my cham-
er window:
Ile order take, my mother shall not heare.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remaine there but an houre, nor speake to mee:
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,
When bucke againe this Ring shall be deliuer'd:
And on your finger in the night, Ile put
Another Ring, that what in time proceeds,
May taken to the future, our past deeds.
Adieu till then, then faile not: you have 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 fo in the end.
My mother told me luft how he would woos,
As if the fate in's heart. She fayes, all men
Have the like othes: He ha'd worne to marrie me
When his wife's dead: therefore Ile lye with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are fo braidie,
Marry that will, I liue and die a Maid:
Onely in this diguife, I think' no finne,
To cofen him that would vnfiullie winne.

Exit

Enter the two French Captaines, and some two or three
Souldiers.

Cap.G. You haue not given him his mothers letter.
Cap.E. I haue deliuer'd it an houre since, there is som
thing in't that things his nature: for on the reading it,
he chang'd almost into another man.
Cap.G. He has much worthy blam laid vpon him,
for shaking off fo good a wife, and so sweet a Lady.
Cap.E. Eskipally, hee hath incurred the everlasting
displeasure of the King, who had eu'n tund his bounty
to king happinelle to him. I will teell you a thing, but
you shall let it dwell darkly with you.
Cap.G. When you have spoken it 'tis dead, and I am
the graue of it.
Cap.E. Hee hath peruersted a young Gentlewoman
here in Florence, of a most chaste renown, & this night
he fitness his will in the splaye of her honour: hee hath
given her his monumentall Ring, and thinks himselfe
made in the vnschifte compositon.
Cap.G. Now God delay our rebellion as we are
our felues, what things are we.
Cap.E. Mercely our owne traitours. And as in
the common course of all treasons, we will feem them recreale
themselfes, till they attaine to their abhor'd ends: so
he in this action contrives against his owne Nobi-
licity in his proper streme, ore-flowes himselfe.
Cap.G. Is it not meant damnable in vs, to be Trum-
peters of our vnslawfull intent? We shall not then have
his company to night?
Cap.E. Not till after midnight: for hee is dilet to
his houre.
Cap.G. That approaches apace: I would gladly have
him fee his company anathomizes'd, that hee might take
a measure of his owne judgements, wherein so curiously he had fet this counterfeit.

Cap. E. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

Cap. G. In the meanes, what heardest thou of these Warres?

Cap. E. I hear there is an outbrake of peace.

Cap. G. Nay, I affure you a peace concluded.

Cap. E. What will Count Raffilion do then? Will he trauaille higher, or returne againe into France?

Cap. G. I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his councell.

Cap. E. Let it be forbid fir, so should I bee a great deale of his saft.

Cap. G. Sir, his wife some two months since fledde from his house, her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint La-ques le grand; which holy vnertaking, with most au- fiere fanctimonie the accompli]; and there refuding, the tenderesse of her Nature, became as a prey to her greffe: in fine, made a groane of her last brath, & now she fings in heaven.

Cap. E. How is this iustified?

Cap. G. The stronger part of it by her owne Letters, which makes her florie true, even to the point of her death: her death it selfe, which could not be her office to say, is come: was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place.

Cap. E. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

Cap. G. I, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the veritie.

Cap. E. I am heartily forrie that hee'll 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 tears, the great dignitie that his valour hath here acquir'd for him, shall at home be eu- countered with a flame as ample.

Cap. G. The webbe of our life, is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our vertues would bee proud, if our faults whipt them not, and our crimes would di- spaire if they were not cherish'd by our vertues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now? Where's your matter?

Ser. He met the Duke in the street, of whom hee hath taken a solemn leave: his Lordhip 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 Raffilion.

Ber. They cannot be too sweete for the Kings tart- nesse, here's his Lordship now. How now my Lord, I'th not after midnight?

Ber. I have to night dispatch'd sixeene businesse, a moneth length a peece, by an abstrackc of successe: I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his neereft; buried a wife, mourn'd for her, writ to my La- die mother, I am returning, entertain'd my Conoysi, & betweene these maine parcels of dispatch, affected ma- ny nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

Cap. E. If the businesse bee of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your Lordship.

Ber. I mean the businesse is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: but shall we have this dialogue betweene the Foole and the Soldiour. Come, bring forth this counterfeit module, has decei'd mee, like a double-meaning Profeplier.

Cap. E. Bring him forth, he's late i'th flockes all night poore gallant knaue.

Ber. No matter, his heeleas haue deferu'd it, in vfur- ping his ipurses fo long. How does he carry himselfe?

Cap. E. I have told your Lordship alreadie: The flockes carrie him. But to anwer you as you would be vsrderfood, hee weeps like a wench that had shed her milke, he hath confeft himselfe to Morgan, whom hee supposse to be a Friar, for the time of his remembrance to this very iniant difafter of his setting i'th flockes: and what thinke you he hath confeft?

Ber. Nothing of me, he's a?

Cap. E. His confession is taken, and it shall bee read to his face, if your Lordship list not, as I beleue you are, you must haue the patience to heare it.

Enter Parvolles with his Interpreter.

Ber. A plaguе upon him, mufflef; he can say nothing of me: huh, huh.


Inter. He calleth for the tortures, what will you say without em.

Par. I will confesse what I know without contraint,

If yee pinch me like a Paffy, I can say no more.

Inter. Basso chimurco.

Cap. Bobbindo chanimurco.

Inter. You are a mercifull Generall: Our Generall bids you anwer to what I shall ask you out of a Note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to liue.

Inter. First demand of him, how many horse the Duke is strong.

What say you to that?

Par. Five or fixe thousand, but very weake and unserviceable: the troops are all scatter'd, and the Com- manders verie poore rogues, vpon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to liue.

Inter. Shall I fet downe your anwer so?

Par. Do, Ile take the Sacrament on'thow & which way you will: all's one to him.

Ber. What a paff-fauing flae is this?

Cap. G. Y'are decei'd my Lord, this is Mounfieur Parvolles the gallant militanter, that was his owne phrase that had the whole theoricke of warre in the knot of his scarfes, and the prafite in the chape of his dagger.

Cap. E. I will neuer trauaile a man againe, for keeping his fword cleane, nor beleue he can haue euerie thing in him, by wearing his apporraine neatly.

Inter. Well, that's fet downe.

Par. Five or fixe thousand horse I fed, I will say true, or thereabouts fet downe, for I trauaile not.

Cap. G. He's very neere the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thankes for't in the nature he deliuers it.

Par. Poore rogues, I pray you fay.

Inter. Well, that's fet downe.

Par. I humbly thank you fir, a truth's a truth, the Rogues are marauilous poore.

Interp. Demand of him of what ftregthe they are a foot.

Par. What fay you to that?

Par. By my troth fir, if I were to liue this prefent houre, I will tell true. Let me fee, Spurio a hundred &

fifte,
All's Well that ends Well.

fiftie, Sebastian so many, Corambs so many, Iagues so many : Guisilan, Coffins, Lodericks, and Gratys, two hundred fiftie each : Mine owne Company, Chilopher, Vaumand, Berge, two hundred fiftie each : to the murther file, rotten and found, vppon my life amounts not to fiftie, thousand pole, halfe of the which, dare not shake the snow from off their Caflockes, leaff they thake themselves to peccees.

Ber. What shall be done to him ?


Int. Well is it set downe : you shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumaine bee 1'th Campe, a Frenchman : what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honeflie, and expertness in warres: or whether he thinkes what he was not possible with well-weighing summes of gold to corrupt him to a reuolt. What say you to this? What do you know of it ?

Par. I befothe you let me answer to the particular of the Intrigators. Demand them fingly.

Int. Do you know this Captain Dumaine ?

Par. I know him, was a Botchers Prentise in Paris, from whence he was whipt for getting the Shrives fooe with childie, a dumbe innocent that could not say him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave hold your hands, though I know his braines are forfeitie to the next tile that falls.

Int. Well, is this Captain in the Duke of Florence's camp ?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lowifie.

Cay. G. Nay, thet is not so upon me : we shall hear of your Lord anone.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke ?

Par. The Duke knowes him for no other, but a poore Officer of mine, and witt 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 fainfie I do not know, eitier it is there, or it is upon 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 or no. Ber. Our Interpreter doth it well.

Cap. G. Excellently.

Int. Dian, the Counts a fool, and full of gold.

Par. That is not the Dukes letters fir : that is an advertisement to a proper maidie in Florence, one Diano, to take heede of the allurement of one Count Raffilien, a foolish idle boy : but for all that very rutthie, I pray you fir put it vp again.

Int. Nay, I lie reade it firft by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't I protest was very honifie in the behalfe of the maid : for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and laciauious boy, who is a whale to Virginity, and desouer vp all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable both-fides rogue.

Int. Let. When be fouares oakes, bid him drop gold, and take it.

After he sours, he neuer payes the scores :
Half soon un match well made, match and well make it, He were payes after debts, take it before, And jay a souder (Dian) told thee this : Men are to well with, loyes are not to his.
tion of that lascivious young boy the Count, have I run into this danger: yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

Int. There is no remedy sir, but you must dye: the Generall fayes, you that have so traitorously discouer'd the secrets of your army, and made such pettiforous reports of men very nobly held, can ferue the world for no honest vfe: therefore you must dye. Come head- man, off with his head.

Par. O Lord sir let me live, or let me fee my death.

Int. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends:

So, looke about you, know you any heere?

Count. Good morrow noble Captaine,
Le. E. God bleffe you Captaine Perolles.
Cap. G. God faue you noble Captaine.
Le. E. Captaine, what greeting will you to my Lord" Laffin? I am for France.

Cap. G. Good Captaine will you give me a Copy of the fonnet you wrot to Diana in behalfe of the Count Rofflien, 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 feature, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be cruell'd with a plot?

Inter. If you could finde out a Countrie where but women were that had receiv'd 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 burn 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 lye: who knowes himselfe a bragart
Let him feare this: for it will come to paffe,
That euer bragart shall be found an Affe.
Ruff fword, coole blufhes, and Parrelles lye
Safest in shame: being fool'd, by fool'tie thrive;
There's place and means for every man aliue.
Ile after them. Exit.

Enter Helen, Widow, 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 forte: for whole throne 'tis needfull
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele.
Time was, I did him a desired office
Deere almoft as his life, which gratitude
Through flintie Tartars bofome would peepe forth,
And anfwer thankes. I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at Marcellis, to which place
We have convenient conuoy: you must know
I am suppos'd dead, the Army breaking,
My husband hires him home, where heauen ayding,
And by the leaue of my good Lord the King,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You neuer had a fervant to whom truft
Your buines was more welcome.

Hel. Nor your Miftris
Euer a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompenze your burial: Doubt not but heauen
Hath brought mee vp to be your daughters dower,
As it hath fated her to be my modue

And helper to a husband. But O strange men,
That can fuch sweet vfe make of what they hate,
When fawcie trufting of the coyn'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night, fo luft doth play
With what it leathes, for that which is away,
But more of this beareafter: you Diana,
Vnder my poore inftructions yet must fuffer
Something in my behalfe.

Diz. Let death and honeftie
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Vpon your will to fuffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When Briars shall have laues as well as thornes,
And be as sweet as harpe: we muft away,
Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time reuies vs,
All's well that ends well, All the fines the Crowne;
What ere the course, the end is the renowne. Exeunt

Enter Cloeome, old Lady, and Laffin.

Laf. No, no, no, your fonne was miliad with a snipt taftata fellow there, whole villainous farron wold haue
made all the vnba'k'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had beeene aliue at this houre, and your fonne heere at home, more advanc'd by the King, then by that red-tall'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 praife for creating. If she had pertaken of my flesh and coft mee the deereft 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 thouand fallets ere wee light on souch another heare.

to. Indeed fir she was the sweete Margerom of the fallet, or rather the heare of grace.

Laf. They are not hearees you knaue, they are noble
hearees.

Cloeome. I am no great Nabuchodonosor fir, I haue not
much skill in grace.

Laf. Whether doeth thou professe thy felfe, a knaue
or a foole?

Cleo. A foole fir at a womenes service, and a knaue at a mans.

Laf. Your distinction.

Cleo. I would couen the man of his wife, and do his
service.

Laf. So you were a knaue at his service indeed.

Cleo. And I would glue his wife my bauble fir to doe her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knaue and foole.

Cleo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Cleo. Why fir, if I cannot ferue you, I can ferue as
great a prince as you are.

Laf. Whose that, a Frenchman?

Cleo. Faith fir a has an English maine, but his fino
mio is more hotter in France then there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Cleo. The blacke prince fir, alias the prince of darke
nes, alias the diuell.

Laf. Hold thee there's my purfe, I giue thee not this to
fuggeft thee from thy mafter thou talke't off, ferue him still.

Clow
Cl. I am a woodland fellow sir, that alwaies loued a great fire, and the masters I speake of ever keeps a good fire, but sure he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobility remaine in's Court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter; some that humble themselues may, but the manie will be too chill and tender, and theye bee for the flowrie way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy waies, I begin to bee a waree of thee, and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy waies, let my horses be wel look'd too, without any trickeys.

Cl. If I put any trickeys vpon em sir, they shall bee lades trickeys, which are their owne right by the law of Nature.

Laf. A thredrow knaue and an vnhappie.

Lady. So a is. My Lord that's gone made himselfe much iprou'd, but of him, by his authoritie bee remaines here, which he thinkes is a pattent for his fawciness, and indeede he has no pace, but runnes where he will.

Laf. Ilike him well, 'tis not amiss; I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good Ladies death, and that my Lord your fonne was vpon his returne home. I moud the King my mater to expeske in the behalfe of my daughter, which in the minoritie of them both, his Majestie out of a felfe-gracious remembrance did first propode, his Highness hath promis'd me to doe it, and to flappe vp the displeasure he hath conceiued against your fonne, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyship like it?

La. With verie much content my Lord, and I wish it happily effecte.

Laf. His Highness comes post from Marcellus, of as able bodie as when he number'd thirty, a will be here to morrow, or I am deuill'd, by him that in such intelligeance hath feldome fail'd.

La. Ir reioyces me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I haue letters that my fonne will be here to night: I shall beeseach your Lordship to remane with mee, till they meete together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

La. You neede but pleade your honourable privilidge.

Laf. Ladie, of that I haue made a bold charter, but I thanke my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clowne.

Cl. O Madam, yonders my Lord your fonne with a patch of veluet on's face, whether there bee a scar vnder't or no, the Veluet knowes, but 'tis a goodly patch of Veluet, his left cheeke is a checke of two pile and a halfe, but his right cheeke is wore bare.

Laf. A scarre nobly got, Or a noble scarre, is a good liu're of honor, So belike is that.

Cl. But it is your carbinado'd face.

Laf. Let us goe fee your fonne I pray you, I long to talke With the yong nobles foorler.

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.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding poffing day and night, Must wear your spirits low, we cannot helpe it: But since you have made the daies and nights as one, To weare your gentle limbes in my affayres, Be bold you do io grow in my requital, As nothing can vnroote you. In happie time, Enter a gentle Afferinger.

This man may helpe me to his Mailesties care,
If he would spend his power. God faue you sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seene you in the Court of France.

Gent. I have beene sometimes there.

Hel. I do preume sir, that you are not faine From the report that goes vpon your goodnesse, And therefore goaded with most sharpes occasions, Which lay nice manners by, I put you to

The vfe of your owne vertues, for the which I shall continue thankfull.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will pleaze you
To give this poore petition to the King,
And ayde me with that flore of power you have
To come into his preence.

Gen. The Kings not here.

Hel. Not heere sir?

Gen. Not indeed,

He hence remou'd last night, and with more haft Then is his vfe.

Wid. Lord how we losse our painses.

Hel. All's well that ends well yet,

Though time seeme so aduerse, and meanes vnfit:
I do befeech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marrie as I take it to Refilijion,

Whither I am going.

Hel. I do befeech you sir,

Since you are like to fee the King before me,

Comtend the paper to his gracious band,

Which I preume shall render you no blame, But rather make you thanke your painses for it,

I will come after you with what good speeche Our meanes will make vs meanes.

Gent. This Ie do for you.

Hel. And you shall finde your selfe to be well thank'd what e're fallles more. We must to horfe againe, Go, go, prouide.

Enter Clownes and Parrodelles.

Par. Good Mr. Launcel give my Lord Lafew this letter, I haue ere now fir beene better knowne to you, when I haue held famillaritie with frether clothes: but I am now fir muddied in fortunes mood, and smell somewhat strong of her firong displeasure.

Cl. Truely, Fortunes displeasure is but fluttifh if it smell fo strongly as thou speake't of: I will henceforth eate no Fithe of Fortunes but'tring. Pre thee allow the winde.

Par. Nay you neede not to stop your nofe sir: I speake but by a Metaphor.

Cl. Indeed sir, if your Metaphor finke, I will stop my nofe, or against any mans Metaphor.Pretie get thee further.

Per.
Par. Pray you sir deliver me this paper.
Cle. Foh, prithee fland away: a paper from fortunes close-stoole, to glue to a Nobleman. Looke here he comes himself.

Enter Lafeuw.

Cle. Heere is a pure of Fortunes fir, or of Fortunes Cat, but not a Mufcat, that ha's falne into the vnclene fift-pond of her diplifure, and as he fayes is muddled withall. Pray you fir, vfe the Carpe as you maie, for he lookes like a poore decayed, ingenious, foolifh, raically knaue. I doe pity his diftreffe in my fmites of comfort, and leave him to your Lordfhip.

Par. My Lord I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly fcratch'd.
Lafeuw. And what would you have me to doe? 'Tis too late to paire her nailes now. Wherein haue you played the knaue with fortune that he should fcratch you, who of her felfe is a good Lady, and would not haue knaues thrive long vnder? There's a Cardecue for you: Let the Juftices make you and fortune friends; I am for other buifineffe.

Par. I befeech your honour to heare me one fingle word,
Lafeuw. You begge a fingle peney more: Come you shall ha't, faue your word.
Par. My name my good Lord is Parrotles.
Lafeuw. You begge more then word then. Cox my paffion, give me your hand: How does your drumme?
Par. O my good Lord, you were the firft that found mee.
Lafeuw. Was I infooth? And I was the firft that loft thee.
Par. It lies in you my Lord to bring me in some grace for you did bring me out.
Lafeuw. Out vpon thee knaue, doeff thou put vpon mee at once both the office of God and the diuell: 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 lat night, though you are a foole and a knaue, you hall eate, go too, follow.
Par. I praiie God for you.

Flourifb. Enter King, old Lady, Lafeuw, the two French Lords, with attendants.

Kin. We loft a Jewell of her, and our effeeme Was made much poorer by it: but your fonne, As mad in folly, lack'd the fende to know Her efimation home.

Old La. 'Tis paft my Liege, And I befeech your Maieftie to make it Naturall reolution, done i'th blade of youth, When oyle and fire, too strong for reafons force, Ore-bearres it, and burnes on.

Kin. My honour'd Lady, I haue forguen and forgotten all, Though my reuenues were high bent vpon him, And watch'd the time to floote.

Lafeuw. This I muft fay, But firft I begge my pardon: the yong Lord Did to his Maiefty, his Mother, and his Ladie, Offence of mighty note; but to himfelfe The greffeft wrong of all. He loft a wife, Whole beauty did afonifie the furuey Of richett els: whole words all eares tooke captuie, Whole deere perfeccion, hearts that fcom'd to ferue, Humbly call'd Mistri's.
Kin. Praifing what is loft, Makes the remembrance deep. Well, call him hither, We are reconcil'd, and the firft view shall kill All repetition: Let him not aske our pardon, The nature of his great offence is dead, And deeper then oblivion, we do burie Th'incenfing reliques of it. Let him approach A stranger, no offender; and informe him So 'tis our will he fhou'd.

Gen. I fhall my Liege.
Kin. What fayes he to your daughter, Have you spoke?
Lafeuw. All that he is, hath reference to your Highnes.
Kin. Then fhall we have a match. I haue letters fent me, that fets him high in fame.

Enter Count Bertram.

Lafeuw. He looks well on't.
Kin. I am not a day of feafon, For thou maft fite a fun-shine, and a haile In me at once: But to the beafeft beams Diftraffed clouds give way, fo fhand 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 confumed time, Let's take the infant by the forward top: For we are old, and on our quick'f decrees Th'noufable, and noifile foot of time Steales, ere we can effect them. You remember The daughter of this Lord?

Ber. Admiringly my Liege, at firft I flucke my choice vpon her, ere my heart Durft make too bold a herald of my tongue: Where the impreffion of mine eye enfixing, Contempt his fcomfull Periephrie did lend me, Which warpt the line, of euerie other favour, Woman'd a faire colour, or expriff it fhone, Extended or contracfted all proportions To a moft hideous obiect. Thence it came, That the whom all men prais'd, and whom my felfe, Since I haue loft, haue lou'd; was in mine eye The duft that did offend it.

Kin. Well excuf'd:
That thou didft love her, strifes fome fcores away From the great compt: but love that comes too late, Like a remorfefull pardon flowly carried To the great fender, turns a fowre offence, Crying, that's good that's gone: Our raff failte, Make triuiall price of ferious things we haue, Not knowing them, vntill we know their graue. Oft our dilpfures to our felues vnuift, Defroyr our friends, and after wepe their duft: Our owne loue waking, cries to fee what's done, While famefull hathe deepes out the afburnee. Be this sweet Helens knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for faire Maudlin, The maine confefts are had, and heere wee'l flay To fee our widowers fecond marriage day: Which better then the firft, O deere heaven bleffe, Or, ere they meete in me, O Nature ceffe.

Lafeuw. Come on my fonne, in whom my houfes name_Mult be digefted: give a fauour from you To sparkle in the spiritts of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. By my old beard,  
And eu'ry hair that's on't, Helen that's dead  
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,  
The left that ere I took her leave at Court,  
I faw vp on her finger.  
Ber. Her it was not.  
King. Now pray you let me see it. For mine eye,  
While I was speaking, oft was fatten'd too!  
This Ring was mine, and when I gaued it Helen,  
I bad her if her fortunes ever flood  
Necessitated to helpe, that by this token  
I would releue her. Had you that craft to reaue her  
Of what should read her molt?  
Ber. My gracious Souersaigne,  
How ere it pleases you to take it so,  
The ring was seuer hers.  
Old La. Sonne, on my life  
I haue seene her weare it, and the reckon'd it  
At her lyes rate.  
Laf. I am sure I faw her weare it.  
Ber. You ar deceit'd my Lord, the seuer faw it:  
In Florence was it from a clement throwne mee,  
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name  
Of her that threw it: Noble she was, and thought  
I faw ingag'd. but when I had subscrib'd  
To mine owne fortune, and inform'd her fully,  
I could not answere in that courfe of Honour  
As she had made the ouerture, the cæft  
In heauie faffonion, and would neuer  
Receive the Ring againe.  
Kin. Puts on 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 Helen,  
Whoeuer gaued it you: then if you know  
That you are well acquainted with your felse,  
Confelle 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement  
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to firetie,  
That she would neuer put it from her finger,  
Vnsele she gaued it to your felse in bed,  
Where you haue seuer come: or fent it vs  
Vpon her great diffaier.  
Ber. She seuer faw it.  
Kin. Thou speak'st it falsely: as I love mine Honor,  
And mak'it connecurall feares to come into me,  
Which I would faine shat out, if it shou'd prove  
That rouh ar to inhumane, 'twill not prove fo:  
And yet I know not, thou di'dst hate her deadly,  
And she is dead, which nothing but to clofe  
Her eyes my felse, could win me to beleue,  
More then to see this Ring. Take him away,  
My fore-paft proofes, how ere the matter fall  
Shall taze my fears of little vanitie,  
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,  
We'll fhip this matter futher.  
Ber. If you shall prove  
This Ring was euerr hers, you shall as eafe  
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,  
Where yet the seuer was.  

Enter a Gentleman.  
King. I am wrap'd in diffmall thinkings.  
Gen. Gracious Souersaigne.  
Whether I have beene too blame or no, I know not,  
Here's a petition from a Florentine,  
Who hath for foure or flue remoues come short,  
To tender it her felse. I vndertooke it,  
Vanguih'd thereto by the faire grace and speech  
Of the poore fupplicant, who by this I know  
Is here attending: her businesse lookes in her  
With an importing vigafe, and the told me  
In a sweet verbal breefe, it did concern  
Your Hignefse with her felse.  

A Letter.  
"Upon hia many protestations to marrie mee when his wife was  
dead, I bade to fay it, he wasne me. Now is the Count Rof-  
fillion a Widdower, his woues are forfitted to mee, and my  
heres poyed to him. Her fule from Florence, taking no  
leave, and I follow him to his Country for Juftice: Grant  
me it, O King, in you it bef't lies, otherwife a feducer flav-  
ries, and a poore Maid is undone."

Diana Capilet.  
Laf. I will buy me a fonne in Law in a faire, and toule  
for this. Ie none of him.  
Kin. The heauens haue thought well on thee Lafew,  
To bring forth this difcou'rie, fecke thefe futors:  
Go speedily, and bring againe the Count.  

Enter Bertram.  
I am a-feard the life of Helen (Ladie)  
Was fowly fhnatch.  
Old La. Now juftice on the doers.  
King. I wonder fir, fir, wares are monftrous to you,  
And that you flye them as you fware them Lordship,  
Yet you defire to marry. What woman's that?  

Enter Widdow, Diana, and Parrollet.  
Dia. I am my Lord a wretched Florentine,  
Deryued from the ancient Capilet,  
My fuite as I do vnderfand you know,  
And therefore know how farre I may be pittied.  
Wid. I am her Mother fir, whole age and honour  
Both fuffer vnder this complaint we bring,  
And both hall ceafe, without your remedie.  
King. Come hecber Count, do you knew these Wom- 

Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will deny,  
But that I know them, do they charge me further?  
Dia. Why do you looke fo ftrange vpon your wife?  
Ber. She's none of mine my Lord.  
Dia. If you hall marrie  
You gue away this hand, and that is mine,  
You gue away heauens vowes, and thoefe are mine:  
You gue away my felse, which is knowne mine:  
For I by vow am fo embodied yours,  
That she which marries you, must marrie me,  
Either both or none.  
Laf. your reputation comes too fhort for my daught- 
er, you are no husband for her.  
Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and defp'rate creature,  
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: Let your highnes  
Lay a more noble thought vpon mine honour,  
Then for to thinke that I would finke it here.  
Kin. Sir for my thoughts, you have them il to friend,  
Till your deeds gain thee 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 fault thou to her?  
Ber. She's impudent my Lord,  
And was a common gameletter to the Campe.  
Dia. He do's me wrong my Lord: If I were fo,  
He might haue bought me at a common price.  

Do
Do not believe him. O behold this Ring, Whose high respect and rich validity Did lack a Parallel: yet for all that He gave it to a Commoner a' th' Campe If I be one.

Coun. He bluses, and 'tis hit:
Of fixe preceding Ancefor's, that Iemme Confer'd by testament to'th frequent issue Hath it beene owde and worsne. This is his wife, That Ring's a thousand proofs.  

King. Me thought you faide
You saw one heere in Court could witnesse it.  

Dia. I did my Lord, but loath am to produce So bad an infrument, his names Parolles.  

Laf. I faw the man to day, if man he bee.  

Kin. Finde him, and bring him hether.  

Ref. What of him:
He's quoted for a mofte pefidious flave
With all the spots a' th world, tact and debohd',
Whose nature fickens: but to speake a truth,
Am I, or that or this for what he'l vter,
That will speake any thing.  

Kin. She hath that Ring of yours.  

Ref. I think he 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 eagnerness with her refrainment, As all impediments inancies courte
Are motmies of more fancie, and in fine,
Her infinit comming with her moderne grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate, the got the Ring,
And I had that which any inferiour might At Market price haue bought.  

Dia. I mufte be patient:
You that hauue turn'd off a frift fo noble wife,
May lufly dyet me. I prays you yet,
(Since you lacke vertue, I will loofe a husband)
Send for your Ring, I will returne it home,
And glue me mine againe.

Ref. I haue it not.  

Kin. What Ring was yours I prays you pr?
Dia. Sir much like the fame vpon your finger.  

Kin. Know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late.  

Dia. And this was I gaue him being a bed.  

Kin. The flory then goes falfe,you throw it him Out of a Cafement.  

Dia. I have speake the truth. Enter Parolles.  

Ref. My Lord, I do confesse the ring was hers.  

Kin. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you:  

Is this the man you speake of?

Dia. I, my Lord.  

Kin. Tell me firrah, but tell me true I charge you, Not fearing the difpleasure of your master:
Which on your lust proceeding, Ile keepe off,
By him and by this woman heere, what know you?  

Par. So pleafe your Maiestye, my matter hath bin an honourable Gentleman. Trickes hee hath had in him, which Gentlemen haue.  

Kin. Come, come, to th'purpose: Did hee love this woman?

Par. Faith sir he did love her, but how.

Kin. How I prays you?

Par. He did love her fir, as a Gent. loues a Woman.

Kin. How is that?

Par. He lou'd her fir, and lou'd her not.

Kin. As thou art a knaue and no knaue, what an equall Companion is this?

Par. I am a poore man, and at your Maiefties command.

Laf. Hee's a good drumme my Lord, but a naughty Orator.  

Dia. Do you know he prompt me marriage?

Par. Faith I know more then Ile speake.

Kin. But wilt thou not speake all thou know'ft?

Par. Yes so pleafe your Maiestye: I did goe betweene them as I did, but more then that he joued her, for in-deede 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 knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as proming her marriage, and things which would defiere mee ill will to speake of, therefore I will not speake what I know.

Kin. Thou haft spoken all already, vnleffe thou canst say they are marreid, but thou art too fine in thy euidence, therefore fland aside. This Ring you fay was yours.  

Dia. I my good Lord.

Kin. Where did you buy it? Or who gaue it you?

Dia. It was not given 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 ways, How could you giue it him?

Dia. I neuer gaue it him.  

Laf. This womans an eafe gloue my Lord, he goes off and on at pleasfure.  

Kin. This Ring was mine, I gaue it his firft wife.

Dia. It might be yours or hers for ought I know.

Kin. Take her away, I do not like her now,
To prifon with her: and away with him,
Vnleffe thou teifl me where thou hadhit this Ring,
Thou dieth within this houre.

Dia. Ile neuer tell you.

Kin. Take her away.

Dia. Ile put in baile my lide.

Kin. I think hee nowe some common Customer.

Dia. By loffe if ever I knew man 'twas you.

King. Wherefore haft thou accuse him al this while.

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty: He knowes I am no Maid, and he'll swear too: Ile swear I am a Maid, and he knowes not.

Great King I am no trumpet, by my life,
I am either Maid, or elfe this old mans wife.

Kin. She does abuse our cares, to prifon with her.

Dia. Good mother fetch my bayle. Stay Rovall sir, The Jeweller that owes the Ring is fent 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 defi'd,
And at that time he got his wife with childe:
Dead though she be, she feele she young one kicke:
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quick,
And now behold the meaning.  

Enter Hilfen and Widdow.

Kin. Is there no exercit
Beguiles the truer Office of mine eyes?

It's real that I fee?

Hel. No my good Lord,
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

_Ref._ Both, both, O pardon.

_Hel._ Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kind, there is your Ring,
And looke you, here's your letter: this it fayes,
When from my fnger you can get this Ring,
And is by me with childe, &c. This is done,
Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?

_Ref._ If the my Liege can make me know this clearly,
Ile love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

_Hel._ If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce betwenee me and you.
O my deere mother do I fee you living?

_Laf._ Mine eyes smell Onions, I shall wepe anon:
Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.
So I thanke thee, waite on me home, Ile make sport with thee:
Let thy curfies alone, they are scurvy ones.

_King._ Let vs from point to point this ftorie know,
To make the even truth in pleafure flow:
If thou beeft yet a fresh uncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and Ile pay thy dower.
For I can gufle, that by thy honeft aide,
Thou keeptft a wife her felfe, thy felfe a Maide.
Of that and all the progresse more and leffe,
Refolduely more leffe fhall exprefse:
All yet seemes well, and if it end fo meete,
The bitter paft, more welcome is the fweet.

_Flouribs._

_The Kings a Begger, now the Play is done,
All is well ended, if this fuit be wonne,
That you exprefs Content: which we will pay,
With firsft to pleafe you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts. Exeunt omn.

FINIS.
Twelfth Night, Or what you will.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter Orsino. Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other Lords.

Duke.

F Musick be the food of Loue, play on,
Glue me excelle of it: that surfeiting,
The appetite may ficken, and fo dye.
That braine agen, it had a dying fall:
O, it came ore my eare, like the sweet found
That breathes vpon a banke of Violets;
Stealing, and giuing Odour. Enough, no more,
'Tis not fo sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of Loue, how quickke and freth art thou,
That notwithstanding thy capacite,
Receiueth of the Sea. Nought enters there,
Of what validity, and pitch fo ere,
But fallles into abatement, and low price
Even in a minute; fo full of shapes is fancie,
That it alone, is high fantastical.

Cu. Will you go hunt my Lord?

'Du. What Curie?

Cu. The Hart.

'Du. Why fo I do, the Nobleft that I haue:
O when mine eyes did see Oliua first,
Me thought the purg'd the ayre of peffilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a Hart,
And my defires like fell and cruell hounds,
Ere since pursue me. How now what newes from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So pleafe my Lord, I might not be admet,
But from her handmaid do returne this anfwer:
The Element it felle, till feuen yeares heate,
Shall not behold her face at ample view:
But like a Choythreffe she will vailed Walke,
And water once a day her Chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to feafon
A brothers dead loue, which she would keepe freth
And latex, in her fad remembrance.

'Du. O fhe that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of loue but to a brother,
How will the loue, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flocke of all affections elfe
That liue in her. When Luier, Braine, and Heart,
Thefe foueraigne thrones, are allupply'd and fill'd
Her sweetes perfection with one felle king:
Away before me, to sweet beds of Flowres,
Loue-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowres.

Exect

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola, a Captaine, and Saylers.

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 Saylers?

Cap. It is perchance that you your felfe were faued.

Vio. O my poore brother, and fo perchance may he be.

Cap. True Madam, and to comfort you with chance,
Affure your felfe, after our ship did split,
When you, and thofe poore number faued with you,
Hung on our driving boate: I faw your brother
Moft prouident in perill, binde himfelfe,
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practife)
To a fitong Mafe, that liu'd vpon the fea:
Where like Orion on the Dolphines backe,
I faw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could fee.

Vio. For faying fo, there's Gold:
Mine owne escape vnfoldeth to my hope,
Whereeto thy speech ferues for authoritie
The like of him. Know'th thou this Countrey?

Cap. I Madam well, for I was bred and borne
Not three hours traualle from this very place:

Fis. Who gouernes heere?

Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

He was a Batchellor then.

Cap. And fo is now, or was fo very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas freth in murmure (as you know
What great ones do, the leffe will prattle of,) That he did feake the loue of faire Oliua.

Vio. What's fhee?

Cap. A vertuous maid, the daughter of a Count
That dide some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his fonne, her brother,
Who shortly afto dide: for whole deren loue
(They lay) he hath abfur'd the fight
And company of men.

Vio. O that I eru'd that Lady,
And might not be delievered to the world

Y 2
Till I had made mine owne occasion mellow
What my estate is.
Caps. That were hard to compasse,
Because she will admit no kinde of suite,
No, not the Dukes.
Vts. There is a faire behavioir in thee Captaine,
And though that nature, with a beauteous wall
Doth oft clofe in pollution : yet of thee
I will beleue thou haft a minde that suites
With this thy faire and outward charafter.
I prethee (and Ie pay thee bounteouly)
Conceale me what I am, and be my aye,
For such difguife as haply shall become
The forme of my intent. I cleane this Duke,
Thou haft present me as an Eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains: for I can fing,
And speake to him in many forts of Musick,
That will allow me very worth his fenice.
What elie may hap, to time I will commit,
Onely flape thou thy finence to my wit.
Caps. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute Ie bee,
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not fee.
Vio. I thanke thee : Lead me on. Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.
Sir To. What a plague meannes 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 Cofin, my Lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.
To. Why let her except, before excepted.
Mar. I, but you must confine your selfe within the modest limits of order.
To. Confine! Ie confine my selfe no finer then I am: these cloathes are good enough to drink in, and so bee these boots too : and they be not, let them hang them-selues in their owne fraps.
Mar. That quaffing and drinking will vndoe you : I heard my Lady talke of it yester-day : and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here, to be hir woer
To. Who, Sir Andrew Ague-checkes?
Mar. I he.
To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.
Mar. What's that to th'purpofe?
To. Why he ha's three thoufland duicates a yeare.
Mar. I, but he'll haue but a yeare in all thefe duicates : He's a very foole, and a prodigall.
To. Fox, that you'l say fo : he playes o' the Viol-de-gam-boy, and speakes three or four languages word for word without booke, & hath all the good gifts of nature.
Mar. He hath indeed, almoft naturall : for besides that he's a foole, he's a great quarreler : and but that hee hath the gift of a Coward, to alay the guft he hath in quarrelling, 'ts thought among the prudent, he would quicke ly haue the gift of a great.
To. By this hand they are froundrels and subfra-ctors that say fo of him. Who are they?
Mar. They that add moreouer, hee's drunken nightly in your company.
To. With drinking healths to my Neece : Ie drinke

to her as long as there is a paffage in my throat, & drinke in Illyria : he's a Coward and a Cofy-trill that will not drinke to my Neece. till his branres turne o'th toe, like a parifh top. What wench? Capitlane vellvue for here coms Sir Andrew Ague-checkes not to be feene.
And. Enter Sir Andreu.
And. Sir Toby Belch. How now sir Toby Belch?
To. Sweet sir Andreu.
And. Bleffe you faire Shrew.
Mar. And you too fir.
Tob. Accoft Sir Andreu,accoft.
And. What's that?
To. My Neece Chamber-maid.
Mar. Good Milites Accoft, I defire better acquaintance.
And. My name is Mary fir.
And. Good milites Mary, accoxt.
To. You mistake knight : Accoxt, is front her, boord her, woe her, affayle her.
And. By my troth I would not vndertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of Accoxt?
Mar. Far you well Gentlemen.
To. And thou let part fo Sir Andreu, would thou mightheuer draw sword aget.
And. And you part fo milites, I would I might ever neuer draw sword aget : Faire Lady, doe you thinke you haue fooles in hand?
Mar. Sir, I have not you by'th hand.
An. Marry but you shall have, and heeres my hand.
Mar. Now fir, thought is free : I pray you bring your hand to'th Buttry barre, and let it drinke.
An. Wherefore (sweet-heart?) What's your Metaphor?
Mar. It's dry fir.
And. Why I thinke fo : I am not such an affe, but I can kepe my hand dry. But what's your left?
Mar. A dry left Sir.
And. Are you full of them?
Mar. Sir, I haue them at my fengers ends: marry now I let go your hand, I am barren. Exit Maria.
To. O knight, thou lack'lt a cup of Canearie:when did I fee thee fo put downe?
An. Neuer in your life I thinke, vallcfe you see Canearie put me downe : mee theke sometimes I haue no more wit then a Chrifllian, 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 forfreweare it. Ie ride home to morrow sir Andreu.
To. Pur-gay you deere knight?
An. What is purgay? Do, or not do? I would I had beftowed that time in the tongues, that I haue in fencing dancing, and bearre-bayting : O had I but followed the Arts.
To. Then hadft thou an excellent head of haire.
An. Why, would that haue mended my haire?
To. Paft queftion, for thou feest it will not coole my An.But it becoms we wel enough,doe not? (nature
to. Excellent, it hangs like flax on a diftaffe: & I hope to fee a hufwife take thee between her legs, & flip it off. Exit. An.Faith Ie home to morrow sir Toby, your niece will neuer be feme, or if sh' be it's four to one, the'I none of me : the Comt himfelfe here hard by, vooes her.
To. She'e none o'th Count, he'll not match aboue his degree, neither in estate,yeares, nor wit : I haue heard her sweare t. Tutt there's life in't man.

And.
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

And. Ile say a moneth longer. I am a fellow o’th strangest minde I’th world: I delight in Maskes and Revels sometimes altogether.

To. Art thou good at these kicke-chawjes Knight? And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under 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 thinkke 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 duf, like miftris Male picture? Why doth thou not goe to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Caranto? My verie walke should be a ligge: I would not so much as make water but in a Sinke—a-pace: What doeft thou meane? Is it a world to hide vertues in? I did thinkke by the excellent conftitution of thy legge, it was form’d under the farr of a Galliard.

And. I’th strong, and it does indifferent well in a dam’d colour’d flocke. Shall we fit about some Reuels?

To. What shall we do else: were we not borne vnder Taurus?

And. Taurus? That fides and heart.

To. No fir, it is legs and thighs: let me fee thee ca-per. Ha, higher: ha, ha, excellent. Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in mans attire.

Val. If the Duke continue thefe favours towards you Cesario, you are like to be much aduanc’d, he hath known you but three dayes, and already you are no stranger.

Vi. You either feare his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the conftancie of his loue. Is he inconstant fir, in his favours. Val. No beleev me. Enter Duke, Carson, and Attendants.

Vi. I thanke you: heere comes the Count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario hoa?

Vi. On your attendance my Lord heere.

Du. Stand you a-while aloofe. Cesario, Thou knowft no leffe, but all: I haue unclasp’d To thee the booke eu’n of my secret soule. Therefore good youth, addresse thy gate vnto her, Be not dem’d for acceffe, stand at her doores, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow Till thou haue audience.

Vi. Sure my Noble Lord,

If he be fo abandon’d to her forrow As it is, fpoke, the newer will adimt me.

Du. Be clamorous, and leape all coull bounds, Rather then make unprofited returne,

Vi. Say I do speake with her (my Lord) what then?

Du. O then, vnfold the paflion of my loue, Surprize her with discourse of my deere faith; It shall become thee well to ac my woes: She will attend it better in thy youth,

Then in a Nunto’s of more graue apect.

Vi. I thinkne not fo, my Lord.

Du. Deere Lad, beleev me it;

For they shall yet belye thy happy yeres,
That fay thou art a man: Diana lip
Is not more smooth, and roublous: thy small pipe
Is as the maidens organ; thrill, and found,
And all is feemblatie a woman’s part.
I know thy conftellation is right apt
For this affayre: some foeure or flue attend him,
All if you will: for I my felfe am beft
When leaft in compaine: proper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vi. Ile do my beft
To voe your Lady: yet a barrefull strife
Who ere I woe, my felfe would be his wife. Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Maria, and Cleone.

Ma. Nay, either tell me where thou haft bin, or I will not open my lippee as wide as a brifle may enter, in way of thy excluf: my Lady will hang thee for thy abfence.

Clo. Let her hang me: hee that is well hang’d in this world, needs to feare no colours.

Ma. Make that good.

Clo. He fhall fee none to feare.

Ma. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where y’faying was borne, of I feare no colours.

Clo. Where good mistress Mary?

Ma. In the warra, & that may you be bolde to fay in your foolerie.

Clo. Well, God glue them wifdomfe that haue it: & thofe that are foolees, let them vfe their talents.

Ma. Yet you will be hang’d for being fo long abfent, 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 fummer beare it out.

Ma. You are refolute then?

Clo. Not fo neyther, but I am refolu’d on two points

Ma. That if one breake, the other will hold: or if both breake, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Aft in good faith, very apt: well go thy way, if fir Toby would leaue drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eues fillfh, as any in Illyria.

Ma. Peace you rogue, no more o’ that: here comes my Lady: make your excufe wifely, you were beft.

Enter Lady Olivia, with Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, and be thy will, put me into good fooleing: thofe wits that thinke they haue thee, doe very oft prove foolees: and I that am sure I lacke thee, may paffe for a wife man. For what fifies Qui napalus, Better a witty foole, then a foolifh wit. God bleffe thee Lady.

Ol. Take the foole away.

Clo. Do you not hear fellowes, take away the Ladie.

Ol. Go too, vpon a dry foole: Ie no more of your fides you grow difhonneft.

Clo. Two faults Madona, that drinkke & good counsell wil amend: for giue the drye foole drink, then is the foole not dry: bid the dihoneft man mend himfelf, if he mend, he is no longer dihoneft; if he cannot, let the Botcher mend him: any thing that’s mended, is but patch’d: vertu that tranqfigues, is but patch with finne, and fin that a-mends, is but patch with vertue. If that this fimple Sillogifme will ferve, fo: if it will not, whaat remedy?

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As there is no true Cuckold but calamiy, so beauties a flower; The Lady bad take away the foole, therefore I say againe, take her away.

To. Sir, I bad them take away you.

O. Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, Cucullus non facit monachum; that's as much to say, as I were not mortley in my braine: good Madona, give mee leave to prove you a foole.

O. Can you do it?

C. Dexteriouly, good Madona.

O. Make your profe.

C. I must catechise you for it Madona, Good my Moufe of verufe anfwer mee.

O. Well sir, for want of other idleneffe, Ile bide your profe.

C. Good Madona, why mornrft thou?

O. Good foole, for my brothers death.

C. I thinke his foole is in hell, Madona.

O. I know his foole is in heauen, foole.

C. The more foole (Madona) to mourn for your Brothers foole, being in heauen. Take away the Foole, Gentlemen.

O. 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 decays the wife, doth euer make the better foole.

Clew. God fend you fir, a speecled Infirmity, for the better increasing your folly: Sir Toby will be fwear that I am no Fox, but he will not paffe his word for two pence that you are no Foole.

O. How fay you to that Maluoli?

Mal. I maruell your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren raffall: I faw him put down the other day, with an ordinary foole, that has no more braine then a flone. Looke you now, he's out of his gard already; vnes you laugh and minifer occafion to him, he is gag'd. I protest I take thefe Wifemen, that crow fo at thefe fet kinde of foole, no better then the foole Zanies.

O. You are fick of felfe-loue Maluoli, and tafe with a difterted' appetite. To be generous, guiteffe, and of free disposition, is to take those things for Bird-bolts, that you deeme Cannon bullets: There is no flander in an allow foole, though he do nothing but rayle; nor no rayling, in a knowne difcrete man, though hee do nothing but reproue.

C. Now Mercury induc thee with leafling, for thou speake't well of foole.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentleman, much defires to speake with you.

O. From the Count Orfins, is it?

M. I know not (Madam) 'tis a faire young man, and well attented.

O. Who of my people hold him in delay?

M. Sir Toby Madam, your kinfman.

O. Fetch him off I pray you, he speakes nothing but madman: Fie on him. Go you Maluoli; If it be a fuit from the Count, I am ficke, or not at home. What you will, to difmis it. Exit Maluol.

Now you fee fir, how your fooling growes old, & people dilike it.

C. Thou haft spoke for vs (Madona) as if thy eldest fonne should be a foole: whose foill, loue cramme with braines, for heere he comes. Enter Sir Toby.

One of thy kin has a moft weake Pin-mater.

O. By mine honor halfe drunke. What is he at the gate Cofin?

To. A Gentleman.

O. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

To. 'Tis a Gentleman here. A plague o'these pikel herring: How now Sot.

G. Good Sir Toby.

O. Cofin, Cofin, how have you come so early by this Lethargie?

To. Letcherie, I defie Letchery: there's one at the gate.

O. I marry, what is he?

To. Let him be the diuell and he will, I care not: give me faith say I. Well, it's all one. Exit.

O. What's a drunken man like, foole?

C. Like a drown'd man, a foole, and a madde man: One draught aboue heate, makes him a foole, the fecond maddes him, and a third drownes him.

O. Go thou and feeke the Crownerr, and let him fitte o'my Coz: for he's in the third degree of drinke: hee's drown'd: go looke after him.

C. 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 ficke, he takes on him to vnderstand so much, and therefore comes to speake with you. I told him you were severe, he seems to have a fore knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speake with you. What is to be faid to him Lady, hee's forfitted again any deniall.

O. Tell him, he shall not speake with me.

Mal. Ha's beene told fo: and hee fayes hee'll fland at your door like a Sherifles poit, and be the supporter to a bench, but hee'll speake with you.

O. What kinde o'man is he?

Mal. Why of mankind.

O. What manner of man?

Mal. Of verie ill manner: hee'll speake with you, will you, or no.

O. Of what perfonage, and yeeres is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor yong enough for a boy: as a squall is before tis a pecfod, or a Cooling when tis almost an Apple: Tis with him in flanding wafer, betwene boy and man. He is verie well fauour'd, and he speakes verie frowndilly: One would think his mothers milke were Scarie out of him.

O. Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewan.

Mal. Gentlewan, my Lady calle.

Exit.

Enter Maria.

O. Giue me my vale: come through it ore my face, We'll once more heare Orfins Embaffie.

Enter Violanta.

Vio. The honorable Ladie of the house, which is the?

O. Speake to me, I shall answere for her: you will.

Vio. Most radiant, exquitifie, and unmatchable beauti. I pray you tell me if this bee the Lady of the house, for i neuer faw her. I would bee loath to caft away my speche: for besides that it is excellently well pend, I have taken great paines to con it. Good Beauties, let mee faulline no scorne; I am very compitible, euen to the leaft finifter vlage.

O. Whence came you sir?

Vio. I can favell more then I have fluorid, & that queftion's out of my part. Good gentle one, giue mee modest affurance, if you be the Ladie of the house, that

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may proceede in my speech. 01. Are you a Comedian? Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet (by the very phangs of malice, I swear) I am not that I play. Are you the Ladie of the house? 01. If I do not vforpe my selfe, I am. Vio. Most certaine, if you are she, you do vforpe your selfe: for what is yours to behowe, is, not yours to refuse. But this is from my Commission: I will on with my speech in your praife, and then shew you the heart of my mesage.

01. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praife. Vio. Alas, I tooke great pains to studie it, and 'tis Poetical.

01. It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keep it in. I heard you were favoy at my gates, & allow your approach rather to wonder at you, than to heare you. If you be not mad, be gone: if you have reas' on, be breefe: 'tis not that time of Moone with me, to make one in fo skipping a dialogue.

Vio. Will you hoynt feyle fir, 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 mesienger.

01. Sure you have some hiddeous matter to deliuer, when the curtsefe of it is so fearefull. Speake your office. Vio. It alone concerns your care: I bring no outerure of warre, no taxation of hommage; I hold the Oylife in my hand: my words are as full of peace, as matter. 01. Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you? Vio. The rudeness 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 ears, Di- unity; to any others, prophanation. 01. Glie vs the place alone, We will heare this diunite. Now fir, what is your text? Vio. Most sweet Ladie. 01. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be fide of it. Where lies your Text? Vio. In Orfanes bosome.

01. In his bosome? In what chapter of his bosome? Vio. To answer by the method, in the firft of his hart. 01. O, I haue read it: it is hereffe. Haue you no more to fay? Vio. Good Madam, let me fee your face.

01. Haue you any Commifion from your Lord, to negotiate with my face: you are now out of your Text: but we will draw the Curtaine, and fhow you the picture. Looke you fir, fuch a one I was this prefent: Ift not well done? 01. Excellently done, if God did all.

01. 'Tis in graine fir, 'twill endure winde and wea- ther. Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white, Natures owne sweet, and cunning hand laid on: Lady, you are the cruell'ft thee alioe, If you will leade thefe graces to the grave, And leave the world no copie.

01. Or fir, I will not be fo hard-hearted: I will give out divers scedules of my beautie. It shalbe Inventoried and every particle and vtenfle label'd to my will: As, Item two lippes indiffernt redde, Item two grey eyes, with liis to them, Item, one necke, one chin, & fo forth. Were you fent hither to praife me? 01. I fee you what you are, you are too proud: But if you were the diuell, you are faire:

My Lord, and matter lowe you: O fuch loue Could be but recompence'd, though you were crown'd The non-par'eel of beautie. 01. How does he loue me? Vio. With adorations, fertill teares, With groanes that thunder loue, with fighes of fire. 01. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot loue him Yet I fuppofe him vertuous, know him noble, Of great eflate, of frech and fainfleffe youth; In voyces well divulgd, free, learn'd and valiant, And in dimenfion, and the shape of nature, A graciouf perfon: But yet I cannot loue him: He might haue tooke his anfwer long ago.

Vio. If I did loue you in my masters flame, With fuch a fuffring, fuch a deadly life: In your deniell, I would finde no fence, I would not vnderfit and it. 01. Why, what would you? Vio. Make me a willow Cabin at your gate, And call upon my foule within the house, Write loyall Cantons of contemned loue, And fing them lowd even in the dead of night: Hallow your name to the reuererabe hilles, And make the babling Gofip of the aire, Cry out Oliue: O you should not reft Betweene the elements of ayre, and earth, But you should pleade me.


01. Get you to your Lord: I cannot loue him: let him fende no more, Vnfeife(perchance) you come to me againe, To tell me how he takes it: Fare you well: I thank you for your paines: spend this for meee. Vio. I am no feeke poft, Lady; keepe your purfe, My Mafter, not my felfe, lackes recompence. Loue make his heart of flint, that you fhal loue, And let your fervour like my masters be, Plac'd in contempit: Farwell fayre crueltie. 01. What is your Parentage? Aboue my fortunes, yet my frate is well; I am a Gentleman. Ile be frowne thou art, Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and fpirit. Do you thee flue-fold blazon: not too falt: loft, loft, Vnfeife the Mafter were the man. How now? Even fo quickly may one catch the plague? Me thinkes I feeke this youth's perfection With an infinuible, and fubtle heath. To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.

What hoa, Malvolio.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Heere Madam, at your fervice.

01. Run after that fame peevish Mefienger The Counts man: he left this Ringe behind him Would I, or not: tell him, Ile none of it. Defire him not to flatter with his Lord, Nor hold him vp with hopes, I am not for him: If that the youth will come this way to morrow, Ile give him reafons fort: he thee Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will.

01. I do know not what, and feare to finde Mine eye too great a flatterer for my minde: Fate
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Enter Antonio & Sebastian.

Ant. Will you flay no longer: nor will you that I go with you.

Seb. By your patience, no: my fharres shine darkly over me: the malignanie of my fate, might perhaps disfemper yours: therefore I shall craue of you your leave, that I may bear my euils alone. It were a bad recompaence for your loue, to lay any of them on you.

Ann. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No ftoth fir: my determinate voyage is meerre extrauagancie. But I perceive in you fo 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 exprefs my felfe: you must know mee then Antonio, my name is Sebastian (which I call'd Rodrigo) my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom you know you have heard of. He left behind him, my felfe, and a fatter, both borne in an houre: if the Heavens had beene pleas'd, would we had fo ended. But you fir, after'd that, for some houre before you tooke me from the breach of the fea, was my fitter drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day.

Seb. A Lady fir, though it was faid mee much resembled me, was yet of many accouted beautifull: but though I could not with fuch eftimable wonder over-farre beleue that, yet thus farre I will boldly publifie her, thee bore a minde that enuy could not but call faire: Shee is drown'd already fir with falt water, though I feme to drown her remembrance againe with more.

Ant. Pardon me fir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my loue, let me be your fennent.

Seb. If you will not vndo what you have done, that is kill him, whom you haue recover'd, define it not. Fare ye well at once, my bolome is full of kindneffe, and I am yet fo neere the manners of my mother, that vpon the leaft occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Count Orfino's Court, farewells.

Exit.

Ant. The gentlenesse of all the gods goe with thee: I have many enemies in Orfino's Court, Effe would I very shortly fee thee there: But come what may, I do adore thee fo, That danger fhall feme fport, and I will go.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola and Malvolio, at feuall doors.

Mal. Were not you eu'n now, with the Counteffe Oliuia?

Vio. Even now fir, on a moderate pace, I haue since ar-rived b't hither.

Mal. She returns this Ring to you (fir) you might have faue me my paines, to haue taken it away your felfe. She adds moreover, that you should put your Lord into a deperate affurance, the will none of him. And one thing more, that you be neuer fo hardie to come againe in his affaires, vndelee it bee to report your Lords taking of this: receiue it fo.

Vio. She tooke the Ring of me, Ile none of it.

Mal. Come fir, you peufly threw it to her: and her will is, it shou'd be fo return'd: If it bee worth floo- ping for, there it lies, in your eye: if not, be ftis 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 fo much, That me thought her eyes had loft her tongue, For she did speake in farts diuiftefly. She loues me fure, the cunning of her paflion Inuites me in this curflih meffenger: None of my Lords Ring? Why he fent her none; I am the man, if it be fo, as tis.

Poore Lady, the were better loue a dreamer: Disguife, I fee thou art a wickedneffe, Wherein the pregnant enemie doe much. How easie is it, for the proper falfe In womens waxen hearts to fet their formes: Alas, O frailtie is the caufe, not wee, For fuch as we are made, if fuch we bee: How will this fadge? My mother loues her deereely,

And I (poore monfter) fond afmuch on him: And the (miftaken) femees to date on me:

What will become of this? As I am man, My fiate is defperate for my maiters loue; As I am woman (now alas the day) What thrifteffe fighes shall poore Oliuia breath? O time, thou muft vntangle this, not I, It is too hard a knot for me t'vnty.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

To. Approach Sir Andrew: not to bee a bedde after midnight, is to bee vp betimes, and Delicudo jurgere, thou know'lt.

And. Nay by my troth I know not: but I know, to be vp late, is to be vp late.

To. A fals conclusion. I hate it as an vnfull'd Canne. To be vp after midnight, and to goe to bed then is early: so that to goe to bed after midnight, is to goe to bed betimes. Does not our liues confist of the four Elements?

And. Faith fo they fay, but I think it rather confists of eating and drinking.

To. Th'art a scoller; let vs therefore eate and drinke, Marian I fay, a floope of wine.

Enter Closure.

And. Heere comes the foole yfaith.

Clav. How now my harts? Did you never fee the Picture of we three?

To. Welcome affe, now let's haue a catch.

And. By my troth the foole has an excellent breat. I had rather then forty hillings I had fuch a legge, and fo sweet a breath to finge, as the foole has. Infooth thou waft in very gracious fooling late night, when thou spok'lt of Pigregomitus, of the Caplans paffing the Equinoctial of Lecucbus 'twas very good yfaith: I lent thee fixe pence for
for thy Lemon, hadst it?

Clo. I did impetico thy gratitity: for Malvolio nose
is no Whip-frocke. My Lady has a white hand, and the
Mermidon's 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 fine pence for you. Let’s have
a song.

An. There’s a teftroll of me too: if one knight give a
Clo. Would you have a lous-song, or a song of good
life?

To. A lous song, a lous song.

An. I, I. I care not for good life.

Clo. O Myris mine where are you reming?
O fryy and bear, your true loues coming.
That can fing both high and low.
Trip no further preee fanning:
Journeys end in feuers meeting.
Every wifhe mans sume doth know.

An. Excellent good, ifaith.

To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love, is not beerasiter,
Prefent mirbth, hath prefent laughter:
What’s to come, is full unsure.
In delay there lies no peficet,
Then come hiffe me feweet and fweteet:
Throths a fflife will not endure.

An. A mellifulous voyage, as I am true knight.

To. A contagious breath.

An. Very sweet, and contagious ifaith.

To. To heare by the nofe, it is dulce in contagion.
But shall we make the Welkin dance indeed? Shali wee
rowze the night-Owle in a Catch, that will drawe three
foules out of one Weaver? Shali we do that?

And. And you love me, let’s do’t. I am dogge at a
Catch.

Clo. Bylady fir, and some dogs will catch well.

An. Moft certaine: Let our Catch be, Thow Knowe.

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou Knowe knight. I shall be con-
strain’d in’t, to call thee Knowe, Knight.

An. ’Tis not the firft time I have constrained one to
call me Knowe. Begin foole: it begins, Hold thy peace.

Clo. I shall neuer begin if I hold my peace.

An. Good ifaith: Come begin.

Catch song.

Mar. What a catterwallow doe you keere heere? If
my Ladie have not call’d wp her Stewart Malvolio, and
bid him turne you out of doores, neuer truft me.

To. My Lady’s a Catayan, we are politicians, Malvolio
a Peg-a-rumfie, and Three merry men be wee. Am not I
confanguinious? Am I not of her blood: silly vally.
Ladie, There dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady.

Clo. Befrew me, the knights in admirable frolling.

An. I, he do’s well enough if he be difpo’d, and do
it too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more
natural.

To. Of the twelfe day of December.

Mar. For the loute o’God peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My matters are you mad? Or what are you?
Have you no wit, manners, nor honeftie, but to gabbage
like Tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an Ale-
house of my Ladie houfe, that ye fqueak out your Conti-
vers Catches without any mitigation or remore of voice?
Is there no refeect of place, perfons, nor time in you?

To. We did keeppe time fir in our Catches. Snecke vp.

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My Lady
bad me tell you, that though the harbors you as her kind-
man, she’s nothing ally’d to your diforders. If you can
separate your felfe and your middemenors, you are wel-
come to the houte: if not, and it would pleafe you to take
leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

To. Farewell deere heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay good Sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do thow his dayes are almost done.

Mal. It’s evan to?

To. But I will never 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 Ipare not?

Clo. O, no, no, no, you dare not.

To. Out of mine fir, ye lye: Art any more then a Stew-
dard? Doft thou thinke because thou art vertuous, there
shall be no more Cakes and Ale?

Clo. Yes by S.Anne, and Ginger shall bee hotte y’uth
mouth too.

To. Thart i’tch right. Goe fir, rub your Chaine with
crums. A ftope of Wine Maria.

Mal. Myris Mary, if you priz’d my Ladies favour
at any thing more then contempt, you would not give
means for this vnicull rule: the shall know of it by this
hand.

Exit

Mar. Go shake your cares.

An. ’Twere as good a decede as to drink when a mans
a hungrie, to challenge him the field, and then to breake
promife with him, and make a foole of him.

To. Don’t knight, Ile write thee a Challenge: or Ile
deluier thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby be patient for to night: Since
the youth of the Counts was to day with my Lady, she is
much out of quiet. For Monfieur Malvolio,let me alone
with him: If I do not gull him into an ayword, and make
him a common recreation, do not thinke I have wifte en-
ough to lye ftraight in my bed: I know I can do it.

To. Poffeffe vs, poffeffe vs, tell vs something of him.

Mar. Marrie fir, sometimes he is a kinde of Puritane.

An. O, if I thought that, Ile beate him like a dogge.

To. What for being a Puritan, thy exquifite reason,
deere knight.

An. I have no exquifite reason for’t, but I have reaon
good enough.

Mar. The diu’ll a Puritane that hee is, or any thing
confantly but a time-pleafer, an affeclion’d Affe, that
cans State without booke, and vters it by great swarths.
The beft perfuaded of himfelfe: fo cram’d (as he thinke) with
excellences, that it is his grounds of faith, that all
that looke on him, love him: and on that vice in him, will
my reuenge finde notable caufe to worke.

To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obfcur Epiftles of
loue, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of his
legge, the manner of his gate, the expreffure of his eye,
foheread, and complection, he shall finde himfelfe molt
feelingly perforated. I can write very like my Ladie
your Neece, on a forgotten matter wee can hardly make
diflimination of our hands.

To. Excellent, I smell a deuice.

An. I haunt in my nofe too.

To. He shall thinke by the Letters that thou wilt drop
that
that they come from my Neece, and that she's in love with him.

**Mar.** My purpose is indeed a horfe of that colour.

**An.** And your horfe now would make him an Affe.

**Mar.** Affe, I doubt not.

**An.** O twill be admirable.

**Mar.** Sport royall I warrant you: I know my Phy-ficke will worke with him, I will plant you two, and let the Poole make a third, where he shall finde the Letter: infure his contrufion of it: For this night to bed, and dreame on the even: Farewell.

**Exit.**

**To.** Good night Pente lhses.

**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 ad'oe once too.

**To.** Let to bed knight: Thou hadst neede fend for more money.

**An.** If I cannot recover your Neece, I am a foule way out.

**To.** Send for money knight, if thou haft her not i'th end, call me Cut.

**An.** If I do not, neuer truft 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.**

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**Scena Quarta.**

**Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.**

**Du.** Give me some Mufick:Now good morrow frends. Now good Cefario, but that peec of song, That old and Anticke fong we heard laft night; Me thought it did releue my passion much, More then light ayres, and recollected terms Of these most briskes and giddy-paced times.

Come, but on e verfe.

**Cur.** He is not here (to pleafe your Lordshippe) that should finge it?

**Du.** Who was it?

**Cur.** Fefte the letter my Lord, a fool that the Ladie Oliuia, Father tooke much delight in. He is about thehoufe.

**Du.** Seeke him out, and play the tune the while. **Mufickes playes.**

Come hither Boy, if enuer thou shalt loure In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For such as I am, all true Louers are, Unfaiid and skritith in all motions elf, Saeue in the confant image of the creature That is belou'd. How doft thou like this tune?

**Vio.** It gies a veire echco to the feste

Where loure is thron'd.

**Du.** Thou doit fpeake matterly, My life vpon't, yong though thou art, thin eye Hath faiid vpon fome fauer that it loues: Harf it not boy?

**Vio.** A little, by your fauer.

**Du.** What kinde of woman if?**

**Vio.** Of your complection.

**Du.** She is not worth thee then. What yeares ifaith?

**Vio.** About your yeares my Lord.

**Du.** Too old by heauen: Let fill the woman take

An elder then her felife, fo weares fit to him; So sways the leuell in her husbands heart:
For boy, however we do praffe our felues, Our fancies are more giddie and vnfrme,
More longing, wauering, fooner loft and worne,
Then women are.

**Vio.** I thinke it well my Lord.

**Du.** Then let thy Loue be yonger then thy felfe, Or thy affeftion cannot hold the bent:
For women are as Rofes, whose faire flowre
Being once dippaid, doth fall that are fmall fowre.

**Vio.** And fo they are: alas, that they are fo:
To die, even when they to perfeflion grow.

**Enter Curio & Cloume.**

**Du.** O fellow come, the fong we had laft night: Marke it Cefario, it is old and plaine;
The Spinners and the Knitters in the Sun, And the free maides that weaue their thred with bones, Do vfe to chaunt it: it is filly fowth, And dailies with the innocence of loue, Like the old age.

**Clo.** Are you ready Sir?

**Du.** Duke, I prethee finge. **Mufick.**

**The Song.**

Come away, come away death,
And in sad cypriffe let me be laide.
Eye aways, fee away breath,
I am flaine by a faire cruel maid:
My flowre of vubite, fluck all with Ewo, O prepare it.
My part of death no one so true did share it.

**Du.** There's for thy paines.

**Clo.** No paines Sir, I take pleafe in finging fir.

**Du.** Ile pay thy pleafeure then.

**Clo.** Truely Sir, and pleafeure will be paide one time, or another.

**Du.** Give me now leave, to leave thee.

**Clo.** Now the melancholly God proteft thee, and the Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy minde is a very Opall. I would have men of fuch confantie put to Sea, that their busines might be every thing, and their intent euerie where, for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. **Exit.**

**Du.** Let all the reft glue place: Once more Cefario,

Get thee to yond fame loueraigne crueltie :
Tell her my love, more noble then the world
Prizes not quantite of durtie lands,
The parts that fortune hath belou'd vpon her:
Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune:
But 'tis that miracle, and Queene of Iems
That nature pranke her in, atracts my Soule.

**Vio.** But if she cannot loue you fir.

**Du.** It cannot be fo anfwer'd.

**Vio.** Sooth but you mutt.

Say that some Lady, as perhappes there is,
Hath for your loue as great a pang of heart
As you have for Oliuia; you cannot loue her:
You tel he for: Muft the not then be anfwer'd?

**Du.** There is no womens sides

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Can hide the beating of so strong a passion,
As loue doth give 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 surfer, clyement, and reuolt,
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digge as much, make no compare
Betweene that loue a woman can beare me,
And that I owe Olivia.
Us. I but I know.
Du. What doft thou knowe?
Us. Too well what loue women to men may owe:
In faith they are as true of heart, as we.
My Father had a daughter lou'd a man
As it might be perhaps, were I a woman
I should your Lordship?
Du. And what's her history?
Us. A blanke my Lord : she never told her loue,
But let concealment like a worme i'th buddle
Feede on her damaske cheeke : she pin'd in thought,
And with a greene and yellow melancholly,
She fate like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at griefe. Was not this loue indeede?
We men may say more, sweare more, but indeed
Our shews are more then will : for all we prove
Much in our vowe, but little in our loue.
Du. But did ye thy fitter of her loue my Boy?
Us. I am all the daughters of my Fathers house,
And all the brothers too : and yet I know not.
Sir, shal I to this Lady?
Du. I that's the Theame,
To her in hafe : glue her this Jewell : say,
My loue can giue no place, bide no denay.

**Scena Quinta.**

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

To. Come thy wayes Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay Ile come : if I looke a scruple of this sport,
let me be boy'd to death with Melancholly.

To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardy
Rafically sheepe-biter, come by some notable shame?

Fa. I would exult man : you know he brought me out
ofavour with your Lady, about a Bearre-baiting here.

To. To anger him we'll have the Bearre againe,
and we will foole him blace and blew, shall we not sir An-

An. And we do not, it is pittie of our liues.

Enter Maria.

To. Heere comes the little vaine : How now my
Mettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box tree: Malvolio's
coming downe this walke, he has beene yonder i'the
Sunne praefiding behauing to his own shadow this halfe
houre : obserue him for the loue of Mockerie : for I know
this Letter will make a contemplative Ideot of him.Clofe
in the name of leaffing, ley thou there : for heere comes
the Trott, that must be caught with tickling. Exit

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but Fortune, all is fortune. Maria once
told me she did affect me, and I have heard her self come
thus neere, that should thee fancie, it should bee one of
my compellion. Besides the vses me with a more ex-

alted respect, then any one else that follows her. What
should I thinkke on't?

To. Heere's an ouer-weening rogue.

Fa. Oh peace : Contemplation makes a rare Turkey
Cooke of him, how he is vnder his aduanc'd plumes.

And. Slight I could so beate the Rogue.

To. Peace I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio.

Ta. Ah Rogue.

An. Pittoll him, pittoll him.

To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: The Lady of the Stra-
cely, married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

An. Fie on him Iezabel.

Fa. O peace, now he's deeply in : looke how imagi-
nation blows him.

Mal. Hauling beene three moneths married to her,
fitting in my state.

To. O for a blone-bow to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd
Violet gowne : having come from a day bedde, where I
have left Olivia sleeping.

To. Fire and Brimstone.

Fa. O peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humor of late : and after
a demure trauaille of regard : telling them I knowe my
place, as I would they should doe theirs : to aske for my
kinfman Toby.

To. Boltes and thickles.

Fa. O peace, peace, peace, now, now.

Mal. Seauen of my people with an obedient start,
make out for him : I frowne the while, and perchance
wind vp my watch, or play with my some rich Jewell :
Toby approaches; curtesy there to me.

To. Shall this fellow live?

Fa. Though our silence be drawne from vs with cars,
yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus : quenching my
familiar smyle with an auferie regard of controll,

To. And do'st not Toby take you a blow o'the lippes,
then?

Mal. Saying, Cofine Toby, my Fortunes hauing call
me on your Neece, give me this prerogative of speech.

To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenesse.

To. Out feabs.

Fab. Nay patience, or we breake the nanes of our plot?

Mal. Befides you wafte the treasure of your time,
with a foolish knight.

And. That's mee I warrant you.

Mal. One sir Andrew.

And. I knew 'twas I, for many do call mee foole.

Mal. What employment haue we here?

Fa. Now is the Woodcocke neere the gin.

To. Oh peace, and the spirit of humors intimate rea-
ding aloud to him.

Mal. By my life this is my Ladies hand: thef be bee her
very C's, her U's, and her T's, and thus makes shee het
great P's. It is in contempt of queftion her hand.

An. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that ?

Mal. To the unknowne beka'd, this, and my good Wifes:
Her very Pirraifes: By your licence wax. Salt, and the im-
preffures her Lucereus, with which she v'es to feale: tis my
Lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This winnes him, Liuer and all.

Mal.
Twelue Night, or, What you will.

Mal. Ioe knownes I love, but vebe, Lipa do not moue, no man myf is knowne. No man myf knowne. What followes?

The numbers alter d: No man myf knowne, If this be should be thee Mowtole, It. To Marie hang thee brocke.

Mal. I may command were I adore, but silente like a Lu-
cresse knif: With bloodie froke my heart detb gote, M. O. A. I. detb fwaye my life.

Fa. A fuitian riddle.

To. Excellent Wench, say I.

Mal. M. O. A. I. dont fwaye my life. Nay but first let me fee, let me fee, let me fee.

Fab. What difh a poyfon has the drefh him? To. And with what the ftallion checkes at it?

Mal. I may command, were I adore: Why thec may command me: I ferue her, thec is my Ladie. Why this is euident to any fomall capacite. There is no obftruction in this, and the end: What fhould that Alphabetical po-fition pordure, if I could make that refeble something in mee? Softly, M. O. A. I.

To. O I, make vp that, he is now at a cold fent.

Fab. Sower will cry vpnot for all this, though it bee as ranke as a Fox.

Mal. M. Mowtole, W. why that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I fay he would work it out, the Curre is excellent at faults.

Mal. M. But then there is no conofnacy in the fequall that suffers vnder probation: A should follow, but O. does.

Fa. And O shall end, I hope.

To. I, or Ie cudgell him, and make him cry O.

Mal. And then J. comes behind.

Fa. I, and you had any eye behinde you, you might fee more deftracion at your heelees, then fortunes before you.

Mal. M. O. A. I. This fimulation is not as the former: and yet to cruft this a little, it would bow to mee, for e-every one of thefe Letters are in my name. Soft, here fol-lowes profe: If this fall into thy hand, recte. In my fars I am aboe thee, but be not afraid of greatneffe: Some are become great, fome attecheues greatne, and fome have greatneffe thrut ypnon em. Th fates open they handes, let thy blood and fpirit embrace them, and to in-vre thy felle to what thou art like to be: caft thy humble flough, and appear fhere. Be oppofite with a kinman, furely with fervantes: Let thy tongue tang arguments of fata; put thy felle into the tricke of fangularitee. Shee thus aduies thee, that fighes for thee. Remember who commendeth thy yellow focking, and wish't to fee thee euer crofe Garter'd: I fay remember, goe too, thou art made if thou defir't to be fo: If not, let me fee thee a fe-ward ftrill, the fellow of fervantes, and not woorthie to touch Fortunes fingers Farewell, Shee that would alter fervices with thee, that fortunate vnhappy daylight and champion difficoures no more: This is open, I will bee proud, I will reade pollicte Authours, I will baffe Sir Toby, I will waft off groffe acquaintance, I will be point deuife, the very man. I do not now foole my felle, to let imagination lade mee; for every reafon excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow focking, then did prife my legge being crofe-garter'd, and in this she manifesteth her felle to my love, & with a kind of inuention driues mee to thefe habits of her liking. I thanke my flares, I am happy: I will bee strange, flour, in yellow focking, and crofe Garter'd, even with the fwitneffe of putting on. Ioue, and my flares be praifed. Heree is yet a poftcript. Thou canft not choofe but know who I am. If thou entertaines my leue, let it appeare in thy fmitting, thy fmites become thee well. Therefore in my prefence still fmites, deers my fweete, I prethee. Ioue I thanke thee, I will fmite, I will doe every thing that thou wilt have mee.

Exit Fab. I will not glue my part of this fport for a penfion of thoufands to be paid from the Sophy.

To. I could marry this wench for this deuice.

Am. So could I too.

To. And ask no other dowry with her, but fuch anoth-er left.

Enter Maria.

Am. Nor I neither.

Fab. Heere comes my noble gull catcher.

To. Wilt thou fet thy foote o'my necke,

Am. Or o'mine either?

To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and becom thy bondfaue?

Am. Ifaith, or I eithor?

Tab. Why, thou haft put him in fuch a dreame, that when the image of it leuues him, he muft run mad.

Ma. Nay but fay true, do's it worke vpon him?

To. Like Aqua vite with a Midwife.

Mar. If you will then fee the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my Lady: hee will come to her in yellow focking, and 'tis a colour the abhorres, and crofe garter'd, a fadion fhee detefes: and hee will fmite vpon her, which will now be fo vnuftable to her difpo-fition, being addicted to a melancholly, as thee is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will fee it follow me.

To. To the gates of Tartar, thou moft excellent diuell of wit.

And. Ile make one too.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus secundus

Actus Tertius, Scena prima.

Enter Viola and Clerame.

Via. Saue thee Friend and thy Mufick: doft thou liue by thy Tabor?

Clo. No fir, I liue by the Church.

Via. Art thou a Churchman?

Clo. No fuch matter fir, I do liue by the Church: For, I do liue at my houfe, and my houfe dooth stand by the Church.

Via. So thou maift fay the Kings liyes by a beggar, if a beggar dwell neer him? or the Church stands by thy Ta-bor, if thy Tabor stand by the Church.

Clo. You have faid fir; To fee this age: A fentence is but a cheuerrell gloue to a good witte, how quickly the wrong fide may be turn'd outward.

Via. Nay that's certaine: they that daily nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore my fiffer had had no name Sir.

Via. Why man?

Clo. Why fir, her names a word, and to dallee with that word, might make my fiffer wanton: But indeede, words are very Rascals, since bonds difgrac'd them.

Via. Thy reafon man?

Clo.
Twelfth Night, or, What you will.

Cl. Troth sir, I can yeeld you none without worde, and worde are growne to falses, I am loath to proove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'st for nothing.

Cl. Not so, sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, I would it would make you insensible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Oliouis's fool? Cl. No indeed, sir, the Lady Oliouis has no folly, thee will keep no fool in, till she be married, and fools are as like husbands, as Pluckers are to Herrings, the Husband the bigger, I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsno's.

Cl. Foolery, sir, does walk about the Orbe like the Sun, it shines every where. I would be marry, but the Fool should be as oft with your Master, as with my Miftris: I think I saw your Kizzie there before.

Vio. Nay, and thou paide vpon me, Ile no more with thee: Hold there's expences for thee.

Cl. Now Iowe in his next commodity of hayre, fend thee a bead.

Vio. By my troth Ile tell thee, I am atmoick for one, though I would not haue it grow on my chinne. Is thy Lady within?

Cl. Would not a pair of these have bred sir?

Vio. Yes being kept together, and put to use, I shall play Lord Pandurne of Phrygia sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troylus.

Vio. I understand you sir, tis well begg'd.

Cl. The matter I hope is not great sir; begging, but a begger: Cressida was a begger. My Lady is within sir. I will confer to them, where you come, who you are, and what you would be out of my welkin, I might say Element, but the word is ouer-worne. exit

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool, and to do that well, craves a kind of wit: He must obserue their mood on whom he lefts, The quality of persons, and the time: And like the Haggard, checke at every Feather That comes before his eye. This is practise, As full of labour as a Wife-mans Art: For folly that he wisely fhews, is fit; But wilemen folly finale, quite taint their wit. Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.

To. Save you Gentleman.

Vio. And you sir.

And. Dieu vouy guard Monfieur.

To. Et vous ouije escoire furniture.

An. I hope fir, you are, and I am yours.

To. Will you encounter the houfe, my Neece is defirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your Neece fir, I mean the lift of my voyage.

To. Taste your legges sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legges do better understand me fir, then I understand what you meane by bidding me taste my leggs.

To. I mean to go fir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia, and Gentlemewan.

Most excellent accomplisht Lady, the heavens raine Ondours on you.

And. That youth's a rare Courtier, raine odours, well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice Lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafe his care.

And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsaied: Ile get em all three already.

Ol. Let the Garden doore be shut, and leave mee to my hearing. Give me your hand fir.

Vio. My dutie Madam, and most humble service.

Ol. What is your name?

Vio. Cefario is your servantes name, faire Prince.elle.

Ol. My servante sir? Twas never merry world, Since lowly feigning was call'd complemet: you're servant to the Count Orsno youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours: your servantes servant, is your servant 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 leave I pray you.

I had you neuer speake againe of him; But would you vndertake another suit.

I had rather heare you, to follicit that,

Then Muficke from the sphearing.

Vio. Deere Lady.

Ol. Glie me leaue, beseech you: I did fend,

After the laft enchantment you did heare,

A King in chace of you: So did I abufe My felie, my feruant, and I fear me you: Vnder your hard construcution mutt I fir,

To force that on you in a shamefull cunning Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?

Have you not yet mine Honor at the stake,

And bailed it with all th'vnamzulued thoughts That tyrannous heart can think?To one of your receiving Enough is shewe, a Cipref, not a bosome,

Hides my heart: fo let me heare you speake.

Vio. I pittie you.

Ol. That's a degree to loue.

Vio. No not a graze: for tis a vulgar proofe That verie oft we pitty enemies.

Ol. Why then me thinke 'tis time to smile agen:

O world, how apt the poore are to be proud?

If one shoulde be a prey, how much the better To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe?

Clocke frikes. The clocke vphrades me with the waite of time: Be not afraid good youth, I will not haue you, And yet when wit and youth is come to harrefst, your wife is like to recea a proper man: There lies your way, due Weft.

Vio. Then Westward hoe:

Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship:

you 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 fo, I thinke the fame of you.

Vio. Then thinke you right: I am not what I am.

Ol. I would you were, as I would have you be,

Vio. Would it be better Madam, then I am? I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Ol. O what a deale of orkome, lookses beautiful?

In the contempt and anger of his lip,

A murdrous guilt shews not it fell so more soone,

Then loove that would demean him: Loves night, is noone.

Cefario, by the Relias of the Spring,

By maid-hood, honor, truth, and every thing,

I loue thee fo, that maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide:  
Do not extort thy reasons from this clausie,  
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:  
But rather reason thus, with reasonetter;  
Love fought, is good: but gien vnfought, is better.  
Vio. By innocence Ieware, and by my youth,  
I haue one heart, one bosome, and one truth,  
And that no woman has, nor neuer none  
Shall miftris be of it, saue I alone.  
And so adies good Madam, neuer more,  
Will I my Masters tears to you deplore.  
Ol. Yet come againe: for thou perhaps mayst moue  
That heart which now abhorres, to like his loue.  

Scena Secunda.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And. No faith, Ile not play a lot longer:  
To. Thy reason doore venom, glue thy reason.  
Fab. You must needs yecele your reason, Sir Andrew:  
And. Marry I law your Neece do more favours to  
The Counts Serving-man, then ever the beftow'd ypon mee:  
I fawe'th Orchard.  
To. Did she fee the while, old boy, tell me that.  
And. As plaine as I fee you now.  
Fab. This was a great argument of loue in her toward you.  
And. S'light; will you make an Affe o'me.  
Fab. I will prove it legitimate fit, ypon the Oathes of  
Judgement, and reason.  
To. And they have beene grand lurie men, fine before  
Neab was a Saylor.  
Fab. Shee did dwee favour to the youth in your fight,  
oney to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour,  
to put fire in your Heart, and brimstone in your Liuser:  
you should then haue accealed her, and with some excellent itels, fire-newe from the mint, you should haue bang  
the youth into dumbersome: this was look'd for at your  
hand, and this was baultk: the double gift of this opportu-nite  
you let time wafh off, and you are now fayld into  
The North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang  
like an yfickle on a Dutchmans beard, vnleffe you do re-dee  
it, by some laudable attempt, either of valour or pollice.  
And. And't be any way, it must be with Valour, for  
pollice I hate: I had as liefe be a Brownift, as a Politician.  
To. Why then build me thy fortunes vpone the basfs of  
valour,Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him  
hurt him in eleuen places, my Neece shall take note of it,  
and affure thy selfe, there is no loue-Broker in the world,  
can more preualle in mans commendation with woman,  
than report of valour.  
Fab. There is no way but this fit Andrew.  
An. Will either of you beare me a challege to him?  
To. Go, write it in a martial hand, be curf and briefe:  
it is no matter how wittie, fo it bee eloquent, and full of  
inuention: taunt him with the license of Inke: if thou  
though him some thrice, it shall not amisse, and as many  
Lyes, as will lye in thy sheete of paper, although the  
shete be bigge enough for the bedde of Ware in Eng-
land, set 'em downe, go about it. Let there bee gauile e-
nough in thy inke, though thou write with a Goole-pee,  
nno matter: about it.  
And. Where shal I finde you?  
To. We'll call thee at the Cubiculo: Go.  
Exit Sir Andrew.

Fab. This is a deere Manakin to you Sir Toby.  
To. I haue beene deere to him lad, some two thousand  
strong, or fo.  
Fab. We shall have a rare Letter from him; but you're  
not deliuer't.  
To. Neuer trueth me then, and by all meane of firre 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 Liuser, as will clog the  
foote of a flea, Ile eater the rest of thanatomy.  
Fab. And his oppost the youth bears in his vifage no  
great preface of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

To. Looke where the youngest Wren of mine comes.  
Mar. If you defire the spenee, and will laugh your  
selues into flitches, follow me; yond gull Mallisio is tur-
new Heathen, a verie Renegatho; for there is no christian  
that means to be faue by beleueing rightly, can euer  
beleue such impoffible paffages of grossenaffe. Hee's in  
yellow fockinges.  
To. And croffe garter'd?  
Mar. Mofl villanously: like a Pedant that keeps a  
Schoole i'th Church: I haue dog'd him like his murtho-
re. He does obey every 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 have not seene fuch a thing as tis: I can hard-
ly forbear hurling things at him, I know my Lalie will  
srike him: if thee doe, hee'll smile, and take't for a great  
fauour.  
To. Come bring vs, bring vs where he is.  

Exeunt Omnés.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you,  
But since you make your pleasure of your paines,  
I will no further chide you.  
Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire  
(More sharpe then filede flele) did spurre me forth,  
And not all loue to see you(though so much  
As might haue drawne one to a longer voyage)  
But ieloufie, what might befall your rauell,  
Being skilleff in these parts: which to a stranger,  
Vnguided, and vnfriended, often prone  
Rough, and vnhopitable. My willing loue,  
The rather by these arguments of faere  
Set forth in your pursuite.  
Seb. My kinde Antonio,  
I can no other anwer make, but thankes,  
And thankes: and euer oft good turns,  
Are shuffel'd off with such vncurrant pay :  
But were my worth, as is my confience firme,
You should finde better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we go see the relics of this Towne?

**Ant.** To morrow sir, beft fir here go ye your Lodging?

**Seb.** I am not weary, and 'tis long to night
I pray you let vs satisfi our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame
That do renowne this City.

**Ant.** Would you'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walke these streets.
Once in a fea-fight 'gainft the Count his gillies,
I did fome feruice, of fuch note indeede,
That were I tane heere, it would scarce be anfw'r'd.

**Seb.** Beside you flew great number of his people.

**Ant.** Th' offence is not of fuch a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrell
Might well haue gien vs bloody argument:
It might haue finsed bene anfw'r'd in repaying
What we tooke from them, which for Traffiques fake
Most of our City did. Onely my felie ftood out,
For which if I be laped in this place
I fhall pay deere.

**Seb.** Do not then walke too open.

**Ant.** Doth not fit me: hold fir, here's my purfe,
In the South Suburbs at the Elephant
Is bef to lodge: I will befooke our dyet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the Towne, there fhall you haue me.

**Seb.** Why your purfe?

**Ant.** Happy your eye fhall light vp on some toy
You haue defire to purchafe: and your flore
I think is not for idle Markets, fir.

**Seb.** Ile be your purfe-bearer, and leave you
For an hour.

**Ant.** To th'Elephant.
**Seb.** I do remember.

Exeunt.

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**Scena Quarta.**

Enter Olivia and Maria.

**Ol.** I haue fent after him, he fayes hee'll come:
How fhall I refef him? What befowm of him?
For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd.
I fpeak too loud: Where's Malvolio, he is fad, and ciuill,
And fuites well for a fervant with my fortunes,
Where is Malvolio?

**Mar.** He's comming Madame:
But in very strange manner. He is furie poftef Madam.

**Ol.** Why what is the matter, does he raue?

**Mar.** No Madam, he does nothing but smile your La-
dyfhip were bef to hafe fome guard about you, if hee
come, for fure the man is taint in's wits.

**Ol.** Go call him hither.

---

Enter Malvolio.

I am as madde as hee,
If fad and metry madness equall bee.

How now Malvolio?

**Mal.** Sweet Lady, ho, ho.

**Ol.** Smit'f thou? I fent for thee vpon a fad occasion.

**Mal.** Sad Lady, I could be fad:
This does make fome obtruction in the blood:
This croffe-gartering, but what of that?

If it pleafe the eye of one, it is with me as the very true
Sonnet is: Pleafce one, and pleafce all.

**Mal.** Why how doeft thou man?
What is the matter with thee?

**Mal.** Not blanke in my minde, though yellow in my legges:
It do come to his hands, and Commaunds fhall be
executed. I thinke we doe know the sweet Romane
hand.

**Ol.** Wilt thou go to bed Malvolio?

**Mal.** To bed? I fweet heart, and Ile come to thee.

**Ol.** God comfort thee: Why doft thou fmile, and
Kiffe thy hand fo oft?

**Mar.** How do you Malvolio?

**Malvo.** At your requift:
Yes Nightingales anfwere Dawes.

**Mar.** Why appeare you with this ridiculous bold-
neefe before my Lady.

**Mal.** Be not afraid of greatneffe: 'twas well writ.

**Ol.** What meant thou by that Malvolio?

**Mal.** Some are borne great.

**Ol.** He?

**Mal.** Some itheceue greatneffe.

**Ol.** What fayt thou?

**Mal.** And fome have greatneffe thrust vpon them.

**Ol.** Heauen reftore thee.

**Mal.** Remember who commended thy yellow stock-
ings.

**Ol.** Thy yellow stockings?

**Mal.** And with'd to fee this croffe garder'd.

**Ol.** Croffe garder'd?

**Mal.** Go too, thou art made, if thou defir'ft to be fo.

**Ol.** Am I made?

**Mal.** If not, let me fee thee a fervant afl.

**Ol.** Why this is verie Midfommer madneffe.

---

**Enter Servant.**

Ser. Madame, the young Gentleman of the Count
Orfino's is return'd. I could hardly entreat him backe: he
attends your Ladythips pleafure.

**Ol.** I le come to him.

Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd too. Where's my
Cofine Toby, let fome of my people have a speciall care of
him, I would not have him mimicarrie for the halfe of
my Dawry. 

**Mal.** Oh ho, do you come neere me now: no worfe
man then fir Toby to looke to me. This concurs direc-
tly with the Letter, she fends him on purpofe, that I may
appeare fubborne to him: for the incites me to that in
the Letter. Cafy thy humble foule fayes she: be oppo-
site with a Kinfman, furlly with fervants, let thy tongue
langer with arguments of flate, put thy felfe into the
trickes of singulari: and confequently fets downe the
manner how: as a sad face, a reuerend carriage, a fowl
tongue, in the habite of some Sir of note, and fo forth.
I haue lymed her, but it is loues doing, and loue make me
thankfull. And when she went away now, let this Fel-
low be look'd too: Fellow? not Malvolio, nor after
my degree, but Fellow. Why every thing adheres togeth-
er, that no dramme of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no
obstacle, no incredible or vnifafe circumftance: What
can be faide? Nothing that can be, can come betweene
me, and the full profeft of my hopes. Well loue, not I,
is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

---

**Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.**
To. Which way is hee in the name of sanctity. If all the diuels of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himselfe posseth him, yet Ile speake to him.

Fab. Heere he is, heere he is: how if with you sir?

How if with you man?

Mal. Go off, I dircard you: let me enjoy my priuate: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speakes within him; did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my Lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah ha, does he fo?

To. Go too, go too: peace, peace, wee must deale gently with him: Let me alone. How do you Malvolio?

How if with you? What man, defie the diuell: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you fay?

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'wife woman.

Mar. Marry and it shall be done to morrow morning if I lice. My Lady would not looke for him more then Ile say.

Mal. How now misfria?

Mar. Oh Lord.

To. Prethee hold thy peace, this is not the way: Doe you not see you mowe him? Let me alone with him.

Fa. No way but gentlelief, gently, gently: the diuell is rough, and will not be roughly y'd.

To. Why how now my bawcock:how doft ye chuck?

Mal. Sir.

To. I biddy,come with me. What man, tis not for gravity to play at cherrie-pit with fathan. Hang him fowl Colliar.

Mar. Get him to fay his prayers, good fir Toby gette him to pray.

Mal. My prayers Minx.

Mar. No I warrant you, he will not heare of godly-riefa.

Mal. Go hang your felues all : you are yde flallowe things, I am not of your element, you fhall knowe more hereafter.

Exit

To. Ift poftible?

Fu. If this were plaied vpon a fage now, I could con- demne it as an imposible fiction.

To His very genius hath taken the infection of the devie man.

Mar. Nay pursue him now,leaff the devie take aery, and taint.

Fu. Why we fhall make him mad indeede.

Mar. The houfe will be the quieter.

To. Come, we'll him in a darke room & bound. My Neece is already in the beleefe that he's mad: we may carry it thus for our pleafure, and his penance, til our very paftime tyred out of breath, prompt vs to haue mercy on him: at which time, we wil bring the deuice to the bar and crowne thee for a finder of madmen: but fee, but fee.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fu. More matter for a May morning.

An. Heere's the Challenge, reade it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Ift to fawcy?

And. I, ift I warrant him: do but read.

To. Give me.

Youth,whafsauor thou art, thou art but a fawry fellow.

Fu. Good, and valiant.

To. Wander not, nor admire not in thy minde vaby I doe call thee so, for I will shew thee no reafon for't. (Law)

Fu. A good note,that keeps you from the blow of 

To. Thou comf to the Lady Oliviua, and in my fight she vues thee kindly: but thou lyef in thy threat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Pa. Very brieve, and to exceeding good fence-leffe.

To. I will wyll-fay thee going home, vberfe if it be thy chance to kill me.

Pa. Good.

To. Thou kill me like a rogue and a villain.

Fa. Still you keepe o' th windie fide of the Lawgood.

To. Forthevelwel, and God haue mercie vpon one of our foules. He may haue mercie vpon mine, but my hope is better, and fo looke to thy felf. Thy friend as thou vifft him, & thy fouverne enimie, Andrew Ague-cheekee.

To. If this Letter moue him not, his legges cannot: Ile giu't him.

Mar. You may haue verie fit occation fot' : he is now in fome commerce with my Ladie, and will by and by depart.

To. Go fir Andrew: fcout mee for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bum-Baylie: fo foone as euer thou feeff him, draw, and as thou draw'ft, fware horrid: for t' comes to paffe off, that a terrible oath, with a fwagge-ring accent Sharpely twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation, then euer prove it felfe would have earn'd him.

Away.

And. Nay let me alone for swearing.

Exit

To. Now will not I deluer his Letter: for the behau-our of the yong Gentleman, gives him out to be of good capacity, and breeding: his employment betweene his Lord and my Neece, confirmes no leffe. Therefore, this Letter being fo excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the yough: he will finde it comes from a Clodde-pole.

But fir, I will deluer his Challenge by word of mouth ; fet vpon Ague-cheekee a notable report of valor, and drive the Gentleman (as I know his yough will aptly receive it) into a moft hideous opinion of his rage, skill, firue, and impetuodi. This will ffo fright them both, that they will kill one another by the looke, like Cockatrices.

Enter Oliviua and Viola.

Fab.Heere he comes with your Neece, giue them way till he take leauve, and prefently after him.

To. I will meditate the while vpon some horrid meffage for a Challenge.

Oli. I have faid too much vnto a hart of stone, And had mine honour too vncheary on't:

There's something in me that reproues my fault:

But fuch a head-frong potent fault it is,

That it but mockes reproofe.

Vio. With the fame hauour that your passion beares, Goes on my Mafters greefes.

Oli. Heere, weare this Jewell for me, tis my picture:

Refuse it not, it hath no tongue, to vex you:

And I befeech you come againe to morrow.

What shall you aske of me that Ile deny,

That honour (faud) may vpon asking giue.

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. Of how with mine honor may I giue him that,

Which I have giuen to you.

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well,come againe to morrow: far-thee-well,

A Fiend like thee might beare my foule to hell.

Enter Toby and Fabian.

To. Gentleman, God fave thee.

Vio.
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Vio. And you fir.
To. That defense thou haft, betake the too't: of what nature the trouble thou haft done him, I know not: but thy intercupper full of delphight, bloody as the Hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dismount thy tucke, be yare in thy preparation, for thy affaylant is quick, skilfull, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake sir I am sure, no man hath any quarrell to me: my remembrance is very free and cleere from any image of offence done to any man.
To. You'll find it otherwise I affure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your gard: for your opposit hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you fir what is he?
To. He is knight dubb'd with vnbatch'd Rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a duell in private brall, foules and bodies hath he duorc'd three, and his incenfement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none, but by pans of death and fepulcher: Hob, nob, is his word: gue'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 quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

To. Sir, no: his indignation deriues it selfe out of a very comntious injurie, therefore get you on, and glue him his desire. Backe you shall not to the house, vnlesse you vndertake that with me, which with as much fasetie you might answer him: therefore on, or flippe your sword stark naked: for meddle you must't that certain, or forswarre to weare iron about you.

Vio. This is as vncliuell as estrange. I befseech you doe me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is somthing of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.
To. I will doe fo. Signior Fabian, I lay you this Gentleman, till my returne.

Exit Toby.

Vio. Pray you sir, do you now know of this matter?
Fab. I know the knight is incenf against you, even 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 promis to enjoy him by his forme, as you are like to finde him in the prooffe of his valour. He is indeede sir, the mott skilfull, bloody, & fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in anie part of Illyria: will you walke towards him, I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall bee much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with sir Prieft, then sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

Exeunt.

Enter Toby and Andrew.

To. Why man hee a verie duell, I haue not seen such a frago: I had a passe with him, rapier, fcabberd, and all: and he gives me the fucke in with such a mortall motion that it is inequitable: and on the answere, he pays you as surely, as your feet hits the ground they flie on. They fay, he has bin Fencer to the Sohpy.

And. Pox on't, Ile not meddle with him.
To. I but he will not now be pacified, Fabian can scarfe hold him yonder.

An. Plague on't, I thought he had bee valiant, and so cunning in Fence, I'de haue feene him dam'd ere I'de haue challeng'd him. Let him let the matter flipp, and Ile give him my horfe, gray Caplet.

To. Ile make the motion: stand heere, make a good shew on't, this shall end without the perdition of foules, marry lie hide your horfe as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I haue his horfe to take vp the quarrell, I haue perfwaded him the youths a duell.

Fa. He is as horribly conceited of him: and pants, & looks pale, as if a Beare were at his heelles.
To. There's no remedie sir, he will fight with you for your oath sake: marrie hee hath better bethought him of his quarrell, and hee finds that now scarce to bee worth talking of: therefore draw for the supputation 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. Glue ground if you see him furious.
To. Come sir Andrew, there's no remedie, the Gentleman will for his honors fake haue one bowt with you: he cannot by the Duello auoid 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 keeps his oath.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do affure you tis against my will.
Ant. Put vp your sword: if this yong Gentleman have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him dese you.
To. You sir? Why, what are you?
Ant. One fir, that for his loue darres yet do more
Then you have heard him brag to you he will,
To. Nay, if you be a vndertaker, I am for you.

Enter Officiers.

Fab. O good sir Toby hold: heere come the Officers.
To. Ile be with you anon.

Vio. Pray fir, put your sword vp if you pleace,
And. Marry will I sir: and for that I promis'd you Ile be as good as my word. Hee will beare you easly, and raines well.

1. Off. This is the man, do thy Office.
2 Off. Antonio, I arret thee at the Suitoft Count Orsino.
An. You do mistake me fir.

1. Off. No fir, no lot: I know your favour well:
Though now you have no fea-caps 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 answere it:
What will you do: now my necessarie
Makes me to aske you for my purfe. It greeues mee
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Then what befals my selfe: you fland amaz'd,
But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come fir away.
Ant. I must entreat you of some of that money.
Vio. What money fir?

For the fayre kindnesse you haue shew'd me heere,
And part being promised by your present trouble,
Out of my leane and low ability
I lea you something: my hauing is not much,
Ile make division of my present with you:
Hold, there's halfe my Coffer.
Ant. Will you deny me now,
If'p possible that my defects to you
Can leake perfwation. Do not tempt my milery,
Leaff that it make me so vnfound a man
As to vpbraild you with those kindnesse.
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

That I have done for you. 

Vio. I know none, of, 
Nor know I you by your, or any feature: 
I hate ingratitude more in a man, 
Then lying, vaine-face, bbling drunkenesse, 
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption 
Inhabit our frails blood. 

Ant. Oh heavens themselves. 

2 Off. Come sir, I pray you go. 

Ant. Let me speake a little. This youth that you see 
I fpatch'd one halfe out of the lawes of death; (heere, 
Releeu'd him with fuch fancitie of love; 
And to his image, which me thought did promise 
Mofl venerable worth, did I devotion. 

1 Off. What's that to vs, the time goes by: Away. 

Ant. But oh, how vilde an idoll proues this God! 
Thou haft 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 euiil 
Are empty trunke, ore-flourish'd by the deuill. 

1 Off. The man grows mad, away with him: 

Come, come sir. 

Ant. Leade me on. 

Vio. Me thinkes his words do from fuch passion flye 
That he beleues himselfe, fo do not I: 
Prove true imagination, oh prove true, 
That I decre brother, be now tane for you. 

To. Come hither Knight, come hither Fabian: Weel 
whipper oore a couplet or two of moft sage sawen. 
Vio. He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know 
Yet liuing in my glasse: even fuch, and fo 
In fauour was my Brother, and he went 
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament, 
For him I imitate: Oh if it prove, 
Tempelts are kinde, and faile waues freth in loue. 

To. A very refonne paltry boy, and more a coward 
then a Hare, his difhonesty appears, in leaving his frend 
here in necessiuty, and denying him: and for his coward-
ship aske Fabian. 

Fab. A Coward, a most deouat Coward, religiouis in 
it. 

And. Sli'd Ile after him againe, and beat him. 

To. Do, cuffe him fouldly, but never draw thy sword 
And. And I do not. 

Fab. Come, let's fee the event. 

To. I dare lay any money, twill be nothing yet. 

Exit.

Actus Quartus, Scana prima.

Enter Sebastian and Cleone. 

Cle. Will you make me beleue, that I am not fent for you? 

Seb. Go too, go too, thou art a foolish fellow, 
Let me be cleere of thee. 

Cle. Well held out yfaith: No, I do not know you, 
or I am not fent to you by my Lady, to bid you come 
speake with her: nor your name is Master Gefario, 
or this is not my noeite neyther: Nothing that is fo, is fo. 

Seb. I prethee vntill thy folly some-where elfe, thou 
know't not me. 

Cle. Vent my folly: He has heard that word of fome 
great man, and now applyes it to a foole. Vent my fol-

ly: I am afraid this great lubber the World will proue a 
Cockney: I prethee now vngird thy stranges, and tell 
me what I shall vnto my Lady? Shall I vnto hir that 
thou art comming? 

Seb. I prethee foolifh greeke depart from me, there's 
money for thee, if you tarry longer, I shall give worne 
palment. 

Cle. By my trott thou haft an open handsthese Wit-
men that gue foole money, get themtheselves a good re-
port, after foureteene yeares purchafe.

Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian. 

And. Now fir, 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 fir, or Ie throw your dagger ore the house. 

Cle. This will I tell my Lady fraught, I would not be 
in some of your coats for two pence. 

To. Come on fir, hold. 

An. Nay let him alone, He go another way to worke 
with him: He haue an action of Battery againft him, if 
there be any law in Illyria: though I stroke him firft, yet 
it's no matter for that. 

Seb. Let go thy hand. 

To. Come fir, I will not let you go. Come my yng 
fouldier put vp your yron: you are well fleath'd: Come on. 

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou 
now? If darst'ft tempt me further, draw thy fword. 

To. What, what? Nay then I muft have an Ounce or 
two of this malapert blood from you. 

Enter Olimia. 

Ol. Hold Toby, on thy life I charge thee hold. 

To. Madam. 

Ol. Will it be euer thus? Vngracious wretch, 
Fit for the Mountains, and the barbarous Causes, 
Where manners were preache'd out of my fighgt. 
Be not offended, deepe Cefario: 
Rudebeby be gone. I prethee gentle friend, 
Let thy fayre wifedome, not thy paifen fway 
In this vncivil, and vnufit extent 
Against thy peace. Go with me to my houfe, 
And hear thou there how many fruitlefe pranks 
This Ruffian hath botch'd vp, that thou thereby 
Mayft smile at this: Thou shalt not choo fe but goe: 
Do not denie, befhew his foole for mee, 
He started one poore heart of mine, in thee. 

Seb. What relifhes is this in? How runs the dreame? 

Or I am mad, or elfe this is a dreame: 
Let fancie fill my fenfe in Lethe fleep, 
If it be thus to dreame, fill let me fleepe. 

Ol. Nay come I prethee, would thou'dt be rul'd by me 
Seb. Madam, I will. 

Ol. O fay fo, and fo be. 

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Maria and Cleone. 

Mar. Nay, I prethee put on this gown, & this beard, 
make him beleue thou art fir Topas the Curate, doe it 
quickly. He call fir Toby the whift. 

Cle. Well, he put it on, and I will dissemble my felfe 
in't, and I would I were the firft that euer disembleed in 

fuch.
in such a gowne. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to bee thought a good Student: but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, & a great scholar. The Competitors enter.

Enter Toby.

To. Ioue bleepe thee M. Parson.

Clo. Bonnes diez fir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prage that never bow pen and inke, very wittily sayd to a Neice of King Gorbodacke, that that is, is: so I being M. Parson, am M. Parson; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

To. To Him fir Topas.

Clo. What hoo, I say, Peace in this prison.

To. The knaue counterfeitet well: a good knaue.

Mal. Who cais there?

Clo. Sir Topas the Curate, who comes to visit Maluo- lio the Lunaticke.

Mal. Sir Topas, fir Topas, good fir Topas goe to my Ladie.

Clo. Out hyperbolicall fiend, how vexet thou this man? Talket thou nothing but of Ladies?

Tab. Well faid M. Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, neuer was man thus wronged, good fir Topas do not thinke I am mad: they have layde mee heere in hideous darkneffe.

Clo. Eyes, thou dithomeft fathan: I call thee by the most modest termes, for I am one of those gentle ones, that will vfe the diuell himselfe with courtefe: sayeft thou that house is darke?

Mal. As hell fir Topas.

Clo. Why it hath bay Windows tranperant as bari- cadoes, and the cleere fowers toward the South north, are as luitrous as Ebyoni: and yet complainest thou of ob- struction?

Mal. I am not mad fir Topas, I faie to you this house is darke.

Clo. Madam thou erreft: I faie there is no darkeffe but ignorance, in which thou art more puzell'd then the Aegyptians in their fogge.

Mal. I say this houfe is as darke as Ignorance, though 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 conftant quellion.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning Widle-fowe? Mal. That the foule of our grandam, might happily inhabite a bird.

Clo. What thinkft thou of his opinion?

Mal. I thinke nobly of the foule, and no waye approue his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remaine thou still in darkneffe, thou shalt hold th'opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits, and feare to kill a Woodcooke, left thou dif- poiffe the foule of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, fir Topas.

Tab. My moft-exquisit fir Topas.

Clo. Nay I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy berd and gowne, he fees thee not.

To. To him in thine owne voyce, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well riddle of this knaunere. If he may bee conueniently delier'd, I would we were, for I am now fo farre in offence with my Niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport the vpp- shut. Come by and by to my Chamber.

Exit

Clo. Hey Robin, illary Robin, tell me how thy Lady does.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. My Lady is vnkind, perdie.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. Alas why is she fo?

Mal. Foole, I say.

Clo. She loues another, Who calles, ha?

Mal. Good foole, as ever thou wilt derive well at my hand, help me to a Candle, and pen, inke, and paper: as I am a Gentleman, I will liue to bee thankefull to thee for't.

Mal. M. Maluoio?

Mal. I goode Foole.

Clo. Alas fir, how fell you besides your fiue witts?

Mal. Foole, there was neuer man so notorioullie a bus'-d: I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art.

Mal. But as well: then you are madindeede, if you be no better in your wits then a foole.

Mal. They have heere propirted me: keep mee in darkneffe, fend Minifiers to me, Asses, and doe all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Adulfe you what you faie: the Minifter is heere.

Maluoio. Maluoio, thy wittes the heavens refroute: en- deavour thy selfe to sleepe, and leave thy vaine bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas.

Mal. Maintain no words with him good fellow.

Who I fir, not I fir. God buy you good fir Topas: Mar- ry Amen. I will fir, I will.

Mal. Foole, foole, foole I faie.

Clo. Alas fir be patient. What faie you fir, I am thent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good foole, helpe me to some light, and some paper, I tell thee I am as well in my wittes, as any man in Ilyria.

Mal. Well-a-day, that you were fir.

Mal. By this hand I am: I good foole, some inke, paper, and light: and conuey what I will set downe to my Lady: it shall adventage thee more, then euer the bear- ing of Letter did.

Clo. I will help you too'. 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 more beleeue a madman till I fee his brains I will fetch you light, and paper, and inke.

Mal. Foole, Ile requite it in the highest degree: I prethee be goue.

Clo. I am gone fir, and anon fir, Ile be with you againe:

In a trice, like to the old vice, your neede to fultaine.

Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath, cries ah ha, to the diuell: Like a mad lad, paiere thy nayles dad, Adieu good man diuell.

Exit

Scena Tertia.

Enter Schafian.

This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sunne,
This pearle the gave me, I do feel't, and fee't,
And though tis wonder that envaups me thus,
Enter Olilia, and Prisi.
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 roofe,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
That my most jealous, and too doubfull soule
May lie at peace. He shall conteyne it,
While you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keepe
According to my birth, what do you say?
Seé. Ile follow this good man, and go with you,
And having frowne truth, eter will be true.
Ol. Then lead the way good father, & heaven so shone,
That they may fairely note this acte of mine. Exit.
Finis Actus Quartus.

Auctus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clouame and Fabian.
Fab. Now as thou loue me, let me see his Letter.
Clo. Good M. Fabian, grant me another requeu.
Fab. Any thing.
Clo. Do not desire to see this Letter.
Fab. This is to give a dogge, and in rempnce desire
my dogge againe.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.
Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olilia, friends?
Clo. I fr, we are some of her trappings.
Duke. I know thee well: how doest thou my good
Fellow?
Clo. Truely fr, the better for my foes, and the worse
for my friends.
Du. Ift the contrary: the better for thy friends.
Clo. No fr, the worse.
Du. How can that be?
Clo. Marry fr, they praise me, and make an assay of me,
now my foes tell me plainly, I am an Aife: so that by my
faces fr, I profit in the knowledge of my felfe, and by my
friends I am abused: so that conclusions to be as kissefs,
if your foure negatives make your two affirmatives, why
then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Du. Why this is excellent.
Clo. By my troth fr, no: thou pleaste you to be
one of my friends.
Du. Thou shalt not be the worfe for me, there's gold.
Clo. But that it would be double dealing fr, I would
you could make it another.
Du. O you give me ill counsell.
Clo. Put your grace in your pocket fr, for this once,
and let your fleath and blood obey it.
Du. Well, I will be so much a finner to be a double
dealer: there's another.
Clo. Primo, secunde, tertio, is a good play, and the old
waying is, the third payes for all: the triplex fr, is a good
tripping meafe, or the belles of S. Benet fr, may put
you in minde, one, two, three.
Du. You can foolle no more money out of mee at this
throwe: 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 fr, lullaby to your bountie till I come a-
gen. I go fr, but I would not haue you to thinke, that
my desire of hauing is the finne of couetousnesse: but as
you say fr, let your bounty take a nappe, I will awake it
anon.

Enter Antonio and Officers.
Vio. Here comes the man fr, that did rescue mee.
Du. That face of his I do remember well,
yet when I saw it laft, it was bmseard
as blace as Vulcan, in the fmoake of warre:
A bawbling Veffell was he Captaine of,
For shallow draught and bulke vnprizable,
With which fuch featsfull grapple did he make,
With the most noble bottome of our Fleeete,
That very enuy, and the tongue of loftie
Cride fame and honor on him: What's the matter?
1 Off. Orfino, this is that Antonio
That tooke the Phoenix, and her fraught from Candy,
And this is he that did the Tiger boord,
When your yong Nephew Titus loft his legge:
Heere in the streets, desparate of shame and flate,
In priuate brabble did we apprehend him.
Ubo. He did me kindnesse fr, drew on my side,
But in conclusion put thrang eaph speech vpon me,
I know not what twas, but diffraction.
Du. Notable Pyrate, thou salt-water Theefe,
What foolish boldnesse brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in termes so bloudie, and so decre
Haft made thine enemies?
Ant. Orfino: Noble fr,
Be pleas'd that I shake off thefe names you give mee:
Antonio neuer yet was Theefe, or Pyrate,
Though I confesse, on bafe and ground enough
Orfino's enemie. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That moft ingratefull boy there by your side,
From the rude feas enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeeme: a wracke paft hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My loue without retention, or restraint,
All his in dedication. For his fake,
Did I expose my selfe (pure for his loue)
Into the danger of this aduerse Towne,
Drew to defend him, when he was beft:
Where being apprehended, his selfe cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

And grew a twentie yeares removed thing
While one would wink & denide mine owne purfe,
Which I had recommended to his vfe,
Not halfe an houre before.

Vis. How can this be?

Du. When came he to this Towne?

Ant. To day my Lord : and for three months before,
No intern, not a minutes vacancie,
Both day and night did we keepe companie.

Enter Oliuia and attendants.

Du. Here comes the Countesse, now heauen walkes
on earth:
But for thee fellow, fellow thy words are madneffe,
Three months this youth hath tended vpon mee,
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Ol. What would my Lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Oliuia may seeme feruceable?

Cesario, you do not keepe promife with me.

Vis. Madam:

Du. Gracious Oliuia.

Ol. What do you say Cesario? Good my Lord.

Vis. My Lord would speake, my dutie hushes me.

Ol. If it be ought to the old tune my Lord,
It is as fat and fullome to mine eare
As howling after Mufick.

Du. Still so cruel?

Ol. Still so constant Lord.

Du. What to peruerfeneffe? you vnviuill Ladie
To whole ingrate, and vnfaupicious Altar.

My soule the faithfull fault offering have breath'd out
That ere deuotion tender'd. What shall I do?

Ol. Even what it pleafe my Lord, that halfe become him
Du. Why shoul I not, (had I the heart to do it)
Like to th'Egyptian theeue, at point of death
Kill what I love: (a sauege leaoulie,
That sometime faueily noil but heare me this:
Since you to non-regardance call my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That ccrcles me from my true place in your favour:
Liue you the Marble-bred Tiran full.
But this your Minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heauen I sweare, I tender dearly,
Him will I teare out of that cruel eye,
Where he fits crowned in his masters spight.
Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in milchfield:
Ile sacrifie the Lamb that I do loue,
To fplight a Rauens heart within a Doue.

Ob. And I most inocund, apt, and willinglie,
To do you ref, a thoufand deaths would dye.

Ol. Where goes Cesario?

Vis. After him I love,

More then I love thefe eyes, more then my life,
More by all morees, then ere I shal loue wife.
If I do feigne, you witneffes aboue
Punnish my life, for tainting of my loue.

Ol. Aye me defteled, how am I beguil'd?

Un. Who does beguil? who does do wrong?

Ol. Haft thou forgot thy felfe? Is it fo long?

Call forth the holy Father.

Du. Come, away.


Du. Husband?

Ol. I Husband. Can he that deny?

Du. Her husband, firrah?

Vis. No my Lord, not I.

Ol. Als, it is the barrenffe of thy feare,

That makes thee strange thy propriety:
Fear not Cesario, take thy fortunes vp,
Be that thou know'ft thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear't.

Enter Prieft.

O welcome Father:
Father, I charge thee by thy reverence
Heere to vnfold, though lately we intended
To keepe in darkeneffe, what occasion now
Remeales before 'tis ripe: what thou doft know
Hath newly pafs, betweene this youth, and me.

Prieft. A Contrad of eternall bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutuall ioynder of your hands,
Attedfed by the holy clofe of lippes,
Strengthned by enterrangement 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 have trauall'd but two hours.

Du. O thou difsembling Cub: what wilt thou be
When time hath low'd a grizzle on thy cafe?
Or will not elle thy craft fo quickly grow,
That thine owne trip shall be thine ouerthrow:
Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feete,
Where thou, and I (henceforth) may never meet.

Vis. My Lord, I do protest.

Ol. O do not sweare,
Hold little faith, though thou haft too much feare.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. For the loue of God a Surgeon, send one prently to ftr Toby.

Ol. What's the matter?

And. H'as broke my head a-croffe, 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 ftr Andrew?

And. The Counts Gentleman, one Cesario: we tooke him for a Coward, but he's the verie diuell incurradate.

Du. My Gentleman Cesario?

And. Odd's lifelings heere is he: you broke my head for nothing, and that that I did, I was fet on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vis. Why do you speake to me, I never hurt you:
you drew your fword vpon me without caufe,
But I befpake you faire, and hurt you not.

Enter Toby and Cleone.

And. If a bloody coxcombe be a hurt, you haue hurt me: I thinkie you fet 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 tickeld you other gates then he did.

Du. How now Gentleman? how lift with you?

Tb. That's all one, has hurt me, and there's th'end on't.

Sot, didn't fee Dicke Surgeon, fet?

Ob. He's drunke Sir Toby an houre agoe: his eyes were fet at eight i'th morning.

Tb. Then he's a Rogue, and a paffy measures panyne: 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 dreeft together.

Tb. Will you helpe an Afe-head, and a coxcombe, & a knaue: a thin fac'd knaue, a gull?
Twelfe Night, or, What you will.

Ol. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd too.  
   Enter Schaffian.

Sch. I am sorry Madam I have hurt your kinsman:  
    But had it beene the brother of my blood,  
    I much have done no leffe with wit and safety.  
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that  
    I do perceiue it hath offended you:  
Pardon me (sweet one) even for the vows  
We made each other, but so late ago.  
Du. One face, one voice, one habit, and two perfons,  
    A naturall Perspective, that is, and is not.  
Sch. Antonios: O my deere Antonios,  
How haue the hours rack'd, and tortur'd me,  
Since I haue loft thee?  
Ant. Schaffian are you?  
Sch. Fear't thou that Antonios?  
Ant. How haue you made disiusion of your selfe,  
An apple clef in two, is not more twin.  
Then these two creatures. Which is Schaffian?  
Ol. Moft wonderfull.  
Sch. Do I stand there? I never had a brother:  
Nor can there be that Deily in my nature  
Of heere, and every where. I had a fitter,  
Whom the blindes waues and furges haue deuour'd:  
Of charity, what kinne are you to me?  
What Countryman? What name? What Parentage?  
Un. Of Myfaffine: Schaffian was my Father,  
Such a Schaffian was my brother too:  
So went he futed to his watery tombe:  
If spirits can affume both forme and suite,  
You come to fright vs.  
Sch. A spirit I am indeed,  
But am in that dimenston gruesely clad,  
Which from the wombe I did participate.  
Were you a woman, as the reft goes even,  
I shoule my teares let fall vpou your cheeke,  
And fay, thrice welcome crowned Viola.  
Vio. My father had a moile vpou his brow.  
Sch. And fo had mine.  
Vio. And did that day when Viola from her birth  
    Had numbred thirteene yeares.  
Sch. O that record is luisly in my foule,  
He finished indeed his mortall ade  
That day that made my fiter thirteene yeares.  
Vio. If nothing lets to make vs happie both,  
But this my malefle vilup'd attyre:  
Do not embraze me, till each circumstance,  
Of place, time, fortune, do co here and lume  
That I am Viola, which to confirme,  
Ile bring you to a Captaine in this Towne,  
Where  
Vio. And dame that day when Viola from her birth  
Had numbred thirteene yeares.  
Sch. O that record is luisly in my foule,  
He finished indeed his mortall ade  
That day that made my fiter thirteene yeares.  
Vio. If nothing lets to make vs happie both,  
But this my malefle vilup'd attyre:  
Do not embraze me, till each circumstance,  
Of place, time, fortune, do co here and lume  
That I am Viola, which to confirme,  
Iel bring you to a Captaine in this Towne,  
Where  
Vio. And dame that day when Viola from her birth  
    Had numbred thirteene yeares.  
Sch. So comes it Ladi,you have beene mistooke:  
But Nature to her bias drew in that.  
You would have bin contract'd to a Maid,  
Nor are you therein (by my life) decei'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 leemes treu,  
I shall haue share in this moost happy wracke,  
Boy, thou haft faide to me a thousand times,  
Thou never shoule'tt louse woman like to me.  
Vio. And all those sayings, will I  
    ever swears,  
And all those sayings keep as true in foule,  
As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire,  
That feuers day from night.  
Du. Giue me thy hand,  
And let me fee thee in thy womans weedes.  
Un. The Captaine that did bring me first on shore  
Hath my Maids garments: he vpone some Action  
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's fuite,  
A Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies.  
Ol. He shall inlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither,  
And yet alas, now I remember me,  
They fay poore Gentleman, he's much distract.  
Enter Clemen with a Letter, and Fabian.  
A moft extrafting frenchie of mine owne  
From my remembrance, clearly banlifh his.  
How does he fie?  
Cl. Truely Madam, he holds Belzebub at the flues end as  
    well as a man in his cafe may do: he here writ a letter to  
you, I should giue'nt you to day morning. But as a  
madmans Epitcles are no Gospels, so it skilles not much  
when they are deliuer'd.  
Ol. Open't, and read it.  
Cle. Looke then to be well edified, when the Foose  
deliuers the Madman.  
By the Lord Madam.  
Ol. How now, art thou mad?  
Cl. No Madam, I do but reade madneffe: and your  
Ladyship will haue it as it ought to bee, you must allow  
Vox.  
Ol. Prethee reade i'thy right wits.  
Cle. So I do Madona: but to reade his right wits, is to  
reade thus: therefore, perpend your Princesse, and glue  
caire.  
Ol. Read it you, sirrah.  
Fab. Read. By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and the  
world shall know it: Though you have put mee into  
darkenesse, and giuen your drunken Cofne rule over me,  
yet haue I the benefit of my fenes as well as your Ladieship.  
I haue your owne letter, that induced mee to the  
fembalme I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to  
do my felle much right, or you much shame: thinke of  
you, and speake out of my injury.  
Mally mad your Malvolio.  
Ol. Did he write this?  
Cle. I Madame.  
Du. This favours not much of distractioun.  
Ol. See him deliuer'd Fabian, bring him hither:  
My Lord, fo please you, these things further thought on,  
To thinke me as well a fitter, as a wife,  
One day shall crowne thalliance on't, fo please you,  
Here at my house, and at my proper coft.  
Du. Madam, I am moft apt to embrase your offer:  
Your Mafter quits you: and for your fervice done him,  
So much again'tt the meatte of your fex,  
So farre beneath your foft and tender breeding,  
And since you call'd me Malfier, fo long:  
Here is my hand, you shall from this time bee  
your Mafier's Mitrit.  
Ol. A fitter, you are the.  
Enter Malvolio.  
Du. Is this the Madman?  
Ol. I my Lord, this fame: How now Malvolio?  
Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,  
Notorious wrong.  
Ol. Have I Malvolio No.  
Mal. Lady you have, pray you perufe that Letter.  
You muft not now denie it is your hand,  
Write from it if you can, in hand, or phrafe,
Twelte Night, or, What you will.

Or say, tis not your seale, not your invention:
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modestie of honor,
Why you have given me such cleare lights of fav'our,
Bad me come smiling, and croffe-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow flockings, and to frowne
Vpon sir Toby, and the lighter people:
And acting this in an obdient hope,
Why haue you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a darke house, visit'd by the Priest,
And made the moft notorious gekke and gull,
That ere invention plaide on? Tell me why?
Ol. Alas Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though I confesse much like the Character:
But out of question, tis Marias hand.
And now I do bethinke me, it was thinck
First told me thou waft mad; then can't it smiling,
And in such formes, which heere were prefuppus'd
Vpon thee in the Letter; prethee be content,
This practice hath moft shrewdly past vpon thee:
But when we know the grounds, and authours of it,
Thou shalt be both the Plaintiff and the Judge
Of thine owne caufe.
Fab. Good Madam heare me speake,
And let no quarrell, nor no braule to come,
Taint the condition of this present houre,
Which I have wondred at. In hope it shall not,
Moft freely I confesse my selfe, and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio heere,
Vpon some hubborne and vnconterte parts
We had conceu'd against him. Maria writ
The Letter, at fir Toby's great importance,
In recompence whereof, he hath married her:
How with a sportfull malice it was follow'd,
May rather bunk on laughter then reuenge,
If that the injuries be lightly weigh'd,
That have on both sides past.
Ol. Alas poore Foole, how haue they baffle'd thee?
Clo. Why some are borne great, some attaince great-
neffe, and some haue greatneffe throwne vpon them. I
was one fir, in this Enterlude, one fir Topas fir, but that's
all one: By the Lord Foole, I am not mad: but do you re-
member, Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal,
and you smile not he's gag'd: and thus the whirigigge
time, brings in his reuenges.
Mal. Ile be reueng'd on the whole packe of you?
Ol. He hath bene moft 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 foules. Meane time sweet fifter,
We will not part from hence. Cefario come
(For so you shall be while you are a man)
But when in other habites you are seen,
Orfano's Misfit, and his fancies Queene,
Exeunt

Clowone sings,
When that I was and a little time beyn,
With beyn, by, the winde and the raine:
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the raine it raineth every day.

But when I came to mans sfiate,
With beyn by, &c.
Gainst Knaues and Theues men fliote their gate,
For the raine, &c.

But when I came alas to wiuie,
With beyn by, &c.
By swaggering could I neuer thrive,
For the raine, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,
With beyn by, &c.
With reftes still had drunken beastes,
For the raine, &c.

A great while agoe the world begun,
By, by, &c.
But that's all one, our Play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

FINIS.
Enter Camillo and Archibadus.

Arch. If you shall chance (Camillo) to visit Bohemia, on
the like occasion whereon my feruices are now
on-foot, you shall fee (as I have faid) great dif-
ference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

Camillo. I thinke, this comming Summer, the King of
Sicilia meanses to pay Bohemia the Vtilitation, which hee
fully owes him.

Arch. Wherein our Entertainment shall flame vs: we
will be sufficiant in our Loues: for indeed--

Camillo. 'Befeech you--

Arch. Verely I speake it in the freedome of my know-
ledge: we cannot with fuch magnificence--- in fo rare--
I know not what to fay---- Wee will give you fitte
Drinks, that your Sences (vn-intelligent of our insuffi-
ciencie) may, though they cannot prafye vs, as little ac-
cufe vs.

Camillo. You pay a great deale to dese, for what's guen
freely.

Arch. 'Beleeue me, I speake as my vnderstanding in-
fruickes me, and as mine honeste puts it to vterance.

Camillo. Sicilia cannot fhew himfelfe over-kind to Bohe-
mia: They were traynd together in their Child-hoods;
and there rooted betwixt them then fuch an affection,
which cannot chufe but branch now. Since their more
mature Dignities, and Royall Necessitie, made seperati-
on of their Societie, their Encounters (though not Perfo-
nall) hath been Royally attorned with enter-change of
Gifts, Letters, loving Embaffies, that they have feem'd to
be together, though afsent fhooke hands, as over a Vaft;
and embrac'd as it were from the ends of oppofed Winds.
The Heauens continue their Loues.

Arch. I thinke there is not in the World, either Malice
or Matter, to alter it. You have an vnfeepable comfort
of your young Prince Mamillius: it is a Gentleman of the
greateft Promife, that ever came into my Note.

Camillo. I very well agree with you, in the hopes of him:
it is a gallant Child; one, that (indeed) Physick's the Sub-
diect, makes old hearts ftreth: they that went on Crutches
ere he was borne, defire yet their life, to fee him a Man.

Arch. Would they elfe be content to die?

Camillo. Yes if there were no other excuse, why they shoule
defire to live.

Arch. If the King had no Sonne, they would defire to
live on Crutches till he had one. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo.

Leontes. Nine Changes of the Wasty-Starre hath been

The Shepheard's Note, since we have left our Throne
Without a Burthen: Time as long again
Would be fill'd vp (my Brother) with our Thanks,
And yet we shoule, for perpetuite,
Goe hence in debt: And therefore, like a Cypher
(Yet flanding in rich place) I multiply
With one we thank ye, many thoundads moe,
That goe before it.

Leontes. Stay your Thanks a while,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow:
I am question'd by my feares, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our abfence, that may blow
No fnaping Winds at home, to make vs fay,
This is put forth too truly befides, I haue fay'd
To tyre your Royaltie.

Leontes. We are tougher (Brother)
Then you can put vs to't.

Pol. No longer fay,
Leontes. One Seeneight longer.
Pol. Very footh, to morrow.

Leontes. Wee'le part the time betweene's then and that
Ile no gaine-faying.

Pol. Preffe me not ('befeech you) fo:
There is no Tongue that move's none, none i'th World
So foone as yours, could win mer: fo it shoule now,
Were there necelitie in your requet, although
'Twere needfull I deny'd it. My Affaires
Doe even drag me home-ward: which to hinder,
Were (in your Loue) a Whip to me; my fay,
To you a Charge, and Trouble: to faue both,
Farewell (our Brother).

Leontes. Tongue-ty'd our Queene? fpeak ye you.
Hermione. I had thought (Sir) to have held my peace, vntill
You had drawne Oathes from him, not to fayi you(Sir)
Charge him too coldly. 'Tell him, you are fure
All in Bohemia's well: this fatisfaclion,
The by-gone-day proclaym'd, fay this to him,
He's beat from his beft ward.

Leontes. Well fayd, Hermione.
Hermione. To tell, he longs to fee his Sonne, were ftrong:
But let him fay fo then, and let him goe;
But let him fwear fo, and he fhall not fay,
We'll thwack him hence with Diffaftes.
Yet of your Royall prefence, Ile adventure
The borrow of a Weeke. When at Bohemia
You take my Lord, Ile give him my Commiffion,
To let him there a Moneth, behind the Geit
Prefix'd for's parting: yet (good-deed) Leontes,
I loue thee not a Jarre o'th Clock, behind

A a
The Winters Tale.

What Lady she her Lord.  You're day ?  
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 feek t'vnfihere the Stars with Oaths,  
Should yet say, Sir, no going : Verely  
You shall not goe ; a Ladies Verely" is  
As potent as a Lords.  Will you goe yet?  
Force me to keere you as a Prisoner,  
Not like a Guest : io you shall pay your Fees  
When you depart, and faue 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, leffe safe to commit,  
Then you to punish.  
Her. Not your Gaoler then,  
But your kind Hostelee, Come, Ile queeion 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 verry 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 purfu'd that life,  
And our weake Spirits ne're been higher rear'd  
With stronger blood, we should haue anfwer'd Heauen  
Boldly, not guilty; the Impoſition clear'd,  
Hereidarie ours.  
Her. By this we gather  
You haue tript finde.  
Pol. O my moft sacred Lady,  
Temptations haue finde then been borne to's : for  
In thoef vnfedd' days, was my Wife a Girle ;  
Your precious felle had then not crofs'd the eyes  
Of my young Play-fellow.  
Her. Grace to hoot :  
Of this make no conclufion, leaf it you fay  
Your Queene and I are Deulls : yet goe on,  
Th'o'offences we haue made you doe, we'll anfwere,  
If you firft fenn'd with vs: and that with vs  
You did continue fault; and that you flipt not  
With any, but with vs.  
Leo. Is he woon yet?  
Her. He'll fay (my Lord.)  
Leo. At my requete, he would not :  
Hermione (my deareft) thou neuer fpoke'th  
To better purpofe.  
Her. Neuer?  
Leo. Neuer, but once.  
Her. What? haue I twice faid well? when was't before?  
I prethee tell me : cram's with praye, and make's  
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueelee,  
Slaughters a thousand, wayting on that  
Our pray'res are our Wages. You may ride's  
With one soft Kiffe a thousand Furlongs, ere  
With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th' Goalie :  
My laft good deed, was to entreat his fay.  
What was my firft? it ha's an elder Sifier,  
Or I mistake you: O, would her Name were Grace.  
But once before I spoke to th' purpoze? when?  
Nay, let me haue't : I long.  
Leo. Why, that was when  
Three crab'd Moneths had fower'd themfelves to death,  
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand:  
A clap thy felle my Loue; then didft thou vtter,  
I am yours for euer.  
Her. 'Tis Grace indeed.  
Why lo-you now! I haue fpoke to th' purpoze twice:  
The one, for euer earn'd a Royall Husband;  
Th'other, for some while a Friend.  
Leo. Too hot, too hot :  
To mingle参展ship fattery, is mingling bloods,  
I haue 'Tremor Cordis' on me: my heart daunces,  
But not for joy; not joy. This Entertainment  
May a free face put on : deriu a Libertie  
From Heartineffe, from Bountie, fertile Bofome,  
And well become the Agent: 't may; I grant:  
But to be pacling Palmes, and pinching Fingers,  
As now they are, and making praftis'd Smiles  
As in a Looking-Glaffe; and then to figi, as 'twere  
The Mort o'th'Deere : oh, that is entertainment  
My Bofome likes not, nor my Browes. Mamillius,  
Art thou my Boy?  
Mam. I, my good Lord.  
Leo. I'feeks:  
Why that's my Bawcock what's ha't smutch'd thy Nofe?  
They fay it is a Copy out of mine. Come Captain,  
We muft be near: not near, but cleanly, Captain:  
And yet the Steere, the Heycfer, and the Calfe,  
Are all cal'd Neer. Still Virginalling  
Vpon his Palme! How now (you wanton Calfe)  
Art thou my Calfe ?  
Mam. Yes, if you will (my Lord.)  
Leo. Thou want't a rough path, & the shoots that I have  
To be full, like me: yet they fay we are  
Almoft as like as Eggs; Women fay fo,  (That will fay any thing.) But were they falle  
As o're-d'y Blacks, as Wind, as Waters;faile  
As Dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes  
No borne 'twixt his and mine ; yet were It true;  
To fay this Boy were like me. Come(Sir Page)  
Louke on me with your Welkin eye:weet Villaine,  
Moft deareft, my Collop: Can thy Dam,may't be  
Affection? thy Intention flabs the Center.  
Thou don't make possible things not to hold,  
Communicat'th with Dreams(how can this be?)  
With what's vnaile: thou coaftiue art,  
And fellow't nothing. Then 'tis very credent,  
Thou may't co-loyne with something, and thou do'ft,  
(And that beyond Commifion) and I find it,  
(And that to the infection of my Braines,  
And hardning of my Browes.)  
Pol. What means Sicilia?  
Her. He something feemes vnfeyled.  
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 diftraction:  
Are you mo'ud (my Lord?)  
Leo. No, in good earneft.  
How sometimes Nature will betray it's folly?  
It's tenderneffe? and make it felte a Paffime  
To harder boomes? Looking on the Lynes  
Of 278
Of my Boyes face,me thoughts I did requoyde
Twentie three yeeres, and law my selfe vn-breech'd,
In my greene Velvet Coat; my Dagger muzzel'd,
Leaf it should bite it's Matter, and fo prooue
(As Ornaments oft do's) too dangerous:
How like me thought I then was to this Kernels,
This Squaw, this Gentleman. Mine honest Friend,
Will you take Egges for Money?

Leo. You will: why happy man be's dole. My Brother
Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we
Doe feeme to be of ours?

Pol. If at home (Sir)
He's all my Exercice, my Mirth, my Matter;
Now my fwearne Friend, and then mine Enemy;
My Parfite, my Soul'dier Statef-man; all: he
Makes a huyes day, short as December,
And with his varying child-nffe, cures in me
Thoughts, that would thick my blood.

Leo. So flands this Squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walke (my Lord)
And leave you to your grauer rep's. Hermione,
How thou lou't vs, shew in our Brothers welcome;
Let what is deare in Sicily, be cheape:
Next to thy felfe, and my young Rouer, he's
Apparant to my heart.

Her. If you would feek vs,
We are yours P'th'Garden: shall's attend you there?

Leo. To your owne bents difpose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling now,
(Though you perceive me not how I giue Lyne)
Goe too, goe too.

How she holds vp the Neb? the Byll to him?
And armes her with the boldneffe of a Wife
To her allowing Husband. Gone already,
Ynch-thick, knee-deep, ore head and eares a fork'd one.
Goe play (Boy) play: thy Mother plays, and I
Play too, but fo digrac'd a part, whose ifue
Will hiffe me to my Graue:Contempt and Clamor
Will be my Knell. Goe play (Boy) play, there have been
(Or I am much decue'd) Cuckolds ere now,
And many a man there is (even at this preffent,
Now, while I speake this) holds his Wife by th'Arme,
That little thinks she's has been fluye'd in'd abience,
And his Pond fifh'd by his next Neighbor (by
Sir Smite, his Neighbor) nay, there's comfort in't,
While others men have Gates, and tho' Gates open'd
(As mine) against their will. Should all defpize,
That have resolted Wiuses, the tenet of Mankind
Would hang themselues. Phyllick for'ts, there's none:
It is a bawdy Planet, that will strike
Where 'ts predominat, and 'ts powrfulle: thinke it:
From Eaft, 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
Have the Difear, and feel'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 aido to make his Anchor hold,
When you caft out, it fell came home.

Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your Petitions, made
His Busynesse more materials.

Leo. Didst perceive it?

They're here with me already, whip'ring, rounding:
Sicilia is a fo-forth: 'tis farre gone,
When I shall guft it laft. How can't (Camillo)
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good Queens entreatie.

Leo. At the Queens be': Good should be pertinent,
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any vnderstanding Pate but thine?
For thy Conceit is foaking, will draw in
More then the common blocks. Not noted, is't,
But of the finer Natures? by some Seuerauls
Of Head-piece extraordinary! Lower Melfies
Perchance are to this Busineffe purblind? say.

Cam. Busineffe, my Lord? I thinke moft vnderstand
Behemis flays here longer.

Leo. Ha? Is

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. I, but why?

Cam. To satisfie your Highness, and the Entreaties
Of our most gracious Miftreffe.

Leo. Satisfie?

Th'entreaties of your Miftreffe? Satisfie?
Let that suficie. I have trueth thee (Camillo)
With all the neereft things to my heart, as well
My Chamber-Councels, wherein (priest-like) thou
Haft cleans'd my Bofome; I, from thee departed
Thy Penitent reform'd: but we have been
Decue'd in thy Inrigetie, decue'd
In that which feemes fo.

Cam. Be it forbid (my Lord.)

Leo. To bide vpon't thou art not honest: or
If thou inclin'lt that way, thou art a Coward,
Which boxes honeste behind, refrayning
From Courfe requir'd: or else thou must be counted
A Seruant, graffed in my ferial Truth,
And therein negligent: or else a Foole,
That feeth a Game play'd home, the rich Stake drawer,
And tak't it all for leaft.

Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearefull,
In every one of these, no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, feare,
Among the infinite doings of the World,
Sometimes puts forth in your aires (my Lord.)
If euer I were wilfull-neglectful,
It was my folly: if industriously
I play'd the Foole, it was my negligence,
Not weiging 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, twist a feare
Which oft infects the wifeft: thefe(my Lord)
Are fuch allow'd Infirmities, that honeste
Is never free of. But befooth your Grace
Be plainer with me, let me know my Trefpas
By it's owne viage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha! not you feene Camillo?

(Cam. But that's past doubt: you have, or your eye-gaffe
Is thicker then a Cuckolds Hone) or heard?
(For too the Vision to apper, I thought
Cannot be mute) or thought? (for Cogitation
Refudes not in that man, that do's not thine)
The Winters Tale.

My Wife is slipperie: If thou wilt confede,
Or else be impudently negligent,
To have nor Eye, nor Ear, nor Thought, then say
My Wife's a Holy-Horse, deferves a Name
As ranke as any Flux-Wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say't, and instantly.
Cam. I would not be a wander-by, to heare
My Soueraigne Miftrfere clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'twas my heart,
You never spoke what did become you leffe
Then this; which to retreate, were fin
As depe as that, though true.
Leo. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning Checke to Checke: is morten Nofes?
Killing in-inde Lip? topping the Cariere
Of Laughter, with a fight: (a Note inffallible
Of breaking Honfite) horfing foot on foot?
Skulling in corners? wishing Clocks more twifit?
Houres, hinfurt? Noone, Mid-night? and all Eyes
Blind with the Pin and Web, but theirs; theirs onely,
That was vnfeene to be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why then the World, and all that's in't, is nothing,
The couring Skie is nothing: Bobemia nothing,
My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing have thee Nothing,
If this be nothing.
Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this difeaf'd Opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis most dangerous.
Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.
Cam. No, no, my Lord.
Leo. It is: you leye, you leye:
I say thou lyef Camillo,and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a groffe Lowt, a mindleffe Slawe,
Or elfe a houering Temporizer, that
Can't with thine eyes at once fee good and euill,
Inclining to them both: were my Wifes Luer
Infected (as her life) she would not lieue
The running of one Glasfe.
Cam. Who do's infect her?
Leo. Why he that weares her like her Medull, hanging
About his neck (Bobemia) who, if f
Had Servants true about me, that bare eyes
To fee alike mine Honor, as their Profits,
(Their owne particular Thift) they would doe that
Which should vnwre more doeing: I, and thou
His Cup-bearer, whom I from meaner forme
Haue Bench'd, and rear'd to Worship, who may't fee
Plainely, as Haueen fees Earth, and Earth fees Haueen,
How I am gall'd, might't be-spice a Cup,
To give mine Enemy a lafting Winke:
Which Draught to me, were cordial.
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 Poyfon: But I cannot
Beleeue this Crack to be in my dread Miftrfere
(So foveraignely being Honorable.)
I have lou'd thee,
Leo Make that thy quefion, and goe rot:
Do't think I am so muddy, so vnnetted,
To spoile my felfe in this vexation?
Sully one partite and whitteneffe of my Sheets
(Which to preferre, is Sleepe; which being spotted,
is Godes, Thornes. Nettes, Tayles of Wafpes)
Gue scandall to the blood o'th'Prince, my Sonne,
(Who I doe thinke is mine, and love as mine)
Without ripe mouing to't? Would I doe this?
Could man fo bench?
Cam. I mufte beleeue you (Sir)
I doe, and will fetch off Bobemia for't:
Prouided, that when hee's remou'd, your Highneffe
Will take againe your Queene, as yours at firft,
Euen for your Sonnes fake, and thereby for healing
The Injurie of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes
Knowne, and aluid'y to yours.
Leo. Thou do'ft admire me,
Euen so as I mine owne courfe have fet downe:
He gie no blemifh to her Honor, none.
Cam. My Lord,
Goe then; and with a countenance as cleare
As Friendship weares at Feaths, keepe with Bobemia,
And with your Queene; I am his Cup-bearer,
If from me he haue whomfome Beueridge,
Account me not your Servant.
Leo. This is all:
Do'ta, and thou haue the one halfe of my heart;
Do'n't, thou uplift'th owne.
Cam. I do't, my Lord.
Leo. I wil feeke friendly, as thou haft aduis'd me.
Exit Cam. O milifable Lord.
But for me,
What cafe fhould I in? I mufte be the payfoner
Of good Polixenes, and my ground to do't,
Is the obedience to a Mafter; one,
Who in Rebellion with himfelle, will haue
All that are his, so too.
To doe this deed,
Promotion followes: If I could find example
Of thoufand's that had ftruck anoynted Kings,
And fourifh'd after, I'll do not': But fince
Nor Braffe, nor Stone, nor Parchment beares not one,
Let Villanie it felle forwearne, I mufte
Forfike the Court: to do't, or no, is certaine
To me a bracke-neke. Happy Starre raigne now,
Here comes Bobemia. Enter Polixenes.
Pol. This is strange: Me thinke's
My favor here begins to warpe.
Not speaker.
Good day Camilo.
Cam. Hayle moft Royall Sir.
Pol. What is the Newes i'th'Court?
Cam. None rare (my Lord.)
Pol. The King hath on him fuch a countenance,
As he had left fome Prouince, and a Region
Lou'd, as he loues himfelfe: even now I met him
With cufomarie complements, when hee
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A Lippe of much contemp, speedes from me, and
So leaues me, to confider what is breeding,
That changes thus his Manners.
Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.)
Pol. How, dare not? do not? do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligenet to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to your felle, what you doe know, you mufte,
And cannot fay, you dare not, Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a Mirror,
Which fhewes me mine chang'd too:for I mufte be
A partie in this alteration, finding
My felle thus alter'd with't.
Cam. There is a fickneffe
Which puts fome of vs in diftemper, but
I cannot name the Diseafe, and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.
Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not fighed like the Baliſfique.
The Winters Tale.

I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none fo: Camillo,
As you are certainly a Gentleman, thereto
Clerke-like experience'd, which no lefe adorns
Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,
In whose face you are gentle: I beleech you,
If you know why I do acquaint you with knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd; impfiton't not
In ignorant concealement.

Cam. I may not anfwere.

Pol. A Sickenfe caught of me, and yet I well?
I must be anfwere'd. Do'lt thou heare Camillo,
I coniure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which Honor do's acknowledge, whereof the laft
Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidencie thou do'lt give of harme
Is creeping toward me; how farre off, how neere,
Which way to be prevented, if to be:
If no't, how beft to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in Honor, and by him
That I think Honorablc: therefore marke my countenaunce,
Which must be eu'n as swiftly follow'd, as
I meane to vter it; or both your selfe, and me,
Cry loft, and fo good night.

Pol. In, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murther you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinke'st, nay with all confidence he sweares,
As he had seen't, or beene an Instrument
To vice you to't, that you have toucht his Queene
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh then, my best blood turne
To an infected Gelly, and my Name
Be yoak'd with him, that do betray the Beft:
Turne then my freshet Reputation to
A favour, that may strike the dullest Nothrift.
Where I arraife, and my approe be shun'd,
Nay hated too, wore then the great Infidion
That ere was heard, or read.

Cam. Sweare 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) remove, or Countenaunce
The Fabrick of his Folly, whose foundation
Is y'lt upon his Faith, and will continue
The flanding of his Body.

Pol. How would this grow?

Cam. I know not: but I am fure 'tis fafer to
Avoid what's growne, then queftion how 'tis borne.
If therefore you dare trut my honteft
That lyes enclosed in this Trunke, which you
Shall bear along impawnd, away to Night,
Your Followers I will whifper to the Businffe,
And will by twoe, and threes, at feveral Poffernes,
Cleare them o'th Cite: For my felfe, Ile put
My fortunes to your service (which are here
By this difcoverie loft.) Be not vncertaine,
For by the honor of my Parents, I
 inconvenience to my felfe: If you feeke to prove,
I dare not fland by; nor shall you be fafer,
Then one condern'd by the Kings owne mouth:
Thereon his Execution fwoerne.

Pol. I do beleue thee:
I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand,
Be Pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days agoe. This Iealoufie
Is for a precious Creature: as thee's rare,
Muff it be great; and, as his Perfons mightie,
Muff it be violent: and, as he do's conclude,
He is dihonor'd by a man, which ever
Profeft'd to him: why his Reuenges muft
In that be made more bitter. Fear ore-shades me:
Good Expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queene, part of his Theame but nothing
Of his ill-tane fupition. Come Camillo,
I will refpect thee as a Father, if
Thou bear'ft my life off, hence: Let vs avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authoritie to command
The Keyses of all the Poffernes: Pleafce you Highneffe
To take the vrent houre. Come Sir, away. Execunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies: Leonatus,
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'll kiffe me hard, and speake to me, as if
I were a Baby fill. I loue you better.

2. Lady. And why so (my Lord?)

Mam. Not for becaufe
Your Brows are blacker (yet black-brows they fay
Become some Women beft, so that there be not
Too much hairre 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 Womenes faces; pray now,
What colour are your eye-browes?

Lady. Blew (my Lord.)

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seene a Ladies Nofe
That he's beene blew, but not her eye-browes.

Lady. Harke ye,
The Queene (your Mother)rounds apaceway shall
Preferent our lercusics to a fine new Prince
One of thefe days, and then you'd wanton with vs,
If we would haue you.

2. Lady. She is (preared of late
Into a goodly Bulke (good time encounter her.)

Her. What wifdome flirs amongst you? Come Sir, now
I am for you againe: Pray you fit by vs,
And tell's a Tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, that's be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad Tale's beft for Winter:
I haue one of Sprights, and Goblins.

Her. Let's haue that (good Sir.)

Come-on, sit downe, come-on, and do ye beft,
To fright me with your Sprights; you're powerfull at it.

A 3

Mam. There
There was a man.

A Church-yard; I will tell it softly,
Yond Crickets shall not hear it.

There is no life in the Cup
A Spider fleape'd, and one may drinke; depart,
And yet partake no venom (for his knowledge
Is not infected) but if one present
Th'honour'd Ingrediente to his eye, make knowne
How he hath drinke, he cracks his gorge, his fides
With violent Hefts: I have drunke, and fee the Spider.

Camillo was his helpes in this, his Pandar:
There is a Plot against my Life, my Crowne;
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He ha's discover'd my Defigne, and I
Remaine a pinch'd Thing; yes, a very Trick
For them to play at will: how came the Polternes
So easily open'd?

By his great authority,
Which often hath no lesse preval'd, then so,
On your command,

Know't well too.

Give me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurfe him:
Though he do's bear some fignes of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

What is this? Sport?

Beare the Boy hence, he shall not come near her,
Away with him, and let her sport her felfe
With that thee's big with, for 'tis Polixenes
Ha's made thee fwell thus.

But I'd faie he had not;

And Ile be sworn ye would beleue my faying,
How e're you leane to th'Nay-ward.

Look on her, marke her well: be but about
To fay th' is a goodly Lady,

The iudicke of your hearts will thereto adde
'Tis pity she's not honett: Honorable;
Prayle her but for this her without-dore-Forme,
(Which on my fault defereues high speech) and straight
The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (thefe Petty-brands
That Calumnie dothe vfe; Oh, I am out,
That Mercy do's, for Calumnie will feare
Vertue it felfe) thefe Shruge, thefe Hum's, and Ha's,
When you have faied thee's goodly, come betwenee,
Ere you can fay thee's honett: But be't knowne
(From him that ha's moft caufe to grieve it shoulde be)
She's an Adultere.

Should a like Language vfe to all degrees,
And mannerly diffingulment leave out,
Betwixt the (prince and Beggar) I have faid
She's an Adultere, I have faid with whom:
More; she's a Trayer, and Camillo is
A Federate with her, and one that knowes
What she should fame to know her felfe,
But with her moft vld Principall: that shee's
A Bed-flower, even as bad as tho.
That Vulgars glue bold'ft Titles; I, and priuy
To this their late effcape.

No (by my life)

Priuy to none of this: how will this grieve you,
When you shal come to clearer knowleage, that
You thus have publi'd me? Gentle my Lord;
You scarce can right me thoroughly, then, to fay
You did miftake.

No: if I miftake
In tho Foundations which I build vpon,
The Centre is not bigge enough to bear
A Schoole-Boyes Top. Away with her, to Prifon:
He who shall speake for her, is a farre-off guilte,
But that he speaks.

There! There's some ill Planet raiges:
I must be patient, till the Heauens looke
With an acpet more fauourable. 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
Worfe then Teares drown'd: befeeche you all (my Lords)
With thoughts fo qualified, as your Charities
Shall ben inftruct you, meafeure me, and fo
The Kings will be perform'd.

Shall I be heard?

Who is't that goes with me? befeeche your Highnes
My Women may be with me, for you see
My plight requires it. Doe not weep(fgood Fooles)
There is no caufe:When you shall know your Miftris
Ha's deferv'd Prifon, then abound in Teares,
As I come out; this Action I now goe on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)
I neuer wifh'd to fee you forry, now
I trufl I shall my Women come, you haue leave.

Goe, doe our bidding: hence.

Befeeche your Highness call the Queene again.

Be certain what you do(Sir) leaft your iustice
Prove violence, in the which three great onesuffer,
Your Selfe, your Queene, your Sonne.

May I dare my life lay downe, and will do't (Sir)
Please you faccept it, that the Queene is spotlesse
I'll the eyes of Heauen, and to you (I meane
In this, in which you accuse her.)

If it be priue.

Shee's other wife, Ile keepe my Stables where
I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her:
Then when I feele, and fee her, no farther truft her:
For euery ync of Woman in the World,
I, euery drame of Womans flesh is falle,
If she be.

Hold your peace.

Good my Lord.

It is for you we speake, not for our felues
You are abus'd, and by some puter on,
That will be dam'd for't: would I knew the Villaine,
I would
The Winters Tale.

I would Land-damne him : be the honor-flaw'd,
I have three daughters : the eldest is eleueen;
The second, and the third, nine : and some sixe :
If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine Honor
Ile gell'd em all : fourteene they shall not see
To bring false generations : they are co-heyes,
And I had rather gibb my felle, then they
Should not produce faire issue.

Leo. Cesfe, no more :
You smell this busnifee with a fence as cold
As is a dead-mans nose : but I do fee't, and feel't,
As you feele doing thus : and see withall
The Instruments that feele.

Antig. If it be fo,
We neede no grace to burie honestly,
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 have her Honor true, then your fupfition
Be blam'd for't how you might.
Leo. Why what neede we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forcefull inflagion? Our prerogative
Calls not your Countfailes, but our natural goodneffe
Imparts this : which, if you, or fuppofed,
Or feemind fo, in skill, cannot, or will not
Rellish a truth, like vs: informe your felues,
We neede no more of your advice : the matter,
The loffe, the gaine, the ord'ring on't,
Is all properly:

Antig. And I wish (my Liege)
You had onely in your filent judgement tride it,
Without more ouerture,
Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art moft ignorant by age,
Or thou wert borne a foole : Camillo's flight
Added to their Familiarity
(Which was as groffe, as euer touch'd coniecture,
That lack'd fight onely, nought for approbation
But onely feeing, all other circumfances
Made vp to th' deed) doth push-on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation
(For in an Acte of this importance, 'were
Most pittious to be wilde) I have difpatch'd in poft,
To facred Delphos, to Apollo's Temple,
Cleomines and Dion, whom you know
Of stuf'd-sufficiency : Now, from the Oracle
They will bring all, whose spiritual counfaile had
Shall flop, or spurre me. Haue I done well ?

Lord. Well done (my Lord.)
Leo. Though I am fatisfie, and neede no more
Then what I know, yet shall the Oracle
Give reft to th'mindes of others : fuch as he
Whose ignorant credulitie, will not
Come vp to th'real. So haue we thought it good
From our free perfon, shee should be confinde,
Leaff that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to performe. Come follow vs,
We are to speake in publique : for this busnifee
Will raife vs all.

Antig. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth, were knowne.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Gaoier, Emilia.
Paual. The Keeper of the prifon, call to him :
Let him have knowledge who I am. Good Lady,
No Court in Europe is too good for thee,
What doft thou then in prifon? Now good Sir,
You know me, do you not?
Gao. For a worthy Lady,
And one, who much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Condu(ude) me to the Queene.
Gao. I may not (Madam)
To the contrary I have exprefse commandement.

Paul. Here's a do, to locke vp honestly & honour from
Th'acceffe of gentle visitors. Is't lawfull pray you
To fee her Women? Any of them? Emilia?
Gao. So pleafe you (Madam)
To put a part thele your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now call her :
With draw your felues.
Gao. And Madam,
I must be prefent at your Conference.

Paul. Well : be't fo : prethee.
Heere's fuch a doe, to make no flaine, a flaine,
As paffes colouring. Deare Gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious Lady?

Emil. As well as one fo great, and fo forlorne
May hold together : On her ffrings, and greesers
(Which never tender Lady hath borne greater)
She is, fomething before her time, deliuer'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lufty, and like to live : the Queene receiues
Much comfort in't : Sayes, my poor prifoner,
I am innocent as you,

Paul. I dare be sworne:
These dangerous, vnfaile Lunes i'th'King, befheir them:
He muft be told on't, and he shall not the office
Becomes a woman bef't. Ile take't vpon me,
If I proye hony-mouth'd, let my tongue bliffer.
And neuer to my red-look'd Anger bee
The Trumpet any more : pray you (Emilia)
Commend my beft obedience to the Queene,
If he dares trufe me with her little babe,
I'le shew't the King, and vnfaire to bee
Her Adovate to th'lowd'ft. We do not know
How he may frethen at the fight o'th'Childe :
The fience often of pure innocence
Periwades, when speaking faiues.

Emil. Moft worthy Madam,
your honor, and your goodneffe is fo euident,
That your free vnfaire to cannot miffe
A thriuing yffe: there is no Lady Juinge
So mette for this great errand ; pleafe your Ladifhip
To visit the next roome, Ile prefently
Acquaint the Queene of your moft noble offer,
Who, but to day hammer'd of this defigne,
But durft not tempt a minifter of honour
Leafe the should be deny'd.
Scena Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Servants, Paulina, Antigonus, and Lords.

Lea. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus: meere weakness, if
The carewa were not in being: part o' th'caufe,
She, th' Adultrefle: for the harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke
And leuell of my braine: plot-proofes: but thee,
I can hooke to me: say that she was gone,
Given to the fire, a moty of my rest
Might come to me againe. Whose there?
Ser. My Lord.
Lea. How do's the boy?
Ser. He tooke good rest to night: 'tis hop'd
His ficknesse is diischarg'd.
Lea. To fee his Noblenesse,
Conceyuing the diishonour of his Mother.
He straighte declin'd, droop'd, tooke it deepely,
Fallen, and fa'd the blame on't in himselfe:  
Threw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe,
And down-right languish'd. Leave me solely: goe,
See how he fares: Fie, fie, no thought of him,
The very thought of my Renenges that way
Recouyle upon me: in himselfe too mightie,
And in his partes, his Alliance: Let him be,
Vntill a time may serue. For present vengeane
Take it on her: Camille, and Polixene
Laugh at me: make their paytime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
Shall fhe, within my powre.

Enter Paulina.

LorD. You must not enter.
Paul. Nay rather (good my Lords) be secon to me:
Fear ye his tyrannous passion more (alas)
Then the Queenses life? A gracious innocent sole,
More free, then he is jealous.
Antig. That's enough.
Ser. Madam; he hath not slept to night, commanded
None should come at him.
Paul. Not so hot (good Sir)
I come to bring him sleepe. 'Tis such as you

That creep like shadowes by him, and do fighe
At each his needlesse heauings: such as you
Nourish the care of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinall, as true;
(Honest, as either,) to purge him of that humor,
That pesifes him from sleepe.

LorD. Who noyle there, hoe?
Paul. No noyle (my Lord) but needful conference,
About some Gosips for your Highness.

Lea. 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 peril, and on mine,
She should not vift you.
Lea. What? canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonifie he can: in this
(Vnleffe he take the courfe that you have 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 thee'nt shalumble.
Paul. Good my Liege, I come:
And I beesehen you heare me, who professe
My felse your loyall Servant, your Phyistian,
Your moft obedient Counseller: yet that dare
Leffe appear fo, in comforting your Euilles,
Then such as moft feeme yours. I say, I come
From your good Queenne.

Lea. Good Queenne?
Paul. Good Queenne (my Lord) good Queenne,
I say good Queenne,
And would by combe, make her good fo, were I
A man, the worst about you.
Lea. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine owne accord, Ile off,
But firt, Ile do my errand. 'The good Queenne
(For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,
Heere 'tis: Commends it to your Blessing.

Lea. Out.

A Mankinde Witch? Hence with her, out o'dore:
A moft intelligencing bawd.

Paul. Not fo:
I am as ignorant in that, as you,
In fo entiting me: and no leffe honest
Then you are mad: which is enough, Ile warrant
(As this world goes) to passe for honest:

Lea. Traitors;
Will you not push her out? Give her the Baffard,
Thou dotard, thou art woman-yr'd: vnroofed
By thy dame Parlet here. Take vp the Baffard,
Take't vp, I say: giue't to thy Crone.

Paul. For euer
Vnvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak't vp the Princeffe, by that forced basenefe
Which he ha's put vp'nt.
Lea. He dreads his Wife.
Paul. So I would you did: then 'twerre past all doubt
You'd call your children, yours.

Lea. A neit of Traitors.
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I: nor any
But one that's heere: and that's himselfe: for he,
The Winters Tale.

The faced Honor of himselfe, his Queenses,
His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, betrays to Slander,
Whose sting is sharper then the Swords; and will not
(For as the cane now stands, it is a Curfe
He cannot be compell'd too't) once remove
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As ever Oake, or Stone was found.

Leo. A Callat
Of boundlesse tongue, who late hath beat her Husband,
And now bays 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 Prouerbe to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worfe. Behold (my Lords)
Although the Print be little, the whole Matter
And Copy of the Father: (Eye, Nofe, Lippe,
The trick of's Frown, his Fore-head, nay, the Valley,
The pretty dimples of his Chin, and Cheeke; his Smiles:
The very Mold, and frame of Hand, Nailye, Finger.)
And thou good Godiffe Nature, which haft made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haft
The ordering of the Mind too, mongst all Colours
No Yellow in't, leaft the fufept, as he do's,
Her Children, not her Husbands.

Leo. A groffe Hagg:
And Lozell, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not flay thy Tongue.

Antig. Hang all the Husbands
That cannot doe that Feat, you leave your felle
Hardly one Subiect.

Leo. Once more take her hence.

Paul. A moft vnworthy, and vnnatural Lord
Can doe no more.

Leo. Ille ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not:
It is an Heretique that makes the fire,
Not the which burns in't. Ile not call you Tyrant:
But this moft cruell viage of your Queene
(Not able to produce more accuation
Then your owne weake-hindg'd Fancy) somthing favors
Of Tyrannie, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, fcamalous to the World.

Leo. On your Allegiance,
Out of the Chamber with her, Were I a Tyrant,
Where were her life? she durft not call me fo,
If the did know me one, Away with her.

Paul. I pray you do not punn me, Ile be gone.
Looke to your Babe (my Lord) 'tis yours: love fend her
A better guiding Spirit. What needs these hands?
You that are thus fo tender o're his Follies,
Will never doe him good, not one of you.

So, I fo: Farewell, we are gone.

Leo. Thou (Traytor) haft fet on thy Wife to this.
My Child? away with't? even thou, that haft
A heart to tender o're it, take it hence,
And see it instantly conflagr'd with fire.
Euen thou, and none but thou. Take it vp straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimonie) or Ile feize thy life,
With what thou els call'lt thine: if thou refufe,
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, fay fo;
The Baffard-braynes with thefe my proper hands
Shall I daft out. Goe, take it to the fire,
For thou fett'lt on thy Wife.

Antig. I did not, Sir:
These Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they pleafe,
Can cleare me in't.

Lords. We can: my Royall Liege,
He is not guiltie of her comming hither.

Leo. You're lyers all.

Lords. Beweeth your Highneffe, glue vs better credit:
We haue always truly fere'd you, and befeech'
So to efferme of vs: and on our knees we begge,
(As remembrance of our deare fervices
Past, and to come) that you doe change this purpofe,
Which being fo horrible, fo bloody, muft
Lead on to some foule Iffue. We all kneele.

Leo. I am a Feather for each Wind that blows: I shall live on, to fee this Baffard kneele,
And call me Father? better burne it now,
Then curse it then. But be it: let it live.
It shall not neyther. You Sir, come you hither:
You that haue beene fo tenderly officious
With Lady Margetye, your Mid. wife there,
To faue this Baffards life; for 'tis a Baffard,
So sure as this Beard's gray. What will you adeventure,
To faue this Brats life?

Antig. Any thing (my Lord)
That my ablittie may vndergoe,
And Noblenesse impoje: at least thus much;
Ile pawn the little blood which I have left,
To faue the Innocent; any thing poiffible.

Leo. It shall be poiffible: Sware by this Sword Thou wilt performe my bidding.

Antig. I will (my Lord.)

Leo. Marke, and performe it: feeth thou if for the faile
Of any point in't, shall not onely be
Death to thy felle, but to thy lewed-tongu'd Wife,
(Whom for this time we pardon) We enjoyne thee,
As thou art Liege-man to vs, that thou carry
This female Baffard hence, and that thou bear it
To some remote and defart place, quite out
Of our Dominions; and that there thou leave it
(Without more mercy) to it owne protection,
And favour of the Climate: as by strange fortune
It came to vs, I doe in Juficie charge thee,
On thy Soules perill, and thy Bodies torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where Chance may nurfe, or end it: take it vp.

Antig. I sware to doe this though a present defent
Had bene more mercurie. Come on (poore Babe)
Some powerfull Spirit instruct the Kytes and Rauens
To be thy Nurfes. Wolues and Beares, they fay,
(Cafting their fauagenesse aside) have done
Like offices of Pitty. Sir, be prosperous
In more then this deed doo's require; and Blesfing
Against this Crueltie, ftrong on thy fide
(Poore Thing, condemn'd to loft.)

Leo. No: Ile not reare
Another Ifue.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Pleafe 'you Highneffe, Poifs
From those you bent to th'Oracle, are come
An houre since: Cleomines and Dion,
Being well arriu'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hafting to th' Court.

Lords. So pleafe you (Sir) their speed
Hath bene beyond acceomp.

Leo. Twentie or three dayes
They have bene abfent: 'tis good speed: fore-tells
The great Apollo fuddently will haue

The
The Winters Tale.

The truth of this appear'd: Prepare you Lords, Summon a Seffion, that we may arraigne
Our most dilloyall Lady: for as she hath
 Been publickly accus'd, so shall the haue
A just and open Triall. While she liues,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And thinke upon my bidding. 

Exeunt.

Aactus 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 pray'r ye heare.

Dio. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the Celestiall Habits,
(Me thinkes I fo should terme them) and the reuerence
Of the graue Wearsers. O, the Sacrifice,
How ceremonious, solemnne, and vn-earthly
It was I'th'Offering.

Cleo. But of all the burn't
And the care-deaff' ning Voyce o'th'Oracle,
Kin to Ioses Thunder, so surpriz'd my Sence,
That I was nothing.

Dio. If th'euent o'th'journey
Prose asinceesful to the Queene(O be'st so)
As it hath beene to vs,rare,pleasant, speedie,
The time is worth the vfe on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo
Turne all to th'best: thefe Proclamations,
So forcing faults vpon Hermione,
I little like.

Dio. The violent carriage of it
Will cleare, or end the Buinene, when the Oracle
(Thus by Apollo's great Divine seal'd vp )
Shall the Contents discouer: something rare
Euen then will ruth to knowledge. Go to: fresh Horses,
And gracious be the issue. 

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers: Hermione (as to her Trial) Ladies: Cleomines, Dion.

Leo. This Seffions(to our great griefe we pronounce)
Even 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, forse we fo openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the Guilt, or the Purgation:
Produce the Prisoner.

Officer. It is his Buinene pleasure, that the Queene
Appeare in perfon, here in Court.

Silence.

Leo. Readie the Indictment.

Officer. Hermione, Queene to the worthy Leontes, King
of Sicilia, thou art here accus'd and arraigned of High Treas-
fon, in committing Adultery with Polixenes King of Bohemia,

and conspiring with Camillo to take away the Life of our Sou-
raigne Lord the King, thy Royall Husband: the pretence whereof
being by circumstances partly laid open, thou(Hermione) con-
trary to the Faith and Alleviance of a true Subject, didst coun-
saille and oyle them, for their better safestie, to flye away by
Night.

Her. Since what I am to say,must be but that
Which contradic't 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 Pallehood, shall (as I expresse it) be fo receiued.
But thus, if Powres Divine
Behold our humane Actions (as they doe)
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False Accusation blufh, and Tyrannie
Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) best know
(Whom 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 pattern, though deuis'd,
And play'd, to take Speculators. 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 plesse to come, and heare.
For Life, I prize it
As I receiue Griefe (which I would spaire)
For Honor, 'Tis a deriuatue from me to mine,
And onely that I stand for. I appeale
To your owne Consciencie (Sir) before Polixenes
Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so: Since he came,
With what encounter fo vncurrant, I
Have hardy'ed your pruence thus; if one ito beyt
The bound of Honor, or in act, or will
That way enclining, hardned be the hearts
Of all that hearre me, and my near'f of Kin
Cry fie vpon my Graue.

Leo. I ne're heard yet,
That any of these bolder Vices wanted
Leiffe Impudence to gaine-fay what they did,
Then to performe it firke.

Her. That's true enough,
Though tis a faying(Sir) not due to me.

Leo. You will not owne it.

Her. More then Mitrefte 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, eu'n fuch,
So, and no other, as your selfe commanded :
Which, not to have done, I thinke had been in me
Both Disobedience, and Ingratitude
To you, and toward your Friend, whose Loue had spoke,
Euen fince it could speake, from an Infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for Conspiracie,
I know not how it taffes, though it be diff'd
For me to trye how: All I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your Court, the Gods themselves
(Wotting no more then I) are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have vndersta'ne to doe in's abstinence.

Her. Sir,
The Winters Tale.
The sweet'rt. deer'rt creature's dead:& vengeance for't
Not drop'd downe yet.
Lord. The higher powres forbid.
Pass. I say she's dead : Ile fwear't. If word, nor oath
Preusie not, go and see : if you can bring
Tinneure, or lustre in her lip, her eye
Heate outwardsly, 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 hire : therefore betake thee
To nothing but dispaire. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand yeares together, naked, falling,
Vpon a barren Mountain, and fill Winter
In forme perpetuall, could not move the Gods
To looke that way thou wert.'n
Leo. Go on, go on :
Thou canst not speake too much, I haue defuerd
All tongues to talke their bittreft.
Lord. Say no more ;
How ere the businesse goes, you haue made fault
I' th foulneffe of your speech.
Pass. I am sorry for't ;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent : Alas, I haue thew'd too much
The rathneffe of a woman : he is toucht
To th'Noble heart. What's gone, and what's past helpe
Should be past greefe : Do not receive affliction
At my petition ; I befeech you, rather
Let me be puni'h'd, that haue minded you
Of what you should forget. Now (good my Liege)
Sir, Royall Sir, forgive a foolish woman :
The loose I bore your Queene (Lo, foole agaie)
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 moft the truth : which I receyue much better,
Then to be pittied of thee. Prethee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queene, and Sonne,
One graue shall be for both : Vpon them shall
The caufes of their death appear (unto
Our shame perpetuall) once a day, Ile vifit
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 daily vow to vfe it. Come, and leade me
To these forrowes.  

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Antigonus, a Marriner, Babe, Sheepebard, and Glove.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath toucht vpon
The Dearts of Bohemia.
Mar. I (my Lord) and fear
We have Landed in ill time : the skies looke grimly,
And threaten preuent blutters. In my conscience
The heauens with that we haue in hand, are angry,
And frowne vpon's.

Ant. Their laced will's be done : go get a-boaord,
Looke to thy barke, Ile not be long before
I call vpon thee.
Mar. Make your beeft haffe, 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 infantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
To be fo ridde o'th businesse.
Ant. Come, poor babe;
I haue heard (but not beleu'd) the Spirits o'th dead
May walke againe : if fuch thing be, thy Mother
Appeard to me last night : for ne're was dreame
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one fide, some another,
I neuer faw a vefell of like forrow
So fill'd, and fo becoming : in pure white Robes
Like very fanCty she did approach
My Cabine where I lay : thrice bow'd before me,
And (gaeping to begin some speech) her eyes
Became two fpouts; the furie fpent, anon
Did this breakse from her. Good Antigonus,
Since Fate (against thy better disposition)
Hath made thy perfon for the Thower-out
Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying : and for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita
I prethee call'rt: For this vngente businesse
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne're shall fee
Thy Wife Paulina more : and fo, with thriekes
She melted into Ayre. Aftirring much,
I did in time collect my selfe, and thought
This was fo, and no flumber: Dreams, are toys,
Yet for this once, yen superfliouly,
I will be quarr'd by this. I do beleue
Hermione hath fuffer'd death, and that
Apollo would (this being indeede the isue
Of King Polixenes) it should heere be laide
(Either for life, or death) vpon the earth
Of it's right Father. Blofome, speed thee well,
There lye, and there thy charactrer : there thiefe,
Which may if Fortune pleafe, both breed thee (pretty)
And still rett thine. The ftrume begins, poore wretch,
That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd
To loife, and what may follow. Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleedes : and moifl accurst am I
To be by oath eniyn'd to this. Farewell,
The day frownes more and more : thou'r like to have
A lullable too rough : I neuer faw
The heauens so dim, by day. A flauage clamor?
Well may I get a-boaord : This is the Chace,
I am gone for ever.

Exit pursed by a Beare.

Sleen. I would there were no age betwenee ten and
three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the reft :
for there is nothing (in the betwenee) but getting wenchs
with childe, wronging the Auncletry, healeing,
fighting, hearde you now : would any but these boylde-
braines of nineteen, and two and twenty hunt this weathe-
ren ? They have fcar'd away two of my beeft Sheepe,
which I care the Wolfe will fooner finde then the Maf-
ter ; if any where I haue them, 'tis by the sea-fide, brou-
zing of Iuy. Good-lucke (and'be thy will) what haue
we heere ? Mercy on's, a Barne ? A very pretty barne ;
A boy, or a Childe I wonder ? (A pretty one, a verie prettie
one) fure some Scape ; Though I am not bookish, yet I
can

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can red. Waiting-Gentlewoman in the fcape: this has beene some faire-werke, some Trunk-e-werke, some be- 
hide-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 fonne come: he hallow'd but euen now. 
Whoa-ho-hoa.

Enter Clouane.

Clo. Hilloa, loa.
Slep. What? art fo neere? If thou'lt fee a thing to take on, when thou art dead and rotten, come hither: what sayl't thou, man?

Clo. I haue fene two fuch flights, by Sea & by Land: but I am not to fay it is a Sea, for it is now the skie, be-twixt the Firmeament and it, you cannot thraulf a bodkins point.

Slep. Why boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but fee how it chaffes, how it ra-

ges, how it take vp the shore, but that's not to the point: 
Oh, the moft pittous cry of the poore foules, sometimes 
to fee 'em, and not to fee 'em: Now the Shippe boa- 
ring the Moone with her maine Maft, and anon swallowed 
with yeft and froth, as you'd thraulf a Corke into a hog- 
head. And then for the Land-ferue, to fee how the Beare 
tore out his shoulder-bone, how he cride to mee 
for helpe, and faid his name was Antigonus, a Nobleman: 
But to make an end of the Ship, to fee how the Sea flap-
dragon'd it: but firft, how the poore foules roared, and 
the Sea mock'd themand how the poore Gentleman roa-
red, and the Beare mock'd him, both roaring lowder 
than the sea, or weather.

Slep. Name of mercy, when was this boy?

Clo. Now, now: I haue not wink'd foince I faw these 
fights: the men are not yet cold vnder water, nor the 
Beare halfe din'd on the Gentleman: he's at it now.

Slep. Would I had bin by, to haue help'd the olde 
man.

Clo. I would you had beene by the ship fide, to haue 
help'd her; there your charityould have lack'd footing.

Slep. Heaue matters, heaue matters: but looke thee 
heere boy. Now bleffe thy felfe: thou met'ft with things 
dying, I with things new borne. Here's a fight for thee: 
Looke thee, a bearing-clofh for a Squires childe: looke 
thee heere, take vp, take vp (Boy:) open' t: fo, let's fee, 
it was told me I fhould be rich by the Fairies. This is some 
Changeling: open' t: what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a mad olde man: If the finnes of your 
youth are forgiven you, you're well to liue. Golde, all 
Gold.

Slep. This is Faiery Gold boy, and 'twill proue fo: vp 
with't, keepe it clofe: home, home, the next way. We 
are luckie (boy) and to bee fofill requires nothing but 
ferceifie. Let my theepe go: Come (good boy)the next 
way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your Findings, Ile go 
fee if the Beare bee gone from the Gentleman, and how 
much he hath eaten: they are neuer curft but whe- 
then there hungry: if there be any of him left, Ile bury it.

Slep. That's a good deed: if thou mayeft difcern by 
that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th'fight 
of him.

Clouane. 'Marry will I: and you fhall helpe to put him 
i'th ground.

Slep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and wee'll do good deeds 
on't

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pelizzene, and Camillo.

Pel. I pray thee (good Camillo) be no more importune: 'tis a fickneffe denying thee any thing: a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fiftye yeeres since I faw my Countrey: though I haue (for the moft part) bin ayred abroad, I de-
fer to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King 
(my Mafter) hath fent for me, to whose forrowes I might be fome allay, or I erroewene to thinke fo)which is another fhppe to my departure.

Pel. As thou lou'ft me (Camillo) wipe not out the refl 
th of thy feruices, by leauing me now: the neede I haue of 
thine owne goodneffe hath made: better not to have haue 
thine, then thus to want thee, thou hauing made me Buineffes, (which none (without thee) can fuffi-
cently manage) muft either fay to execute them thy felle, 
or take away with thee the very feruices thou haft done: 
which if I haue not enough confidered (as too much I 
cannot) to bee more thankefull to thee, thall bee my fru-
die, and my profite therein, the heaping ffriendhips.

Of that fatal Countrey Sicilia, prethee fpake no more, 
whoe very naming, punifhes me with the remembrance

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of that penitent (as thou callest him) and reconciled King my brother, whole lofe of his most precious Queene & Children, are even now to be a-fresh lamented. Say to me, when sawst thou the Prince Florizell my son? Kings are no leefe vnhappy, their iffue, not being gracious, then they are in looing them, when they have approvd their Vertues.

Cam. Sir, it is three dayes since I saw the Prince: what his happier affayres may be, are to me unknowne: but I have (mislyingly) noted, he is of late much retire from Court, and is leefe frequent to his Princely exercizes then formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much (Camille) and with some care, to farre, that I have eyes vnder my seruice, which looke upon his removedness: from whom I haue this Intelligence, that he is feldome from the house of euer homely shepheard: a man (they say) that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is grown to an unpeakeable estate.

Cam. I haue heard (Sir) of such a man, who hath a daughter of moft rare note: the report of her is extended more, then can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my Intelligence: but (I fear) the Angle that plucks our ifonne thither. Thou shalt accompany vs to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) haue some question with the shepheard: from whose simplectic, I thinke it not vnsafe to get the cause of my ifrones retort therewith. "Prethe be my present partner in this busines, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My selfe Camille, we must disguise our felues. Exit

Scena Tertia.

Enter Autolicus singing.

When Daffodils begin to peere,
With bigh the Doxy ouer the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o'the yeere,
For the red blood raigns in 'o winters pale.

The white foete bleaching on the budge,
With bey the sweete birds, O bow thy fying:
Dob fyt my pugging tooth an edge,
For a quart of Ale is a dish for a King.

The Larke, that tirra-Lyra chaunts,
With bigh, the Thrush and the Lay:
Are Summer songs for me and my Aunts
While we yue tumbling in the bay.

I haue leru'd Prince Florizell, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of seruice.

But shal I go mourne for that (my deere)
The pale Moone fmites by night:
And when I wander here, and there
I then do moft go right.

If Tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the Straw-skin Bouquet,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the Stockes awash-it.

My Traffickes is sheetes: when the Kite builds, looke to letier Linnen. My Father nam'd me Autolicus, who be-

ing (as I am) ytter'd vnder Mercurie, was likewise a snapper-up of vnconsidered trifles: With Dye and drab, I purchas'd this Caparison, and my Reuennew is the filly Cheate. Gallower, and Knocke, are too powerfull on the Highway. Beating and hanging are terrors to mee: For the life to come, I flepe out the thought of it. A prize, a prize.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Let me see, every Leauen-weather tuddes, every tod yeeldes pound and oddle fillings: fifteen hundred shorne, what comes the wooll too?

Aut. If the springde hold, the Cocke's mine. Clo. I cannot do't without Compters. Let mee see, what am I to buy for our Sheepe-hearing-Feast? Three pound of Sugar, fiue pound of Currence, Rice: What will this fifter of mine do with Rice? But my father hath made her Mitris of the Feast, and she lays it on. Shee hath made me four and twenty Nofe-gayes for the theares (three-man fong-men, all, and very good ones) but they are moft of them Meanes and Baffes; but one Puritan amongst them, and he fings Palmes to horne-pipes. I muft haue Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Mace: Dates, none: that's out of my note: Nutmegges, feuen ; a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may begge: Fioure pound of Prewyns, and as many of Reynons o'th Sun.

Aut. Oh, that euer I was borne.

Clo. Ith name of me.

Aut. Oh helpe me, helpe mee: plucke but off these raggys: and then, death, death.

Clo. Alacke poore foule, thou haft need of more rags to lay on thee, rather then haue thefe off.

Aut. Oh fir, the loathfommes 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 fir, and beaten: my money, and apperrell tane from me, and thefe derechole things put vp on me.

Clo. What, by a horfe-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A footman (sweet fir) a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee: If this bee a horfemen Coate, it hath scene very hot fervice. Lend me thy hand, Ile helpe thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. Oh good fir, tenderly, oh.

Clo. Alas poore foule.

Aut. Oh good fir, softly, good fir: I fear (fir) my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? Canst fland?

Aut. Softly, deere fir: good fir, softly: you ha done me a charitable office.


Aut. No, good sweet fir: no, I beseech you fir: I have a Kinman not paft three quarters of a mile hence, vnto whom I was going: I shall there haue mony, or anie thing I want: Offer me no mony I pray you, that killes my heart.

Clo. What manner of Fellow was hee that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow (fir) that I haue knowne to goe about with Troll-my-dames: I knew him once a feruant of the Prince: I cannot tell good fir, for which of his Vertues it was, but hee was certainly Whipt out of the Court.

Clo.
Cl. 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 Prodigall sonne, and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where my Land and Liuing lyes; and (hauing flowne ouer many knauff proffessions) he setled onely in Rogue: some call him Autolycus.


Aut. Very true sir: he set hee: that's the Rogue that put me into this apparrrell.

Clo. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all Babelonia; if you had but look'd bigge, and spit at him, hee'ld have 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 even take my leave of you, & pace softly towards my Kinman.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good fac'd sir, no sweet sir.

Clo. Then fartherwell, I must go by Spices for our sheepe-hearing.

Exit. Not forry you sweet sir. Your purfe is not hot e-nough to purchase your Spice: Ile be with you at your sheepe-hearing too: If I make not this Cheat bring out another, and the sheerers prove sheepe, let me be vnrold, and my name put in the booke of Vertue.

Song. Jeg-on, jeg-on, the foot-path-way, And merrily bent the Stile-a: A merry heart goes all the day, Your sad tyres in a Mile-a. Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Florinelli, Perdita, Shepherd, Cloane, Polixenes, Camillo, Mopha, Dorcas, Seruants, Autolycus.

Flo. Thesfe your vvnfull weeds, to each part of you Do's give a life: no Shepherdesse, but Flora Peering in Aprils front. This your sheepe-hearing, Is as a meeting of the petty Gods, And you the Queene on't.

Perd. Sir: my gracious Lord, To chide at your extremeats, it not becomes me: (Oh pardon, that I name them:) your high selfe The gracious marke o'th'Land, you haue obser'd With a Swaines wearing: and me (poore lowly Maid) Most Goddefe-like prank'd vp: But that our Feasts In every Meffe, haue folly: and the Feeders Digefit with a Cuftome, I shou'd blufh To fee you so attyr'd: sworne I thinke, To shew my felfe a glaffe.

Flo. I bleffe the time When my good Falcon, made her flight a-croffe Thy Fathers ground.

Perd. Now I owe 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 pufhe this way, as you did: Oh the Fates, How would he looke, to fee his worke, fo noble, Vildely bound vp? What would he say? Or how Should I (in thefe my borrowed Flaults) behold The sternnesse of his preffence?

Flo. Apprehend Nothing but iollity: the Gods themselfes (Humbling their Deities to loue) have taken The shapes of Beasts upon them. Jupiter, Became a Bull, and bellow'd: the greene Neptune A Ram, and bleasted: and the Fire-roa'ld-God Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine, As I feeme now. Their transformations, Were never for a piece of beauty, rarer, Nor in a way fo chaft: since my defires Run not before mine honor: nor my Lufts Burne hotter then my Faith,

Perd. O but Sir, Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis Oppor'd (as it must be) by th'powre of the King: One of these two must be neccessities, Which then will speake, that you must change this pur- Or I my life.

Flo. Thou deerr Perdita, With thefe forc'd thoughts, I prethee darken not The Mirth o'th' Feast: Or I he 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 confant, Though defhiny lay no. Be merry (Gentle) Strange fuch thoughts as thefe, with any thing That you behold the while. Your guets 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, Addrefse your felfe to entertaine them fprightly, And let's be red with mirth.

Skep. Fy (daughter) when my old wife liu'd: upon This day, she was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke, Both Dame and Seruant: Welcom'd all: feru'd all, Would fing her fong, and dance her tyme: now here At vpper end o'th Table; now, i'th middle:
On his fhoulder, and his: her face o'fire With labour, and the thing the tooke to quench it She would to each one fip. You are retreyd, As if you were a fealed one: and not The Hoofeiffe of the meeting: Pray you bid Thesfe unkowne friends to welcomme, for it is A way to make vs better Friends, more knowne. Come, quench your blushes, and prefent your feld Chevy that which you are, Miffis o'th'Feast. Come on, And bid vs welcome to your sheepe-hearing, As your good flocke shall prosper.

Perd. Sir, welcome: It is my Fathers will, I should take on mee The Hoofeiffehip o'th day: you're wecome sir, Give me thawe Flowers there (Dorcas.) Reuereend Sirs, For you, there's Rosemary, and Rue, thefe keepe Seeming, and favour all the Winter long: Grace, and Remembrance be to you both, And welcome to our Shearing.

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Pol. Shepheardes,
(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 fairest flowres o'th season
Are our Carnations, and freak'd Gilly-vors,
(Which some call Natures bankards) of that kind
Our rutticke 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 pilenesse shares
With great creating-Nature.

Pol. Say there be:
Yet Nature is made better by no meane,
But Nature makes that Meanes: fo 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 bafer kinde
By bud of Nobler race. This is an Art
Which do's mend Nature: change it rather; but
The Art it selfe, is Nature.

Perd. So it is.

Pol. Then make you Garden rich in Gilly'vors,
And do not call them bankards.

Perd. Hee not put
The Dible in earth, to fet one flip of them:
No more then were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say 'twr well: and onely therefore
Defire 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 rifes, weeping: These are flowres
Of middle summer, and I thinke they are gien
To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.

Cam. He should leave grafting, were I of your flocke,
And onely live by gazing.

Perd. Out alas:
You'll be so lean, that blads of January (Friend,
Would blow you through and through:now (my fairest
I would I had some Flowres o'th Spring, that might
Become your time of day: and yours, and yours,
That weare upon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden heads growing: O Proserpina,
For the Flowres now, that (frighted thou) let't fall
From Daffs Waggon: Daffadils,
That come before the Swallow dares, and take
The windes of March with beauty: Violets (dim,
But sweeter then the lids of Iune's eyes,
Or Cymbres' breath) pale Prime-roes,
That dye unmarrried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strengh (a Madalie
Most incident to Maidis:) bold Oxlys, and
The Crowne Imperiall: Lillies of all kinds,
(The Flowre-de-Luce being one.) O, these I lacke,
To make you Gardans off) and my sweet friend,
To strew him o're, and ore.

Fls. What like a Coraie?

Perd. No, like a banke, for Loue to lye, and play on:
Not like a Coraie: or if: not to be buried.
But quicke, and in mine armes. Come, take your flower,
Me thinkes I play as I haue seene them do
In Whitfon-Pastorals: Sure this Robe of mine

Do's change my disposition:
Fls. What you do,
Still better what is done. When you speake (Sweet)
I'd haue you do it euer: When you sing,
I'd haue you buy, and sell fo: so shew Almes,
Pray fo: and for the ord'ring your Affayres,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wawe o'th Sea, that you might euer do
Nothing but that: move still, still fo:
And owne no other Function. Each your doing,
(No singular, in each particular)
Crownes what you are doing, in the present deeds,
That all your Actes, are Queenes.

Perd. O Daricles,
Your prattes are too large: but that your youth
And the true blood which peepes fairly through't,
Do plainly give you out an unflain'd Shepheard
With wifedome, I might feare (my Daricles)
You woold me the falsie way.

Flo. I thynke 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:) fo Turtles paire
That neuer meane to part.

Perd. Iie sweare for em.

Pr. This is the prettiest Low-borne Laffte, that euer
Ran on the greene-foord: Nothing the do's, or feemes
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.

Clp. Come on; strike vp.

Dorcas, Mopja must be your Mi'tris: marry Garlick
To mend her killing with.

Mop. Now in good time.

Clp. Not a word, a word, we stand upon our manners,
Come, strike vp.

Here a Daunce of Shykeards and Shepheardes.

Pol. Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this,
Which dances with your daughter?

Scep. They call him Daricles, and boasts himselfe
To haue a worthy Feeding; but I haue it
Vpon his owne report, and I beleue it:
He lookes like footh: he fayes he loues my daughter,
I thynke fo too; for neuer gas'd the Moore
Vpon the water, as hee'll stand and reade
As twere my daughters eyes: and to be plaine,
I thynke there is not halfe a knife to choife
Who loues another bett.

Pol. She dances fealty.

Scep. So she do's any thing, though I report it
That shoule be flent: If yong Daricles
Do light vpon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter Servant.

Srp. O Mafter: if you did but heare the Pedler at the
door, you would never dance againe after a Tabor and
Pipe: no, the Bag-pipe could not move you: hee finges
feueral Tunes, faffer then you'll tell money: hee vters
them as hee had eaten ballads, and all mens eares grew to
his Tunes.

Clp. He could never come better: hee shall come in:
I loue a ballad but euen too well, if it be dolefull matter
merily set downe: or a very pleasant thing indeede, and
sung lamentably.

Srp.
Ch. What hast heare? 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 Viu-
ners 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. Bleffe me from marrying a Wifer.
Aut. Here's the Midwifes name to't: one Mift. Tale-
Porter,and fie or fix honest Wives, that were pretfent.
Why should I carry eyes abroad?
Mop. 'Pray you now buy it.
Ch. Come-on, lay it by: and let's first see moe Bal-
lads: We'll buy the other things anon.
Aut. Here's another ballad of a Fifth, that appeared
upon the coast, on wen'day the fourscore of April, forti
thousand fadom above water, & fung this ballad against
the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a Wo-
man, and was turn'd into a cold fihn, for she wold not ex-
change flesh with one that lou'd her: The Ballad is very
pittifull, and as true.
Dor. Is it true too, thinke you.
Autol. Finre Juflices hands at it, and witnefse more
then my packe will hold.
Ch. Lay it by too; another.
Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.
Mop. Let's have some merry ones.
Aut. Why this is a paffing merry one, and goes to the
tune of two maids wooming a man: there's scarce a Maide
weftward but the fings it: 'tis in requifit, I can tell you.
Mop. We can both fing it: if thou'l beare a part, thou
fault 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 oc-
cupation: Haue at it with you.
Song. Get you hence, for I must goe
Aut. Where it fits not you to know.
Dor. Wether?
Mop O wether?
Dor. Wether?
Mop. It becomes thy oath full weall
Thou to me thy fecrets tell.
Dor: Me too: Le me go theret:
Mop Or thou goeff to the Granges, or Mill,
Dor: If to either thou doft ill,
Aut. Neither.
Aut. What neither;
Aut: Neither:
Dor: Thou haft juorne my Love to be,
Mop Thou haft juorne it more to mee.
Then wether goeff? Say wether ?
Ch. We'll have this song out anon by our felves: My
Father, and the Gent. are in fad tale, & we'll not trouble
them: Come bring away thy pack after me, Wenchies lie
buy for you both: Pedler let's have the first choices folow
me girls.
Aut: And you shall pay well for 'em
Song. Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Crepe?
My dainty Duckes, my deere-a?
Any Silke, any Vored, any Voys for your head
Of the fews-, and fons, fins' weare-a
Come to the Pedler, 'Mony's a meddler,
That doth witen all men weare-a.
Exit.
Servant. Mayfter, there is three Carters, three Shelp
herds, three Neat-herds, three Swine-herds y haue made
B 3 them.
The Winters Tale.

themselfes all men of haire, they call themselfes Saltiers, and they have a Dance, which the Wenchese say is a galy-mauntry of Gambols, because they are not in't: but they themselfes are o'th'min'de if it bee not too rough for some, that know little but bowling it will please plentifully.

Slep. Away: We'll none on't; here hee beene has too much homely foolery already. I know (Sir) wee wearie you.

Pol. You weary 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 work of the three, but jumps twelve foote and a halfe by th'figure.

Slep. Leave your prating, since these good men are pleast'd, let them come in: but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they stay at doore Sir. Here a Dance of twelve Satyres.

Pol. O Father, you'll know more of that hereafter:
Is it not too farre gone? 'Tis time to part them,
He's simple, and tells much. How now (aire theheard) Your heart is full of something, that do's take
Your minde from feafting. Sooth, when I was yong,
And handed loue, as you do ; I was wont
To load my Shee with knackses : I would haue ranfackt
The Pediers filken Trefury, and have pow'r'd it
To her acceptance : you haue let him go,
And nothing marred with him. If your Lasse
Interpretation shoul'd abuse, and call this
Your lacke of loue, or bounty, you were striated
For a reply at leaft, 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 given already,
But not deliver'd. O hearre me breath my life
Before this ancient Sir, (whom it shoul'd seeme)
Hath sometime loud : I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as Doues-downe, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian tooth, or the fan'd snow, that's bolted
By th'Northerne blasts, twice ore.

Pol. What follows this?

How prettily th'yong Swaine feemes to waft
The hand, was faire before? I haue put youout,
But to your protestation : Let me heare
What you professe.

Flo. Do, and be witneffe too't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more : but quickly now.

Then he, and men : the earth, the heauen, and all ;
That were I crown'd the most Imperial Monarch
Thereof most worthy : were I the payreft youth
That euer made eyre 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 feruice,
Or to their owne perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This newes a found affection.

Slep. But my daughter,
Say you the like to him.

Per. I cannot speake
So well, (nothing so well) no, nor meane better
By th'paterns of mine owne thoughts, I cut out
The puritie of his.

Slep. Take hands, a bargain;
And friends vnakowne, you shall beare witneffe to't: I
gue my daughter to him, and will make
Her Portion, equall his.

Flo. O, that muft bee
I' th Vertue of your daughter : One being dead,
I shall have more then you can dreame of yet,
Enough then for your wonder : but come-on,
Contract vs fore thefe Witnefses.

Slep. Come, your hand:
And daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft Swaine a-while, befeech you,
Haue you a Father?

Flo. I haue : but what of him?

Pol. Knowes he of this?

Flo. He neither do's, nor shal.

Pol. Me-thinkes a Father,
Is at the Nuptiall of his fonne, a guest
That best becomes the Table : Pray you once more
Is not your Father growne incapable
Of reafonable affaires? Is he not a labt
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 childifh?

Flo. No good Sir:
He has his health, and ampler strength indeede
Then moft haue of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him (if this be fo) a wrong
Something vanilliall: Reafon my fonne
Should choose himselfe a wife, but as good rea'on
The Father (all whose joy is nothing elfe)
But faire poterity) shoul'd hold some counfalle
In such a bшинefse.

Flo. I yeeld all this;
But for some other rea'ons (my graue Sir)
Which 'ts not fit you know, I not acquaint
My Father of this buſiness.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prethee let him.

Flo. No, he muft not.

Slep. Let him (my fonne) he shall not need to greeue
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he muft not;
Marke our Contract.

Pol. Marke your diuorce (yong Sir)
Whom fonne I dare not call: Thou art too bafe
To be acknowledge. Thou a Scepters heire,
That thus affects a theepe-hooke? Thou, old Traitor,
I am forry, that by hanging thee, I can
but shorten thy life one weeke. And thou, frefh peece
Of excellent Witchcraft, whom of force muft know
The royall Foleou thou couplft with.

Slep. Oh my heart.

Pol. He have thy beauty scratcht with briers & made
More homely then thy fiate. For thee (fond boy)
If I may euer know thou doft but figh,
That thou no more thall neuer fee this knacke (as neuer
I meane thou shalt) we'll bare thee from fuecclion,
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin,
Farre then Deuclion off: (marke thou my words)
Follow vs to the Court. Thou Charles, 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)
Worthy thine. If ever henceforth, thou
Thinck well rurall Latches, to his entrance open,
Or hope his body more, with thy embraces,
I will desile a death, as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to't.

Exeunt.

I was not much a-fear'd: for once, or twice
I was about to speake, and tell him plainly,
The felde same Sun, that thines vpon his Court,
Hides not his vifage from our Cottage, but
Lookes on alike. Wilt pleafe you (Sir) be gone?
I told you what would come of this: Befeech you
Of your owne flate take care: This dreame of mine
Being now awake, Ile Queene it no inch farther,
But milke my Ewes, and weep.

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 have vndone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet: yea,
To dye vpon the bed my father dy'de,
To lye close by his honest bones; but now
Some Hangman muft put on my shrowd, and lay me
Where no Priest shou'd in duft. Oh curfed wretch,
That knew't this was the Prince, and would not adventure
To mingle fault with him. Vndone, vndone:
If I might dye within this hour, I haue lu'd
To die when I desire.

Flo. Why looke you so vpon me?
I am but forry, not affair'd: delaid,
But nothing altred: What I was, I am:
More draining on, for plucking backe; not following
My leaff vnwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know my Fathers temper: at this time
He will allow no speche: (which I do gheffe
You do not purpofe to him:) and as hardly
Will he endure your fight, as yet I feare;
Then till the fury of his Highnesse settle
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpofe it:
I thinke Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my Lord.

Per. How often haue I told you 'twould be thus?
How often faid my dignity would laft
But till 'twer knowne?

Flo. It cannot faile, but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let Nature cruft the fides o'th earth together,
And marre the fpeedes within. Lift vp thy lookees:
From my succeffion wipe me (Father) I
Am heyre to my affeccion.

Cam. Be adul'd.
Flo. I am: and by my fancie, if my Reason
Will thereto be obiedient: I haue reafon:
If not, my fences better pleas'd with madneffe,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. 'This is desperate (Sir.)

Flo. So call it: but it do's fulfill my vow:
I needs muft thinke it honestly. Camillo,
Not for Bohemian, nor the pompe that may
Be theret haften: for all the Sun fees,
The clofe earth wombes, or the profounde feas, hides

In vnknowne sadomes, will I breake my oath
To this my faire belou'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have cuer bin my Fathers honour'd friend,
When he shall misle me, as (in faith I meane not
To fee him any more) caft your good counsailies
Upon his passion: Let my felfe, and Fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And fo deliuer, I am put to Sea
With her, who heere I cannot hold on shore:
And moft opportune to her neede, I haue
A Veffel rides faft by, but not prepar'd
For this defigne. What courfe I meane to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concerne me the reparing.

Cam. O my Lord,
I would your spirit were easier for aduice,
Or stronger for your neede.
Flo. Heare Perdita,
Ile heare you by and by.

Cam. Hee's irremouable,
Refolu'd for flight: Now were I happy if
His going, I could frame to ferue my turns;
Sawe him from danger, do him loue and honor,
Purchafe the flight againe of deere Sicillia,
And that vnhappy King, my Master, whom
I fo much thirft to fee.

Flo. Now good Camillo,
I am fo fraught with curious businesse, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I thinke
You have heard of my poore seruices, 'tis loue
That I haue borne your Father?
Flo. Very nobly
Haue you defeu'd: It is my Fathers Muicke
To speake your deeds: not little of his care
To haue them recompen'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may pleafe to thinke I love the King,
And through him, what's neerest to him, which is
Your gracious felle; embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and settled proiect
May fufter alteration. On mine honor,
Ie point you where you shall haue fuch receiuing
As shall become your Highnesse, where you may
Enjoy your Misris; from the whom, I fee
There's no difunction to be made, but by
(As heauens forefend) your ruine: Marry her,
And with my best endeauours, in your abence,
Your discontenting Father, ftriue to qualifie
And bring him vp to liking.

Flo. How Camillo
May this (almost a miracle) be done?
That I may call the something more then man,
And after that truth to thee.

Cam. Haue you thought on
A place whereeto you'l go?
Flo. Not any yet:
But as th'vnthought-on accident is guitle
To what we wildly do, fo we professe
Our felues to be the flaves of chance, and flies
Of every winde that blowes.

Cam. Then lift to me:
This followes, if you will not change your purpose
But vndergo this flight; make for Sicillia,
And there prefent your felfe, and your fayre Princeffe,
(For fo I fee the muft be) fore Leontes;

Shee
The Winters Tale.

She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your Bed. Me thinkes I see
Leontes opening his free Armes, and weeping.
His Welcome forthasks thee there Sonne forgiveneffe,
As twere i'th' Fathers perfons: kiffes the hands
Of your fresh Princesse; ore and ore diuides him,
"Twixt his vnkindnese, and his Kindnese: th'one
He chiides to Heil, and bids the other grow
Faftern then Thought, or Time.

Fio. Why Camillia?
What colour for my Vifitation, shall I
Hold vp before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your Father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you (as from your Father) shall deliver,
Things knowne betwixt vs three, Ile write you downe,
The which shall point you forth at every fitting
What you must say: that he not perceive,
But that you have your Fathers Bofome there,
And speake his very Heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some fappe in this.

Cam. A Courte more promising,
Then a wild dedication of your felves
To vnpaith'd Waters, vnthread'd Shores; moft certaine,
To Miferies enough: no hope to helpe you,
But as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing fo certaine, as your Anchors, who
Doe their bent office, if they can but flay you,
Where you're both to be: besides you know,
Proprietie's the very bond of Loue,
Whose fresh composition, and whole heart together,
Affliction alters.

Perd. One of these is true:
I thinke Affliction may subdue the Cheek e,
But not take-in the Mind.

Cam. Yea? say you fo?
There shall not, at your Fathers Houfe, these feuen yeeres
Be borne another fuch.

Flo. My good Camillia,
She's as forward, of her Breeding, as
She is i'th'earre our Birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks Instrucctions, for she seemes a Miiftrefse
To moft that teach.

Perd. Your pardon Sir, for this,
Ile blufh you Thanks.

Flo. My prettieft Perdita.
But O, the Thornes we stand vpon: (Camillio)
Preferner of my Father, now of me,
The Medicine of our Houfe: how shall we doe?
We are not furnish'd like Bobemia'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 to 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 Autolius.

Aut. Ha, ha, what is a Fooie Honestie is? and Trust (his
fowne brother) a very fimple Gentleman. I have fold
all my Trumperie: not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon,
Glaffe, Pomander, Brouch. Table-booke, Ballad, Knife,
Tape, Gloue, Shooe-eye, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to kepe

my Pack from fating: they throng who should buy drft,
as if my Trinkets had beene hallowed, and brought a benediclion
to the buyer: by which makes, I faw whose
Perfue was bett in Picture; and what I faw, to my good
wft, I remembred. My Clowne (who wants something
to be a reaonable man) grew fo in loue with the
Wenches Song, that hee would not flire his Petty-toes,
till he had both Tun and Words, which fo drew the ref of
the Heard to me, that all their other Seneces flucke in
Eares: you might haue pinch'd a Placket, it was fene-
leffe; 'twas nothing to gueld a Cod-peece of a Purfe: I
would haue fll'd Keyes of that hung in Chayres: 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 Fetifual Purfes: And had not the
old-man come in with a Whoo-bub againft his Daugh-
ter, and the Kings Sonne, and fcar'd my Chowghes from
the Chaffe, I had not left a Purfe alive in the whole
Army.

Cam. Nay, but my Letters by this meanes being there
So foon as you arrive, faile clear that doubt.

Flo. And thoze that you procure from King Leontes?

Cam. Shall fatisfie your Father.

Perd. Happy be you:
All that you speake, thewes faire.

Cam. Who haue we here?
We'll make an Instrumnt of this: omit
Nothing may glue va alde.

Aut. If they have ouer-heard me now:why hanging.

Cam. How now (good Fellow)
Why flake't thou fo? Fear not (man)
Here's no harme intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be fo still: here's no body will feate
that from thee: yet for the out-fide of thy pouerite, we muft
make an exchange; therefore dif-cafe theeInstantly (thou
muft thinke there's a nefceffe in't) and change Garments
with this Gentleman: Though the penny-worth (on his
side) be the worife, yet hold thee, there's fome boot.

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir: (I know ye well eno.

Cam. Nay prethee dispatch: the Gentleman is halfe
flid already.

Aut. Are you in earneft, Sir? (I f mell the trick on't.)

Flo. Diapatch, I prethee.

Aut. Indeed I haue had Earneft, but I cannot with
conscience take it.

Cam. Vn buckle, vn buckle.

Fortunate Miiftrefse (let my prophecie
Come home to ye:) you must retire your felfe
Into fome Couer; take your sweet-hearts Hat
And pluck it ore your Browses, muffle your face,
Dif-mantle you; and (as you can) diflik'en
The truth of your own feeing, that you may
(For I doe feare eyes ouer) to Ship-board
Get vndercry'd.

Perd. I fee the Play fo lyes,
That I muft 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 Perdis: what haue we twaine forgot?

'Pray
'Pray you a word.

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 figh,
I have a Womans Longing.

Flo. Fortune speed vs:
Thus we set on (Camilla) to th'Sea-fide.

Cam. The Swifter speed, the better.

Exit.

Aut. I understand the buinfife, I hear it: to have an open eye, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a Cut-purse; a good Nofe is requisite alfo, to fmal out worke for'th'other Sences. I fee this is the time that the vnuft man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure the Gods doe this yeere connue at vs, and we may doe any thing extenporo. The Prince himfelfe is about a piece of Iniquitie (fealing away from his Father, with his Clog at his heeles) if I thought it were a piece of honnefie to acquaint the King withall, I would not do't: I hold it the more knaurie to conceale it; and therein am I confiant to my Profellion.

Enter Cloven and Shepheard.

Aside, aside, here is more matter for a hot brained: Every Lanes end, every Shop, Church, Settlem, Hanging, yields a carefull man worth a looks.

Cloven. See, see: what a man you are now? there is no other way, but to tell the King thes a Changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Cloz. Nay; but hear me.

Shep. Goe too then.

Cloz. 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 punifh'd by him. Shew thofe things you found about her (thofe secret things, all but what the ha's with her) This being done, let the Law goo withal, I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his Sonsse prancs too; who, I may fay, is no honest man, neither to his Father, nor to me, to goo about to make me the Kings Brother in Law.

Cloz. Indeed Brother in Law was the fartheft off you could have beene to him, and then your Blood had beene the dearer, by I know much an ounce.

Aut. Very wifely (Puppies.)

Shep. Well: let vs to the King: there is that in this Fartheil, will make him cratc his Beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this Complaint may be to the flight of my Matter.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at' Pallace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honnes, I am to fometimes by chance: Let me pocket vp my Pedlers excrement. Now how (Rufiques) whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' Pallace (and it like your Worship.)

Aut. Your Affaires there? what? with whom? the Condition of that Fartheil? the place of your dwelling? your names? your ages? of what hauing? building, and any thing that is fitting to be knowne, difcouer?

Clo. We are but plaine fellowes, Sir.

Aut. A Lye; you are rough, and hayrie: Let me have no lying it becomes none but Tradel-men, and they often give vs (Souliers) the Lye, but wee pay them for it with flamped Coyne, not flabbing Steele, therefore they doe not give vs the Lye.

Clo. Your Worship had like to have gien us one, if you had not taken your fellow with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, and'd like you Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seef thout not the ayre of the Court, in these enfoldings? Hath not my gate in it, the measure of the Court? Receiue not thy Nofe Court-Odour from me? Reife I not on thy Bafinesse, Court-Contempt? Think'ft thou, for that I infinate, at toafe from thee thy Bafinesse, I am therefore no Courtier? I am Courtier Cap-a-pe: and one that will eyther pufh-on, or pluck-back, thy Bafinesse there: whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaire.

Shep. My Bafinesse, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What Advocat ha'll thou to him?

Shep. I know not (and'd like you.)

Clo. Advocat's the Court-word for a Pheazant: say you have none.

Shep. None, Sir: I have no Pheazant Cock, nor Hen.

Aut. How blessed are we, that are not simple men?

Yet Nature might have made me thefe as, Therefore I will not difdaine.

Clo. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Shep. His Garments are rich, but he weares them not handlomely.

Clo. He feemes to be the more Noble, in being fanta-

fical: A great man, Ille warrant; I know by the picking on's Teeth.

Aut. The Fartheil there? What's i'th' Fartheil?

Wherefore that Box?

Shep. Sir, there lyes fuch Secrets in this Fartheil and Box, which none must know but the King, and which hee shall know within this houre, if I may come to th' speeche of him.

Aut. Age, thou haft loft thy labour.

Shep. Why Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the Pallace, he is gone aboord a new Ship, to purge Melancholy, and ayre himfelfe: for if thou bee'ft capable of things ferior, thou muft know the King is full of griefe.

Shep. So 'tis faid (Sir) about his Sonne, that should have married a Shepheards Daughter.

Aut. If that Shepheard be not in hand-faft, let him flye; the Curfes if he shall haue, the Tortures he shall feele, will break the back of Man, the heart of Monffer.

Clo. Thineke you fo, Sir?

Aut. Not hee alone shall fuffer what Wit can make haue, and Vengeance bitter; but those that are fermane to him (though remou'd fiftie times) shall all come vnder the Hang-man: which, though it be great pity, yet it is necefaire. An old Sheepe-whifhling Rogue, a Ram-ten-
der, to offer to have his Daughter come into grace?Some fay hee fhall be fyon'd: but that death is too faft for him (fay I:) Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Coat? all deaths are too few, the fhureft too easie.

Clo. Ha's the old-man ere a Sonne Sir (doe you haer) and'd like you, Sir?

Aut. Hee ha's a Sonne: who shall be f kayed alive, then 'nocented over with Honey, fet on the head of a Wafpes Neft, then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recover'd againe with Aquavitae, or fome other hot Infuion: then he is faf, and in the hotest day Prognafic placymnes) fhall he be fet againft a Brick-wall, (the Sonne looking with a Southward eye vpon him; where bee is to behold him, with Flyes blown to death.) But what talke we of these Traitorly-rafcafs, whose mi-

series are to be fimil'd at, their offences being fo capital?
Tell me (for you seeme to be honest plaine men) what you have to the King: being something gently consider'd, Ile bring you where he is aboord, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfes; and if it be in man, besides the King, to effect your Suites, here is man shall doe it.

Cleom. He seemes to be of great authority: clofe with him, give him Gold; and though Authority be a rubborne 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 ado. Remember ston'd, and flay'd alowe.

Sleep. And't please you (Sir) to vndertake the Businesse for vs, here is that Gold I have: Ile make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Sleep. I Sir.

Aut. Well, give me the Moitie: Are you a partie in this Businesse?

Cleom. In some fort, Sir: but though my cafe be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the cafe of the Shepheardes Sonne: hang him, hee'll be made an example.

Cleom. Comfort, good comfort: We muft to the King, and shew our strange fights: he muft know 'tis none of your Daughter, nor my Sifter: wee are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man do's, when the Businesse is performed, and remaine (as he fayes) your pawnne till it be brought you.

Aut. I will try you. Walkc before toward the Sea-side, goe on the right hand, I will but looke upon the Hedge, and follow you.

Cleom. We are blef'sd, in this man: as I may fay, even blef'd.

Sleep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was prouided to doe vs good.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honeft, I fee 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 advancement?) I will bring these two Moailes, these blind-ones, aboord him: if he thinke it fit to shooare them againe, and that the Complaint they have to the King, concerns him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being so farre officious, for I am prooue against that Title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I prefent them, there may be matter in it.

Exeunt.

The Winters Tale.

My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did my selues: which was so much,
That Heire-leeft he hath made my Kingdom, and
Defroy'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 unparallell'd.

Leo. I thinke fo. Kill'd?
She I kill'd? I did fo: but thou strik'est me
Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter
Vpon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now,
Say fo but feldome.

Cleo. Not at all, good Lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and gread
Your kindnesse better.

Paul. You are one of thofe
Would haue him wed againe.

Dio. If you would not fo,
You pitty not the State, nor the Remembrance
Of his moft Soueraigne Name: Consider little,
What Dangers, by his Highnesse falle of Iffue,
May drop upon his Kingdom, and devoure
Incertaine lookers on. What were more holy,
Then to rejoyce the former Queene is well?
What holer, then for Royalties repare,
For prefent comfort, and for future good,
To bleffe the Bed of Majefte againe
With a sweet Fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
(Refpeéting her that's gone) befides the Gods
Will haue fufull'd their secret purpofes:
For ha's not the Diuine Apollo faid?
It's not the tenor of his Oracle,
That King Leontes shall not haue an Heire,
Till his loft Child be found: Which, that it shall,
Is all as monftrous to our humane reafon,
As my Antigonus to breake his Graue,
And come againe to me: who, on my life,
Did perifh with the Infant. 'Tis your counsell,
My Lord holde to the Heauens be contrary,
Oppofe againft their wills. Care not for Iffue,
The Crowne will find an Heire. Great Alexander
Left his to th'o Worthieft: fo his Succifor
Was like to be the bef't.

Leo. Good Paulina,
Who haft the memoire of Hermione
I know in honor: O, that ever I
Had quarr'd me to thy counsell: then, even now,
I might have 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 fapeak't truth:
No more fuch Wiues, therefore no Wife: one worfe,
And better vs'd, would make her Sainted Spirit
Againfe poffeffe her Corps, and on this Stage
(Where we Offenders now appeare) Soule-vext,
And begin, why to me?

Paul. Had the fuch power,
She had luft fuch caufe.

Leo. She had, and would incende me
To murther her I married.
Paul. I should so:  
Were I the Ghost that walk’d, I’d bid you marke  
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in’t  
You chose her: then I’d shrinkle, that even your cares  
Should rift to heare me, and the words that follow’d,  
Should be, Remember mine.  
Leo. Starres, Starres,  
And all eyes elle, dead coales: feare thou no Wife;  
Ie have no Wife, Paulina.  
Paul. Will you weare  
Neuer to marry, but by my free leaue?  
Leo. Neuer (Paulina) fo be blest’d my Spirit.  
Paul. Then good my Lords, beare witness to his Oath.  
Cle. You tempt him over-much.  
Paul. Vnlesse another,  
As like Hermione, as is her Picture,  
Afront his eye.  
Cle. Good Madame, I have done.  
Paul. Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sir;  
No remedy but you will: Give me the Office  
To chuse you a Queene: she shall not be fo young  
As was your former, but the shall be fuch  
As (walk’d your first Queenes Ghost) it should take joy  
To fee 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 Servant.  
Ser. One that gives out himselfe Prince Florisell,  
Sonne of Polisene, with his Princeffe (the  
The fairest I have yet beheld) defines acceffe  
To your high preence.  
Leo. What with him? he comes not  
Like to his Fathers Greatneffe: his approach  
(So out of circumsdance, and fuddaine) tells vs,  
’Tis not a Visitation fram’d, but forc’d  
By need, and accident. What Trayne?  
Ser. But few.  
And tho’ but meane.  
Leo. His Princeffe (fay you)  
Ser. 1: the moft peereleffe peece of Earth, I think,  
That ere the Sunne fhone bright on.  
Paul. Oh Hermione,  
As ever present Time doth boaft it felfe  
Aboue a better, gone; fo muft thy Graue  
Give way to what’s feene now. Sir, you felfe  
Hoate fain, and writ fo; but your writing now  
Is colder then that Thame: she had not beene,  
Nor was not to equal’d, thus your Verfe  
Flow’d with her Beautie once; ’tis shrewdly ebb’d,  
To fay you have, leene a better.  
Ser. Pardon, Madame:  
The one, I have almoft forgot (your pardon:)  
The other, when she ha’s obtayn’d your Eye,  
Will have your Tongue too. This is a Creature,  
Would she begin a Seet, might quench the zeale  
Of all Professors elfe; make Profe lytes  
Of who the 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 rareft of all Women.  
Leo. Gloe Clemoine,  
Your selfe (affisted with your honor’d Friends)  
Bring them to our embracement. Still ’tis strainge,  
He thus should feale upon vs.  
Exit.  
Paul. Had our Prince  
(Toewell of Children) tene this hour, he had pay’d  
Well with this Lord; there was not full a moneth  
Betwene their births.  
Leo. ’Prethee no more; ceafe: thou know’st  
He dyes to me againe, when talk’d-of: fare  
When I shall fee this Gentleman, thy speeches  
Will bring me to confider that, which may  
Vnfunfe me of Reason. They are come.  
Enter Florisell, Perdite, Clemoines, and others.  
Your Mother was moft true to Wedlock, Prince,  
For she did print your Royall Father off,  
Conceiving you. Were I but twentie one,  
Your Fathers Image is fo hit in you,  
(His very ayre) that I should call you Brother,  
As I did him, and speake of something wildly  
By vs perform’d before. Moft dearly welcome,  
And your faire Princeffe (Goddefe) oh: alas,  
I loft a couple, that ’twixt Heauen and Earth  
Might thus have flood, begetter wonder, as  
You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I loft  
(All mine owne Folly) the Societe,  
Amitie too of your braue Father, whom  
(Though bearing Miliftrie) I defire my life  
Once more to looke on him.  
Flo. By his command  
Hawe I here touch’d Sicilia, and from him  
Glue you all greetings, that a King (at friend)  
Can fend his Brother: and but Infirmity  
(Which waits upon worne times) hath something feiz’d  
His with’d Abilitie, he had himselfe  
The Lands and Waters, ’twixt your Throne and his,  
Meafor’d, to looke upon you; whom he loues  
(He bad me fay fo) more then all the Scepters,  
And tho’ that beare them, illuinger.  
Leo. Oh my Brother,  
(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I have done thee, firrre  
Affreth within me: and thouf and thy offices  
(So rarely kind) are as Interpreters  
Of my behinde-hand flackneffe. Welcome hither,  
As is the Spring to th’Earth. And hath he too  
Expos’d this Paragon to th’fearefull fvaige  
(At leaft vngentle) of the dreadfull Neptune,  
To greet a man, not worth her paines; much leffe,  
Th’aduenture of her perfon?  
Flo. Good my Lord,  
She came from Libia.  
Leo. Where the Warlike Smalus,  
That Noble honor’d Lord, is fear’d, and lou’d?  
Flo. Moft Royall Sir,  
From thence: from him, whose Daughter  
His Teares proclaym’d his parting with her: thence  
(A prosperous South-wind friendly) we have croft’d,  
To execute the Charge my Father gave me,  
For visiting your Highnesse: my beft Traine  
I have from your Sicilian Shores dimin’d;  
Who for Bobembia bend, to figure  
Not onely my fucceffe in Libia (Sir)  
But my arrual, and my Wifes, in fatietie  
Here, where we are.  
Leo. The bleffed Gods  
Purge all Infecion from our Ayre, whilst you  
Doe Clymate here: you have a holy Father,  
A gracefull Gentleman, against whose perfon
The Winters Tale.

(So sacred as it is) I have done finne, For which, the Heauens (taking angry note) Have left me Ifue-leffe: and your Father's blest'd (As he from Heauen merits it) with you. Worthy his goodnesse, What might I have been, Might I a Sonne and Daughter now have look'd on, Such goodly things as you?  

Enter a Lord.  

Lord. Moft Noble Sir, That which I flall report, will beare no credit, Were not the proofe fo nigh. Pleafe you (great Sir) 

Bokemis greetes you from himselfe, by me: 

Desires you to attach his Sonne, who ha's 

(His Dignifie, and Dutie both call off) 

Fied from his Father, from his Hopes, and with 

A Shepheards Daughter. 

Leo. Where's Bokemis? (speake) 

Lord. Here, in your Cite : I now came from him. 

I speake amazedly, and it becomes 

My meruaille, and my Message. To your Court 

Whiles he was hafhing (in the Chafe, it feemes, 

Of that faire Couple) meets he on the way 

The Father of this feeming Lady, and 

Her Brother, having both their Country quitted, 

With this young Prince. 

Flo. Camillo ha's betray'd me; 

Whole honor, and whose honeftie till now, 

Endur'd all Westhers. 

Lord. Lay't fo to his charge : 

He's with the King your Father. 

Leo. Who's Camillo? 

Lord. Camillo (Sir:) I speake with him: who now 

Ha's thefe poor men in question. Neuer faw I 

Wretches fo quake: they kneele, they kiffe the Earth; Forweare themfelves as ofte as they speake: 

Bokemis fops his cares, and threatens them 

With divers deaths, in death. 

Perd. Oh my poore Father: 

The Heauen fea Spyes upon vs, will not haue 

Our Contraft celebrated. 

Leo. You are married? 

Flo. We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be: 

The Starres (I fee) will kiffe the Valleys firft: 

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 fee) by your good Fathers speed, 

Will come on very flowly. I am forry 

(Most forry) you haue broken from his liking, 

Where you were ty'd in dutie: and as forry, 

Your Choice is not fo rich in Worth, as Beautie, 

That you might well enjoy her, 

Flo. Deare, looke vp: 

Though Fortuny, visible an Enemie, 

Should chafe vs, with my Father; powre no lot 

Hath she to change our Loues. Befeech you (Sir) 

Remember, since you ow'd no more to Time 

Then I do now: with thought of such Affections, 

Step forth mine Advocate: at your request, 

My Father will grannt precious things, as Trifles, 

Leo. Would he doe so, I'd beg your precious Miftris, 

Which he counts but a Trifle. 

Paul. Sir (my Liege) 

Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a moneth 

'Fore your Queene dy'd, she was more worth fuch gazes, 

Then what you looke on now. 

Leo. I thought of her, 

Euen in thefe Lookes I made. But your Petition 

Is yet vn-anfwer'd: I will to your Father: 

Your Honor not o're-throwne by your defires, 

I am friend to them, and you: Upon which Errand 

I now goe toward him: therefore follow me, 

And marke what way I make: Come good my Lord. 

End. 

Scena Secunda. 

Enter Autolicus, and a Gentleman. 

Aut. Befeech you (Sir) were you preffent 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 amazened) we were all commanded out of the Chamber: onely this (me thought) I heard the Shepheard say, he found the Child. 

Aut. I would moft gladly know the issue of it. 

Gent. I. I make a broken deliuerie of the Buminesse; but the changes I perceyled in the King, and Camillo, were very Notes of admiration: they feem'd almost, with flaring on one another, to teare the Cales of their Eyes. There was speech in their dumbnesse, Language in their very gefure: they look'd as they had heard of a World rancom'd, or one destroy'd: a notable paffion of Wonder appeared in them: but the wifeft beholder, that knew no more but feeing, could not fay, if th'importance were Ioy, or Sorrow; but in the extreamtie of the one, it muft needs be. 

Enter another Gentleman. 

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more: The Newes, Roger. 

Gent. 2. Nothing but Bon-fires the Oracle is fulfill'd: the Kings Daughter is found: fuch a deale of wonder is broken out within this houre, that Ballad-makers cannot be able to exprefs it. 

Enter another Gentleman. 

Here comes the Lady Paulina's Steward, hee can deliuer you more. How does it now (Sir,) This Newes (which is call'd true) is fo like an old Tale, that the verite of it is in strong fpulfion: Ha's the King found his Heire? 

Gent. 3. Moft true, if euer Truth were pregnant by Circumstance: That which you heare, you'll swear ye fee, there is fuch witlie in the proofs. The Mantle of Queene Hermione: her Jewell about the Neck of it: the Letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his Character: the Maffifie of the Creature, in reftemblance of the Mother: the Affection of Noblenesse, which Nature shewes above her Breeding, and many other Evidences, proclayme her, with all certaintie, to be the Kings Daughter. Did you fee the meeting of the two Kings? 

Gent. 2. No. 

Gent. 3. Then haue you loft a Sight which was to bee seene, cannot be spoken of. There might you haue beheld one Ioy crowne another, and in fuch manner, that it feem'd Sorrow wept to take leave of them: for their Ioy waded in teares. There was calling vp of Eyes, holding vp of Hands, with Countenance of fuch dilatraction, that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Fauer. Our
Our King being ready to leape out of himselfe, for joy of his found Daughter; as if that joy were now become a Loffe, cryes, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then askes Bohemia forgiveneffe, then embraces his Sonne-in-Law: then againe worries he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shepheard (which stand by, like a Weather-bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reignes.) I never heard of such another Encounter; which lanck Report to follow it. and vndo's description to doe it.

Gent. 2. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the Child?

Gent. 3. Like an old Tale fill, which will have matter to rehearsal, though Credit be aleepe, and not an eare open; he was torne to pieces with a Bear: This auouches the Shepheard Sonne; who ha's not onely his Innocence (which feemes much) yo luifhe 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 infant of their Masters death, and in the view of the Shepheard; so that all the Infrumens which ayd to expos the Child, were cuen then loft, when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat, that 'twixt Joy and Sorrow was fought in Paulina. Shee had one Eye declin'd for the loffe of her Husband, another elevated, that the Oracle was fulfill'd: Shee lifted the Princess from the Earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if shee would pin her to her heart, that thee might no more be in danger of looing.

Gent. 1. The Dignitie of this Act was the audience of Kings and Princes, for by fuch was it afted.

Gent. 3. One of the prettyst touches of all, and that which ang'd for mine Eyes (caught the Water, though not the Fith) was, when at the Relation of the Queenes death (with the manner how shee came to't, bruely confe'd, and lamented by the King) how attuentuenesse wounded his Daughter, till (from one signe of dolour to another) shee did (with an Atas) I would faine flye, bleed Teres; for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most Marble, there changed colour: fome swounded, all forrowed: if all the World could haue feen't, the Woe had bee vnuerfall.

Gent. 3. Art they now returned to the Court?

Gent. 2. No: The Princess hearing of her Mothers Statuce (which is in the keeping of Paulina) a Peece many yeeres in doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare Italian Master, Julio Romano, who (had he himselfe Eternitie, and could put Breath into his Worke) would beguile Nature of her Cutfome, so perfectly he is her Apo: He so neere to Hermion, hath done Hermion, that they fay one would speake to her, and fane in hope of awnser. Thither (with all greeneffe of affection) are they gone, and there they intende to Sup.

Gent. 2. I thought the had fome great matter there in hand, for fhee hath priatey, twice or thrice a day, euer fince the death of Hermion, vifited that remoued Houfe. Shall wee thither, and with our companie pece the Rejoycing?

Gent. 1. Who would be thence, that ha's the benefit of Accesse? every winke of an Eye, fome new Grace will be borne: our Abfence makes vs vnthriftie to our Knowledge. Let's along.

Aut. Now (had I not the daft of my former life in me) would Preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his Sonne aboord 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 Shepheard Daughter (fo he then tooke her to be) who began to be much Sea-fick, and himselfe little better, extremitie of Weather continuing, this Mysterie remained vnandcouverd. But 'tis all one to me: for had I beene the finder-out of this Secret, It would not have releif'd among my other difcredia.

Enter Shepheard and Clowne.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and alreadie appearing in the blossomes of their Fortune.

Slep. 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 thefe Clothes? fay you fee them not, and thinke me fill no Gentleman borne: You were bett fay thefe Robes are not Gentlemen borne. Gie me the Lye: doe: and try whether I am not now a Gentleman borne.

Aut. I know you are now (Sir) a Gentleman borne.

Slep. 1. and have been fo any time thefe four hours.

Slep. And fo 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 Princess (my Sister) call'd my Father, Father; and fo wee wept: and there was the first Gentleman-like teares that euer we fhed.

Slep. We may flie (Sonne) to shed many more.

Clow. I or else 'twere hard luck, being in fo preposterous eftate as we are.

Aut. I humbly befeech you (Sir) to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your Workhip, and to gie me your good report to the Prince my Master.

Slep. 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 Workhip.

Clow. Gie me thy hand: I will fwear to the Prince, three art as honest a true Fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Slep. You may fay it, but not fwear it.

Clow. Not fwear it, now I am a Gentleman? Let Boores and Francklins fay it, Ille fwear it.

Slep. How if it be falle (Sonne?)

Clow. If it be ne're fo falle, a true Gentleman may fwear it, in the behalfe of his Friend: And Ille fwear 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 Fel low of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunke: But Ille fwear it, and I would thou would't be a tall Fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove fo (Sir) to my power.

Clow. I, by any means proue a tall Fellow; if I do not wonder, how thou dar'ft venture to be drunke, not being a tall Fellow, trust me not. Harke, the Kings and the Princes (our Kindred) are going to fee the Queenes Picture. Come, follow vs: wee're but thy good Masters.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizell, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina: Hermione (is a Statue; Lords, &c.

Leo. O graue and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee?

Cc Paul. What
The Winters Tale.

Paul. What (Souveraigne Sir) I did not well, I meant well; all my Services You had so pay'd home, but that you have vouchsaf'd (With your Crown'd Brother, and thes your contracted Heires of your Kingdomes) my poor Houfe to visit; It is a surplus of your Grace, which neuer My life may laft to anfwer.

Leo. O Paulina, We honor you with trouble: but we came To fee the Statue of our Queene. Your Gallerie Have we pass'd through, not without much content In many singularities; but we faw not That which my Daughter came to look vp, The Statue of her Mother.

Paul. As the ful'd peerelie, So her dead likenefs I doe well beleue Excells what euer yet you look'd vp, Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keep it Louely, apart. But here it is: prepare To fee the Life as liuely mock'd, as euer Still Sleep e mock'd Death: behold, and say tis well. I like your silence, it the more shewes off Your wonder but yet speake, firft you (my Liege) Comes it not something neere? Leo. Her naturall Pofure. Chide me (deare Stone) that I may fay 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 fo much wrinkle'd, nothing So aged as this feemes.

Pol. Oh, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our Caruers excellency, Which lets goe by some fixteen yeeres, and makes her As the none now.

Leo. As now she might have done, So much to my good comfort, as it is Now piercing to my Soule. Oh, thus she ftood, Even with fuch Life of Maflie (warne Life, As now it coldly flands) when first I wou'd her. I am afham'd: Do's not the Stone rebufke me, For being more Stone then it? Oh Royall Pece: There's Magic in thy Maffie, which ha's My Euis conur'd to remembrance; and From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirits, Standing like Stone with thee.

Perd. And give me leaue, And do not say 'tis Superflition, that I kneele, and then implore her Blessing. Lady, Deere Queene, that ended when I but began, Give me that hand of yours, to kiffe.

Paul. O, patience: The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's Not dry.

Cam. My Lord, your Sorrow was too foore lay'd-on, Which fixteen Winters cannot blow away, So many Summers dry: scarce any joy Did euer fo long live: no Sorrow, But kill'd it felfe much sooner.

Pol. Deere my Brother, Let him, that was the caufe of this, hauie powre To take-off fo much griefe from you, as he Will pece vp in himelfe.

Paul. Indeed my Lord, If I had thought the flight of my poore Image Would thus have wrought you (for the Stone is mine)

I'd not have shew'd it.

Leo. Doe not draw the Curtaine.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, leaft your Fancie May thinke anon, it mounes.

Leo. Let be, let be:

Would I were dead, but that me thinke's already.

(What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord) Would you not deeme it breath'd? and that those veines Did verily bearre blood?

Pol. 'Mafterly done:
The very Life feemes warme vpon her Lippe.

Leo. The figure of her Eye ha's motion in',

As we are mock'd with Art.

Paul. Ils draw the Curtaine:

My Lord's almost fo farre transported, that He'll thinke anon it lies.

Leo. Oh sweet Paulina,

Make me to thinke fo twentie yeeres together:

No fetted Senes of the World can match The pleafure of that madneffe. Let's alone.

Paul. I am forry (Sir) I have thus farre flir'd you: but I could affift you farther.

Leo. Doe Paulina?

For this Affliction ha's a taste as sweet
As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinke's There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizzell Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me, For I will kiffe her.

Paul. Good my Lord, forbeare:

The ruddineffe vpon her Lippe, is wet:

You'll marre it, if you Kiffe it; by your owne

With Oyly Painting: shall I draw the Curtaine.

Leo. No: not thefe twentie yeeres.

Perd. So long could I

Stand-by, a looker-on.

Paul. Either forbeare,

Quit prefently the Chappell, or reloufe you

For more amazement: if you can behold it,

Ile make the Statue moue indeed; defcend, And take you by the hand; but then you'll thinke

(Which I protest against) I am affifted

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 eafe

To make her speake, as moue.

Paul. It is requir'd

You doe awake your Faith: then, all fland still:

On those that thinke it is unlawful Businesse

I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed:

No foot shall flirre.

Paul. Musick: awake her: Strike:

'Tis time: defcend: be Stone no more: approach:

Strike all that looke vpon with meruaile: Come:

Ile fill your Graue vp: flirre: nay, come away:

Bequetheath Death your nunnese: (for from him, Deere Life redeemes you) you perceiue the flirres:

Start not: her Aflions shall be holy, as

You hear my Spell is lawfull: doe not shun her, Vntill you fee her dye againe; for then

You kill her double: Nay, preflent your Hand:

When she was youg, you wou'd her: now, in age.

Is she the become the Suitor?

Leo. Oh she's warme:

If this be Magick, let it be an Art
The Winters Tale.

Lawfull as Eating.

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 floine from the dead?

Paul. That she is living,

Were it but told you, should be hooted at

Like an old Tale: but it appears she liues,

Though yet she speake not. Marke a little while:

Pleaſe you to interpole (faire Madam) kneele,

And pray your Mothres bleffing: turne good Lady,

Our Perdita is found.

Her. You God’s looke downe,

And from your sacred Viols pour your graces

Vpon my daughters head: Tell me (mine owne)

Where haft thou bin preferr’d? Where liu’d?How found

Thy Fathers Court? For thou shalt heare that I

Knowing by Paulina, that the Oracle

Gauę hope thou waft in being, haue preferr’d

My selfe, to see the yfue.

Paul. There’s tyme enough for that,

Leaft they deffe (vpon this pufh) to trouble

Your loyes, with like Relation. Go together

You precious winners all: your exultation

Partake to every one: I (an old Turtle)

Will wing me to some wither’d bough, and there

My Mate (that’s never to be found again)

Lament, till I am loft.

Leo. O peace Paulina:

Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,

As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,

And made beweene’s by Vowes. Thou haft found mine,

But how, is to be queſtion’d: for I faw her

(As I thought) dead: and haue (in vaine) faid many

A prayer vpon her graue. Ille not fecke farre

(For him, I partly know his minde) to finde thee

An honourable husband. Come Camillo,

And take her by the hand: whole worth, and honestly

Is richly noted: and heere juifified

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 fuſpition: This your Son-in-law,

And Sonne vnto the King,whom heauens direcťing

Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,

Leade us from hence, where we may leyfurely

Each one demand, and anfwer to his part

Perform’d in this wide gap of Time, fince firft

We were diſſeuer’d: Hafily lead away.

Exeunt.

The Names of the Actors.

Lenontes, King of Sicillia.

Mamillius, yong Prince of Sicillia.

Camillo.

Antigonus. Foure

Cleomenes. Lords of Sicillia.

Dion. 

Hermione, Queen to Lenontes.

Perdita, Daughter to Lenontes and Hermione.

Paulina, wife to Antigonus.

Emilia, a Lady.

Florizell, Prince of Bohemia.

Old Shepheard, reputed Father of Perdita.

Cleone, his Sonne.

Atracilus, a Rogue.

Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.

Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Servants.

Shepheards, and Shepheardedfiefs.

FINIS.
The lifefiand death of King John.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, with the Chattyilion of France.

King John.

Ow say Chattillon, what would France with vs ?
Chat. Thus (after greeting) speaks the King of France,
In my behauour to the Maiesty,
The borrowed Maiesty of England here.
Elsa. A strange beginning: borrowed Maiesty ?
K. John. Silence (good mother) hear the Embassie.
Chat, Philip of France, in right and true behalfe
Of thy deceased brother, Geffreyes sonne,
Arthur Plantagenet, laies most lawfull claime
To this faire Iland, and the Territories:
To Ireland, Poyntziers, Anions, Torayme, Maine,
Defirin thee to lay aside the sword
Which Iwaues vfurpingly thefte severall titles,
And put the fame into yong Arturs hand,
Thy Nephew, and right royall Soueraigne.
K. John. What follows if we disallow of this?
Chat. The Pround controle of fierce and bloody warre,
To inform these rights, fo forcibly with-held,
K. Io. Heare haue we war for war, & bloud for bloud,
Controlemnt for controlemnt: fo answr France.
Chat. Then take my Kings defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my Embassie.
K. John. Beare mine to him, and fo depart in peace,
Be thou as lightning in the eies of France;
For ere thou canst report, I will be there:
The thunder of my Cannon shall be heard.
So hence: be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And fallen preface of your owne decay!
An honourable conduct let him haue,
Pembroke looke too: farewell Chattillon.

Exit Chat. and Fem.

Els. What now my sonne, haue I not euer said
How that ambitious Contiunce would not ceafe
Till she had kindled France and all the world,
Vpon the right and party of her sonne.
This might haue bene prevented, and made whole
With very caife arguments of louse,
Which now the manage of two kingdomes must
With fearfull bloody issue arbitrate.
K. John. Our strong pofteflion, and our right for vs.
Els. Your strong pofteflion much more then your right,
Or else it must goe wrong with you and me,
So much my confience whispers in your care,

Which none but heauen, and you, and I, shall heare.
Enter a Sheriff.

Essex. My Ligne, here is the strangest controverfie
Come from the Country to be iudg'd by you
That ere I heard: shall I produce the men?
K. John. Let them approach:
Our Abbies and our Priories shall pay
This expeditious charge: what men are you?
Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip.

Philip. Your faithfull subject, I a gentleman,
Borne in Northamptonshire, and eldeft sonne
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A Souldier by the Honor-guing-hand
Of Cordelion, Knighted in the field.
K. John. What art thou?
Robert. The fon and heire to that fame Faulconbridge.
K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heyre?
You came not of one mother then it seemes.

Philip. Most certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well knowne, and as I thinke one father:
But for the cennaine knowledge of that truth,
I put you o're to heauen, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all mens children may.

Eli. Out on thee rude man, I doth shame thy mother,
And wound her honor with this diffidence.

Phil. I Madame? No, I have no reacon for it,
That is my brothers ples, and none of mine,
The which if he can prove, a pops me out,
At leaft from faire fue hundred pound a yeere:
Heauen guard my mothers honor, and my Land.
K. John. A good blunt fellow: why being younger born
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land:
But once he flandered me with bafardy:

But where I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mothers head,
But that I am as well begot my Ligne
(Faire fall the bones that tooke the paines for me)
Compare our faces, and be judge your selfe
If old Sir Robert did beget vs both,
And were our father, and this sonne like him:
Old Sir Robert Father, on my knee
I give heauen thankes I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why what a mad-cap hath heauen lent vs here?
Elen. He hath a tricke of Cordelions face,
The accent of his tongue affceth him:
Do you not read some tokens of my lonne
In the large compofition of this man?

K. John.
K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts, And findes them perfect. Richard: sirra speake, What doth move you to claime your brothers land. Philip. Because he hath a half-face like my father? With halfe that face would he haue all my land, A halfe-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a yeere? Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liu'd, Your brother did imploy my father much. Phil. Well far, by this you cannot get my land, Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother. Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an Embassie To Germany, there with the Emperor To treat of high affairs touching that time: Th'sadvantage of his absence tooke the King, And in the meane time fouiorn'd at my fathers; Where he did preuaile, I blame to speake: But truth is truth, large lengths of feas and shores Betweene my father, and my mother lay, As I have heard my father speake himselfe When this same lutfy gentleman was got: Upon his death-bed he by will besqueath'd His lands to me, and took it on his death That this my mothers fonne was none of his; And if he were, he came into the world Full fourteene weake before the courfe of time: Then good my Liedge let me haue what is mine, My fathers land, as was my fathers will. K. John. Sirra, your brother is legitimate, Your fathers wife did after wedlocke bee him: And if she did play false, the fault was hers, Which fault lyes on the hazards of all husbands That marry wives: tell me, how if my brother Who as you say, tooke pains to get this fonne, Had of your father took'd this fonne for his, Insooth, good friend, your father might have kept This Calfe, bred from his Cow from all the world: Insooth he might: then if he were my brothers, My brother might not claime him, nor your father Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes, My mothers fonne did get your fathers heyre, Your fathers heyre must haue your fathers land. Rob. Shal then my fathers Will be of no force, To dispoisifie that childe which is not his. Phil. Of no more force to dispoisifie me sir, Than was there to get me, as I think. Eli. Whether hadst thou rather bee a Faulconbridge, And like thy brother to enjoy thy land: Or the reputed fonne of Cordelion, Lord of thy preence, and no land before. Baft. Madam, and if my brother had my shape And I had his, sir Roberts his like him, And if my legs were two such riding rods, My armes, such ele-skins flut, my face so thin, That in mine care I durst not flitche a rofe, Left men should lay, looke where three furthings goes, And his shape were heyre to all this land, Would I might neuer flitche from off this place; I would glue it every foot to hauce this face: It would not be sir nobbe in any cafe. Elinor. I like thee well: wilt thou for sake thy fortune, Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me? I am a Souldier, and now bound to France. Baft. Brother, take you my land, Ile take my chance; Your face hath got five hundred pound a yeere, Yet fell your face for five pence and 'tis deere: Madam, Ile follow you vnto the death.

Elinor. Nay, I would haue you go before me thither. Baft. Our Country manners gue our better way. K. John. What is thy name? Baft. Philip my Liege, fo is my name begun, Philip, good old Sir Roberts wuies eldest fonne. K. John. From henceforth beare his name Whole forme thou forrest. Kneele thou downe Philip, but rife more great, Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet. Baft. Brother by th'mothers fide, gue me your hand, My father gaue me honor, yours gaue land: Now bleffed be the houre by night or day When I was got, Sir Robert was away. Ele. The very spirit of Plantaginet I am thy grandame Richard, call me fo. Baft. Madam: by chance, but not by truth, what thou; Something about a little from the right, In at the window, or else ore the hatch: Who dares not sittre by day, mutt wake by night, And haue is hauue, how euer men doe catch: Neree or off fett, well woman is still well hot; And I am I, how ere I was begot. K. John. Go, Faulconbridge, now haft thou thy desire, A landleffe Knight, makes thee a landed Squire: Come Madam, and come Richard, we must speed For France, for France, for it is more then need. Baft. Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee, For thou walt got i'th way of honesty. Exeunt all but baftard.

Baft. A foot of Honor better then I was, But many a many foot of Land the worke, Well, now can I make any laine a Lady, Good den Sir Richard, Godamercy fellow, And if his name be George, Ile call him Peter; For new made honor doth forget mens names: 'Tis two refpecheue, and to fociable For your conversion, now your traveller, Hee and his tooth-picke at my worshipes meffe, And when my knightly stomacke is fufed, Why then I fuckle my teeth, and catechize My picked man of Countries: my deare fir, Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin, I shall beftiche you; that is queftion now, And then comes answer like an Abbe Boke: O fir, fayes anfwer, at your left command, At your employment, at your fervice fir; No fir, fales queftion, I sweet fir at yours, And fo ere answer knowes what queftion would, Saing in Dialogue of Complement, And talking of the Alpes and Appenines, The Perenane and the ruer Po, It draws toward fupper in conclufion fo. But this is worthifull company, And fits the mounting spirit like my felfe; For he is but a baftard to the time That doth not fmoake of obfervation, And so am I whether I fmoake or no: And not alone in habit and deuice, Exterior forme, outward accoutrement; But from the inward motion to deliuer Sweet, sweet, sweet poyfon for the ages tooth, Which though I will not practive to deceuie, Yet to avoide deceit I meanes to learn; For it shal fire the footsteps of my rifting: But who comes in fuch hafte in riding robes?
Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that flawe thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chafe mine honour vp and downe.
Baff. My brother Roberts, old Sir Roberts fonne: 
Colbrand the Oyant, that fame mighty man,
Is it Sir Roberts fonne that yecke fo?
Lady. Sir Roberts fonne, I thou vnreuered boy,
Sir Roberts fonne? why sform'th thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Roberts fonne, and foh art thou.
Baff. James Gournie, wilt thou glue vs leave a while?
Gour. Good leave good Philip.
Baff. Philip, sparrow, James,
There's toyes abroad, anon Ile tell thee more.
Exit James.

Madam, I was not old Sir Roberts fonne,
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Vpon good Friday, and were broke his fift:
Sir Robert could doe well, marrie to confedle
Could get me fir Robert could not doe it;
We know that handy-workes, there are good mother
To whom am I beholding for these limmes?
Sir Robert neuer holpe to make this legge.
Lady. Haft thou confired with thy brother too,
That for thine owne gaine shouldst defend mine honor?
What means this scorne, thou moft vntoward knau? 
Baff. Knight, knight good mother, Bafiilico-like;
What, I am dub'd, I haue it on my shoulder:
But mother, I am not Sir Roberts fonne,
I haue disclaim'd Sir Robert and my land,
Legitimation, name, and all is gone;
Then good my mother, let me know my father,
Some proper man I hope, who was it mother?
Lady. Haft thou denied thy felfe a Faulconbridge?
Baff. As fafhionably as I denye the deuil.
Lady. King Richard Cordellion was thy father,
By long and vehement fult I was feduc'd
To make roome for him in my husbands bed:
Heauen lay not my transgression to my charge,
That art the ifue of my deere offence
Which was fo strongly vrg'd paff my defence.
Baff. Now by this light were I to get againe,
Madam I would not with a better father:
Some fannes doe beare their priuiledge on earth,
And fo doth yours: your fault, was not your follar,
Needs muft you lay your heart at his difpole,
SubieCted tribute to commanding love,
Against whose furie and vnmatched force,
The awfule Lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keepe his Princely heart from Richards hand:
He that perfobe robs Lions of their hearts,
May easily winne a woman: aye my mother,
With all my heart I thanke thee for my father:
Who liues and dares but fay, thou did not well
When I was got, Ile fend his foule to hell.
Come Lady I will fwhel thee to my kinne,
And they fhall fay, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadft laid him now, it had beene fonne;
Who fayes it was, he lyes, I fay twas not.

Enter before Angiers, Philip King of France, Lewis, Daulphin, Anfibia, Confiance, Arthur.

Nn. Before Angiers well met braue Austria,
Arthur that great fore-runner of thy blood,
Richard that rob'd the Lion of his heart,
And fought the holy Warres in Paffifene,
By this braue Dake came early to his grave:
And for amends to his pofterie,
At our importance hether is he come,
To fpread his colours boy, in thy behalfe,
And to rebuke the vfurpation
Of thy vnnatural Vncle, English John,
Embrace him, loue him, give him welcome hether.

Artb. God fhall forgive you Cordellions death
The rather, that you give his off-fpring life,
Shadowing their right vnder your wings of warre:
I gue you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of vnflained loue,
Welcome before the gates of Angiers Duke.

Lewis. A noble boy, who would not doe thee right? 
Aulf. Upon thy cheeke lay I this zealous kife,
As feale to this indenture of my loue:
That to my home I will no more returne
Till Angiers and the right thou haft in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced flore,
Whose fote fparres backe the Oceans roaring tides,
And croopes from other lands thare landers,
Euen till that England hedg'd in with the maine,
That Water-walled Bulwarke, till feure
And confident from foreiene purpofes,
Euen till that vtopt corner of the Welt
Salute thee for her King, till then fuiue boy
Will I not thinke of home, but follow Armes.

Conf. O take his mothers thanks, a widdows thanks,
Till your strong hand shall helpes to give him strength,
To make a more requitall to your loue.
Aulf. The peace of heauen is theirs y lift their fwords
In such a luft and charitable warre.

King. Well, then to worke our Cannon shall be bent
Against the browes of this reftifing towne,
Call for our cheeffelt men of discifpline,
To cull the plotts of beft advantages:
We'll lay before this towne our Royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in French-men bloud,
But we will make it fubilef to this boy.

Con. Stay for an anfwer to your Embaffie,
Left vnaduis'd you fhaine your fwords with bloud,
My Lord Chaffton may from England bring
That right in peace which heere we vrze in warre,
And then we fhall repent each drop of bloud,
That hot rath haffe fo indirectly fhedde.

Enter Chaffton.

King. A wonder Lady: lo vpon thy wish
Our Miffenger Chaffton is arriued,
What England faires, fay briefely gentle Lord,
We coldly fave for thee, Chaffton Ipeake,
Chat. Then turne your forces from this paltry fegre,
And fhirte them vp againft a mightier taske:
England impatient of your luft demands,
Hath put himfelfe in Armes, the audefie windes.
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his Legions all as foone as I:
His marches are expeditious to this towne,
His forces strong, his Soulier'd confident:
With him along is come the Mother Queene,
An Ace fliring him to bloud and thrite,
With her her Niece, the Lady Blancke of Spaine,
With them a Baftard of the Kings deceafe,
And all th'Æneas'd humors of the Land,
Rath, inconsiderate, fiere voluntaries,
With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragons spleenes,
Haue told their fortunes at their natie homes,
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here:
In briefe, a brauer choyfe of dauntlesse spirits
Then now the Englifh bottomes haue waft ore,
Did neuer flote upon the dwelling tide,
To doe offence and scathe in Chriften dome:
The interruption of their churchful drums
Cuts off more circuinance, they are at hand,
Drum beats.

To parlie or to fight, therefore prepare.

K. John. Peace be to France: If France in peace permit
Our iuit and lineall entrance to our owne;
If not, bleede France, and peace affend to heauen.

Enter K. of England, Baftard, Queene, Blanche, Pembroke,
and others.

K. John. Peace be to France: If France in peace permit
Our iuit and lineall entrance to our owne;
If not, bleede France, and peace affend to heauen.

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K. John. Peace be to France: If France in peace permit
Our iuit and lineall entrance to our owne;
If not, bleede France, and peace affend to heauen.
Thy finne are visited in this poor childe,
The Canon of the Law is laide on him,
Being but the second generation
Remoued from thy finne-conceuing wombe.

 أج. Bedlam haue done.

 Conj. I haue but this to say,
That he is not onely plagued for her fin,
But God hath made her finne and her, the plague
On this removed suffre, plagued for her,
And with her plague her finne: his injury
Her inuerie the Beadle to her finne,
All punifh'd in the perfon of this childe,
And all for her, a plague upon her.

 Que. Thou vnadvised Gold, I can produce
A Will, that barres the title of thy finne.

 Conj. I who doubts that, a Will: a wicked will,
A women will, a cankered Grandsam will.

 Fry. Peace Lady, paufe, or be more temperate,
It ill beleeves this preience to cry ayme
To thefe ill-tuned repetitions:
Some Trumpet fummon hither to the walles
Thefe men of Angiers, let vs heare them speake,
Whose title they admit, Arthur or Iohn.

 Trumpet sounds.

 Enter a Citizen upon the walles.

 Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd vs to the walles?

 Fry. 'Tis France, for England.

 أج. England for it felte:
You men of Angiers, and my louing subiects.

 Fry. You louing men of Angiers, Arthurius subiects,
Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

 أج. For our advantage, therefore heare vs firft:
Thefe flags of France that are advanced heere
Before the eye and prospect of your Towne,
Hauie hither march'd to your endamagement.
The Canons haue their bowls full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to frith forth
Their Iron indignation 'gainst your walles:
All preparation for a bloody fledge
And mericles proceeding, by thefe French.
Comfort your Citties eies, your winking gates:
And but for our approch, those sleeping stones,
That as a wafte doth girdle you about
By the compulion of their Ordinance,
By this time from their fixed beds of time
Had bin dishabited, and wide hauocke made
For bloody power to rush vpon your peace.
But on the right of vs your lawfull King,
Who painfullly with much expedient march
Hauie brought a counter-checke before your gates,
To waue vnscratch'd your Citties threatened checkes:
Behold the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle,
And now insteed of bulletts wrapt in fire
To make a shakling feuer in your walles,
They shoote but calme words, folded vp in smoake,
To make a faithlesse error in your eares,
Which truft accordingly kinde Citizens,
And let vs in. Your King, whose labour'd spirits
Fore-worlded in this action of swift speede,
Crans harbourage within your Cittie walles.

 France. When I have guide, make answere to vs both.
Lye in this right hand, whose protection
Is moft diuinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, flands yong Plantagenet,
Sonne to the elder brother of this man,

And King ore him, and all that he enjoyes:
For this downe-troden equity, we tread
In warlike march, these greene before your Towne,
Being no further enemy to you.
Then the constraint of hopitable seale,
In the releefe of this oppreffed childe,
Religiously provoke. Be please then
To pay that dutie which you truly owe,
To him that owes it, namely, this yong Prince,
And then our Armes, like to a muzled Beare,
Sawe in apeace, hath all offence seal'd vp:
Our Cannons male vice all shall be spent
Against th'invulnerable clouds of heaven,
And with a bleeded and vn-veit retyre,
With vnheuck'd swords, and Helmets all vnbruiss'd,
We will beare home that lufte blood againe,
Which heere we came to spout against your Towne,
And leave your children, wifes, and you in peace.
But if you fondly paffe our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walles,
Can hide you from our meffengers of Warre,
Though all thefe English, and their discipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference:
Then tell vs, Shall your Citie call vs Lord,
In that behalfe which we haue challeng'd it?
Or shall we glue the signall to our rage,
And faile in blood to our poiffeion?

 Cit. In breefe, we are the King of Englands subiects
For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne.

 أج. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

 Cit. That can we not: but he that proves the King
To him will we proue loyall, till that time
Hauie we ramm'd vp our gates against the world.

 أج. Doth not the Crowne of England, prooue the King?
And if not that, I bring you Witnisse
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of Englands breed.

 با. Baftards and elfe.

 أج. To verifie our title with their liues.

 فر. As many and as well-born bloody as thofe.

 با. Some Baftards too.

 فر. Stand in his face to contradiction his claime.

 ج. Till you compound whose right is worthie,
We for the worthieft hold the right from both.

 أج. Then God forgive the finne of all thofe soules,
That to their everlafting refidence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall feete
In dreadfull triall of our kingdome King

 فر. Amen, Amen, mount Cheuallers to Armes.

 با. Saint George that wind'd the Dragon,
And ere since fit's on a horfebacke at mine Hoffesse dore
Teach vs some fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den firrah, with your Lionneffe,
I would fet an Ox-head to your Lyons hide
And make a monifter of you.

 با. Peace, no more.

 با. O tremble: for you heare the Lyon roare.

 أج. Vp higher to the plaine, where we'll fet forth
In beft appointment all our Regiments.

 با. Speed then to take advantage of the field,
Thou. It shall be fo, and at the other hill
Command the reft to fland, God and our right.

 Exeunt

 Here after excursions, Enter the Herald of France
with Trumpets to the gates.

 F. Her. You men of Angiers open wide your gates,
And let yong Arthur Duke of Britaine in,

A 3 A 3
Who by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much worke for tears in many an English mother,
Whose fones lie scattered on the bleeding ground:
Many a widows husband grouling lies,
Coldly embracing the discoulerd earth,
And victorie with little offe doth play
Vpon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand triumphantly displayed
To enter Conquerors, and to proclaim
Thrift: One From Whofe In Open Wee'l Before That There Vpon Coldly Whofe Our Their Commander To And Much Our John, Armours Worke embracing the Climate his hauing from the blood of this contemptuous Citty, I'd play incessantly vpon these lades, Euen till vnfenced defolation Leave them as naked as the vulgar ayre: That done, diffuere your knited strengthes, And part your mingled colours once again, Turne face to face, and bloody point to point: Then in a moment Fortune shall cull forth Out of one fide her happy Minion, To whom in fauer the shall gie the day, And kiffe him with a glorious victroy:
How like you this wildc confec recommending States, Smackes it not something of the policie.
John, Now by the sky that hangs above our heads, I like it well. France, shall we knit our powres, And lay this Angiers even with the ground, Then after fight who shall be king of it?
Beati. And if thou haft the mettle of a king, Being wrong'd as we are by this peecuil Towne: Turne thou the mouth of thy Artillerie, As we will ours, against thefa fawcie walles, And when that we haue dafh'd them to the ground, Why then defe each other, and pell-mell, Make works vpon our felues,for heauen or hell. Fra. Let it be so: say, where will you affault? John. We from the Weft will fend deffafion Into this Citties boforme. Auft. I from the North.
Fras. Our Thunder from the South,
Shall raine their drift of bullets on this Towne.
Beati. O prudent discipline! From North to South:
Austria and France shoot in eache others mouth.
Ile firme to them: Come, away, away.
Hub. Heare vs great kings, vouchsafe awhile to stay
And I shall shew you peace, and faire-fac'd league: Win you this Citty without stroke, or wound, Rescue thofe breathing lyes to dye in beds, That here be come facrifices for the field. Perfeuer not, but hear me mighty kings. John. Speake on with fauour, we are bent to heare.
Hub. That daughter there of Spaine, the Lady Blanche
Is neere to England, looke vpon the yeeres Of Lern's the Dolphin, and that lovely maid.
Ifluffle lune should go in guelt of beautie,


Where should he finde it fairer, then in Blanch: 
If zealous loue should go in search of vertue, 
Where should he finde it purer then in Blanch? 
If loue ambitious, sought a match of birth, 
Whose veins bound richer blood then Lady Blanch? 
Such as she is, in beautie, vertue, birth, 
Is the yong Dolphin every way compleat, 
If not compleat of, fay he is not thee, 
And she againe wants nothing, to name want, 
If want it be not, that she is not hee: 
He is the halfe part of a bleffed man, 
Left to be finifh'd by fuch as thee, 
And she a faire divided excellence, 
Whose fulnesse of perfection lies in him. 
O two fuch fifuler currents when they ioyne 
Do glorifie the banke that bound them in: 
And two fuch fhores, to two fuch freames made one, 
Two fuch controlling bounds shall you be, kings, 
To thefe two Princes, if you marrie them: 
This Union shal do more then batterie can 
To our falt closed gates: for at this match, 
With swifter fpeepe then powder can enforce 
The mouth of paffage fhall we fling wide ope, 
And give you entrance: but without this match, 
The fee enraged is not halfe fo deafe, 
Lyons more confident, Mountains and rockes 
More free from motion, no not death himfelfe 
In mortal furie halt fo peremptorie, 
As we to keepe this Cittie.

Baf#. Heres a flay, 
That shaketh the rotten carkaffe of old death 
Out of his ragges. Here's a large mouth indeede, 
That fpits forth death, and mountains, rockes, and feas, 
Talkes as familiarily of roaring Lyons, 
As maids of thirteene do of puppi-dogges, 
What Cannoneere begot this fullie blood, 
He fpakes plaine Cannon fire, and smoake, and bounce, 
He giues the batallion with his tongue: 
Our cares are gudgel'd, not a word of his 
But buffets better then a fift of France: 
Zounds, I was never fo befhumpet with words, 
Since I fift call'd my brothers father Dad. 

Old Qa. Son, lift to this conjunction, make this match 
Glue with our Neece a dowrie large enough, 
For by this knot, thou fhalt fo furely tye 
Thy now vnflur d affurance to the Crowne, 
That yon greene boy fhall have no Sunne to ripe 
The bloome that-promifeth a mightie fruite. 
I fee a yelding in the lookes of France: 
Marke how they whisper, verge them while their foules 
Are capable of this ambition, 
Leaft zeale now meltet by the windle breath 
Of foft petition, pittie and remorse, 
Coole and congeale againe to what it was. 

Hub. Why anfwer not the double Malefies, 
This friendly treatie of our threatened Towne. 
Fra. Speake England firft, that hath bin forward firft 
To fpake unto this Cittie: what fay you? 
Iohn. If that the Dolphin there thy princely fonne, 
Can in this booke of beautie read, I loue: 
Her Dowrie fhall weigh equall with a Queene: 
For Angiers, and faire Toraine Maine, Poyeffiers, 
And all that we vpon this fide the Sea, 
(Except this Cittie now by vs befedg'd) 
Finde liable to our Crowne and Dignitie, 
Shall gild her bridali bed and make her rich 
In titles, honors, and promotions, 
As she in beautie, education, blood, 
Holdes hand with any Princefle of the world. 
Fra. What fit'th thofe boy I looke in the Ladies face. 
Del. I do my Lord, and in her eye I find 
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle, 
The shadow of my felfe form'd in her eye, 
Which being but the shadow of your fonne, 
Becomes a fonne and makes your fonne a shadow: 
I do protest I neuer lou'd my felle 
Till now, infixed I beheld my felfe, 
Drawne in the flattering table of her eie.

Whiﬅers with Blanch. 
Baf#. Drawne in the flattering table of her eie, 
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkale of her brow, 
And quarter'd in her heart, hee doth efpe 
Himfelfe loues truory, this is pittie now: 
That hang'd, and drawne, and quarter'd there fhould be 
In fuch a loye, fo vile a Loue as he. 
Blan. My vnckles will in this refpeʃt is mine, 
If he fee ought in you that makes him like, 
That any thing he fee's which moues his likings, 
I can with cafe tranflate it to my will: 
Or if you will, to fpake more properly, 
will enforce it earlie to my loue. 
Further I will not flatter you, my Lord, 
That all I fee in you is worthy loue. 
Then this, that nothing do I fee in you, 
Though churlifh thoughts themselves fhould bee your 
Judge, 
That I can finde, fhould merit any hate. 
Iohn. What faie thefe yong-ones? What fay you my 
Neece? 
Blan. That she is bound in honor still to do 
What you in wifedome fhall vouchsafe to fay. 
Iohn. Speake then Prince Dolphin, can you loue this 
Ladie? 
Del. Nay ask me if I can refraine from loue, 
For I doe loue her moft vnfainedly. 
Iohn. Then do I giue Vulqueʃen, Toraine, Maine, 
Poyeffiers, and Aniove, thefe fuce Prouinces 
With her to thee, and this addition more, 
Full thirty thoufand Markes of English coyne: 
Phillip of France, if thou be pleaf'd withall, 
Command thy fonne and daughtet to ioyne hands, 
Fra. It likès vs well young Princes: clofe your hands 
Auʃt. And your lippes too, for I am well affur'd, 
That I did fo when I was affur'd. 
Fra. Now Citizens of Angiers ope your gates, 
Let in that amitice which you have made, 
For at Saint Maries Chappell prefently, 
The rights of marriage fhall be solemniz'd. 
Is not the Ladie Confance in this troope? 
I know she is not for this match made vp, 
Her preffece would have interrupted much. 
Where is he and her fonne, tell me, who knowes? 
Del. She is fad and paffionate at your highnes Tent. 
Fra. And by my faith, this league that we have made 
Will giue her fulnesse very little cure: 
Brother of England, how may we content 
This widdow Ladie? In her right we came, 
Which we God knowes, haue turn'd another way, 
To our owne vantage. 
Iohn. We will heale vp all, 
For wee'l create yong Arthur Duke of Britaine 
And Earle of Richmond, and this rich faire Towne 

We
We make him Lord of. Call the Lady Constance,
Some speedy Messenger bid her repair,
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
(If not fill vp the measure of her will)
Yet in some measure satisfy her foe,
That we shall stop her exclamation,
Go we as well as haft will suffer vs,
To this vnlook'd for vnprepar'd pomp.

Exeunt.

Boff. Mad world, mad kings, mad composition:
Iohn to stop Artburs Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whose armour Conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charitie brought to the field,
As Gods owne fouldier, rounded in the eare,
With that fame purpose-changer, that flye diuel,
That Broker, that fill breaks the pate of faith,
That dayly breake-vow, he that winnes of all,
Of kings, of beggers, old men, yong men, maids,
Who hauing no externall thing to loope,
But the word Maid, cheats the poore Maide of that.
That smooth-fac'd Gentleman, tickling commodity,
Commoditie, the byas of the world,
The word, who of it felle is peyed well,
Made to run cun, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing byas,
This fway of motion, this commoditie,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent.
And this fame byas, this Commoditie,
This Bawd, this Broker, this all-changing-word,
Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawne him from his owne determin'd ayd,
From a refolu'd and honourable warre,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace,
And why ryle I on this Commoditie?
But for because he hath not woed me yet:
Not that I haue the power to clutch my hand,
When his faire Angels would salute my palme,
But for my hand, as vnattempted yet,
Like a poore begger, raiteth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a begger, I will raile,
And say there is no fin but to be rich:
And being rich, my vertue then shall be,
To say there is no vice, but beggerie:
Since Kings breake faith vpom commoditie,
Gaine be my Lord, for I will worship thee.

Exeit.

Actus Secundus

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Con. Gone to be married? Gone to sweare a peace?
Falle blood to falle blood ion'd. Gone to be freinds?
Shall Lewis haue Blaunce, and Blaunce those Prouinces?
It is not fo, thou haft misspoke, mithheard,
Be well adult'd, tell ore thy tale again.
It cannot be, thou do'lt but say 'tis fo.
I truft I may not tryst thee, for thy word
Is but the vaine breath of a common man:
Beleeue me, I doe not beleue thee man,
I have a Kings oath to the contrarie.
Thou shalt be puni'd for thus frightening me,
For I am feele, and capable of feares,

Oppreft with wrongs, and therefore full of feares,
A widdow, husbands, subjicet to feares,
A woman naturally borne to feares;
And though thou now confelle thou didst but left
With my next spiritts, I cannot take a Truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What doft thou mane by flaking of thy head? 
Why doft thou looke so sadly on my fonne?
What means that hand upon that breafh of thine?
Why holdes thine eie that lamentable rhowme,
Like a proud riever peering ore his bounds?
Be thefe fad fignes confirmeres of thy words?
Then fpeak again, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I beleue you thinke them falle,
That gie you caufe to prove my faying true.

Con. Oh if thou teach me to beleue this forrow,
Teach thou this forrow, how to make me dye,
And let belefe, and life encounter fo,
As doth the furie of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.

Lews marry Blaunce? O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone: I cannot broke thy fight,
This newes hath made thee a moft vglie man.

Sal. What other harme hrosse I good Lady done,
But fpoke the harme, that is by others done?

Con. Which harme within it felle fo heynous is,
As it makes harmefull all that fpeak of it.

Ar. I do befeech you Madam be content.

Con. If thou that bidft me be content, wert grim
Vgily, and flandrous to thy Mothers wombe,
Full of vnpleasing blots, and frightful stains,
Lame, foolifh, crooked,Past, prodigious,
Patch'd with foule Moles, and eye-offending markes,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not loue thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deferue a Crowne.
But thou art faire, and at thy birth (deere boy)
Nature and Fortune ion'd to make thee great.
Of Natures guifts, thou mayft with Lillies boast,
And with the halfe-blowne Rofe.
But Fortune, oh, she is corrupted, chang'd, and wonne from thee,
Sh'adulterates hourly with thine Vnckle John,
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on France
To tread downe faire reprefent of Sovereignty,
And made his Maiestie the bawd to theirs.
France is a Bawd to Fortune, and king Iohn,
That brumptum Fortune, that vfurping Iohn?
Tell me thou fellow, is not France forfowrned?
Euenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave thofe woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to vnder-berare.

Sal. Pardon me Madam,
I may not goe without you to the kings.

Con. Thou maift, thou shalt, I will not go with thee,
I will infruct my forrowes to bee proud,
For greffe is proud, and makes his owner foopie,
To me and to the flate of my great greffe,
Let kings afsemble: for my greffe's fo great,
That no supporter but the huge firme earth
Can hold it vp: here I and forrowes fit,
Heere is my Throne, bid kings come bow to it.

Actus
**Actus Tertius, Scena prima.**

Enter King John, France, Dolphin, Blanch, Eleanor, Philip, Auyr'ia, Confiance.

**Fra.** 'Tis true (faire daughter) and this blest day, Euer in France shall be kept fellituall: To feomelizze this day the glorious funne Stayes in his course, and plays the Alchymift, Turning with splendor of his precious eye The meager cloudy earth to glittering gold: The yearely courfle that brings this day about, Shall never fee it, but a holy day.

**Conf.** A wicked day, and not a holy day. What hath this day deferu'd? what hath it done, That it in golden letters shou'd be set Among the high tides in the Kalender ? Nay, rather turne this day out of the wecke, This day of shame, oppreffion, periyru. Or if it muft fland fill, let wises with childe Pray that their burthenes may not fall this day, Left that their hopes prodiligiously be crot: But (on this day) let Sea-men faire no wracke, No bargaine breake that are not this day made; This day all things begun, come to ill end.

**Fra.** By heauen Lady, you shall haue no caufe To curfe the faire proceedings of this day: Have I not pawn'd to you my Maffey?

**Conf.** You haue beguil'd me with a counterfeit Refleming Maiesty, which being touch'd and tride, Proues valueleff; you are fowrfone, forfiworne, You came in Armes to fpill mine enemies bloud, But now in Armes, you strenthen it with yours. The grasping vigor, and rough frowne of Warre Is cold in amite, and painted peace, And our oppreffion hath made vp this league: Arme, arme, you heauens, against thefe periu'd Kings, A widdow cries, be husband to me (heauens) Let not the howres of this vngodly day Weare out the daies in Peace; but ere Sun-fet, Set armed difcifd twixt thefe periu'd Kings,

**Heare me,** Oh, heare me.

**Auff.** Lady Confiance, peace.

**Conf.** War, war, no peace, peace is to me a warre: O Latymes, O Auyr'ia, thou doft fhame That bloudy fpoyle: thou flauze, thou wretch, Y coward, Thou little valiant, great in villanie, Thou euer frong vpon the stronger fide; Thou Fortunes Champion, that doft neuer figh But when her humours Ladihip is by To teach thee safety: thou art periu'd too, And footh'ft vp greatneffe. What a foole art thou, A rampeing foole, to brag, and fiam,p, and fwear, Vpon my partie: thou cold blooded flauze, Haft thou not fpoke like thunder on my fide? Beene fwoone my Soildier, bidding me depende Vpon thy farres, thy fortune, and thy ftreng, And doft thou now fall ouer to my foes? Thou ware a Lyons hide, doft it for fhame, And hang a Calues skin on thofe recreant limbes.

**Auf.** O that a man should fpake thofe words to me.

**Phil.** And hang a Calues-skin on thofe recreant limbs. **Auf.** Thou darst not fay fo villaine for thy life.

**Phil.** And hang a Calues-skin on thofe recreant limbs.

**John.** We like not this, thou doft forget thy felfe.

**Enter Pandulpb.**

**Fra.** Heere comes the holy Legate of the Pope. **Pan.** Haile you annotated deputies of heauen; To thee King John my holy errand is: I Pandulpb, of faire Millane Cardinal, And from Pope Innocent the Legate heere, Doe in his name religiounly demand Why thou againft the Church,our holy Mother, So wilfully doft fpurne; and force perfecro. Keeppe Stephen Langton chosen Arfhibishop Of Canterbury from that holy Sea: This in our foareful holy Fathers name Pope Innocent, I doe demand of thee.

**John.** What earthie name to Interrogatories Can taft the free breath of a facred King? Thou canft not (Cardinall) define a name So flight, vnworthy, and ridiculous To charge me to an anfwere, as the Pope: Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England, Addo thus much more, that no Italian Prieff Shall tythe or toll in our dominions: But as we, vnder heauen, are supreame head, So vnder him that great supremacy Where we doe reigne, we will alone vphold Without th'affiance of a mortall hand: So tell the Pope, all reuereence fet apart To him and his vfar'd authoritie.

**Fra.** Brother of England, you blaffheme in this.

**John.** Though you, and all the Kings of Christendom Are led fo groffely by this medling Prieff, Dreading the curfe that money may buy out, And by the merit of vilde gold, droffe, duft, Purchafe corrupted pardon of a man, Who in that fale fels pardon from himfelfe: Though you, and al the ref Groffely led, This jugling withtcraft with reuenue cherifh, Yet I alone, alone doe me oppofe Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

**Pand.** Then by the lawfull power that I haue, Thou falt fland curft, and excommunicate, And bleffed shall he be that doth revoll From his Allegerence to an heretique, And meritorious hall that hand be call'd, Canonized and worship'd as a Saint, That takes away by any secret courfe Thy hatefull life.

**Con.** O lawfull let it be That I have roome with Rome to curfe a while, Good Father Cardinall, cry thou Amen To my keene curfe; for without my wrong There is no tongue hath power to curfe him right.

**Pan.** There's Law and Warrant (Lady) for my curfe.

**Conf.** And for mine too, when Law can do no right. Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong: Law cannot give my childe his kingdome heere; For he that holds his Kingdome, holds the Law: Therefore fince Law it felle is perfect wrong, How can the Law forbid my tongue to curfe?

**Pand.** Philip of France, on perill of a curfe, Let goe the hand of that Arch-heretique, And raife the power of France vpon his head, Vnleffe he doe submit himfelfe to Rome.

**Elea.** Look'rt thou pale France? do not let go thy hand. **Con.** Looko to that Deuill, left that France repent,
The life and death of King John.

And by dilouing hands hell lose a foule.
Ault. King Philip, listen to the Cardinal.
Bast. And hang a Calues-skin on his unintend limbs.
Ault. Well ruffian, I must pocket vp these wrongs, because,
Bast. Your breeches beft may carry them.
John. Philip, what faie thou to the Cardinal?
Con. What should he say, but as the Cardinal?
Delpb. Bethink ye father, for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curfe from Rome,
Or the light loffe of England, for a friend:
Forgoe the eaiser.
Bla. That's the curfe of Rome.
Con. O Lewis, hand fall, the devil tempteth thee here
In likeness of a new untrimmed Bride.
Bla. The Lady Constance speakes not from her faith,
But from her need.
Con. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which onely lies but by the death of faith,
That need, muft needs Inferre this principle,
That faith would live againe by death of need:
O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts vp,
Keep my need vp, and faith is trodden downe.
John. The king is moud, and answerst not to this.
Con. O be remou'd from him, and answerst well.
Ault. Do so king Philip, hang no more in doubt.
Bast. Hang nothing but a Calues skin most sweet loot.
Fra. I am perplexed, and know not what to say.
Pan. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more?
If thou stand excommunicate, and curst?
Fra. Good reuerend father, make my perfon yours,
And tell me how you would beftow your selfe?
This royall hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward foules
Married in league, coupled, and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vowes,
The last breath that gue the found of words
Was deepe-fworne faith, peace, amity, true love
Betwenee our kingdomes and our royall felues,
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer then we well could wash our hands,
To clasp this royall bargaine vp of peace,
Heuen knowes they were belmear'd and ouer-thaind
With flaughters pencil; where reuenge did paint
The fearfull difference of incenfed kings:
And shall these hands so lately purg'd of blood?
So newly Ioyn'd in love? so strong in both,
Vnlyke this feasure, and this kindo regreate?
Play fast and loose with fith? I left with heauen,
Make such vnconfent children of our felues
As now againe to snatch our palme from palme:
Vn-swore faith sworne, and on the marriage bed
Of simpling peace to march a bloody hoist,
And make a ryot on the gentle brow
Of true fincerity? O holy Sir
My reuerend father, let it not be so;
Out of your grace, deuife, ordaine, impose
Some gentle order, and then we shall be bleft
To doe your pleasure, and continue friends.
Pand. All forme is formeless, order orderless,
Sawe what is oppoite to Englands loue.
Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church,
Or let the Church our mother breathe her curfe,
A mothers curfe, on her reuolting fonne:
France, thou maift hold a serpant by the tongue,
A cafed Lion by the mortall paw,

A falling Tyger safer by the tooth,
Then keepe in peace that hand which thou doft hold.
Fra. I may dif-loyne my hand, but not my faith.
Pand. So make'ft thou faith an enemy to faith,
And like a cuill warre fetteth oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O let thy vow
First mad to heauen, first be to heauen perform'd,
That is, to be the Champion of our Church,
What fince thou fwearest, is fawning against thy felfe,
And may not be performed by thy felfe,
For that which thou haft frowned to doe amitfe,
Is not amitfe when it is truly done:
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then moft done not done it:
The better Act of purpose miltooke,
Is to mistake again, though indirec,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falhood, falhood cures, as fire cooles fire
Within the forcered veins of one new burn'd:
It is religion that doth make vowes kept,
But thou haft frowned against religion,
By what thou fwear'st againft the thing thou fwear'ft,
And make'ft an oath the furette for thy truth,
Against an oath the truth, thou art vntrue
To fwear, fwarest onely not to be forsworne,
Elfe what a mockerie should it be to fwear?
But thou doft fware, onely to be forsworne,
And moft forsworne, to kepe what thou doft fware,
Therefore thy later vowes, againft thy firl,
Is in thy felfe rebellion to thy felfe:
And better conquest neuer canft thou make,
Then arme thy confant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose fuggifions:
Upon which better part, our prayrs come in,
If thou vouchsafe them.
But if not, then know
The peril of our curfes light on thee
So heauy, as thou shalt not fmake them off
But in defpaire, dye vnder their blacke weight.
Ault. Rebellion, flat rebellion.
Bast. Wilt not be?
Will not a Calues-skin flop that mouth of thine?
Daul. Father, to Armes.
Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?
Against the blood that thou haft married?
What, hall our fealt be kept with flaughtered men?
Shall harrying trumpets, and loud churilh drums
Clamors of hell, be meafures to our pomp?
O husband heare me, aye, alacke, how new
Is husband in my mouth? euen for that name
Which till this time my tongue did nere pronounce;
Upon my knee I beg, goe not to Armes
Against mine Uncle.
Confi. O, upon my knee made hard with kneading,
I doe pray to thee, thou vertuous Daulphin,
Alter not the doome fore-thought by heauen.
Blan. Now hall I fee thy loue, what motiue may
Be stronger with thee, then the name of wife?
Con. That which vpholdeth him, that thee vpholds,
His Honor, Oh thine Honor, Lewis thine Honor.
Delpb. I mule your Maiesty doth seeme fo cold,
When such profound respects doe pull you on?
Pand. I will denounce a curfe vpon his head.
Fra. Thou shalt not need. England, I will fall fro thee.
Confi. O faire returne of banifh'd Maiesty.
Elia. O foule revoult of French inconfancy.
Eng. France, y hall rue this house within this hour.
Bast.
The life and death of King John.

Scena Secunda.

Allarums. Exeunt. Enter Bafard with Austria's bead.

Baf. Now by my life, this day grow wondrous hot,
Some ayer Deuil hours in the sike,
And pour's downe mitchlefe, Austria's head lye there,

Enter John, Arthur, Hubert.

While Philip breathe.

John. Hubert, kepe this boy, Philip make vp,
My Mother is affayled in our Tent,
And tane I feare.

Baf. My Lord I rescued her,
Her Highnesse is in safety, feare you not:
But on my Liege, for very little paines
Will bring this labor to an happy end.

Exit.

Allarums, executions, Retreat. Enter John, Eleanor, Arthur, Bafard, Hubert, Lords.

John. So shall ye be: your Grace shall stay behind
So strongly guarded: Cofen, looke not sad,
Thy Grandame louses thee, and thy Vncle will
As deere be to thee, as thy father was.

Arth. O this will make my mother die with griefe.

John. Cofen away for England, hate before,
And ere we comming see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding Abbots, imprisoned angels
Set at libertie the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed vpon:
Vfe our Commination in his utmost force.

Baf. Bell, Book, & Candle, shall not drive me back,
When gold and fluer beckes me to come on
I leave your highnesse: Grandame, I will pray
(If euer I remember to be holy)
For your faire safety: so I kisse your hand.

Els. Farewell gentle Cofen.


Els. Come better little kindman, harke, a worde.

John. Come better Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh
There is a foule counts thee her Creditor,
And with advantage meanes to pay thy love:
And my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lies in this bofte, deereely cherished.

I give me thy hand, I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better tune.

By heaven Hubert, I am almoft aham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Maiesty.

John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to fay so yet,
But thou shalt have: and cease ye time nere to flow,
Yet it shall come, for me to doe thee good.

I had a thing to fay, but let it goe:
"The Sunne is in the heauen, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawdes
To give me audience: If the mid-night bell
Did with his yron tongue, and brazen mouth
Sound on into the drowzie race of night:
If this fame were a Church-yard where we stand,
And thou poufled with a thousand wrongs:
Or if that guilty spirit melancholy
Had bak'd thy bloud, and made it heauy, thicke,
Which eile runnes tickling vp and downe the veins,
Making that idiot laughter kepe mens eyes,
And straine their cheekes to idle merriment,
A passion hatefull to my purposes:
Or if that thou couldst fee me without eyes,
Heare me without thine eares, and make reply
Without a tongue, ving conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmefull found of words:
Then, in deight of brooded watchfull day,
I would into thy boforme poure my thoughts:
But (ah) I will not, yet I love thee well,
And by my troth I thinke thou loue me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me vndertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my Aet,
By heauen I would doe it.

John. Doe not I know you wouldt?

Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert throw thine eye
On yon young boy: Ile tell thee what my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way,
And whereofere this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: doth thou vnderstand me?

Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And Ile kepe him so,
That he shall not offend your Maiesty.

John. Death.

Hub. My Lord.


Hub. He shall not live.

John. Enough.

I could be merry now, Hubert, I love thee.
Well, Ile not say what I intend for thee:
Remember: Madam, Fare you well,
Ile fend those powers o're to your Maiesty.

Els. My bleffing goe with thee.

John. For England Cofen, goe.

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
Withal true dutie: On toward Callics, hoa.

Exeunt.

Scena.
Scena Tertia.

Enter France, Dolphin, Pandulph, Attendants.

Fra. So by a roaring Tempest on the flood,
A whole Armado of confciute faile
Is scattered and dif-loyn'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet goo well.

Fra. What can goe well, when we have runne fo ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers loft?

Arthure. Can prisoner! dues deere friends slaue?
And bloody England into England gone,
Ore-bearing interruption flight of France?

Del. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed, with such advice dispo'sd,
Such temperate order in foo fierce a caufe,
Doth want example: who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-action like to this?

Fra. Well could I beare that England had this praise,
So we could finde some pattern of our shame:

Enter Conflance.

Looke who comes here? a gallant into a foule,
Holding that eternal spirit against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath:
I prethee Lady goe away with me.

Con. Lo! now: now see the issue of your peace.

Fra. Patience good Lady, comfort gentle Conflance.

Con. No, I defe all Counsell, all redrefs,
But that which ends all counsell, true Redrefs:
Death, death, O amiable, lovely death,
Thou odorous fench! found rottenfnee,
Arie forth from the couch of lafting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperitie,
And I will kill thy detestable bones,
And put my eye-balls in thy vaultrie browes,
And ring these fiders with thy hollow wormes,
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome duft,
And be a Carrion Monfter like thy felfe;
Come, grin on me, and I will thinke thou smilft,
And baffe thee as thy wife: Milieres Loue,
O come to me.

Fra. O faire afpeet, peace.

Con. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:
O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,
Then with a paffion would I flake the world,
And rowze from fleere that fell Anatomy,
Which cannot hear a Ladies feeble voyce,
Which scornes a moderne Inoculation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Con. Thou art holy to belye me fo,
I am not mad: this haire I teare is mine,
My name is Conflance, I was Geoffrey's wife,
Yong Arthure is my fonne, and he is loft:
I am not mad, I would to heaven I were,
For then 'tis like I should forget my felfe:
O, if I could, what griefe should I forget?
Preach some Philofophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinal.)
For, being not mad, but fenfible of griefe,
My reafonable part produces reafon
How I may be deliver'd of thefe woes,
And teaches mee to kill or hang my felfe:
If I were mad, I should forget my fonne,
Or madly thinke a babe of clowats were he;
I am not mad: too well, too well I feele
The different plague of each calamitie.

Fra. Binde vp those trefles: O what loue I note
In the faire multitude of thoſe her haire;
Where but by chance a filuer drop hath faile,
Even to that drop ten thoufand wiery fiends
Doe glean themefelves in fociable griefe,
Like true, infeparable, faithfull loues,
Sticking together in calamitie.

Con. To England, if you will.

Fra. Binde vp your haire.

Con. Yes that I will: and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and crièd aloud,
O, that these hands could fo redeeme my fonne,
As they have guen thee haeres their libertie:
But now I enue at their libertie,
And will againe commit them to their bonds,
Becauze my poor child is a prifoner.
And Father Cardinall, I have heard you fay
That we shall fee and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I fhall fee my boy againe;
For fince the birth of Caines, the first male-childe
To him that did but yesterday fupfire:
There was not fuch a gracious creature borne:
But now will Canker-forrow eat my bud,
And chafe the natue beauty from his cheeke,
And he will looke as hollow as a Ghoft,
As dim and meaenger as an Agues fitte,
And fo hee'll dye: and rifing fo againe,
When I fhall meet him in the Court of heaven
I fhall not know him: therefore neuer, neuer
Mutt I behold my pretty Arthure more.

Pand. You hold too heynous a repect of greffe.

Confl. He talke to me, that neuer had a fonne.

Fra. You are as fond of greffe, as of your childe.

Con. Greffe fills the roome vp of my abfent childe:
Lies in his bed, walkes vp and downe with me,
Putson his pretty lookes, repeats his words,
Remembets me of all his gracious parts,
Stufles out his vacant garments with his forme;
Then, haue I reafon to be fond of griefe?

Fareyouwell: had you such a loffe as I,
I could glue better comfort then you doe.

I will not keepe this forme vpon my head,
When there is fuch diſorder in my witte:
O Lord, my boy, my Arthure, my faire fonne,
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world:
My widow-comfort, and my forrowes cure.

Exit.

Fra. I flaire some out-rage, and Ile follow her. Exit.

Dol. There's nothing in this world can make me joy,
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull eare of a drowzie man;
And bitter shame hath fpayl'd the sweet words taste,
That it yeelds nought but shame and bitterneffe.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the infant of reaſpe, and health,
The fit is strongeſt: Euels that take leaque
On their departure, moft of all theyeull:
What have you loft by loſing of this day?

Dol. All daies of glory, joye, and happineffe.

Pan. If you had won it, certainly you had.

No, no: when Fortune means to men moft good,
She looks vpom them with a threatening eye:
'Tis strange to thinke how much King John hath loft
In this which he accounts fo clearly wonne:

Arc
The life and death of King John.

Are not you grie’d that Arthur is his prisoner?

Del. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pan. Your minde is all as youthfull as your blood.

Now heare me speake with a prophetick spirit:
For even the breath of what I meane to speake,
Shall blow each duff, each straw, each little rub
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foote to Englands Throne. And therefore marke:
John hath seiz’d Arthur, and it cannot be,
That whiles warme life playes in that infants veines,
The mil-place’d-John should entertaine an houre,
One minute, nay one quiet breath of reft.
A Scepter snatch’d with an unruly hand,
Muft be as boyterously maintaine’d as gain’d.
And he that stands upon a flipp’ry place,
Makes nice of no idle hold to flay him vp:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall,
So be it, for it cannot but be so.

Del. But what shall I gaine by yong Arthurs fall?

Pan. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claime that Arthur did.

Del. And loose it life and all, as Arthur did.

Pan. How green you are, and fresh in this old world?
John lays you plots: the times confpire with you,
For he that flees his fate in true blood,
Shall finde but bloody safety, and vntrue.
This Act so eullly borne shall coole the hearts
Of all his people, and freee vp their inde,
That none so small advantage shall steep forth
To checke his regne, but they will cherishe it.
No naturall exhalation in the skie,
No scope of Nature, no diptermer’d day,
No common winde, no customed even,
But they will plucke away his naturall cause,
And call them Meteors, prodigies, and signes,
Abovertues, prefages, and tongues of heauen,
Plainly decrying vengeance upon John.

Del. May be he will not touch yong Arthurs life,
But hold him selfe safe in his prisonment.

Pan. O Sir, when he shall heare of your approach,
If that yong Arthur be no more in their hand,
Euen at that newes he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kisse the lippes of vnacquainted change,
And picke strong matter of revolt, and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers ends of John.
Me thinks I see this hurley all on foot;
And O, what better matter breeds for you,
Then I haue nam’d. The Ballad Falconbridge
Is now in England ranfackling the Church,
Offending Charity: If but a dozen French
Were there in Armes, they would be as a Call
To traine ten thousand English to their side;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a Mountaine. O noble Dolphin,
Go with me to the King, ’tis wonderfull,
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their foules are topluff of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the King.

Del. Strong reasons makes strange actions: let vs go,
If you fay I, the King will not fay no. Exeunt.
If heaven be pleas'd that you must vse me ill, Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes? Thace eyes, that never did, nor never shall So much as frown on you.

Hub. I have fwoorne to do it:
And with hot Irons must I burne them out.

Art. Ah, none but in this Iron Age, would do it:
The Iront of fiele, though heate red hot,
Approaching nearc thefe eyes, would drinkme my tears,
And quench this fiera indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in ruth,
But for containing fire to harme mine eye:
Are you more fubborne hard, then hammer'd Iron?
And if an Angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have beleu'd him: no tongue but Huberts.


Art. O fawe me Hubert,faue me: my eyes are out
Even with the fierce lookes of these bloody men.
Hub. Give me the Iron I say, and binde him heere.
Art. Alas, what neede you be fo boltflours rough?
I will not strugge, I will stand fтоne fill:
For heaven fake Hubert let me not be bound:
Nay heare me Hubert,drive thefe men away,
And I will fit as quiet as a Lambe.
I will not ffringe, nor winch, nor speake a word,
Nor looke upon the Iron angrily:
Thrust but thefe men away, and Ile forgive you,
What euerm torment you do put me too.

Hub. Go ftrand within: let me alone with him.
Exec. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deede.
Art. Alas, I then have chide away my friend,
He hath a ferne looke, but a gentle heart:
Let him come backe, that his compaffion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come (Boy) prepareyourfelfe.

Art. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lofe your eyes.

Art. O heauen: that there were but a moth in yours,
A graine, a dfu, a gnat, a wandering haire,
Any annoyance in that precious felfc:
Then feeling what small things are boytherous there,
Your wilde intent must needs feeme horrible.

Hub. Is this your promife? Go too, hold your toog.
Art. Hubert, the vettrence of a brace of tongues,
Muf't needes want pleading for a pairc of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue: let me not Hubert,
Or Hubert, if you will cut out my tongue,
So I may keepe mine eyes. O spare mine eyes,
Though to no vse, but fill to looke on you.
Loc, by my troth, the Instrument is cold;
And would not harme me.

Hub. I can heate it, Boy.

Art. No, in good ftooth: the fire is dead with griefe.
Being create for comfort, to be vs'd
In vnderdue extreme: See elfe your felfe,
There is no malice in this burning cole,
The breath of heaven, faith blowne his fpirit out,
And fire'd repentant afhe's on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can reducfe it Boy.

Art. And if you do, you will but make it blufh,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it perchance will prankle in your eyes:
And, like a dogge that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his Matter that doth tarre him on.

All things that you should vse to do me wrong
Deny their office: onely you do lacke
That mercie, which fierce fire, and Iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy, lacking vses.

Hub. Well, fee to live: I will not touch thine eye,
For all the Trefoure that thine Vnckle owes,
Yet am I fwayne, and I did purpofe, Boy,
With this fame very Iron, to burne them out.

Art. O now you looke like Hubert. All this while
You were difguis'd.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu,
Your Vnckle must not know but you are dead.
Ile fill these dogged Spies with fals reports:
And, pretty childe, sleepe doubleflfe, and secure,
That Hubert for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Art. O heauen! I thank you Hubert.
Hub. Silence, no more: go closely in with mee,
Much danger do I vndergoe for thee.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.

John. Heere once againe we fit: once againt crown'd
And look'd vpon, i' hope, with chearefull eyes.

Pem. This once again (but that your Highnes pleas'd)
Was once superfluous: you were Crown'd before,
And that high Royaltie was nere pluck'd off:
The faiths of men, nere finne with resolute,
Freh expectation troubled not the Land
With any long'd-for-change, or better State.

Sal. Therefore, to be poftel'd with double pompe,
To guard a Title, that was rich before;
To gild refined Gold, to paint the Lilly;
To throw a perfume on the Violet,
To smooth the yce, or add another hew
Vnto the Raine-bow; or with Taper-light
To feke the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is waftfull, and ridiculous exceffe.

Pem. But that your Royall pleafure must be done,
This acte, is as an ancient tale new told,
And, in the lat repeating, troublesome,
Being vrged at a time vnleabonable.

Sal. In this the Antickes, and well noted face
Of plaine old forme, is more disfigured,
And like a shifted winde vnto a fallie,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles, and frights confideration:
Makes found opinion fixt; and truth suspected,
For putting on to new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When Worckemen fhrieue to do better then well,
They do confound their skill in coutouefnffe,
And oftentimes excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worfe by the excufe:
As patches fet vpon a little breach,
Difcredite more in hiding of the fault
Then did the fault before it was to patch'd

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd
We breath'd our Counsellor: but it pleas'd your Highnes
To ouer-bear it, and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all, and every part of what we would
Doth make a fland, at what your Highnesse will.

John.
The life and death of King John.

Iob. Some reasons of this double Coronation
I have professed with you, and thanks them strong.
And more, more strong, then leflet is my fear
I shall indue you with: Meane time, but ask
What you would have reform'd: that is not well,
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both here, and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then 1, as one that am the tongue of thee
To found the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for my self, and them: but chief of all
Your safety: for the which, my selfe and them
Bend their best studie, heartily requite
Th'infranchiment of Arthur, who restrain'd
Dobh moue the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument.
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears, which (as they fay) attend
The steps of wrong, shoulde moue you to mew vp
Your tender kinfman, and to chaoke his dayes
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise,
That the times enemies may not have this
To grace occasions: let it be our sulte,
That you have bid vs aske his libertie,
Which for our goods, we do no further aske,
Then, whereupon our weale on you depending,
Counts it your weale: be hau'e his liberty.

Enter Hubert.

Iobn. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction: Hubert, what news with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,
The image of a wicked heinous fault.
Lies in his eye: that close aspet of his,
Do shew the mood of a much troubled bref,
And I do fearfully beleue 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and go
Between it purpose and his confidence
Like Harolds 'twixt two dreadful battles fett:
His passion is to ripe, it needs must brake.

Pem. And when it breaks, I feare will iffue thence
The foule corruption of a sweet childes death.

Iobn. We cannot hold mortalities strong hand.
Good Lords, although my will to give, is liuing,
The sulte which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tells vs Arthur is deceased to night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his ficknesse was past cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how neere his death he was,
Before the childe himselfe felt he was fick:
This must be answer'd either here, or hence.

Iobn. Why do you bend fuch folemne brows on me?
Thinke you I beare the Sheerers of deflay?
Have I commandement on the pulle of life?

Sal. It is apparant foule-play, and 'tis flame
That Greatniffe shoulde so groffly offer it;
So thrive it in your game, and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet (Lord Salisbury) Ile go with thee,
And finde th'inheritance of this poore child;
His little kingdome of a forced graue.
That blood which ow'd the breath of all this Ile,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while:
This muff not be thus borne, this will break out
To all our forrowes, and ere long I doubt.

Exeunt

Pem. They burn in indignation: I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood:

No certaine life atchieu'd by others death:
A fearefull eye thou haft. Where is that blood,
That I haue seene inhabitants in those check'd?
So foule a skie, cleeres not without a storme,
Pour downe thy weather: how goes all in France?

Mef. From France to England, neuer such a powre.
For any foraigne preparation,
Was leuell in the body of a land.
The Copie of your speede is learned'by them:
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tydings comes, that they are all arrivo'd.

Iob. Oh where hath our Intelligence bin drunken?
Where hath it flepp? Where is my Mothers care?
That such an Army could be drawne in France,
And the not heare of it?

Mef. My Liege, her ear
Is flippd with duff: the rift of Aprill dide,
Your noble mother; and as I heare, my Lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzie dide.

Three days before: but this from Rumors tongue:
I idely heard: if true, or false I know not.

Iobn. With-hold thy speed! dreadingfull Occasion:
Of make a league with me, 'till I have plau'd.
My discontented Peeres. What Mother dead
How wildly then walkes my Efatte in France?
Vnder whole conduct came thofe powres of France;
That thou for truth gin't out are landed here?

Mef. Vnder the Dolphin.

Enter Baffard and Peter of Pomfret.

Iob. Thou haft made me giddy
With these ill tydings: Now what fayes the world?
To your proceedings? Do not fecke to stuffe I say.
My head with more ill news: for it is full.

Baff. But if you be a-feard to heare the worke?
And then the word vn-heard, fall on your head.

Iobn. Bearre with me Cohen, for I was amaz'd
Vnder the tide: but now I breath againe
Alfo the flood, and can give audience.

To any tongue, fpeake as much as what it will.

Baff. How I have sped amond the Clergy men,
The fummes I have collected shall exprefse:
But as I trauell'd hither through the land,
I finde the people strangely fantas'd,
Possfeft with rumors, full of idle dreames,
Not knowing what they feare, but full of fear.
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heele.
To whom he fung in rude harth fbounding times,
That ere the next Ascension day at noone,
You Highnes should deliuer vp your Crowne.

Iobn. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Pet. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.

Iobn. Hubert, away with him: imprison him,
And on that day at noone, whereon he fayes
I shall yeeld vp my Crowne, let him be hang'd.
Deliuer him to fafety, and returne,
For I must vie thee. O my gentle Cohen,
Hear it thou the newes abroad, who are arrivo'd?

Baff. The French (my Lord) mens mouths are full of it:
Besides I met Lord Biges, and Lord Salibnlrt.
With eyes red as new enflamed fire,
And others more, going to fecke the graue
Of Arthur, whom they fay is kill'd to night, on your
Iobn. Gentle kinfman, go
(suggeftion)
And thru thy felfe into their Companies,
The life and death of King John.

I have a way to winne their loves againe:
Bring them before me.

'Baft. I will seake them out.

John. Nay, but make haste: the better foot before.
O, let me have no subiect enemies,
When aduerse Forreyners affright my Townes
With dreadfull pompe of stout Invasion.
Be Mercurie, fet feathers to thy heele,
And rye (like thought) from them, to me againe.

'Baft. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.
Exit John. Spoke like a sprightfull Noble Gentleman.
Go after him: for he perhaps shall neede
Some Messenger betwixt me, and the Peeres,
And be thou hee.

Maj. With all my heart, my Liege.

John. My mother dead?

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My Lord, they say five Moones were seene to
Foure fixed, and the sith did whirle about
The other four, in wondrous motion.

John. Five Moones?

Hub. Old men, and Beldames, in the streets
Do propheticke vpon it dangerousely:
Yong Arturus death is common in their mouths,
And when they talke of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the eare,
And he that speakes, doth gripe the hearers wrift,
Whilst he that heares, makes fearefull action
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a Smith stand with his hammer (thus)
The whilst his Iron did on the Amule coole,
With open mouth swallowing a Taylors newes,
Who with his Sheeres, and Measure in his hand,
Standing on flippers, which his nimble haffe
Had fallye thrust vpon contrary feete,
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattailed, and rank'd in Kent.
Another leane, vvnval'd Artifer,
Cuts off his tale, and talkes of Arturus death.

'Is. Why feelest thou to pourrle me with these feares?
Why vertest thou so oft yong Arturus death?
Thy hand hath murdered him: I haue a mighty caufe
To with him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

H. No had (my Lord?) why, did you not prouoke me?

John. It is the curfe of Kings, to be attended
By flaues, that take their humors for a warrant,
To breake within the bloody houfe of life,
And on the winking of Authoritie
To vnderstand a Law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous Malefie, when perchance it frownes
More vpon humor, then aduises respect.
Hub. Heere is your hand and Seale for what I did.

Isb. Oh, when the lift acconpt twixt heauen & earth
Is to be made, then fhall this hand and Seale
Witnefe against vs to damnation.
How oft the fight of meanes to do ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done? Had't not thou bene by,
A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deede of shame,
This murther had not come into my minde.
But taking note of thy abhor'd Aifeck,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainie:
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arturus death:
And thou, to be endeard to a King,
Made it no confidence to destroy a Prince.

Hub. My Lord.

Job. Had't thou but shooke thy head, or made a paufe
When I spake darkely, what I purposed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face;
As bid me tell my tale in expresse words:
Dumpe flame had fruck me dumbe, made me break off,
And thofe thy feares, might have wrought feares in me.
But, thou didst vnderstand me by my signes,
And didst in signes againe parle with finne,
Ye, without flop, didst let thy heart consent,
And conseqently, thy rude hand to acte
The deed, which both our tongues held vnde to name.
Out of my fight, and never fee me more:
My Nobles leave me, and my State is braue,
Even at my gates, with rankes of forraigne powres;
Nay, in the body of this fielde Land,
This kingdom, this Confine of blood, and breathe
Hoffiltite, and chyll tumult reignes.
Betweene my confidence, and my Coaffins death.

Hub. Arme you against your other enemies:
Ile make a peace betweene your soule, and you.
Yong Artur is alieue: This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand.
Not painted with the Crimson spots of blood,
Within this bosome, never entred yet
The dreadfull motion of a murderous thought,
And you haue flander'd Nature in my forme,
Which howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the couer of a fauyer minde,
Then to be butcher of an innocent child.

John. Doth Artur live? O haft thee to the Peeres,
Throw this report on their Incens'd rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgue the Comment that my passion made
Vpon thy feature, for my rage was blinde,
And foule imaginarie eyes of blood
Prefenten thee more hideous then thou art.
Oh, answere not; but to my Cloffet bring
The angry Lords, with all expedient halfe,
I coniure thee but slowly: run more faft.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Artur on the walls.

Ar. The Wall is high, and yet will I leape downe.
Good ground be pittifull, and hurt me not:
There's few or none do know me, if they did,
This Ship-boyes femeblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afaire, and yet Ile venture it.
If I get downe, and do not breake my limbs,
Ile finde a thousand shifts to get away;
As good to dye, and go; as dye, and fly.
Oh me, my Vnckles spirit is in these fones,
Heauen take my foule, and England keep my bones. 

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, & Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at S. Edmonsbury,
It is our faetie, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that Letter from the Cardinal?

Sal. The Count Meloon, a Noble Lord of France,
Whose private with me of the Dolfhines love,
Is much more general, then these lines import.

Big.
Big. To morrow morning let vs meete him then.
Sal. Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be Two long dayes journey (Lords) or ere we meete.
Enter Bajfard.

Bajf. Once more to day well met, dittemp'd Lords, The King by me requests your presence stricte.
Sal. The king hath disposest himselfe of vs, We will not lyne his thin-beftained cloake With our pure Honors: nor attend the footer That leaves the print of blood where ere it walkes. Returne, and tell him so: we know the worfe.

Bajf. What ere ye thinke; good words I thinke were best.
Sal. Our griefes, and not our manners reason now.
Bajf. But there is little reason in your griefes. Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.
Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his pruileadge.
Bajf. 'Tis true, to hurt his matter, no mans elfe.
Sal. This is the prizon: What is he lyes here? P.Oh death, made proud with pure & princely beauty, The earth had not a hole to hide this deede.
Sal. Murther, as hating what himselfe hath done, Doth lay it open to vrge on reuenge.

Big. Or when he doom'd this Beautie to a grave, Found it too precious Princely, for a grave.
Sal. Sir Richard, what thinke you? you haue beheld, Or haue you read, or heard, or could you thinke? Or do you by mod thinke, although you fee,
That you do fee? Could thought, without this obiect Forme fuch another? This is the very top,
The heighet, the Cref: or Cref vnto the Cref: Of murthers Armes: This is the bloodieft flame, The wildef Sauagery, the wildef stroke
That euer wall'-ey'd wrath, or flaring rage Prefented to the tears of lost remorfe.
Pem. All murthers paft, do ftant excus'd in this:
And this fo folde, and fo vnmatchable, Shall gie a holineffe, a purifie,
To the yet vnbegotten finne of times;
And proue a deadly blood-fled, but a left, Exampled by this hemy fatal stroke.

Bajf. It is a damned, and a bloody worke, The gracelesse action of a heauy hand, If that it be the worke of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the worke of any hand? We had a kinde of light, what would enuie:
It is the shamefull worke of Huberts hand, The practive, and the purpose of the king:
From whole obedience I forbid my soule, Kneeling before this ruine of sweete life, And breathing to his breathlesse Excellence
The Incence of a Vow; a holy Vow:
Neuer to taffe the pleasures of the world, Neuer to be infected with delight,
Nor conuerfant with Eafe, and Idlenesse,
Till I have fet a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of Reuenge.
Pem. Big. Our foules religiously confirmte thy words.
Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with hafte, in teeking you, Arthur doth live, the king hath fent for you.
Sal. Oh he is bold, and blusses not at death,
Auant thou hatefull villian, get thee gone. (the Law? Hu. I am no villaine, Sal. Muff I rob
Bajf. Your fword is bright fir, put it vp againe.
Sal. Not tll I sheath it in a murtherers skin.

Hub. Stand backe Lord Salsbury, stand backe I say.

By heauen, I thinke my fword's as sharpe as yours. I would not haue you (Lord) forget your selle, Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Leat I, by marking of your rage, forget your Worth, your Greatneffe, and Nobility.
Bajf. Out dunghill: dar'ft thou braue a Nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life: But yet I dare defend My innocent life against an Emperor.
Sal. Thou art a Murtherer.

Hub. Do not proue me fo:
Yet I am none. Whofe tonge fo ere speakes false,
Not truely speakes: who speakes not truly, Lies.
Pem. Cut him to pecces.
Bajf. Keep the peace, I say.
Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you Faulconbridge.
Bajf. Thou wert better gaul the diuell Salisbury.
If thou but crowne on me, or flirre thy footer, Or teach thy haffle fpleene to do me shame,
Ie afrike thee dead. Put vp thy fword betime,
Or Ie fo maule you, and your tofting-Iron,
That you shall thinke the diuell is come from hel.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?

Second a Villaine, and a Murtherer?
Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.
Big. Who kill'd this Prince?

Hub. "Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lou'd him, and will wepe
My date of life out, for his sweete liues lofte.
Sal. Truf: not those cunning wateres of his eyes,
For villanie is not without such rheume,
And he, long traded in it, makes it feene
Like Ruiers of remorfe and innocencie.
A way with me, all you whole foules abhorre
Th'vn cleanly favours of a Slaughter-houfe,
For I am fillede with this smell of finne.

Big. Away, toward Buries, to the Dolphin there.
P. There tel the king, he may inqire vs out. Ex.Lords.
Bu. Here's a good world! know you of this faire work?

Bajf. Beyond the infinite, and boundlesse reach of mercie,
(If thou didst this deed of death) art ye damn'd Hubert.
Hub. Do but heare me fir.

Bajf. Ha! Ie tell thee what.
Thou'rt damn'd as blacke; nay nothing is fo blacke,
Thou art more deeppe damn'd then Prince Lucifer: There is not yet fo ugły a fiend of hell
As thou haft be, if thou didst kill this child.
Hub. Upon my foule.
Bajf. If thou dipt but content
To this moft cruell Act: do but dispare,
And if thou want'a Cord, the smallest thread
That euer Spider twisted from her wombe
Will lure to drangle thee: A rufh will be a beame
To hang thee on. Or wouldst thou drowne thy selle,
Put but a little water in a spoone,
And it shall be as all the Ocean,
Enough to fliue fuch a villaine vp.
I do fuppreth thee very greuously.
Hub. If I in act, content, or finne of thought,
Be guiltie of the fealing that sweete breath
Which was embossed in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want paimes enough to torture me:
I left him well.

Bajf. Go, bear him in thine arms:
I am amaz'd me thinkeis, and loafe my way
Among the thornes, and dangers of this world.

How
The life and death of King John.

How eafe doft thou take all England vp,
From forth this morcell of dead Royaltie?
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realme
Is fled to heaven: and England now is left
To tug and gambre, and to part by th' teeth.
The vn-owed interest of proud swelling State:
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Malefby,
Doth dogged warre bristle his angry creft,
And snarlith in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now Powers from home, and discontentes at home
Meet in one line: and vaft confusion waifes
As doth a Raunen on a sike-faine beast,
The imminent decay of wretched pompe.
Now happy he, whofe cloake and center can
Hold out this tempset. Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed: lie to the King:
A thousand busineses are briefe in hand,
And heaven it selfe doth frowne vp on the Land. Exit.

Actus Quartus, Scena prima.

Enter King John and Pandolph, attendants.

K. John. Thus haue I yeelded vp into your hand
The Circle of my glory.
Pand. Take againe
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your Soueraigne greatneffe and authoritie.
Iobn. Now keep your holy word, go meet the French,
And from his holineffe vfe all your power
To stop their marches tore we are enflam'd:
Our discontented Counties doe revolt:
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing Allegiance, and the lose of foule
To stranger-bloud, to forren Royalty;
This inundation of misTempered humor,
Refts by you onely to be qualified.
Then paufe not: for the preuent time's fo sickle,
That preuent medicine must be miniftred,
Or overthrow incurable enfues.
Pand. It was my breath that blew this Tempest vp,
Vpon your rubbifer vfailage of the Pope:
But since you are a gentle conquerite,
My tongue shall hulth against this forme of warre,
And make faire weather in your blustering land:
On this Afencion day, remember well,
Vpon your oath of feruice to the Pope,
Goe I to make the French lay downe their Armes. Exit.
Iobn. Is this Afencion day? did not the Prophet
Say, that before Afencion day at noone,
My Crowne I should give off? even fo I haue:
I did fuppose it should be on constraint,
But (heau'n be thank'd) it is but voluntary.

Enter Biguard.

Baff. All Kent hath yeelded: nothing there holds out
But Dover Castle: London hath receiv'd.
Like a kinde Hoft, the Dolphin and his powers.
Your Nobles will not heare you, but are gone
To offer feruice to your enemy:
And wilde amazement hurries vp and downe
The little number of your doubtfull friends.
Iobn. Would not my Lords returne to me againe
After they heard yong Arthrur was alive?

Baff. They found him dead, and call into the streets,
An empty Casket, where the Jewell of life
By some damn'd hand was rob'd, and tane away.
Iobn. That villaine Hubert told me he did slue.
Baff. So on my soule he did, for ought he knew:
But wherefore doe you droope? why looke you fad?
Be great in act, as you have beene in thought:
Let not the world fee feares and fad distraught
Gouverne the motion of a kinglye eye:
Be firringsas the time, be fire with fire,
Threaten the threatener, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: So hath inferior eyes
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntlesse spirit of reolution,
Away, and glister like the god of warre
When he intedeth to become the field:
Shew boldneffe and aspiring confedence:
What, shall they feeke the Lion in his denne,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh let it not be fai'd: forrage, and runne
To meet displeasure farther from the dores,
And grapple with him ere he come to nye.
Iobn. The Legat of the Pope hath beene with me,
And I haue made a happy peace with him,
And he hath promis'd to dismiff the Powers
Led by the Dolphin.

Baff. Oh inglorious league:
Shall we vpon the footing of our land,
Send fayre-play-orders, and make comprimifte,
Infinuation, parley, and safe truce
To Armes Inuaute? Shall a beardleffe boy,
A cocked-filken wanton braue our fields,
And fteal his spirit in a warre-like foyle,
Mocking the ayre with colours idlye fpred,
And finde no checkes? Let vs my Liege to Armes:
Perchance the Cardinall cannot make your peace;
Or if he doe, let it at leaft be fai'd
They faw we had a purpofe of defence.

Iobn. Haue thou the ordering of this preuent time.

Baff. Away then with good courage: yet I know
Our Partie may well meet a prowerd foe.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter (in Armes) Dolphin, Salisbury, Melone, Pembroke, Bigot, Souldiers.

Dol. My Lord Melone, lett this be coppyed out,
And keepe it fafe for our remembrance:
Return the president to thefe Lords againe,
That hauing our faire order written downe,
Both they and we, perusing ore thefe notes
May know wherefore we tooke the Sacrament,
And keepe our faithes firme and inuiolable.
Sec. Vpon our fides it neuer shall be broken.
And Noble Dolphin, albeit we fware
A voluntary zeale, and an vn-urgd Faith
To your proceedings: yet beleuue me Prince,
I am not glad that fuch a fore of Time
Should fceake a platter by contemnd revoult,
And heale the inuerate Canker of one wound,

By
The life and death of King John.

By making many: Oh it grieves my soule,
That I must draw this mettle from my side
To be a widdow-maker: oh, and there
Where honourable refuge, and defence
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury.
But such is the infection of the time,
That for the health and Phylficke of our right,
We cannot choose but with the very hand
Of fervent Injuiflice, and confused wrong:
And is't not pitie, (oh my grieved friends)
That we, the fornes and children of this life,
Was borne to fee so fast an hour as this,
Wherein we liep after a stranger, march
Vpon her gentle bofom, and fill vp
Her Enemies ranks? I must withdraw, and wepe
Vpon the foot of this inforced caufe,
To grace the Gentry of a Land remote,
And follow vnacquainted colours heere:
What heere? O Nation that thou couldf't remove,
That Neptunes Armes who clippeth thee about,
Would beare thee from the knowledge of thy felfe,
And cripple thee vnto a Pagan shore,
Whereof twoe Chriflian Armies might combine
The bloud of malice, in a vaine of league,
And not to spend it fo vn-neighbourly.
Dolph. A noble temper doft thou fiew in this,
And great affections wraftling in thy bofome
Doth make an earth-quake of Nobility:
Oh, what a noble combat haft fought
Between compulfion, and a braue respect:
Let me wipe off this honourable dewe,
That fluerly doft progresse on thy checkes:
My heart hath melted at a Ladies tears,
Being an ordinary Inundation:
But this effufion of fuch manly drops,
This thowre, blowne vp by tempeft of the foule,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Then had I feene the vaultie top of heauen
Figur'd quite ore wirh burning Meteors.
Lift vp thy brow (renowned Saltibarie)
And with a great heart heave away this thorne:
Commense these waters to thefe baby-eyes
That neuer faw the giant-world enrag'd,
Nor met with Fortune, other then at fea,
Full warm of blood, of murm, of gofflipping:
Come, come; for thou fhalt thurf thy hand as deepe
Into the urine of rich prosperitie
As Lewd himfelfe: fo (Nobles) fhall you all,
That knitt your fineuews to the strengte of mine.
Enter Pandulpho.
And euene there, methinks an Angell fpake,
Looke where the holy Legate comes apace,
To glue vs warrant from the hand of heauen,
And on our actions fet the name of right
With holy breath.
Pand. Haile noble Prince of France:
The next is this: King Iohn hath reconn'd
Himfelfe to Rome, his fpirit is come in,
That fo ftood out againft the holy Church,
The great Metropolis and Sea of Rome:
Therefore thy threatening Colours now winde vp,
And tame the favage fpirit of wilde warre,
That like a Lion fotted vp at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmfull then in fhew.
Dol. Your Grace fhall pardon me, I will not backe:

I am too high-borne to be proportion'd
To be a fecundary at control,
Or viffull feruing-man, and Infrument
To any Soueraigne State throughout the world.
Your breath firft kindled the dead coale of warres,
Betweene this chaffie'd kingdome and my felfe,
And brought in matter that shou'd feed this fire;
And now 'tis farre too huge to be blowne out
With that fame weake winde, which enkindled it:
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interefl to this Land,
Yea, thurf this enterprize into my heart,
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? what is that peace to me?
I (by the honour of my marriage bed)
After yong Arthur, claims this Land for mine,
And now it is halfe conquer'd, muft I backe,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's flave? What penny hath Rome borne?
What men provifed? What munition fent
To vnder-prop this Action? Is't not I
That vnder-goeth this charge? Who elfe but I,
And fuch as to my claime are liable,
Sweat in this busineffe, and maintaine this warre?
Hau'e I not heard thefe Ilanders shout out
Oui le Roy, as I haue bank'd their Townes?
Hau'e I not heere the beft Cards for the game
To winne this eafe match, plaid for a Crowne?
And fhall I now gave ore the yeelded Set?
No, no, on my foule it neuer fhall be faid.

Pand. You looke but on the out-fide of this worke.
Dol. Out-fide or In-fide, I will not returne
Till my attempt fo much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promis'd,
Before I drew this gallant head of warre,
And cull'd thefe fiery spirits from the world
To out-looke Conqueft, and to winne renowne
Even in the fawes of danger, and of death:
What lutfy Trumpet thus doth fummon vs?

Enter Boffard.
Bof. According to the faire-play of the world,
Let me haue audience: I am fent to fpake:
My holy Lord of Millane, from the King
I come to learne how you have dealt for him:
And, as you anfwer, I doe know the scope
And warrant limited vnto my tongue.
Pand. The Dolphin is too wilfull onffe
And will not temporize with my intreaties:
He flately fakes, he'll not lay downe his Armes.
Bof. By all the blood that euer fury breath'd,
The youth fakes well. Now hearre our Engilfe King,
For thus his Royalfe doth fpake in me:
He is prepar'd, and readie to he shoul'd,
This siph and vnmannerly approach,
This harnes'd Maske, and vnaudied Reuell,
This vn-heard fawinffe and boyfh Troopes,
The King doth fmile at, and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfh warre, this Pigmie Armes
From out the circle of his Territories.
That hand which had the strengte, even at your dore,
To cudgeill you, and make you take the hatch,
To diue like Buckets in concealed Welles,
To crowle in litter of your flable planks,
To lye like pawns, lock'd vp in cheese and trunks,
To hug withwine, to feake sweet fafety out
In vaults and prifons, and to thrill and f shake,
Euen at the crying of your Nations crow,
Thinking this voice an armed Englishman,
Shall that virtuous hand be feebled heere,
That in your Chambers gave you chaffecent?
No: know the gallant Monarch is in Armes,
And like an Eagle, o're his aerie towres,
To fowle annoyance that comes neere his Neft;
And you degenerate, you ingrate Revolts,
you bloudy Nero's, ripping vp the wombe
Of your deere Mother-England: bleeu for shame:
For your owne Ladies, and pale-vilag'd Maides,
Like Amazones, come tripping after drummes:
Their thimbles into armed Gauntlets change,
Their Needles to Lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Del. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace,
We grant thou canst out-fold vs: Far thee well,
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabler.

Pan. Give me leave to speake.

Baff. No, I will speake.

Del. We will attend to nother:
Strike vp the drummes, and let the tongue of warre
Plead for our interest, and our being heere.

Baff. Indeed thy drumms being beaten, wilt cry out;
And to shall you, being beaten: Do but flart
An echo with the clamor of thy drumme,
And even at hand, a drumme is readie brac'd,
That shall reuerberate all, as lowd as thine.
Sound but another, and another shall
(As lowd as thine) rattle the Welkins eare,
And mooke the deepse mouth'd Thunder: for at hand
(Not trufting to this halting Legate heere,
Whom he hath vs'd master for sport, then neede)
Is warlike John: and in his fore-head fits
A bare-rib'd death, whose office is this day
To feast vp one thousand of the French.

Del. Strike vp our drummes, to finde this danger out.

Baff. And thou shalt finde it (Dolphin) do not doubt

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Scena Tertia.

Alarums. Enter John and Hubert.

John. How goes the day with vs? oh tell me Hubert.

Hub. Badly I fear: how fares your Maiestie?

John. This Feauer that hath troubled me to long,
Lyes heauie on me: oh, my heart is sicke.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord: your valiant kinman Falconbridge,
Defires your Maiestie to leave the field,
And lend him word by me, which way you go.

John. Tell him toward Swinfield, to the Abbey there.

Mes. Be of good comfort: for the great supply
That was expected by the Dolphin heere,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This newes was brought to Richard but even now,
The French fight coldly, and retyre themselues.

John. Aye me, this tyrant Feauer burnes mee vp,
And will not let me welcome this good newes.
Set on toward Swinfield: to my Litter straight,
Weaknefe poiffeitch me, and I am faint.

Exeunt.

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Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the King to for'd with friends.

Pem. Vp once againe: put spirit in the French,
If they miscarry: we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten diewell Falconbridge,
In spight of spight, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say King John fore sick, hath left the field.

Enter Melon wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the Revolts of England heere.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count Melone.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly Noble English, you are bought and fold,
Vnthred the rude eye of Rebellion,
And welcome home againe discardfed faith,
Seek and King John, and fall before his feete:
For if the French be Lords of this loud day,
He meanes to reconpence the paines you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworne,
And I with him, and many more with mee,
Upon the Altar at S. Edmondsbury,
Euen on that Altar, where we fwoere to you
Deere Amity, and everlafting love.

Sal. May this be possibl? May this be true?

Mel. Haue I not hideose death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a forme of waxe
Refolueth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceuie,
Since I must loose the vse of all deceite?
Why shold I then be falfe, since it is true
That I must dye heere, and live hence, by Truth?
I say againe, if Lewd do win the day,
He is forsworne, if ere those eyes of yours
Behold another day breake in the Eaat:
But euen this night, whose blacke contagious breath
Already fmoakes about the burning Creft
Of the old, feele, and day-wearied Sunne,
Euen this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated Treachery,
Euen with a treacherous fire of all your luyes:
If Lewd, by your asfiftance win the day,
Commend me to one Hubert, with your King;
The loue of him, and this respeft besides
(For that my Grandfire was an Englishman)
Awakes my Conscience to confesse all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you beare me hence
From forth the noife and rumour of the Field;
Where I may thinkie the remnant of my thoughts
In peace: and part this bodie and my soule
With contemplation, and decouet defires.

Sal. We do beleue thee, and beithrew my soule,
But I do lose the favour, and the forme
Of this most faire occasion, by the which
We will vntread the fleps of damnd flight,
And like a bated and retired Flood,
Leaving our ranknesse and irregular courfe,
Stoope love within those bounds we have once-look'd,
And calmly run on in obedience
Euen to our Ocean, to our great King John.

My arme shall give thee helpe to bear thee hence,
Scena Quinta.

Enter Dolphin, and bis Traine.

Doi. The Sun of heaven (me thought) was loth to set; But said, and made the Western Welkin blum, When English measure backward their owne ground In faint Retire: Ob brately came we off, When with a volley of our needle'shot, After such bloody tole, we bid good night, And woon'd our trott'ring colours clearly vp, Left in the field, and almoft Lords of it. 

Enter a Messenger.

Msf. Where is my Prince, the Dolphin?

Doi. Heere: what newes?

Msf. The Count Melone is slaine; The English Lords By his perifhion, are againe falne off, And your supply, which you have with'd fo long, Are caft away, and funke on Goodwin lands.

Doi. Ah how! Baff. Where? did you do newes. Befhou thee very I did not thinke to be fo faid to night. (hart) As this hath made me. Who was he that faid King John did flie an houre or two before The bumbling night did part our warie powres?

Msf. Who euer spake it, it is true my Lord=

Doi. Well: keepe good quarter, & good care to night, The day shall not be vp fo loone as I, To try the faire adventur of to morrow. 

Scena Sexta.

Enter Baffard and Hubert, jeerally.

Hub. Wholes there? Speake hoa, speake quickly, or I floothe.

Baff. A Friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Baff. Whether doest thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?

Why may not I demand of thine affaires, As well as thou of mine?

Baff. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou haft a perfect thought:
I will vp on all hazards well beleue Thou art my friend, that know'rt my tongue fo well: Who art thou?

Baff. Who thou wilt: and if thou please
Thou maist be-friend me fo much, as to thinke
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Vnder the remembrance thou, & endales night,
Haue done me shame: Braue Soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue,
Should scep the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Baff. Come, come: fans complement, What newes abroad?

Hub. Why heere walke I, in the black brow of night
To finde you out.
It would not out at windowes, nor at doores,
There is so hot a sumner in my bofore,
That all my bowels crumble vp to dust:
I am a scribbled forme drawne with a pen
Vpon a Parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrinke vp.

Hen. How fares your Maiestie?

Isd. Poyfon'd, ill fate: dead, forsooke, cast off,
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thruft his ycie fingers in my paw;
Nor let my kingdoms Rivers take their course
Through my burn'd boforme: nor intreat the North
To make his bleake windes kisse my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much,
I begge cold comfort: and you are so strait
And to ingratulate, you deny me that.

Hen. Oh that there were some vertue in my teares,
That might releue you.

Isd. The fall in them is hot.
Within me is a hell, and there the poyfon
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannisze,
On vnrepreuuable condemned blood.

Enter Baftard.

Baft. Oh, I am scalde with my violent motion
And spleene of speede, to see your Maiestie.

Isd. Oh Cozen, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart, is crack'd and burn't,
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should fail,
Are turned to one thred, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor firing to flay it by,
Which holds but till thy newes be vertered,
And then all this thou feest, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Baft. The Dolphin is preparing hither-ward;
Where heaven he knowes how we shall answere him.

For in a night the beft part of my powre,
As I vpon advantage did remoue,
Were in the Warses all vnwarily,
Dewour'd by the vnexpectad flood.

Sal. You breath thefe dead newses in as dead an ear
My Liege, my Lord: but now a King, now thus.

Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?

Baft. Art thou gone so? I doe but stay behinde,
To do the office for thee, of revengue,
And then my foule shall waite on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath bene thy servant still.
Now, now you Starres, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powres? Shew now your mended faiths,
And infantly returne with me againe.

To push destruction, and perpetuall shame
Out of the weake doore of our fainting Land:
Straight let vs seeke, or straight we shall be fought,
The Dolphin rage at vs verie hecles.

Sal. It seemes you know not then so much as we,
The Cardinall Pandalphe is within at reft,
Who halfe an houre since came from the Dolphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace,
As we with honor and respect may take,
With purpose pretently to lease this warre.

Baft. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Our felues well finew'd to our defence.

Sal. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,
For many carriages hee hath dispath'd
To the sea side, and put his caule and quarrell
To the disposing of the Cardinall,
With whom your selfe, my selfe, and other Lords,
If you thinke meete, this afternoone will post
To confummate this businesse happily.

Baft. Let it be so, and you my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall waite upon your Fathers Funerall.

Hen. At Worlde must his bodie be inter'd,
For so he will it.

Baft. Thither shall it then,
And happily may your sweet selfe put on
The lineall fate, and glory of the Land,
To whom with all submission on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful servuices
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our lone wee make
To reft without a spot for euermore.

Hen. I have a kinde foule, that would giue thanks,
And knowes not how to do it, but with tears.

Baft. Oh let vs pay the time: but needfull woe,
Since it hath bene before hand with our greeues.
This England never did, nor never shall
Lye at the proud fooe of a Conqueror,
But when it first did helpe to wound it selfe,
Now, these her Princes are come home againe,
Come the three corners of the world in Armes,
And we shall shocke them: Naught shall make vs rue,
If England to it selfe, do reft but true.

Exeunt.
Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

King Richard.

Ld John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,
Haft thou according to thy oath and band
Brought hither Henry Herford thy bold son:
Heere to make good 
Thou too hadst not let vs heare,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Gaunt. I haue my Liege.

King. Tell me moreover, haft thou founded him,
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthyly as a good fabicet shoule
On some knowne ground of treacherie in him.
Gaunt. As neere as I could fin him on that argument,
On some apparant danger seene in him,
Aym'd at your Highnesse, no inueterate malice.

Kin. Then call them to our presence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our felues will heare
Th'accuscer, and the accused, freely speake;
High fotmack'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the sea; haffie as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.

Bul. Many yeares of happy days befall
My gracious Soueraigne, my most loving Liege.

Mow. Each day fill better others happyneffe,
Vntill the heauen's enuying earths good hap,
Adde an immortal title to your Crowne.

King. We thank you both, yet one but flatters vs,
As well appeareth by the caufe you come,
Namely, to appeale each other of high treafon.
Coiof of Hereford, what doft thou obieet
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Bul. First, heauen be the record to my speeche,
In the devotion of a subiects love,
Tendering the precious safetie of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appealtant to rhis Princely presence.
Now Thomas Mowbray do I turne to thee,
And marke my greetinge well; for what I speake,
My body falleth good upon this earth,
Or my diuine foule anfwer it in heauen.
Thou art a Traitor, and a Mifcreant;
Too good to be fo, and too bad to live,
Since the more faire and chirifall is the skie,
The vglie feeme the clouds that in it flye:
Once more, the more to aggrauate the note,
With a foule Traitors name thuffe I thy throats,
And with (fo pleafe my Soueraigne) ere I move,
What my tong speakes, my right drawn fword may proue

Mow. Let not my cold words here heare accufe my zeale:
'Tis not the triall of a Womans warre,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this caufe betwixt vs twaine:
The blood is hot that muft be coold for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hufht, and nought at all to fay,
First the faire reuerence of your Highnesse curbes mee,
From givin guinees and fpurres to my free speeche,
Which elie would poft, vntill it had return'd
Thefe tearmes of treafon, doubly dowe his throat.
Setting aside his high bloods Royalty,
And let him be no Kinsman to my Liege,
I do defie him, and I fpit at him,
Call him a flanderous Coward, and a Villaine:
Which to maintaine, I would allow him oddes,
And meete him, were I tide to runne afoote,
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer Engliſhman durft fet his foote.
Meane time, let this defend my loyalbe,
By all my hopes most fally doth he lie.

Bul. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming heere the kindred of a King,
And lay aside my high bloods Royalty,
Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except.
If guilty dread hath left thee fo much strength,
As to take vp mine Honors pawn, then floope,
By that, and all the rites of Knight-hood elie,
Will I make good against thee arme to arme,
What I haue fpoken, or thou canft deuife.

Mow. I take it vp, and by that fword I weare,
Which gently laid my Knight-hood on my shoulder,
Ile anfwer thee in any faire degree,
Or Churlous defigne of knightly triall:
And when I mount, alue may I not light,
If I be Traitor, or vniutiful ftrife.

King. What doth our Coifin lay to Membray's charge?
It muft be great that can inherite vs,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bul. Looke what I faid, my life fhall proue it true,
That Mowbray hath receu'd eight thoufand Nobles,
In
In name of lendings for your Highness Soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor, and injurious Villain.
Bedeles I say, and will in bataille prove,
Or here, or elsewhere to the furthest verge
That ever was Suryey'd by English eye,
That all the Treasons for these eightene yeares
Complotted, and continued in this Land,
Fetch'd from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say, and further will maintaine
Upon his bad life, to make all this good.
That he did plut the Duke of Glousters death,
Suggest his soone beleving adueraries,
And consequently, like a Traitor Coward,
Slue'd out his innocent soule through stremes of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing, Abel's cries,
(Euen from the toonglefe caufernes of the earth)
To me for ifufice, and rough chaffement:
And by the glorious worth of my difcend,
This arm' shall do it, or this life be spent.

King. How high a pitch his resolution foares:

Thomas of Norfolke, what fayef thou to this?

Mow. Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his ears a little while he be deafe:
Till I haue told this flander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate fo foule a lyar.

King. Mowbray, impartiall are our eyes and ears,
As he is but my fathers brothers fonne;
Now by my Sceptres awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-neereneffe to our facred blood,
Should nothing pripulledge him, nor partialize
The vn-flipping firmeneffe of my vpright soule.
He is our fubicet (Mowbray) fo art thou,
Free Grace, and fearlesse, I to thee allow.

Mow. Then Bullingbrooke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the falsse passe of thy throat; thou lyest:
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callise,
Disburft I to his Highneffe souldiers;
The other part referu'd I by consent,
For that my Soueraigne Liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deere Accompt,
Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene;
Now shallowe downe that Lye. For Glousters death,
I flew him not; but (to mine owne dilgrace)
Neglected my (worne duty in that cafe:
For you my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable Father to my fe,.
Once I did lay an ambush for your life,
A trepifie that doth vex my greene foule:
But ere I laft receu'd the Sacrament,
I did confesse it, and exaclly begg'd
Your Grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the reft appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a Villaine,
A reccurent, and most degenerate Traitor,
Which in my fell I boldly will defend,
And interchangably hurle downe my mace
Vpon this ouer-weening Traitors foote,
To prooue my felte a lyalay Gentlemen,
Even in the beft blood chamber'd in his boforme.
In haft whereof, moat hearty I pray
Your Highness to affigne our Triall day.

King. Wrath-kindled Gentlemen be ruld by me:
Let's purge this choller without letting blood:
This we preferee, though no Phyftion,
Depee malice makes too depee incifion.
Forget, forgive, conclude, and be agreed,
Our Doctors say, This is no time to bleed.
Good Vnckle, let this end where it begun,
We'll calme the Duke of Norfolke; you, your fon.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age,
Throw downe (my fonne) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.

King. And Norfolke, throw downe his.

Gaunt. When Harry when? Obedience bids,
Obedience bids I should not bid a gen.

King. Norfolke, throw downe, we bidde; there is no boote.

Mow. My selfe I throw (dread Soueraigne) at thy foot.
My life thou hast command, but not my shame,
The one my dutie owes, but my faire name
Defpight of death, that lies vpon my graue
To darke dishonours vfe, thou shalt not haue.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffe'd here,
Pierc'd to the soule with flanders venom'd fppeare:
The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood
Which breath'd this poftion.

King. Rage muft be withflode:
Give me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame.

Ma. Yea, but not change his spots butake by my shame,
And I resigne my gage. My deere, deere Lord,
The purest treafure mortall times afford
Is spotleffe reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.
A Jewell in a ten times barr'd vp Cheft,
Is a bold spirit, in a loyall bref.
Mine Honor is my life; both grow in one:
Take Honor from me, and my life is done.
Then (deere my Liege) mine Honor let me trie,
In that I liue; and for that will I die.

King. Coofin, throw downe your gage,
Do you begin.

But. Oh heauen defend my foule from fuch foule fin.
Shall I feme Creé-falne in my fathers fight,
Or with pale beggar-feare imp each my hight
Before this out-dar'd daftard? Ere my toong,
Shall wound mine honor with fuch feeble wrong;
Or found so base a parle: my teeth shall teare
The flauish motiue of recanting feare,
And fip it bleeding in his high dilgrace,
Where fhame doth harbour, euon in Mowbray's face.

Exit Gaunt.

King. We were not borne to fue, but to command,
Which since we cannot doo to make you friends,
Be ready (as your liues shall answer it)
At Couentree, vpon S. Lamberts day:
There fhall your fwords and Lances arbitrate
The dwelling difference of your fetted hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you fhall fee
Iuftice defigne the Viétors Chialuir.
Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes,
Be ready to direct thefe home Alarmes.

Enter Gaunt, and Dutchefte of Gloucefter.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Glousters blood,
Doth more follicite me then your exclamets,
To tirre againft the Butchers of his life.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gaunt, and Dutchefte of Gloucefter.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Glousters blood,
Doth more follicite me then your exclamets,
To tirre againft the Butchers of his life.
But since correction lyeth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the will of heaven,
Who when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will raise her hot vengeance on offenders heads.

Dut. Findes brotherhood in thee no further spurre?

Hath love in thy old blood no liuing fire?
Edwards feuen tones, (whereof thy selfe art one)
Were as feuen violles of his Sacred blood,
Or feuen faire branches springing from one roote:
Some of those feuen are drie by natures courfe;
Some of those branches by the defillies cut:

But Thomas, my deere Lord, my life, my Gloufter,
One Viol full of Edwards Sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most Royall roote
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hacket downe, and his summer leaves all vaded
By Enuies hand, and Murders bloody Axe.
Ah Gaunt! His blood was thine, that bed, that womb,
That mettle, that selfe-mould that fasion'd thee,
Made him a man: and though thou liuft, and breath'ft,
Yet art thou flaine in him: thou doft confent
In some large measure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou feyst thy wretched brother dye,
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life,
Call it not patence (Gaunt) it is dispair
In fuffring thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou fiew'ft the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching terme muther how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble brefts:
What shall I fay, to safegard thine owne life,
The best way is to venge my Gloufters death.

Gaunt. Heauens is the quarrell: for heauens substitue
His Deputy anointed in his fight,
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully
Let heauen reuenge: for I may never lift
An angry arme against his Minifter.

Dut. Where then (alas may I) complaint my selfe?

Gau. To heauen, the widowes Champion to defence
Dut. Why then I will: farewell old Gaunt.

Thou go'ft to Coventrie, there to behold
Our Coine Herford, and fell Mowbray fight:
O fit my husbands wrongs on Herfords speare,
That it may enter butcher Mowbrandes breft:
Or if misfortune misfe the first carreere,
Be Mowbrandes finnes fo heavy in his bosome,
That they may breake his foaming Courfers backe,
And throw the Rider headlong in the Lifts,
A Caryffe recreant to my Coine Herford:
Farewell old Gaunt, thy sometimes brothers wife
With her companion Greefe, muft end her life.

Gau. Sifter farewell: I muft to Coventree,
As much good fay with thee, as go with mee.

Dut. Yet one word more: Greefe boundeth where it
Not with the emptie hollownes, but weight: (falls,
I take my leave, before I haue begun,
For follow ends not, when it feemeth done.
Commend me to my brother Edmund York
Loe, this is all: nay, yet depart not so,
Though this be all, do not fo quickly go,
I shall remember more: Bid him, Oh, what?
With all good speed at Plafhie vift mee.
Alacke, and what shall good old Yorke there see
But empty lodgings, and vnfurnished wallers,
Vn-peo dell' Offices, vntrouened stones?
And what heare there for welcome, but my grones?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To seeke out sorrow, that dwells every where:
Defolate, desolate will I hence, and dye,
The laft leaue of thee, takes my weeping eye.


Scena Tertia.

Enter Marshell, and Aumerle.

Mar. My L. Aumerle, is Harry Herford arm'd.
Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The Duke of Norfolke, spightfully and bold,
Stayes but the summons of the Appeallants Trumpet.
Au. Why then the Champions, are prepar'd and stay
For nothing but his Maiesties approach.

Enter King, Gaunt, Bulfo, Bagot, Greene, & others: Then Mowbray in Ar- mor, and Harrold.

Rich. Marshell, demand of yonder Champion
The caufe of his arraull here in Armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
To fware him in the iudicie of his caufe.

Mar. In Gods name, and the Kings, may who ? art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in Armes?
Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrell,
Speake truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
As so defend thee heauen, and thy valour.

Mom. My name is the Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
Who hither comes engaged by my oath.
(Which heauen defend a knight shoulde violate)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and his succeeding ifue,
Against the Duke of Herford, that appelleth me:
And by the grace of God, and this mine arms,
To prove him (in defending of my selfe)
A Traitor to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

Tucket. Enter Herford, and Harrold.

Rich. Marshell: Ask ye yonder Knight in Armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither,
Thus placed in habilitments of warre:
And formerly according to our Law
Depose him in the iudicie of his caufe.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherfore com'st y' hither
Before King Richard in his Royall Lifts?
Against whom com'st thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, to defend thee heauen.

Bal. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derbie,
Am I: who ready heere do stand in Armes,
To prove by heauens grace, and my bodies valour,
In Lifts, on Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolke,
That he's a Traitor foule, and dangerous,
To God of heauen, King Richard, and to me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

Mar. On paine of death, no perfon be fo bold,
Or daring hardie as to touch the Lites,
Except the Marshell, and such Officers
Appointed to direct the faire desigines.

Bal. Lord Marshell, let me kiffe, my Soueraigne hand,
And bow my knee before his Maiestie:
For Mowbray and my selfe are like two men,
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,

Then
Then let vs take a ceremonious leave
And louing farwell of our fearefull friends.

Mar. The Appellant in all duty greets your Highnes,
And craves to kisse your hand, and take his leave.

Rich. We will defend, and fold him in our armes.

Cofin of Herford, as thy caufe is luft,
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight:
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou head,
Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.

Bull. Oh let no noble eye prophane a teare
For me, if I be gor'd with Membreys speare:
As confident, as is the Falcons flight
Against a bird, do I with Membray fight.

My loving Lord, I take my leaue of you,
Of you (my Noble Cofin) Lord! Aumerle;
Not fecke, although I have to do with death,
But luffe, yong, and cheerely drawing breath.

Looe, as at English Feasts, so I reclagate
The daintieft luft, to make the end moft sweet.
Oh thou the earthie author of my blood,
Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold rigor lift mee vp
To reach at victorie above my head,
Adde profe vnto mine Armour with thy prays,
And with thy blessings fleele my Lances point,
That it may enter Membrayes waz'en Coute,
And furnish new the name of John a Gaunt,
Euen in the lustye hauior of his fonne.

Gaunt. Heauen in thy good caufe make thee prop'rous
Be twift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy biwes doubly reddoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Caufe
Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.

Roaze vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and liue.

Bul. Mine innocenc, and S. George to thriue.

Mow. How ever heauen or fortune call my lot,
These lines, or dies, true to Kings Richards Throne,
A loyall, luft, and vright Gentleman:
Neuer did Captive with a freer heart,
Caff off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden vncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More then my dancing foule doth celebrate
This Feast of Battell, with mine Aduerarie.

Most myghty Lyege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth, the wiht of happy yeares,
As gentile, and as iocond, as to left,
Go I to fight: Truth, hath a quiet bref.

Rich. Farewell, my Lord, securely I epy
Vertue with Valoure, couched in thine eye:
Order the triall Marshall, and begin.

Mar. Harrie of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receiue thy Launce, and heauen defend thy right.

Bul. Strong as a towre in hope, I cry Amen.

Mar. Go beare this Lance to Thomas D. of Norfolke.

1 Har. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands heere for God, his Soueraigne, and himselfe,
On paine to be found falie, and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Membray,
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to fet forwards to the fight.

2 Har. Here standeth Thos. Membray Duke of Norfolke
On paine to be found falie and recreant,
Both to defend himselfe, and to approve
Henry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his Soueraigne, and to him diuoyall:
Couragiously, and with a free desire

Attending but the fignall to begin. A charge,

Mar. Sound Trumpets, and let forward Combatants:
Stay, the King hath throwne his Warde downe.

Rich. Let them lay by their Helmets & their Spears,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets found,
While we returne these Dukes what we decree.

A long Flours.

Draw neere and lift
What weare our Counsell we haue done.
For that our kindomes earth should not be fayled
With that deere blood which it hath futtered,
And for our eyes do hate the dire aifeet
Of ciuill wounds plough'd vp with neighbours swords,
Which fo rouz'd vp with boyflous vntrum'd drummes,
With harf refounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating shocke of wrathfull yron Armes,
Might from our quiet Confines fright faire peace,
And make vs vade euin in our kindreds blood:
Therefore, we banifie you our Territories.

You Cofin Herford, vpon paine of death,
Till twice flue Summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our faire dominions,
But truede the stranger pathes of banifhment.

Bul. Your will be done: This must my comfort be,
That Sun that warmes you heere, shall shine on me:
And thofe his golden beames to you heere lente,
Shall point on me, and gild my banifhment.

Rich. Norfolke: for thee remaines a heauier dombe,
Which I with some vnwillingeffe pronounce,
The flie flow houres shall not determinate
The datelesse limt of thy deere exile:
The hopelesse word, of Neuer to returne,
Breath I against thee, vpon paine of life.

Mow. A heauy sentence, my myt Soueraigne Lyege,
And all vnlook'd for from your Highnesse mouth:
A deere merit, not fo deepe a maim.
As to be caft forth in the common ayre
Haue I deferued at your Highnesse hands.

The Language I have learn'd thefe forty yeares
(My natue English) now I must forgo,
And now my tongues wheet is to me no more,
Then an vnfringed Vyll, or a Harpe,
Or like a cunning Instrument cas'd vp,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.

Within my mouth you haue engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly percullif'd with my teeth and lippes,
And dull vnfeeling, barren ignorance,
Is made my Gaoler to attend on me:
I am too old to fawne vpon a Nurse,
Too farre in yeeres to be a pupill now:
What is thy fenctence then, but speechlesse death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing natue breath?

Rich. It boots thee not to be compasionate,
After our fenctence, plaining comes too late.

Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries light
to dwell in folemne shades of endelesse night.

Rix. Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our Royall fword, your banifh hands;
Sware by the duty that you owe to heauen
(Our part therein we banifie with your felves)
To keepe the Oath that we administer:
You euery shall (so helpe you Truth, and Heauen)
Embrace each others loue in banifhment,
Nor euer looke vpon each others face.
Nor euer write, regrcte, or reconcile
This lowring tempeft of your home-bred hate,
Nor euer by aduised purpose meeete,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainst Vs, our State, our Subjectts, or our Land.

**Bull.** I teware.

**Mow.** And I, to keepe all this.

**Bul.** Norfolk,e, fo fare, as to mine enemie,
By this time (had the King permitted vs)
One of our foules had wandred in the ayre,
Banish'd this fragile fepulchre of our fleth,
As now our fleth is banish'd from this Land,
Confett thy Trefasons, ere thou flye this Realme,
Since thou haft farre to go, beare not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty foule.

**Mow.** No Bullingroke: if euer I were Traitor,
My name be blotted from the booke of Life,
And I from heauen banish'd,as from hence:
But what thou art, heauen, thou, and I do know,
And all too soone (I feare) the King shall rue.
Farewell (my Lyege) now no way can I stay,
Saue backe to England, all the worlds my way.  

**Rich.** VnCLE, even in the glaiffes of thine eyes
I fee thy griefe appear. Euen soe
Hath from the number of his banish'd yeares
Pluck'd foure away: Six frozen Winters spent,
Returne with welcome home, from banifhment:

**Bul.** How long a time lyes in one little word:
Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton springs
End in a word, such is the breath of Kings.

**Gaunt.** I thanke my Lyege, that in regard of me
He shortens foure yeares of my fonnes exile :
But little vantage shall I reape thereby,
For ere the fixe yeares that he hath to spend
Can change their Moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-dride Lampe, and time-bewafed light
Shall be extinct with age, and endleffe night:
My inch of Taper, will be burnt, and done,
And blindfold death, not let me fee my fonne.

**Rich.** Why VnCLE, thou haft many yeeres to live.

**Gaunt.** But not a minute (King) that thou canst give;
Shorten my dayes thou canft with sudden sorow,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morow:
Thou canft helpe time to furrow me with age,
But flop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him, for my death,
But dead, thy kindomme cannot buy my breath.

**Ric.** Thy fonne is banish'd vpoun good advice, 
Whereeto thy tongue a party-verdici gau;
Why at our justice feem'dt thou then to lowre?

**Gau.** Things sweet to taff, proue in digestion soure:
You urg'd me as a Judge, but I had rather
you would haue bid me argue like a Father.
Alas, I took'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine owne away:
But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tong,
Against my will, to do my felte this wrong.

**Rich.** Cofine farewel: and VnCLE bid him so:
Six yeares we banish him, and he shall go.

**Aum.** Cofine farewell: what presence must not know
From where you do remaine, let paper shew.

**Mow.** My Lord, no leaue take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me, by your fide.

**Gaunt.** Oh to what purpoe doft thou hord thy words,
That thou returnst no greeting to thy friends?

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**Bull.** I haue toofew to take my leaue of you,
When the tongues office should be prodigall,
To breath th'abundant dolour of the heart.

**Gau.** Thy greffe is but thy abfence for a time.

**Bul.** Ioyn abfent, greffe is preuent for that time.

**Gau.** What is fixe Winters, they are quickly gone?

**Bul.** To men in ioyn, but greffe makes one houre ten.

**Gau.** Call it a trauell that thou tak'ft for pleasure.

**Bul.** My heart will figh, when I mifcall it fo,
Which findes it an inforced Pilgrimage.

**Gau.** The fullen passage of thy weary fepper,
Esteeme a foyle, wherein thou art to let
The precious Lewell of thy home returne.

**Bul.** Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the froffie Caucafsus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
by bare imagination of a Feast?
Or Wallow naked in December snow
by thinking on fantaflicke summers heate?
Oh no, the apprehension of the good
Glues but the greater feeling to the worfe :
Fell forrowes tooth, doth euer ranckle more
Then when it bites, but lanceath not the fore.

**Gau.** Come, come, (my fan) Ite bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth, and canife, I would not fly.

**Bul.** Then Englands ground farewell: sweet foil adieu,
My Mother, and my Nurfe, which beares me yet:
Where ere I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish't, yet a true-born Englishman.

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**Scena Quarta.**

**Enter King, Aumerle, Greene, and Bagot.**

**Rich.** We did oblerue. Cofine Aumerle,
How far brought you high Herford on his way?

**Aum.** I brought high Herford (if you call him so)
but to the next high way, and there I left him.

**Ricb.** And say, what store of parting tears were shed?

**Aum.** Faith none for me: except the Northeafte wind
Which then grew bitterly against our face,
Awake'd the sleepe rhemoe, and fo by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

**Rich.** What said our Cofin when you parted with him?

**Aum.** Farewell: and for my hart disfaine'd y my tongue
Should fo prophan the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such greefe,
That word I sem'd buried in my forrowes graue.

**Marry.** Would the word Farwell,haue lengthen'd houres,
And added yeeres to his short banifhment,
He should haue had a volume of Farwells,
but since it would not, he had none of me.

**Ricb.** He is our Cofin (Cofin) but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banifhment,
Whether our kinman come to fee his friends,
Our felle, and Bagby: heere Bagot and Greene
Obferu'd his Courtship to the common people:
How he did seeme to dye into their hearts,
With humble, and familiar courrefe,
What reverence he did throw away on flaves;
Wooing poore Crafted-men, with the craft of foules,
And patient vnder-bearing of his Fortune,

As 'twere to banifh their affefts with him.

Off goes his bonnet to an Oyfter-wench,
A brace of Dray-men bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thankes my Countrimen, my loving friends,
As were our England in reuerion his,
And he our jubilts next degree in hope.

Gr. Well, he is gone, & with him go these thoughts:
Now for the Rebels, which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage must be made my Liege
Ere further leyfure, yeeld them further means
For their advantage, and your Highmeetfe loffe.

Ric. We will our felne in perion to this warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,
And liberall Largeffe, are growne somewhat light,
We are infor'd to farme our royall Realme,
The Reuennew whereof shall furnish vs
For our affayres in hand: if that come short
Our Substitutes at home shall have Blanke-charoters:
Whereeto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large summes of Gold,
And send them after to suply our wants:
For we will make for Ireland prentely.

Enter Boffy.

Boffy, what newes?

Bu. Old John of Gaunt is verie fickle my Lord,
Sodainly taken, and hath fent fott/hate
To entreat your Maiestie to visit him.

Ric. Where lyes he?

Bu. At Ely house.

Ric. Now put it (heauen) in his Physitians minde,
To helpe him to his graue immediately:
The lining of his coffers shall make Coates
To decke our fouldiers for these Irish warres.
Come Gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray heauen we may make haft, and come too late. Exit.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gaunt, fiddle with Yorke.

Gaunt. Will the King come, that I may breath my laft
In wholsome counsell to his vnfaith youth?

Yorke. Vex not your felfe, nor flrie not with your breth,
For all in vaine comes counsell to his care.

Gaunt. Oh but (they fay) the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention like deep harmonie;
Where words are scarce, they are feldome spent in vaine,
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.
He that no more muft fay, is fitten more,
Then they whom youth and eafe haue taught to clofe,
More are mens ends mark'd, then their lives before,
The fetting Sun, and Moufick in the clofe
As the laft taste of sweetes, is sweetefl laft,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long past;
Though Richard my liues counsell would not heare,
My deaths sad tale, may yet vnfafe his care.

Yorke. No, it is flopt with other flatt'ring founds
As praifes of his flate: then there are found
Lafligious Minifters, to whose venom found
The open ear of youth doth alwaies liken.
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose mannes fill our tardie aplith Nation
Limpes after in bafe imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no repect how vile,
That is not quickly bu'z'd into his ears?
That all too late comes counfell to be heard,
Where will doth mufty with wis regard:
Direct not him, whose way himelfe will choofe,
Tis breath thou lackeft, and that breath wilt thou loofe.

Gaunt. Me thinkes I am a Prophet new infir'd,
And thus exspir'g, do foretell of him,
His rath fierce blaze of Ryot cannot laft,
For violent fires goone burne out themselfes,
Small flores laft long, but sodaine flores are short,
He tyres betimes, that spurs too falt betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choake the feeder:
Light vanitie, infatiate corrosion,
Confuming meanes foon preyes vpon it felfe.
This royall Throne of Kings, this ifceptred Ile,
This earth of Maiesty, this feate of Mars,
This other Eden, demy paradife,
This Fortrefse built by Nature for her felfe,
Against infciffion, and the hand of warre:
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious hone, set in the fluer fea,
Which ferues it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moate defenfivse to a houfe,
Against the enuy of leffe happier Lands.
This bleffed plot, this earth, this Realme this England,
This Nurfe, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home,
For Chrifiant feruice, and true Chiallrie,
As is the sepulcher in Rubborev Iury
Of the Worlds ranfome, bleffed Marie Sonne.
This Land of fuch deere foules, this deere-deere Land,
Deere for her reputation through the world,
Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement or pelting Farne.
England bound in with the triumphant fea,
Whose rocky shore beates backe the enuous fledge
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with flame,
With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shamefull conquest of it felfe.
Ahi! would the scandal vanifh with my life,
How happy then were my enufing death?

Enter King, Queene, Aumerle, Boffy, Greene,
Bagot, Ros, and Willauffhy.

Yorke. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Queene. How fares our noble Uncle Lancatter?

Ri. What comfort man? How if with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. Oh how that name befits my composition:
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me greefe hath kept a tedious faft,
And who abitaynes from meate, that is not gaunt?
For heeping England long time haue I watcht,
Watching breeds leannelfe, leannelfe is all gaunt.
The pleasure that some Fathers feepe vpon,
Is my drift faft, I mean my Childrens lookes,
And therein fiffing, haft thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a graue,
Whose hollow wombe inhereth naught but bones.

Ric. Can fickle men play fo nicely with their names?
Gaunt. No, milery makes sport to mocke it felfe:
Since thou doft fecke to kill my name in me,

1
The life and death of Richard the second.

Rich. What sayes he?
Nor. Nay nothing, all is said:

His tongue is now a fit instrument,
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

Tor. Be Yorke the next, that must be bankrupt so,
Though death be poore, it ends a mortal wo.

Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and to doth he,
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:
So much for that. Now for our Irish warres,
We must supplant those rough rug-headed Kernes,
Which live like venom, where no venom else
But only they, have privilege to live.
And for these great affayres do ask some charge
Towards our staiance, we do feize to vs
The plate, coine, revenue, and moueables,
Whereof our Uncle Gaunt did stand possess.

Tor. How long shall I be patient? Oh how long
Shall tender dutie make me suffer wrong?
Not Glosters death, nor Herfords banishment,
Nor Gauntes rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poore Bullingbrookes,
About his marriage, nor my owne digrace
Haue euer made me fowe my patient cheeke,
Or bend one wrinkle on my Soueraigns face:
I am the laft of noble Edwards fonnes,
Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was first,
In warre was newer Lyon rag'd more fierce:
In peace, was never gentle Lambe more milde,
Then was that yong and Principly Gentleman,
His face thou haue, for euen so look'd he
Accompli'd with the number of thy howers:
But when he frownd, it was againft the French,
And not againft his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend: and spent not that
Which his triumphant fathers hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindreds blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kinne:
Oh Richard, Yorke is to farre gone with greefe,
Or else he neuer would compare betwene.

Rich. Why Vncle, What's the matter?

Tor. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you pleafe, if not
I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all:
Seek ye to feize, and gripe into your hands
The Royalties and Rights of banifhed Herford?
Is it not Gaunt dead? and doth not Herford live?
Was not Gaunt juft? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deferue to haue an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well-deferuing heyre?
Take Herfords rights away, and take from time
His Charters, and his customarie rights:
Let not to morrow then infue to day,
Be not thy felfe. For how art thou a King
But by faire sequence and sucception:
Now afore God, God forbid I fay true,
If you do wrongfully feize Herfords right,
Call in his Letters Patents that he hath
By his Atrurneyes generall, to fue
His Louterie, and denie his offer'd hommage,
You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,
You loose a thousand well-difposed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to thofe thoughts
Which honor and alledgeance cannot thinke.

Rich. Thinke what you will: we feifie into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

Tor. Ile not be by the while: My Liege farewell,

Enter Northumberland.

Nor. My Liege, olde Gaunt commends him to your Maiestie.
The life and death of Richard the second.

What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell.
But by bad courses may be vnderstood,
That their events can never fall out good.

Rich. Go由此 to the Earl of Wilshire's right,
Bid him repair to vs to Ely houes,
To see this businesse: to morrow next
We will for Ireland, and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create in absence of our felfe
Our Vncle Yorke, Lord Gouernour of England:
For he is luft, and always lou'd vs well.

Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,
Be merry, for our time of flay is short.

Enter Richard, Mait Durh, Willoughby, & Ros.

Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancastrie is dead.
Ros. And living too, for now his sonne is Duke,
Wil. Barely in title, not in reuenue.

Nor. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ros. My heart is great: but it must break with silence,

Er't be disburthen'd with a liberal tongue.

Nor. Nay speake thy mind: & let him ne'er speak more
That speakes thy words againe to do thee harme.

Wil. Tends that thou'd speake to th'Du. of Hereford,
If it be so, out with it boldly man,
Quicke is mine ease to heare of good towards him.

Ros. No good at all that I can do for him,
Vnlefe you call it good to pilde him,
Bereit and gelled of his patrimonie.

Nor. Now afore heauen, 'tis shame fuch wrongs are
borne,
In him a royall Prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining Land;
The King is not himselfe, but bafely led
By Flatterers, and what they will informe
Meere in hate gainst any of vs all,
That will the King feuerely prosecute
'Gainft vs, our lives, our children, and our heires.

Ref. The Commons hath he pil'd with greuous taxes
And quite loft their hearts: the Nobles hath he finde
For ancient quarrel, and quite loft their hearts.

Wil. And daily new exactions are deuid'd,
As blanke, beneuolences, and I wot not what:
But what o'Goel's name doth become of this?

Nor. Wars hath not wafted it, for war'd he hath not.
But bafely yeelded upon comprimize,
That which his Ancestors atchieu'd with blowes:

More hath he spent in peace, then they in warres.

Ref. The Earl of Wilshire hath the realme in Farme.

Wil. The Kings groome bankrupt like a broken man.

Nor. Reproach and disfollution hangeth over him.

Ref. He hath not monie for these Irish warres:
(His burthenous taxations notwithstanding)

But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.

Nor. His noble Kinman, moft degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this fearfule tempeft fing,
Yet seeke no shelter to auoid the storme:
We fee the winde fit fore vpon our sailes,
And yet we strike not, but securely perihed.

Ref. We fee the very wracke that we must suffer,
And vnauoyed is the danger now
For sufferinge fo the caufes of our wracke.

Nor. Not fo: when through the hollow eyes of death,
I fee life peering: but I dare not say
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.

Wil. Nay let vs share thy thoughts, as thou doest our

Ref. Be confident to speake Northumberland,
We three, are but thy felfe, and speaking fo,

Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.

Nor. Then thus: I haue from Port le Blan
A Bay in Britaine, receiued intelligence,
That Harry Duke of Herford, Raimond Lord Cabbam,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother Archibishop, late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingbam, Sir John Rainfhton,
Sir John Norbertis, Sir Robert Waterton, & Francis Quaint,
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Britaine,
With eight tall shipps, three thousand men of warre
Are making bither with all due expedience,
And shortly meanes to touch our Northern shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our flauish yoake,
Impe out our drooping Countries broken wing,
Redeme from breaking pawne the blemih'd Crowne,
Wipe off the durt that hides our Scepters gilt,
And make high Maiestie looke like it felt,
Away with me in pote to Rauspurges,
But if you faint, as fearing to do so:
Stay, and be secret, and my felfe will go.

Ref. To horse, to horse, vrgo doubts to them \\ y feare.

Wil. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Queens, Busby, and Baget.

Busb. Madam, your Maiestie is too much sad,
You promis'd when you parted with the King,
To lay aside selfe-harming heauinesse,
And entertaine a chearefull disposition.

Qu. To pleasa the King, I did: to pleasa my felfe
I cannot do it: yet I know no caufe
Why I should welcome such a guest as greefe,
Saue bidding farewell to so sweet a gueste
As my sweet Richard: yet againe me thinkes,
Some vnborne sorrow, ripe in fortunes wombe
Is comming towards me, and my inward soule
With nothing trembles, at something it grieues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.

Busb. Each substance of a greefe hath twenty shaddows
Which shewes like greefe it selfe, but is not fo:
For forrowes eye, glazed with blinding teares,
Diides one thing intire, to many objectes,
Like perceptseler, which rightely gaz'd vpon
Shew nothing but confusion, ey'd awry,
Diftinguinsh formes: so your sweet Maiestie
Looking awry vpon your Lords departurc,
Finde shapes of greefe, more then himselfe to waile,
Which look'd on as it is, is taught bur shaddowes
Of what it is not: then thriue-gracious Queene,
More then your Lords departurc weep not, more's not
Or if it be, 'tis with sable forrowes eie,
Which for things true, weep things imaginery.

Qu. It may be so: but yet my inward soule
Perwaies me it is otherwise: how ere it be,
I cannot but be sad: so heauy sad,
As though on thinking on no thought I thinkes,
Makes me with heauy nothing faint and shrinke.

Busb. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)
The life and death of Richard the second.

Qs. 'Tis nothing lese: conceit is still deri'd From some fore-father greese, mine is not so, For nothing hath begot my somethinge greese, Or somethinge, hath the nothing that I greeve, 'Tis in reverson that I do posseffe, But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what I cannot name, 'tis nameleffe woe I wot.

Enter Greene.

Gree. Heauen saue your Maiestye, and wel met Gentle- I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland. (men: Qs Why hop'll thou fou? 'Tis better hope he is: For his defignes craue haft, his haft good hope, Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt? Gree. That he our hope, might have retyr'd his power, and druen into dispaire an enemies hope, Who strongly hath fet footing in this Land. The banish'd Bullingbrooke repeales himselfe, And with vp-lifted Armes is safe arriu'd At Rauenfjurg.

Qu. Now God in heauen forbid.

Gr. O Madam 'tis too true: and that is worse, The L.Northermberland, his yong sonne Henrie Percie, The Lords of Roffe, Beaumond, and Willoughby, With all their powerfull friends are fleed to him. Bullb. Why haue you not proclaim'd Northumberland And the rest of the revolted faction, Traitors?

Gree. We hau: Whereupone the Earl of Worcestre Hath broke his taffe, regined his Stewardship, And at the household seruants fled with him to Bullingbrook.

Qu. So Greene, thou art the midwife of my woe, And Bullingbrooke my forrowes dismall heyre:

Now hath my soule brought forth her progezie, And I a gasping new deliver'd mother, Haue woe to woe, forrow to forrow ioyn'd.

Bullb. Dispaire not Madam.

Qu. Who hall hinder me?

I will dispaire, and be at emnitie
With counzeing hope; he is a Flatterer, A Parasite, a keeper beske of death, Who generall would disprize the bands of life, Which selfe hopes linger in extremity.

Enter York.

Gree. Heere comes the Duke of Yorke.

Qu. With signes of warre about his aged necke, Oh full of carefull buinesse are his lookes:

Vndie, for heauens fake speake comfortable words:

Tor. Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth, Where nothing lyes but croffes, care and greexe: Your husband he is gone to saue farre off, Whilist others come to make him loofe at home; Heere am I left to vnder-prop his Land, Who weake with age, cannot support my felse: Now comes the fickle that his furiet made, Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a seruant.

Ser. My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came.

Tor. He was: why so; go all which way it will:

The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold, And will I feare reuolt on Herfords fide.

Sirra, get thee to Plafhie to my fitter Glofier, Bid her fend me presently a thousand pound, Hold, take my Ring.

Ser. My Lord, I had forgot
To tell your Lordship, to day I came by, and call'd there, But I shall greeue you to report the reft.

Tor. What is't knaue?

Ser. An hour before I came, the Dutchesse dide,

Tor. Heau'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes Come ruishing on this wofull Land at one? I know not what to do: I would to heauen (So my vntruth had not provok'd him to it) The King had cut off my head with my brothers. What, are there postes dispatcht for Ireland? How shall we do for money for these warres? Come fitter (Cozen I would fay) pray pardon me. Go fellow, get thee home, pouide some Cartes, And bring away the Armour that is there.

Gentlemen, will you mutter men?
If I know how, or which way to order these affaires Thus disorderly thrust into my hands, Neuer beleue me. Both are my kinsmen, Th'one is my Soueraigne, whom both my oath And dutie bids defend: th'other againe Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd, Whom confidence, and my kindred bids to right: Well, somewhat we must do: Come Cozen, Ile dispofe of you. Gentlemen, go mutter vp your men, And meet me presently at Barkley Caffle: I shoul'd to Plafhy too: but time will not permit, All is vneuen, and every thing is left at fix and feeuon. Exit Bullb. The winde fits fite for newes to go to Ireland, But none returns: For vs to leue power Proportionable to th'enemy, is all imposible.

Gr. Besides our nesceffe to the King in loue, Is nere the hate of those loue not the King.

Da And that's the waueering Commons, for their loue Lies in their purfes, and who fo empties them, By fo much fils their hearts with deadly hate.

Bullb. Wherein the king fands generally condemn'd Bag. If judgement lye in them, then do we, Because we have beene euere nere the King.

Gr. Well: I will for refuge ftrait to Britoff Caffle, The Earle of Wiltshire is alreadie there.

Bullb. Thither will I with you, for little office Will the hateful Commons perfome for vs, Except flike hood, to teare vs all in pieces:

Will you go along with vs?

Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Maiestye:

Farewell, if hearts prefages be not vain, We three here part, that neu'r shall meete againe.

Bu. That's as Yorke thriues to beate back Bullingbrooke.

Gr. Alas poore Duke, the task he vndertakes Is numbring fands, and drinking Oceans drie,

Where one on his fide flies, thouenands will iyle.

Bullb. Farewell at once, for once, for all, and euere. We'll, we may meete againe.

Bag. I feare me neuer.

Scena Tertia.

Enter the Duke of Herefford, and Northum- berland.

Bull. How farre is it my Lord to Berkley now?

Nor. Believe me noble Lord, I am a stranger heere in Gloucefhire, These high wilde hilles, and rough vnseuen wales, Draws out our miles, and makes them wearieome: And yet our faire discurfe hath beene as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable:
But I thank you, what a weary way
From Rauenpurgh to Cotteshold will be found,
In Roffe and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which I protest hath very much beguiled
The tediousness, and proceffe of my travell:
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to have
The present benefit that I poffeffe;
And hope to joy, is little left in joy,
Then hope enjoy'd: By this, the wise Lords
Shall make their way feeme shorter, as mine hath done,
By sight. What I have, your Noble Company.
But. Of much lefte value is my Company,
Then your good words: but who comes here?

Enter H. Percie.

North. It is my Sonne, young Harry Percie,
Sent from my Brother Worcester: Whenence fouer?
Harry, how fares your Vnkle?

Percie. I had thought, my Lord, to have learn'd his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the Queene?

Percie. No, my good Lord, he hath forlookt the Court,
Broken his Staffe of Office, and disperff
The Houfhold of the King.

North. What was his reason?
He was not fo resolu'd, when we last spake together.

Percie. Because your Lordship was proclaimed Traitor.
But hee, my Lord, is gone to Rauenpurgh,
To offer fervice to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent mee ouer by Barkely, to difcouer
What power the Duke of Yorke had leau'd there,
Then with direction to repaire to Rauenpurgh.

North. What was the Duke of Hereford (Boy.)

Percie. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember: to my knowledge,
I neuer in my life did looke on him.

North. Then learne to know him now: this is the Duke.

Percie. My gracious Lord, I tender you my fervice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder dayes shall ripen, and confirmre
To more approued fervice, and defert,

Bull. I thank thee gentle Percie, and be sure
I count my felfe in nothing elle to happy,
As in a Soule remembering my good Friends:
And as my Fortune ripens with thy Loue,
It shall be still thy true Loues recompence,
My Heart this Covenant makes, my Hand thus feales it.

North. How farre is it to Barkely? and what ftre
Keepes good old Torke there, with his Men of Warre?

Percie. There standes the Castle, by yond tuft of Trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard,
And in it are the Lords of Torke, Barkely, and Seymor,
None elle of Name, and noble erimate.

Enter Roffe and Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of Roffe and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, firie red with hate.

Bull. Welcome my Lords, I wet your loue pursues
A banifht Trayer; all my Treaury.
Is yet but vnfeft thanks, which more enrich'd,
Shall be your loue, and labour recompence.
Roffe. Your presence makes vs rich, most Noble Lord.
With. And farre furemounts our labour to attaine it.

Bull. Evermore thanks, the Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant-fortune comes to yeeres,
Stands for my Bountie: but who comes here?
The life and death of Richard the second.

What would you have me do? I am a Subject,
And challenge Law: Attorneys are deny'd me;
And therefore personally I lay my claime
To my Inheritance of free Difcent.

North. The Noble Duke hath been too much abuses'd.
Ruff. It stands your Grace upon, to doe him right.
Wills. Bafe men by his endowments are made great.

York. My Lords of England, let me tell you this,
I have had feeling of my Coens Wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to doe him right:
But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,
Be his own Carver, and cut out his way,
To find out Right with Wrongs, it may not be;
And you that doe abett him in this kind,
Cherifh Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

North. The Noble Duke hath sworn his comming is
But for his owne; and for the right of that,
Wee all have strongly sworn to give him ayd,
And let him neuer fee Joy, that breaks that Oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these Armes,
I cannot mend it, I must needs confesse,
Because my power is weake, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that sues his ease,
I would attach you all, and make you move.
Vnto the Soueraigne Mercy of the King.
But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I doe remaine as Neuter. So fare you well,
Vntlease you please to enter in the Castle,
And there repose you for this Night.

Bull. An offer Vnkle, that wee will accept:
But wee must winne your Grace to goe with vs
To Bristow Castle, which they say is held
By Bussie, Bagot, and their Complices,
The Caterpillers of the Commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and plucke away.

York. It may be I will go with you: but yet Ie pawfe,
For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:
Nor Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are,
Things past redresse, are now with me past care. Excut.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captaine.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we haue stayd ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countreymen together,
And yet we hearre no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will disperse our felues: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trustie Welchman,
The King repeloth all his confidence in thee.
Capt. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay;
The Bay-trees in our Country all are wither'd,
And Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heauen;
The pale-faie Moone lookes bloody on the Earth,
And leane-look'd Prophets whisper fearfull change;
Rich men looke sad, and Ruffians dance and leape,
The one in fearre, to loose what they enjoy,
The other to enioy by Rage, and Warre:
These signes fore-run the death of Kings.
 Farewell, our Countreymen are gone and fled,
As well afflu'd Richard their King is dead. Exit.

Sal. Ah Richard, with eyes of haueful mind,
I see thy Glory, like a shooting Starre,
Fall to the base Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne sets weeping in the lowly West,
Witnessing Stormes to come, Woe, and Unrest:
Thy Friends are fled, to wait vpon thy Foes,
And croffely to thy good, all fortune goes. Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter 'Bullingbrooke, York, Northumberland,'
Ruff, Percie, Willoughby, with 'Bussie'
and Greene Trifoners.

Bull. Bring forth these men:
Bussie and Greene, I will not vex your foules,
(Since presenty your foules must part your bodies)
With too much care I must rush your pernicious lives:
For 'twere no Charitie: yet to waft your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You haue mis-led a Prince, a Royall King,
A happie Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,
By you vnhappy, and disfigur'd cleane:
You haue in manner with your sinfull hours
Made a Diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the poheelsion of a Royall Bed,
And flay'n the beauty of a faire Queens Cheekes,
With tears drawn froe her eyes, with your foule wrongs.
My selfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in blood, and neere in love,
Till you did make him mis-interprete me,
Have stoop't my neck vnder your injuries,
And figh't my English breath in foraine Clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
While you have fed vpon my Seignories,
Dif-park'd my Parkes, and fell'd my Forrest Woods;
From mine owne Windows torne my Household Coat,
Raz'd out my Imprefle, leauing me no figne,
Sawe mens opinions, and my living blood,
To shew the World I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemnes you to the death: see them deliuer'd over
To execution, and the hand of death.

Bussie. More welcome is the stroake of death to me,
Then 'Bullingbrooke to England.

Greene. My comfort is, that Heauen will take our foules,
And plague Injuicse with the paines of Hell.

Bull. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd:
Vnkle, you say the Queene is at your House,
For Heauens take fairely let her be entreated,
Tell her I fend to her my kind commends;
Take speciall care my Greetings be deliuer'd.

York. A Gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With Letters of your love, to her at large.

Bull. Thankes gentle Vnkle: come Lords away,
To fight with Glendore, and his Complices;
A while to worke, and after holyday.

Exeunt.
Scena Secunda.

Drums: Fleuris, and Colours.

Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carllte, and Sauldiers.

Rich. Barklyough Castle call you this at hand? 
Au. Yes, my Lord; how brooks your Grace the ayre, 
After your late toffing on the breaking Seas? 
Rich. Needs must I like it well: I wepe for joy 
To fland upon my Kingdom once again. 
Deere Earth, I doe salute thee with my hand, 
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horfes hooves: 
As a long parted Mother with her Child, 
Plays fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting; 
So weeping, smilng, greet I thee my Earth, 
And doe thee fauer with my Royall hands. 
Feed not thy Soueraignes Foe, my gentle Earth, 
Nor with thy Sweetes, comfort his ravenous fence: 
But let thy Spiders, that fack vp thy Venome, 
And heauie-gated Toades ly in their way, 
Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete, 
Which with vurther steps doe trample thee. 
Yeeld flinging Nettles to mine Enemies; 
And when they from thy Bofome pluck a Flower, 
Guard it I prethee with a lurking Adder, 
Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch 
Throw death vpon thy Soueraignes Enemies. 
Mock not my fencelie Conuertion, Lords; 
This Earth fhal haue a feeling, and thafe Stones 
Proue armed Sauldiers, ere her Natue King 
Shall fatter under foule Rebellious Armes.

Car. Fear not my Lords, that Power that made you King 
Hath power to kepe you King, in fight of all. 

Aum. He means, my Lord, that we are too remiffe, 
Whileft Bullyingbroke through our fecurite, 
Growes strong and great, in subfance and in friends. 

Rich. Discomfortable Councif, knoweft thou not, 
That when the fearching Eye of Heauen is hid 
Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World, 
Then Theeues and Robbers raunge abroad vnleene, 
In Murthers and in Out rage bloody here: 
But when from vnder this Terreftiall Ball 
He fires the proud tops of the Eafterne Pines, 
And dares his Lightning through eu'ry giltie hole, 
Then Murthers, Trefaun, and detelected finnes 
(The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backs) 
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves. 
So when this Theefe, this Traitor Bullyingbroke, 
Who all this while hath reuell'd in the Night, 
Shall fee vs rifting in our Throne, the Earl, 
His Trefaun will fit blushing in his face, 
Not able to endure the fight of Day; 
But felfe-affrighted, tremble at his finne. 
Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea, 
Can waie the Balme from an anoynted King; 
The breath of worldly men cannot depece 
The Deputie elected by the Lord: 
For every man that Bullyingbroke hath preft, 
To lift threw Steele against our Golden Crowne, 
Heauen for his Richard hath in heavenly pay 
A glorious Angell: then if Angels fight, 
Weake men muf fall, for Heauen still guards the right. 
Enter Salisbury. 
Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your Power? 
Salisb. Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord, 
Then this weake arme: difcomfort guides my tongue, 
And bids me speake of nothing but defpaire: 
One day too late, I fear (my Noble Lord) 
Hath clouded all thy happe dayes on Earth: 
Oh call backe Yesterday, bid Time returne, 
And thou shalt haue twelve thousand fighting men: 
To day, to day, vnhandy day too late 
Orthrowes thy Joyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State; 
For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead, 
Are gone to Bullingbroke, difperf, and fled. 

Aum. Comfort my Liege, why lookses your Grace fo pale? 

Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand men 
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled, 
And till fo much blood thither come againe, 
Hawe I not reafon to looke pale, and dead? 
All Soules that will be fafe, flye from my fide, 
For Time hath fet a blot vpon my pride. 

Aum. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are. 

Rich. I had forgot my felfe. Am I not King? 
Awake thou fuggard Maieftie, thou fleepeth: 
Is not the Kings Name forte thyfted Names? 
Arm, arme my Name: a punie Subiect strikes 
At thy great glory. Looke not to the ground, 
Ye Favorites of a King: are wee not high? 
High be our thoughts: I know my Vnkle Torkes 
Hath Power enough to ferue our turne, 
But who comes here? 

Enter Scroope. 

Scroope. More health and happineffe betide my Liege, 
Then can my care-turn'd tongue deliver him. 

Rich. Mine care is open, and my heart prepar'd: 
The worfe is worldly loft, thou canft vnfold: 
Say, is my Kingdom loft? why twas my Care: 
And what loft is it to be rid of Care? 
Stries Bullingbroke to be as Great as wee? 
Greater he fhall not be: if hee ferue God, 
Woe! ferue him too, and be his Fellow fo. 
Revolt our Subiects? That we cannot mend, 
They breake their Faith to God, as well as vs: 
Cry Woe, Deftruction, Ruine, Loffe, Decay, 
The worfe is Death, and Death will haue his day. 

Scroope. Glad am I, that your Highneffe is fo arm'd 
To bear the tidings of Calamitie. 
Like an unfearable Stormie day, 
Which make the Siluer Rivers drowne their Shores, 
As if the World were all diffolu'd to teares: 
So high, above his Limits, swells the Rage 
Of Bullyingbroke, covering your fearefull Land 
With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele: 
White Beares haue arm'd their thin and hairleffe Scalps 
Against thy Maieftie, and Boyes with Womens Voyces, 
Strue to speake bigge, and clap their female loinits 
In fithe vnwieldie Armes: against thy Crowne 
Thy very Bead-men learne to bend their Bowes 
Of double fatall Eugh: against thy State 
Ye Daftafe- Womens manage ruffie Bills: 
Against thy Seat both young and old rebel, 
And all goes worfe then I have power to tell. 

Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'ft a Tale fo ill. 
Where is the Earle of Wiltshire, where is Bagan? 
What is become of Bafhe? where is Greene?
The life and death of Richard the second.

That they have let the dangerous Enemie
Measure our Confines with such peacefull steps?
If we preuaile, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with Ballingbrooke.

Scoope. Peace haue they made with him indee( my Lord.)

Rich. Oh Villains, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,
Dogg'd,eafily That
Snakes
I
Meaure With
Turnes
dead*
Againe
Let's
Saue
Some
To
Allowing
As
Comes
Tafte
Couer
For
Bores
Feare,
Giues
Rich.

warrant
Car/My
Scroops.
we
Rich.
339
Aum.
Ricb.
Thou
Heauens
you
Lands,
yet
talke
rounds
fearing,
Giues,
Our
the
Exeunt.

that makes peace terrible Hell make warre
Upon their spottted Soules for this Offence.

Scoope. Sweet Love(I see) changing his propertie,
Turnes to the fourest,and most deadly hate:
Againe vacurse their Soules; their peace is made
With Heads, and not with Hands:those whom you curse
Haue felt the worke of Deaths destroying hand,
And lye full low, grau'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bubbie, Greene, and the Earle of Wiltshire
dead?

Scoope. Yea, all of them at Bristow lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?

Rich. No matter where ; of comfort no man speake:
Let's talke of Graues, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make Duft our Paper, and with Raynie eyes
Write Sorrow on the Bosome of the Earth.
Let's chufe Executors, and talke of Wills:
And yet not fo; for what can we bequest,
Saue our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our Lands, our Lives, and all are Ballingbrookes,
And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,
And that small Modell of the barren Earth,
Which ferues as Pafe, and Couer to our Bones:
For Heauens fake let vs fit upon the ground,
And tell fad stories of the death of Kings:
How fome haue beene depos'd, fome flaine in warre,
Some haunted by the Ghofts they haue depos'd,
Some poyfon'd by their Wifes, fome feepling kill'd,
All murther'd. For within the hollow Crowne
That rounds the mortall Temples of a King,
Keeps Death his Court, and there the Antique fits
Scuffing his State, and grinning at his Pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,
To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looke's,
Infuing him with felfe and vaine conceit,
As if this Flesh, which walls about our Life,
Were Braffe impregnable : and humor'd thus,
Comes at the laft, and with a little Pinne
Bores through his Caffile Walls, and farwell King.
Couver your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With folemne Reuerence : throw away Respect,
Tradition, Forme, and Ceremonious duty,
For you have beene misooke me all this while:
I live with Bread like you, feele Want,
Taffe Grieue, need Friends : fubiectd thus,
How can you fay to me, I am a King?

Carl. My Lord, wife men ne're waile their present woes,
But prefently prevent the ways to waile :
To feare the Foe, since feare oppreffeth strength,
Gius in your weakenesse, strength vnto your Foe;
Fear, and be flaine, no worfe can come to fight,
And fight and die, is death deftroying death,
Where fearing, dying, payes death feruile breath.

Aum. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,
And leaue to make a Body of a Limbe.

Rich. Thou child'd me we'll proud 'Ballingbrooke I come

To change Blowses with thee, for our day of Doome:
This aueg fit of fcare is over-blowne,
An eafe take it is to winne our owne.

Say Scoope, where lyes our Vnkle with his Power?
Speake sweetly man, although thy lookes be fowre.

Scoope. Men judge by the complexion of the Skie
The flate and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heauie Eye:
My Tongue hath but a heauier Tale to fay:
I play the Torturer, by small and fmall
To lengthen out the worfe, that muft be fpoken.
Your Vnkle York is loyn'd with Ballingbrookes,
And all your Northerne Caffile yeld vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in Armes
Upon his Facion.

Rich. Thou haft faid enough.
Befrew thee Cousin, which didst lead me forth
Of that sweett way I was in, to defpaire:
What fay you now? What comfort haue we now?
By Heauen Ile hate him everlaftingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Goe to Flint Caffle, there Ile pine away,
A King, Woes flauer, flall Kingly Woe obey:
That Power I haue, dilcharge, and let'em goe
To eare the Land, that hath fome hope to grow,
For I haue none. Let no man speake againe
To alter this, for counfaile is but vaine.

Aum. My Liege, one word.
Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Dilcharge my followers : let them hence away,
From Richards Night, to Ballingbrookes faire Day.

Exeunt.

Scana Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Ballingbrookes,
York, Northumberland, Attendants.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welchmen are differs'd, and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few private friends, upon this Coast.

Norib. The newes is very faire and good, my Lord,
Richard,not farre from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would befoome the Lord Northumberland,
To fay King Richard's alack the heauie day,
When fuch a sacred King should hide his head.

North. Your Grace mistakes: onely to be briefe,
Left I his Title out.

York. The time hath beene,
Would you have beene so briefe with him, he would
Have beene so briefe with you, to shorten you,
For taking fo the Head, your whole heads length.

Bull. Mistake not (Vnkle) farther then you should.

York. Take not (good Cousin) farther then you shou'd.
Leaft you mistake the Heauens are ore your head.

Bull. I know it (Vnkle) and oppose not my felfe
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percey.

Welcome Harrry, what will not this Caffle yeald?
Per. The Caffle royally is mann'd, my Lord,
Against thy entrance.

'Bull. Roy.
The life and death of Richard the second.

Bull. Royally? Why, it contains no King?
Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth contain a King: King Richard lyes
Within the limits of your Lord, and Stone,
And with him the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scrope, besides a Clergie man
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learne.

North. Oh, believe it is the Bishop of Carlile.
Bull. Noble Lord,
Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Caffle,
Through Brazen Trumpet send the breath of Parle,
Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliuer:
Henry Bullingbrooke vpon his knees doth kisse
King Richard's hand, and lends allegiance
And true faith of heart to his Royall Person: hither come
Euen at his feet, to lay my Armes and Power,
Prouided, that my Banishment repeale'ld,
And Lands reforer'd againe, be freely granted:
If not, Ile we th'advantage of my Power,
And lay the Summers duft with flowers of blood,
Ray'n'd from the wounds of harther Englishmen:
The which, how farre off from the mind of 'Bullingbrooke'
It is, Iuch Crimson Tempet should bedrench
The freth greene Lap of faire King Richard's Land,
My fooping dutie tenderly shal till:
Goe signifie as much, while here we march
Vpon the Graffie Carpet of this Plaine:
Let's march without the noyfe of threatening Drum,
That from this Caftles tatter'd Battelments
Our faire Appointments may be well perus'd.
Me thinkes King Richard and my felfe shoulde meet
With no leffe terror then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring smoke at
Meeting teares the cloudie Cheeke's of Heauen:
Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding Water;
The Rage be his, while on the Earth I raine
My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.
March on, and marke King Richard how he lookes.
Parle without, and anwerc within: iben a Fleuris.
Enter on the Walls: Richard, Carlile, Aumerle, Scroop,
Salisbury.

See, see, King Richard doth himselfe appeare
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,
From out the fierie Portall of the East,
When he perceives the envious Clouds are bent
To dimme his glory, and to faine the tract
Of his bright passag to the Occident.
York. Yet lookes he like a King: behold his Eye
(As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth
Controlling Malefic: slack, slack, for wee,
That any harme should faine fo faire a fhew.

Rich. Wee are amaz'd, and thus long hau'e we fliped
To watch the fearfull bending of thy knee,
Because we thought our felfe thy lawfull King:
And if we be, how dare thy loyntes forget
To pay their awfull dutie to our presence?
If we be not, fhev vs the Hand of God,
That hath difemb'd vs from our Stewardhip,
For well wee know, no Hand of Blood and Bone
Can gripe the fared Handle of our Sceptre,
Vnleeffe he doe profanne, feale, or viurpe.
And though you thinke, that all, as you have done,
Hau'e torne their Soules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren, and bereft of Friends:
Yet know, my Mafter, God Omnipotent,
Is mutrifie in his Clouds, on our behalfe,

Armies of Pestilence, and they shall strike
Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
That lift your Vaffall Hands against my Head,
And threat the glory of my precious Crowne.
Tell Bullingbrooke, for yond me thinkes he is,
That every hride he makes vpon my Land,
Is dangerous Treafon: He is come to ope
The purple Testament of bleeding Warre;
But er the Crowne he looks for, flue in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complection of her Maid-pale Peace
To Scarlet Indigation, and bedew
Her Pastors Graffe with faithful English Blood.

North. The King of Heauen forbid our Lord the King
Should so with ciuill and vnCiuill Armes
Be ruf'd vpon: Thy thrice-noble Coufin,
Harry Bullingbrooke, doth humbly kiffe thy hand,
And by the Honorale Tombe he fweares,
That stands vpon your Royall Grandfaires Bones,
And by the Royalties of both your Bloods,
(Currents that fpring from one most gracious Head)
And by the buried Hand of Warlike Gaunt,
And by the Worth and Honor of himselfe,
Compring all that may be fwoare, or faid,
His comming hither hath no further scope,
Then for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge
Infranchiment immediate on his knees:
Which on thy Royall partie granteed once,
His glittering Armes he will commend to't Ruft,
His barbed Stedes to Stables, and his heart
To faithfull feruice of your Malefic;
This fware he, as he is a Prince, is luft,
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.

Rich. Northumberland, fay thus: The King returns,
His Noble Coufin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demands
Shall be accomplifh'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious vterance thou haft,
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We doe deabe our felves (Coufin) doe we not,
To looke so poorly, and to speake fo faire?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and fend
Defiance to the Traror, and fo die?

Aum. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpfull Swords.

Rich. Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine,
That layd the Sentence of dread Banishment
On yond proud man, should take it off againe
With words of footh: Oh that I were as great
As is my Grieff, or leffer then my Name,
Or that I could forget what I have bene,
Or not remember what I must be now:
Swell'llt thou proud heart? Hee give thee scope to beat,
Since Foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes backe from 'Bullingbrooke.

Rich. What must the King doe now? must he submit?
The King shall doe it: Must he be depos'd?
The King shall be contented: Must he leafe
The Name of King? o' Gods Name let it goe.
Ile give my Jewels for a fertt of Beades,
My gorgeous Palacie, for a Hermitage,
My gay Apparrell, for an Almes-mans Gowne,
My figur'd Goblets, for a Difh of Wood,
My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe,
My Subiects, for a payre of carued Saints,  
And my large Kingdome, for a little Graue,  
A little little Graue, an obscure Graue.  
Or Ile be buyred in the Kings high-way,  
Some way of common Trade, where Subjectes feet  
May howrely trample on their Soueraigne Head:  
For on my heart they tread now, whilst I live;  
And buyred once, why not vpon my Head?  
Aumerly, thou weep't (my tender-hearted Counsell)  
We'll make foule Weather with despifed Teares:  
Our sighes, and they, shall lodge the Summer Corne.  
And make a Dearth in this revolting Land,  
Or shall we play the Wantons with our Woes,  
And make some prettie Match, with shedding Teares?  
As thus: to drop them still vpon one place,  
Till they haue fretted vs a payre of Graues,  
Within the Earth: and therein lay'd, there lies  
Two Kinsmen, digg'd their Graues with weeping Eyes?  
Would not this ill, doe well? Well, well, I see  
I talk but idly, and you mock at mee.  
Most mightie Prince, my Lord Northumberland,  
What fayes King BuUingbrooke? Will his Maiestie  
Give Richard leaue to live, till Richard die?  
You make a Legge, and BuUingbrooke fayes I.  
North. My Lord, in the bafe Court he doth attend  
To speake with you, may it please you to come downe.  
Rich. Downe, downe I come, like glift'ring Phaeton,  
Wanting the manage of varly Ladies.  
In the bafe Court? bafe Court, where Kings grow bafe,  
To come at Traytors Calls, and doe them Grace.  
In the bafe Court come down: down Court, down King,  
For night-Owls shriike, where mouting Larks shou'd fing.  
BuU. What fayes his Maiestie?  
North. Sorrow, and griefe of heart  
Makes him speake fondly, like a franticke man:  
Yet he is come.  
BuU. Stand all apart,  
And shew faire dutie to his Maiestie.  
My gracious Lord.  
Rich. Fare Counsell,  
You debace your Princely Knee,  
To make the bafe Earth proud with kisstng it.  
Me rather had, my Heart might feeble your Loue,  
Then my vnpleas'd Eye see your Courtesie.  
Vp Counsell, vp, your Heart is vp, I know,  
Thus high at leasth, although your Knee be low.  
BuU. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.  
Rich. Your owne is yours, and I am yours, and  
all.  
BuU. So farre be mine, my moft reddoubted Lord,  
As my true feruice shall deferve your loue.  
Rich. Well you reftru'd:  
They well deferve to hau'e,  
That know the strong'd, and fureft way to get.  
Vnklel give me your Hand: pay, drye your Eyes,  
Teares shew their Loue, but want their Remedies.  
Counsell, I am too young to be your Father,  
Though you are old enough to be my Helire.  
What you will haue, Ile give, and willing to,  
For doe we muf't what force will haue vs doe.  
Set on towards London:  
Counsell, is it fo?  
BuU. Yea, my good Lord.  
Rich. Then I must not fay, no.

The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Queens, and two Ladies.

Qu. What sport shall we deuise here in this Garden,  
To drue away the heauie thought of Care?  
La. Madame, wee'le play at Bowles.  
Qu. 'Twill make me thinke the World is full of Ruts,  
And that my fortune runnes against the Byas.  
La. Madame, wee'le Dance.  
Qu. My Legges can keepe no measure in Delight,  
When my poore Heart no measure keepe's in Griefe.  
Therefore no Dancing(Girls) some other sport.  
La. Madame, we'e'll tell Tales.  
Qu. Of Sorrow, or of Grieffe?  
La. Of eyther, Madame.  
Qu. Of neyther, Girle.  
For if of joy, being altogether wanting  
It doth remembre me the more of Sorrow:  
Or if of Griefe, being altogether had,  
It adds more Sorrow to my want of Joy:  
For what I haue, I need not to repeat;  
And what I want, it boote's not to complaine.  
La. Madame, Ile fing.  
Qu. 'Tis well that you haue caufe:  
But thou should't please me better, would't thou wepee.  
La. I could wepee, Madame, would it doe you good.  
Qu. And I could fing, would weeping doe me good,  
And never borrow any Teare of thee.

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.  
But flye, here comes the Gardiners,  
Let's step into the shadow of these Tress.  
My wretchednesse, vs to a Rowe of Pines,  
They'll talke of State: for every one doth fo,  
Against a Change; Woe is fore-runne with Woe.  
Gard. Go beinde thou vp yond dangling Apricocks,  
Which like varly Children, make their Syre  
Stoupe with oppreffion of their prodigall weight:  
Gieue some fupportance to the bending twigges.  
Goe thou, and like an Executioner  
Cut off the heads of too falt growing sprayes,  
That looke too loftie in our Common-wealth:  
All must be eu'n, in our Gouvernment.  
You thus imploy'd, I will goe root away  
The noyfome Weeds, that without profit fucke  
The Soyles fertilitie from wholome flowers.

Ser. Why should we, in the compaffe of a Pale,  
Keepe Law and Forme, and due Proportion,  
Shewing as in a Modell our firme Estate?  
When our Sea-walled Garden, the whole Land,  
Is full of Weedes, her faireft Flowers choakt vp,  
Her Fruit-trees all vnpruin'd, her Hedges ruin'd,  
Her Knots diforder'd, and her wholome Hearses  
Swarming with Caterpillers.

Gard. Hold thy peace.  
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd Spring,  
Hath now himfelfe met with the Fall of Leafe.  
The Weeds that his broad-spreadinge Leaues did shelter,  
That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him vp,  
Are pull'd vp, Root and all, by BuUingbrooke:  
I meane, the Earle of Wiltshire, Bussy, Greene.  

Ser. What,
Enter as to the Parliament, Bullyingbrokes, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percie, Fitz-Water, Surrey, Carlile, Abbot of Wysminster, Herauld, Officers, and Bagot.

Bullyingbrokes. Call forth Bagot.

Now Bagot, freely speake thy minde, What thou do'rt know of Noble Gloushters death: Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd The bloody Office of his Timeleffe end. Bag. Then fet before my face, the Lord Aumerle. Bul. Cinfin, stand forth, and looke upon that man. Bag. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue Scornes to vnflay, what it hath once deliuer'd.

In that dead time, when Gloushters death was plotted, I heard you fay, I am not my arme of length, That reacheth from the reftfull English Court As farre as Callis, to my Vnkle's head. Amongst much other talkes, that very time, I heard you fay, that you had rather refuse The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes, Then Bullyingbrokes return to England; adding withall, How bleft this Land would be, in this your Cofins death. Aum. Princes, and Noble Lords: What anfwer shall I make to this base man? Shall I fo much difhonor my faire Starres, On equall termes to give him chafficement? Either I muft, or haue mine honor foyd With th'Attaindor of his fland'rous Lippes. There is my Gage, the manuall Seale of death That markes thee out for Hell. Thou lyef, And will maintaine what thou haft faid, is false, In thy heart blood, though being all too fafe To flaine the temper of my Knightly word.

Bul. Bagot forbear, thou shalt not take it vp. Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beft In all this prefence, that hath mou'd me fo. Fitz. If that thy valour stand on fympathize: There is my Gage, Aumerle, in Gage to thinke: By that faire Sunne, that fhes we when thou fand'ft, I heard thee fay (and vauntingly thou fpak'ft it) That thou wer'ft caufe of Noble Gloushters death. If thou denieft it, twenty times thou lyef, And I will turne thy falshood to thy hart, Where it was forged with my Rapiers point. Aum. Thou dar'st not (Coward) liue to fee the day. Fitz. Now by my Soule, I would it were this houre. Aum. Fitzwater thou art damn'd to hell for this. Per. Aumerle, thou lyef't: his Honor is as true In this Appeale, as thou art all vnluf't: And that thou art fo, that for my Gage To prove it on thee, to their extreme point Of mortall breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st. Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off, And neuer brandish more reuengefull Steele, Ouer the glittering Helmet of my Foe. Surrey. My Lord Fitzwater: I do remember well, the very time Aumerle, and you did talke.

Fitz. My Lord, Tis very true: You were in prefence then, And you can witneffe with me, this is true. Surrey. As faile, by heauen, As Heauen it faile is true. Fitz. Surrey, thou Lyef. Surrey. Difhonourable Boy; That Lyef, shall lie fo heavy on my Sword, That it shall render Vengeance, and Reuenge, Till thou the Lye-gius; and that Lyef, doe lyce In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull, In prooffe whereof, there is mine Honors pawn, Engage it to the Trial, if thou dar'ft.
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

**Rich.** How fondly do'th thou purre a forward Horse? 
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or live, I dare meete **Surrey** in a Wildernes, 
And spit vpon him, whilest I lay he Lyes, And Lyes, and Lyes: there is my Bond of Faith, To trye thee to my strong Correction. 
As I intend to thriue in this new World, **Aumerle** is guiltie of my true Appelle. 
Besides, I heard the banished **Norfolk** say, That thou **Aumerle** didst lend two of thy men, To execute the Noble Duke at Calais. Aum. Some honest Christian trueth me with a Gage, 
That **Norfolk** layes: here doe I throw downe this, If he may be releaved, to trie his Honor. 
**Bull.** These differences shall all rest vnder Gage, 
Till **Norfolk** be releaved: releaved he shall be; 
And (though mine Enemy) refor't against  
To all his Lands and Seignories: when hee's return'd, 
Against **Aumerle** we will enforce his Tryall. 
**Carl.** That honorable day shall ne're be seen. 
Many a time hath banish'd **Norfolk** fought 
For Iefu Christ, in glorious Christian field 
Streaming the Ensigne of the Christian Croffe, 
Against black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens: 
And toy'd with workers of Warre, they'd himselfe 
To Italy, and there at Venice gane 
His Body to that pleasant Countries Earth, 
And his pure Soule vnto his Captain Christ, 
Vnder whose Colours he had fought so long. 
**Bull.** Why Bishop, is **Norfolk** dead? 
**Carl.** As sure as I live, my Lord. 
**Bull.** Sweet peace conduct his sweet Soule 
To the Bosome of good old **Abraham**. 
**Lords Appeallants,** your differences shall all rest vnder gage, 
Till we assigne you to your days of Tryall. 
**Enter York.** 
**York.** Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee From plume-pluckt **Richard,** who with willing Soule 
Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds 
To the possession of thy Royall Hand. 
**Enter Carle.** He mindeth, descending now from him, 
And long liue **Henry,** of that Name the Fourth. 
**Bull.** In Gods Name, Ile affende the Regall Throne. 
**Carl.** Mary, Heauen forbid. 
Worshp in this Royall Presence may I speake, 
Yet bold beameing me to speake the truth. 
Would God, that any in this Noble Presence 
Were enough Noble, to be vpright Judge  
Of Noble **Richard:** then true Noblenesse would 
Lerne him forbearance from to foule a Wrong. 
What Subject can glue Sentience on his King? 
And who fits here, that is not Richard Subject? 
Theeues are not iudg'd, but they are by to heare, 
Although apparant guilt be seene in them: 
And shall the figure of Gods Malestie, 
His Captain, Steward, Deputie elect, 
Anoynted, Crown'd, planted many yeeres, 
Be iudg'd by lubie, and inferior breathe, 
And he himselfe not preftent? Oh, forbid it, God, 
That in a Christian Climate, Soules renf'de 
Should shew so heamous, black, obscene a deed. 
I speake to Subject, and a Subject speakes, 
Stir'd vp by Heauen, thus boldly for his King, 
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King, 
Is a foule Traytor to prow'd Herefords King. 
And if you Crowne him, let me prophecie, 

The blood of English shall manure the ground, 
And future Ages groane for his foule Act. 
Peace shall goe sleepe with Turkes and Infidels, 
And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warres 
Shall Kinne with Kinne, and Kinne with Kinde confound. 
Diforder, Horror, Fear, and Mutinie 
Shall here inhabite, and this Land be call'd  
The field of Golgotha, and dead mens Sculls. 
Oh, if you reare this Houfe, against this Houfe 
It will the wofullest Diuision prove, 
That euer fell vp vnpon this cursed Earth. 
Preuent it, refhit it, and let it not be fo, 
Leafe Child, Childs Children cry against you, Woe. 
**North.** Woe: I long to see you argu'd Sir: and for your pains, 
Of Capittall Treacon we arrest you here. 
**My Lord of Westminister,** be it your charge, 
To keeper him safely, till his day of Tryall. 
May it please you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit? 
**Bull.** Fetch hither **Richard,** that in common view 
He may furrender: to we shall proceed. 
**Without further delay.** 
**York.** I will be his Conduct. 
**York.** I long in your Service. 
**Bull.** Lords, you that here are vnder our Arrest, 
Procurue your Liberties for your Dayes of Anfwre:  
Little are we beholding to your Lordes, 
And little look'd for at your helping Hands. 

**Enter Richard and York.** 
**Rich.** Alack, why am I sent for to a King, 
Before I have fouke off the Regall thoughts 
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd 
To infinite, flatter, bowe, and bend my Knee. 
Glue Sorrow leave a while, to tute me 
To this submition. Yet I well remember 
The favours of these men: were they not mine? 
Did they not sometime cry, All heayle to me? 
So Judas did to Christ: but he in twelue, 
Found truth in all, but one; in twelve thousand, none. 
God faue the King: will no man say, Amen? 
Am I both Prize, and Clarke? well then, Amen. 
God faue the King: although I be not hee: 
And yet Amen, if Heauen doe thinke him mee. 
To doe what service, am I sent for hither? 
**York.** To doe that office of thine owne good will, 
Which tyred Maiestie did make thee offer: 
The Regnification of thy State and Crowne 
To **Henry Bullingbrook.** 
**Rich.** Glue me the Crown. Here Cousin, feere 'c Crown: 
Here Cousin, on this side my Hand, on that side thine. 
Now is this Golden Crowne like a deep 
That owes two Buckets, filling one another, 
The emptier euer dancing in the aye, 
The other downe, vnseeinge, and full of Water: 
That Bucket downe, and full of Teares am I, 
Drinking my Griefes, whil'st you mount vp on high. 
**Bull.** I thought you had been willing to refigne. 
**Rich.** My Crowne am I, but fill my Griefes are mine: 
You may my Glories and my State depo: 
But not my Griefes; still am I King of those. 
**Bull.** Part of your Care you giue me with your Crowne. 
**Rich.** Your Care for me, do not pluck my Care downe, 
My Care, is loffe of Care, by old Care done, 
Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne: 
The Cares I giue, I have, though giuen away, 
They 'tend the Crowne, yet fill with me they stay: 
**Bull.** Are you contented to refigne the Crowne? 

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**Rich. I.**

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The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

Richard. I, no, no, I: for I must nothing bee: Therefore no, no, for I reigne to thee.
Now, mark me, how I will vndoe my selfe, I give this heauenie Weight from off my Head, And this vawie,ldie Scepter from my Hand, The pride of Kingly Iway from out my Heart. With mine owne Teares I wash away my Balmes, With mine owne Hands I give away my Crowne, With mine owne Tongue denie my Sacred State, With mine owne Breath release all dudious Oathes; And Pomme and Maiiffe I doe forswear: My Manors, Rents, Revenues, I forgive; My Acts, Decrees, and Statutes I denie: God pardon all Oathes that are broke to mee, God keep all Vowes vnbroke to be made to thee, Make me, that nothing haue, with nothing grieu'd, And thou with all plea'sd, that haft attchieu'd. Long may't thou live in Richards Seat to fit, And soone lye Richard in an Earthe Pit. God faue King Henry, vn-King'd Richard sayes, And send him many yeeres of Sunne-hine days. What more remains? North. No more: but that you reade These Accusations, and these grievous Crymes, Committed by your Perfon, and your followers, Against the State, and Profit of this Land: That by confessing them, the Soules of men May deeme, that you are worthily depo'd. Rich. Must I doe so? and must I rauell out My weau'd vp follyes: Gentle Northumberland, If thy Offences were vpno Record, Would it not shame thee, in so faire a troupe, To reade a Lecture of them? I thou wouldst, There should't thou finde one heynes Article, Contayning the depoing of a King, And cracking the strong Warrant of an Oath, Mark'd with a Blot,damn'd in the Booke of Haueyn. Nay, all of you, that fland and looke vpone mee, Whill't that my wretchednesse doth baie my selfe, Though some of you, with Pilate, waie your hands, Shewing an outward pitie: yet you Pilates Have here deliver'd me to my foure Croffe, And Water cannot waie away your sinne. North. My Lord dispatch, reade o're these Articles. Rich. Mine Eyes are full of Teares, I cannot see: And yet falt-Water blinde them not so much, But they can see a sort of Traytors here. Nay, if I turne mine Eyes vpon my selfe, I finde my selfe a Traytor with the rest: For I have guien here my Soules consent, T'vndeck the pompous Body of a King; Made Glory bale; a Soueraigne, a Slawe; Proud Maiiffle, a Subject; State, a Pefant. North. My Lord. Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-infulting man; No, nor no mans Lord: I have no Name, no Title; No, nor that Name was guien me at the Font, But 'tis vpfrupt: slack the heausie day, That I haue wore so many Winters out, And know not now, what Name to call my selfe. Oh, that I were a Mockerie, King of Snow, Standing before the Sunne of Ballingbrooks, To melt my selfe away in Water-drops. Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good, And if my word be Sterling yet in England, Let it command a Mirror hither straightef,
What euer I shall happen to deuise.
I see your Browes are full of Discontent,
Your Heart of Sorrow,and your Eyes of Teares.
Come home with me to Supper, Ie lay a Plot
Shall shew vs all a merry day. Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Queene, and Ladies.

Qu. This way the King will come: this is the way
To Julius Caesar ill-erected Tower:
To whose first Bofome, my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a Prisoner, by proud Bullingbrooke.
Here let vs ref, if this rebellious Earth
Haue any reffing for her true Kings Queene.
Enter Richard, and Guard.

But soft, but fee, or rather doe not fee,
My faire Rofe wither: yet looke vp; behold,
That you in pittie may diffoloe to dye,
And waft him froth againe with true loute Teares. 
Ah thou, the Modell where old Troy did fland,
Thou Mappe of Honor, thou King Richards Tombe, 
And not King Richard: thou most beauteous Inne,
Why should hard-fauor'd Griefe be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an Ale-houfe Gueft.

Ricb. Joyne not with griefe, faire Woman, do not fo,
To make my end too fudden: learn good Soule,
To thinke our former State a happie Dreaume,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
Shewes vs but this. I am fworne Brother(Sweet) 
To grim Necessitie; and hee and I
Will keep a League till Death. High thee to France,
And Cloyfter thee in some Religious Houfe:
Our holy liues muft winne a new Worlds Crowne,
Which our prophane hours here haue stricken downe.

Qu. What, is my Richard both in shape and minde
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath Bullingbrooke
Depo'd thine Intellett? hath he beene in thy Heart?
The Lyon dying, threfheth forth his Paw,
And wounds the Earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o're-powr'd: and wilt thou, Pupill-like, 
Take thy Correction mildly, kiffe the Rodde, 
And fwayne on Rage with base Humilitie,
Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beasts?

Rich. A King of Beasts indeed: if aught but Beasts,
I had bene still a happy King of Men.
Good(sometime Queene)prepare thee hence for France:
Thinke I am dead, and that eu'n here thou tak'st it,
As from my Death-bed, my laft Luing leaue.
In Winters tedious Nights fit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee Tales
Of woull Ages, long age betide:
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me, 
And fend the hearers weeping to their Beds:
For why? the fencelleffe Brands will sympathize
The heauie accent of thy mouing Tongue,
And in compation, wepe the fire out:
And fome will mourne in ashes, some coale-black,
For the depoing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of Bullingbrooke is chang'd.

You must to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower.
And Madame, there is order ta'ne for you:
With all swift speed, you must away to France.
Ricb. Northumberland, thou Ladder wherewithall
The mounting Bullingbrooke acends my Throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age,
More then it is, ere foule finne, gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption: thou shalt thinke,
Though he duide the Realme, and glue thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He shall thinke, that thou which know'st the way
To plant varrieftull Kings, will know againe,
Being ne're fo little vy'd another way,
To pluck him headlong from the vfurped Throne.
The Loue of wicked friends convertus to Feare;
That Feare, to Hate: and Hate turns one, or both,
To worthie Danger, and defereued Death.

North. My guilt be on my Head, and there an end:
Take leave, and part, for you must part forthwith.

Ricb. Doubly diuor'd (bad men) ye violate
A two-fold Marriage; twixt my Crowne, and me,
And then betwixt me, and my married Wife.
Let me vn-kiffe the Oath 'twixt thee, and me;
And yet not fo, for with a Kiffe 'twas made.
Part vs, Northumberland: I towards the North,
Where fliuering Cold and Sickneffe pines the Clyme:
My Queene to France: from whence, set forth in pome,
She came adorn'd hither like sweet May;
Sent back like Hollowmas, or short'ft of day.

Qu. And must we be diuided? must we part?
Ricb. I, hand from hand (my Loue) and heart fro heart.
Qu. Banish vs both, and send the King with me.

North. That were some Loue, but little Policy.

Qu. Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.
Ricb. So two together weeping, make one Woe.
Weepe thou for me in France; I, for thee here:
Better farre off, then neere, be ne're the neere,
Goe, count thy Way with Sighes; I, mine with Groanes.

Qu. So longeft Way shall have the longeft Moanes.
Ricb. Twice for one step Ie groane, 'Way being short,
And peece the Way out with a heauie heart.
Come, come, in woing Sorrow let's be briefe,
Since wedding it, there is fuch length in Griefe:
One Kiffe shall fllope our mouthes, and dumbely part
Thus glie I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Qu. Glie me mine owne against were no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.
So, now I have mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may trie to kill it with a groane.

Rich. We make Woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more adieu; the rest, let Sorrow say.

Enter Yorks, and his Dukeff.

Duch. My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you breake the story off,
Of our two Cousins comming into London.
York. Where did I leave?
Duch. At that sad stoppe, my Lord,
Where rude mis-gouern'd hands, from Windowes tops,
Threw dust and rubbiff on King Richards head.

York. Then d 3
Yecke. Then, as I said, the Duke, great Bullingbrooke, 
Mounted upon a hot and fierce Steed, 
Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know, 
With flow, but fleetly pace, kept on his course: 
While all tongues cry, God save thee Bullingbrooke. 
You would have thought the very windowes spake, 
So many greedy lookes of young and old, 
Through Caeferants darte their desiring eyes 
Vpon his vifage: and that all the walles, 
With painted Imagery had sail at once, 
Iefu preferue thee, welcom Bullingbrooke. 
Whil't he, from one side to the other turning, 
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke, 
Befpake them thus: I thank you Countrimen: 
And thus full doing, thus he past along. 
*Dutch. Alas poore Richard, where rides he the while? 
Yecke. As in a Theater, the eyes of men 
After a well grac'd Actor leaves the Stage, 
Are idly bent on him that enters next, 
Thinking his prattle to be tedious: 
Euen fo, or with more much contempt, mens eyes 
Did scowle on Richard: no man cride, God save him: 
No loyfull tongue gave him his welcome home, 
But duft was throwne vnpon his Sacred head, 
Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off, 
His face full combating with tears and smiles 
(The badges of his griefe and patience) 
That had not God (for some strong purpose) steel'd 
The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted, 
And Barbarifme if felte haue pittied him. 
But heauen hath a hand in these events, 
To whose high will we bound our calme contents. 
To Bullingbrooke, are we foweone Subiects now, 
Whole State, and Honor, I for aye allow. 
Enter Aumerle.

Dut. Here comes my Sonne Aumerle. 
Yor. Aumerle that was, 
But that is loft, for being Richards Friend, 
And Madam, you must call him Rutland now: 
I am in Parliament plege for his truth, 
And lafting feastie to the new-made King. 
Dut. Welcome my sonne: who are the Violets now, 
That cleared the green lea of the new-Spring? 
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not, 
God knowes, I had as lief be none, as one. 
Yecke. Well, beare you well in this new-Spring of time 
Leaff you be cropt before you come to prime. 
What news from Oxford? Hold thofe Ludes & Triumphs? 
Aum. For ought I know my Lord, they do. 
Yecke. You will be there I know. 
Aum. If God preseru not, I purpose fo. 
Yor. What Seale is that that hangs without thy bosom? 
Yor. As I thought, hee was a false, not a true. 
Yes, look'st thou pale? Let me fee the Writing. 
Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing. 
Yecke. No manner then who sees it, 
I will be satisfied, let me fee the Writing. 
Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me, 
It is a matter of small consequence. 
Who by some reasons I would not have seene. 
Yecke. Which for some reasons sir, I mean to see: 
I feare, I feare. 
Dut. What should you feare? 
'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into 
For gay apparell, against the Triumph. 
Yecke. Bound to him selfe? What doth he with a Bond 
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

For there (they say) he dayly doth frequent, With unrestrained looks Companions, Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow Lanes, And rob our Watch, and beate our passengers, Which he, yong wanton, and effeminate Boy Takes on the point of Honor, to support So disfloute a crew.

Per. My Lord, some two dayes since I saw the Prince, And told him of thesee Triumphes held at Oxford.

Bul. And what said the Gallant?

Per. His answere was: he would vnto the Stewes, And from the common it creature plucke a Gloue And were it as a favour, and with that He would vnohorfe the luslifft Challenger.

Bul. As disfloute as desperate, yet through both, I fee some sparkes of better hope: which elder dayes May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Bul. What meanes our Cofin, that hee fares And lookes so wildly?

Aum. God faue your Grace. I do besome your Malefty To have some conference with your Grace alone.

Bul. Withdraw your felues, and leave vs here alone: What is the matter with our Cofin now?

Aum. For euer may my knees grow to the earth, My tongue cleawe to my roote within my mouth, Vnlesse a Pardon, ere I rife, or speake.

Bul. Intended, or committet was this fault? If on the first, how heinous ere if bee, To win thy after loute, I pardon thee. Aum. Then glue me leave, that I may turne the key, That no man enter, till my tale me done.

Bul. Haue thy deere.

Yor. My Liege beware, looke to thy selfe, Thou haft a Traitor in thy presence there.

Bul. Villaine, lie make thee safe.

Aum. Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou haft no cause to feare.

Yorke. Open the doore, secure foole-hardy King: Shall I for loue (speake treston to thy face) Open the doore, or I will broke it open.

Enter Yorke.

Bul. What is the matter (Vnkle) speake, recover breath, Tell vs how neere is danger, That we may arme vs to encounter it.

Yor. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know The reaoun that my halfe forbids me thow.

Aum. Remember as thou read'st, thy promise part: I do repent me, reate not my name there, My heart is not confederate with my hand.

Yor. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did fet it downe. I tore it from the Traitors bofore, King. Feare, and not Loue, begets his penitence; Forget to pity him, leaft thy pitty prowe A Serpent, that will dinge thee to the heart.

Bul. Oh heinous, strong, and bold Conspiracie, O lousy Father of a treacherous Sonne: Thou shearne, immaculate, and fliuer fountain, From whence this fireame, through muddy paffages Hath had his current, and defli'd himselfe. Thy overflow of good, conquers to bad, And thy abundant goodneffe shall excufe This deadly blot, in thy digreffing fonne.

Yorke. So shall my Vertue be his Vices bawd, And he shall spand mine Honour, with his Shame;

As thrilteffe Sonnes, their scraping Fathers Gold, Mine honor liues, when his difhonor dies, Or my sham'd life, in his difhonor lie: Thou kill'st me in his life, giving him breath, The Traitor liues, the true man's put to death.

Dutcheffe within.

Dut. What hooa (my Liege) for heavenes like let me in.

Bul. What thril-voic'd Suppliant, makes this eager cry?

Dut. A woman, and thine Aunt (great King) 'tis I. Speake with me, pitty me, open the dore, A Beggar begets, that neuer beg'd before.

Bul. Our Scene is alter'd from a serious thing, And now chang'd to the Begger, and the King. My dangerous Cofin, let your Mother in, I know she's come, to pray for your foule fin.

Tyrke. If thou do pardon, whofore pray, More finnes for this forguieneffe, prosper may. This fester'd loynte cut off, the reft refted found, This let alone, will all the refc confound.

Enter Dutcheffe.

Dut. O King, beleue not this hard-hearted man, Love, louting not it selfe, none other can.

Tor. Thou frantick woman, what doft thou make here, Shall thy old dugges, once more a Traitor reare?

Dut. Sweet Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.

Bul. Rife vp good Aunt.

Dut. Not yet, I thee beseech.

For euer will I kneele vp my knees, And neuer fee day, that the happy feet, Till thou give joy: vntill thou bid me joy.

By pardoning Rutland, my tranfgreffing Boy.

Aum. Vnto my mothers prayers, I bend my knee. Tyrke. Against them both, my true ioynets bended be.

Dut. Pleades he in earneft? Looke vpon his Face, His eyes do drop no teares: his prayers are in left:

His words come from his mouth, ours from our breft.

He prays but faintly, and would be denide, We prays with heart, and foule, and all beide: His weary ioynets would gladly rife, I know.

Our knees shall kneele, till to the ground they grow:

His prayers are full of falfe hypocrifie,

Ours of true zeale, and deepe integritie:

Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them haue That mercy, which true prayers ought to haue.

Bul. Good Aunt stand vp.


And if I were thy Nurfe, thy tongue to teach, Pardon should be the firft word of thy speach. I neuer long'd to heare a word till now: Say Pardon (King), let pitty teach thee how.

The word is short: but no fo short as sweet, No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's fo meet.

Tyrke. Speake it in French (King) say Pardon ne moy.

Dut. Doth thou teach pardon, Pardon to destroy? Ah my bowre husband, my hard-hearted Lord, That set'st the word it selfe, against the word.

Speake Pardon, as 'tis currant in our Land, The chopping French we do not vnderstand, Thine eye begins to speake, feit thy tongue there, Or in thy pittous heart, plant thou thine ear.

That hearing how our plaunts and prayer do peace, Pitty may move thee, Pardon to rehearse.

Bul. Good Aunt, stand vp.

Dut. I do not sue to stand, Pardon is all the foule I haue in hand.

Bul.
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

Bul. I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon mee.
Dut. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee:
Yet am I ficek for feare: Speake it againe,
Twice faying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon strong.
Bul. I pardon him with all my hart.
Dut. A God on earth thou art.
Bul. But for our truly brother-in-Law, the Abbot,
With all the rest of that conforted crew,
Defftruclon straignt shal dogge them at the heales:
Good Vnckle helpe to order feuerall powres
To Oxford, or where e're thefe Traitors are:
They shall not live within this world I fware,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Vnckle farewell, and Coftan adieu.
Your mother well hath praid, and proue you true.
Dut. Come my old fon, I pray heauen make thee new.

Enter Eton and Servants.

Exit. Didst thou not marke the King what words hee spake?
Hauet I no friend will rid me of this luing feare:
Was it not fo?
Ser. Thefe were his very words.
Ex. Haue I no Friend?(quot he:) he spake it twice,
And wrg'd it twice together, did he not?
Ser. He did.
Ex. And speaking it, he wiftly look'd on me,
As who should say, I would thou wer't the man
That would diuorange this terror from my heart,
Meaning the King at Pomfret: Come, let's goe;
I am the Kings Friend, and will rid his Foe.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Richard.

Rich. I haue bin fludying, how to compare
This Prison where I lye, vnto the World:
And for becaufe the world is populous,
And heere is not a Creature, but my felfe,
I cannot do it: yet Ie hammer't out.
My Braine, Ie proue the Female to my Soule,
My Soule, the Father: and thefe two beget
A generation of flill breeding Thoughts;
And their fame Thoughts, people this Little World
In humors, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better fort,
As thoughts of things Duine, are intermixt
With fcruples, and do fet the Faith it felle
Againft the Faiths thus: Come little ones: & then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a Camell
To thred the poterne of a Needles eye.
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vaine weake naites
May teare a paffage through the Flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prifon walles:
And for they cannot, dye in theyr owne pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themfelves,
That they are not the firt of Fortunes flaues,
Nor shall not be the laft. Like filly Beggars,
Who fitting in the Stockes, refughe their fame
That many hau, and others muft fit there;
And in this Thought, they finde a kind of eafe,

Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe
Of fuch as hau before indur'd the like.
Thus play I in one Prifon, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King;
Then Trefaun makes me with my felle a Beggar,
And 10 I am. Then crudhing penurie,
Periwales me, I was better when a King:
Then am I King'd againe:and by and by,
Thinkke that I am vn-King'd by Bullingbrooke,
And ftraight am nothing. But what ere I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing fhall be pleas'd, till he be eau'd
With being nothing. Muficke do I heare?
Ha, ha!keepe time: How fowre sweet Muficke is,
When Time is broke, and no Proportion kept?
So is it in the Muficke of mens liues:
And heere haue I the daintineffe of care,
To heare time broke in a disorder'd string:
But for the Concord of my State and Time,
Had not an care to hear my true Time broke.
I wafted Time, and now doth Time waste me:
For now hath Time made me his numbring clocke;
My Thoughts, are minutes: and with Sighes they laire,
Their watches on vnto mine eyes, the outward Watch,
Whereeto my finger, like a Dials point,
Is pointing still, in cleaning them from teares.
Now fir, the found that tels what houre it is,
Are clamorous groanes, that strike vpon my heart,
Which is the bell: fo Sighes, and Teares, and Groanes,
Shew Minutes, Hours, andTimes: but my Time
Runs paffing on, in Bullingbrooke proud joy,
While I fland foolling here, his jacke o'th'Clocke.
This Muficke mads me, let it found no more,
For though it haue holpe madmen to their wits,
In me it feme, it will make wife-men mad:
Yet bleffing on his heart that gives it me;
For 'tis a figne of loue, and love to Richard,
Is a strange Brooch, in this all-hating world.

Enter Grooms.

Groo. Haile Royall Prince.
Rich. Thankes Noble Peere,
The cheapeft of vs, is ten groatres too deere.
What art thou? And how com'th thou hither?
Where no man euer comes, but that fad dogge
That brings me food, to make misfortune line?
Groo. I was a poore Gromme of thy Stable (King)
When thou wer't King: who travelling towards Yorke,
With much ado, at length hauge gotten leaxe.
To looke vpon my (sometimes Royall) masters face.
O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets, that Coronation day,
When Bullingbrooke rode on Roane Barbary,
That horfe, that thou so often haft beftrid,
That horfe, that I fo carefully haue dreft.
Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me gentle Friend,
How went he vnder him?
Groo. So proudly, as if he had disflain'd the ground.
Rich. So proud, that Bullingbrooke was on his bucke;
That lafe hath eate bread from my Royall hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not fumble? Would he not fall downe
(Since Pride must have a fall) and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did vfurpe his backe?
Forgiueness horfe: Why do I raile on thee,
Since thou creatst to be aw'd by man
Was't borne to bear? I was not made a horfe,
And yet I bear a burden like an Aflc,  
Spur-gall’d, and tyr’d by launcing Bullingbrookes.  
Enter Kester and a Djab.  
Keep. Fellow, give place, heere is no longer say.  
Ricb. If thou love me, ’tis time thou wer’t away.  
Groo. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.  
Exit.  
Keep. My Lord, wilt please you to fall too?  
Ricb. Taste of it first, as thou wer’t wont to doo.  
Keep. My Lord I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton,  
Who lately came from th’King, commands the contrary.  
Ricb. The diuell take Heart! of Lancaster, and thee;  
Patience is flate, and I am weary of it.  
Keep. Help, help, help, help.  

Enter Exton and Seruants.  
Ri. How now! what means Death in this rude assault?  
Villaine, thine owne hand yieldst thy deaths instrumet,  
Go thou and fill another room in hell.  

Exton strikes him downe.  
That hand shall burne in never-quenching fire,  
That flaggiers thus my perfon.  
Exton, thy fierce hand,  
Hath with the Kings blood,斯坦’d the Kings own land.  
Mount, mount my foule, thy face is vp on high,  
Whil’s’t my groffe flesh sinks downward, heere to dye.  
Exton. As full of Valour, as of Royall blood,  
Both haue I spilt: Oh would the deed were good.  
For now the diuell, that told me I did well,  
Sayes, that this deede is chronicled in hell.  
This dead King to the liuing King Ile beare,  
Take hence the rest, and give them buriall heere.  

Exit.  

Scena Quinta.  

Flourish. Enter Bullingbrooke, York, and other Lords & attendants.  

Bal. Kinde Vnkle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,  
Is that the Rebels haue conformed with fire  
Our Townes of Cicerter in Gloucestershire,  
But whether they be tane or flaine, we heare not.  

Enter Northumberland.  
Welcome my Lord: What is the newes?  
Nor. First to thy Sacred State, with I all happinesse:  
The next newes is, I haue to London sent  
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt and Kent:  
The manner of their taking may appeare  
At large discouerd in this paper heere.  

But. We thank thee gentle Percy for thy paines,  
And to thy worth will add right worthy gaines.  

Enter Percy and Carlile.  

Fris. My Lord, I haue from Oxford sent to London,  
The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Scoty,  
Two of the dangerous comforted Traitors,  
That fought at Oxford, thy dare outwray.  

But. Thy paines Friswater shall not be forgot,  
Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.  

Enter Percy and Carlile.  

Per. The grand Conspirator, Abbot of Westminister,  
With clog of Conscience, and soure Melancholy,  
Hath yeelded vp his body to the graue:  
But here is Carlile, living to abide  
Thy Kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.  

But. Carlile, this is your doome:  
Choose out some secret place, some reuerend roome  
More then thou haft, and with it joy thy life:  
So as thou liu’st in peace, dye free from strife:  
For though mine enemy, thou haft euer beene,  
High sparkes of Honor in thee haue I seene.  

Enter Exton with a Coffin.  

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I present  
Thy buried feare. Herein all breathlesse lies  
The mightieft of thy greatest enemies  
Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.  

But. Exton, I thanke thee not, for thou haft wrought  
A deede of Slaughter, with thy fatall hand,  
Vpon my head, and all this famous Land.  

Ex. From your owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed.  

But. They loue not poyson, that do poyson neede,  
Nor do I thee: though I did with him dead,  
I hate the Murtherer, loue himmurthered.  
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,  
But neither my good word, nor Princely fauour.  

With Caine go wander through the shade of night,  
And neuer shew thy head by day, nor light.  
Lords, I protect my foule is full of woe,  
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow.  
Come morn with me, for that I do lament,  
And put on full Blacke incontinent:  
Ie make a voyage to the Holy-land,  
To waie this blood off from my guilty hand.  
March sadly after, grace my mourning heere,  
In weeping after this vntimely Beere.  

Exeunt.  

FINIS.
The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of HENRY Sirnamed HOT-SPVRRE.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter the King, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle of Welfmerland, with others.

King. O shaken as we are, so wan with care, Find we a time for frighted Peace to pant, And breath shortwinded accents of new broils To be commenc'd in Stronds a-fare remote: No more the thirfty entrance of this Soile, Shall daube her lipps with her owne childrens blood: No more shall trenching Warre channell her fields, Nor bruife her Flowrets with the Armed hooves Of hostile paces. Tho' opposed eyes, Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heauen, All of one Nature, of one Substancie bred, Did lately meete in the intelline shoke, And furious close of chuiell Butcherie, Shall now in mutuall well-beeeming rankes March all one way, and be no more oppos'd Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies. The edge of Warre, like an ill-shafted knife, No more shall cut his Master. Therefore Friends, As farre as to the Sepulcher of Chrif't, Whose Souldier now vnder whose bleffed Crofe We are impreffed and ingag'd to fight, Forthwith a power of English shall we leue, Whose armes were moulded in their Mothers wombe, To chace these Pagans in those holy Fields, Ouer whofe Acres walk'd those bleffed feete Which fourteene hundred yeares ago were nail'd For our advantage on the bitter Crofe, But this our purpofe is a twelvemonth old, And bootleffe 'tis to tell you we will go: Therefore we meete not now. Then let me heare Of you my gentle Cousin Welfmerland, What yeelfermaine our Councell did decrea, In forwarding this deere expedience. Welf. My Liege: This halfe was hot in question, And many limits of the Charge fet downe But yeelfermaine: when all arthwart there came A Poft from Wales, laden with heavy News; Whose worst was, That the Noble Mortimer, Leading the men of Herefordhife to fight Against the irregular and wilde Glendower, Was by the rude hands of that Welfman taken, And a thousand of his people butchered:

Vpon whose dead corpes there was fuch misufe, Such beaftly, flameleffe transformation, By thofe Welfwomen done, as may not be (Without much shame) re-told or fpoken of. King. It feemes then, that the tidings of this broyle, Brake off our businesse for the Holy land. Welf. This matcht with other like, my gracious Lord, Farre more vneuen and vnwelcome News Came from the North, and thus it did report: On Holy-roode day, the gallant Hotspurre there, Young Harry Percy, and braue Archibald, That euer-valiant and approoued Scot, At Holmeden met, where they did spend A fad and bloody houre: As by discharge of their Artillerie, And shape of likely-hood the newes was told: For he that brought them, in the very heate And pride of their contention, did take horfe, Vncertaine of the issue any way. King. Heere is a deere and true indutribus friend, Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his Horfe, Strain'd with the variation of each foyle, Betwixt that Holmedon, and this Seat of ours: And he hath brought vs smooth and welcomes newes. The Earle of Douglass is discomfited, Ten thousand bould Scots, two and twenty Knights Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir Walter fee. On Holmedon Plains. Of Prisoners, Hotspurre tooke Mordake Earl of Fife, and eldeft fonne To beaten Douglas, and the Earle of Ariboll, Of Mury, Angus, and Menteith. And is not this an honourable foyle? A gallant prize? Ha Cousin, is it not? Infaith it is. Welf. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of. King. Yea, there thou mak'st me fad, & mak'st me fin, In envy, that my Lord Northumberland Should be the Father of fo bleft a Sonne: A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue; Among't a Groue, the very straighteft Plant, Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride: Whilft I by looking on the praffe of him, See Ryot and Difhonour flaine the brow Of my yong Harry. O that it could be prou'd, That some Night-tripping-Faiery, had exchang'd In Cradle-clothes, our Children where they lay, And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet:
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine: But let him from my thoughts. What think you Coze Of this young Pericles pride? The Prisoners Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd, To his owne vfe he keeps, and fends me word I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife. 

Wft. This is his Vnklees teaching. This is Worcester Malevolent to you in all Apects: Which makes him prune himfelfe, and brifte vp The creft of Youth against your Dignity. 

King. But I have fent for him to anfwer this: And for this caufe a-while we muft negleéft Our holy purpofe to Jerusalem. 

Cofin, on Wednesday next, our Courfe we will hold At Windfor, and to informe the Lords: But come your felfe with speed to vs againe, For more is to be faid, and to be done, Then out of anger can be vterted. 

Wft. I will my Liege. 

Scena Secunda.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir John Falstaff, and Points.

Fal. Now Hal, what time of day is it Ld? Prince. Thou art fo fat-witted with drinking of olde Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after Supper, and fleeping uppon Benches in the afternoon, that thou haft forgotten to demand that truely, which thou wouldeft truly know. What a diuell haft thou to do with the time of the day? vnfounte hours were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons, and clockes the tongues of Bawdes, and dialls the fignes of Leaping-houfes, and the bleffed Sunne himfelfe a faire hot Wench in Flame-coloured Taffata: I fee no reafon, why thou shouldeft bee fo superfluous, to demand the time of the day. 

Fal. Indeed you come neere me now Hal, for we that take Purfes, go by the Moone and feuen Starres, and not by Phreas hee, that wand'reing Knight fo faire. And I prythee sweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God faue thy Grace, Maiefly I should say, for Grace thou wilt haue none. 

Prin. What, none? Fal. No, not fo much as will ferue to be Prologue to an Egge and Butter. 

Prin. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly! 

Fal. Marry then, sweet Wagge, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the Nights bodie, bee call'd Theeues of the Dayses beautie. Let vs be Dianez Forrefters, Gentlemens of the Shade, Minions of the Moone; and let men fay, we be men of good Gouernment, being gouerned as the Sea is, by our noble and chafte miftries the Moone, vnder whole countenance we feeale. 

Prin. Thou fay'ft well, and it holds well too: for the fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doeth ebe and flowe like the Sea, beeing gouerned as the Sea is, by the Moone; as for proofs. Now a Purfe of Gold moft refructely snatch'd on Monday night, and moft difficultly fpent on Tuesday Morning; got with fweares, Lay by; and fpent with crying, Bring in: now, in as low an ebe as the foot of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the Galloues.

Fal. Thou fay'ft true Ld: and is not my Hoftelde of the Tauerne a moft sweet Wench? 

Prin. As is the hony, my old Ld of the Catle: and is not a Buffe Ierkin a moft sweet robe of durance? 

Fal. How now? how now mad Wagge? What in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe with a Buffe-Ierkin? 

Prin. Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my Hoftel of the Tauerne? Fal. Well, thou haft call'd her to a reck'ning many a time and oft. 

Prin. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part? Fal. No, Ile gue thee thy due, thou haft payd al there. 

Prin. Yea and elsewhere, fo farre as my Coine would vretch, and where it would not, I haue va'd my credit. 

Fal. Yea, and fo va'd it, that was it heere apparant, that thou art Heire apparant. But I prythee sweet Wag, shall there be Galloues flanding in England when thou art King: and resolution thouf'f as it is, with the ruftle curbe of old Father Anticke the Law? Doe not thou when thou art a King, hang a Theeue. 

Prin. No, thou shalt. Fal. Shall I P O rare! Ile be a braue Judge. 

Prin. Thou judgft falfely already. I meane, thou fhalt haue the haging of the Theeues, and fo become a rare Hangman. 

Fal. Well Hal, well: and in some fort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you. 

Prin. For obtaining of fuites? Fal. Yea, for obtaining of fuites, whereof the Hangman hath no leane Wardrobe. I am as Melancholly as a Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Bear. 

Prin. Or an old Lyon, or a Louen Lute. 

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnshire Bagpipe. 

Prin. What fay'ft thou to a Hare, or the Melancholly of Moore-Ditch? 

Fal. Thou haft the moft vnfaoury fmines, and art indeed the moft comparativfe raifeall sweet yong Prince. But Hal, I prythee trouble me no more with vanity, I wold thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good names were to be bought: an olde Lord of the Courfe Councill rated me the other day in the freet about you fir; but I mark'd him not, and yet hee talk'd very vffyly, but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt vffyly, and in the freet too. 

Prin. Thou didft well: for no man regards it. 

Fal. O, thou haft damnable iteration, and art indeeable able to corrupt a Saint. Thou haft done much harme vn to me Hal, God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee Hal, I knew nothing: and now I am (if a man should speake truly) little better then one of the wicked. I must give ouer this life, and I will give it ouer: and I do not, I am a Villaine. Ile be damn'd for never a Kings fonne in Chriftendome. 

Prin. Where fhall we take a purfe to morrow, Jacke? Fal. Where thou wilt Ld, Ile make one: and I doe not, call me Villaine, and baffe me. 

Prin. I fee a good amende ment of life in thee: From Praying, to Purfe-taking. 

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my Vocation Hal: 'Tis no sin for a man to labour in his Vocation. 

Points. Now fhall wee know if Gods hill haue fet a Watch. O, if men were to be faued by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the moft omnipotent Villaine, that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man. 

Prin. Good morrow Ned,
Pains. Good morrow sweet Hal. What sies Mon-
Ro. fieur Remorse? What sies Sir John Sacke and Sugar: 
true bred Cowards as euer turn'd backe and for the third 
if he fight longer then he sees reason, Ile forwarr Armes. 
The vertue of this left will be, the incomprehensible sies 
that this fat Rogue will tell vs, when we meete at Supper: 
how thirty at left he fought with, what Wardes, what 
blows, what extremities he endur'd and in the reprofe 
of this, sies the left.

Pains. Well, Ile goe with thee, proude vs all things 
necessary, and meete me to morrow night in Eaffcheape, 
there Ile sup. Farewell.

Pyes. Farewell, my Lord.

Exit Points.

Pains. I know you all, and will a-while vphold 
The vnyask'd humor of your idlenes.
Yet herein will I imitate the Sunne, 
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds 
To fmoother vp his Beauty from the world, 
That when he pleafe againe to be himselfe, 
Being wanted, he may be more wondered at, 
By breaking through the foule and vgly mists 
Of vapours, that did feme to tranfame him.
If all the yeare were playing holidays, 
To fport, would be as tedious as to worke; 
But when they feldom came, they would-for come, 
And nothing pleafeth but rare accidents.
So when this loffe behaviour I throw off, 
And pay the debt I never promifed; 
By how much better then my word I am, 
By fo much shall I falfifie mens hopes, 
And like bright Mettall on a fullen ground: 
My reformation glittering o're my fault, 
Shall fhow more goodly, and attract more eyes, 
Then that which hath no foyle to fett it off. 
Ile fo offend, to make offence a skil, 
Redempting time, when men thinke leaff I will.

Scana Tertia.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, 
Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate, 
Vnapt to thirre at these indigines, 
And you have found me; for accordingly, 
You tread vpun my patience: But be fure, 
I will from henceforth rather be my Selfe, 
Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition 
Which hath beene smooth as Oyle, soft as yong Downe, 
And therefore loft that title of refped, 
Which the proud foule ne're payes, but to the proud. 
Wor. Our houfe (my Soueraigne Liege) little deferves 
The scourge of greatneffe to be vfed on it, 
And that fame greatneffe too, which our owne hands 
Have holpe to make fo portly.

Nor. My Lord.

King. Worcester get thee gone: for I do fee 
Danger and disobedience in thin eye.
O fin, your prefence is too bold and peremptory, 
And Malefiti might never yet endure 
The moody Frontier of a feruant brow, 
You have good leave to leave vs: When we need 
Your vif and counfelf, we fhall fend for you. 
You were about to fpake.

Norb. Yea, my good Lord.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

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No: on the barren Mountaine let him flerue:
For I shall never hold that man my Friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one peny cost
To ranfome home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revoluted Mortimer?
He never did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
But by the chance of Warre: to presume that true,
Needs no more but one tongue. For all those Wounds,
Thofe mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he tooke,
When on the gentle Seuernes fiedgie banke,
In fingle Opposition hand to hand,
He did confound the beft part of an houre
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink
Upon agreement, of swift Seuernes flood;
Who then affhighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling Reeds,
And hid his criffe-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-trained with thefe Valiant Combatants.
Neuer did safe and rotten Policy
Colour her working with fuch deadly wounds;
Nor neuer could the Noble Mortimer
Receive fo many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be fland red with Revolt.

King. Thou dost help him Percy, thou doft bely him;
He neuer did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee, he durft as well have met the diuell alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not aham'd? But Sirrah, henceforth
Let me not heare you speake of Mortimer.
Send me your Prifoners with the speediest meane,
Or you shall heare in fuch a kinde from me
As will diſpleafe ye. My Lord Northumberland,
We Licenfe your departure with your fonne,
Send vs your Prifoners, or you'le hear of it.

Exit King.

Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them
I will not fend them. I will after straight
And tell him fo: for I will cafe my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

Nor. What? drunke with choller? stay & paufe awhile,
Heere comes your Vnkle, Enter Worcefter.

Hot. Speake of Mortimer?
Yes, I will speake of him, and let my foule
Want mercy, if I do not lyone with him.
In his behalf, Ile empty all thefe Vaines,
And flie my deere blood drop by drop i' th duft,
But I will lift the downfall Mortimer.
As high i' th Ayre, as this Vnthankfull King,
As this Ingrate and Cankred Bullingbrooke.

Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad
Wor. Who tyrooke this heate vp after I was gone?
Hot. He will (forfooth)haue all my Prifoners:
And when I vrg'd the ranfome once againe
Of my Wives Brother, then his cheeke look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling eu'n at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?
Nor. He was: I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when this unhappy King
(Whofe wrongs in vs God pardon) did fet forth
Vpon his Iriſh Expedition:
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depos'd, and shortly murthered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth
Lieu scandaliz'd, and fouly spoken of.

Hot.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Ile keepe them, by this Hand.

War. You start away, and lend no care vnto my purposes.

Those Prifoners you shall keepe.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:

He faid, he would not ranke Mortimer: Forbad my tongue to speake of Mortimer.

But I will finde him when he lyes asleep, And in his care, Ile holla Mortimer.

Nay, Ile have a Starling shall be taught to speake Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,

To keepe his anger still in motion.

War. Hearre you Couin: a word.

Hot. All studie here I solemnly defie, Saue how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrooke, And that fame Sword and Buckler Prince of Wales. But that I thinke his Father loves him not, And would be glad he met with some mishance, I would have poynt'd him with a pot of Ale. War. Farewell Kinman: Ile talke to you When you are better temper'd to attend.

Ner. Why what a Wafe-tongued & impatient foolo Art thou, to brake into this Womans mood, Tying thine care to no tongue but thine owne?

Hot. Why look you, I am whipt & scour'd with rods, Netled, and fng with Pifmires, when I heare Of this vile Politician Bullingbrook. In Richards time: What de'ye call the place? A plague vpon't, it is in Glouffershie: 'Twas, where the madcap Duke his Vncle kept, His Vncle Vrke, where I firt bowd my knee Vnto this King of Smiles, this Bullingbrook:

When you and he came backe from Rauenpurgh.

Ner. At Barkley Cate.

Hot. You say true:

Why what a cadle deale of curtesie, This fawning Grey-hound then did proffer me. Looke when his infant Fortune came to age, And gentle Harry Percy, and kinde Cousin: O, the Drell taketh such Couseners, God forgive me, Good Vncle tell your tale, for I have done.

War. Nay, if you have not, too' againe,

Weel' say your letters.

Hot. I have done in sworthe. War. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners. Deliver them vp without their ranke fraight, And make the Douglas fonne your only meane For powres in Scotland: which for divers reasons Which I shall fnd you written, be affur'd Will easily be granted you, my Lord. Your Sonne in Scotland being thus impli'd, Shall secretly into the boforme creepe Of that fame noble Prelate, well belou'd, The Archbibop.

Hot. Of Yorke, is't not?

War. True, who bears hard His Brothers death at Brifhow, the Lord Scoope. I speake not this in effication, As what I thinke might be, but what I know Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe, And oneely days but to behold the face Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I fineth it:

Vpon my life, it will do wond'rous well.

Ner. Before the game's a-foot, thou still let't slip. Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a Noble plot,
And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke
To loyne with Mortimer, Ha.
Wor. And so they shall.
Her. In faith it is exceedingly well aym’d.
Wor. And ’tis no little reaçon bids vs speed,
To take our heads, by raising of a Head:
For, beare our felues as euén as we can,
The King will alwaies thinke him in our debt,
And think, we thinke our selues unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And fee already, how he doth beginne
To make vs frengers to his lookes of loue.
Her. He does, he does; we’l be reueng’d on him.
Wor. Cufon, farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by Letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, which will be sodainly:
Ile steale to Glendower, and loe, Mortimer,
Where you, and Douglas, and our powres at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meete,
To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
Nor. Farewell good Brother, we shall thrive, I truut.
Her. Vncline, advie: O let the houres be short,
Till fields, and blowes, and grones, applaud our fport.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.
1. Car. Heigh-ho, an’t be not foure by the day, Ile be hang’d. Charles waine is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our houfe not packt. What Ofler?
Off. Anon, anon.
1. Car. I prethee Tom, beate Cuts Saddle, put a few Flockes in the point: the poore lade is wrung in the wthers, out of all ceffe.
Enter another Carrier.
2. Car. Peace and Beanes are as danke here as a Dog, and this is the next way to give poore lades the Bottes: This houfe is turned vpedef downe since Robbie the Ofler dyed.
1. Car. Poore fellow neuer ioy’d since the price of oats rofe, it was the death of him.
2. Car. I thinke this is the most villanous house in al London rode for Fless: I am flung like a Trench.
1. Car. Like a Trench? There is ne’re a King in Chriften dome, could be better bit, then I haue bene since the first Cocke.
2. Car. Why, you will allow vs ne’re a Jourden, and then we leake in your Chimney: and your Chamber-lye breeds Fless like a Loach.
1. Car. What Ofler, come away, and be hang’d: come away,
2. Car. I haue a Gammon of Bacon, and two razez of Ginger, to be delivered as farre as Charing-croffe.
1. Car. The Turkies in my Pannier are quite starved. What Ofler? A plague on thee, haft thou neuer an eye in thy head? Can’t it no heare? And ‘twere not as good a deed as drinke, to break the pate of thee, I am a very Villaine. Come and be hang’d, haft no faith in thee?
Enter Gads-bill.
Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanthorne to see my Gel-
ding in the fable.
Gad. I prethee lend me thine.
2. Car. I, when, can’t tell? Lend mee thy Lanthorne (quoth-a) marry Ile fee thee hang’d first.
Gad. Sirra Carrier: What time do you mean to come to London?
2. Car. Time enough to go to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour Mugges, we’ll call vp the Gentleman, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.
Exeunt.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Gad. What ho, Chamberlaine?
Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purfe.
Gad. That’s even as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine: For thou varest no more from picking of Pur-fes, than giving direction, doth from labouring. Thou lay’t the plot, how.
Cham. Good morrow Master Gad-Hill, it holds currant that I told you yeftermight. There’s a Franklin in the wilde of Kent, hath bought three hundred Markes with him in Gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at Supper; a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too (God knows what) they are vp already, and call for Eggs and Butter. They will away presently.
Gad. Sirra, if they meete not with S. Nicholas Clarks, Ile give thee this necke.
Cham. No, Ile none of it: I prethee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worshipst S. Nicholas as truely as a man of faillhood may.
Gad. What talkeft thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang, Ile make a fat payre of Gallowes. For, if I hang, old Sir Iohn hangs with me, and thou know’st hee’s no Starueling. Tut, there are other Troians that I dream’t not of, the which (for sport free) are content to doe the Profession some grace; that would (if matters shou’d bee looke’d into) for their owne Credite false, make all Whole. I am ioyned with no Foot-land-Rakers, no Long-flaffe six-penny strikers; none of these mad Muftacho-purple-hud-Maltwormes, but with Nobility, and Tranquilitie; Bourgomasters, and great Oneyes, such as can holde in, such as will drinke fooner then speake; and speake fooner then drinke, and drinke fooner then pray: and yet I lye, for they pray continually unto their Saint the Common-wealth; or rather, not to pray to her, but prey on herfor they ride vp & downe on her, and make hir their Bootes.
Cham. What, the Commonwealthe their Bootes? Will she hold out water in foule way?
Gad. She will, she will; Iuffice hath liquor’d her. We steale as in a Caffle,cockfure: we haue the receit of Fern-seede, we walke inuincible.
Cham. Nay, I thinke rather, you are more beholding to the Night, then to the Fernfeed, for your walking inuincible.
Gad. Give me thy hand.
Thou shalt have a flare in our purpose,
As I am a true man.
Cham. Nay, rather mee have it, as you are a falfe Thieve.
Gad. Goe too: Homo is a common name to all men. Bid the Ofler bring the Gelding out of the fable. Farewell, ye muddy Knaue.

Exeunt.
Scena
Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince, Poynts, and Peto.

Poynts. Come shelter, shelter, I have removed Falstaff Horfe, and he frets like a gunt'd Velvet.

Prin. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Poynts, Poynts, and be hang'd Poynts.


Fal. What is Poynts. Ho!

Prin. He is walk'd vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seek him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that Theeue companies: that Rafcall hath removed my Horfe, and tied him I know not where. If I trauell but fooure foot by the squire further a foote, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death for all this, if I fcape hanging for killing that Rogue, I have forsworne his company hourley any time this two and twenty years, & yet I am bewitch'd with the Rogues company. If the Rafcall have not giv'n me medicines to make me lose him, Ile behang'd it could not be els: I have drunke Medicines, Poynts, Hal, a Plague vpon you both. Bardolph, Peto: Ile fatue ere I rob a foote further. And 'twere not as good a deede as to drinke, to turne True-man, and to leave thefe Rogues, I am the verie Varlet that euer chewed with a Tooth. Eight yards of vneue ground, is threefore & ten miles aboft with me: and the flone-hearted Villaines knowe it well enough. A plague vpon't, when Theeues cannot be true one to another.

They Whistle.

Whew: a plagelight vpon you all. Giue my Horfe you Rogues: giue me my Horfe, and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guttes, lye downe, lay thine eare clofe to the ground, and lift if thou can hear the tread of Travellers.

Fal. Have you any Leauers to lift me vp again being downe? Ile not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot again, for all the coine in thy Fathers Exchequer. What a plagelane ye to colt me thus?

Prin. Thou ly'st, thou art not colted, thou art vncoled. Fal. I preth good Prince Hal, help me to my horfe, good Kings fonne.

Prin. Out you Rogue, shall I be your Offler?

Fal. Go hang thy felfe in thine owne heire-apparant-Garters: if I be tane, Ile pech for this: and I have not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of Sacke be my poyfon: when a left is fo forward, & a foote too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-bill.

Gad. Stand.

Fal. So I do againft my will.

Poin. O this our Setter, I know his voyce: Bardolph, what news? Bar. Cafe ye, cafe ye; on with your Vizards, there's mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, 'tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Fal. You lie you rogue, 'tis going to the Kings Tauern.

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Fal. To he hang'd.

Prin. You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane: Ned and I, will walke lower; if they fcape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob vs?

Prin. What, a Coward Sir Iobn Gaunt?

Fal. Indeed I am not Iobn of Gaunt your Grandfather; but yet no Coward, Hal.

Prin. We'll leaue that to the poore.

Poin. Sirra lacke, thy horfe flands behinde the hedg, when thou need'st him, there thou shalt finde him. Farewell, and fland faft.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I shoule be hang'd.

Poin. Ned, where are our difguifles?

Poin. Heere hard by: Stand close.

Fal. Now my Masters, happy man be his dole, fay I: every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

Tra. Come Neighbor: the boy shall leade our Horfes downe the hill: We'll walke a-foot a while, and eafe ourLegges.

Theeues. Stay.

Tra. Iefu bleffe vs.

Fal. Strike: down with them, cut the villains throats; a whorfon Caterpillars: Bacon-fed Knaues, they hate vs youth; downe with them, fleete them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are you vndone? No ye Fat Chaffes, I would your ftore were heere. On Bacons, on, what ye knaues? Yong men mutt liue, you are Grand Jurers, are ye? We'll lure ye iflih.

Here they rob them, and bind them. Enter the Prince and Poynts.

Prin. The Theeues have bound the True-men: Now could thou and I rob the Theeues, and go merily to London, it would be argument for a Weeké, Laugheter for a Moneth, and a good left for euer.

Poynts. Stand close, I heare them comming.

Enter Theeues againe.

Fal. Come my Masters, let vs share, and then to horffe before day: and the Prince and Poynts bee not two arrand Cowards, there's no equity fliring. There's no moe vaure in that Poynte, than in a wilde Ducke.

Prin. Your money.

Poin. Villaines.

As they are flaring, the Prince and Poynts fit upon them. They all run away, leaving the booty behind them.

Prince. Got with much eafe. Now merrily to Horfe: The Theeues are facetted, and poiffet with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet each other: each takes his fellow for an Officer. Away good Ned, Falstaff sweates to death, and Lards the leane earth as he walke along: were't not for laughing, I shoule pitty him.

Poin. How the Rogue roar'd.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hotspur, John, reading a Letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could bee well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bare your houfe.
He could be contented: Why is he not then? in respect of the loue he beares our houfe. He fheues in this, he loues his owne Barne better then he loues our houfe. Let me fee some more. *The purpofe you undertake is dangerous. Why that's certaine: 'Tis dangerous to take a Colde, to fleepe, to drinke: but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this Nettle, Danger; we plucke this Flower, Safety. The purpofe you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you have na
ted uncertaine, the Time it fells unfortuned, and your whole Plow too light, for the counterpoize of so great an Opposition.
Say you fo, lay you fo: I fay vnto you againe, you are a shallow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a lacke-braine is this? I protest, our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; our Friend true and confiant: A good Plotte, good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot, very good Friends. What a Frothy-spirited rogue is this? Why, my Lord of Yorke commendeth the plot, and the generall course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this Rafcall, I could braine him with his Ladies Fan. Is there not my Father, my Vnkle, and my Seife, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glandour? Is there not besides, the Deneslas? Haue I not all their letters, to meete me in Armes by the ninth of the next Mon
th? and are they not fome of them fet forward already? What a Pagan Rafcall is this? An infedell. Haue you not feen in very finceritie of Fearé and Cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide my felfe, and go to buffets, for mowing such a dith of skims'd Milk with fo honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will fet forwaards to night.

Enter ba Lady.

How now Kate, I must leave you within these two hours.

La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence haue I this fortnight bin
A banid' woman from my Harris bed?
Tell me (sweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee
Thy faumacke,pleasure, and thy golden fleep? Why doft thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth?
And start fo often when thou fitt' alone?
Why haft thou loft the freth blood in thy cheekes?
And gien my Treasures and my righes of thee,
To thicke-ey'd muflng, and curft melancholly?
In my faint-flumbers, I by thee have watcht,
And heard thee murmure tales of Iron Warres:
Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed,
Cry courage to the field. And thou haft talk'd
Of Salles, and Retires; Trenches, Tent's,
Of Pallzaades, Frontiers, Parapets,
Of Baflilakes, of Canon, Culuerin,
Of Prifoners ranfome, and of Souldiers flaine,
And all the current of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath beene fo at Warre,
And thus hath fo befir'd thee in thy sleepe,
That beds of sweate hath flood vpon thy Brow,
Like bubbles in a late-distarbed Stramme;
And in thy face strange motions haue appear'd,
Such as we fee when men restraine their breath
On some great fodiaine haft. O what portents are these?
Some heaue buifieffe hath my Lord in hand,
And I muft know it: elle he lomes me not.
Hot. What ho; Is Williams with the Packet gone?
Sr. He is my Lord, an houre agoe.
Hot. Hath Butler brought those horfes fro the Sheriffe?
they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficent in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any Tinker in his owne Language during my life. I tell thee Ned, thou haft lost much honor, that thou wert not with me in this action: but sweet Ned, to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this penworth of Sugar, clapt even now into my hand by an under Skinker, one that never spake other English in his life, then Eight flillings and fix pence, and, You are welcome: with this thril addition, Anon, Anon fir, Score a Pint of Baffard in the Half Moone, or so. But Ned, to drive away time till Falstaff come, I prittyse doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end hee gave me the Sugar, and do never leave calling Francis, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, Anon: step aside, and Ie shew thee a President.

Points. Francis.

Prin. Thou art perfect.

Pain. Francis.

Enter Drawer.

**Frans.** Anon, anon fir; looke downe into the Pomgarnet, Raffe.

**Prince.** Come hither Francis.

**Franc.** My Lord.

**Prin.** How long haue thou to ferue, Francis?

**Franc.** Forsooth five yeares, and as much as I can.

**Pain.** Francis.

**Franc.** Anon, anon fir.

**Prin.** Five yeares: Beriady a long Leafe for the clinking of Pewter. But Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, & shew it a faire paire of heelees, and run from it?

**Franc.** O Lord fir, Ile be sworne vpon all the Books in England,I could finde in my heart.

**Pain.** Francis.

**Franc.** Anon, anon fir.

**Prin.** How old art thou, Francis?

**Franc.** Let me see, about Michaelmas next I halfe——

**Pain.** Francis.

**Franc.** Anon fir, pray you faie a little, my Lord.

**Prin.** Nay but harkke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gaueft me, twas a penworth, was't not?

**Franc.** O Lord fir, I would it had bene two.

**Prin.** I will glue thee for it a thousand pound: Ask me when thou wilt, and thou hafte haue it.

**Pain.** Francis.

**Franc.** Anon, anon.

**Prin.** Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis: or Francis, on thursday or indeed Francis when thou wilt. But Francis.

**Franc.** My Lord.

**Prin.** Wilt thou rob this Leathern Jerkin, Chriftall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Pucke flocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanifh pouch.

**Franc.** O Lord fir, who do you mean?

**Prin.** Why then your browne Baffard is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis, your white Canvas doublet will fullely in Barbary fir, it cannot come to so much.

**Franc.** What fir?

**Pain.** Francis.

**Prin.** Away you Rogue, doth thou hearre them call?

Here they bath call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Winter.

**Pint.** What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a cal-

ling? Lookke to the Gueffs within: My Lord, old Sir John with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore: shall I let them in?

**Pain.** Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore.

Points.

**Pain.** Anon, anon fir.

**Prin.** Sirra, Falstaffe and the rest of the Theeues, are at the doore, hall we be merry?

**Pain.** As merrie as Crickets my Lad. But harkke yee, What cunning match haue you made with this left of the Drawer? Come, what's the ifue?

**Prin.** I am now of all humors, that haue shewed themselfes humorous, since the old daies of Goodman Adam, to the pupill age of this present twelue a clock at midnight. What's a clocke Francis?

**Franc.** Anon, anon fir.

**Prin.** That euer this Fellow shoulde have fewe words then a Parret, and yet the wonne of a Woman. His industry is vp-staires and down-staires, his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Parcer mind, the Hotspurre of the North, he that kills me some fime or seuen dozen of Scots at a Breakfast, washes his hands, and faies to his wife; Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet Harry fayes fie, how many hath thou kill'd to day? Give my Roane horfe a drench (fayes hee) and anfwers, some fourteen, an hour after: a trife, a trife. I prethee call in Falstaffe, Ile play Percy, and that damn'd Brawne hall play Dame Mortimer his wife. Riuos fayes the drunkard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaffe.

**Pain.** Welcome Jacke, where haft thou beene?

**Fal.** A plague of all Cowards I say, and a Vengeance too, marry and Amen. Give me a cup of Sacke Boy. Ere I leade this life long, Ile fowe nether flockes, and mend them too. A plague of all cowards. Give me a Cup of Sacke, Rogue. Is there no Vertue extant?

**Prin.** Didft thou neuer fee Titian kiffe a dith of Butter, pitifull hearted Titan that melted at the sweete Tale of the Sunne? If thou didft, then behold that compound.

**Fal.** You Rogue, heere's Lime in this Sacke toothere is nothing but Roguery to be found in Villanous man yet a Coward is worke then a Cup of Sack with lime. A vilulous Coward, go thy wayes old Jackie, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten Herring; there liues not three good men vnhang'd in England, & one of them is fat, and groves old, God helpes the while, a bad world I say. I would I were a Weaver, I could finge all manner of fongs. A plague of all Cowards, I say fill.

**Pain.** How now Wooflacke, what mntter you?

**Fal.** A Kings Sonne? If I do not beate thee out of thy Kingdome with a dager of Lath, and drive all thy Subiects afore thee like a flocke of Wilde-geete, Ile never weare haire on my face more. You Prince of Wales?

**Prin.** Why you horfon round man?what's the matter?

**Fal.** Are you not a Coward? Anfwer me to that, and Poins there?

**Prin.** Ye fateh paunch, and yee call mee Coward, Ile flab thee.

**Fal.** I call thee Coward? Ile fee thee damned'rd ere I call the Coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as far as thou canst. You are straignt enough in the shoulders, you care not who fees your backe: Call you that
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that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such backing: give me them that will face me. Give me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunke to day.

Prince. O Villaine, thy Lippes are scarce wip'd, since thou drunke't left.

Falst. All's one for that. He drinks.

A plague of all Cowards still, say I.

Prince. What's the matter?

Falst. What's the matter? here be foure of vs, haue tane a thousand pound this Morning.

Prince. Where is it? Jack? where is it?

Falst. Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Falst. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I haue seaped by miracle. I am eight times thrusft through the Doublet, foure through the Hoope, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a Hand-faw, etceta figurum. I neuer dealt better since I was a man: all would not doe. A plague of all Cowards: let them speake; if they speake more or leffe then truth, they are villaines, and the fonn of darkneffe.

Prince. Speake first, how was it?

Gad. We foure fet vpon some dozen.

Falst. Sixteene, at leaff, my Lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Pet. No, no, they were not bound.

Falst. You Rogue, they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a lew elfe, an Ebrew Jew.

Gad. As we were vairing, some fixe or foure freth men fet vpon vs.

Falst. And vnbound the reft, and then came in the other.

Prince. What, fought vee with them all?

Falst. All? I know not what vee call all: but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of Radifh: if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore olde Jack, then am I no two-leg'd Creation.

Pain. Pray Heauen, you haue not murthered some of them.

Falst. Nay, that's past praying for; I haue pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I haue payed, two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a Lye, fpit in my face, call me Horfe: thou knoweft my olde word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buckrom let drusse at me.

Prince. What, foure? thou say'dst but two, eu'en now.

Falst. Youre Hal, I told thee foure.

Pain. I, I, he faid foure.

Falst. These foure came all a-front, and mainly thrusft at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their feuen points in my Target, thus.

Prince. Seuen? why there were but foure, eu'en now.

Falst. In Buckrom.

Pain. I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

Falst. Seuen, by thefe Hills, or I am a Villaine elfe.

Prince. Prethce let him alone, we shall haue more anon.

Falst. Doest thou heare me, Hal?

Prince. Land marke thee too, Jack.

Falst. Doe fo, for it is worth the lifting too: thefe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prince. So, too more alreadie.

Falst. Their Points being broken.

Pain. Downe fell his Horfe.

Falst. Began to give me ground: but I followed me clofe, came in foot and hand, and with a thought, seuen of the seuen I pay'd.

Prince. O monftrous! seuen Buckrom men growne out of two?

Falst. But as the Deuill would haue it, three misbegotten Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and let drusse at me; for it was so darke, Hal, that thou couldst not see thee Hand.

Prince. Thefe Lyes are like the Father that begetts them, groffe as a Mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou Claybray'd Ghost, thou Knotty-pated Poele, thou Horfon obfence greatfull Tallow Catch.

Falst. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendall Greene, when it was fo darke, thou couldst not see thee Hand? Come, tell vs your reason: what say'thou to this?

Pain. Come, your reason Jack, your reason.

Falst. What, vpon compulsi? No: were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulsi. Glue you a reason on compulsi? If Reafons were as plente as Blackberries, I would give no man a Reafon vpon compulsi.

Pain. Ile be no longer guiltie of this finne. This fanquine Coward, this Bed-presifter, this Horf-back-breaker, this huge Hill of Fles:


Prince. Well, breath a while, and then to'again: and when thou haft tyr'd thy fyle in base comparisions, heare me speake but thus.

Pain. Marke lacke.

Prince. We two, faue you foure fet on foure and bound them, and were Masters of their Wealth: mark now how a plaine Tale thall put you downe. Then did we two, fet on you foure, and with a word, outfa'd you from your prize, and haue it: yea, and can fhw you in the Houfe. And Falstaff, you caried your Guts away as nimblly, as with a Quicke dextertie, and roared for mercy, and fell raile and roar'd, as eu' I heard Bull-Calfe. What a Slave art thou, to hacke thy fword as thou haft done, and then fay it was in fight. What trick? what deceau? what starting hole canft thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant Shame?

Pain. Come. Let's heare Jacke: What trickke haft thou now?

Fal. I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare ye my Masters, was it for to me the Heire apparent? Should I turne vpon the true Prince? Why, thou knoweft I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware Infinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Infinct is a great matter. I was a Coward on Infinct: I shall thinke the better of my felfe, and thee, during my life: I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you haue the Mony. Ho, Ho, Ho, clap to the doores: watch to night, pray to morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Harts of Gold, all the good Titles of Fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a Play extempore.

Prince. Content, and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. A no more of that Hal, and thou loueft me.

Enter Hoft.

Hoft. My Lord, the Prince?
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Prin. So did he neuer the Sparrow.
Falst. Well, that Rascall hath good metall in him, hee will not runne.
Prin. Why, what a Rascall art thou then, to prayse him so for running?
Falst. A Horfe-backe (ye Cuckoe) but a foot hee will not budge a foot.
Prin. Yes Jacke, upon infinit.
Falst. I grant ye, upon infinit: Well, hee is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blew-Cappes more.
Worcestor is done away by Night: thy Fathers Beard is turn'd white with the Newes; you may buy Land now as cheape as flinking Mackrell.
Prin. Then tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this ciuall buffeting hold, we shall buy Maiden-heads as they buy Hob-nayles, by the Hundreds.
Falst. By the Maffe Lad, thou say'ft true, it is like wee shall haue good trading that way. But tell me Hal, art not thou horrible aftar'd? thou being Heire apparant, could the World pickte thee out three fuch Enemies againe, as that Fiend Dampflatt, that Spirit Percy, and that Deuell Glendower? Art not thou horrible afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?
Prin. Not a whit: I lacke some of thy infinit.
Falst. Well, thou wilt be horrible chidde to morrow, when thou commetst to thy Father: if thou doe lume, praclife an answere.
Prin. Doe thou fand for my Father, and examine mee upon the particulars of my Life.
Falst. Shall I? content: This Chayre shall bee my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushion my Crowne.
Prin. Thy State is taken for a loyn'd-Stooles, thy Golden Scepter for a Leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pitiful bald Crowne.
Falst. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee, now shall thou be moued. Give me a Cup of Sacke to make mine eyes looke reddre, that it may be thought I haue wept, for I must speake in passicon, and I will doe it in King Cambyses vaine.
Prin. Well, heere is my Legge.
Falst. And heere is my speach: stand aside Nobilitie.
Hoftlif. This is excellent spurt, yfaith.
Falst. Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling tears are vaine.
Hoftliff. O the Father, how hee holds his countenance?
Falst. For Gods sake Lords, conuey my truthfull Queen, For teares doe flop the stout-gates of her eyes.
Hoftliff. O rare, he doth it as like one of these harlotry Players, as euer I fee.
Falst. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good Tickle-braine.
Harry, I doe not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time; but also, how thou art accompanied: For though the Camomile, the more it is troden, the fatter it growes; yet Youth, the more it is wafted, the sooner it waere. Thou art my Sonne: I haue partly thy Mothers Word, partly my Opinion but chiefly, a villanous tricke of thine Eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether Lippe, that doth warrant me. If then thou be Sonne to mee, heere leyth the point: why, being Sonne to me, art thou fo poyneted at? Shall the bleffed Sonne of Heauen proue a Micher, and eate Black berries? a question not to bee askt. Shall the Sonne of England proue a Theefe, and take Purfes? a question to be askt. There is a thing, Harry, which thou haft often heard of, and it is knowne to many
many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch: this Pitch (as ancient Writers doe report) doth defile; fo doth the company thou keepest: for Harry, now I doe not speake to thee in Drink, but in Teares; not in Pleasure, but in Paffion; not in Words onely, but in Woes also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his Name.

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Majestie?

Falst. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a chearfull Looke, a pleasing Eye, and a moft noble Carriage, and as I thinke, his age some fiftie, or(bylady) inclining to threescore; and now I remember mee, his Name is Falstaff: if that man should be lwydy giuen, hee deceives mee; for Harry, I see Vertue in his Looke.

If then the Tree may be knowne by the Fruit, as the Fruit by the Tree, then peremptoriely I speake it, there is Vertue in that Falstaff: him keepe with, the reft banish. And tell mee now, thou naughtie Varlet, tell mee, where haft thou beene this moneth?

Prin. Doth thou speake like a King? doe thou stand for mee, and Ile play my Father.

Falst. Depoie me: if thou doest halfe so grauellie, so malicefully, both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heele for a Rabbet-fucker, or a Poulters Hare.

Prin. Well, heere I am fet.

Falst. And heere I stand: judge my Matters.

Prin. Now Harry, whence come you?

Falst. My Noble Lord, from East-cheape.

Prin. The complaints I heare of thee, are grievous.

Falst. Yfaith, my Lord, they are false: Nay, Ile tickle ye for a mโรงแรม Prince.

Prin. Swearre thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth ne're looke on me: thou art violently carried away from Grace: there is a Deuill haunts thee, in the likenesse of a fat old Man; a Tunne of Man is thy Companions: Why do'th thou converse with that Trunke of Humors, that Boulding-Hutch of Beatlinifhes, that Sworne Parcell of Dropfies, that huge Bombard of Sacke, that fuff Cloake-bagge of Guts, that roifed Manning Tree Ox with the Pudding in his Belly, that reuerend Vice, that grey Iniquitie, that Father Rufian, that Vanitie in yeeres? wherein is he good, but to taffe Sacke, and drinke it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carue a Capon, and eat it? wherein in Cunningham, but in Craft? wherein Craftie, but in Viliemie? wherein Villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falst. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom meanes your Grace?

Prince. That villainous abominable mis-leader of Youth, Falstaffe, that old white-bearded Satan.

Falst. My Lords, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou doft.

Falst. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my felfe, were to fay more then I know. That hee is olde (the more the pittie) his white hayres doe witneffe it: but that hee is (fauing your reuerence) a Whore-mafter, that I vterly deny. If Sacke and Sugar bee a fault, Heauen helpe the Wicked: if to be olde and merry, to be a finne, then many an olde Hoafe that I know, is dam'd: if to be fat, be to be hatted, then Pharaons lame Kine are to be loued.

No, my good Lord, banifh Peo, banifh Bardolph, banifh Poins: but for sweete Lache Falstaffe, kinde Lache Falstaffe, true Lache Falstaffe, valiant Lache Falstaffe, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is olde Lache Falstaffe, banifh not him thy Harryes companie, banifh not him thy Harryes companie; banifh plump Lache, and banifh all the World.

Prince. I doe, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a moft most monstrous Watch, is at the door.

Falst. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I haue much to say in the behalfe of that Falstaffe.

Enter the Hoefeffe.

Hoefeffe. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Falst. Heigh, heigh, the Deuill rides upon a Fiddle-ficke: what's the matter?

Hoefeffe. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the door: they are come to search the Houfe, shall I let them in?

Falst. Do'th thou hearre Hal, never call a true preece of Gold a Counterfeit: thou art essentially made, without seeming fo.

Prince. And thou a natural Coward, without instinct.

Falst. I deny your Maior: if you will deny the Sherife, so if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I shall as soon be wrangled with a Halter, as another.

Prince. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the reft walk vp above. Now my Mafters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

Falst. Both which I haue had: but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me.


Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prince. Now Maister Sherife, what is your will with mee?

She. First pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

Prince. What men?

She. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a groffe fift man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prince. The man, I doe affure you, is not heere, For I my felfe at this time haue employ'd him: And Sherife, I will engage my word to thee, That I will by to morrow Dinner time, Send him to answere thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withall: And fo let me entreat you, leave the house.

She. I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen Have in this Roberie loft three hundred Marke.

Prince. It may be fo: if he have robb'd these men, He shall be answerable: and so farewell.

She. Good Night, my Noble Lord.

Prince. I thinke it is good Morrow, is it not?

She. Indeede, my Lord, I thinke it be two a Clocke.

Exit. Prince. This oyl Raffall is knowne as well as Poules: goe call him forth.

Peto. Falstaffe? saft aifece behinde the Arras, and finorting like a Hore.

Prince. Harke, how hard he fetches breath: search his Pockets.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

He searcheth his Pockets, and findeth certaine Papers.

Prince. What hast thou found?
Peto. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

Prince. Let's see, what be they? reade them.
Peto. Item, a Capon. Item, a Sacke, two Gallons. Item, Anchouses and Sacke after Supper. Item, Bread.

Prince. 0 monstrous, but one halfe penny-worth of Bread to this intolerable deale of Sacke? What there is else, keepe close, wee'll reade it at more advantage: there let him sleepe till day. Ile to the Court in the Morning: Wee must all to the Warres, and thy place shall be homo- rable. Ile procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his death will be a Match of Twelve-score. The Money shall be pay'd backe againe with advantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning: and goe good morrow Peto.
Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Hotspur, Worcyster, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mort. These promises are faire, the parties sure, And our induccion full of prosperus hope.

Hotsp. Lord Mortimer, and Cousin Glendower, Will you styd downe? And Vackle Worcyster; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the Mappe.

Glen. No, here it is: Sit Cousin Percy, sit good Cousin Hotspur: For by that Name, as oft as Lancaster doth speake of you, His Cheekes looke pale, and with a rying figh, He wiltheth you in Hauean.

Hotsp. And you in Hell, as oft as heareth Owen Glen- dower spoke of.

Glen. I cannot blame him: At my Nautilus, The front of Hauean was full of ferie haipes, Of burning Creflets: and at my Birth, The frame and foundation of the Earth Shaked like a Coward.

Hotsp. Why fo it would haue done at the same seasion, if your Mothers Cat had but kitten'd, though your selfe had never beene borne.

Glen. I say the Earth did shake when I was borne.

Hotsp. And I say the Earth was not of my minde, If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glen. The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hotsp. Oh, then the Earth shooke To see the Heauens on fire, And not in fear of your Nautilus.

Difeased Nature oftentimes breakes forth In strange eruptions; and the teeming Earth Is with a kinde of Collick pinch't and vex't, By the impropirion of varuly Winde Within her Wombe: which for enlargeth struing, Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and tombles downe Steeples, and moffe-grown Toweres. At your Birth, Our Grandam Earth, hauing this diftemperature, In passion shooke.

Glen. Cousin: of many men I do not beare thefe Croffings: Glue me leau.

To tell you once againe, that at my Birth The front of Heauen was full of ferie haipes, The Gostes ranne from the Mountains, and the Heards Were strangly clamorous to the frightened fields: These signes haue markeft me extraordinarie, And all the couries of my Life doe shew, I am not in the Roll of common men,

Where is the Luing, clipt in with the Sea, That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales, Which calls me Pupill, or hath read to me? And bring him out, that is but Womans Sonne, Can trace me in the tedious ways of Art, And hold me pace in depe experiments.

Hotsp. I thinke there's no man speaks better Welsh: Ile to Dinner.

Mort. Peace Cousin Percy, you will make him mad.

Glen. I can call Spirits from the vaddie Depee.

Hotsp. Why fo can I, or fo can any man:

But will they come, when you doe call for them?

Glen. Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to command the Deuil.

Hotsp. And I can teach thee, Cousin, to shame the Deuil, By telling truth. Tell truth, and shane the Deuil.

If thou haue power to rayle him, bring him hither,

And Ie be fowrne, I haue power to shame him hence.

Oh, while you live, tell truth, and shane the Deuil.

Mort. Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable Chat.

Glen. Three times hath Henry Bullingbrooke made head Against my Power: thrice from the Banks of Wye, And fandy-bottom'd Severne, have I pent him Bootleffe home, and Weather-beaten backe.

Hotsp. Home without Bootes, And in foule Weather too, How scapes he Agues in the Deuils name?

Glen. Come, here's the Mappe: Shall we wise diuide our Right, According to our three-fold order ta'ne?

Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath diuided it Into three Limits, very equally: England, from Trent, and Severne, hitherto, By South and East, is to my part affign'd: All Westward, Wales, beyond the Severne shore, And all the fertile Land within that bound, To Owen Glendower: And deare Cousse, to you The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent. And our Indentures Tripartite are drawne: Which being sealed enterchangeably, (A Buisine that this Night may execute) To morrow, Cousin Percy, you and I, And my good Lord of Worcyster, will set forth, To meette your Father, and the Scottifh Power, As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury. My Father Glendower is not readie yet, Nor shall we neede his helpe thefe foureteene dayes: Within that space, you may haue drawne togethre Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glen. A shorter time shall fend me to you, Lords: And in my Conduct shall your Ladies come, From whom you now must steale, and take no leave, For there will be a World of Water shed,
Vpon the parting of your Wives and you. 

Haf.b. Me thinks my Moity, North from Burton here, 
In quantitate equals not one of yours: 
See, how this Ruer comes me cranking in, 
And cuts me from the beet of all my Land, 
A huge halfe Moone, a monfrous Cantle out. 
Ile haue the Currant in this place damn’d vp, 
And here the Smug and Siluer Trent shall runne, 
In a new Channell, faire and evenly: 
It shall not winde with such a deepe indent, 
To rob me of so rich a Bottope here. 

Glend. Not winde? it shall, it mut, you see it doth. 

Mort. Yea, but mark how he bears his course, 
And runnes me vp, with like advantage on the other side, 
Gelding the oppossed Continent as much, 
As on the other side it takes from you. 

Worc. Yea, but a little Charge will trench him here, 
And on this North side winne this Cape of Land, 
And then he runnes straight and even. 

Haf.b. Ile haue it fo, a little Charge will doe it. 

Glend. Ile not haue it alter’d. 

Haf.b. Will not you? 

Glend. No, nor you shall not. 

Haf.b. Who shall say me nay? 

Glend. Why, that will I, 

Haf.b. Let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in Well. 

Glend. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you: 
For I was trayn’d vp in the English Court; 
Where, being but young, I framed to the Harpe 
Many an English Dittie, lovely well, 
And gau the Tongue a helpefull Ornament; 
A Vertue that was neuer seene in you. 

Haf.b. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart, 
I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew, 
Then one of these fame Meeter Ballad-mongers: 
I had rather hearre a Brazen Candlefick turn’d, 
Or a dry Wheele grate on the Axle-tree, 
And that would set my teeth nothing an edge, 
Nothing so much, as mincing Poetrie as 
’Tis like the forc’t gate of a shuffling Nagge. 

Glend. Come, you shall haue Trent turn’d. 

Haf.b. I doe not care: Ile giue thrice fo much Land 
To any well-defering friend; 
In the way of Bargaine, marke ye me, 
Ile caull on the ninth part of a hayre. 
Are the Indentures drawn? shall we be gone? 

Glend. The Moone shines faire, 
You may away by Night: 
Ile hafte the Writer; and withall, 
Break with your Wifes, of your departure hence: 
I am afraid my Daughter will runne madde, 
So much the dether on her Mortimer. 

Exit. 

Mort. Fie, Cousin Percy, how you croffe my Fa- 
ther. 

Haf.b. I cannot chuse; sometime he angera me, 
With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant, 
Of the Dreamer Merlin, and his Prophecies; 
And of a Dragon, and a finne-leffe Fift, 
A clip-wing’d Griffin, and a moulen Rauen, 
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat, 
And such a deale of skimble-skamble Stuffe, 
As putes me from my Faith. I tell you what, 
He held me last Night, at least, nine howres, 
In reckning up the feuerall Deuils Names, 
That were his Lacqueyes: 

I cry’d hum, and well, goe too, 
But mark’d him not a word. O, he is as tedious 
As a tyred Harfe, a rayling Wife, 
Worse then a smoakie Houfe. I had rather lie 
With Cheese and Garlick in a Windmill farre, 
Then feede on Cates, and haue him talke to me, 
In any Summer-Houfe in Christendome. 

Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman, 
Exceeding well read, and profited, 
In strange Concealements: 
Vallant as a Lyon, and wondrous affable, 
And as bountifull, as Mynes of India. 
Shall I tell you, Cousin, 
He holds your temper in a high respect, 
And curbes himselfe, even of his naturall scope, 
When you doe croffe his humor:’faith he does. 
I warrant you, that man is not alue, 
Might fo haue tempted him, as you have done, 
Without the taste of danger, and reprofe: 
But doe not vfe it oft, let me entreat you, 

Worc. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame, 
And since your comming hither, have done enough, 
To put him quite besides his patience. 
You must needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault: 
Though sometimes it shew Greatneffe, Courage, Blood, 
And that’s the dearest grace it renders you; 
Yet oftimes it doth present harsh Rage, 
Defect of Manners, want of Governmert, 
Pride, Hauightineffe, Opinion, and Difaine: 
The leaft of which, haunting a Nobleman, 
Lofeth mens hearts, and leaves behinde a flavne 
Vpon the beautie of all parts besides, 
Beguiling them of commendation. 

Haf.b. Well, I am schoold: 
Good-manners be your superf: 
Heere come your Wives, and let vs take our leave. 

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies. 

Mort. This is the deadly spight, that angers me, 
My Wife can speake no English, I no Welsh. 

Glend. My Daughter weepes, shee’le not part with you, 
Shee’le be a Soulier too, shee’le to the Warres. 

Mort. Good Father tell her, that she and my Aunt Percy 
Shall follow in your Conduett speedily. 

Glendower speakes to her in Welsh: and she an- 
swers him in the same. 

Glend. Shee is desperate heere: 
A peevish selfe-will’d Harlotry, 
One that no perfwation can doe good vpon. 

The Lady speakes in Welsh. 

Mort. I vnderstand thy Lookes: that pretty Welsh 
Which thou poer’t down from thee swelling Heauens, 
I am too perfect in: and but for flame, 
In fuch a parley shoul I anfwere thee. 

The Lady againe in Welsh. 

Mort. I vnderstand thy Kiffes, and thou mine, 
And that’s a feeling disputation: 
But I will never be a Truant, Loue, 
Till I have learnt thy Language: for thy tongue 

Makes
The Lady speaks again in Welsh.

Gld. Nay, if thou melt, then will the sunne madde.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, give vs leave:
The Prince of Wales, and I,
Must have some private conference:
But be neere at hand,
For wee shall presently have neede of you.

Exeunt Lords.

I know not whether Heauen will have it fo,
For some displeasing feruice I have done;
That in his secret Doomes, out of my Blood,
Hee le brede Reuenge, and a Scourge for me:
But thou do'ft in thy passages of Life,
Make me believer, that thou art onely mark'd
For the hot vengeance, and the Rod of heauen
To punish my Mistreadings. Tell me eile,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude societie,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted too,
Accomplie the greatneffe of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy Princely heart?

Prince. So pleaze your Maiesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,
As well as I am doubtleffe I can purge
My felfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet such extenuation let me begge,
As in reproofs of many Tales deius'd,
Which oft the Ear of Greatneffe needes must heare,
By smiling Pick-thankes, and base Newes-mongers;
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faultie wandred, and irregular,
Finde pardon on my true submissiuon.

King. Heauen pardon thee:
Yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which doe hold a Wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in Counsell thou hast rudei loft,
Which by thy younger Brother is supply'de;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the Soule of every man
Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall.
Had I fo lauifh of my presence bene,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar Company;
Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Had still kept loyal to poffession,
And left me in repute lesse banishment,
A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood.
By being feldome seene, I could not flirre,
But like a Comet, I was wonderd at;

Scena Secunda.
That men would tell their Children, This ishee:
Others would say, Where, Which is Ballingbrooke.
And then I stole all Courtesse from Heauen,
And dreft my selfe in such Humilitie,
That I did plucke Allegiance from mens hearts,
Lowd Showts and Salutations from their mouthes,
Euen in the presence of the Crowned King.
Thus I did keepe my Person freth and new,
My Preence like a Robe Pontificall,
Ne're seene, but wondred at : and so my State,
Seldom but fumptuous, flewed like a Fealt,
And wonne by rareneffe such Solemnitie.
The skipping King hee ambled vp and downe,
With shallow Jefferes, and rath Bauin Wits,
Soone kindled, and loone burn't, car'd his State,
Mingled his Royaltie with Carping Fools,
Had his great Name prophaned with their Scornes,
And gauce his Countenance, against his Name,
To laugh at gyling Boyes, and fland the puff
Of euer Beardless vaïne Comparativse ;
Grew a Companion to the common Streetes,
Enfess'sed himsef to Popularitie :
That being dayly flourawled by mens Eyes,
They furtued with Honey,and began to loathe
The taffe of Sweeteffe, whereof a little
More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occation to be seene,
He was but as the Cuckow is in June,
Heard, not regarded : seene, but with fuch Eyes,
As fickle and blunted with Communitie,
Afford no extraordinarie Gaze,
Such as is bent on Sunne-like Maiestie,
When it shines feldome in admiring Eyes :
But rather drows'd, and hung their eye-lids downe,
Slept in his Face, and rendred such affect
As Cloudie men vfe to doe to their adueraries,
Being with his preence glettred, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very Line, Henry, flanteft thou :
For thou haft loft thy Princely Prulledge,
With vite participation. Not an Eye
But is aweares of thy common fight,
Some men with hate with deft, doe thee more :
Which now doth that I would not have it doe,
Make blinde it felle with foolish tenderneffe.
Prince. I hall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my selfe.
King. For all the World,
As thou art to this house, was Richard then,
When I from France fet foot at Rauenburgh ;
And even as I was then, is Percy now :
Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the State
Then thou, the shadow of Succelion,
For of no Right, nor colour like to Right.
He doth fill fields with Harneis in the Realme,
Turnes head against the Lyons armed Iwes ;
And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,
Leads ancient Lords, and reverent Bishops on
To bloody Battell's, and to bruuing Armes.
What never-dying Honor hath he got,
Against renowned Douglass what height Deedes,
Whole hot Incursions, and great Name in Armes,
Holdes from all Souldiers chiefe Maioritie,
And Militarie Title Capitall.
Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Chrift,
Thrice hath the Hotspur Mars, in swathing Clothes,
This Infant Warrior, in his Enterprizes,
Discomfited great Douglass, ta'me him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep Defance vp,
And shake the peace and fafetie of our Throne.
And what say you to this ? Percy, Northumberland,
The Arch-bishops Grace of Yorke, Douglass,Mortimer,
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.
But wherefore doe I tell thee Newes to thee?
Why, Harry, doe I tell thee of my Foes,
Which art my neer'ft and dearest Enemie ?
Thou, that art like enough, through vaffall Feare,
Bafe Inclination, and the start of Spleene.
To fight againft me vnder Percies pay,
To dogge his heelles, and curtie at his frownes,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.
Prince. Doe not thinkse so, you hall not finde it so :
And Heauen forgive them, that so much have hwa'd
Your Malefities good thoughts away from me :
I will redeeme all this on Percies head,
And in the cloasing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your Sonne,
When I will weare a Garment all of Blood,
And faine my favours in a bloody Maske : Which wha't away, shall fioore my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, when ere it lights,
That this fame Child of Honor and Renowne,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-prayed Knight,
And your vnthought-of Harry chance to meet :
For every Honor fitting on his Helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My flames-redoubled. For the time will come,
That I shall make this Northerne Youth exchange
His glorious Deedes for my Indignities :
Percy is but my Fa'tor, good my Lord,
To engraffe vp glorious Deedes on my behalfe :
And I will call him to fo strict account,
That he shall render every Glory vp,
Yea, even the fliightlye worhip of his time,
Or I will tare the Reckoning from his Heart.
This, in the Name of Heauen, I promife here :
The which, if I performe, and doe furuiue,
I doo beeche your Malefie maye, falue
The long-growne Wounds of my intemperature :
If not, the end of Life cancells all Bands,
And I will dye a hundred thoufand Deaths,
Ere breake the smallleft parcell of this Vow.
King. A hundred thoufand Rebels dye in this :
Thou hall haue Charge, and foueraigne truit herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now good Blunt? thy Lookes are full of speed.
Blunt. So hath the Buinesse that I come to ipeake of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath fent word,
That Douglass and the Englifh Rebels met
The eleventh of this moneth, at Shrewsbury :
A mightie and a fearfull Head they are,
(If Promifes be kept on euery hand)
As euer offered foule play in a State.

King. The Earl of Westmerland fet forth to day :
With him my fonne, Lord John of Lancafter,
For this adverfiment is five daies old.
On Wednesday next, Harry thou hall fet forward :
On Thursday, wee our felues will march.
Our meeting is Bridgenorths and Harry, you shall march
Through Gloucestershire: by which account, Our Busineff valued some twelve days hence, Our general Forces at Bridgenorth shall meete. Our Hands are full of Businefte: let's away, Advantage feedes him fat, while men delay. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.

Falstaff. Bardolph, am I not faine away vilely, since this halt action? doe I not hate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skinne hangs about me like an olde Ladies loofe Gowne: I am withered like an olde Apple John. Well, Ie repent, and that suddenly, while I am in fome liking: I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the in-fide of a Church is made of; I am a Pepper-Corne, a Brewers Horfe, the in-fide of a Church. Company, villainous Company hath beene the fpyole of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are fo fretfull, you cannot live long.

Falstaff. Why there is it: Come, finge me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuous guen, as a Gentleman need to be; vertuous enough, fware little, dic'd not aboue feuen times a weke, went to a Bawdy-houfe not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, payd Money that I borrowed, three or foure times; flied well, and in good compaffe: and now I live out of all order, out of compaffe.

Bard. Why, you are fo fat, Sir John, that you must needes bee out of all compaffe; out of all reaonable compaffe, Sir John.

Falstaff. Doe thou amend thy Face, and Ie amend thy Life: Thou art our Admiral, thou beareth the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'ts in the Nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lampe.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my Face does you no harme.

Falstaff. No, Ie be fware: I make as good vie of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a Memento Mori. I never fee thy Face, but I thinkke upon Hell fire, and Diues that liued in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to vertue, I would sweare by thy Face; my Oath should bee, By the Fire: But thou art altogether guen over; and wert indeepe, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of vttre Darke neffe. When thou ran't vp Gads-Hill in the Night, to catch my Horfe, if I did not thinkke that thou hadst beene an Ignis fatius, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchase in Money. O, thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an ever-laffing Bone-fire-Light: thou haft faued me a thoufand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: But the Sack that thou haft drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the deareft Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintaine'd that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeares, Heauen reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in your Belly.

Falstaff. So should I be fure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter HoSaffe.

How now, Dame Partlet the Hen, haue you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket?

HoSaffe. Why Sir John, what do you thinke, Sir John? do you thinke I keepe Theues in my Houfe? I have search'd, I have enquired, fo haz my Husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Servant by Servant: the tighe of an Hayre was neuer loft in my houfe before.

Falstaff. Ye łye HoSaffe: Bardolph was thau'd, and loft many an Hayre; and Ie be fware my Pocket was pick't: goe to, you are a Woman, goe.

HoSaffe. Who I? I defire thee: I was never call'd fo in mine owne houfe before.

Falstaff. Go, I know you well enough.

HoSaffe. No, Sir John, you do not know me, Sir John: I know you, Sir John: you owe me Money, Sir John, and now you picke a quarrell, to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your Backe.

Falstaff. Doulas, filthy Doulas: I haue given them away to Bakers Wiues, and they have made Boulters of them.

HoSaffe. Now as I am a true Woman, Holland of eight fillings an Ell: You owe Money here besides, Sir John, for your Dyet, and by-Drinkings, and Money lent you, foure and twenty pounds.

Falstaff. Hee had his part of it, let him pay.

HoSaffe. Fie, alas hee is poore, hee hath nothing.

Falstaff. How? Poore? Looke vpon his Face: What call you Rich? Let them coynye his Nose, let them coynye his Cheeke: Ie not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Younger of me? Shall I not take mine cafe in mine Inne, but I shall have my Pocket pick'd? I haue loft a Scale-Ring of my Grandfathers, worth forty Markes.

HoSaffe. I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know not how off, that that Ring was Copper.

Falstaff. How? the Prince is a Jacke, a Sneake-Cuppe: and if hee were heere, I would cudgell him like a Dogge, if hee would fay fo.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets him, playing on his Truncheon like a Fife.

Falstaff. How now Lad? is the Winde in that Doe? Muft we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

HoSaffe. My Lord, I pray you heare me, Prince. What fay't thou, Miftrife Quickly? How does thy Husband? I love him well, hee is an honeft man.

HoSaffe. Good, my Lord, heare mee.

Falstaff. Preethe let her alone, and lift to mee.

Prince. What fay't thou, Jacke?

Falstaff. The other Night I felle asleep heere behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pickt: this Houfe is turn'd Bawdy-houfe, they picke Pocktes.

Prince. What didft thou lofe, Jacke?

Falstaff. Wilt thou beleue me, Hal? Three or foure Bonds of fortie pound apeece, and a Scale-Ring of my Grandfathers.

Prince. A Trife, some eight-penny matter.

HoSaffe. So I told him, my Lord; and I faid, I heard your Grace fay fo: and (my Lord) hee speakes moft vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man as hee is, and faid, hee would cudgell you.

Prince. What hee did not?

HoSaffe. There's neyther Faith, Truth, nor Woman-hood in me elfe.

Falstaff. There's
Fal. There's no more faith in thee then a flu'de Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for Woman-hood, Maid-marian may be the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Go, you nothing: go.


Fal. What thing? why a thing to thanke heauen on.

Hof. I am no thing to thanke heauen on, I wold thou sholdst know it: I am an honest mans wife: and setting thy Knights-hood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy woman-hood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Hof. Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?


Prin. An Otter, sir John? Why an Otter?

Fal. Why? She's neither fish nor feaft; a man knowes not where to have her.

Hof. Thou art vnuit man in saying so; thou, or anie man knowes where to have me, thou knaue thou.

Prince. Thou say'ft true Hosteller, and he flanders thee most grosfily.

Hof. So he doth you, my Lord, and fayde this other day, You ought him a thoufand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thoufand pound?

Fal. A thoufand pound Hal? A Million. Thy loue is worth a Million; thou ow'ft me thy loue.

Hof. Nay my Lord, he call'd you lacke, and faid hee would cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bar. Indeed Sir John, you faid fo.

Fal. Yeaf, if he faid my Ring was Copper.

Prince. I fay 'tis Copper. Dar'ft thou bee as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why Hal? thou know'ft, as thou art but a man, I dare: but, as thou art a Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons Whelpes.

Prince. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himfelfe is to bee feared as the Lyon: Do'ft thou thinke Ie fear thee, as I fear thy Father may if I do, let my Girdle break.

Prin. O, if it should. bow would thy guttes fall about thy knees. but fira: There's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this bofome of thine: it is all fill'd vp with Guttes and Mirdiffe. Charge an honest Woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horfon impudent imboft Rafcall, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Tauerne Recknungs, Memorandums of Bawdle-houfes, and one poore peny-worth of Sugar-candie to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were enrich'd with anie o- ther injuries but thefe, I am a Villaine: And yet you will hand to it, you will not Pocket vp wrong. Art thou not afham'd?

Fal. Do'ft thou heare Hal? Thou know'ft in the flate of Innocency, Adam fell: and what should poore Jacke Falaffe do, in the days of Villany? Thou feeft, I have more flie then another man, and therefore more flarity. You confede then you pickt my Pocket?

Prin. It appears fo by the Story.

Fal. Hosteller, I forgiue thee: Go make ready Breakfaste, loue thy Husband, Looke to thy Servants, and cherifh thy Guests: Thou shalt find me truftabl'e to any honfet reafon: Thou feeft, I have pacified all.

Nay, I prethee be gone.

Exit Hosteller.

Now Hal, to the newes at Court for the Robbery, Lad? How is that answered?

Prin. O my sweet Beefe: I must flill be good Angell to thee. The Monie is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying backe, 'tis a double Labour.

Prin. I am good Friends with my Father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou do'ft, and do it with vnwaft'd hands too.

Bard. Do my Lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee Lacke, a Charge of Foot.

Fal. I would it had beene of Horfe. Where fhall I finde one that can fteale well? O, for a fine thefe of two and twenty, or thereabout: I am heymonouly vnprouded. Wel God be thanked for thefe Rebels, they offend none but the Vertuous. I laud them, I praife them.

Prin. Bardolph.

Bar. My Lord.

Prin. Go beare this Letter to Lord John of Lancaster To my Brother John. This to my Lord of Westmerland, Go Peto, to horfe: for thou, and I, Haue thirtie miles to ride yet ere dinner time.

Lacke, meet me to morrow in the Temple Hall At two a clokke in the afternoone, Where thall thou know thy Charge, and there receiue Money and Order for their Furniture. The Land is burning, Percie flands on hye, And either they, or we must lower lye. Fal. Rare words! braue world.

Hosteller, my breakfaft, come: Oh, I could with this Tauerne were my drumme.

Exit omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Harry Hotspur, Worcefter, and Dowglas.

Hot. Well faid, my Noble Scot, if speaking truth In this fine Age, were not thought flatterie, Such attribution should the Dowglas haue, As not a Soulard of this fessions flame, Should go fo generallly currant through the world. By heaven I can tale feller: I defie The Tongues of Soother. But a Brauer place In my hearts lue, hath no man then your Selfe. Nay,take me to my word: approue me Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of Honor:

No man so potent breathes upon the ground,

But I will Beard him.

Enter a Megifter.

Hot. Do fo, and 'tis well. What Letters haft there? I can but thank you. Meg. Th'fe Letters come from your Father.

Hot. Letters from him?

Why comes he not himfelfe?

Meg. He cannot come, my Lord, He is greeuous sicke.

Hot. How? haz he the leyfure to be fickle now In such a flufing time? Who leads his power? Vnder whole Government come they along?

Meg.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Moff. His Letters beares his minde, not I his minde.
Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keep his Bed?
Moff. He did, my Lord, fourye dayes ere I fet forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his Physician.
Wor. I would the fates of time had firft beeene whole,
Ere he by fickness had beene vifited:
His health was never better worth then now.
Hoff. Sicke, now! droope now! this fickness doth infect
The very Life-blood of our Enterprize,
'Tis catching hither, even to our Campe.
He writes me here, that inward fickness,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not fo foon be drawn: nor did he thinke it meet,
To lay fo dangerous and dear a truth
On any Soule remoul'd, but on his owne.
Yet doth he give vs bold aduertifement,
That with our small conuufion we should on,
To see how Fortune is difpo'd to vs:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainly poffeff
Of all our purpofes. What fay you to it?
Wor. Your Fathers fickneffe is a mayme to vs.
Hoff. A perillous Caff, a very Limme loft off:
And yet, in faith, it is not his preuent want
Seemes more then we shall finde it.
Were it good, to fet the exact wealth of all our flates
All at one Caft? To fet fo rich a mayne
On the nice hazard of one doubtfull hour,
It were not good: for therein should we reade
The very Botome, and the Soule of Hope,
The very Lift, the very vtmof Bound
Of all our fortunes.
Deng. Faith, and fo wee should,
Where now remains a sweet reuerion.
We may boldly fpend, vpoun the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retreymt lies in this.
Hoff. A Randeuous, a Home to fye vnto,
If that the Deuill and Mischance looke bigge
Vpon the Maydenhead of our Affaires.
Wor. But yet I would your Father had beene here:
The Qualitie and Heire of our Attempt
Brookes no diuilion: It will be thought
By fome, that know not why he is away,
That wifedome, loyaltie, and meere diflike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how fuch an apprehension
May turne the lyke of fearfull Paffion,
And breede a kinde of quefition in our caufe:
For well you know, wee of the offering fide,
Muft keepe aloofe from strict arbitrement,
And ftop all fight-holes, eyre loope, from whence
The eye of reafon may pre in vpoun vs:
This abfence of your Father draws a Curtaine,
That fhes the ignorant a kinde of fearre,
Before not dreamt of.
Hoff. You trayne too farre.
I rather of his abfence make this fve:
It lends a Luftre, and more great Opinion,
A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,
Then if the Earle were here: for men muft thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a Head
To pufh againft the Kingdome; with his helpe,
We shall o're-turne it tofte-turvy downe:
Yet all goes well, yet all our loyants are whole.
Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Falstaff. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry, fill me a Bottle of Sack, our Souldiers shall march through: we'll to Sutton-cop-hill to Night.

Bardolph. Will you give me Money, Captaine?

Falstaff. Lay out, lay out.

Bardolph. This Bottle makes an Angel.

Falstaff. And if it doe, take it for thy labour: and if it make twentie, take them all, Ile anfwer the Coynage. Bid my Lieutenant Petru meete me at the Townes end.

Bardolph. I will Captaine: farewell.

Falstaff. If I be not aham'd of my Souldiers, I am a sove't-Gurnet: I have mif-v'd the Kings Preffe damably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie Souldiers, three hundred and odde Pounds. I preffe mee none but good Houfe-holders, Yeomens Sonnes: enquire me out contratfed Batchelers, such as had bene ask'd twice on the Banes: such a Commodity of warme faues, as had as lieue heare the Deuill, as a Drumme; fuch as feare the report of a Caliuier, worfe then a truc' Foole, or a hurt wilde-Ducke. I preffe mee none but fuch Toites and Butter, with Hearts in their Belies no bigger then Pinnes heads, and they have bought out their fervices: And now, my whole Charge, confifts of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as ragged as Laxarus in the painted Cloth, where the Gluttons Dogges licked his Sores: and fuch, as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but dif-carded vnuift Slueringmen, younger Sonnes to younger Brothers, revolted Tapfeters and Oftlers, Trade-faine, the Cankers of a calme World, and long Peace, tenne times more dis-honorable ragged, then an old-fa'd Ancient; and fuch haue I to fill vp the roome of them that have bought out their fervices: that you would thinkke, that I had a hundred and fiftie totter'd Prodigalls, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Drafte and Huskes. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the Gibbets, and preft the dead bodies. No eye hath fere such skar-Crowes: Ile not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if they had Gyues on; for indeede, I had the moft of them out of Prison. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tacket together, and throwne over the shoulders like a Heralds Coat, without fleeves: and the Shirt, to fay the truth, fchine from my Hoft of S Albones, or the Red-Nofe Keeper-of Dauntry. But that's all one, they're finde Linnen enough on euerie Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Weftermiland.

Prince. How now blovne Jack? how now Quilt?

Falstaff. What Hai! How now mad Wag, what a Deuill do't thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Weftermiland, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had alreadie beene at Shrewsbury.

Wesg. 'Faith, Sir John, tis more then time that I were there, and you too: but my Powers are there alreadie. The King, I can tell you, looks for vs all: we must away all to Night.

Falstaff. 'Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steale Creame.

Prince. I think to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath alreadie made thee Butter: but tell me, Jack, whose fellows are thefe that come after?


Prince. I did neuer fuch pitifull Rascals.

Falstaff. Tut, tut, good enough to toffe foode for Power, foode for Powder: they're a Pit, as well as better: rufh man, mortall men, mortall men.

Wefg. I, but Sir Iohn, me thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

Falstaff. Faith, for their pouerietie, I know not where they had that; and for their barenffe, I am sure they neuer learn'd that of me.

Prince. No, Ile be sworne, vnleffe you call three fingers on the Ribbes bare. But firra, make haffe, Percy is already in the field.

Falstaff. What, is the King encamp'd?

Wesg. Hee is, Sir Iohn, I fee wee shall flay too long.

Falstaff. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the begining of a Feafe, fits a dull fighter, and a keene Gueft.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hafbur, Wrecflel, Dowglait, and Vernon.

Hafbur. Wee'le fight with him to Night.

Worc. It may not be.

Dowglait. You give him then advantage.

Vern. Not a whit.

Hafbur. Why lay you fo? lookes he not for supply?

Vern. So doe wee.

Hafbur. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Worc. Good Cousin be aduia'd, firre not to night.

Vern. Doe not, my Lord.

Dowglait. You doe not counfaile well:

Vern. You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Vern. Doe me no fandler, Dowglait by my Life, and I dare well maintain it with my Life, if well-reſpectede Honor bid me on, I hold as little counſaile with weake feares, as you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day lyes. Let it be feene to morrow in the Battell,
Which of vs feares.

Dowglait. Yea, or to night.

Vern. Content.

Hafbur. To night, fay I.

Vern. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being me of fuch great leading as you are,

That you fore-fe in not what impediments

Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horfe

Of my Cousin Vernon's are not yet come vp,

Your Vnclle Wrecflel Horfe came but to day,

And now their pride and mettall alfeepes,

Their Courage with hard Labour tame and dull,

That not a Horfe is halfe the halfe of himselfe.

Hafbur. So are the Horfes of the Enemie,

In generall journey bated, and brought low:

The better part of ours are full of reft.

Worc. The
Worc. The number of the King exceedeth ours:  
For Gods sake, Cousin, stay till all come in.

The Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,  
If you would have me hearing, and respect.

Huff. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt:  
And would to God you were of our determination.

Some of vs love you well: and even though some  
Enuie your great deseruing, and good name,  
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an Enemy.

Blunt. And Heauen defend, but still I should stand so,  
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,  
You stand against anoynted Maleifie.
But to my Charge.

The King hath sent to know  
The nature of your Griefes, and whereupon  
You coniure from the Bref of Civill Peace,
Such bold Hostiliteit, teaching his dutious Land  
Audacipus Crueltie. If that the King  
Have any way your good Deferts forgot,  
Which he confeceth to be manifold,
He bids you name your Griefes, and with all speed  
You shall have your desires, with interest;  
And Pardon absolute for your felfe, and thefe,  
Herein mis-led, by your suggestion.

Huff. The King is kind:
And well wee know, the King  
Knowes at what time to promife, when to pay.
My Father, vour Vnckle, and my felfe,
Did give him that fame Royaltie he wearas:
And when he was not fixe and twentie strong,
Sick in the Worlds regard, wretched, and low,
A poore vmminded Out-law, sneaking home,
My Father gaue him welcome to the foare:
And when he heard him fware, and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancashire,
To fee his Luerie, and begge his Peace,
With tears of Innocencie, and tearmes of Zeale;
My Father, in kinde heart and pitty mou'd,
Swoare him affiance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and leffe came in with Cap and Knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on Bridges, ffood in Lanes,  
Layed Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oathes,  
Gave him their Heires, as Pages followed him,
Euen at the heele, in golden multitudes.
He prefently, as Greatnesse knowes it felle,
Steps me a little higher then his Vow
Made to my Father, while his blood was poor,
Vpon the naked fhor at Rauenpurg:h
And now (foorth) takes on him to reforme
Some certaine Edicts, and some ftrait Decreets,
That lay too heavie on the Common-wealth;
Cryes out vpon.abus'd, fremes to weepen
Ouer his Countries Wrongs: and by this Face,
This seeming Brow of Justice, did he winne
The hearts of all that hee did angle for.
Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
Of all the Favorites, that the abfent King
In deputation left behinde him heere,

When hee was perfonall in the Irih Warre.
Blunt. Tis, I came not to heare this.
Huff. Then to the point.
In short time after, hee depos'd the King.
Sonee after that, deprin'd him of his Life:
And in the neck of that, task't the whole State.
To make that worfe, fuffer'd his Kinffman March,  
Who is, if every Owner were plac'd,
Indeed his King, to be engag'd in Wales,
There, without Ranfome, to lye forfeited:
Difgrac'd me in my happy Victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Vnckle from the Counsell-Boord,
In rage difmil'd my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath on Oath, committ'd Wrong on Wrong,
And in conclusion, drove vs to fearch out
This Head of fafetie; and withall, to prie
Into his Title: the which wee finde
Too indirect, for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I returne this anfwer to the King?
W'e'll with-draw a while:
Goe to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some foretie for a fafe returne againe,
And in the Morning early hall my Vnckle
Bring him our purpofe: and fo farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Loue.
Huff. And't may be, we wee hal'll.
Blunt. Pray Heauen you doe.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Arch-BiJhop of Yorks, and Sir Michell.

Arch. Hee, good Sir Michell, beare this fealed Briefe
With winged haffe to the Lord Marshall,
This to my Cousin Scroope, and all the reft  
To whom they are directed.
If you knew how much they doe import,
You would make haste.

Arch. Like enough you doe.
To morrow, good Sir Michell, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch. For Sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly giuen to vnderstand,
The King, with mightie and quick-rayfed Power,
Meetes with Lord Harry; and I feare, Sir Michell,
What with the sicknesse of Northumberland,
Whose Power was in the firft proportion;
And what with Owen Glendowers abfence thence,
Who with them was rated firmeely too,
And comes not in, ouer-ru'd by Prophecies,
I feare the Power of Percy is too weake,
To wage an infant tryall with the King.

Sir Mich. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is Douglas, and Lord Mortimer.
Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.
Sir Mich. But there is Marsdy, Perrow, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester,
And a Head of gallant Warriors,
Noble Gentlemen.

Arch. And
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Act III. Scene I.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle of Westmorland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaff.

King. How bloodylie the Sunne begins to peere
Aboue you buske hill : the day lookes pale
At his ditemperature.

Prince. The Southerne winde
Doth play the Trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whirling in the Leaues,
Fortells a Tempest, and a blufing day.

King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can feeme soule to thofe that win.

Enter Worcester.

King. How now my Lord of Worcest? 'Tis not so well
That you and I should meet vpon fuch tearmes,
As now we meet. You haue decrei'd our trutth,
And made vs doffe our eafie Robes of Peace,
To cruft our old limbes in vngentle Steele :
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What fay you to it? Will you againe vgnknt
This churlifh knot of all-abhorred Warre?
And moue in that obedient Orbe againe,
Where you did give a faire and natural light,
And be no more an exahll'd Meteor,
A prodigie of Fear, and a Portent
Of broached Mifcheefe, to the vnborne Times?

Wor. Hearre me, my Lige :
For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine the Lagge-end of my life
With quiet hours: For I do protest,
I haue not fought the day of this dislike,

King. You haue not fought it: how comes it then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prince. Peace, Chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Maiesty, to turne your lookes
Of Favour, from my Selfe, and all our Houfe ;
And yet I muft remember you my Lord,
We were the first, and deareft of your Friends :
For you, my Staaffe of Office did I breake
In Richards time, and poated day and night
To meete you on the way, and kiffe your hand,

When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing fo strong and fortunate, as I ;
It was my SELF, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The danger of the time. You swore to vs,
And you did fware that Oath at Doncafter,
That you did nothing of purpole'gainft the State,
Nor claim no further, then your new-falne right,
The feate of Gaunt, Dukedom of Lancaster,
To this, we fware our aide: But in short space,
It rain'd downe Fortune snowing on your head,
And fuch a fould of Greatnes fell on you,
What with our helpe, what with the ablest King,
What with the injuries of wanton time,
The feeming fuffrances that you had borne,
And the contrarious Windes that held the King
So long in the vnlucky Irish Warres,
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this swarme of faire advantages,
You tooke occaion to be quickly woode,
To gripe the generall fway into your hand,
Forgot your Oath to vs at Doncafter,
And being fed by vs, you'd vs fo,
As that vngentle gull the Cuckowes Bird,
Vfeth the Sparrow, did opprefse our Neffe,
Grew by our Feeding, to fo great a bulke,
That euen our Loue duft not come neere your flight.

For fear of swallowing : But with nimble wing
We were inforc'd for safety fake, to flye
Out of your sight, and raise this prefent Head,
Whereby we fland oppofed by fuch meanes
As you your felfe, haue forg'd againft your felfe,
By vnkinde viage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and truith
Sworne to vs in yourner enterprize.

Kis. These things indeede you haue articulated,
Proclaim'd at Market Croffe, read in Churches,
To face the Garment of Rebellion
With some fine colour, that may pleafe the eye
Of fickle Changelings, and poore Difcontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes
Of hurly burly Innovation :
And never yet did Inforrcfion want
Such water-colours, to imprint his caufe:
Nor moody Beggars, haruing for a time
Of pell-mell hauocke, and confufion.

Prince. In both our Armies, there is many a soule
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they lyone in triall. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth lyone with all the world
In praiue of Henry Percy : By my Hopes,
This prefent enterprize fet off his head,
I do not thinke a brauer Gentleman,
More actue, valiant, or more valiant yong,
More daring, or more bold, is now alie,
To grace this latter Age with Noble deeds.
For my part, I may fpeak it to my fame,
I haue a Truant beene to Chialury,
And fo I heare, he doth account me too :
Yet this before my Fathers Maiestie,
I am content that he shall take the oddes
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to faue the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him, in a Single Fight.

King. And Prince of Wales, do dare we venter thee,
Albeit, confiderations infinite
Do make against it: No good Worfev, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are milled upon your Cowins part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace:
Both he, and they, and you; yes, every man
Shall be my Friend againe, and Ile be his.
So tell your Cousin, and bring me word,
What he will do. But if he will not yeld,
Rebuke and dread corretion waiete on vs,
And they shall do their Office. So bee gone,
We will not now be trubled with reply,
We offer faiire, take it aduifefully. 

Exit Worcefter.

Prin. It will not be accepted, on my life,
The Dowglas and the Hafloure both together,
Are confident against the world in Armes.

King. Hence therefore, every Leader to his charge,
For on their anwer will we fet on them;
And God befriended vs, as our caufe is luft. 

Exeunt. 

Manet Prince and Falaffe.

Fal. Hal, if thou fee me downe in the battell,
And befriend me,io; tis a point of friendship.

Prin. Nothing but a Coloflius can doe thee that friendship
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed time Hal, and all well.

Prin. Why, thou ow'th heaven a death.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would bee loath to pay him before his day.
What neede I bee fo forward with him,
that call's not on me. Well, 'tis no matter, Honor pricke
me on. But if Honour pricke me off when I come on?
How then? Can Honour fet too a legge? No: or an
arre? No: Or take away the greefe of a wound? No.
Honour hath no skill in Surgerie, then? No. What is Hon-
our? A word. What is that word Honour? Ayre: A
trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that dy'de a Wednes-
day. Doth he fee it? No. Doth hee hear it? No. Is it
inffible then? yea, to the dead. But wil it not live with
the living? No. Why? Detraction wil not suffet it therefore
Ile none of it. Honour is a meere Scutcheon, and so
ends my Catechifme. 

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worcefter, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberall kinde offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere bett he did.

It is not poffible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will not feeke vs ill, and finde a time
To punifh this offence in others faults:
Supposition, all our liues, shall be fluke full of eyes;
For Traifon is but trufted like the Foxe,
Where ne're fo tame, fo cheeriſh, and lock'd vp,
Will have a wilde tricke of his Ancestors:
Looke how he can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,
And we shall feede like Oxen at a hall,
The better cheeriſh, the nearer death.
My Nephewes treajaffe may be well forgot,
It hath the exclue of youth, and heate of blood,

And an adopted name of P'dulidge,
A hair-brain'd Haffour, governed by a Spleene:
All his offences lieu upon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs,
We as the Spring of all, shall pay for all:
Therefore good Cousin, let not Harry know
In any cafe, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, Ile say 'tis fo.
Here comes your Cousin.

Enter Hafloure.

Hot. My Vnkle is return'd,
Deliver vp my Lord of Weftmerland.
Vnkle, what news? 

Wor. The King will bid you battell presently.

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of Weftmerland.
Hot. Lord Dowglas: Go you and tell him so.

Wor. Marty and shall, and verie willingly.

Exeunt Dowглас.

Wor. There is no feemong mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you begge any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gentle of our grievances,
Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworne,
He calls vs Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge
With haughty armes, this hateful full name in vs.

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I haue thrown
A braye defiance in King Henries teeth:
And Weftmerland that was ingag'd did haue it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales left forth before the king,
And Nephew, challenge d you to fingle fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vp on our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and Harry Monmouth. Tell me, tell mee,
How shew'd his Talking? Seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my Soule: I never in my life
Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modestly,
Vnleffe a Brother shoul'd a Brother dare
To gentle exercife, and proofe of Armes.
He gauue you all the Duties of a Man,
Trimm'd vp your praiſes with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your deferuings like a Chronicle,
Making you enuer better then his praiſe,
By still depraifing praiſe, valew'd with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a blushing citall of himselfe,
And chid his Trewant youth with fuch a Grace,
As if he maftred there a double spirit
Of teaching, and of learning intantly:
There did he praufe. But let me tell the World,
If he out-lie the enue of this day,
England did never owre fo fweet a hope,
So much miscoujtrued in his Wantonneffe.

Hot. Cousin, I thinke thou art enamored
On his Follies: neuer did I hear
Of any Prince so wilde at Liberty.
But he is as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he shall shrinke vnder my curteſie.
Arme, arme with feede. And Fellow's, Soldiers, Friends,
Better consider what you haue to do,
That I that haue not well the gift of Tongue,
Can lift your blood vp with perfwation.

Msf. My Lord, heere are Letters for you.

Hor. I cannot reade them now.

O Gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortneffe bafely, were too long.
If life did ride vp a Dials point,
Still ending at the arrual of an houre,
And if we live, we live to treade on Kings:
If dye; brave death, when Princes dye with vs.
Now for our Conferences, the Armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is last.

Msf. My Lord prepare, the King comes on spacce.

Hor. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I professe not talking: Onely this,
Let each man do his bent. And heere I draw a Sword,
Whoe worthy temper I intend to flaine
With the beft blood that I can meeete withall,
In the adventure of this perillous day.
Now Elperance Percy, and fett on :
Sound all the lofty Infruments of Warre,
And by that Mufick, let vs all embrace :
For heauen to earth, fome of vs neuer hall,
A fecond time do fhuch a curtefe.

They embrace the Trumpets sound, the King entereth
with his power, alarum unto the battell. Then enter
Dowglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blu. What is thy name, that in battell thus y crosseit me?
What honor doft thou fecke vpon my head?

Dow. Know then my name is Dowglas,
And I do haunt thee in the battell thus,
Because fome tell me, that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of Stafford deere to day hath bought
Thy likeneffe : for ifted of thee Harry
This Sword hath ended him, fo thall it thee,
Vnleffe thou yeeld thee as a Prifoner.

Blu. I was not borne to yeeld, thou haughty Scot,
And thou fhalt finde a King that will revenge
Lords Stafford's death.

Flight, Blunt is flaine, then enters Hotspur.

Hot. O Dowglas, hadft thou fought at Holmedon thus
I never had triumphed o're a Scot.

Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathles lies the king
Hot. Where #

Dow. Heere.

Hot. This Dowglas? No, I know this face full well : A gallant Knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably furnifh'd like the King himfelfe.

Dow. Ah foole: go with thy soule whether it goes,
A borrowed Title haft thou bought too deere.
Why difdft thou tell me, that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coats.

Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,
Ile murder all his Wardrobe peece by peece,
Vntill I meet the King.

Hot. Vp, and away,
Our Souldiers stand full fairely for the day. Exeunt

Fal. Though I could fcape shot-free at London, I fear the shot heere : here's no scoring, but upon the pate.
Soft who are you? Sir Walter Blunt, there's Honour for you:
here's no vanity, I am as hot as molten Lead, and as hearty too; heauen keepe Lead out of mee, I neede no more weight then mine owne Bowelles. I haue led my rag of Muffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my 150. left alue, and they for the Townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere?

Enter the Prince.

Pri. What, stand'st thou idle here? Lend me thy fword,
Many a Nobleman likesftarke and fiffe
Vnder the houses of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are vnreqveng'd. Pretyy lend me thy fword
Fal. O Hal, I prethee give me leaue to breath awhile:
Turke Gregory never did fuch deeds in Armes, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him fure.

Pri. He is indeed, and liking to kill thee :
I prethee lend me thy fword.

Fal. Nay Hal, if Percy bee alue, thou geth not my Sword; but take my Piffoll if thou wilt.

Pri. Glue it me : What, is it in the Cafe ?
Fal. I Hal, 'tis hot: There's that will Sacke a City.
The Prince draws out a Bourne of Sacke.

Pri. What, is it a time to left and daily now. Exit.

Throes it at him.

Fal. If Percy be alue, Ile pierce him: if he do come in my way, fo : if he do not, if I come in his (willingly) let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not fuch grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: Give mee life, which if I can faue, fo : if not, honour comes vnlook'd for, and ther's an end.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Alarum, execrations, enter the King, the Prince,
Lord John of Lancafter, and Earle of Wiftmerland.

King. I prethee Harry withdraw thy felfe, thou blee-deft too much: Lord John of Lancafter, go you with him.

P. Job. Not I, my Lord, vnleffe I did bleed too.

Pri. I brefeeh your Maiety make vp,
Leaff your retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do fo :
My Lord of Wiftmerland leade him to his Tent.

Wst. Come my Lord, Ile leade you to your Tent.

Pri. Lead me my Lord! I do not need your helpe:
And heauen forbid a shallow scratch shoud drive
The Prince of Wales from fuch a field as this,
Where ftain'd Nobility lyes troden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in lnflacces.

Job. We breath too long : Come cofin Wiftmerland,
Our duty this way lies, for heauens fake come.

Pri. By heauen thou haft deceu'd me Lancafter,
I did not thinke thee Lord of fuch a Spirit:
Before, I lou'd thee as a Brother, John;
But now, I do reftpeckt thee as my Soule.

King. I law him hold Lord Percy at the point,
With fuffer meanteine then I did looke for
Of fuch an vngrowe Warriour.

Pri. O this Boy, lends metall to vs all.

Exeunt.

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Another King? They grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Dowglas, fatal to all thofe
That ware those colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeit the perfon of a King?

King. The King himfelfe : who Dowglas grieves at hart

So
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

So many of his shadowes thou haft met,
And not the very King, I have two Boyes
Seeke Percy and thy felie about the Field:
But seeing thou fall'ft on me so luckily,
I will affay thee: so defend thy felie.

'Dow. I feare thou art another counterfeit:
And yet infait thou bear'st thee like a King:
But mine I am sure thou art, wherebe thou be,
And thus I win thee. They fight, the Kate in danger,
Enter Prince.

Prin. Hold vp they head vile Scot, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp againe: the Spirits
Of valiant Stedy, Stafford, Blunts, are in my Armes;
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who never promifieth, but he means to pay.

They Fight, Dowglas fyeth.

Cheerely My Lord: how far'e your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gaufey hath for succour sent,
And fo hath Clifton: Ile to Clifton Straight.
King. Stay, and breath awhile.
Thou haft redeem'd thy loft opinion,
And shew'd thou ma'k't some tender of my life
In this faire refuge thou haft brought to mee.
Prin. 0 heauen, they did me too much injury,
That euer said I heartned to your death.
If it were, so I might haue let alone
The infulting hand of Dowglas ouer you,
Which would haue bene as speedy in your end,
As all the poynous Potions in the world,
And fau'd the Treacherous labour of your Sonne.

K. Make vp to Clifton, Ile to Sir Nicholas Gaufey, Exit Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.
Prin. Thou speakest as if I would deny my name.
Hot. Thy name is Harris Percy.

Prin. Why then I see a very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not Percy,
To dare with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double reign,
Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of vs, and would to heauen,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.
Prin. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all the budding Honours on thy Creed,
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy Vanities. Fight.
Enter Falshaft.

Fal. Well said Hal, to it Hal. Nay you shall finde no
Boytes play here, I can tell you.

Enter Dowglas, be fights with Falshaff, who falls down
as if be were dead. The Prince killeth Percy.

Hot. Oh Harry, thou haft rob'd me of my youth:
I better brooke the losse of brettie life,
Then though proud Titles thou haft wonne of me,
They wound my thoughts woorke, then the sword my felie:
But thought's the flame of Life, and Life, Times foole;
And Time, that takes suruey of all the world,
Must haue a stop. O, I could Prophefie,
But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,
Lyes on my Tongue: No Percy, thou art duft
And food for——

Prin. For Wormes, braue Percy. Farewell great hearts
Ill-w'en'd Ambition, how much art thou frustrate?
When that this bodie did containe a spirit,

A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:
But now two paces of the vileft Earth
Is roome enough. This Earth that bears the dead,
Beares not alue fo flout a Gentleman.
If thou wert'te fensible of curtefe,
I should not make fo great a shew of Zeale.
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my felle
For doing thee fayre Rites of Tendemefe.
Adieu, and take thy prafe with thee to heauen,
Thy ignomy fiepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.
What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this fleh
Kepe in a little life? Poore Iacke, farewell:
I could haue better spar'd a better man,
O, I fhaould have a heauy mifle of thee,
If Ie were much in loue with Vanity.
Death hath not ftrucke fo fat a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody Fray:
Imbowell'd will I fee thee by and by,
Till then, in blood, by Noble Percie lye.

Falstaff riseth up.

Fal. Imbowell'd! If thou imbowell mee to day, Ile
give you leauue to powder me, and eat me too to morow.
Twas time to counterfeft, or that hotte Termagant Scot,
had paid me Scot and lot too.Counterfeft? I am no counterfeft; to dye, is to be a counterfeft, for hee is but the counterfeft of a man, who hath not the life of a man: But to counterfeft dyeing, when a man thereby lieth,is to be no counterfeft, but the true and perfect image of life indeede. The better part of Valour, is Difcretion; in the which better part, I haue faued my life. I am affraid of this Gun-powder Percy though he be dead. How if hee should counterfeft too, and rife? I am afraid hee would proue the better counterfeft: therefore Ile make him fore: yea, and Ile fware I kill'd him. Why may not hee rife as well as I: Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no-bodie fees me.Therefore leaue, with a new wound in thy thigh come you along me.

Enter Prince and John of Lancafher.

Prin. Come Brother John, full bruely haft thou fleete thy Maiden sword.

John. But foft, who haue we here?
Did you not tell me this Fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I faw him dead,
Breathleffe, and bleeding on the ground: Art thou alue?
Or is it fantafe that plays vpou our eye-fight?
I prethee speakes, we will not truft our eyes
Without our eares. Thou art not what thou feemt'

Fal. No, that's certaine: I am not a double man: but
or I be not Jacke Falstaffe, then am I a Jacke: There is Percy, if your Father will do me any Honor, fo: if not, let him kill the next Percie himselfe. I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can affure you.

Prin. Why, Percy I kill'd my felfe, and faw thee dead.

Fal. Did it thou Lord, Lord, how the world is gien to Lying? I grant you I was downe, and out of Breath, and fo was he, but we rofe both at an instant, and fought a long houre by Shrewsburie clocke. If I may bee beleued, fo: if not, let them that should reward Valoure, bear their finne vpou their owne heads. Ile take't on my death I gaue him this wound in the Thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eate a peace of my fword.

John. This is the strangelf Tale that e're I heard.

Prin. This is the strangelf Fellow, Brother John.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe:
For my part, if a lye may do thee grace,
Ile gil’d it with the happiest tearmes I haue.

_A Retreat is founded._
The Trumpets sound Retreat, the day is ours:
Come Brother, let’s to the highest of the field,
To see what Friends are lying, who are dead.  _Exeunt_ Fal. Ile follow as they lay, for Reward. HEE that rewards me, heaven reward him. If I do grow great again,
Ile grow leffe? For Ile purge, and leave Sacke, and fue cleanly, as a Nobleman should do.  _Exit_

**Scena Quarta.**

_The Trumpets sound._

_Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle of Weftmerland, with Worcester & Vernon Prisoners._

King. Thus euer did Rebellion finde Rebuke. Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not fend Grace, Pardon, and tearmes of Loue to all of you? And would’st thou turne our offers contrary? Misufe the tenor of thy Kinfmans truth?

Three Knights upon our party flaine to day,
A Noble Earle, and many a creature else,
Had beene alue this houre,
If like a Christifian thou had’st truly borne
Betwixt our Armies, true Intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done, my safety urg’d me to,
And I embrace this fortune patientely,
Since not to be avoyd, it falls on mee.

King. Beare Worfefter to death, and Vernon too:
Other Offenders we will paufe vpon.

_How goes the Field?_  

Prin. The Noble Scot Lord Dowglas, when hee faw
The fortune of the day quite turn’d from him,
The Noble Percy flaine, and all his men,
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the reft;
And falling from a hill, he was fo bruiz’d
That the purfuers tooke him. At my Tent
The Dowglas is, and I befeech your Grace,
I may difpofe of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prin. Then Brother John of Lancafter,
To you this honourable bounty fhall belong:
Go to the Dowglas, and deliuer him
Vp to his pleafure, ranfomleffe and free:
His Valour fhewne vpon our Crefts to day,
Hath taught vs how to cherifh fuch high deeds,
Euen in the bofone of our Aduerfaries.

King. Then this remains: that we diuidde our Power.
You Sonne John, and my Coufin Weftmerland
Towards Yorke fhall bend you, with your deereft speed
To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate Scroope,
Who(as we hear)are bufly in Armes.
My Selfe, and you Sonne Harry will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower, and the Earle of March.
Rebellion in this Land fhall lofe his way,
Meeting the Checke of fuch another day:
And since this Buineffe fo faire is done,
Let vs not leave till all our owne be wonne.  _Exeunt._

**FINIS.**
The Second Part of Henry the Fourth,  
Containing his Death: and the Coronation  
of King Henry the Fift.

**Actus Primus. Scena Prima.**

**Induction.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Enter Rumour.</th>
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Pen your Eares: For which of you will stop  
The vent of Hearing, when loud *Rumor* speaks?  
I, from the Orient, to the drooping Weft  
(Making the winde my Poft-horfe) still vnfold  
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.  
Vpon my Tongue, coniuent Slanders ride,  
The which, in every Language, I pronounce,  
Stuffing the Eares of them with false Reports:  
I speake of Peace, while couert Enmity  
(Vnder the smile of Safety) wounds the World:  
And who but *Rumor*, who but onely I  
Make fearfull Muslers, and prepar'd Defence,  
Whil're the bigge yeare, with love and some other griefes,  
Is thought with childe, by the terme Tyrant, Warre,  
And no such matter? *Rumor*, is a Pipe  
Blowne by Surmifes, Ieloufies, Coniectures;  
And of so eafe, and fo plaide a flop,  
That the blunt Monfer, with vnaccounted heads,  
The till discordant, waruing Multiude,  
Can play vpon it. But what neede I thus  
My well-knowne Body to Anatomize  
Among my houshold? Why is *Rumor* here?  
I run before King *Harrises* victory,  
Who in a bloodie field by Shrewsburie  
Hath beaten downe yong *Hotspurres*, and his Troopes,  
Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion,  
Euen with the Rebels blood. But what meanes I  
To speake so true at first? My Office is  
To noyle abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell  
Vnder the Wrath of Noble *Hotspurres* Sword:  
And that the King, before the *Douglas* Rage  
Stoop'd his Anointed head, as low as death.  
This haue I rumour'd through the peafant-Townes,  
Betwenee the Royall Field of Shrewsburie,  
And this Worne-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone,  
Where *Hotspurres* Father, old Northumberland,  
Lyes crafty fickle. The Poftes come tying on,  
And not a man of them brings other newes  
Then they have learnt of Me. From *Rumours* Tongues,  
They bring smooth-Comforts-falfe, worse then True-wrongs.  
*Exit.*

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**Scena Secunda.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.</th>
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*L.Bar. Who keeps the Gate heere hoa?*  
Where is the Earle?  
*Per.* What shall I say you are?  
*Bar.* Tell thou the Earle  
That the Lord Bardolfe doth attend him heere.  
*Per.* His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard,  
Please it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate,  
And he himselfe will anwer.  
*Enter Northumberland.*  
*L.Bar.* Heere comes the Earle.  
*Nor.* What newes Lord Bardolfe? Euer'ry minute now  
Should be the Father of some Stratagem;  
The Times areilde: Contention (like a Horfe  
Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke loole,  
And beares downe all before him.  
*L.Bar.* Noble Earle,  
I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsburie.  
*Nor.* Good, and heauen will.  
*L.Bar.* As good as heart can with:  
The King is almost wounded to the death:  
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne,  
Prince *Harrises* flaine out-right: and both the *Blunts*  
Kill'd by the hand of *Douglas*. Yong Prince *John*,  
And *Weftmerland*, and *Stafford*, flad the Field.  
And *Harris Monmouth's* Brawne (the Hulke Sir *John*)  
Is prisoner to your Sonne, O, such a Day,  
(So fought, fo follow'd, and fo fairely wonne)  
Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times  
Since Cæsar's Fortunes.  
*Nor.* How is this deriu'd?  
Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsburie?  
*L.Bar.* I speake with one (my L.) that came fro thence,  
A Gentleman well bred, and of good name,  
That freely render'd me thefe newes for true.  
*Nor.* Heere comes my Seruant *Traueres*, whom I sent  
On Tuesday laft, to listen after Newes.  
*Enter Traueres.*  
*L.Bar.* My Lord, I ouer-rod him on the way,  
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,  
More then he (haply) may retaile from me.  
*Nor.* Now *Traueres*, what good tidings comes fro you?  
*Tra.*
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Tra. My Lord, Sir Iohn Umfreuil! turn'd me backe
With joyfull rydings; and (being better hors'd) Out-rode me. After him, came spurring head
A Gentleman (almost fore-spent with speed)
That stopp'd by me, to breath his bloody horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester: And of him I did demand what Newes from Shrewsbury:
He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke,
And that yong Harry Percies Spurre was cold.
With that he gaue his able Horfe the head,
Against the paiting sides of his poore Iade
Vp to the Rowell head, and starting so,
He seem'd in running, to deouer the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha! Againe:
Said he yong Harry Percies Spurre was cold?
(Or Hot-Spurre,cold-Spurre?) that Rebellion, Had met ill lucke?
L.'Bar. My Lord : Ile tell you what,
If my yong Lord your Sonne,have not the day,
Vpon mine Honor, for a silken point
Ile glue my Barony. Neuer talke of it.

Nor. Why should the Gentleman that rode by Trouers
Glue then such infancies of Lofse?
L.'Bar. Who, he?
He was some fielding Fellow, that had fitone
The Horfe he rode-on: and vpon my life
Speake at adventure. Looke, here comes more Newes.

Enter Morton.

Nor. Yea, this mans brow, like to a Title-leaf,
Fore-teils the nature of a Tragicke Volume:
So lookes the Strond, when the Imperious Flood
Hath left a witneft Vfipuration.
Say Morton, did't thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)
Where hateful death put on his vglieft Maske
To fright our party.

North. How doth my Sonne, and Brother?
Thou trembl'd, and the whiteenefly in thy Cheeke
Is apter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.
Euen such a man, so faint, so spiritlesse,
So dull, so dead in looke, so vowe-be-gone,
Drew Priams Curtaine, in the dead of night,
And would haue told him, Halfie his Troy was burn'd.
But Priam found the Fire,ere he his Tongue:
And I, my Percies death, ere thou report it.
This, thou would'ft say : Your Sonne did thus, and thus:
Your Brother, thus. So fought the Noble Dowglas,
Stopping my greedy ear, with their bold deeds.
But in the end (to frop mine Eare indeed)
Thou haft a Sigh, to blow away this Praife,
Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead.

Mor. Dowglas is liuing, and your Brother,yet:
But for my Lord, your Sonne.

North. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue Suspiration hath:
He that but feares the thing, he would not know,
Hath by InfiniCit, knowledge from others Eyes,
That what he feard, is chanc'd. Yet speake(Morton)
Tell thou thy Earle, his Diuination Lies,
And I will take it, as a sweet Dilgrace,
And make thee rich, for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great, to be (by me) gain'd:

Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certaine.

North. Yet for all this, fay not that Percies dead.
I fee a strange Confession in thine Eye:
Thou haft't thy head, and hold'lt it Feare, or Sinne,
To speake a truth. If he be Jaine, fay fo:
The Tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth Jinne that doth belye the dead:
Not he, which fayes the dead is not alioie:
Yet the first bringer of vnwelcome Newes
Hath but a looking Office: and his Tongue,
Sounds euer after as a fullen Bell
Rememberd, knolling a departing Friend.

L.'Bar. I cannot thinke (my Lord)yourn Son is dead.

Mor. I am forry, I shoule force you to beleue
That, which I would to heauen, I had not feene.
But thofe mine eyes, faw him in bloody flate,
Rend'ring faint quittance (wearied, and out-breath'd)
To Henrie Mammouth, whose Iftarting wrath beate downe
The neuer-daunted Percie to the earth,
From whence (with life) he neuer more firung vp.
In few; his death (whose Spirit lent a fire,
Euen to the dulleft Peasant in his Campe)
Being bruited once, tooke fire and heate away
From the bext temper'd Courage in his Truppen.
For from his Mettle, was his Party fteel'd;
Which once, in him abated, all the reft
Turn'd on themfelves, like dull and heauy Lead:
And as the Thing, that's heauy in it felie,
Vpon enforcement, flyes with greaftefp speede,
So did our Men, heauy in Hopfurre's loffe.
Lend to this weight, fuch lightneffe with their Feare,
That Arroves fled not swifter toward their aymne,
Then did our Soldiers (aymng at their safetie)
Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worcefter
Too foonne ta'ne prifoner: and that furious Scot,
(The bloody Dowglas) whose well-labouring Iword
Had three times Jaine th'appearance of the King,
Gan vail his flamacke, and did grace the fame
Of thofe that turn'd their backes: and in his flight,
Stumbling in Feare, was tooke.
The fumme of all, Is, that the King hath wonne, and hath fent out
A fpeeody power, to encounter you my Lord,
Vnder the Conduct of yong Lancater.
And Weifterland. This is the Newes at full.

North. For this, I shall have time enough to mourne.
In Poyfon, there is Phyncke : and this newes
(Hauning beuen well) that would haue made me fick'e,
Being fick'e, haue in some meafeure, made me well.
And as the Wretch, whose Feauer-weakned loynts,
Like strengthleffe Hingdes, buckle vnnder life,
Impatience of his Fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keepers armes : Euen fo, in Limbes
(Weak'ned with griefes) being now infrag'd with greffe,
Are thrice themfelves. Hence therefore thou nice crutch,
A faclie Gautlet now, with loynts of Steele
Muft glue this hand. And hence thou fickly Quife,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which Princes,feft'h with Conquest,lyame to hit.
Now binde my Browes with Iron, and approach
The ragged'it houre, that Time and Spight dare bring
To frowne vnpon th'enrag'd Northumberland.
Let Heauen kiffe Earth : now let not Nature hand
Kepee the wilde Flood confin'd : Let Order dye,
And let the world no longer be a flage
To feede Contention in a ling'ring Act:
But let one Spirit of the First-borne Gaine
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Reigne in all boomes, that each heart being fet
On bloody Court's, the rude Scene may end,
And dairene be the buyer of the dead.  (Honor.

L.Bar. Sweet Earle, divorce not wisdom from your
Mar. The liues of all your loyal Complexes
Lease-on your health, the which if you give-o're
To runny Paffion, must perforce decay.

You call the event of Warre (my Noble Lord)
And sum'd the accompt of Chance, before you fald
Let vs make head: It was your prefurmize,
That in the dole of blowses, your Son might drop.
You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, then to get o're:
You were adviz'd his flesh was capable
Of Wounds, and Scares; and that his forward Spirit
Would lift him, where moff trade of danger raged,
Yet did you fay go forth: and none of this
(Though ftrongly apprehended) could refraine
The flipte-borne Acton: What hath then befalne?
Or what hath this bold enterprise bring forth,
More then that Being, which was like to be?

Mar. We all that are engaged to this loffe,
Knew that we ventur'd on fuch dangerous Seas,
That if we wrought out life, was ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd for the gaine propo'd,
Chouk'd the refpeft of likely perill fear'd,
And fince we are o're-fet, venture againe.
Come, we will all put forth; Body, and Goods,
Mar. 'Tis more then time: And (my moft Noble Lord)
I heare for certaine, and do speake the truth:
The gentle Arch-bishop of Yorke is vp
With well appointed Powres: he is a man
Who with a double Surety bindes his Followers.
My Lord (your Sonne)had onely but the Corpes,
But shadowes, and the fhes of men to fight.
For that fame word (Rebellion) did divide
The action of their bodies, from their foules,
And they did fight with wantonffe, conftrain'd
As men drinke Potions; that their Weapons only
Seem'd on our fide: but for their Spirits and Soules,
This word (Rebellion)it had froze them vp,
As Fifh are in a Pond. But now the Bishop
Turnes Inuffurrection to Religion,
Suppof'd sincere, and holy in his Thoughts:
He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde:
And doth enlarge his Riling, with the blood
Of faire King Richard, scarp'd from Pompfret stones,
Derives from heauen, his Quarrel, and his Caufe:
Tels them, he doth behinde a bleeding Land,
Gafping for life, vnder great Baulingbrooke,
And more, and leffe, do flocke to follow him.

Norb. I knew of this before. But to speake truth,
This prefent grace had wip'd it from my minde.
Go in with me, and counsell every man
The aptefr way for safety, and reueenge:
Get Potfs, and Letters, and make Friends with speed,
Neuer fo few, nor neuer yet more need.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaff, and Pag.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what fates the Doct'o my water?
Pag. He fald fir, the water it selfe was a good healthy water: but for the party that ow'd it, he might have more diffeles then he knew for.

Fal. Men of all forts take a pride to gird at mee: the

braine of this foolish compound Clay-man, is not able to inuent any thing that tends to laughter, more then I inuent, or is inuented on me. I am not onely witty in my felfe, but the caufe that wit is in other men. I doe heere walke before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhelm'd all her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Seruice for any other reafon, then to fet mee off, why then I have no judgement. Thou horion Mandrake, thou art fitter to be wore in my cap, then to wait at my heeles. I was never man'd with an Agot till now: but I will fette thee neyther in Gold, nor Silver, but in vile apparell, and fent you backe againe to your Mafter, for a Jewell. The

Insuena((the Prince your Mafter) whose Chin is not yet ftedg'd, I will sooner have a beard grow in the Palm of my hand, then he shall get one on his cheeke: yet he will not flicke to fay, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heauen may finifh it when he will, it is not a haire amiffe yet: he may keep it still at a Face-Royall, for a Barber shall neuer earne fixe pence out of it: and yet he will be crowing, as if he had wrat man ever since his Father was a Batchellour. He may keepe his owne Grace, but he is almoft out of mine, I can affure him.

What faid M.Dobledom, about the Satten for my short Cloake, and Slops?

Pag. He fald fir, you should procure him better Affurance, then Bardolf: he wold not take his Bond & yours, he lik'd not the Security.

Fal. Let him bee damn'd like the Glutton, may his Tongue be hotter, a horion Ankitepole: a Raflcally-yeaforoofh-knaue, to beare a Gentleman in hand, and then stand vp on Security? The horion smooth-pates doe now weare nothing but high shoes, and bunches of Keyes at their girdles: and if a man is through with them in honnest Taking-vp, then they must hand vp on Security: I had as lief than, they would put Rats-bane in my mouth, as offer to stoppe it with Security. I look'd hee should have fent me two and twenty yards of Satten (as I am true Knight) and he fends me Security. Well, he may sleep in Security, for he hath the horne of Abundance: and the lightneffe of his Wife thines through it, and yet cannot he fsee, though he haue his owne Lanthorne to light him. Where's Bardolf?

Pag. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worffe a horne.

Fal. I bought him in Paules, and hee'll buy me a horne in Smithfield. If I could get mee a wife in the Stewes, I were Mann'd, Hors'd, and Wi'd.

Enter Chiefie Infuite, and Servant.

Pag. Sir, here comes the Nobleman that committed the Prince for ftriking him, about Bardolf.

Fal. Wait clofe, I will not fee him.

Ch. Luft. What's he that goes there?
Ser. Falstaffe, and don't pleafe your Lordship.

Luft. He that was in quefition for the Robbery?
Ser. He my Lord, but he hath fince done good fervice at Shrewsbury: and (as I heare) is now going with fome Charge, to the Lord John of Lancasfer.


Ser. Sir John Falstaffe.

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deafe.

Pag. You must speake lowder, my Mafter is deafe.

Luft. I am fure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go plucke him by the Elbow, I must speake with him.

Ser. Sir John.

Fal. What's a yong knaue and beg? Is there not wars? Is there not improvement? Dost not the K. lack subiects? Do not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be
The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

on any fide but one, it is worfe flame to begge, then to be on the worst fide, were it worfe then the name of Re- bellion can tell how to make it.

Ser. You miiltake me Sir.
Fal. Why sir? Did I say you were an honest man? Setting my Knight-hood, and my Souldiership aside, I had lyed in my throate, if I had faid so.
Ser. I pray you (Sir) then fet your Knighthood and your Souldiership aside, and give mee leave to tell you, you lye in your throate, if you say I am any, other then an honest man.
Fal. I gie thee leave to tell me so? I lay a-fide that which grows to me? If thou gett' any leave of me, hang me: if thou tak' leave, thou wert not better be hang'd: you Hunt-counter, hence: Auant.

Ser. Sir, my Lord would speake with you.

Iluf. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord: give your Lordship good time of the day. I am glad to fee your Lordship abroad: I heard say your Lordship was sickie. I hope your Lordship goes abroad by aduise. Your Lordship (touh not clean past your youth) hath yet some fimack of age in you: some relic of the failness of Time, and I most humbly beseech your Lordship, to have a tender care of your health.

Iluf. Sir John, I sent you before your Expedition, to Shrewsbury.

Fal. If it pleafe your Lordship, I hear his Maiestie is return'd with some diffcomfort from Wales.

Iluf. I talke not of his Maiestie: you would not come when I fent for you?

Fal. And I hear moreover, his Highness is false into this fame whorfon Appoilexie. (you)

Iluf. Well, heauen mend him. I pray let me fpake with Fal. This Appoilexie is (as I take it) a kind of Lethargie, a sleeping of the blood, a horfon Tingling.

Iluf. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath it originall from much greefe; from fludy and perturbation of the braine. I haue read the caufe of his effect in Galen. It is a kind of deafeenelle.

Iluf. I thynke you are false into the difafe: For you hearre not what I fay to you.

Fal. Very well (my Lord) very well: rather an pleafe you it is the difafe of not Liftening, the malady of not Marking, that I am troubled withall.

Iluf. To punifh you by the heecles, would amend the attention of your ears, & I care not if I be your Phytician Fal. I am as poore as Iluf, my Lord; but not fo Patient: your Lordship may minifie the Potion of imprisonment to me, in reprefett of Pouertie: but how I shoule bee your Patient, to follow your prefcriptions, the wife may make some dram of a scruple, or indeede, a scruple it felfe.

Iluf. I fent for you (when there were matters againft you for your life) to come fpake with you.

Fal. As I was then admited by my learned Councellor, in the laves of this Land-feruice, I did not come.

Iluf. Well, the truth is (Sir John) you live in great infamy Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, can not live in leffe.

Iluf. Your Meanes is very flender, and your waft great.

Fal. I would it were otherwife: I would my Meanes were greater, and my waft flender.

Iluf. You have miffed the youthfull Prince.

Fal. The yong Prince hath miffed mee. I am the Fel- low with the great belly, and he my Dogge.

Iluf. Well, I am both to gall a new-heal'd wound; your daies fervice at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded over your Nights exploit on Gads-hill. You may thanke the vnquiet time, for your quiet o're-plotting that Action.

Fal. My Lord? (Wolfe)

Iluf. But since all is well, keep it fo: wake not a sleepping Fal. To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to smell a Fox.

Iluf. What you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A Waffell-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: if I did fay of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Iluf. There is not a white hair on your face, but foold haue his effect of grauity.

Fal. His effect of grauity, grauity, grauity.

Iluf. You follow the yong Prince vp and downe, like his euill Angel.

Fal. Not fo (my Lord) your ill Angell is light; but I hope, he that lookes vpon meee, will take mee without, weighing: and yet, in some respectes I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Vertue is of fo little regard in thse Cofformgers, that true valor is turn'd Bearer-heard. Pregnan- cie is made a Tapfer, and hath his quickke wit wafted in giuing Recknings: all the other gifts apportion to man (as the malice of this Age shapes them) are not worth a Gooberfly. You that are old, consider not the capacities of vs that are young; you meaure the heat of our Li- uers, with the bitternes of your gal: & we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confes, are waages too.

Iluf. Do you fett downe your name in the fcrowle of youth, that are written downe old, with all the Charac- teres of age? Haue you not a moift eye? a dry hand? a yel- low cheek? white beard? a decreasing leg? an increifing belly? Is not your voice broken? your winde ftrong? your wit fingle? and every part about you blaited with Anti- quity? and will you cal your felfe young? Ey, ey, ey, fir Iluf.

Fal. My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & fom- thing a round belly. For my voice, I haue left it with hal- lowing and finging of Anthemes. To approve my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in judgement and vnderhanding, and he that will cafer with mee for a thonfand Markes, let him lend mee the mony, & haue at him. For the boxe of th' ear that the Prince gave you, he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a fenfi- bie Lord. I haue checkt him for it, and the yong Lion re- pents: Marry not in afhes and facke-claith, but in new Silke, and old Sacke.

Iluf. Well, heauen fend the Prince a better companion.

Fal. Heauen fend the Companion a better Prince: I cannot rid my hands of him.

Iluf. Well, the King hath feuer'd you and Prince Harry, I hearre you are going with Lord John of Lancaster, a- gainft the Archibishop, and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yes, I thynke your prettie sweet wit for it: but looke you praye, (all you that kiife my Ladie Peace, at home) that our Armies ioyn not in a hot day: for if I take but two shirts out with me, and I meant not to fweat ex- traordinarily: if it bee a hot day, if I brandifh any thing but my Bottle, would I might neuer fip white againe: There is not a dangerous Action can peepe out his head, but I am thruf upon it. Well, I cannot lather.

Iluf. Well, be honett, be honett, and heauen bleffe your Expedition.

Fal. Will your Lordship lend mee a thonfand pound, to furnish me forth?

Iluf. Not a peney, not a peney: you are too impatient to beare croffes. Fare you well. Commend mee to your Coffin Wellmerland.

Fal. If I do, fillop me with a three-man-Beetle. A man can no more separate Age and Courteoufneffe, then he can part yong limbes and leetchery: but the Gowl gall the g
one, and the pox pinches the other: and so both the Degrees prevent my curles. Boy?

Page. Sir.

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats, and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this Consumption of the purse. Borrowing onely lingers, and lingers it out, but the disease is increas'd. Go and bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Welfterland, and this to old Mistris Ursula, whose I have weekly fworne to marry, since I perceul'd the firft white haire on my chin. About it: you know where to finde me. A pcox of this Gown, or a Gowt of this Poxe: for the one or th'other plays the rogue with my great toe: it is no matte, if I do halt, I haue the warres for my colour, and my Penfion shall fume the more reasonable. A good wit will make vfe of any thing: I will turne diseases to commodity.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Archbishop, Haling, Monbray, and Lord Bardolph.

Ar. Thus haue you heard our caufes, & know our Means: And my most noble Friends, I pray you all Spake plainly your opinions of our hopes, And firft (Lord Marshall) what you to it? Mow. I well allow the occasion of our Armes, But gladly would be better satisfied, How (in our Means) we shoul aduanse our felues To looke with forthead bold and big enough Vpon the Power and puifance of the King. 

Haff. Our present Mutters grow vpon the File To fuce and twenty thousand men of choice: And our Supplies, lieue largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whose boforme burnes With an incendt Fire of Injuries. 

L. Bar. The queftion then (Lord Haffing) standeth thus Whether our present fuce and twenty thousand May hold-vp-head,without Northumberland: 

Haff. With him, we may. 

L. Bar. I marry, there's the point: But if without him we be thought to feeble, My judgement is, we should not ftep too farre Till we had his Affiftance by the hand. For in a Theame fo bloody fac'd, as this, Confirmeth, Expecation, and Sufferne Of Aydes incertaine, fhould not be admitted. 

Arch. 'Tis very true Lord Bardolph, for indeed It was yong Haffing cafe, at Shrewsbury.

L. Bar. It was (my Lord) who lin'd himfelf with hope, Eating the aye, on promife of Supply, Flatt'ring himfelfe with Profeft of a power, Much smaller, then the fmalleet of his Thoughts, And fo with great imagination (Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death, And (winking) leap'd into deftruction. 

Haff. But (by your leave) it never yet did hurt, To lay downe liketly-h怎, his, and fformes of hope. 

L. Bar. Yes, if this prefent quality of warre, Indeed the inchant action: a caufe on foot, Lines fo in hope: as in an early Spring, We fee theapp'ring buds, which to proue fruite, Hope giues not fo much warrant, as Diplate That frofts will bite them. When we meane to build, We firft surveye the Plot, then draw the Modell,
And take thou this (O thoughts of men accord'd)
"Pass to and to Come, becomes, be stings, Present, worth.
Most. Shall we both draw our numbers and set on? 
Hal. We are 'Times subiects, and 'Time bids, be gone.

_Acitus Secundus, Scena Prima._

_Enter Hofshe, with two Officers, Fang, and Snare._
_Hofshe._ Mr. Fang, have you entred the Action?
_Fang._ It is enter'd.
_Hofshe._ Where's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman?
_Will he stand to it? 
_Fang._ Sirrah, where's Snare?
_Hofshe._ I, I, good M. Snare.
_Snare._ Heere, heere.
_Hofshe._ Fang, Fang, we must Arreit Sir John Falstaff.
_Hofshe._ I good M. Snare, I have enter'd him, and all.
_Sir._ It may chance of some of your liues: he flab'd me.
_Hofshe._ Alas the day! take heed of him: he flab'd me in mine owne house, and that most bably: he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out. Hee will foone like any duell, he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.
_Fang._ If I can clofe with him, I care not for his thrust.
_Hofshe._ No, nor I neither: I lebe at your elbow.
_Fang._ If I but fift him once if he come but within my Vice.

_Hofshe._ I am vndone with his going; I warrant he is an infinite thing viptone my foare. Good M. Fang hold him. fore good M. Snare let him not scape, he comes continuantly to Py-Corner (sauing your manhoods) to buy a faddl, and hee is indited to dinner to the Lubbars head in Lombardstreet, to M. Smoothes the Silkman. I pra'ye, fixe my Exion is enter'd, and my Cafe io openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his anwser. 100. Marke is a long one, for a poore lone woman to bear: & I haue borne, and borne and borne, and have bin lub'd off, and lub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, vna woman should be made an Affe and a Beafe, to bear every Knaues wrong. _Enter Falstaffe and Bardolfe._
_Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmsey-Nepe Bardolfe with him. Do your Offices, do your Offices M. Fang, & M. Snare, do me, do me, do me your Offices.
Fal._ How now? Whose Mare's dead? What's the matter? 
_Fang._ Sir John, I arrest you, at the suit of Mift. Quickly.
_Falst._ Away Variets, draw Bardolfe: cut me off the Villaines head: throw the Queene in the Channel.
_Falst._ Keep them off, Bardolfe. Fang: A refue, a refue.
Page. Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fulfillarian: Ile tucke your Catastrophe. _Enter_ Ch. Sinfies.
_ch._ What's the matter? Keep the Peace here, hoa.
_Hofshe._ Good my Lord be good to mee. I beleev shall to me.

_Ch. Sinfies._ How now sir John? What are you brauling here?
_Doth this become your place, your time, and businesse? You should have bene well on your way to Yorke. Stand from him Fellow; wherefore hang't vpon him._

_Hofshe._ Oh my most worshipfull Lord, and't please your Grace, I am a poore widdow of Easchapel, and he is arrest'd at my suit.

_Cb. Sinfies._ For what summe? 
_Hofshe._ It is more then for some (my Lord) it is for all: I haue, he hath eaten me out of house and home; bee hath put all my Subsance into that fat belly of his: but I will have some of it out againe, or I will ride thee o'Nights, like the Mare.

_Falst._ I thinke I am as like to ride the Mare, if I haue any vantage of ground, to get vp.

_Cb. Sinfies._ How comes this, Sir John? Fry, what a man of good temper would endure this tempeft of exclamation? Are you not asham'd to inforce a poore Widdowe to fo rough a courte, to come by her owne?

_Falst._ What is the groffe summe that I owe thee?
_Hofshe._ Marry (if thou wer't an honest man) thy selfe, & the mony too. Thou diidst sware to mee vpon a parcell gilt Goblet, fitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round table, by a lee-cole fire, on Wednesday in Whiton week, when the Prince broke thy head for liking him to a finging man of Windfor; Thou didst sware to me then (as I was washing thy wound) to marry me, and make mee my Lady thy wife. Canst y deny it? Did not goodwife Keech the Butchers wife come in then, and call me golip Quick ly? comming in to borrow a meefe of Vinegar telling vs, she had a good difh of Prawnes: whereby y didst defire to eat some: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene wound? And didst not thou (when y was gone downe stairs)defire me to be no more familiar with such poore people, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam? And did't y not kiffe me, and bid mee fetch thee 30s? I put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canst.

_Falst._ My Lord, this is a poore mad foule:and the fayes vp & downe the town, that her eldeft fon is like you. She hath bin in good cafe, & the truthe is, poverty hath diftraied her: but for these foolifh Officers, I beleev thee, I may haue redrefse against them.

_Falst._ Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your maner of wenching the true cafe, the falske way. It is not a confidnet brow, nor the throng of wordes, that come with such (more then impudent) fawines from you, can thruft me from a leuell confideration, I know you ha pra'ci'd ypon the eafe-yielding spirit of this woman.
_Hofshe._ Yes in troth my Lord.

_Inq._ Prethee peace:pay her the debt you owe her, and vpay the villany you have done her:the one you may do with flerling mony, & the other with currant repentance.

_Falst._ My Lord, I will not vndergoe this辛辣e without reply. You call honorable Boldines, impudent Sawinesse: If a man wil cur't, and say nothing, he is vertuous: No, my Lord (your humble duty remembred) I will not be your tutor. I say to you, I defire deliu'rance from these Officers being vpon hafty employment in the Kings Affairs.
_Inq._ You speake, as having power to do wrong: But answer in the effect of your Reputation, and satise the poore woman.

_Falst._ Come hither Holfeffe. 
_Enter M. Gower._
_Falst._ As I am a Gentleman.
_Hofshe._ Nay, you said so before.
_Falst._ As I am a Gentleman. Come, no more words of it.
_Hofshe._ By this Heavenly ground I tred on, I must be faine to paven both my Plate, and the Tapisery of my dy-ning Chambers.

_3._

Falst.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy wweles a pretty flight Drolley, or the Storie of the Prodigall, or the Germane hunting in Water worke, is worth a thousand of these Bed-hangings, and these Fly-bitten Tapifries. Let it be tenne pound (if thou canst). Come, if it were not for thy humors, there is not a better Wench in England. Go, with thy face, and draw thy Action: Come, thou must not bee in this humour with me, come, I know thou was't set on to this.

Hjs. Prethee (Sir Iohn) let it be but twenty Nobles, I loathe to payne my Plate, in good earneft la.

Fal. Let it alone, Ile make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Hjs. Well, you shall have it although I payne my Gowne. I hope you'll come to Supper: You'll pay me al-together?

Fal. Will I lie? Go with her, with her: -hooke-on, hooke-on.

Hjs. Will you have Doll Tearre-fбот meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her.

Ch. If. I have heard bitter newes.

Fal. What's the newes (my good Lord?)

Ch. If. Where lay the King last night?

Msf. At Bafingfike my Lord.

Fal. I hope (my Lord) all's well. What is the newes my Lord?

Ch. If. Come all his Forces backe?

Msf. No: Fiftee hundred Foot, five hundred Horfe

Are march'd vp to my Lord of Lancaster,

Against Northumberland, and the Archibishop.

Fal. Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble L?

Ch. If. You shall have Letters of me prefently.

Come, go along with me, good M. Gowre.

Fal. My Lord.

Ch. If. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gowre, shall I entreate you with mee to dinner?

Gow. I must waite vpon my good Lord heere.

I thank you, good Sir Iohn.

Ch. If. Sir Iohn, you loyster heere too long, being you are to take Souldiers vp, in Countries as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gowre?

Ch. If. What foolish Master taught you these manner's, Sir Iohn?

Fal. Master Gowre, if they become mee not, hee was a Foole that taught them mee. This is the right Fencing grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and so part faire.

Ch. If. Now the Lord lighten thee, thow art a great Foole.

Excult

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Poins, Bardolfes, and Page.

Prin. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poin. Is it come to that? I had thought wareness durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

Prin. It doth me though it discolours the complexion of my Greatneffe to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew widelie in me, to define small Beere?

Poin. Why, a Prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weake a Composition.

Prin. Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got: for (in troth) I do now remember the poore Creature, Small Beere. But indeede thefe humble considerations make me out of loue with my Greatneffe. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know thy face to morrow? Or to take note how many pairs of Silk stockings y haft? (Viz. thefe, and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones:) Or to beare the Inuentorie of thy shirts, as one for superfluitie, and one other, for vs. But that the Tennis-Court-keeper knowes better then I, for it is a low ebe of Linnen with thee, when thou kept't not Racket there, as thou haft not done a great while, because the reft of thy Low Countries, have made a shift to eate vp thy Holland.

Poin. How ill it followes, after you have labou'd so hard, you should talke so idlely? Tell me how many good yong Princes would do so, their Fathers lying so fickle, as yours is?

Prin. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poin. Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prin. It shall serue among wittes of no higher breeding then thine.

Poin. Go to: I stand the push of your one thing, that you'll tell.

Prin. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I should be sad now my Father is fickle: albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poin. Very hardly, vpon such a subiect.

Prin. Thou think'st me as farre in the Dlues Booke, as thou, and Falstaffe, for ob duracie and perficience. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly, that my Father is so fickle: and keeping such vild company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me, all othersation of sorrow.

Poin. The reason?

Prin. What wouldst thou think of me, if I shold weep?

Poin. I would thinke thee a most Princely hypocrite.

Prin. It would be every mans thought: and thou art a bleffed Fellow, to thinke as every man thinkes: never a mans thought in the world, keeps the Rode-way better then thine: every man would thinke me an Hypocrite indeed. And what excites thy most worshipful thought to thinke so?

Poin. Why, because you have beene so lewde, and so much ingrafted to Falstaffe?

Prin. And to thece.

Poins. Nay, I am well spok'en of, I can hear it with mine owne eares the worfe that they can say of me is, that I am a second Brother, and that I am a proper Fellowe of my hands: and those two things I confess I cannot helpe. Looke, looke, here comes Bardolfes.

Prin. And the Boy that I gave Falstaffe, he had him from me Christlian, and see if the fat villain have not trans form'd him Ape.

Enter Bardolfes.

Bar. Save your Grace.

Prin. And yours, most Noble Bardolfes.

Poin. Come you pittious Affe, you halifh Full, must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now? what a Maidenly man at Armes are you become? Is it such a matter to get a Pottle-pots Maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me euen now (my Lord) through a red Lattice, and I could discerne no part of his face from the window:
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Page. None my Lord, but old Miftris Quickly, and M. Doll Tearse-foot.

Prin. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper Gentleswoman, Sir, and a Kinwoman of my Masters.

Prin. Euen such Kin, as the Parish Heyfors are to the Towne-Bull?

Shall we feate upon them (Ned) at Supper?

Poin. I am your shadow, my Lord, Ile follow you.

Prin. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your Master that I am yet in Towne.

There's for your silence.

Bar. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine Sir, I will governe it.

Prin. Fare ye well: go.

This Doll Tearse-foot should be some Rode.

Poin. I warrant you, as common as the way betweene S. Albans, and London.

Prin. How might we see Falstaff betowe himselfe to night, in his true colours, and not our felues be feene? Poin. Put on two Leather Jerkins, and Aprons, and waite upon him at his Table, like Drawers.

Prin. From a God, to a Bull? A haue declension: It was Ioues cafe. From a Prince, to a Pretext, a low transformation, that shall be mine: for in every thing, the purpoe must weigh with the folly. Follow me Ned. Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Northumberland bid Ladie, and Harrie Percies Ladie.

North. I prethee lover Wife, and gentle Daughter, Glue an euyn way vnto my rough Affaires:
Put not you on the vifage of the Times,
And be like them to Percie, troubleome.
Wife. I haue giuen ouer, I will speake no more,
Do what you will : your Wifedome, be your guide.

North. Alas! (sweet Wife) my Honor is at pawne,
And but my going, nothing can redeeme it.

La. Oh yet, for heauens sake, go not to these Wars;
The Time was (Father) when you broke your word,
When you were more endeare'd to it, then now,
When your owne Percy, when my heart-deere-Harry,
Threw many a Northward looke, to see his Father
Bring vp his Powres : but he did long in vaine.
Who then perfwaded you to stay at home?
There were two Honors loft; Yours, and your Sonnes.

For Yours, may heauenly glory brighten it:
For His, it bucke vpon him, as the Sunne
In the gray vault of Heauen : and by his Light
Did all the Chevalerie of England moue
To do braue Acts. He was (indeed) the Glafe
Wherein the Noble-Youth did dreffe themselues.
He had no Legges, that prati'd not his Gate:
And speaking thicke (which Nature made his blemish)
Became the Accents of the Valliant.
For those that could speake low, and tardily,
Would turne their owne Perfection, to Abufe,
To seeme like him. So that in Speech, in Gate,
In Diet, in Affections of delight,
In Militarie Rules, Humors of Blood,

window: at last I spy'd his eyes, and me thought he had made two holes in the Ale-wives new Petticoat, & peeved through.

Prin. Hath not the boy profited?

Bar. Away, you horson upright Rabbet, away.

Page. Away, you rascally Altbreas dreame, away.

Prin. Instruct vs Boy: what dreame, Boy?

Page. Marry (my Lord) Altbea dream'd, she was de-liuer'd of a Firebrand, and therefore I call him his dream.

Prince. A Crownes-worth of good Interpretation: There it is, Boy.

Pain. O that this good Blossome could bee kept from Canker: Well, there is fix pence to preferue thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallowse shall be wrong'd.

Prince. And how doth thy Master, Bardolph?

Bar. Well, my good Lord: he heard of your Graces comming to Towne. There's a Letter for you.

Poin. Deliver'd with good respeckt: And how doth the Martlemas, your Master?

Bard. In bodily health Sir.

Pain. Marry, the immortal part needes a Phisitian: but that moves not him: though that bee sickes, it dyes not.

Prince. I do allow this Wen to bee as familiar with monarchs, as my dogge: and he holds his place, for looke you he writes.

Poin.Letter. John Falstaff Knight: (Every man must know that, as oft as hee hath occasion to name himself:) Even like those that are kinne to the King, for they neuer pricke their finger, but they say, there is som of the kings blood spilt. How comes that (fayes he) that takes upon him not to conceiue? the answer is as ready as a borrow-ed cap: I am the Kings poore Cofin, Sir.

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to vs, but they will fetch it from Lapher. But to the Letter: —Sir John Falstaff, Knight, to the Sonne of the King, neere his Father, Harrie Prince of Wales, greeting.

Poin. Why this is a Certificate.

Prin. Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Remaines in breuite.

Poin. Sure he means breuitie in breath:short-winded. I commende to thee, I commende thee, and I loose thee. Bee not too familiar with Points, for bee my fayes thy Favours so much, that he sweares thou art to marrie his Sifer Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayst, and go farewell.

Thine, by yea and no: which is as much as to say, as thou willest him. Jacke Falstaff with my Familiars: Iohn with my Bradors and Sifer: & Sir Iohn, with all Europe.

My Lord, I will steepe this Letter in Sack, and make him eate it.

Prin. That's to make him eate twenty of his Words. But do you vfe me thus Ned? Must I marry your Sifer?

Poin. May the Wench have no worfe Fortune. But I never said so.

Prin. Well, thus we play the Fools with the time, & the spirits of the wife, fit in the clouds, and mocke vs: Is your Master heere in London?

Bard. Yes my Lord.

Prin. Where fuppes he? Doth the old Bore, feede in the old Franke?

Bard. At the old place my Lord, in East-cheape.

Prin. What Company?

Page. Ephesians my Lord, of the old Church.

Prin. Sup any women with him?
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

He was the Marke, and Glasse, Coppie, and Booke, That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous! him, O Miracle of Men! Him did you leave (Second to none) vn-feconded by you, To look upon the hideous God of Warre, In dis-advantage, to abide a field, Where nothing but the found of *Hoffours Name* Did seeme defendable: so you left him. Neuer, O neuer doe his Ghost the wrong, To hold your Honor more precise and nice With others, then with him. Let them alone: The Marshall and the Arch-bishop are strong. Had my sweet Harry had but halfe their Numbers, To day might I (hanging on *Hoffours Necke*) Haue talk'd of *Mommouth's Graue*. 

NORTH. Bebresh your heart, (Faire Daughter) you doe draw my Spirits from me, With new lamenting ancient Over-fights. But I must goe, and meet with Danger there, Or it will seek me in another place, And finde me worse provok'd. 

*Wife.* O flye to Scotland, Thus that the Nobles, and the armed Commons, Haue of their Puissancie made a little taile. 

*Lady.* If they get ground, and vantage of the King, Then loyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steele, To make Strength fronger. But, for all our loues, First let them trye themselues. So did your Sonne, He was fo suffer'd; so came I a Widow: And neuer shall have length of Life enough, To raine vpon Remembrance with mine Eyes, That it may grow, and sprowt, as high as Heauen, For Recordation to my Noble Husband. 

NORTH. Come, come, come into in with me, with my Minde As with the Tyde, Iuell'd vp vnto his height, That makes a still-hand, running nether way. Faine would I goe to meet the Arch-bishop, But many thousand Reasons hold me backe. I will reflowe for Scotland: there am I, Till Time and Vantage craue my company. 

**Scena Quarta.**

**Enter two Drawers.**


2. **Dravet.** Thou say'lt true: the Prince once fet a Dih of Applejohns before him, and told him there were five more Sir John: and, putting off his Hat, sayd, I will now take my issue of these fixe drie, round, old-wither'd Knights. It angered him to the heart: but hee hate for got that.

1. **Dravet.** Why then cover, and fet them downe: and see if thou cant finde out *Sneakers Noble*; Miftris Tære- 

2. **Syrirra,* heere will be the Prince, and Master Points, anon: and they will put on two of our Jerkins, and Aprons, and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word. 

1. **Dravet.** Then here will be old *Viis*: it will be an excellent Dramagem.

**2. Dravet.** Ile see if I can finde out *Sneakers*. 

**Enter Hotteaff, and *Dol.*

*Hoff.* Sweet-heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent good temperallite: your Pulidge beastes as extraordinary, as heart would desire; and your Colour (I warrant you) is as red as any Rofe. But you haue drunk too much Canaries, and that's a maruellous fear- 

*HALFE.* Why that was well faid: A good heart's worth Gold. Looke, here comes Sir *John*.

**Enter Faltstaf.**

*Falst.* *When Arthur first in Court.—(emptie the Jordan) and was a worthy King*: How now Miftris *Dol*? 

*Hoff.* Sick of a Calme: yea, good-footh. 

Falst. So is all her Seft: if they be once in a Calme, they are sick.

*Dol.* You muddie Rafaull, is that all the comfort you give me? 

*Falst.* You make fat Rafaulls, Miftris *Dol*.

*Dol.* I make them? Gluttonie and Diseases make them, I make them not. 

Falst. If the Cooke make the Gluttonie, you helpe to make the Diseases (Dol) we catch of you (Dol) we catch of you: Grant that, my poore Vurret, grant that. 

*Dol.* I marry, our Chaynes, and our jewels. 

*Falst.* Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to ferue bravely, is to come halting off: you know, to come off the Brench, with his Pikes bent bravely, and to Surge- 

*Hoff.* Why this is the old fashion: you two neuer meetes, but you fall to some difcord: you are both (in good troth) as Rheumatike as two drie Tofles, you cannot one beare with another Confirmities. What the good-yere? One muft beare, and that muft bee you: you are the weaker Vezelf; as they say, the emptier Vezelf.

*Dol.* Can a weake emptie Vezelf beare such a huge full Hogs-head? There's a whole Marchants Venture of Breeux-Staffe in him: you haue not seene a Hulke better stufft in the Holde. Come, lie be friends with thee.

*Jacky.* Thou art going to the Warres, and whether I shall euer see thee againe, or no, there is no body cares.

**Enter Dravet.**

**Dravet.** Sir, Ancient Pitésell is below, and would speake with you. 

*Dol.* Hang him, swaggering Rafaull, let him not come hither: it is the foule-mouth'dt Rouge in Eng- 

*Hoff.* If hee swagger, let him not come here: I must lie amongst my Neighbors, Ile no Swaggerers: I am liue amongst my Neighbors, and fame, with the very best: that the doore, there comes no Swaggerers here: I haue not liu'd all this while, to haue swaggering now: that the doore, I praye you. 

*Falst.* Do'lt thou haue, Hotteaffe? 

*Hoff.* Pray you pacifie your selfe (Sir John) there comes no Swaggerers heree.

**Falst. Do'lt**
Falst. Do't thou heare? it is mine Ancient.

Hofl. Tilly-fally(Sir Iohn)neuer tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my doores. I was before Master Tisck the Deputie, the other day : and as hee faid to me, it was no longer agoe then Wednesday laft: Neighbour Quicly (fayes hee;) Master Dombe,our Minifter, was by then: Neighbour Quicly (fayes hee) receive those that are Ciull: for (fayth hee) you are in an ill Name: now hee faid so, I can tell whereupon: for(fayes hee) you are an honest Woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what Guests you receive: Receive (fayes hee) no swaggering Companions. There comes none heere. You would bleffe you to hear what hee faid. No, Ile no Swaggerers.

Falst. Hee's no Swaggerer(Hofstef:): a tame Cheater, hee: you may stroake him as gently, as a Puppy Greyhound: hee will not swagger with a Barbaric Henne, if her feathers turne backe in any fiew of reftistance. Call him vp.(Drawer.)

Hofl. Cheater, call you him? I will barre no honest man my house, nor no Cheater: but I doe not loue swagger: I am the worfe when one fayes, swagger: Feele Maffers, how I flakers looke you, I warrant you.

Falst. So you doe, Hofteff.

Hofl. Doe I? yes, in very truth doe I,if it were an Ap- pen Leafe: I cannot abide Swaggerers.

Enter Piflol, and Bardolph and bin Boy.

Piflol. Saue you, Sir Iohn.

Falst. Welcome Ancient Piflol. Here(Piflol) I charge you with a Cup of Sacke: doe you difcharge vpon mine Hofteff.

Piflol. I will difcharge vpon her (Sir Iohn) with two Bullets.

Falst. She is Pifftoll-proofe (Sir) you fhall hardly offend her.

Hofl. Come, Ile drinke no Proofs, nor no Bullets: I will drink no more then will doe me good, for no mans pleafure, I.

Piflol. Then to you (Miftris Dorothee) I will charge you.

'Dol. Charge me? I fcorne you (fcurue Companion) what? you poore, bafe, raffally, cheating, lacke-Linnen-Mate: away you mouldie Rogue, away; I am meat for your Mafter.

Piflol. I know you, Miftris Dorothee.

Dol. Away you Cut-purfe Rafcall, you filthy Bung, away: By this Wine, Ile thrust my Knife in your mouldie Chappes,if you play the fwee Cuttle with me. Away you Bottle-Ale Rafcall, you Basket-hilt fale Ingler, you. When since, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on your shoulder? much.

Piflol. I will mutther your Ruffe, for this.

Hofl. No, good Captaine Piflol: not heere, sweete Captaine.

Dol. Captaine? thou abominable damn'd Cheater, art thou not afham'd to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines were of my minde, they would trunchion you out, for tak- ing their Names vpon you, before you have earn'd them. You a Captaine? you falue,for what? for tearing a poore Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-house? Hee a Captaine? hang him Rogge, hee liues vpon mouldie flew'd-Praines, and dry'de Cakes. A Captaine? These Villaines will make the word Captaine odious: Therefore Captaines had neede looke to it.

Bard. 'Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient.

Falst. Heareke thes hither, Miftris Dol.

Piflol. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporall Bardolph, I could teare her: Ile be reueng'd on her.

Page. 'Pray thee goe downe.

Piflol. Ile see her damn'd first: to Pluto's damn'd Lake, to the Infernal Deppe, where Erubes and Tortures vilde alfo. Hold Hooke and Line, lay I: Downe: downe Dogges, downe Fates: haue wee not Hiren here? Bardolph. Good Captaine Piflol be quiet, it is very late: I beleefe you now, aggravate your Choler.

Piflol. Thefe be good Humors indeede. Shall Pack-Horses, and hollow-pumper'd Iades of Afia, which can-not goe but thirtie miles a day, compare with Ceasar, and with Caniballs, and Traion Greekses? nay, rather damme them with King Cerberus, and let the Welkin roare: shall we fall foule for Toyes?

Hofl. By my troth Captaine, these are very bitter words.

'Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a Brawle anone.

Piflol. Die men, like Dogges; glue Crownes like Pannes: Haue we not Hiren here?

Hofl. On my word(Captaine)there's none such here. What the good-yere,doe you thinke I would deny her? I pray be quiet.

Piflol. Then feed, and be fat (my faire Calipolis, )Come, give me some Sack, Si fortune me tormente, fierato me con- tente. Feare wee brood-fides? No, let the Fiend glue fire: Give me some Sack: and Sweet-heart lythe thou there: Come wee to full Points here, and are et cetera's no- thing?

Falst. Piflol, I would be quiet.


Dol. Thruff him downe ftyares, I cannot endure fuch a Faulian Rafcall.

Pif梭. Thruff him downe ftyares? know we not Gallow- way Naggess?

Falst. Quoit him downe (Bardolph) like a fhouie-groat fhilling: nay, if hee doe nothing but fpeeke nothing, hee shall be nothing here.

'Bard. Come, get you downe ftyares.

Piflol. What? fhal wee haue Inclifon? fhal wee emb- rew? then Death rocke me afepepe, abridge my dollfule days: why then let grievous, gaily, gaping Wounds, vntwin'd the Sifters three: Come Aropos, I say.

Hofl. Here's good flute toward.

Falst. Gloe me my Rapier, Boy.

Dol. I prethee lacc, I prethee doe not draw.

Falst. Get you downe ftyares.

Hofl. Here's a goodly tumult: Ile forswearke keeping house, before Ile be in these tiritus, and frights. So: Murther I warrant now. Alas, alas, put vp your naked Wea- pon, put vp your naked Weapons.

Dol. I prethee lacc be quiet, the Rafcall is gone: ah, you whorfon little valiant Villaine,you.

Hofl. Are you not hurt 't'h'Groyne? I thought hee made a threed Thruft at your Belly.

Falst. Haue you turn'd him out of doores?

Bardolph. Yes Sir: the Rafcall's drunke: you haue hurt him (Sip)in the shouder.

Falst. A Rafcall to braue me.

Dol. Ah, you sweet little Rogue, you: alas,poore Ape, how thou sweat'st? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come, let you whorfon Chops: Ah Rogue, I love thee: Thou art
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

art as valorous as Hefter of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and tenne times better then the nine Worthies: ah Villaine.

Fal. A raftally Slaue, I will toffe the Rogue in a Blanket.

Del. Doe, if thou dar'ft for thy heart: if thou doo'ft, Ile canaus thee betweene a paar of Sheetces.

Enter Mufique.

Post. The Mufique is come, Sir.


Del. And thou followedst him like a Church: thou worfon little tyde Bartholomew Bore-pigge, when wilt thou leave fighting on dayes, and feyning on nights, and begin to patch vp thine old Body for Heauen?

Enter the Prince and Paines daisguist'd.

Fal. Peace (good Del.) doe not speake like a Death-head: doe not bid me remember mine end.

Del. Sirrha, what humor is the Prince of? Fal. A good shallow young fellow: hee would have made a good Panter, hee would have chipp'd Bread well.

Del. They say Paines hath a good Wit.

Fal. Hee a good Wit? hang him Baboone, his Wit is as thick as Tewksburie Muffard: there is no more conceit in him, then is in a Mallet.

Del. Why doth the Prince lose him so then?

Fal. Because their Legges are both of a bignefte: and hee plays at Quoits well, and eate Conger and Fennell, and drinks off Candles ends for Flap-drags, and rides the wilde-Marie with the Boyes, and lumpes vpion Ioynd-flowles, and fweares with a good grace, and weares his Boot very smooth, like vnto the Signe of the Legge: and breedes no bate with telling of disreete stories: and fuch other Gamboll Faculties hee hath, that shew a weake Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits him; for the Prince himselfe is fuch another: the weight of an hayre will turne the Scales betwixt theire Haker-de-pay.

Prince. Would not this Naue of a Wheele haue his Eares cut off?

Pain. Let vs beat him before his Whore.

Prince. Looke, if the wither'd Elder hath not his Poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Pain. Is it not strange, that Defire should so many yeeres out-live performance?

Fal. Kiffe me Del.

Prince. Saturne and Venus this yeere in Conjunction? What fayes the Almanack to that?

Pain. And looke whether the ferie Trigon, his Man, be not lifting to his Masters old Tables, his Note-Booke, his Counsell-keeper?

Fal. Thou doft give mee flatt'ring Buffes.

Del. Nay truely, I kiffe thee with a most conflant heart.

Fal. I am olde, I am olde.

Del. I love thee better, then I love ere a fcuriue young Boy of them all.

Fal. What Suffe wilt thou have a Kittle of? I shall receive Money on Thursday: thou shalt have a Cappe to morrow. A merrie Song, come: it growes late, wee will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Del. Thou wilt fet me a weeping, if thou say'ft so: proue that ever I dreffe my selfe handfome, till thy returne: well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some Sack, Francis.

Prince. Annon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha! a Baffard Sonne of the Kings? And art not thou Paines, his Brother?

Prince. Why thou Globe of finfull Continents, what a Life do'th thou lead?

Fal. A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Drawer.

Prince. Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out by the Eares.

Hoft. Oh, the Lord prefervre thy good Grace: Welcome to London. Now Heauen bleffe that Sweete Face of thine: what, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou worfon mad Compound of Maiffe: by this light Fleth, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.


Pain. My Lord, hee will drive you out of your reuenge, and turne all to aerryment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You worfon Candle myne you, how wildly did you speake of me euen now, before this honett, vertuous, ciuitall Gentlewman?

Hoft. 'Bleffing on your good heart, and so thee is by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou heare me?

Prince. You and you knew me, as you did when you ranne away by Gods-hill: you knew I was at your back, and spooke it on purpose, to trie my patience.

Fal. No, no, no: not fo: I did not thinke, thou waft within hearing.

Prince. I shall drive you then to confelle the wilfull abufe, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abufe (Hall) on mine Honor, no abufe.

Prince. Not to disparaye me? and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abufe (Hal.)

Pain. No abufe?


I dispraye'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in love with him: In which doing, I have done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subieft, and thy Father is to give me thankes for it. No abufe (Hal:) none ( Ned:) none; no Boyes, none.

Prince. See now whether pure Farea, and entire Cowardif, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman, to close with vs? Is thee of the Wicked? Is thine Hoftesse heere, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honett Bardolph (whose Zeele burns in his Nose) of the Wicked?

Pain. Answere thou dead Elme,answere.

Fal. The Fiend hath prickt downe Bardolph irreconcileable, and his Face is Lucifer Priu-Kitchin, where hee doth nothing but roft Mault-Wormes: for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Deuill outbids him too.

Prince. For the Women?

Fal. For one of them, thee is in Hell alreadie, and burns poure Soules: for the other, I owe her Money; and whether thee bee damn'd for that, I know not.

Hoft. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No,
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Fal. No, I thinke thou art not: I thinke thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another Indisposition vpon thee, for suffering flesh to bee eaten in thy house, contrary to the Law, for which I thinke thou wilt howle. 

Holl. All Victuallers doe so: What is a joynt of Mutton, or two, in a whole Lent? 

Prince. You, Gentlewoman. 

Dol. What fayes your Grace? 

Fal. His Grace fayes that, which his flesh rebells against. 

Hofi. Who knockes so lowd at doores? Looke to the doore there, Francis?

Enter Peto.

Prince. Peto, how now? what newes? 

Peto. The King, your Father, is at Westminster, And there are twentie weake and wearied Postes, Come from the North: and as I came along, I met, and ouer-tooke a dozen Captaines, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the Tauernes, And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff. 

Prince. By Heaven (Peto) I feele me much to blame, So idly to prophane the precious time, When Tempeft of Commotion, like the South, Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt, And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads. Glue me my Sword, and Cloake: 

Falstaff, good night. 

Falst. Now comes in the sweetest Morcell of the night, and wee must hence, and leave it vnpickt. More knocking at the doore? How now? what is the matter? 

'Bard. You must away to Court, Sir, presently, A dozen Captaines flay at doore for you. 

Falst. Pay the Muttons, Sirrha: farewell Hostefe, farewell Dol. You fee (my good Wenches) how men of Merit are sought after: the vnederuer may sleepe, when the man of Aditon is call'd on. Farewell good Wenches: if I be not sent away poste, I will fee you againe, ere I goe. 

Dol. I cannot speake: if my heart bee not ready to burst.-- Well (sweete Isaac) have a care of thy selfe. 

Falst. Farewell, farewell. 

Hofi. Well, fare thee well: I have knowne thee thefe twentie nine yeeres, come Pecod-time: but an honest, and truer-hearted man—— Well, fare thee well. 

Bard. Misfit nice-doost. 

Hofi. What is the matter? 

Bard. Bid Misfit nice-doost come to my Master. 

Hofi. Oh runne Dol, runne: runne, good Dol. 

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, with a Page. 

King. Go, call the Earles of Surrey, and of Warwick: But ere they come, bid them ore-reade thefe Letters, And well consider of them: make good speed. Exit. 

How many thousand of my poorest Subjects Are at this howre appeare? O Sleep, O gentle Sleepe, Natures soft Nurse, how haue I frighted thee, That thou no more wilt weign my eye-lids downe, And sleepe my Sences in Forgetfulness? 

Why rather (Sleepe) lyest thou in smoake Cribs, Vpon vnaefie Pallads stretching thee, And huiuft with buffing Night, eyes to thy slumber, Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great? 

Vnder the Canopies of costly State, And lull'd with sounds of sweetest Melodie? 

O thou dull God, why lyest thou with the wilde, In loathsome Beds, and leaue'th the Kingly Couch, 

A Watch-cafe, or a common Larum-Bell? Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Maff, 

Scale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines, In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge, 

And in the visitation of the Windes, Who take the Ruffian Billowes by the top, Curling their montrous heads, and hanging them With deaff'ning Clamors in the flipp'y Clouds, That with the hurly, Death it selfe awakes? Canst thou (O partiall Sleepe) guie thy Repose 

To the wet Sea-Boy, in an hour fo rude: 

And in the calme, and most stillliefte Night, 

With all appliances, and means to boote, Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe, 

Vnaefie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.

Enter Warwick and Surrey. 

War. Many good-morrows to your Maiestie. 

King. Is it good-morrow, Lords? 

War. 'Tis One a Clock, and palf. 

King. Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords:) Have you read o're the Letters that I sent you? 

War. We have (my Liege.) 

King. Then you perceiue the Body of our Kingdome, How foule it is: what ranke Diseases grow, 

And with what danger, neere the Heart of it? 

War. It is but as a Body, yet disempier'd, 

Which to his former strength may be refor'd, 

With good aduice, and little Medicine: 

My Lord Northumberland will foone be cool'd. 

King. Oh Heauen, that one might read the Book of Fate, And folle the revolution of the Times 

Make Mountains leuelle, and the Continent 

(Wearie of folide firmenete) melt it felle 

Into the Sea: and other Times, to fee 

The heache Girdle of the Ocean 

Too wide for Neptunes hipples; how Chances mockes 

And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration 

With divers Liquors, "Tis not tenne yeeres gone, 

Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends, 

Did feast together; and in two yeeres after, 

Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeeres since, 

This Percie was the man, neerest my Soule, 

Who, like a Brother, tody in my Affaires, 

And layd his Loue and Life vnder my foot: 

Yes, for my fake, even to the eyes of Richard 

Gave him.defiance. But which of you was by 

(You Cousin Neill, as I may remember) 

When Richard, with his Eye, brim-full of Tears, 

(Then check'd, and rated by Northumberland) 

Did speake these words (now prou'd a Prophetic:) 

Northumberland, thou Ladder, by the which 

My
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Skallow and Silence: with Moultie, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bull-calf.

Skal. Come-on, come-on, come-on: give mee your Hand, Sir; give mee your Hand, Sir: an early stirrer, by the Rood. And how doth my good Cousin Silence?

Sil. Good-morrow, good Cousin Skallow.

Skal. And how doth my Cousin, your Bed-fellow? and your fairest Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a blacke Ousel (Cousin Shallow.)

Skal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say my Cousin William is become a good Scholler? hee is at Oxford still, is hee not?

Sil. Indeede Sir, to my cost.

Skal. Hee must then to the Innes of Court shortly: I was onc of Clemens Inne; where (I thinke) they will talke of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call’d luffie Shallow then (Cousin.)

Skal. I was call’d any thing: and I would have done any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Dot of Staffordshire, and blacke George Bar, and Francis Pick-bone, and Will Squeel a Cot-fal-man, you had not foure fuch Swinge-bucklers in all the Innes of Court againe: And I may say to you, wee knew where the Bon-a-Rita’s were, and had the best of them all at commandement. Then was Jacke Falstaff (now Sir Iohn) a Boy, and Page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir Iohn (Cousin) that comes hither anon about Souldiers?

Skal. The fame Sir Iohn, the very fame: I saw him breake Scoggan’s Head at the Court-Gate, when he was a Crack, not thus high: and the very fame day did I fight with one Sampson Stock-fish, a Fruterer, behind Greyes-Inne. Oh the mad dayes that I haue spent! and to fee how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead?

Sil. Wee shall all follow (Cousin.)

Skal. Certainly: ’tis certaine: very sure, very sure: Death is certaine to all, all shall dye. How a good Yoke of Bullocks at Stamford Fayre?

Sil. Truly Cousin, I was not there.

Skal. Death is certaine. Is old Double of your Towne living yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Skal. Dead? See, fee: hee drew a good Bow: and dead? hee shot a fine Shooe. Iohn of Gaunt loued him well, and beeted much Money on his head. Dead? hee would have clapt in the Clowt at Twelve-score, and carried you a fore-hand Shaft at fourteene, and fourteene, and a half, that it would have done a mans heart good to fee. How a score of Ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good Ewes may be worth tenne pounds.

Skal. And is olde Double dead?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

Sil. Heere come two of Sir Iohn Falstaffes Men (as I thinke.)

Skal. Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen.

Bard. I beeche you, which is Iuffice Shallow?

Skal. I am Robert Shallow (Sir) a poore Esquire of this Country, and one of the Kings Iuffices of the Peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commands him to you: my Captaine, Sir Iohn Falstaff: a tall Gentleman, and a moft gallant Leader.

Skal. Hee greeteth me well? (Sir) I knew him a good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight? may I ask, how my Lady his Wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon: a Souldier is better accommodation, then with a Wife.

Skal. It is well said, Sir; and it is well said, indeede, too: Better accommodation? it is good, yea indeede is it: good phrares are surely, and every where very commendable. Accommodated, it comes of Accommodate: very good, a good Phrafe.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I have heard the word. Phrafe call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phrafe: but I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good Command. Accommodated: that is, when a man is (as they fay) accommodated: or, when a man is, being whereby
whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaff.

Shal. It is very just : Looke, heere comes good Sir John. Glue me your hand, glue me your Worships good hand : Trust me, you look well: and beare your yeares very well. Welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good M. Robert Shallow: Master Sure-card as I thinkne.

Shal. No sir John, it is my Cusin Silence : in Commissi- on with mee.

Fal. Good M. Silence, it well beseeth you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good Worship is welcome.

Fal Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) have you prouised me heere halfe a dozen of sufficient men?

Shal. Marry have we fir: Will you fit?

Fal. Let me see them, I befeech you.

Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see: fo, fo, fo: yea marry Sir. Raphe Mouldie: let them appear as I call: let them do fo, let them do fo: Let mee see, Where is Mouldie?

Moul. Heere, if it please you.

Shal. What think you (Sir John) a good limb'd fel- low: yong, strong, and of good friends?

Fal. Is thy name Mouldie?

Moul. Yea, if it please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert vs'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are mou- die, lacke vie: very singular good. Well saide Sir John, very well saide.

Fal. Prick me him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could haue me alone: my old Dame will be vndone now, for one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe out, then I.

Fal. Go too: peace Mouldie, you shall goe. Mouldie, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent?

Shallow. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside : Know you where you are? For the other sir John : Let me see:Simon Shadow.

Fal. I marry, let me haue him to fit vnder: he's like to be a cold fouldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Heere fir.

Fal. Shadow, whose sonne art thou ?

Shad. My Mothers sonne, Sir.

Falst. Thy Mothers sonne: like enough, and thy Fa- thers shadow : fo the sonne of the Female, is the shadow of the Male : it is often fo indeede, but not of the Fathers substancc.

Shal. Do you like him, sir John?

Falst. Shadow will serve for Summer : pricke him: For wee haue a number of shadowes to fill vppe the Mutter- Bookes.

Shal. Thomas Wart?

Falst. Where's he?

Wart. Heere fir.

Falst. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea fir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged Wart.

Shal. Shall I pricke him downe,

Sir John?

Falst. It were superfluous: for his apparel is built vp- on his backe, and the whole frame stands vpon pinsprick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it fir: you can doe it: I commend you well.

Francis Feble.

Feble. Heere fir.

Shal. What Trade art thou Feble?

Feble. A Womans Taylor fir.

Shal. Shall I pricke him, fir?

Fal. You may:

But if he had beene a mans Taylor, he would haue prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Bat- talle, as thou haft done in a Womans petticoat?

Feble. I will doe my good will fir, you can haue no more.

Falst. Well said, good Womans Tailour : Well sayde Courageous Feble : thou wilt bee as valiant as the wrath- ful Doue, or most magnanimous Moue. Pricke the womans Tailour well Master Shallow, deepe Master Shal- low.

Feble. I would Wart might have gone fir.

Fal. I would thou wert a mans Tailor, that y might't mend him, and make him fit to goe. I cannot put him to a private fouldier, that is the Leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most Forcible Feble.

Feble. It shall suffice.

Falst. I am bound to thee, severend Feble. Who is the next?

Shal. Peter Bulcalf thee of the Greene.

Falst. Yea marry, let vs see Bulcalf.

Bul. Heere fir.

Fal. Trust me, a likely Fellow. Come, pricke me Bul- calf'till he beare againe.

Bul. Oh, good my Lord Captaine.

Fal. What do'th thou roare before th'art prickt.

Bul. Oh fir, I am a defesed man.

Fal. What diseset haft thou ?

Bul. A whorson cold fir, a cough fir, which I caught with Ringing in the Kings affayres, vpon his Coronation day, fir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the Warres in a Gowne : we will haue thy Cold, and I will take such order, that thy Friends shall ring for thee. Is heere all ?

Shal. There is two more called then your number : you must haue but foure heere fir, and so I pray you go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will goe drinke with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to fee you in good troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O sir John, doe you remember since wee lay all night in the Winde-mill, in S Georges Field.

Falstaff. No more of that good Master Shallow: No more of that.

Shal. Ha? It was a merry night. And is Lane Night- work alie?

Fal. She lives, M. Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Neuer, neuer: she would always sy se she could not abide M. Shallow.

Shal. I could anger her to the heart : thee was then a Bon-Roba. Dobh she hold her owne well.

Fal. Old,old, M. Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old, she cannot choose but be old.
old: certaine fierce old: and had Robin Night-work, by old Night-work, before I came to Clements Inne.

Sir. That's fifty-five yeeres agoe.

Skal. Ha, Cousin Silence, that thou hadst feene that, that this Knight and I have feene: hah, Sir John, said I well?

Falst. Wee haue heard the Chymes at mid-night, Maifer Shallow.

Skal. That wee haue, that wee haue: in faith, Sir John, wee haue: our watch-word was, Hem-Boyes. Come, let's to Dinner; come, let's to Dinner: Oh the daies that wee haue feene. Come, come.

But Good Maifer Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and here is foure Harry tenne failings in French Crownes for you: in very truth, Sir, I had as lief be hang'd fir, as goe: and yet, for mine owne part, I do not care; but rather, because I am vnwilling, and for mine owne part, have a defire to fay with my friends: else, fir, I did not care, for mine owne part, so much.

Bard. Go-too: stand aside.

Mould. And good Maifer Corporall Captaine, for my old Dames sake, stand my friend: fere hath no body to doe any thing about her, when I am gone: and she is old, and cannot help her selle: you shall haue forit, fir.

Bard. Go-too: stand aside.

Fecle. I care not, a man can die but once: wee owe a death. I will never beare a bafe minde: if it be my deftinie, so: if it be not, so: no man is too good to fere his Prince: and let it goe which way it will, he that dies this yeere, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said, thou art a good fellow.

Fecle. Nay, I will beare no bafe minde.

Falst. Come fir, which men shall I haue?

Skal. Foure of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I haue three pound, to free Mouldie and Bull-calf.

Falst. Go-too: well.

Skal. Come, fir John, which four will you haue?

Falst. Doe you chuse for me.

Skal. Marry then, Mouldie, Bull-calf, Fecle, and Shaddock.

Mould. Mouldie, and Bull-calf: for you Mouldie, fay at home, till you are past servise: and for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you come into it: I will none of you.

Skal. Sir John, Sir John, doe not your selle wrong, they are your likefey men, and I would haue you seru'd with the best.

Falst. Will you tell me (Maifer Shallow) how to chufe a man? Care I for the Limbe, the Thewes, the stature, bulke, and bigge affemblance of a man? give mee the spirit (Maifer Shallow.) Where's Worts? you see what a ragged appearance it is: hee shall charge you, and discount you, with the motion of a Pewtgers Hammer: come off, and on, twitter then hee that gibbets on the Brewers Bucket. And this name halfe-tied fellow, Shaddock, give me this man: hee pretens no marke to the Enemie, the foe-man may with as great ayme leuell at the edge of a Pen-knife: and for a Retract, how swiftly will this Fecle, the Womans Taylor, runne off. O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a Caliver into Warts hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold Wart, Trauerse: thus, thus.

Falst. Come, manage me your Caliver: for very well, go-too, very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, leane, old, chopt, bald Shot. Well said Wart, thou art a good Scab: hold, there is a Tetter for thee.

Skal. Hee is not his Crafts-maifer, hee doth not doe it right. I remember at Mile-end-Greene, when I lay at Clements Inne, I was then Sir Daugnet in Acturs Show: there was a little quiffer fellow, and hee would manage you his Pece thus: and hee would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: Rah, tah, tah, would hee fay, Bowence would hee fay, and away againe would hee goe, and againe would he come: I shal never fee such a fellow.

Falst. These fellows will doe well, Maifer Shallow. Farewell Maifer Silence, I will not vse many wordes with you: fare you well, Gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to night. Bardolph, give the Souldiers Coates.

Skal. Sir John, Heauen bleffe you, and prosper your Affaires, and send vs Peace. As you returne, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: per-adventure I will with you to the Court.

Falst. I would you would, Maifer Shallow.

Skal. Go-too: I haue speke at a word. Fare you well.

Exit.

Falst. Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On Bardolph, leade the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off these Iuftices: I doe fee the bottome of Iuftice Shallow. How sufiect wee old men are to this vice of Lying? This fame fana'd Iuftice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildenesse of his Youth, and the Feates hee hath done about Tarnbull-freet, and every third word a Lye, duer pay'd to the hearer, then the Turkes Tribute. I doe remember him at Clements Inne, like a man made after Supper,of a Cheefe-paring. When hee was naked, hee was, for all the world, like a forked Radifh, with a Head fantastically car'd upon it with a Knife. Hee was fo forlorne, that his Dimenions ( to any thicke fight) were inuincible. Hee was the very Genius of Famine: hee came euer in the rere-ward of the Fashion: And now is this Vices Dagger become a Squire, and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if hee had beene sworn Brothre to him: and Ile be sworn hee neuer faw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he hurft his Head, for crowding among the Marshals men. I saw it, and told John of Gaunt, hee beat his owne Name, for you might haue tru'd him and all his Apparel into an Edle-skinne: the Cafe of a Treble Hoe-boy was a Manfhop for him: a Court: and now hath hee Land, and Beuues. Well, I will be with him, if I returne: and it shal goe hard, but I will make him a Philosophers two Stones to me. If the young Dace be a Bayt for the old Pike, I see no reason, in the Law of Nature, but I may snap at him. Let time fhape, and there an end. 

Excut.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Arch-bishop, Mowbray, Hallings, Weltherland, Caleulce.

Biff. What is this Forrest call'd?

Hall. 'Tis Gualtree Forrest, and 'tis not pleafe your Grace.

Biff. Here stand (my Lords) and send discouers forth, To know the numbers of our Enemies.
Haft. Wee haue sent forth alreadie.

Bijb. 'Tis well done.

My Friends, and Brethren (in these great Affairs)
I must acquaint you, that I haue receiu'd
New-dated Letters from Northumberland:
Their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus,
Here doth hee with his Perfon, with such Powers
As might hold fortance with his Quality,
The which hee could not leve: whereupon
Hee is return'd, to rife his growing Fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in heartie prayers,
That your Attempts may ouer-lie the hazard,
And fearfull meeting of their Opponets.

Mow. Thus do the hopes we have in him, touch ground,
And daft themselues to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Haft. Now? what newes? 

Mow. Steeft of this Forrest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly forme, comes on the Enemy:
And by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or nere, the rate of thirtie thousand.

Mow. The iuft proportion that we gave them out.
Let vs fway-on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmerland.

Bijb. What well-appointed Leader fronts vs here? 

Mow. I thinke it is my Lord of Westmerland.

Wefi. Health, and faire greeting from our Generall,
The Prince, Lord John, and Duke of Lancaster.

Bijb. Say on (my Lord of Westmerland) in peace:
What doth concern your comming?

Wefi. Then (my Lord)

Vnto your Grace doe I in chief adrefle
The fubfance of my Speech. If that Rebellion
Came like it felfe, in bafe and abfurd Routs,
Led on by bloody Youth, guarded with Rage,
And countenaunce'd by Boyes, and Beggerie:
I fay, if damn'd Commotion fo appeare,
In his true, natue, and moft proper shape,
You (Reuerend Father, and thefe Noble Lords)
Had not beene here, to drefs the ougley forme
Of bafe, and bloody Infurrection,
With your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch-bifhop,
Whole Sea is by a Ciuiti Peace maintaine'd,
Whole Beard, the Siluer Hand of Peace hath touch'd,
Whole Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd,
Whole white Inveiments figure Innocence,
The Dowe, and very blefled Spirit of Peace,
Wherefore doe you fo ill tranflate your felfe,
Out of the Speech of Peace, that bears fuch grace,
Into the harf and boytrous Tongue of Warre?
Turning your Bookes to Graues, your Inke to Blood,
Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue diuine
To a lowd Trumpet, and a Point of Warre.

Bijb. Wherefore doe I this? fo the Queftion stands.
Briefely to this end: Wee are all difeas'd,
And with our forfeittings, and wanton howres,
Have brought our felues into a burning Feuer,
And wee muft bleed for it: of which Difcase,
Our late King Richard (being infected) dy'd.
But (my moft Noble Lord of Westmerland)
I take not on me here as a Phyfician,
Nor doe I, as an Enemy to Peace,

Troope in the Throng of Militarie men:
But rather fhew a while like fearefull Warre,
To dyet ranke Minde, fick of Happineffe,
And purge th'oiberufions, which begin to stop
Our very Veines of Life: hear me more plainly.
I haue in equall balance iuftly weigh'd,
What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And finde our Griefes heauier then our Offences.
Wee fee which way the freame of Time doth runne,
And are enforc'd from our moft quiet there,
By the rough Torrent of Occafion,
And haue the fummarie of all our Griefes
(When time shall ferue) to shew in Articles;
Which long ere this, wee offer'd to the King,
And might, by no Suit,ayne our Audience:
When wee are wrong'd, and would vnfold our Griefes,
Wee are deny'd access unto his Perfon,
Euen by thofe men, that moft haue done vs wrong.
The dangers of the daies but newly gone,
Whole memorie is written on the Earth
With yet appearing blood; and the examples
Of every Minutes incantane (prefent now)
Hath put vs in thefe ill-befeeing Armes:
Not to brake Peace, or any Branch of it,
But to eftabliff here a Peace indeafe,
Concurring both in Name and Qualitie.

Wefi. When ever yet was your Appeal deny'd?
Wherein haue you beene galled by the King?

What Peere hath beene fuborn'd, to grate on you,
That you should feale this lawleffe bloody Booke
Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Seale diuine?

Bijb. My Brother generall, the Common-wealth,
I make my Quarrell, in particular.

Wefi. There is no neede of any fuch redrefs:
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mow. Why not to him in part, and to vs all,
That feele the bruises of the daies before,
And affuer the Condition of these Times
To lay a haue and veneuell Hand vpon our Honors?

Wefi. O my good LordMembray,
Confreure the Times to their Necelfities,
And you hall fay (indeede) it is the Time,
And not the King, that doth you injuries.

Yet for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the King, or in the prefent Time,
That you should have an yach of any ground
To build a Griefe on: were you not refidor'd
To all the Duke of Norfolkes Seignories,
Your Noble, and right well remembred Fathers?

Mow. What thing, in Honor, had my Father loft,
That need to be reui'd, and breath'd in me?
The King that lou'd him, as the State flood then,
Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banifie him:
And then, that HenryBallingleby and hee
Being mounted, and both rowfed in their Seats,
Their neighing Courfiers daring of the Sperre,
Their armed Staues in charge, their Beauers downe,
Their eyes of fire, sparkling through fights of Steele,
And the lowd Trumpet blowing them together.
Then, then, when there was nothing could haue fay'd
My Father from the Breaf of Ballingleby;
O, when the King did throw his Wader downe,
(As his owne Life hung vpon the Staife hee threw)
Then threw hee downe himfelfe, and all their Lives,
That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,
Haue since mil-carried vnder Ballingleby.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Weft. You speak (Lord Mowbray) now you know not what. The Earl of Hereford was reputed then In England the most valiant Gentleman. Who knowe's, on whom Fortune would then have smil'd? But if your Father had beene Victor there, Hee ne're had borne it out of Countrie. For all the Countrie, in a generall voyce, Cry'd hate vpon him: and all their prayers, and lour, Were set on Herford, whom they doted on, And blest'd, and grac'd, and did more then the King. But this is meere digression from my purpose. Here come I from our Princely Generall, To know your Grieues; to tell you, from his Grace, That hee will give you Audience: and wherein It shal appear, that your demands are just, You shall enjoy them, ever thing set off, That must so much as thinke you Enemies. Men. But hee hath forc'd vs to compel this Offer, And it proceeds from Policy, not Love. Weft. Mowbray, you ouer-weene to take it fo: This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Fear. For loe, within a Ken our Army lyes, Vpon mine Honor, all too confident To give admittance to a thought of Fear. Our Battailse is more full of Names then yours, Our Men more perfect in the wfe of Armes, Our Armor all as strong, our Caufe the best; Then Reason will, our hearts should be as good. Say you not then, your Offer is compell'd. Men. Well, by my will, wee shall admit no Parley. Weft. That argues but the shame of your offence: A rotten Cafe abides no handling. Hoft. Hath the Prince John a full Commission, In very ample vertue of his Father, To hear, and abolutely to determine Of what Conditions wee shall stand vpon? Weft. That is intended in the Generals Name: I mow you may so much as think of a Question. Bifh. Then take (my Lord of Westmerland) this Schedule, For this contains our generall Grievances: Each seuerall Article herein redres'd, All members of our Caufe, both here, and hence, That are infinewed to this Action, Acquited by a true subfiantall forme, And prefent execution of our wills, To vs, and to our purposes confin'd, Wee come within our awfull Banks againe, And knit our Powers to the Arme of Peace. Weft. This will I fwo the Generall: Please you Lords, In fight of both our Battailses, wee may meete At either end in peace: which Heauen fo frame, Or to the place of difference call the Swords, Which must decide it. Bifh. My Lord, wee will doe fo. Men. There is a thing within my Boforme tells me, That no Conditions of our Peace can stand. Hoft. Fear ye not, that if wee can make our Peace Vpon such large termes, and fo absolute, As our Conditions shall confit vpon, Our Peace shall stand as firme as Rockie Mountains. Men. I, but our valuation shall be fuch, That every flight, and falfe-derived Caufe, Yes, every idle, nice, and wanton Reason, Shall, to the King, taffe of this Action: That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Love, Wee shall be winnowed with fo rough a winde,
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Vnder the counterfeited Zeale of Heaven,
The Subiects of Heaven's Substitute, my Father,
And both against the Peace of Heaven, and him,
Hauie here vp-iwarmed them.

Bijb. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your Fathers Peace:
But (as I told my Lord of Westmerland)
The Time (mil-order'd) doth in common fence
Crowd vs. and crucr vs., to this monstroes Forme,
To hould our safetie vp, I sent your Grace.
The parcels, and particulars of our Grievs,
The which hath beene with fcorne shou'd from the Court:
Whereon this Hydra-Sonne of Warre is borne,
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charmed asleepe,
With graunt of our most luft and right deires;
And true Obedience, of this Madneffe cur'd,
Stoope tamely to the foot of Malefie.

Mow. If not, wee readie are to trye our fortunes,
To the laft man.

Haft. And though wee here fall downe,
Wee haue Supplies, to fecome our Attempt:
If they mil-carry, theirs shall secound them.
And fo, facceu of Michlefe shall be borne,
And Heire from Heire shall hold this Quarrell vp,
Whiles England shall haue generation.

Iohn. You are too shallow (Haftings)
Much too shallow,
To found the bottome of the after-Times.

Weft. Pleaseth your Grace, to anfwere them directly,
How farre-forth you doe like their Articles.

Iohn. I like them all, and doe allow them well;
And Ieware here, by the honor of my blood,
My Fathers purpos have beene mis frooke,
And fome, about him, have too lufily
Wrested his meaning, and Authoritie.
My Lord, these Grievses shall be with speed redrect;
Upon my Life, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your Powers vnto their feueral Counties,
As wee will ours: and here, betweene the Armies,
Let's drinke together friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may beare thofe Tokens home,
Of our restored Loue, and Amitie.

Bijb. I take your Princely word, for these redressers.

Iohn. I glie it you, and will maintaine my word:
And thereupon I drinke vnto your Grace.

Haft. Goe Captain, and deliver to the Armie
This news of Peace: let them haue pay, and part:
I know, it will well please them.

High thee Captain. Exit.

Bijb. To you, my Noble Lord of Westmerland.

Weft. I pledge your Grace:
And if you know what paines I haue benev'd,
To breede this present Peace,
You would drinke freely: but my loue to you,
Shall shew it felle more openly hereafter.

Bijb. I doe not doubt you.

Weft. I am glad of it.

Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin Mowbray.

Mow. You with me health in very happy felacion,
For I am, on the sodaine, something ill.

Bijb. Against ill Chances, men are ever merry,
But heauenelye fore-runnens the good event.

Weft. Therefore be merry (Cooze) fince sodaine sorrow
Serves to fay thus: some good thing comes to morowe.

Bijb. Believe me, I am paffing light in spirit.

Mow. So much the worfe, if your owne Rule be true.

John. The word of Peace is render'd: hearkie how
they shouht.

Mow. This had beene chearfull, after Victorie.

Bijb. A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest:
For then both parties nobly are sub'd
And neither partie looser.

Iohn. Goe (my Lord)
And let our Army be discharged too:
And good my Lord (fo please you) let our Traines
March by vp, that wee may perufe the men
Exit.

Bijb. Goe, good Lord Haftings:
And ere they be difmis'd, let them march by.

Iohn. I trueth(Lords) wee shall lyee to night together.

Enter Westmerland.

Now Cousin, wherefore stands our Army still?

Weft. The Leaders having charge from you to stand,
Will not goe off, untill they heare you speake.

Iohn. They know their duties. Enter Haftings.

Haft. Our Army is dispers'd:
Like youthfull Steeres, vnoak'd, they took their courie
East, West, North, South: or like a Schoole, broke vp,
Each hurries towards his home, and (porting place).

Weft. Good tidings (my Lord Haftings) for the which,
I doe areft thee (Traytor) of high Treason:
And you Lord Arch-bishop, and you Lord Mowbray,
Of Captall Treason, I attach you both.

Mow. Is this proceeding luft, and honorable?

Weft. Is your Amembly to?

Bijb. Will you thus breake your faith?

Iohn. I pawn'd thee none:
I promis'd you redrefs of these fame Grievances
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine Honor,
I will performe, with a moft Chriftian care.
But for you (Rebels) looke to tafe the due
Meet for Rebellion, and such Acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these Armes commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolifhly fent hence.
Strike vp your Drummes, purufe the scattard fray,
Heaven, and not wee, haue safely fought to day.
Some guard these Traitors to the Block of Death,
Treasons true Bed, and yeelder yp of breath.

Exeunt. Enter Falstaffe andColleuile.

Falst. What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition are you?
And of what place, I pray?

Col. I am a Knight, Sir.

And my Name is Colleuile of the Dale.

Falst. Well then, Colleuile is your Name, a Knight
is your Degree, and your Place, the Dale.
Colleuile shall be your Name, a Traytor your Degree, and the
Dungeon your Place, a place deepe enough: so shall you be
Colleuile of the Dale.

Col. Are not you Sir John Falstaffe?

Falst. As good a man as he fir, who ere I am: doe yee
yeedle fir, or shall I weate for you? If doe weate, they
are the drops of thy Louers, and they weep for thy death,
therefore rowze vp Feare and Trembling, and do obler-
ance to my mercy.

Col. I thinke you are Sir John Falstaffe, & in that thought
yield me.

Fal. I haue a whole Schoole of tongues in this belly
of mine, and not a Tongue of them all, speakes anie other
word but my name: and I had but a belly of any indiffe-
rence, I were simplye the moft actiue fellow in Europe:
my wombe, my wombe, my wombe vndoes mee. Here
comes our Generall.

§§ 3
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Enter Prince Iohn, and Wetherard.

Iohn. The heat is past, follow no farther now: Call in the Powers, good Cousin Wetherard. Now Falkoff, where have you beene all this while? When every thing is ended, then you come. Thefe tardie Tricks of yours will (on my life) One time, or other, brake some Gallowses back. Falst. I would bee forry (my Lord) but it shou'd bee thus: I newr knew yet, but rebuske and checke was the reward of Valour. Do you think me a Swallow, an Arrow, or a Bullet? Haue I, in my poore and old Motion, the expedition of Thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest ynh of possibillity. I have sowned nine score and oddie Pontes: and heere (trauell-tainted as I am) haue, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken Sir Iohn Collitile of the Dale, a most furious Knight, and valorous Enemy: But what of that? bee faw me, and yeelded: that I may iulfy fay with the hookes-nee'd fellow of Rome, I came, faw, and ouer-came.

Iohn. It was more of his Courtesie, then your despering.

Falst. I know not: heere hee is, and heere I yeeld him: and I befeech your Grace, let it be book'd, with the rest of this dayes dneys; or I fware, I will have it in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top of it (Collitile kifing my foot:) To the which courfe, if I be enfor'd, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences to me; and, I, in the cleare Skie of Fame, o're-shine you as much as the Full Moone doth the Cynders of the Element (which shew like Pinnes-heads to her) beleue not the Word of the Dale: therefore let me haue right, and let defcrit mount.

Iohn. Thine's too heaute to mount. Falst. Let it shine then.

Iohn. Thine's too thick to shine.

Falst. Let it doe something (my good Lord) that may doe me good, and call it what you will.

Iohn. Is thy Name Collitile?

Col. It is (my Lord.)

Iohn. A famous Rebell art thou, Collitile.

Col. And a famous true Subject tooke him.

Iohn. I am (my Lord) but as my Betters are, That led me hither: had they beene rul'd by me, You shou'd haue wonne them dearer then you haue.

Falst. I know not how they fold themselues, but thou like a kinde fellow, gau'th thy fefe away; and I thanke thee, for thee.

Enter Wetherard.

Iohn. Haue you left pursuitt?

Wef. Retreat is made, and Execution flay'd.

Iohn. Send Collitile, with his Confederates, To Yorke, to perform Execution.

Blunt, leade him hence, and fee you guard him fure.

Exit with Collitile.

And now dispatch we toward the Court (my Lords) I heare the King, my Father, is fore ficke. Our Newes shalloe goe befor vs, to his Maiestie, Which (Cousin) you shall bare, to comfort him: And wee with fober fpeece will follow you. Falst. My Lord, I befeech you, give me leaue to goe through Gloucestershire: and when you come to Court, fland my good Lord, pray in your good report.

Iohn. Fare you well, Falkoff: 1, in my condition, Shall better speake of you, then you deferve. Exit.

Falst. I would you had but the wit: twere better then your Dukedome. Good faith, this fame young bo-ler-blooded Boy doth nor loue me, nor a man cannot make him laugh: but that's no maraile, hee drinks no Wine. There's never any of thedem Boyes come to any profe: for thynne Drinkhe doth fo ouer-coole their blood, and making many Fift-Mesles, that they fall into a kinde of Male Greene-ficknoffe: and then, when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally Fooles, and Cowards: which some of vs shou'd be too, but for inflamation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-fold operation in it: it ascends me into the Braine, dryes me there all the foolish, and dull, and cruddie Vapours, which enuiron it: makes it apprehensive, quicke, forger- tiue, full of nimble, fierie, and deeleatable shapes; which delier'd o're to the Voyage, the Tongue, which is the Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The second property of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood: which before (cold, and fettled) left the Luer white, and pale; which is the Badge of Paffifianmitie, and Cowar- dize: but the Sherris warmes it, and makes it come from the inwards, to the parts extremes: it illuminateth the Face, which (as a Beacon) guies warming to all the reft of this little Kingdom (Man) to Arme: and then the Vitall Commoners, and in-land pettie Spirits, mufter me all to their Captaine, the Heart; who great, and puffit vp with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage: and this Valour comes of Sherris. So, that skill in the Weapon is nothing, without Sack (for that fets it a-woeke:) and Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold, kept by a Deuill, till Sack commences it, and fets it in act, and vfe. Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood hee did naturally inherit of his Father, bee hath, like leane, firrill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and tyll'd, with excellent endeavoure of drinking good, and good flore of fertile Sherris, that hee is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thofand Sonnes, the firft Principle I would teach them, shou'd be to forfsware thine Potious, and to addift themselves to Sack. Enter Bardolph. How now Bardolph?

'Bard. The Arme is discharged all, and gone. Falst. Let them goe: Ile through Gloucestershire, and there will I vfit Master Robert Sallow, Esquire: I haue him alreadie tempering betweene my finger and my thombe, and shortly will I feale with him. Come away. Extent.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Warwick, Clarence, Gloucester.

King. Now Lords, if Heauen doth give successefull end To this Debate, that biteeth at our doors, Wee will our Youth lead on to higher Fields, And draw no Swords, but what are fanfhyd. Our Nauie is adreffed, our Power collected, Our Substitutes, in abfence, well inuested, And every thing lyes leuell to our wiit; Onely wee want a little perfonall Strength: And pawfe vs, till these Rebels, now a-foot, Comevnderneath the yoake of Gouvernement.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Maiestie Shall foon enioy.

King. Hum-
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

King. Humphrey (my Sonne of Gloucester) where is the Prince, your Brother?
Glo. I think he's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Windsor.
King. And how accompanied?
Glo. I do not know (my Lord.)
King. Is not his Brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?
Glo. No (my good Lord) he is in presence here, Clar. What would my Lord, and Father?
King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence. How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother? Hee loves thee, and thou dost neglect him (Thomas.) Thou hast a better place in his Affection, Then all thy Brothers: cherish it (my Boy) And Noble Offices thou may'ft effect Of Mediation (after I am dead) Betweene his Greatness, and thy other Brethren. Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Loue, Nor lose the good advantage of his Grace, By tempting cold, or careless of his will. For she is gracious, if she be obserued: Hee hath a Care for Little, and a Hand Open (as Day) for melting Charity: Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's Flint, As humorous as Winter, and as sudden, As Flawes congealed in the Spring of day, His temper therefore must be well obserued: Chide him for faults, and doe it reuerently, When you perceiue his blood enclin'd to mirth: But being moodie, give him Line, and scope, Till that his paffions (like a Whale on ground) Confound themselues with working. Learn this Thomas, And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends, A Hoope of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in; That the united Vesell of their Blood (Mingled with Venom of Suggestion, As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in) Shall never leake, though it doe worke as strong As Aconitum, or rafh Gun-powder.
Clar. I shall observe him with all care, and loue.
King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him (Thomas?)
Clar. Hee is not there to day; hee dines in London.
King. And how accompanied? Canst thou tell that?
Clar. With Points, and other his continuall folo-wers.
King. Most subiect is the fatted Soyle to Weedes: And hee (the Noble Image of my Youth) Is ouer-spread with them: therefore my grieue Stretches it selfe beyond the howre of death. The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe shape (In formes imaginarie) th'vnguided Davies, And rotten Times, that you shal looke vpon, When I am sleeping with my Ancestors. For when his head-strong Riot hath no Curbe, When Rage and hot-Blood are his Counsailors, When Meanes and lauifh Manners meete together; Oh, with what Wings shall his Afection flye Towards fronting Peril, and oppo'd Decay?
War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyound him quite: The Prince but studies his Companions, Like a strange Tongue: wherein, to gaine the Language, "Tis needfull, that the most immodest word Be look'd vpon, and learn'd: which once attayned: Your Highnesse knowes, comes to no farther vfe, But to be knowne, and hated. So, like grosse termes, The Prince will, in the perfectnesse of time, Caft off his followers: and their memorie Shall as a Patterne, or a Measure, liue, By which his Grace must meete the liues of others,Turning past-euills to advantages.
King. 'Tis feldome, when the Bee doth leaue her Combe In the dead Carriage.
Enter Walfmerland.
Who's heere? Walfmerland?
Welf. Health to my Soueraigne, and new happinesse Added to that, that I am to deliver. Prince Iohn, your Sonne, doth kiffe your Graces Hand: eMowbray, the Bishop, Scottro, Haffings, and all, Are brought to the Correction of your Law. There is not now a Rebel Sword vnheath'd, But Peace puts forth her Olieue every where: The manner how this Action hath beene borne, Here (at more leyture) may your Highnesse reade, With every courfe, in his particular.
King. O Walfmerland, thou art a Summer Bird, Which euer in the hauchof Winter fings The lifting vp of day.
Enter Harcourt.
Looke, heere's more newes.
Har. From Enemies, Heauen kepe your Maiestie: And when they stand against you, may they fall, As thofe that I am come to tell you of. The Earle Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolfe, With a great Power of England, and of Scots, Are by the Sherife of Yorkshere ouerthrowne: The manner, and true order of the fight, This Packet (pleas it you) containes at large.
King. And wherefore should these good newes Make me fickle? Will Fortune noe come with both hands full, But write her faires words fill in foule Letters? Shee eyther glues a Stomack, and no Foode, (Such are the poore, in health) or else a Feast, And takes away the Stomack (such are the Rich, That have abundance, and enjoy it not.) I should rejoyce now, at this happy newes, And now my Sight fayles, and my Braine is giddie. O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.
Glo. Comfort your Maiestie.
Cl. Oh, my Royall Father.
Welf. My Soueraigne Lord, cheare vp your felfe, looke vp.
War. Be patient (Princes) you doe know, thefe Fits Are with his Highnesse very ordinarie. Stand from him, give him ayre: Hee's straitly beare well.
Clar. No, no, hee cannot long hold out: these pangs, Thriceinfall care, and labour of his Minde, Hath wrought the Mure, that should confine it in, So thinne, that Life looks through, and will breake out.
Glo. The people feare me: for they doe obserue Vnfather'd Heires, and loathly Births of Nature: The Seasons change their manners, as the Yeere Had found some Moneths asleepe, and leaped them ouer.
Clar. The Riuier hath thrice flow'd, no ebbie betweene: And the old folke (Times doting Chronicles) Say it did fo, a little time before That our great Grand-fire Edward fick'd, and dy'de.

War. Speake
Enter *Prince Henry*.

*P. Hen.* Who saw the Duke of Clarence?  
*Clar.* I am here (Brother) full of hauneffe.  
*P. Hen.* How now? Raine within doores, and none abroad? How doth the King?  
*Glo.* Exceeding ill.  
*P. Hen.* Hear hee the new good yet?  
Tell it him.  
*Glo.* Hee alter'd much, ypon the hearing it.  
*P. Hen.* If hee be sickes with Ioy, Hee'srecovered without Physickes.  
*War.* Not so much noyse (my Lords)  
Sweet Prince speake lowe,  
The King, your Father, is dijpons'd to sleepe.  
*Clar.* Let vs with-draw into the other Room.  
*War.* Will't please your Grace to goe along with vs?  
*P. Hen.* No: I will fit, and watch here, by the King.  
Why doth the Crowne lye there, ypon his Pillow, Being so troublesome a Bed-fellow?  
O pollisht Perturbation! Golden Care!  
That keep't the Ports of Slumber open wide,  
To many a watchfull Night: sleepe with it now,  
Yet not so found, and halfe so deeply sweete,  
As hee whose Brow (with homely Biggen bound)  
Snore out the Watch of Night, O Malefie!  
When thou dost pinch thy Bearer, thou dost st  
Like a rich Armor, worn in heat of day,  
That scald't with fattenie: by his Gates of breath,  
There lyes a downley feather, which fitteres not:  
Did hee usfure, that light and weightlesse dowline  
Perforce must moue. My gracious Lord, my Father,  
This sleepe is found indeede: this is a sleepe,  
That from this Golden Rigoll hath diuorc'd  
So many English Kings. Thy due, from me,  
Is Tares, and heauie Sorrows of the Blood,  
Which Nature, Loue, and filiall tenderness,  
Shall (O deare Father) pay thee plentifully.  
My due, from thee, is this Imperiall Crowne,  
Which (as immediate from thy Place and Blood)  
Derives it elfe to me. Loe, heere it stis,  
Which Heauen hiall guard:  
And put the worlds whole strenght into one gyant Arme,  
It shall not force this Lineall Honor from me.  
This, from thee, will I to mine leaue,  
As 'tis left to me.  

*Exit Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence.*

*King.* Warwicke, Gloucester, Clarence.  
*War.* What would your Malefie? how fares your  
Grace?  
*Warwick.* Why did you leave me here alone(my Lords?)  
*Glo.* We left the Prince(my Brother)here(my Liege)  
Who vndertooke to fit and watch by you.  
*King.* The Prince of Wales? where is hee? let mee fee him.  
*War.* This doore is open, hee is gone this way.  
*Glo.* Hee came not through the Chamber where wee stayd.  
*King.* Where is the Crowne? who tooke it from my  
Pillow?  
*War.* When wee with-drew (my Liege) wee left it  
here.  
*King.* The Prince hath tane it hence:  
Goe fekke him out.  
Is hee so hastie,that hee doth suppoze  
My sleepe, my death? Finde him(my Lord of Warwick)  
Chide him hither: this part of his conioyes  
With my diifeafe, and helps to ende me.  
See Sonnes, what things you are:  
How quickly Nature falls into reuel,  
When Gold becomes her Obieft?  
For this, the foolish ouer-carefull Fathers  
Haue broke their sleepe with thoughts,  
Their brains with care, their bones with induftry.  
For this, they have ingroflled and pyl'd vp  
The canker'd heapes of strange-atchieved Gold:  
For this, they have beeene thoughtfull, to inueft  
Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exercitides:  
When,like the Bee, culling from euerie flower  
The vertuous Sweetes,our Thighes packt with Wax,  
Our Mouthes with Honey, wee bring it to the Hieue;  
And like the Bees, are murthered for our paines.  
This bitter taffe yeilds his engroffements,  
To the ending Father.  

*Enter Warwick.*  
Now, where is hee, that will not stay so long,  
Till his Friend Sickneffe hath determin'd me?  
*War.* My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Room,  
Washing with kindly Tares his gentle Cheekes,  
With such a depe demeane, in great sorrow,  
That Tyranny, which neuer quaffit but blood,  
Would(by beholding him)haue walt'd his Knife  
With gentle eye-drops. Hee is comming hither.  
*King.*But wherefore did hee take away the Crowne?  

*Enter Prince Henry.*  
Loe, where hee comes. Come hither to me(Harry)  
Depart the Chamber, leaue vs heere alone.  

*Exit.*  
*P. Hen.* I neuer thought to heare you speake againe.  
*King.* Thy wish was Father(Harry)to that thought:  
I stay too long by thee, I weare thee.  
Do't thou so hunger for my emplie Chayre,  
That thou wilt needs inueit thee with mine Honors,  
Before thy howre be ripe? O foolish Youth!  
Thou seek'st the Greatneffe, that will ouer-whelme thee.  
Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignifte  
Is held from falling, with so weake a winde,  
That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.  
Thou haft ftoine that, which after some few howres  
Wore thine, without offence: and at my death  
Thou haft feald vp my expectation.  
Thy Life did manifest, thou lou'dft me not,  
And thou wilt haue me dye affur'd of it.  
Thou haid't a thoufand Daggers in thy thoughts,  
Which thou haft whetted on thy fonie heart,  
To ftab at halfe an howre of my Life.  
What? canft thou not forbeare me halfe an howre?
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Then get thee gone, and digge my graue thy selfe, And bid the merry Bells ring to thy ear That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead. Let all the Teares, that should bedew my Hearse Be drops of Balm, to fancifie thy head: Onely compound me with forgotten durt. Glue that, which gaue thee life, vnto the Wormes: Plucke downe my Officers, breake my Decrees; For now a time is come, to mocke at forme. Henry the fift is Crown'd: Vp Vanity, Downe Royall State: All you fage Counsellors, hence; And to the English Court, affemble now From eu'ry Region, Apes of Idlenesse. Now neighbor-Confine, purge you of your Scum: Have you a Ruffian that will wake? drinke? dance? Reuell the night? Rob? Murder? and commit The oldste finnes, the neweste kinds of wayes? Be happy, he will trouble you no more: England, shall double gill'd, his trouble guilt. England, shall give him Office, Honor, Might: For the Fift Harry, from curd' Licenf-pluckes The muzzle of Refraining; and the wilde Dogge Shall fleas his tooth in every Innocent. O my poore Kingdom (ficke, with ciull blowes) When that my Care could not with-hold thy Ryots, What wilt thou do, when Ryt is thy Care? O, thou wilt be a Wilderneffe againe, Peopled with Wolves (thy old Inhabitants. Prince. O pardon mee (my Liege) But for my Teares, The moft Impediments vnto my Speech, I had fore-thall'd this deere, and deep Rebuke, Ere you (with greefe) had spooke, and I had heard The courfe of it fo farre. There is your Crowne, And he that weares the Crowne immortally, Long guard it yours. If I affect it more, Then as your Honour, and as your Renowne, Let me no more from this Obedience rife, Which my moft true, and inward duteous Spirit Teacheth this proftrate, and extiour bending. Heauen witnesse with me, when I heere came in, And found no courfe of breath within your Maiestie, How cold it frooke my heart. If I do faire, O let mee, in my present wildenesse, dye, And neuer liue, to shew th'incredulous World, The Noble change that I have purposed. Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead, (And dead almoft (my Liege) to thinke you were) I spake vnto the Crowne (as hauing fenfe) And thus vpbraided it. The Care on thee depending, Hath fed upon the body of my Father, Therefore, thou best of Gold, art worth of Gold. Other, leffe fine in Charrarct, is more precious, Prefering life, in Med'cine potable: But thou, moft Fine, moft Honour'd, moft Renown'd, Haft eate the Bearer vp. Thus (my Royall Liege) Accusing it, I put it on my Head, To try with it (as with an Enemie, That had before my face murdred my Father) The Quarell of a true Inheritor. But if it did infect my blood with Joy, Or swell my Thoughts, to any straine of Pride, If any Rebell, or vaine spirit of mine, Did, with the least Affection of a Welcome, Glue entertainment to the might of it,

Let heauen, for euer, keepe it from my head, And make me, as the poorest Vassalle is, That doth with awe, and terror kneele to it. King. O my Sonne! Heauen put it in thy minde to take it hence, That thou might't joyn the more, thy Fathers loue, Pleading fo wisely, in excufe of it. Come hither Harrrie, fit thou by my bedde, And heare (I thinke, the very latef Counsell That eu'r I fhall breath : Heauen knowes, my Sonne) By what by-pathes, and indireft crook'd-ways I met this Crowne : and I my felfe know well How troublefome it fate vpon my head. To thee, it shall defend with better Quiet, Better Opinion, better Confirmation: For all the foyle of the Atchieuement goes With me, into the Earth. It feem'd in mee, But as an Honour fnaotch'd with boy'rrous hand, And I had many luing, to vpraiide My gaine of it, by their Affiiances, Which dayly grew to Quarell, and to Blood-shed, Wounding suppofted Peace. All thefe bold Feares, Thou feest (with perill) I haue anwered : For all my Reigne, hath beene but as a Scene Acting that argument. And now my death Changes the Moode: For what in me, was purchas'd, Failles vpon thee, in a more Fayrer fort. So thou, the Garland wear't fuccefffully. Yet, though thou flant'd more fure, then I could do, Thou art not firme enough, fince greefes are greene: And all thy Friends, which thou muft make thy Friends Haue but their flings, and teeth, newly tak'n out, By whofe fell working, I was fir't aduan'd, And by whose power, I well might lodge a Feare To be againe diplac'd. Which to auowy, I cut them off: and had a purpofe now To leade out many to the Holy Land; Leaft reft, and lying ftil, might make them looke Too neere vnto my State. Therefore (my Harrie) Be it thy courfe to buie giddy Mindes With Forraigne Quarells: that Actio[n hence borne out, May wafe the memory of the former dayes. More would I, but my Lungs are wafted fo, That strenghe of Speech is vterly deni'de mee. How I came by the Crowne, O heauen forgiue: And grant it may, with thee, in true peace liue. Prince. My gracous Liege: You wonne it, wore it: kept it, gave it me, Then plaine and right muft my possefion be; Which I, with more, then with a Common paine, 'Gainst all the World, will rightfully maintaine. 

Enter Lord Iohn of Lancaster, and Warwick.

King. Looke, looke, Heere comes my Iohn of Lancaster: Iohn. Health, Peace, and Happinesse, To my Royall Father. King. Thou bring'ft me happinesse and Peace (Sonne Iohn : But health (allacke) with youthfull wings is flowne From this bare, wither'd Trunke. Vpon thy fight My worldly businesse makes a period. Where
Where is my Lord of Warwicke?

Trin. My Lord of Warwicke.

King. Doth any name particular, belong unto the Lodging, where I first did woon'd?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalie, my Noble Lord.

King. Laud be to heaven:

Even there my life must end.

It hath beene prophefi de to me many yeares, I should not dye, but in Jerusalie:

Which (vainly) I suppos'd the Holy-Land.

But bear me to that Chamber, there Ile lye:

In that Jerusalie, shal Harry dye.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaff, Bardolfe, Page, and Davie.

Shal. By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night.

What Davy, I say.

Fal. You must excuse me, M. Robert Shalowe.

Shal. I will not excuse you: you shall not be excused. Excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excus make here: you shall not be excus'd.

Why Davy, Sir.

Davie. Heere fir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see (Davy) let me see: William Cooke, bid him come hither. 'Sir John,' you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry fir, thus: those Precepts cannot bee feru'd: and againe fir, shall we sawe the head-land with Wheate?

Shal. With red Wheate Davy. But for William Cook: are there no yong Pigeons?

Davy. Yes Sir.

Here is now the Smithes note, for Shooving, and Plough-Irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and payde: Sir John, you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Sir, a new linke to the Bucket must needs bee had: And Sir, do you mean to stoppe any of Williams Wages, about the Sacke he left the other day, at Hinkley Fayre?

Shal. He shall answere it:

Some Pigeons Davy, a couple of short-legg'd Hennes: a joynet of Mutton, and any pretty little time Kickhawes, tell William Cooke.

Davy. Doth the man of Warre, stay all night sir?

Shal. Yes Davy:

I will vse him well. A Friend i'th Court, is better then a penny in purse. Vse his men well Davy, for they are arrant Knaues, and will backe-bite.

Davy. No worfe then they are bitten. Sir: For they have maruellous fowle linnen.

Shalow. Well conformed Davy: about thy Businesse, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you sir,

To countenance William Ufier of Woncot, against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many Complaints Davy, against that Ufier, that Ufier is an arrant Knaue, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your Worship, that he is a knaue Sir: But yet heaven forbid Sir, but a Knaue shalbe have some Countenance, at his Friends request. An honest man fir, is able to speake for himselfe, when a Knaue is not. I have feru'd your Worshipp trueley fir, these eight yeares: and if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter beare out a knaue, against an honest man, I haue but a very little credite with your Worshipp. The Knaue is mine honest Friend Sir, therefore I beseech your Worship, let him bee Countenance'd.

Shal. Go too, I say he shall have no wrong: Looke about Davy.

Where are you Sir John? Come off, with your Boots.

Glue me your hand M. Bardolfo.

Bard. I am glad to see your Worship.

Shal. I thanke thee, with all my heart, kinde Master Bardolfe: and welcome my tall Fellow:

Come Sir John.

Falstaff. Ile follow you, good Master Robert Shalow.

Bardolfe. looke to our Horse's. If I were faw'de into Quantities, I should make foure dozen of such bearded Hermes staues, as Master Shalow. It is a wonderfull thing to see the semblable Coherence of his mens spirits, and his: They, by obleruing of him, do beare themselves like foolishe Juflices: Hee, by converuing with them, is turn'd into a Juflice-like Seruungman. Their spirits are jo married in Conjunction, with the participation of Society, that they flocke together in content, like so many Wilde-Geefe. If I had a fute to Mayfer Shalow, I would honour his men, with the imputation of being neere their Mayfer. If to his Men, I would currie with Mayfer Shalow, that no man could better command his Seruants. It is certaine, that either wife bearing, or ignorant Carriage is caught, as men take disfauces, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their Company. I will deuile matter enough out of this Shalow, to keepe Prince Harry in continuall Laughter, the wearing out of fixe Fashion's (which is foure Tearmes) or two Actions, and he shall laugh with Internallum. O it is much that a Lye (with a flight Oath) and a lef't (with a fadde brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that never had the Ache in his Shoulders. O you shall see him laugh, till his Face be like a wet Cloake, ill laid vp. (end)

Shal. Sir John.

Fal. I come Master Shalow, I come Master Shalow.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Earl of Warwick, and the Lord Chief Justice.

Warwick. How now, my Lord Chief Justice, whether away?

Cb. Just. How doth the King?

War. Exceding well: his Cares are now, all ended.

Cb. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. Hee's walk'd the way of Nature, and to our purpose, he liues no more.

Cb. Just. I would his Maiesty had call'd him with him,
The seruice, that I truly did his life, Hath left me open to all injuries.

War.
War. Indeed I thinke the yong King loues you not.
Ch. Iuft. I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe.
To welcome the condition of the Time,
Which cannot looke more hideously vpon me,
Then I have drawn it in my fantase.

Enter John of Lancastre, Gloucester, and Clarence.

War. Heere come the heavy issue of dead Harrie:
O, that the liuing Harrie had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three Gentlemen:
How many Nobles then, should hold their places,
That must strike faile, to Spirits of vilde fort?
Ch. Iuft. Alas, I feare, all will be outer-turn'd.
John. Good morrow Cofin Warwick, good morrow.
John. We meete, like men, that had forgot to speake.
War. We do remember: but our Argument
Is all too heauy, to admit much talke.
Isb. Well: Peace be with him, that hath made vs heauy.
Ch. Iuft. Peace be with vs, leafe we be haue.
Glow. O, good my Lord, you have loft a friend indeed:
And I dare fwear, you bore that face
Of seeming forrow, it is sure your owne.
John. Though no man be affurd what grace to finde,
You stand in coldeft expefation.
I am the forrier, 'twere otherwife.
Clu. We, you must now speake Sir John Faffaffa faire,
Which swimmes againste your streame of Quality.
Ch. Iuft. Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,
Led by th'Imperiall Conduct of my Soule,
And neuer shall you fee, that I will begge
A raged, and forre-flall'd Remiffion.
If Troth, and vpright Innocency fayle me,
Ile to the King (my Mafter) that is dead,
And tell him, who hath lent me after him.
War. Heere comes the Prince.

Enter Prince Henrie.
Ch. Iuft. Good morrow: and heauen faue your Maiestie.
Prince. This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maiestie,
Sits not so eafe on me, as you thinke.
Brothers, you mixe your Sadneffe with some Feare:
This is the English, not the Turkish Court:
Not Amurab, an Amurab succeeds,
But Harry, Harry: Yet be fad (good Brothers)
For (to speake truth) it very well becomes you:
Sorrow, so Royally in you appeares,
That I will deeply put the Fashion on,
And weare it in my heart. Why then be fad,
But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers)
Then a loynt burthen, laid vpon vs all.
For me, by Heauen (I bid you be affurd)
Ile be your Father, and your Brother too:
Let me but beare your Loue, Ile beare your Cares;
But weepe that Harrie's dead, and fo will I.
But Harry liues, that shall convert those Teares
By number, into houres of Happineffe.
John, &c. We hope no other from your Maiestie.
Prin. You all looke strangely on me: and you moft,
You are (I thinke) affurd, I love you not.
Ch. Iuft. I am affurd (if I be meaufur'd rightly)
Your Maiestie hath no iuft caufe to hate me.
Pr. No! How might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great Indignities you laid vpon me?

What! Rate! Rebuoke! and roughly send to Prifon
Th'immediate Heire of England? Was this eafe?
May this be waf't in Lette, and forgotten?
Ch. Iuft. I then did vfe the Perfoun of your Father:
The Image of his power, lay then in me,
And in th'administration of his Law,
While I was bufie for the Commonwealth,
Your Highneffe pleased to forget my place,
The Maiestie, and power of Law, and Iuftice,
The Image of the King, whom I preferred,
And brooke me in my vse State of Judgement:
Whereon (as an Offender to your Father)
I gaue bold way to my Authoritie,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,
To have a Sonne, set your Decrees at naught?
To plucke downe Iustice from your awefull Bench?
To trip the courfe of Law, and blunt the Sword
That guards the peace, and safety of your Perfoun?
Nay more, to ipurne at your most Royall Image,
And mocke your workings, in a Second body?
Quetion your Royall Thoughts, make the cafe yours:
Be now the Father, and propone a Sonne:
Heare your owne dignity to much prophane'd,
See your most dreadfull Lawes, so loofely flighted;
Behold your selfe, so by a Sonne disdained:
And then imagine me, taking you part,
And in your power, soft filencing your Sonne:
After this cold confidence, sentence me
And, as you are a King, speake in your State,
What I have done, that misbecame my place,
My perfon, or my Lieges Soueraignitie.
Prin. You are right Iustice, and you weigh this well:
Therefore still beare the Ballance, and the Sword:
And I do with your Honors may encreafe,
Till you do liue, to fee a Sonne of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I liue, to speake my Fathers words:
Happy am I, that have a man fo bold,
That dares do Iustice, on my proper Sonne;
And no leffe happy, having such a Sonne,
That would deliuer vp his Greatneffe so,
Into the hands of Iustice. You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand,
Th'offended Sword that you haue vs'd to beare:
With this Remembrance; That you vfe the fame
With the like bold, iuft, and impartiall spirit
As you have done 'gainft me. There is my hand,
You shall be as a Father, to my Youth:
My voice shall found, as you do prompt mine eare,
And I will floope, and humble my Intents,
To your well-prafile'd, wife Directions.
And Princes all, beleue me, I beleefch you:
My Father is gone wilde into his Graue,
(For in his Tombe, Iye my Affections)
And with his Spirits, sadly I furuiue,
To mocke the expedation of the World;
To frustrate Prophecies, and to race out
Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me downe
After my feemings. The Tide of Blood in me,
Hath provdly flow'd in Vanity, till now.
Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the Sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of Floods,
And flow henceforth in formall Maiesty.
Now call we our High Court of Parliament,
And let vs choose such Limbes of Noble Counfaile,
That the great Body of our State may go
In equal ranke, with the best govern'd Nation,
That Warre, or Peace, or both at once may be
As things acquainted and familiar to vs,
In which you (Father) shall have formost hand.
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remembered) all our State,
And heauen (configning to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peere, shall have juft caufe to fay,
Heauen shorten Harries happy life, one day. — Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, Page, and Piffoll.

Shal. Nay, you fhall fee mine Orchard: where, in an
Arbor we will cate a laft yeares Pippin of my owne grafs-
fing, with a dith of Carraways, and so forth (Come Co-
fin Silence), and then to bed.

Fal. You have heere a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggers all, beggers all
Sir John: Marry, good ayre. Spread Davy, spread Davie:
Well said Davie.

Fal. This Davie terues you for good ves: he is your
Servingman, and your Husband.

Shal. A good Varlet,a good Varlet,a very good Var-
let, Sir John: I have drunke too much Sacke at Supper.
A good Varlet. Now fit downe, now fit downe: Come Co-
fin.

Sil. Ah sirra(quotch-a) we fhall doe nothing but eate,
and make good cheere, and praffe heauen for the merrie
yeere: when ftreth is cheape,and Females deere, and lufffe
Lads rom heere,and there : fo merrily, and ever among
fo merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good M.Silence, Ile glue
you a health for that anon.

Shal. Good M.Bardolph: fome wine, Davie.

Sil. Sweet fir, fit: Ile be with you anon: moft sweete
fit, fit. Master Page, good M.Page, fit: Proface. What
you want in meate, weel have in drinke: but you beare,
the heart's all.

Shal. Be merry M.Bardolph, and my little Souldiour
there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all.

For women are Shrewes, both short, and tall:
'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all;
And welcome merry Shrouetide. Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not thinke M.Silence had bin a man of this
Mettle.

Sil. Who if? I have beene merry twice and once, ere
now.

Davy. There is a dith of Lethercoats for you.

Shal. Davie.

Dau. Your Worfhip: Ile be with you ftraight. A cup
of Wine, fir?

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, & drinke
into the Leman min: and a merry heart lyes long-a.


Sil. If we fhall be merry,now comes in the frewe of
the night.


Sil. Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. Ile pledge you a
mile to the bottome.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: If thou want't any
thing, and wilt not call, befrew thy heart. Welcome my
little tynie theefef, and welcome indeed too: Ile drinke to
M.Bardolph, and to all the Caullerioes about London.

Dau. I hope to fee London, once ere I die.

Shal. If I might fee you there, Davie.

Sil. You'll crucke a quart together? Ha, will you not
M.Bardolph?

Bar. Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thanke thee: the knaue will flichke by thee, I
can affure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bar. And Ile flichke by him, fir.

Shal. Why there spoke a King: lack nothing, be merry.

Looke, who's at doore there, ho : who knockes?

Fal. Why now you have done me right.

Sil. Do me right, and dub me Knight, Saminge. Is't
not fo?

Fal. 'Tis fo.

Sil. Let's fay? Why then fay an old man can do fomwhat.

Dau. If it pleafe your Worfhippe, there's one Piffoll
come from the Court with newes.

Fal. From the Court? Let him come in.

Enter Piffoll.

How now Piffoll?

Piff. Sir John, 'fave you fir.

Fal. What winde blew you hither, Piffoll?

Piff. Not the ill winde which blowes none to good,
Sweet Knight: Thou art now one of the greateft men
in the Realme.

Sil. Indeed, I thinke he bee, but Goodman Puffe of
Barfon.

Piff. Puffe? puffe in thy teeth, moft recreant Coward
base. Sir John, I am thy Piffoll, and thy Friend: helter
skelter haue I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and
lucke loyes, and golden Times, and happie News of
price.

Fal. I prethee now deliver them, like a man of this
World.

Piff. A footra for the World, and Worldlings base,
I speake of Africa, and Golden loyes.

Fal. O bafe Affyrlian Knight, what is thy newes?
Let King Cotith know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and John.

Piff. Shall dunghill Curres confront the Hellicons?

And shall good newes be baffel'd?

Then Piffoll lay thy head in Furies lappe.

Shal. Honest Gentleman,
I know not your breeding.

Piff. Why then Lament therefore.

Shal. Glue me pardon, Sir.

If fir, you come with news from the Court, I take it, there
is but two ways, either to vter them, or to conceale
them. I am Sir, vnder the King, in fome Authority.

Piff. Vnder which King?

Bressian, speake, or dye.

Shal. Vnder King Harry.

Piff. Harry the Fourth? or Fift?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Piff. A footra for thine Office.

Sir John, thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King,
Harry the Fift's the man, I speake the truth.

When Piffoll lyes, do this, and figge-me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal.
Fal. What is the old King dead?
Piil. As naile in doore.
The things I speake, are true.
Fal. Away Bardolfe, Sadle my Horse,
Mater Robert Shallow, choose what Office thou wilt
In the Land, 'tis thine. Piifol, I will double charge thee
With Dignities.
'Bard. O joyfull day:
I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.
Fal. Carrie Master Silence to bed: Mater Shallow, my
Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward.
Get on thy Boots, wee'1 ride all night. Oh sweet Piifoll:
Away Bardolfe! Come Piifoll, vter more to mee: and
withall deuise something to do thy selfe good. Boote,
boote Mater Shallow, I know the young King is sick for
mee. Let vs take any mans Horses: The Lawes of Eng-
land are at my command'ment. Happie are they, which
have beene my Friends: and vse wto my Lord Chief
Juifice.
Piif. Let Vultures vil'de feize on his Lungs alfo:
Where is the life that late I led, fay they?
Why heere it is, welcome thole pleafant dayes. Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Hofteffe Quickly, Del Teare-brettle, and Beadles.

Hofteffe. No, thou arrant knaue: I would I might dy,
that I might have thee hang'd: Thou haft drawne my
shoulder out of ictyn.
Off. The Confables haue deliuerd her ouer to mee:
and shee shall haue Whipping cheere enough, I warrant
her. There hath beene a man or two (lately)kill'd about her.
Del. Nut-booke, nut-booke, you Lye: Come on, I le
tell thee what, thou damnd' Tripe-vifag'd Raffall, if the
Childe I now go witht, do miCarrie, thou hadft better
thou haft strooke thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Vil-
laine.
Hof. O that Sir John were come, hee would make
this a bloody day to some body. But I would the Fruite
of her Wombe might miCarrie.
Officer. If it do, you shall have a dozen of Cusliers
againe, you haue but eleuen now. Come, I charge you
both go with me: for the man is dead, that you and Pi-
foll beate among you.
Del. Ile tell thee what, thou thin man in a Centor; I
will haue you as soundly swing'd for this, you blew-
Bottel'd Rogue: you filthy famih'd Correftioner, if you
be not swing'd, Ile forfweare halfe Kirltes.
Off. Come, come, you thee-Knight-arrant, come.
Hof. O, that right should thus o'recome might. Wel
of fufferance, comes eafe.
Del. Come you Rogue, come:
Bring me to a Juifice.
Hof. Yes, come you faru'd Blood-hound.
Del. Goodman death, goodman Bones.
Hof. Thou Anatomy, thou.
Del. Come you thinne Thing:
Come you Raffall.

The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Scena Quinta.

Enter two Groomes.
1.Groo. More Rufhies, more Rufhes.
2.Groo. The Trumpets haue founded twice.
1.Groo. It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come
from the Coronation. Exit Groo.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Piifoll, Bardolfe, and Page.

Falstaff. Stand heere by me, M. Robert Shallow, I will
make the King do you Grace. I will leere vpon him, as
he comes by: and do but marke the countenance that hee
will give me.
Piifoll. Blesse thy Lungs, good Knight.
Fal. Come heere Piifoll, stand behind me. O if I had
had time to haue made new Luieries, I would have be-
lowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But it is
no matter, this poore shew doth better: this doth infe-
vere the zeale I had to fee him.
Diel. It doth fo.
Piifoll. It shewes my earnesntnesse in affection.
Piif. It doth fo.
Fal. My devotion.
Piif. It doth, it doth, it doth.
Fal. As it were, to ride day and night,
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Not to have patience to shift me.
Diel. It is moft certaine.
Fal. But to ftand flaigned with Trauisle, and fweating
with defire to fee him, thinking of nothing else, putting
all affayres in obliuion, as if there were nothing els to bee
done, but to fee him.
Piif. 'Tis temper idem: for absque hoc nihil est. 'Tis all
in every part.
Diel. 'Tis fo indeed.
Piif. My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Luer, and
make thee rage. Thy Dol, and Helen of thy noble thoughts
is in base Durance, and contagious prifon; Hall't di-
ther by moft Mechanicall and durty hand, Rowze vppe
Reuenge from Ebon den, with fell Alecio's Snake, for
Dol is in Piifoll, ftpeakes nought but troth.
Fal. I will deliver her.
Piifoll. There roar'd the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour
found.

The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henrie the
Fift, Brothers, Lord Chiffe
Juifice.

Falstaff. Saue thy Grace, King Hall, my Royall Hall.
Piif. The heavenes thee guard, and keep, moft royall
Impe of Fame.
Fal. 'Saue thee my sweet Boy.
King. My Lord Chief e Juifice, speake to that vaine
man.
Ch.Juif. Haue you your wits?
Know you what 'tis you speake?
Falstaff. My King, my Ioue; I speake to thee, my heart.
King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers:
How ill white haires become a Fool, and Iefter?
I haue
I have long dream'd of such a kinde of man,
So surfeit-fwel'd, fo old, and fo prophane:
But being awake, I do defpife my dreame.
Make lefte thy body (hence) and more thy Grace,
Leaue gourmandizing; Know the Graue doth gape
For thee, thrice wider then for other men.
Reply not to me, with a Foole-borne left,
Presume not, that I am the thing I was,
For heaven doth know (so shall the world perceiue)
That I have turn'd away my former Selfe,
So will I those that kept me Company.
When thou dost hear I am, as I haue bin,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast
The Tutor and the Feeder of my Riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on paine of death,
As I have done the rest of my Misleaders,
Not to come neere our Person, by ten mile.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lacke of meanes enforce you not to cuill:
And as we heare you do reforme your felues,
We will according to your strength, and qualities,
Glue you aduancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)
To see perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on.

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.
Shal. I marry Sir John, which I befeeche you to let me have home with me.
Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow, do not you grieue at this: I shall be sent for in priuate to him: Looke you, he must feeeme thus to the world: feare not your aduancement: I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceiue how, vnleffe you should giue me your Doublet, and stuff me out with Straw. I befeeche you, good Sir John, let mee haue five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard, was but a colour.

Shal. A colour I feare, that you will dye, in Sir John.

Fal. For those colours, go with me to dinner:
Come Lieutenant Pisil, come Bardolf,
I shall be sent for foone at night.

Ch. Iust. Go carry Sir John Fulhaffe to the Fleete,
Take all his Company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord.
Ch. Iust. I cannot now speake, I will heare you foone: Take them away.

Pisil. Si fortuna me tormenta, fitera me contento.

Exit. Mant Lancaster, and Chief Justice.

John. I like this faire proceeding of the Kings:
He hath intent his wonted Followers
Shall all be very well prouided for:
But all are banish't, till their conuerceptions
Appeare more wife, and modest to the world.

Ch. Iust. And fo they are.

John. The King hath call'd his Parliament,
My Lord.

Ch. Iust. He hath.

John. I will lay oddes, that ere this yeere expire,
We heare our Civill Swords, and Natuer fire
As farre as France. I heare a Bird so fling,
Whose Musick (to my thinking) pleas'd the King.
Come, will you hence?


FINIS.
EPILOGVE.

FIRST, my Fear: then, my Curtse: last, my Speech. My Fear, is your Displeasure: My Curtse, my Dutie: And my Speech, to Begge your Pardons. If you looke for a good speech now, you undoe me: For what I have to say, is of mine owne making: and what (indeed) I should say, will (I doubt) prooue mine owne marring. But to the Purpose, and to the Venture. Be it knowne to you (as it is very well) I was lately heere in the end of a displeasing Play, to pray your Patience for it, and to promise you a Better: I did meane (indeede) to pay you with this, which if (like an ill Venture) it come unluckily home, I breake; and you, my gentle Creditors lose. Here I promisf you I would be, and here I commit my Bodie to your Mercies: Bate me some, and I will pay you some, and (as most Debtors do) promise you infinitely.

If my Tongue cannot entreate you to acquit me: will you command me to use my Legges? And yet that were but light payment, to Dance out of your debt: But a good Conscience, will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the Gentlewomen heere, haue forgien me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was never scene before, in such an Assembly.

One word more, I beseech you: if you be not too much coid with Fat Meate, our humble Author will continue the Story (with Sir John in it) and make you merry, with faire Katherine of France: where (for any thing I know) Falstaffe shall dye of a sweat, unlesse already he be kill'd with your hard Opinions: For Old-Castle dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is weariie, when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night; and so kneele downe before you: But (indeed) to pray for the Queene.
THE
ACTORS
NAMES.

UMOR the Presenor.

King Henry the Fourth.

Prince Henry, afterwards Crowned King Henrie the Fift.

Prince John of Lancaster.

Humphrey of Gloucester. Sonnes to Henry the Fourth, & brethren to Henry 5.

Thomas of Clarence.

Northumberland.
The Arch Bishop of Yorke.

Mowbray.

Haftings.

Lord Bardolfe.

Trauers.

Morton.

Coleuile.

Warwicke.

Westmerland.

Surrey.

Gowre.

Harcourt.

Lord Chiefe Iustice.

Of the Kings Party.

Pointz.

Falstaffe.

Bardolphe.

Pitoll.

Peto.

Page.

Irregular

Humorists.


Dauie, Servant to Shallow.


Shadow.

Wart. Country Soldiers

Feeble.

Bullcalfe.

Northumberlands Wife.

Percies Widdow.

Hoftesly Quickly.

Doll Teare-sheeete.

Epilogue.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Enter Prologue.

O For a Muse of Fire, that would ascender
The brighteiff Heaven of Invention:
A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to All,
And Monarchis to behold the sounding Scene.
Then shoule the Warlike Harry, like himselfe,
Assume the Port of Mars, and at his heels
(Leave in, like Hounds) shoule Famine,Sword, and Fire
Croach for employment. 'But pardon, Gentles all:
The flat unravied Spirits, that bathe dar'd,
On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Obieft. Can this Cock-Pit bold
The waggfe fields of France? Or may we cramme
Within this Wooden O, the very Cakes
That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt?
O pardon: since a crooked Figure may
Arife in little place a Million,
And let vs, Cyphers to this great Accompt,
On your imaginair Forces worke.
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
Are now confin'd two mightie Monarchies,
Whole high, cap-reared, and abutting Fronts,
The perilous narrow Ocean parts atunder.
Peace out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts divide one Man,
And make imaginair Puisance.
Thinke when we talk of Horses, that you fee them;
Printing their proud Hooves i'th receiving Earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now muft deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there: lumping o're Times;
Turning th'accomplishment of many yeeres
Into an Houre-glaffe: for the which supplie,
Admit me Chorus to this Historie;
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to bear, kindly to judge our Play.

Exit.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely.

Bifh. Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire regard.
Bifh. Ely. And a true louver of the holy Church.
Bifh. Cant. The coursers of his youth promis'd it not.
Bifh. Ely. The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,
Bifh. Cant. But that his wiltnesse, mortify'd in him,
Bifh. Ely. Seem'd to dye too: yes, at that very moment,
Bifh. Cant. Consideration like an Angell came,
Bifh. Ely. And whipt th'offending Adam out of him;
Bifh. Cant. Leauing his body as a Paradife,
Bifh. Ely. T'is evill and containeth Celeftiall Spirits.
Bifh. Cant. Neuer was such a fondaine Scholler made:
Bifh. Ely. Neuer came Reformation in a Flood,
Bifh. Cant. With such a heady curance scouring faults:
Bifh. Ely. Nor neuer Hidra-headed Wilfulnephe
Bifh. Cant. So foone did looфе his Seat; and all at once;
Bifh. Ely. As in this King.
Bifh. Cant. We are blessed in the Change.
Bifh. Ely. Heare him but reafon in Diuinie;
Bifh. Ely. And all-admiring, with an inward wish
Bifh. Cant. You would defire the King were made a Prelate;
Bifh. Ely. Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affairs;
Bifh. Cant. You would fay, it hath been all in all his study;
Bifh. Ely. Lift his discourse of Warre; and you shall heare
A fearefull Battle rendred you in Muique.
Turne him to any Caufe of Pollicy,
The Gordan Knot of it he will vnloose,
Familiar as his Garter: that when he speakes,
The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is fill'd,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,
To stale his sweet and honied Sentences:
So that the Art and Præftrute part of Life,
Mute be the Miſtreffe to this Theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleane it,
Since his addition was to Courſes vaine,
His Companies vnletter'd, rude, and shallow,
His Hours fill'd vp with Ryts, Banquets, Sports;
And no her Rind in him any flude,
Any retrenchment, any fqueerification,
From open Haunts and Popularite.

B.Ely. The Strawberry grows vnderneath the Nettle,
And holefome Berries trie and ripe beft,
Neighbour'd by Fruit of bafer qualitie :
And so the Prince obfcur'd his Contemplation
Vnder the Veyle of Wildnelle, which (no doubt)
Grew like the Summer Graffe, faithe by Night;
Vnfeene, yet creffuite in his facultie.
B.Cant. It must be fo; for Miracles are caft:
And therefore we muft needs admit the meanes,
How things are perfected.

B.Ely. But my good Lord :
How now for mitigation of this Bill,
Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Maieftie
Incline to it, or no?
B.Cant. He feemes indifferent :
Or rather ifaying more vpon our part,
Then cherishing the exhibitors againft vs:
For I have made an offer to his Maieftie,
Vpon our Spiritual Conuation,
And in regard of Caufes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to glue a greater Summe,
Then euer at one time the Clergie yet
Did to his Predecessors part withall.

B.Ely. How did this offer feeme recei'd, my Lord?
B.Cant. With good acceptance of his Maieftie :
Saue that there was not time enough to heare,
As I percei'd his Grace would faine have done,
The fawers and vnhiden paffages
Of his true Titles to fome certaine Dukefdomes,
And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,
Deriu'd from Edward, his great Grandfather.

B.Ely. What was that impediment that broke this off?
B.Cant. The French Embaffador vpon that infant
Crau'd audience; and the howre I thinke is come,
To give him hearing: Is it foure a Clock?
B.Ely. It is.
B.Cant. Then goe we in, to know his Embaffie:
Which I could with a ready guffe declare,
Before the Frenchman speake a word of it.

B.Ely. Ile wait vpon you, and I long to heare it.

Enter two Bishops.
B.Cant. God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,
And make you long become it.
King. Sure we thank you.
My learned Lord, we praty you to proceed,
And iuftly and religioufely vndo, Why the Law Saith that they have in France,
Or should or or should not barre vs in our Clayme:
And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,
That you should fation, weft, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your vnderftanding Soule,
With opening Titles miscreate, whose right
Sutes not in native colours with the truth:
For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence fhall incite vs to.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our Perfon,
How you awake our fleeping Sword of Warre;
We charge you in the Name of God take heed:
For yeuer two fuch Kingdomes did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltileffe drops
Are every one, a Woe, a foie Complaint,
'Gainft him, whose wrongs giues edge vnto the Swords,
That makes fuch waft in briefe mortallitie.
Vnder this Coniuracion, fpeake my Lord:
For we will hear, note, and beleue in heart,
That what you fpeake, is in your Confequence waft,
As pure as finne with Baptifme.
B.Can. Then heare me gracious Soueraign, & you Peers,
That owe your felves, your lives, and fortunes,
To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre
To make againft your Highnesse Clayme to France,
But this which they produce from Pharamond,
In terram Salicam Mulleres ne succedant,
No Woman shall succeed in Salique Land:
Which Salique Land, the French vnjuftly glowe
To be the Realeme of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this Law, and Female Barre.
Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirm,
That the Land Salique is in Germanie,
Betwenee the Flouds of Sala and of Elue:
Where Charles the Great hauing fubdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and fetted certaine French:
Who being in difdain of the German Women,
For some difhonof manners of their life,
Eftablifht then this Law; to wit, No Female
Should be Inheretrix in Salique Land :
Which Salique (as I faid) 'twixt Elue and Sala,
Is at this day in Germanie, call'd Meifen.
Then doth it well appeare, the Salique Law
Was not deuided for the Realeme of France:
Nor did the French poiffle the Salique Land,
Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres
After definition of King Pharamond,
Idly fuppos'd the founder of this Law,
Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,
Foure hundred twentie fix: and Charles the Great
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did fost the French
Beyond the Ruer Sala, in the yeere
Eight hundred five. Befides, their Writers fay,
King Pepin, which depofed Childerik,
Did as Heire Generall, being defcended
Of Blitbild, which was Daughter to King Clothair,
Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France.
Hugh Capet alfo, who vfurpt the Crowne
Of Charles the Duke of Loraine, sole Heire male
Of the true Line and Stock of Charles the Great:
To find his Title with some fheues of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himselfe as th'Heire to th'Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemaine, who was the Sonne
To Lewis the Emperor, and Lewis the Sonne
Of Charles the Great: allo King Lewis the Tenth,
Who was sole Heire to the V gorpet Capet,
Could not keepe quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the Crowne of France, 'll satisfied,
That faire Queene Isabel, his Grandmother,
Was Lineall of the Lady Ermengarde,
Daughter to Charles the forefaid Duke of Loraine:
By the which Marriage, the Lyne of Charles the Great
Was re-vnited to the Crowne of France.
So, that as cleare is as the Summers Sunne,
King Pepins Title, and Hugh Capets Clayme,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appeare
To hold in Right and Title of the Female:
So doe the Kings of France vnto this day,
Howbeit, they would hold vp this Salique Law,
To barre your Highness claiming from the Female,
And rather chufe to hide them in a Nef,
Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,
Vfurpt from you and your Progenitors.

King. May I with right and confidence make this claim?

Bifb. Cant. The finne vnpon your head, dread Soueraigne:
For in the Booke of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dyes, let the Inheritance
Defend vnnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your owne, vnwind your bloody Flagge,
Looke back into your mightie Ancitores:
Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandfires Tombe,
From whom you clame; invoque his Warlike Spirit,
And your Great Vneckles, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,
Making defeat on the full Power of France:
Whiles his moft mightie Father on a Hill
Stood fmingling, to behold his Lyons Whelpe
Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble Englifh, that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,
And let another halfe fland laughing by,
All out of worke, and cold for action.

Bifb. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puiffant Arme renew their Feats;
You are their Heire, you fit vnpon their Throne:
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Veines: and your thrice-puiffant Liege
Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprizes.

Exe. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
Doe all except, that you should rowe your selfe,
As did the former Lyons of your Blood.

Wifh. They know your Grace hath cause, and means,
And so hath your Highneffe: neuer King of England
Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subiectes,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And Iye pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Bifb. Cant. O let their bodies follow my deare Liege
With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
In syde whereof, we of the Spiritualitie
Will rayfe your Highneffe such a mightie Summe,
As never did the Clergie at one time
Bring in to any of your Ancestors.

King. We muft not onely arme t'invade the French,
But lay downe our proportions, to defend
Against the Scot, who will make roade vpon vs,
With all advantages.

Bifb. Cant. They of those Marches, gracious Soueraigne,
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.

King. We do not meane the couring nahchers onely,
But feare the maine intendement of the Scot,
Who hath been fill a giddy neighbour to vs:
For you shall readie, that my great Grandfather
Neuer went with his Forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his vnfurfnift Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
With ample and brim fulniffe of his force,
Galling the gleaned Land with hot Affayes,
Girding with grievous siege, Castles and Townes.
That England being emtie of defence,
Hath shooke and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood.

B. Cant. She hath bin the more fear'd the harm'd, my Liege:
For heare her but exampl'd by her felfe,
When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,
And fhe a mourning Widow of her Nobles,
Shee hath her felfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of Scots; whom fhe did fend to France,
To fill King Edwards fame with prifoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with pratyfe,
As is the Owfe and bottome of the Sea
With funken Wrack, and fum-jeffe Treauries.

Bifb. Ely. But there's a faying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland firft begin.
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,
To her vnguarded Nef, the Weaver (Scot)
Comes sneaking, and fo fucks her Principly Eggs,
Playing the Mouse in abfence of the Cat,
To tame and hauocke more then she can eate.

Exe. It follows theu, the Cat muft stay at home,
Yet that's but a cruft'd neceffity,
Since we haue lockes to safegard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty theues.
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th'aduised head defends it felfe at home:
For Government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keepe in one confent,
Congreasing in a full and natural clofe,
Like Muficke.

Cant. Therefore doth heaven diuide
The flate of man in diuers functions,
Setting endeouur in continual motion:
To which is fixt as an ayme or butt,
Obediencie: for fo worke the Hony Bees,
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome.
They haue a King, and Officers of forts,
Where fome like Magiftrates correct at home:
Others, like Merchante, &c. Trade abroad;
Others, like Souldiers armed in their flings,
Make boote vpon the Summers Valuet buddes:
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home.
To the Tent-royal of their Emperor:
Who bufed in his Maieties furies
The finging Mafons building roofes of Gold,
The civil Citizens kneading vp the hone;
The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in
Their heavy burthen at his narrow gate:
The Life of Henry the Fift.

That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd With Chances. And we understand him well, How he comes o're vs with our wilder days, Not measuring what vfe we made of them. We never valew'd this poor feate of England, And therefore living hence, did give us sife To barbarous license: As 'tis ever common, That men are merryed, when they are from home. But tell the Dolphin, I will keepe my State, Be like a King, and shew my fyle of Greatneffe, When I do rowne me in my Throne of France. For that I haue layd by my Maiestie, And plodded like a man for working days: But I will rife there with fo full a glorie, That I will dazle all the eyes of France, Yea strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs, And tell the pleafant Prince, this Mocke of his Hath turn'd his baiies to Gun-diones, and his foule Shall fland forre charged, for the waitfull vengeance That fhall flye with them: for many a thousand widows Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their dear husbands; Mocke mothers from their fonnes, mocke Caftles downe: And some are yet vngotten and vnborne, That fhall have caufe to curfe the Dolphins fcorne. But this Iyes all within the wil of God, To whom I do appeale, and in whose name Tell you the Dolphin, I am comming on, To venge me as I may, and to put forth My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd caufe. So get you hence in peace: And tell the Dolphin, His left will favour but of hallow'd caufe. When thousands weep more then did laugh at it. Conuey them with life conduct. Fare you well. Exeunt Ambassadors.

Exe. This was a merry Meffage. King. We hope to make the Sender blush at it: Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre, That may give furth'rance to our Expedition: For we have now no thought in vs but France, Sawe thofe to God, that runne before our busineffe. Therefore let our proportions for thefe Warres Be foono collected, and all things thought vpon, That may with reasonable twisfullneffe add: More Fathers to our Wings by France before, We're chide this Dolphin at his fathers doore. Therefore let every man now taske his thought, That this faire Action may on foot be brought. Exeunt. Flourish. Enter Oburis. Now all the Youth of England are on fire, And fliken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes: Now thrive the Armorers, and Honors thought Reignes solely in the breath of every man. They fell the Paffure now, to buy the Horfe; Following the MIRROR of all Chriftian Kings, With winged heales, as English Mercuries. For now fit Exeption in the Ayre, And hides a Sword, from Hills vnto the Point, With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets, Promis'd to Harry, and his followers. The French aduis'd by good intelligence Of this moft dreadfull preparation, Shake in their fear, and with pale Pollicy Seeke to diuer the English purposes. O England: Modell to thy inward Greatneffe, Like little Body with a mighty Heart:
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kinde and natural:
But feat thy fault France hath in thee found out,
A neft of hollow bofomes, which he fillis
With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupt men:
One, Richard Earle of Cambridge, and the second
Henry Lord Scroope of Masham, and the third
Sir Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland,
Have for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)
Confirm'd Conspiracy with fearefull France,
And by their hands, this grace of Kings muft dye.
If Hell and Treafon hold their promis,
Ere he take flight for France; and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on, and we'll defign
Th' abuse of diſfance; force a play:
The fume is payde, the Traitors are agreed,
The King is fet from London, and the Scene
Is now transported (Gentles) to Southampton.
There is the Play-houfe now, there muft you fit,
And thence to France fhall we convey you safe,
And bring you backe: Charming the narrow feas
To give you gentle Peace: for if we may,
Wee'rt not offend one flomacke with our Play.
But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Vnto Southampton do we shift our Scene.

Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolf.
Bar. Well met Corporall Nym.
Nym. Good morrow Lieutenant Bardolf.
Bar. What, are Ancient Piffall and you friends yet?
Nym. For my part, I care not: I fay little but when
Time fhall ferue, there fhall be fimiles, but that fhall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine yron: it is a fimple one, but what though? It will toffe Cheefe, and it will endure cold, as another mans fword will: and there's an end.
Bar. I will beftow a breakfast to make you friends, and wee'lt bee all three fomere brothers to France: Let's be fo good Corporall Nym.
Nym.Faith, I will live fo long as I may, that's the certaine of it: and when I cannot live any longer, I will doe as I may: That is my ref, that is the rendezvous of it.
Bar. It is certaine Corporall, that he is married to Nell Quickly, and certainely she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.
Nym. I cannot tell, Things muft be as they maymen may flepe, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and fome fay, knives have edges: It muft be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet fhee will plodde, there muft be Conclufions, well, I cannot tell.

Enter Piffall, & Quickly.
Bar. Heere comes Ancient Piffall and his wife: good Corporall be patient heere. How now mine Hofte Piffall?
Piff. Bafe Tyke, cal't thou mee Hofte, now by this hand I fware I forne the terme: nor fhall my NeI keep Lodgers.
Hoft.No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourtenee Gentlemens that live honeftly by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee thought we keepe a Bawdy-house fraught. O welladay Lady, if he be not hewne now, we fhall fee wilful adultery and myther committed.
Bar. Good Lieutenant, good Corporall offer nothing heere.
Nym. Piff.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Nym. I shall have my Noble?
Pif. In cauth, most iuilly payd.
Nym. Well, then that the humor of't.

Enter Hobbes.

Hob. As euer you come of women, come in quickly to sir John: A poor heart, hee is so thale'd of a burning quotient Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold.

Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath ran bad humors on the Knight, that's the euen of it.
Pif. Nym, thou haft spoke the right, his heart is fraed and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good King, but it must bee as it may: hee pays some humors, and carreeers.
Pif. Let vs condole the Knight, for (Lambekins) we will live.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westminster.

Bed. Fore God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

WeVS. How smooth and even they do bear themselves, As if allegiance in their bosomes fate
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend, By interception, which they dreame not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours; That he shoulde for a foraigne purbe, so fell
His Soueraigne life to death and treachery.

Sound Trumpeats.

Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.

King. Now fits the winde faire, and we will aboord.

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kinde Lord of Moftram, And you my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts: Think you not that the powres we bear with vs Will cut their paffage through the force of France?
Doing the execution, and the aete,
For which we haue in head assembled them.

Sco. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.

King. I doubt not that, since we are well perfwaded
We carry not a heart with vs from hence, That grows not in a faire content with ours:
Nor leave not one behinde, that doth not with Succeffe and Conquett to attend on vs.

Cam. Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd,
Then is your Maiesty; there's not I thinke a fubieqt
That fits in heart-greefe and vnafineffe
Under the fweet shade of your government.

Kai. True: thofe that were your Fathers enemies, Have feep'd their gauls in hony, and do ferue you With hearts create of duty, and of zeale.

King. We therefore haue great caufe of thankfulness, And shall forget the office of our hand Sooner then quittance of defert and merit,
According to the weight and vnafineffe.

Sco. So fervice shall with fteelne fnewes toyle, And labour shall refresh it felfe with hope
To do your Grace inceffant fervice. 

King. We judge no leffe, Vnkle of Exeter,
Inlarge the man committed yestreday,
That rayl'd against our perfon: We confider
It was exceffe of Wine that fet him on,
And on his more aduice, We pardon him,

Sco. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be puni'd Soueraigne, leaft example
Breed (by his fuffereance) more of fuch a kind.

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

Cam. So may your Highneffe, and yet punish too.

Gray. Sir, you shew great mercy if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.

King. Alas, you too much loue and care of me,
Are heavy Orifons'gainst this poore wretch:
If little faults proceeding on diftemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how fhall we fretch our eye
When capitall crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and diged,
Appeare before vs? We'll yet inlarge that man,
Though Cambrige, Scroope, and Gray, in their deere care
And tender prefervation of our perfon
Wold haue him puni'd. And now to our French caufes,
Who are the late Commonwealthers?

Cam. I one my Lord,
Your Highneffe bad me aske for it to day.

Sco. So did you me my Liege.

Gray. And I my Royall Soueraigne.

King. Then Richard Earle of Cambridge, there is yours:
There yours Lord Scrope of Moftram, and Sir Knight:
Gray of Northumberland, this fame is yours:
Reade them, and know I know your worthineffe.

My Lord of Westminster, and Vnkle Exeter,
We will aboord to night. Why how now Gentlemen?
What fee you in thofe papers, that you loofe
So much complexion? Looke ye how they change:
Their cheecks are paper. Why, what reade you there,
That haue so cowarded and chac'd your blood
Out of apparence.

Cam. I do confesse my fault,
And do submit me to your Highneffe mercy.

Gray. Sco. To which we all appeale.

King. The mercy that was quiche in vs but late,
By your owne counfaile is suppreft and kill'd:
You must not dare (for shame) to talk of mercy,
For your owne reafons turned into your boomes,
As dogs upon their maillers, worrying you:
See you my Prince, and my Noble Peeres,
These English monsters: My Lord of Cambridge heere,
You know how apt our loue was, to accord
To furnih with all appertinent
Belonging to his Honour; and this man,
Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conspir'd
And fwoone vnto the prafites of France.
To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which,
This Knight no leffe for bounty bound to vs.
Then Cambridge is, hath likewife fwoone.
But O, What fhall I lay to thee Lord Scroope, thou cruel,
Ingrateful, fauage, and inhumane Creature?
Thou that didst beare the key of all my counfailes,
That knew'ft the very bottome of my foule,
That (almost) might'ft haue cown'd me into Golde,
Would't thou haue praftis'd on me, for thy vfe?
May it be poible, that foraigne hyer
Could out of thee extrack one fparkel of euill
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis fo strange,
That though the truth of it stands off as groffe
As blacke and white, my eye will scarcely fee it.
Treafon, and murther, ever kept together,
As two yoake diuelles fwoone to eythers purpofe,
Working fo groffely in an naturall caufe,
That admiration did not hoope at them.
But thou (gainft all proportion) didst bring in
Wonder to waite on treafon, and on murther:
And whatfoever cunning feades it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:
And other diuels that suspett by treasons,
Do botch and bungle vp damnation,
With patches, colours, and with formes being fetched
From gilt'ring fembiances of piety:
But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand vp,
Gauze thee no infance why thou shouldest do treason,
Vnleffe to dub thee with the name of Traitor.
If that fame Daemen that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world,
He might returne to valtie Tartar backe,
And tell the Legions, I can never win
A foule so eafe as that Englishmans

Oh, how haft thou with leaflous infection
The sweetneffe of affiance? Shew men dutifull,
Why fo difd thou: seme they grave and learned?
Why fo difd thou. Come they of Noble Family?
Why fo difd thou. Seme they religious?
Why fo difd thou. Or are they spare in diet,
Free from grosse paftion, or of mirth, or anger,
Confiant in spirit, not fweruing with the blood,
Garnisht'd and deck'd in mocke complemet,
Not working with the eye, without the eare,
And but in purged judgement trufting neither,
Such and fo finely boyled difd thou seme:
And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blor,
To make thee full fraught man, and beft indue
With some fubfition, I will weep for thee.
For this reuolt of thine, me thinkes is like
Another fall of Man, Their faults are open,
Arreft them to the anwer of the Law,
And God acquitt them of their praifles.

Exe. I arreft thee of High Treafon, by the name of
Richard Earle of Cambridge .
I arreft thee of High Treafon, by the name of
Thomas Lord Scoope of Marfham .
I arreft thee of High Treafon by the name of Thomas
Gray, Knight of Northumberlائد .
&c. Our purpose, God joyful hath difcouer'd,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I befeech your Highneffe to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motue,
The sooner to effect what I intended :
But God be thanked for preuention,
Which in fufferance heartily will reconcile,
Beecching God, and you, to pardon mee.

Gray. Neuer difd faithfull fubjeete more rejoicet
At the difcouery of moft dangerous Treafon,
Then I do at this houre joy ore my felfe,
Preuented from a dammed enterprize ;

My fults, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne.

King. God quit you in his mercy: Hear your fentence
You have confipr'd againft Our Royall perfon,
Joynd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers,
Recey'd the Golden Earneft of Our death:
Wherein you would have fold your King to slaughter,
His Princes, and his Peeres to feruitude,
His Subiects to oppreffion, and contempet,
And his whole Kingdom into defolation :
Touching our perfon, feeke we no renuenge,
But we our Kingdomes safety wuft fo tender,
Whose ruine you sought, that to her Lawes
We do deluer you. Get you therefore hence,
(Poore mirifable wretches) to your death:
The taffe whereof, God of his mercy give

You patience to induere, and true Repentance
Of all your deare ofiences. Beare them hence.

Now Lords for France: the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you as vuile, like glorious.
We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,
Since God fo graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous Treafon, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,
But every Rubbe is smoothet on our way.
Then forth, deare Countreymen : Let vs deliver
Our Pulfiance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Chearely to Sea, the fignes of Warre aduance,
No King of England, if not King of France.

Fleurifb. Enter Piffall, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hoffaffe.

Hoffaffe. 'Prythhee honey sweet Husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Bard. Would I were with him, whereforemee hee is,
eyther in Heauen, or in Hell.

Hoffaffe. Nay fare, hee's not in Hell: hee's in Arthur's
Bofome, if ever man went to Arthur's Bofome: a made a finer end, and went away and it had beene any Chriftoffe Child: a parted eu'n luft betweene Twelue and One, eu'n at the turning o'th Tyde: for after I few him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and fume vpone his fingers, I knew there was but one way: for his Nofe was as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now Sir John (quoth I') what man? be a good cheere: fo a cried out, God, God, God, three or foure times: now I, to comfort him, bid him a shoulde not think of God; I hop'd there was no neede to trouble himfelfe with any fuch thoughts yet: fo a bad me lay more Clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any fone: then I felt to his knees, and fo vp-pee'r'd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any fone.

Nim. They fay he cried out of Sack.

Hoffaffe. I, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

Hoffaffe. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes that a did, and faid they were Deules incarne.

Woman. A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Co
colour he neuer lik'd.

Boy. A faid once, the Deule would have him about

Woman. Hoffaffe. A did in some fort (indeed) handle Women:
but then hee was rumatique, and talk'd of the Whore of Babylon.

Boy. Doe you not remember a faw a Flea flieke vpon
Bardolfs Nofe, and a faid it was a blacke Soule burning in Hell.

Bard. Well, the fuell is gone that maintaing that fere:
thats all the Riches I got in his feruice.

Nim. Shall wee thog't? The King will be gone from Southampton.

Pift. Come, let's a way. My Loue, glue me thy Lippes:
Looke to my Chattells, and my Moeables: Let Sences rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: trust none: for Oatthes are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-fali is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore Cauevo bee thy Counfllor. Goe, cleare thy Chryfalle. Yoke-

felloues in Armes, let vs to France, like Horfe-
leeches.
lecches my Boyes, to fucke, to fucke, the very blood to fucke.
But that's but venomofse food, they say.
Wits Touch her soft mouth, and March.
Vard. Farewell Hooftelfe.

Nim. I cannot kisse, that is the humor of it: but
adieu.

Pist. Let Huswiferie appeare: keep e close, I thee command.

Hooftelfe. Farewell: adieu.

Exeunt.

Flourish.
Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes

King. Thus comes the English with full power upon vs, And more then carefully it vs concerns, To answer Royally in our defences. Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine, Of Brabant and of Orleanc, shall make forth, And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch To lyne and new repairye our Townes of Warre With men of courage, and with meanes defendant: For England his approaches makes as fierce, As Water to the fucking of a Gulfe. It fits vs then to be as prudent, As seare may teach vs, out of late examples Left by the fatal and neglected English, Vpon our fields.

Dolphin. My most redoubted Father, It is most meet we arme vs 'gainst the Foe: For Peace it felpe shold not to doul a Kingdome, (Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in question) But that Defences, Munif, Preparations, Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected, As were a Warre of Berry and Britaine. Therefore I say, 'ts meet we all goe forth, To view the sick and feeble parts of France: And let vs doe it with no shew of feare, No, with no more then if we heard that England Were bufied with a Whitfon Morrice-dance, For, my good Liege, thee is fo idly King'd, Her Scepter fo phantastically borne, By a vaine idle shallow humorous Youth, That fear attends her not.

Godl. O peace, Prince Dolphin, You are too much miiftaken in this King: Question your Grace the late Embassadors, With what great State he heard their Embassie, How well supply'd with Noble Councillors, How modest in exception; and whithall, How terrible in constant resolution: And you shall find, his Vanities fore-spent, Were but the out-side of the Roman Brutus, Conuering Diuersion with a Coat of Folly; As Gardener doe with Ordie hide thoie Routs That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dolphin. Well, 'ts not so, my Lord High Constable. But though we thinke it fo, it is no matter: In cases of defence, 'ts best to weigh The Enemy more mightie then he seemes, So the proportions of defence are fill'd: Which of a weake and niggardly protection, Doth like a Mifer fpoyle his Coat, with fchanting A little Cloth.

King. Think we King Harry strong: And Princes, looke you strongly arme to meet him. The Kindred of him hath beene fleflht vpon vs:

And he is bred out of that bloodie straine, That haunted vs in our familiar Pathes: Witnesse our too much memorable shame, When Creffy Battell fatly was strucke, And all our Princes captiv'd, by the hand Of that black Name, Edward, black Prince of Wales: Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine standing Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne, Saw his Heroicall Seed, and smil'd to see him Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers Had twenteie yeeres beene made. This is a Stem Of that Victorious Stock: and let vs feare The Natiue mightinesse and fate of him.

Enter a Message.

Mess. Embassadors from Harry King of England, Doe crave admittance to your Maiestie.

King. Weele give them preuent audience. Goe, and bring them. You fee this Chaft is holy followed, friends.

Dolphin. Turne head, and stop pursui'to coward Dogs Most spend their mouths, who what they seem to threaten Runs farre before them. Good my Soueraigne Take yp the English short, and let them know Of what a Monarchie you are the Head: Selfe-loue, my Liege, is not fo vile a finne, As selfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our Brother of England?

Exe. From him, and thus he greetts your Maiestie:

He wills you in the Name of God Almightie, That you declue your fley, and lay apart The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heauen, By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne, And all wide-stretched Honors, that pertaine By Cuthome, and the Ordinance of Times, Vnto the Crowne of France: that you may know 'Tis no finifter, nor no awk-ward Clayme, Pickt from the worne-holes of long-vanifht dayes, Nor from the duft of old Obliuion raket, He fends you this most memorable Lyne, In every Branch truly demonstrative: Willing you ouer-looke this Pedigree: And when you find him eveny deriu'd From his moft fam'd, of famous Anceftors, Edward the third; he bids you then refigne Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirecly held From him, the Natiue and true Challenger.

King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint: for if you hide the Crowne Euen in your hearts, there will he ralke for it. Therefore in fierce Tempeste is he comming, In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a Cote: That if requiring fale, he will compell. And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord, Deliuer yp the Crowne, and to take mercie On the poore Souls, for whom this hungry Warre Opens his vaffe lawes: and on your head Turning the Widowes Tears, the Orphans Cryes, The dead-mens Blood, the pruity Maidens Groanes, For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers, That shall be swallowed in this Controuerifie. This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Message: Vnleffe the Dolphin be in prefence here; To whom expressly I bring greeting to.

King. For
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

King. For vs, we will consider of this further:
To morrow shal ye beare our full intent
Back to our Brother of England.

Dolph. For the Dolphin,
I stand here for him: what to Him from England?

Exe. Scoone and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not mis-become
The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at.
The mightie Sender, if your Fathers Highness
Doe not, in granted all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Maiestie;
Hee'le call you to so hot an Answer of it,
That Caues and Wombie Vaultages of France
Shall chide your Trefpas, and returne your Mock
In second Accent of his Ordinance.

Dolph. Say: if my Father render faire returne,
It is against my will: for I desire
Nothing but Oddes with England.
To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanitie,
I did present him with the Paris-Balls.

Exe. Hee'le make your Paris Loure shakke for it,
Were it the Midtreffe Court of mightie Europe:
And be affurd, you'le find a difference,
As we his Subjectes haue in wonder found,
Betwenee the promife of his greener dayes,
And the hee matters now: now he weighs Time
Even to the utmost Graines: that you shall reade
In your owne Loffes, if he play in France.

King. To morrow shall you know my mind at full.

Flourish.

Exe. Dispatch vs with all speed, leaft that our King
Come here himselfe to question our delay;
For he is footed in this Land already.

King. You haile soone dispatch, with faire conditions.
A Night is but small breathe, and little pawe,
To answer matters of this conseqüence.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flyes,
In motion of no leafe celerity then that of Thought.

Suppose, that you have seene
The well-appointed King at Doner Peer,
Embarke his Royaltie: and his brave Fleet,
With sullen Streamers, the young Phebas pavynge
Play with your Fancies: and in them behold,
Vpon the Hengkap Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;
Heare the shrill Whistle, which doth order gue
To founds confus'd: behold the threaden Sayles,
Borne with th'inusible and creeping Wind,
Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,
Bretling the loftie Surge. O, doe but thinke
You stand vpon the Riuage, and behold
A City on th'inconftant Billowes dauncing:
For fo appeares this Fleet Maiestical,
Holding due course to Harflew. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to ternage of this Nauie,
And leave your England as dead Mid-night, till,
Guarded with Grandfires, Babyes, and old Women,
Eyther paft, or not arriu'd to pyth and puifance:
For who is he, whose Chin is but enricht
With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow
These cull'd and choyfe-drawne Cavaliers to France?
Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege:
Behold the Ordinance on their Carriages,
With fatall mouths gaping on girded Harflew.
Suppose th'Embassador from the French comes back:
Tells Harry, that the King doth offer him
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,
Some petty and vnprofitable Dukedomes.
The offer likers not: and the nimble Gunner
With Lynfock now the diuellish Cannon touches,
Alarum, and Chambers gee off.
And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eech out our performance with your mind.

Exit.

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucefter.

Alarum: Scaling Ladders at Harflew.

King. Once more unto the Breach,
Deare friends, once more;
Or close the Wall vp with our English dead:
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest fillinesse, and humilitie;
But when the blast of Warre blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the Tygers:
Stiffen the finews, commune vp the blood,
Diquisite faire Nature with hard-fauour'd Rage:
Then lend the Eye a terrible asfect:
Let it pry through the portage of the Head,
Like the Braffe Cannon: let the Brow o'rewhelme it,
As fearefully, as doth a called Rocke
O're-hang and iuty his confounded Bafe,
Swill'd with the wild and waftfull Ocean.
Now fet the Teeth, and fretch the Nothrill wide,
Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp every Spirit
To his full height. On, on, you Nobilis English,
Whole blood is fet from Fathers of Warre-proufe:
Fathers, that like fo many Alexanders,
Haue in these parts from Morne till Euen fought,
And sheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument,
Difhonour not your Mothers: now atte.
That those whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you.
Be Coppie now to me of groffer blood,
And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen,
Whole Lymes were made in England: fiew vs here
The meteell of your Pature: let vs fauer,
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not:
For there is none of you fo mean and base,
That hath not Noble lutter in your eyes.
I fee you stand like Grey-hounds in the slips,
Straying vpon the Start. The Game's afoot:
Follow your Spirit; and vpon this Charge,
Cry, God for Harry, England, and S. George.

Alarum, and Chambers gee off.

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Piftoll, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee Corporall flay, the Knockes are too hot:
And for mine owne part, I have not a Cave of Lues:
The humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song of it.

Pift. The plaine-Song is most iuft: for honors doe a-
bound: Knockes goe and come: Gods Vafils drop and
dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne
immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an Ale-house in London: I
would glue all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and safetie.

Pift. And
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Pift. And I: If wishes were preuayle with me, my purpose should not sacle with me; but thither would I hight.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth fing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Vp to the breach, you Dogges; auant you Cullions.


Nim. These be good humors: your Honor wins bad humors.

Boy. As young as I am, I have obferu'd these three Swafters: I am Boy to them all three, but all three they, though they would ferue me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three such Antiques do not amount to a man: for Bardolph, hee is white-lui'd, and red-fac'd; by the meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not; for Pifhull, hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the meanes whereof, a breaks Words, and keeps whole Weapons: for Nim, hee hath heard, that men of few Words are the beft men, and therefore hee fcornes to fay his Prayers, left a should be thought a Courage: but his few bad Words are matcht with as few Good Deeds; for a neuer broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was againft a Poft, when he was drunke. They will reale any thing, and call it Purchase. Bardolph fole a Lute-cafe, bare it twelue Leagues, and fold it for three halfeipence. Nim and Bardolph are Iworne Brothers in filching: and in Callice they fole a fire-fhouell. I knew by that piece of Seruice, the men would carry Coales. They would haue me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloues or their Hand-kercers: which makes much againft my Manhood, if I should take from another Pocket, to put into mine; for it is plaine pocketing vp of Wrongs. I must leue them, and feeke some better Seruice: their Villany goes againft my weake stomacke, and therefore I must call it vp.

Exit.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captain Fluellen, you must come prefently to the Mynes; the Duke of Gloucester would fpeak with you.

Flu. To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not fo good to come to the Mynes; for looke you, the Mynes is not according to the disciplines of the Warrre the concauties of it is not fufficient: for looke you, th'utherarie, you may discoufe into the Duke, looke you, is digt himfelfe foure yard vnder the Countermines: by Chejbu, I think a will plowe vp all, if there is not better directiouns.

Gower. The Duke of Gloucefter, to whom the Order of the Siege is guen, is altogther directed by an Irish man, a very valiant Gentleman vflathe.

Welch. It is Captaine Mackmorries, is it not?

Gower. I thinke it be.

Welch. By Chejbu he is an Affe, as in the World, I will vverie as much in his Bead: he ha's no more directiouns in the true discouiers of the Warrres, looke you, of the Roman discouiers, then is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Mackmorries, and Captaine Iamy.

Gower. Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine Iamy, with him.

Welch. Captaine Iamy is a maruellous falarious Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in th'aunciant Warrres, upon my particular knowledge of his directiouns: by Chejbu he will maintain his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in the discouiers of the Prifinate Warrres of the Romans.

Sct. I say gudday,Captaine Fluellen.

Welch. Godden to your Worhip, good Captaine Iamy.

Gower. How now Captaine Mackmorries, haue you quitted the Mynes? haue the Pioneers guen o're?

Irifh. By Chrifh Law tifh ill done: the Worke ifh glue ouer, the Trompet found the Retreat. By my Hand I swear, and my fathers Soule, the Worke ifh ill done: it ifh glue ouer: I would have blown vp the Towne, fo Chrifh faue me law, in an houre. O tifh ill done, tifh ill done: by my Hand tifh ill done.

Welch. Captaine Mackmorries, I beseech you now, will you voutaffa me, looke you, a few dispuitions with you, as partly touching or concerning the discouiers of the Warre, the Roman Warrres, in the way of Argument, looke you, and friendly communication: partly to fatisfie my Opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, looke you, of my Mind: as touching the direction of the Militarie discipline, that is the Point.

Sct. It fall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath, and I fall quit you with gud leue, as I may pick occasion: that fall I mar.

Irifh. It is no time to discouere, fo Chrifh faue me: the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warrres, and the King, and the Dukes: it is no time to discouere, the Town is befeuch'd: and the Trumpet call vs to the breech, and we talke, and be Chrifh do nothing, tis shame for vs all: so God fa'me tis shame to hand still, it is shame by my hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Worke to be done, and there ifh nothing done, fo Chrifh fa'me law.

Sct. By the Mes, ere thefe eyes of mine take themselfes to flobber, ayle de gud fheriue, or Ile ligge 'th' grund for it; ay, or goe to death: and Ile pay't as valourously as I may, that fall I furerly do, that is the breff and the long: mar, I wad full faine hearde fome queftion tween you tway.

Welch. Captaine Mackmorries, I thinke, looke you, vnder your correction, there is not many of your Nation.


Welch. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwise then is meant, Captaine Mackmorries, peraduenture I shall thinke you doe not vfe me with that afabilitie, as in discouere you ought to vfe me,looke you, being as good a man as your felle, both in the discouiers of Warre, and in the deriuation of my Birth, and in other particularites.

Irifh. I doe not know you so good a man as my felle: so Chrifh faue me, I will cut off your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mitake each other.

Sct. A, that's a foule fault.

A Parle.

Gower. The Towne founds a Parle.

Welch. Captaine Mackmorries, when there is more better opportunitie to be required, looke you, I will be fo bold as to tell you, I know the discouiers of Warre: and there is an end.

Exit.

Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.

King. How yet refolves the Gouernour of the Towne?

This is the latest Parle we will admit:

There-
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Therefore to our best mercy give your felues,
Or like to men proud of destruction,
Defe vs to our wort ; for as I am a Souldier,
A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best;
If I begin the batt’rie once again,
I will not leave the half-stachted Harflaw,
Till in her ashes the eye buried.
The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut vp,
And the flesh’d Souldier, rough and hard of heart,
In libertie of bloody hand, shall range,
With Conscience wise as Hell, moving like Graffe
Your fresh faire Virgins, and your flowing Infants.
What is it then to me, if impious Warre,
Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,
Doe with his myrrch complexion all fell feats,
Enlynckt to waft and defolation;
What is’t to me, when you your felues are cause,
If your pure Maydens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing Violation?
What Reyne can hold licentious Wickedneffe,
When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere ?
We may as bootleffe spend our vaine Command,
Upon th’enrag’d Souldiers in their fpyole,
As fend Precepts to the Leuithan, to come ahere.
Therefore, you men of Harflaw,
Take pitty of your Towne and of your People,
Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command,
Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace
O’re-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds
Of headly Murther, Spoyle, and Villany.
If not : why in a moment looke to fee
The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand
Desire the Locks of your thrill-shrinking Daughters:
Your Fathers taken by the finer Beards,
And their moft reuerend Heads daft to the Walls:
Your naked Infants spitted vp on Pykes,
Whilest the mad Mothers, with their howles confus’d,
Doe breake the Clouds: as did the Wives of Lewry,
At Herods bloody-hunting flaughters-men.
What fay you? Will you yeeld, and this ayoud?
Or guiltie in defence, be thus deftroy’d.

Enter Gouverneur.

Governor. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dolphin, whom of Successs we entreated,
Returns vs, that his Powers are yet not ready,
To rayle so great a Siege: Therefore great King,
We yeeld our Towne and Lives to thy soft Mercy:
Enter our Gates, dispofe of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defensible.

King. Open your Gates: Come Vnckle Exeter,
Goe you and enter Harflaw; there remaine,
And fortifie it strongly ’gainst the French:
Vfe mercy to them all for vs, deare Vnckle.
The Winter comming on, and Sickness growing
Vpon our Souldiers, we will retire to Calis,
To night in Harflaw will we be your Gueft,
To morrow for the March are we addrest.
Flourish, and enter the Towne.

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kateb. Alice, tu as efe en Angleterre, & tu bien parlas
le Language.

Alice. En peu Madame.

Kateb. Il te prie m’enfignes, il faut que te apprend a par-
len: Comiet appelle you le main en Anglais ?

Alice. Le main il & appelle de Hand.

Kateb. De Hand.

Alice. E le doy.

Kateb. Le doyts, ma foy Ie oublie, e doyts mayts, je me soumeray
le doyts tu pense qu’ils ont apelle de fngres, ou de fngres.

Alice. Le main de Hand, le doyts le Fngres, je pense que je
suis le bon efboier.

Kateb. T’ay-gynié dux mots d’ Anglois visement, com-
appelle vous le anglais?

Alice. Le anglais, les appelions de Nayles.

Kateb. De Nayles fistte : dites moy, je te parle bien de:
Hand, de Fngres, e de Nayles.

Alice. C’est bien dit Madame, il & fort bon Anglois.

Kateb. Dites moy l’ Anglois pour le bras,

Alice. De Arme, Madame.

Kateb. E de coudes.

Alice. D’Elbow.

Kateb. D’Elbow : Ie men fay le repiticio de tous les mots
que vous mariez, apprins des a prefent.

Alice. Il & trop difficile Madame, comme le pense.

Kateb. Escuye moy Alice efjoutez, d’Hand, de Fngres, de
Nayles, d’Arme, de Bilbow.

Alice. D’Elbow, Madame.

Kateb. O Seigneur Dieu, ie men oublie d’Elbow, comen ap-
pelle vous le col.

Alice. De Nick , Madame.

Kateb. De Nick, e le menton.

Alice. De Chin.

Kateb. De Sin : le col de Nick, le menton de Sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf voyfere bonneur en verite vous pronon-
cies les mots aux droit, que le Natifs d’Angleterre.

Kateb. Je ne doute point d’apprendre par de grace de Dieu,
& en peu de temps.

Alice. N’auz vos y defy oublie ce que ie vous a ennuye.

Kateb. Nome le recitera a vous promptiement, d’Hand, de
Fngres, de Mayles.

Alice. De Nayles, Madame.

Kateb. De Nayles, de Arme, de Bilbow.

Alice. Sans voyffe bonneur d’Elbow.

Kateb. Ainsi de je d’Elbow, de Nick, & de Sin : comen ap-
pelle vous les pied & de reba.

Alice. Le Foot Madame, & le Count.

Kateb. Le Foot, & le Count : O Seigneur Dieu, il font le
mots de fon mauvais corruptible groffe & impudique, & non
pour le Dames de Honore d’ofuer : il ne voudray prononcer ce
mots devant le Seigneurs de France, pour toute le monde, fo le
Foot & le Count, neant moy, Je recitera un autrefoy ma leon
enfembles, d’Hand, de Fngres, de Nayles, d’Arme, d’Elbow, de
Nick, de Sin, de Foot, le Count.

Alice. Excellens, Madame.

Kateb. C’aft affes pour une foys, alons nous a diner.

Exit.

Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the
Confiable of France, and others.

King. Tis cecinre he hath paft the River Some.

Conft. And if be he not fought withall, my Lord,

Let vs not liue in France : let vs quit all,
And give our Vineyards to a barbarous People.

Dolph. O Dieu vivant : Shall a few Sprays of vs,
The emptying of our Fathers Luxurie,
Our Syens, put in wilde and sauge Stock,

Spirit vs go suddenly into the Clouds,
And ouer-lookie their Grafters?

Brit.Normans, but baftard Normans, Norman bastards,
Mort du ma vie, if they march along

Vnfought withall, but I will fell my Dukedome,
The Life of Henry the Fift.

To buy a hobbry and a durtie Farne
In that nooke-fotten Ile of Albion.

Cont. Dieu de Batailles, where haue they this mettell?
Is not their Clymatge foggy, raw, and dulli?
On whom, as is desigsight, the Sunne lookest pale,
Killing their Fruit with frownnes, Can fodden Water,
A Drench for fur-reyn'd Iaides, their Barly broth,
Deaco't their cold blood to fuch valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with Wine,
Seeme frofite t, O, for honor of our Land,
Let vs not hang like rooping Iyckles
Vpon our Houfes Thatch, whiles a more frofite People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
Poore we call them, in their Naturs Love.

Dolphin. By Faith and Honor,
Our Madames mock at vs, and plainly say,
Our Mettell is bred out, and they will glue
Their bodys to the Luft of English Youth,
To new-flore France with Baylard Warriors.

Brit. They bid us to the English Dancing-Schooles,
And call a Lauzets' high, and swift Carrants',
Saying, our Grace is only in our Heeles,
And that we are most loftie Run-aways.

King. Where is Montoy the Herald? sped him hence,
Let him gett England with our harpe defiance.
Vp Princes, and with spirit of Honor edged,
More sharper then your Swords, high to the field:
Charles Delabret, High Conftable of France,
You Dukes of Orleans, Burbon, and of Berry,
Alaunfo, Brabant, Bar, and Burgonie,
Inquas Castillon, Rambarques, Pandemon,
Leamoto, Grand Pree, Ruffi, and Faulconbridge,
Leys, Lefrale, Bouquiall, and Charaloyet,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
For your great Seats, now quit you of great flames:
Barre Harry England, that swepe through our Land
With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew:
Ruth on his Hoof, as doth the melted Snow
Vpon the Valleys, whole low Vaflall Seat,
The Alpes doth ifp, and void his rheume vpon.
Goe downe vpon him, you have Power enough,
And in a Captaine Chariot, into Roan
Bring him our Prifoner.

Cont. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His Souldiers fiek, and famifht in their March:
For I am sure, when he shall fee our Army,
Hee'le drop his heart into the finck of feare,
And for achitenuemen, offer vs his Randome.

King. Therefore Lord Conftable, haft on Montoy,
And let him fay to England, that we fend,
To know what willing Randome he will giue.
Prince Dolph, you fhall affay with vs in Roan.

Dolph. Not fo, I doe befearch your Majestie.

King. Be patient, for you fhall remaine with vs.
Now forth Lord Conftable, and Princes all,
And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall.

Enter Captaine, English and Welch, Gower and Fluellen.

Gower. How now Captaine Fluellen, come you from the Bridge?
Flu. I affay you, there is very excellent Seruices com-
mitted at the Bridge.

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?
Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Aga-
memon, and a man that I love and honour with my foule,
and my heart, and my dutie, and my lue, and my liuing,
and my vtermoft power. He is not, God be prafied and
bleshed, any hurt in the World, but keeps the Bridge
moff valiantly, with excellent discipline.

There is a aun-
chient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very
confidence hee is as valiant a man as Marke Anthony,
and hee is a man of no efimation in the World, but I did fe
him doe as gallant service.

Gower. What doe you call him?

Flu. Hee is call'd auncient Piftell.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Piftell.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pift. Captaine, I thee befeech to doe me favours: the
Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. I, I praye God, and I have merited some love at
his hands.

Pift. Bardolph, a Souldier firme and found of heart,
and of buxome valour, hath by cruel Fate, and giddie
Fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that Goddefe blind,
that stands on the rolling refleffe Stone.

Flu. By your patience, auncient Piftell: Fortune is
painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to fignifie
to you, that Fortune is blinde: and thee is painted alfo
with a Wheele, to fignifie to you, which is the Morall of
it, that thee is turning and inconfant, and mutabilitie,
and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed vpon a
Spherical Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles:
in good truth, the Poet makes a moft excellent defcrip-
tion of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall.

Pift. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frownnes on him:
for he hath ftoine a Pox, and hanged must a be: a damned
death: let Gallowes gape for Dogge, let Man goe free,
and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe fuffocate: but Exeter
hath gien the doome of death, for Pox of little price.
Therefore goe fpeeke, the Duke will hear thy voyce;
and let not Bardolphs vitall thred bee cut with edge of
Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Captaine for
his Life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Auncient Piftell, I doe partly vnderfand your
meaning.

Pift. Why then reioyce therefore.

Flu. Certainly Auncheint, it is not a thing to reioyce
at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would deare
the Duke to vfe his good pleafure, and put him to execu-
tion; for discipline ought to be vfed.

Pift. Dye, and be dam'd, and Figo for thy friendship.

Flu. It is well.

Pift. The Figg of Spaine. Exit.

Flu. Very good.

Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Rafcall, I
remember him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purfe.

Flu. Ile affure you, this is vtr'd as prae words at the
Pridge, as you shall fee in a Summers day: but it is very
well what he ha's spoke to me, that is well I warrant you,
when time is ferue.

Gower. Why 'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and
then goes to the Warres, to grace himselfe at his returne
into London, vnder the forme of a Souldier: and fuch
fellowes are perfet in the Great Commanders Names,
and they will learne you by rote where Scrucies were done;
at fuch and fuch a Sconce, at fuch a Breach, at fuch a Con-
voy: who came off brufely, who was shot, who dif-
grac'd, what termes the Enemy flood on: and this they
conne perfectly in the phrafe of Warre; which they tricke
vp with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Generalls Cut, and a horrid Sute of the Campe, will doe amoungst burning Fomales, and Ale-wafth Wits, is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne to know such Vlonders of the age, or else you may be maruellously mifhtooke.

Flu. I tell you what, Captaine Genero: I doe perceiue hee is not the man that hee would gladly make theu to the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my minde: heare you, the King is comming, and I must speake with him from the Pridge.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and bis poore Soldiers.

Flu. God please your Maiestie.
King. How now Fluellen, cam'th thou from the Bridge?
Flu. If, so please your Maiestie: The Duke of Exeter ha's very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the French is gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and most praine passages: marry, th'athuerfarie was haue polleffion of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of Exeter is Master of the Pridge: I can tell your Maiestie, the Duke is a praine man.

King. What men haue you loft, Fluellen?
Flu. The perditation of th'athuerfarie hath bene very great, reasonable great: marry for my part, I think the Duke hath loft neuer a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a Church, one Bardolph, if your Maiestie know the man: his face is all bubeckles and wheelkes, and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blows at his nofe, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plew, and sometimes red, but his nofe is executed, and his fire's out.

King. Wee would have all such offenders so cut off: and wee give expresse charge, that in our Marches through the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Villages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French vpbrayd or subfert in declineful Language; for when Lewtie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the gentle Gamefter is the fooonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Mountioy.
Mountioy. You know me by my habit.
King. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?
Mountioy. My Maf ters mind.
King. Vnfold it.
Mountioy. Thus fayes my King: Say thou to Harry of England, Though we beem'd dead, we did but sleepe: Advantage is a better Souldier then raftneff. Tell him, wee could haue rebu'd him at Harflewe, but that wee thought not good to bruife an injurie, till it were full ripe. Now wee speake upon our Q, and our voyce is imperially: England shall repent his folly, fee his weakenfie, and admire our fuffrance. Bid him therefore con-fider of his ranfome, which much proportion the loffes we have borne, the subiects we have loft, the difgrace we have digeftet; which in weight to re-anfwer, his pettineffe would bow vnder. For our loffes, his Exchequer is too poore: for th'effution of our blood, the Mafter of his Kingdom too faint a number; and for our difgrace, his owne perfon kneeling at our feet, but a weake and worth-lesse fatisfacon. To this adde defiance: and tell him for conclufion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose con-demnation is pronounc'd: So farre my King and Mafter; fo much my Office.

King. What is thy name? I know thy qualite.
Mount. Mountioy.
King. Thou don't thy Office fairely. Turne thee back, And tell thy King, I do not feake him now, But could be willing to march on to Callicor, Without impeachement: for to say the footh, Though 'tis no widome to confefte fo much Vnto an enemie of Craft and Vantage, My people are with fickneffe much enfeene'd, My numbers leffen'd: and thofe few I hauue, Almoft no better then fo many French; Who when they were in Health, I tell thee Herald, I thought, vpon one payre of English Legges Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgive me God, That I doe brage thus; this your ayr of France Hath blowne that vice in me. I muft repent:
Goe therefore tell thy Mafter, here I am; My Ranfome, is this fraye and worthifelfe Trunke; My Army, but a weake and fickly Guard: Yet God before, tell him we will come on, Though France himfelfe, and fuch another Neighbor Stand in our way. There's for thy labour Mountioy. Goe bid thy Mafter well aduife himfelfe. If we may paife, we will: if we be hindred, We shall your tawnie ground with your red blood Difcolour: and fo Mountioy, fare you well. The fumme of all our Anfwers is but this: We would not feke a Battale as we are, Nor as we are, we fay we will not fhu it: So tell your Mafter.
Mount. I shall deliver fo: Thanke's to your High-ffe.
Glcuc. I hope they will not come vpon vs now.
King. We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs: March to the Bridge, it now draws toward night, Beyond the Riuier wee'le encampe our felues, And on to morrow bid them march away. Exeunt.

Enter the Confable of France, the Lord Ramburs, Orlance, Dolphin, with others.

Conf. Tut, I haue the beft Armour of the World: would it were day.
Orlanic. You have an excellent Armour: but let my Horfe haue his due.
Conf. It is the beft Horfe of Europe.
Orlanic. Will it neuer be Morning?
Dolph. My Lord of Orlande, and my Lord High Con-fable, you take of Horfe and Armour? Orlance. You are as well prouided of both, as any Prince in the World.
Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change my Horfe with any that treades but on foure poftures: ch'ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrailles were hayres: le Cheval volante, the Pegalus, ches les marines de feu. When I beftryde him, I foles, I am a Hawke: he trots the ayre: the Earth fings, when he touches it: the baffe horn of his hoife, is more Mufcall then the Pipe of Hermes.

Orlanic. Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.
Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast for Perjeus: hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Elements of Earth and Water never appeare in him, but only in patient Illineffe while his Rider mounts him: hee is indeede a Horfe, and all other Iades you may calle Beasts.

i Conf. In-
Conf. Indeed my Lord, it is a moost absoute and excellente Horfe.
Dolph. It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like
the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

Orleanc. No more Cousin.
Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from
the rising of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, who
devere praye on my Palfray : it is a Theame as
fuent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues, and
my Horfe is argument for them all: 'tis a subleæ
to a Soueraine to reason on, and for a Soueraines Sou-
eraigne to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs,
and vnknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions,
and wonder at him, I once wite a Sonnet in his praye,
and began thus, Wonder of Nature.

Orleanc. I have heard a Sonnet begin fo to ones Mi-
fterfere.
Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd
to my Courier, for my Horfe is my Mifterfere.

Orleanc. Your Mifterfere beares well.
Dolph. Me well, which is the preface praye and per-
fection of a good and particular Mifterfere.

Conf. Nay, for me thought yesterday your Mifterfere
frewely thooke your back.
Dolph. So perhaps did yours.
Conf. Mine was not bridled.
Dolph. O then belike he was old and gentle, and you
rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Howe off, and in
your frall Stridders.

Conf. You have good judgement in Horfeman-
ship.
Dolph. Be war'd by me then: they that ride fo,
and ride not warily, fall into foule Boggs: I had rather haue
my Horfe to my Mifterfere.

Conf. I had as liue haue my Mifterfere a Jade.
Dolph. I tell thee Constable, my Mifterfere weares his
owne hayere.

Conf. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a
Sow to my Mifterfere.

Dolph. Le cben est retourne a fon propre vemissement est
la longue issue au bordier lequel maekt't vie of any thing.

Dolph. Yet doe I not wite my Horfe for my Mifterfere,
or any such Prouerbe, fo little kin to the purpofe.

Ramb. My Lord Constable, the Armour that I saw in
your Tent to night, are those Starres or Sunnes upon it?

Conf. Starres my Lord.

Dolph. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Conf. And yet my Sky shall not want.

Dolph. That may be, for you beare a many superfu-
olously, and 'twerne more honor fome were away.

Conf. Ev'n as your Horfe beares your prayeys, who
would trot as well, were fome of your bragges difmoun-
ted.

Dolph. Would I were able to load him with his de-
fert. Will it never be day? I will trot to morrow a mile,
and my way shall be paufe with Englishe Faces.

Conf. I will not lay fo, for feare I SHOULD be fact' out
of my way: but I would it were morning, fo I would
faine be about the cares of the English.

Ramb. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twentie
Prifoners?

Conf. You must first goe your selfe to hazard, ere you
have them.

Dolph. 'Tis Mid-night, Ile goe arme my felfe. Exit.

Orleanc. The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ramb. He longs to eate the English.

Conf. I thinke he will eate all he kills.

Orleanc. By the white Hand of my Lady, hec's a gal-
lant Prince.

Conf. Swere by her Foot, that she may tread out the
Oath.

Orleanc. He is simply the moft actiue Gentleman of
France.

Conf. Doins is actiulite, and he will fill be doing.

Orleanc. He neuer did harme, that I heard of.

Conf. Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe
that good name fill.

Orleanc. I know him to be valiant.

Conf. I was told that, by one that knowes him better
then you.

Orleanc. What's hee?

Conf. Marry hee told me so himselfe, and hee sayd hee
card not who knew it.

Orleanc. Hee needes not, it is no hidden vertue in
him.

Conf. By my faith Sir, but it is: neuer any body saw
it, but his Lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it
appeares, it will bate.

Orleanc. Ill will neuer sayd well.

Conf. I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is flatterie
in friendship.

Orleanc. And I will take vp that with, Glue the Deuill
his due.

Conf. Well plaç't : there stands your friend for the
Deuill: haue at the very eye of that Prouerbe with, A
Pox of the Deuill.

Orleanc. You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much
a Fooles Bolt is foone shot.

Conf. You haue shot ouer.

Orleanc. 'Tis not the firt time you were ouer-shot.

Enter a Meflenger.

Meff. My Lord high Confable, the English lye within
fifteene hundred paces of your Tents.

Conf. Who hath meafur'd the ground?

Meff. The Lord Grandpre.

Conf. A valiant and moft expert Gentleman. Would
it were day? Als poor Harry of England: hee longs
not for the Dawning, as wee doe.

Orleanc. What a wretched and peecuill fellow is this
King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers
fo farre out of his knowledge.

Conf. If the English had any apprehension, they
would runne away.

Orleanc. That they lack: for if their heads had any in-
tellectual Armour, they could neuer weare fuch hauei
Head-pieces.

Ramb. That Ifland of England breeds very valiant
Creatures: their Maffifes are of vnmatchable cour-
age.

Orleanc. Foolifh Curres, that runne winking into
the mouth of a Russian Bear, and have their heads cruft
like rotten Apples: you may as well lay, that's a valiant
Flea, that dare eate his brekkeaift on the Lippe of a
Lyon.

Conf. Iuif, iuif: and the men doe sympathize with
the Maffifes, in robustious and rough comming on,
leauing their Win with their Wines: and then give
them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele: they
will eate like Wolaes, and fight like Deuils.

Orleanc.
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Actus Tertius.

Chorus.
Now entertaine coniecture of a time,
When creeping Murmure and the poring Darke
Fills the wide Veffel of the Vnuerfe.
From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night
The Humme of eyther Army fully sounds ;
That the fift Centinels almoft receiue
The secret Whispers of eath other Watch,
Fire anfwers fire, and through their paly flames
Each Batallie fees the others vmbre'd face.
Steed threatens Steed, in high and boaftfull Neighs
Piercing the Nights dull Eare : and from the Tents,
The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
With bufie Hammers closing Rietus vp,
Glue dreadfull note of preparation.
The Countrey Cocks doe crow, the Clockes doe towle:
And the third howre of drowsie Morning nam'd,
Proud of their Numbers, and secure in Soule,
The confident and ouer-lufite French,
Doe the low-rated English play at Dice;
And childe the creeple-tardy-gated Night,
Who like a foule and ouguly Witch doth limpe
So tediously away.
The poore condemned English,
Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate.
The Mornings danger : and their gforture sad,
Inuefting lanke-leane Cheekeks, and Warre-worne Coats,
Prefent them vnto the gazing Moone
So many horride Ghosts. O now, who will behold
The Royall Captaine of this ruind Band
Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent ;
Let him cry, Prayle and Glory on his head :
For forth he goes, and visits all his Hoafe,
Bids them good morrow with a modeft Smyle,
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreymen.
Upon his Royall Face there is no note,
How dread an Army hath enrounded him ;
Nor doth he dedicate one lot of Colour
Vnto the wearable and all-watched Night :
But frefly lookes, and ouer-beares Attaint,
With chearfull semblance, and sweet Maietie :
That evry Wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes.
A Largeffe vnuerfall, like the Sunne,
His liberall Eye doth glue to everyone,
Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all
Behold, as may vnworthineffe define.
A little touch of Harry in the Night,
And to our Scene must to the Batallie flye :
Where, O for pitty, we fhall much difgrace,
With foure or foue most vile and ragged foyleys,
(Right ill disposed, in brawe ridiculous)

The Name of Agincourt : Yet fit and fee,
Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee.

Exit.

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucefter.

King. Glofter, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore shoul our Courage be.
God morrow Brother Bedford : God Almighty,
There is some foule of goodneffe in things euill,
Would men obfervingly difflit it out,
For our bad Neighbour makes vs early flirren,
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry.
Befides, they are our outward Conferences,
And Preachers to vs all ; admonishing,
That we should drefs vs fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Morall of the Diuell himselfe.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow old Sir Thomas Erpingham : A good soft Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better then a churilfe turfe of France.

Erpingham. Not fo my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may fay, now lyce I like a King.

King. "Tis good for men to love their present paines,
Upon example, fo the Spirit is eafe ;
And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
The Organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break vp thos drowzie Graue, and newly move
With called floth, and fresh legeritie.
Lend me thy Cloake Sir Thomas : Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Campe;
Doe my good morrow to them, and anon
Defire them all to my Paullion.

Glofter. We fhall, my Liege.

Erpingham. Shall I attend your Grace ?

King. No, my good Knight ;
Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England :
I and my Bofome muft debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erpingham. The Lord in Heauen bleffe thee, Noble Harry.

Exit.

King. God a mercy old Heart, thou speakeft chearfully.

Enter Piffall.

Piff. Che vous la ?

King. A friend.

Piff. Difcuffe vnto me, art thou Officer, or art thou
base,common, and popular ?

King. I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Piff. Tray't thou the puiffant Pyke ?

King. Euen fo : what are you?

Piff. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.

King. Then you are a better then the King.

Piff. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a
Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fitf
moft valiant : I kiffe his durtie shooe, and from heart-
tring I love the louely Bully. What is thy Name ?

King. Harry le Roy.

Piff. Le Roy ! a Cornish Name : art thou of Cornish Crew ?

King. No, I am a Welchman.

Piff. Know'ft thou Fluellen ?

King. Yes.

Piff. Tell him Ile knock his Lecke about his Pate vpon
S. Davius day.

King. Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe
that day,leafe he knock that about yours.

Piff. Art
Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Captain Fluellen.
Fluellen. So, in the Name of Iefu Christ, speake fwer: it is the greateft admiration in the vniuerfal World, when the true and aftentient Prerogatives and Lawes of the Warres is out kept: if you would take the paines but to examine the Warres of Pompey the Great, you fhall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle tadle nor pibble bab- ble in Pompeyes Campe: I warrant you, you fhall finde the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and the Formes of it, and the Sobrieie of it, and the Modeifie of it, to be otherwife.

Gower. Why the Enemy is lowd, you heare him all Night.
Fluellen. If the Enemy is an Asse and a Foodle, and a prat- ting Coxcombe; is it meet, thinke you, that wee fhould alfo, looke you, be an Asse and a Foodle, and a pratting Cox-combe, in your owne confience now?

Gower. I will speake lower.
Fluellen. I pray you, and befeech you, that you will. Exit.

Gower. Though it appeare a little out of fashion, There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

Enter three Souldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the Morning which breaikes yonder?
Bates. I thinke it be: but wee haue no great caufe to defire the approach of day.
Williams. Wee ftey yonder the begining of the day, but I thinke wee fhall neuer fee the end of it. Who goes there?

King. A Friend.
Williams. Who is he, that Captaine ferve you?
King. Vnder Sir Iohn Ergingebam.
Williams. A good old Commander, and a moft kinde Gentleman: I pray you, what thinke he of our efate?

King. Euen as men wrack vpon a Sand, that looke to be waft off the next Tyde.
Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

King. No: nor it is not meet he fhoule: for though I speake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am: the Violet fmmles to him, as it doth to me; the Element fhowes to him, as it doth to me; all his Sences haue but humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Na- kedneffe he appeares but a man; and though his affec-
tions are higher mounted then ours, yet when they flyoue, they flyoue with the like wing: therefore, when he sees reaon of feares, as we doe; his feares, out of doubt, be of the fame rellifh as ours are: yet in reafon, no man fhoule poffe fe him with any appearance of feare; leaft he, by fweating it, fhould dis-hearten his Army.

Bates. He may fhe what outward courage he will: but I beleue, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could with him- felfe in Thames wp to the Neck; and fo I would he were, and I by him, at all aduentures, fo we were quit here.

King. By my troth, I will Speake my confience of the

King: I thynke hee would not with himfelfe any where, but where hee is.
Bates. Then I would he were here alone:fo fhould he be sure to be ranfomed, and a many poore mens flues faued.

King. I dare fay, you loose him not fo ill, to with him here alone: howfoever you Speake this to feele other mens minds, me thinke I could not dye any where fo con-
tented, as in the Kings company; his Caufe being luft, and his Quarrel honorable.

Williams. Thats more then we know now.
Bates. I, or more then wee fhould feake after; for wee know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subiefts: if his Caufe be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the Cryme of it out of vs.

Williams. But if the Caufe be not good, the King him-
felf hath a heauel Reckoning to make, when all thofe Legges, and Armes, and Heads, choppt off in a Battaile, fhall lyone together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dy-
ed at fuch a place, fome weeping, fome crying for a Sur-
gen; fome vpon their Wines, left poore behind them; fome vpon the Debts they owe, fome vpon their Children rawly left: I am afear'd, there are fewe dye well, that dye in a Battaile: for how can they charitably dispofe of any thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if thofe men doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it; who to difobe, were againft all pro-
portion of subiection.

King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father fent about Merchandize, doe finfully misfarry vpon the Sea; the im-
putation of his wickedneffe, by your rule, fhould be im-
poft vpon his Father that fent him: a Servant, under his Maffers command, transporting a summe of Mo-
ney, be affayled by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcil'd Iniquities; you may call the bufeffe of the Mafter the author of the Servants damnation: but this is not fo: The King is not bound to anfwer the particular endings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Mafter of his Servant; for they poore not their death, when they poore their fericues. Befides, there is no King, be his Caufe neuer fo spotiffe, if it come to the arbitre-
ment of Swords, can trye it out with all vnfpotted Souldiers: fome (peraduenture) have on them the guilt of premeditated and continued Murther; fome, of begu-
ing Virgins with the broken Seales of Peription; fome, making the Warres their Bulwarke, that have before go-
ged the gentle Bofome of Peace with Pillage and Robbe-
rie. Now, if thofe men haue defeated the Law, and out-
runne Natuie punishment; though they can out-frip men, they haue no wings to flye from God. Warre is his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: fo that here men are punifht, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in now the Kings Quarrel: where they feared the death, they haue borne life away; and where they would bee late, they perih. Then if they dye unprouided, no more is the King guilte of their damnation, then hee was before guilte of thofe Impieties, for the which they are now visitated. Every Subieft Dutie is the Kings, but every Subieft Soule is his owne. Therefore fhould every Souldier in the Warres doe as every fick man in his Bed, wash euery Moth out of his Confience; and dying fo, Death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was bleffedly loft, wherein fuch preparation was gayne: and in him that efcape, it were not finne to thinke, that making God fo free an offer, he let him out-
lue that day, to fee his Greatneffe, and to teach others how they fhould prepare.

Will. 'Tis
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dyes ill, the ill upon his owne head, the King is not to anwer it.

Bates. I do not depre hee should anwer for me, and yet I determine to fight lufily for him.

King. I my felle heard the King fay he would not be random.'

Will. I, hee fay fo, to make vs fight carefulliy: but when our throats are cut, hee may be random'd, and wee ne're the wifer.

King. If I liue to fee it, I will never trufl his word af-ter.

Will. You pay him then: that's a perillous shot out of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a priuate displeafe can doe againft a Monarch: you may as well goe about to turne the Sunne to yce, with fanning in his face with a Peacocks feather: You'll never trufl his word after; come, 'tis a foolifh faying.

King. Your reprofe is something too round, I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it bee a Quarrell between vs, if you liue.

King. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee againe?

King. Give me any Gage of thine, and I will ware it in my Bonnet: Then if ever thou dar'nt acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrell.

Will. Here's my Gloue: Give mee another of thine.

King. There.

Will. This will I also ware in my Cap: if ever thou come to me, and fay, after to morrow, This is my Gloue, by this Hand I will take thee a box on the ear.

King. If ever I liue to fee it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'nt as well be hang'd.

King. Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the Kings compaine.

Will. Keep thee word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends you English foolees, be friends, wee have French Quarrells enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

Exit Souliers.

King. Indeed the French may lay twentie French Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English Trefon to cut French Crownes, and to morrow the King himfelfe will be a Clipper.

Vpon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules, Our Debts, our carefull Wifes, Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King: We muft beare all.

O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatneffe, Sublefe to the breath of euerie foole, whole fenece No more can feele, but his owne wringing.

What infinite hearts-eafe muft Kings neglefe, That priuate men enjoy?

And what have Kings, that Priuates have not too, Saue Ceremonie, faue generall Ceremonie?

And what art thou, thou Idol Ceremonie?

What kind of God art thou? that suffuer'st more Of mortal griefes, then doe thy worhippers.

What are thy Rents? what are thy Comminges in?

O Ceremonie, shew me but thy worth.

What? is thy Soule of Odoration?

Art thou ought elfe but Place, Degree, and Forme, Creating awe and feare in other men?

Wherein thou art leffe happy, being feard',

Then they in fearing.

What drunk't thou oft, in head of Homage sweet,

But poyfon'd flatterie? O, be fick, great Greatneffe,

And bid thy Ceremonie glue thee cure.

Thinks thou the ferior Feuer will goe out

With Titles blouwe from Adulation?

Will it glue place to flexure and low bending?

Canft thou, when thou command'st the beggers knee,

Command the health of it? No, thou proud Dreame,

That play'ft so futilely with a Kings Repofe.

I am a King that find thee: and I know,

'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball,

The Sword, the Mafe, the crowne Imperial,

The enter-tiffed Robe of Gold and Pearle,

The farfed Title running 'fore the King,

The Throne he fitts on: nor the Tyde of Pompe,

That beate upon the high thore of this World:

No, not all thefe, thrice-glorious Ceremonie;

Not all thefe, lay'd in Bed Majefciall,

Can sleepe so soundly, as the wretched Slave:

Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,

Gets him to ref, cram'd with diftreffefull bread,

Neuer fees horrible Night, the Child of Hell:

But like a Lacquey, from the Rife to Set,

Sweates in the eye of Phebus; and all Night

Sleepes in Eternitie: next day after dawnne,

Doth rife and helpe Hiperio to his Horfe,

And follows fo the euer-running yeere

With profitable labour to his Graue:

And but for Ceremonie, fuch a Wretch,

Winning vp Days with toyle, and Nights with sleepe,

Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King.

The Slave, a Member of the Countrieyes peace,

Enjoyes it; but in groffe braine little wots,

What watch the King keeps, to maintaine the peace;

Whoeft howres, the Pefant beft advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles jealous of your abfence, Seeke through your Campe to find you.

King. Good old Knight, collecte them all together

At my Tent: It be before the.

Erp. I fhall doe't, my Lord. Exit.

King. O God of Batailles, fellie my Souliers hearts,

Poffeffe them not with feare: Take from them now

The fenfe of reckoning of th'opposed numbers:

Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,

O not to day, thinke not vpon the fault

My Father made, in compassing the Crowne.

I Richards body have interred now,

And on it have beftowed more contrite teares,

Then from it flipt forced drops of blood.

Fue hundred poore I have in yeerely pay,

Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold vp

Toward Heauen, to pardon blood:

And I have built two Chaunties,

Where the sad and folemn Priefes fing ftil:

For Richards Soule. More will I doe:

Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth;

Since that my Penitence comes after all,

Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloucefter.

Glouc. My Liege.

King. My Brother Gloucefter voyce? I:

I know thy errand, I will goe with thee:

The day, my friend, and all things flay for me.

Exeunt.
Enter the Dolphin, Orleans, Ramburs, and Beaumont.

Orlance. The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my Lords.

Dolph. Monte Cenal: My Horse, Uerlot Lacquay: Ha.

Orlance. Oh braue Spirit.

Dolph. Via les enes & terme.

Orlance. Bien qui se air & feu.

Dolph. Coin, Cousin Orlance. Enter Constable.

Now my Lord Constable?

Const. Hearke how our Steedes, for present Service

Dolph. Mount them, and make incision in their Hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And doubt them with superfluous courage: {ha.

Ram. What, will you have them weep our Horse blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter Messinger. The English are embattail'd, you French Peers.

Const. To Horfe you gallant Princes, straight to Horfe.

Doe but behold yond poor and starved Band,
And your faire shew shall fack away their Souls,
Leaving them but the flaes and huskes of men.
There is not worke enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their flicky Veines,
To glue each naked Curtlex a flayne,
That our French Gallants shall to day draw out,
And theath for lack of sport. Let vs but blow on them,
The vapour of our Valour will o're-turne them.
'Tis pufiitie against all exceptions, Lords,
That our superfluous Lacies, and our Pelants,
Who in vneeceffarie action dware
About our Squares of Batalla, were enow
To purge this field of fuch a hilding Poe; 
Though we vpon this Mountains Bais by,
Tooke fand for idle speculation:
But that our Honours muft not. What's to fay?
A very little little let vs doe,
And all is done; then let the Trumpets found
The Tucket Soniance, and the Note to mount:
For, our approach fhall fo much dare the field,
That England fhall cough downe in feare, and yeeld.

Enter Grandpre.

Grandpre. Why do you fay fo long, my Lords of France?
Yond Iland Carions, deferpect of their bones,
Ill-favourdly become the Morning field:
Their ragged Curtaines poorly are let loose,
And our Ayre shakes them paffing scornfully.
Bigge "Mars" feemes bang'rous in their begger'd Hoaf,
And faintly through a ruffle Beuer peepes,
The Horfemen fit like fixed Candelficks,
With Torch-flaues in their hand; and their poore Iades
Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips:
The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouthes the Iymold Blt
Lyes foule with chaw'd-graffe, filth and motionleffe.
And their executors, the knauifh Crowes,
Flye o're them all impatient for their howre.
Descripion cannot fone it felte in words,
To demonstrate the Life of such a Batalla,
In life fo liuelffe, as it fhesws it felte.

Const. They have faid their prayers,
And they fay for death.

Dolph. Shall we goe fend them Dinners, and fresh Sutes,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing Caps freely remembered.
This thy shall the good man teach his sonne:
And Cuffine Cuffian shall we're goe by,
From this day to the ending of the World,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne're so vile,
This day shall gentle his Condition.
And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,
Shall thinken themselves accur decayed they were not here;
And hold their Manhoods cheape,whiles any speakes,
That fought with vs vpon Saint Cuffines day.

Enter Salisbury.

SOL. My Soueraigne Lord, bestow your selfe with speed,
The French are bruelye in their batailles set,
And will with all expediency charge on vs.

KING. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

W. Perieth the man, whose mind is backward now.

KING. Thou dost not with more helpe from England,
Couze?

W. Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, could fight this Royall bataille.

KING. Why now thou hast vnwhist fiue thousand men:
Which makes me better, then to wifh vs one.
You know your places: God be with you all.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

MONT. Once more I come to knowe of thee King Harry,
If for thy Ranfome thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most affured Ouerthrow:
For certainly, thou art so neere the Gulfe,
Thou needs must be englutterd. Befides, in mercy
The Contable defires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules
May make a peacefull and a sweete retyre
From off these fields; where(whetles) their poor bodies
Muft lye and falter.

KING. Who hath sent thee now?

MONT. The Contable of France.

KING. I pray thee beare my former Anwer back:
Bid them attieue mee, and then fell my bones.
Good God, why should they mocke poore fellowes thus?
The man that once did fell the Lyons skin
While the beaff liu'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodyes shall no doubt
Find Natue Graues: vpon the which, I trust
Shall witnessse liue in Brassi of these dayes worke.
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buryed in your Dunghills,
They shall be fam'd: for there the Sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours recking vp to Heauen,
Leaving their earthly parts tochoke your Clyme,
The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France.
Marke then abounding valour in our English:
That being dead,like to the bullets crafing,
Break out into a seconde course of michiefe,
Killing in relapse of Mortalitie.
Let me speake proudly: Tell the Contable,
We are but Warriors for the working day:
Our Gaynelle and our Gilt are all befmyrcht
With raynie Marching in the painefull field.
There's not a piece of feather in our Hoafe:
Good argument(I hope) we will not fye:

And time hath worne vs into flouenie.
But by the Maffe, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
They'll be in frether Robes, or they will pluck
The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,
And turne them out of seruice. If they doe this,
As if God please, they shall; my Ranfome then
Will fone be leuyed.
Herald, faue thou thy laboure:
Come thou no more for Ranfome, gentle Herald,
They shall have none, I fware, but thefe my loyants:
Which if they have, as I will leve vm them,
Shall yeeld them little, tell the Confable.

MONT. I shall, King Harry. And fo fare thee well;
Thou neuer shalt hear Herald any more.

Exit. KING. I fare thou wilt once more come againe for a Ranfome.

Enter Yorke.

YORKE. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge
The leading of the Vaward.

KING. Take it, braue Yorke.
Now Souldiers march away,
And how thou pleafef God, dilpofe the day.
Exeunt.

Alarum: Excursions.

Enter Pifhol, French Souldier, Boy.

PIF. Yeeld Curre.

French. Le penfe que vous efl es le Gentilhomme de bon qualite.

PIF. Qualitide calmie culture me. Art thou a Gentleman? What is thy Name? discusse.

French. O Seigneur Dieu.

PIF. O Signeur Dewe should be a Gentleman: pend my words O Signeur Dewe, and marke: O Signeur Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fox, except O Signeur thou doe gue to me egregious Ranfome.

French. O prennes mijerecordie aye pites de moy.

PIF. Moy shall not faire, I will haue fortie Moyes for I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in drops of Crimson blood.

French. Est il impossible d'escapper le force de ton bras.

PIF. Brasle, Curre? thou damned and luxurious Mountain Goat, offer'ft me Brasle?

French. O perdone moy.

PIF. Sayf't thou me so? is that a Tonne of Moyes? Come hithe boy, ask me this flau in French what is his Name.

BOY. Escoute comment offes vous appellez?

French. Monseur le Fer.

BOY. He fayes his Name is M. Fer.

PIF. M. fer: Il est fer, and firke him, and ferret him: discusse the same in French vnto him.

BOY. I doe not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firke.

PIF. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

French. Que dit il Monseur?

BOY. Il me commande a vous dire que vous faite vouf pres, car ce Coldat icy est delipose tout affure de coupees voliere gorce.

PIF. Ow, take uppe gorse permayor pechant, vnlefe thou gue me Crownes, braise Crownes or mangled thau be by this my Sword.

French. O je vouf fapetue pour l'amour de Dieu: ma par donner, le fut le Gentilhomme de bon maistre, garde ma vie, et je vouf donneray deux cent escus.

PIF. What are his words? BOY. He
Boy. He prays you to saue his life, he is a Gentleman of a good house, and for his ranom he will give you two hundred Crownes.

Pijf. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crownes will take. 

Fren. Petit Monfieur que dit il? Boy. Encore qu'il et contre fon jurement, de pardonner aucune prijoner: neant-mons pour les euyes que vous layt a promets, il est content a vous donnez le libertee et franchement. 

Fren. Sur mes genoues je vous donnez milles remerciez, et je me effume beureux que le intombe, entre les main. d'om Chevaller Le peuje le plus braue vaillant et tres diffiite signeur d'Angleterre. 

Pijf. Expound unto me boy. Boy. He gives you upon his knees a thousand thanks, and he estemes himselfe happy, that he hath faine into the hands of one (as he thinkes) the most braue, valorous and thrice-worthy signeur of England. 

Pijf. As I sucke blood, I will some mercy thow. Follow mee. 

Boy. Sauue vous le grand Capitaine? I did neuer know fo foci a voyce issue from so emptie a heart: but the laying is true. The empty voffel makes the greaest sound. Bardolf? and Nym had tenne times more valour, then this roaring diuell him odle play, that euerie one may payre his naules with a woodden dagger, and they are both hang'd, and fo would this be, if hee durft steal any thing adventurously. I must flye with the Lackles with the luggage of our camp, the French might have a good pray of vs, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes.

\[ Exit. \]

Enter Constable, Orleans, Burbun, Dolphin, and Ramburs. 


O mejiante Fortune, do not runne away. 

Con. Why our rankes are broke. 

Dol. O perdurable shame, let's flab our felues: Be thefe the wretches that we plaid at dice for? 

Orl. Is this the King we fent too, for his ranfone? 

Bur. Shame, and eternall shame, nothing but shame; Let vs dye in once more backe againe, 

And he that will not follow Burbun now, 

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand 

Like a base Pander hold the Chamber doore, 

Whilft a base flau, no gentler then my dogge, 

His faireft daughter is contaminated. 

Con. Disorder that hath spoyled vs, friend vs now, 

Let vs on heapes go offer vp our libes. 

Orl. We are now ever stiling in the Field, 

To another vp the English in our throne, 

If any order might be thought vpon. 

Bur. The diuell take Order now, Ile to the throne; 

Let life be short, else shame will be too long. 

\[ Exit. \]

Alarum. Enter the King and his trayne, with Prijoners. 

King. Live thee good Vnkle: thrice within this houre I saw him downe; thrice vp againe, and fighting, From Helmet to the foprene, all blood he was. 

Exe. In which array (braue Soldier) doth he lyse, Larding the plaine: and by his bloody side, (Yoake-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds) 

The Noble Earle of Suffolke alfo lyes. Suffolke firt dyed, and Yorke all hagled ouer 

Comes to him, where in gore he lay infteeped, 

And takes him by the Beard, kiffes the gaffes 

That bloodily dyd yawne vpon his face, 

He cries aloud; Tarry my Coyn Suffolke, 

My foule shall thine keep company to heauen: 

Tarry (sweetes foute) for mine, then flye a-brefet: 

As in this glorious and well-foughten field 

We kept together in our Chivalrie. 

Vpon these words I came, and cheerd him vp, 

He finil'd me in the face, raught me his hand, 

And with a fewele gripe, fayes: Deere my Lord, Commend my seruice to my Soueraigne, 

So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke 

He threw his wounded arme, and kiff his lipes, 

And fo empoud to death, with blood he feald 

A Teftament of Noble-ending-loue: 

The prettie and fweet manner of it fore'd 

Thofe waters from me, which I would have stop'd, 

But I had not fo much of man in mee, 

And all my mother came into mine eyes, 

And gave me vp to treses. 

King. I blame you not, 

For hearing this, I muft perforce compound 

With mixtfull eyes, or they will fuffe to. 

But heare, what new alarum is this fame? 

The French haue re-enforc'd their flatter'd men: 

Then euery foulard kill his Prijoners, 

Glue the word through.

\[ Exit. \]

\[ Actus Quartus. \]

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the payes and the luggage, 'Tis expresely against the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a piece of knauey marke you now, as can bee offert in your Confiencenow, is it not? 

Gow. 'Tis certaine, there's not a boy left alive, and the Cowardly Rafcallz that ranne from the battaille ha' done this slaughter: besides they haue burned and carried away all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King moft-worlhy hath caus'd euery foldiour to cut his Prijoners throat. O 'tis a gallant King. 

Flu. I, hee was porne at Monmouth Captaine Gower: 

What call you the Townes name where Alexander the pig was borne? 

Gow. Alexander the Great. 

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimousand, are all one reckonings,faue the phare is a little variations. 

Gow. I thinke Alexander the Great was borne in Macedonia, his Father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it. 

Flu. I thinke it is in Macedonia where Alexander is borne.
pore: I tell you Captaine, if you looke in the Maps of the Orld, I warrant you fall finde in the comparisions betwene Macedon & Moumouth, that the situations looke you, is both alike. There is a River in Macedon, & there is also moreover a River at Moumouth, it is call’d Wye at Moumouth: but it is out of my praines, what is the name of the other River: but tis all one, tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you marke Alexander’s life well, Harry of Moumouth’s life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. Alexander God knowes, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wrathes, and his chollers, and his moodes, and his dispealeurs, and his indignations, and alfo being a little intoxicated in his praines, did in his Ales and his angeres (looke you) kill his beft friend Clytus.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill’d any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done (marke you now) to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finifhed. I speake but in the figures, and comparitions of it: as Alexander kild his friend Clytus, being in his Ales and his Cuppes; fo alfo Harry Moumouth being in his right wittes, and his good judgements, turn’d away the fat Knight with the great belly doublet: he was full of lefts, and gypes, and knauresies, and mockes, I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: Ile tell you, there is good men pore at Moumouth.

Gow. Here comes his Maiestie.

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Burbon with prisoners. Flourish.

King. I was not angry since I came to France, Vnil this infantic. Take a Trumpet Herald, Ride thou unto the Horfemen on yond hill: If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe, Or voyde the field: they do offend our fight. If they do neither, we will come to them, And make them sker away, as swift as flones Enforced from the old Affyrin flings: Befides, wee’ll cut the throats of those we haue, And not a man of them that we shall take, Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them fo.

Enter Montaign.

Exe. Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege Glou. His eyes are humbler then they vs to be.

King. How now, what means this Herald? Knowst thou not, That I haue fin’d thefe bones of mine for ranfome? Com’t thou againe for ranfome?

Her. No great King: I come to thee for charitable Licence, That we may wander ore this bloody field, To booke our dead, and then to bury them, To fort our Nobles from our common men. For many of our Princes (wote the while) Lye drownd’d and foak’d in mercenary blood: So do our vulgar drench their peaffant limbs In blood of Princes, and with wounded steedes Fret fet-locke deep in gore, and with wilde rage Yerke out their armed heeleis at their dead masters, Killing them twice. O glue vs leave great King, To view the field in safety, and difpole Of their dead bodies.

Kin. I tell thee truly Herald, I know not if the day be ours or no, For yet a many of your horfemen peepe, And gallop ore the field.

Her. The day is yours.

Kin. Praifed be God, and not our strength for it: What is this Castle call’d that flends hard by.

Her. They call it Agincourt.

King. Then call we this the field of Agincourt, Fought on the day of Crespin Crespinus.

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an’t please your Maiestie) and your great Vnle Edward the Placke Prince of Wales, as I haue read in the Chronicles, fought a moft proue pattle here in France.

Kin. They did Fluellen.

Flu. Your Maiestie fayes very true: If your Maiesties is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good seruice in a Garden where Leeckes did grow, weering Leeckes in their Moumouth caps, which your Maiestie know to this howre is an honourable badge of the seruice: And I do beleue your Maiestie takes no scorne to weare the Leecke vpon S. Taues day.

King. I weare it for a memorabla honor:

For I am Welch you know good Countrman.

Flu. All the water in Wye, cannot wash with your Maiesties Welth plod out of your pody, I can tell you that: God pleafe it, and preferue it, as long as it pleases his Grace, and his Maiestie too.

Kin. Thanks good my Countrymen.

Flu. By infu, I am your Maiesties Countreyman, I care not who know it: I will conflite it to all the Orld, I need not to be afhamed of your Maiestie, praifed be God so long as your Maiestie is an honett man.

King. Good keepe me fo.

Enter Williams.

Our Herals go with him, Bring me luft notice of the numbers dead On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

Exe. Souldier, you must come to the King.

Kin. Souldier, why wear’st thou that Gloue in thy Cappe?

Will. And’t pleafe your Maiestie, tis the gage of one that I should fight withall, if he be alieue.

Kin. An Englishman?

Will. And’t pleafe your Maiestie, a Raffcall that swag’r’d with me last night: who if alieue, and euer dare to chellenge this Gloue, I have fwanre to take him a boxe a’th ere: or if I can fee my Gloue in his cappe, which he fware as he was a Souldier he would weare (if alieue) I wil strike it out founfly.

Kin. What thinkes you Captaine Fluellen, is it fit this souldier keepe his oath.

Flu. Hee is a Crouaine and a Villaine else, and’t pleafe your Maiestie in my confience.

King. It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great fort quite from the anwer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Gentleman as the diuel is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himfelfe, it is neceffary (looke your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath: If hee bee periur’d (fee you now) his reputation is as arrant a villaine and a facke fawce, as euer his blacke fho trodd upon Gods ground, and his earth, in my confience law.

King. Then keepe thy vow firrath, when thou meet’st the fellow.

Wil. So, I wil my Liege, as I liue.

King. Who feru’ft thou vnder?
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Will. Vnder Captaine Gower, my Liege.

Flu. Gower is a good Captaine, and is good know ledge and literaturd in the Warres.

King. Call him hither to me, Souldier.

Will. I will my Liege. Exit.

King. Here Fluellen, weare thou this favoure for me, and flyke it in thy Cappe: when Alarfon and my feldife downe together, I plucke this Gloue from his Helme: if any man challenge this, hee is a friend to Alarfon, and an enemy to our Perfon; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou doe't me loue.

Flu. Your Grace doo's me as great Honors as can be defir'd in the hearts of his Subieets: I would faine fee the man, that ha's but two legges, that shall find himfelfe agreed at this Gloue; that is all: but I would faine fee it once, and pleafe God of his grace that I might fee.

King. Know'th thou Gower?

Flu. He is my deare friend, and pleafe you.

King. Pray thee goe seeke him, and bring him to my Tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. Exit.

King. My Lord of Warwick, and my Brother Gloster, Follow Fluellen clofeely at the hecles.
The Gloue which I haue given him for a favour, May haply purchafe him a box 'a'there.
It is the Souldiers: I by bargaining shoi'd Wear it my felfe. Follow good Cousin Warwick:
If that the Souldier strike him, as I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word;
Some fjodaine michflee may arife of it:
For I doe know Fluellen valiant,
And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,
And quickly will returne an infirue.
Follow, and see there be no harme betweene them.
Goe you with me, Vnckle of Exeter. Exeunt.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Gods will, and his pleasure, Captaine, I believe you now, come space to the King: there is more good toward you paraudenture, then is in your knowledge to dreasme of.

Will. Sir, know you this Gloue?

Flu. Know the Gloue? I know the Gloue is a Gloue.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

Striketh him.

Flu. Shud, an arrant Traytor as anyes in the Vniver fall world, or in France, or in England.


Will. Doe you thinke Ie be forsworne?

Flu. Stand away Captaine Gower, I will give Trefon his payment into ploues, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traytor.


Enter Warwick and Glouesher.

Warw. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, heere is, prayed be God for it, a most contagious Trefon come to light, looke you, as you shall desire in a Summers day. Heere is his Maietti.

Enter King and Exeter.

King. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor, that looke your Grace, he's frooke the Gloue which

your Maietti is take out of the Helmet of Alar fon.

Will. My Liege, this was my Gloue, here is the fellow of it, and he that I gave it to in change, promis'd to weare it in his Cappe: I promis'd to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my Gloue in his Cappe, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Maietti heare now, fauling your Maieties Manhood, what an arrant racally, beggerly, lowfe Knaue it is: I hope your Maietti is peare me tettomie and witneffe, and will auoeuement, that this is the Gloue of Alarfon, that your Maietti is glue me, in your Con fi ne now.

King. Glue me thy Gloue Souldier;

Looke, here is the fellow of it:
'Twas I indeed thou promis'd it to strike,
And thou haft given me moft bitter termes.

Flu. And please your Maietti, let him Necke answere for it, if there is any Marhall Law in the World.

King. How canft thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: nouer came any from mine, that might offend your Maietti.

King. It was our feldie thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Maietti came not like your feldie: you appear'd to me but as a common man: witneffe the Night, your Garments, your Lowlineffe: and what your Highniffe suther'd vnder that shape, I belehe you take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you beeene as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I belehe your Highniffe pardon me.

King. Here Vnckle Exeter, fill this Gloue with Crownes, And give it to this fellow. Keep it fellow, And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe, Till I doe challenge it. Give him the Crownes:

And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this Day and this Ligh, the fellow ha's mettell enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelve-pence for you, and I pray you to ferue God, and keepe you out of prawles and prabbes, and quarrels and diffentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your Money.

Flu. It is with a good will: I can tell you it will serue you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so payfull, your shoes is not so good: 'tis a good filling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herald.

King. Now Herauld, are the dead numbred?

Herald. Heere is the number of the slaught'red French.

King. What Prisoners of good fort are taken, Vnckle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleanc, Nephew to the King, John Duke of Burbon, and Lord Beauchiquald:
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires, Full fifteene hundred, besides common men.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French That in the field lye flaine: of Princes in this number, And Nobles bearing Banners, three lye dead One hundred twenty six: added to thefe, Of Knights, Efquires, and gallant Gentlemen, Eight thousand and foure hundred: of the which, Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights. So that in thefe ten thousand they haue loft, There are but fifteene hundred Mercenariyes:
The reft are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,
And Gentlemen of bold and qualitative.
The Names of those their Nobles that theye dead:
Charles Delabrethi, High Constable of France,
Jaques of Chatillon, Admiral of France,
The Master of the Crouie-bowes, Lord Rambures,
Great Master of France, the braue Sir Guichard 'Dolphin,
John Duke of Alainfor, Antonio Duke of Brabant,
The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie,
And Edward Duke of Bari : of lusie Earles,
Grandpree and Rouffe, Faucencbridge and Foyes,
Beaumont and Marl, Pandemont and Lefrale.
Here was a Royall fellowship of death.
Where is the number of our English dead?
Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolk,
Sit Richard Ketly, Davy Gam Esquier;
None elfe of name : and of all other men,
But flue and twentie.
O God, thy Arme was heere:
And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,
Afribe we all : when, without stratagem,
But in plaine shock, and even play of Battale,
Was euer knowne so great and little loffe?
On one part and on the other, take it God,
For it is none but thine.
Exit. "Tis wonderfull.
King. Come, goo me in proceffion to the Village:
And be it death proclaymed through our Houfe,
To boaff of this, or take that prafye from God,
Which is his own.
Flu. Is it not lauffual and pleafe your Maiftie, to tell
how many is kill'd?
King. Yes Captain: but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.
Flu. Yes, my confcience, he did vs great good.
King. Doe we all holy Rights:
Let there be fung Non unab, and Te Deum,
The dead with charitie enclos'd in Clay :
And then to Callice, and to England then,
Where ne're from France arriu'd more happy men.
Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Chorus.
Vouchsafe to thofe that have not read the Story,
That I may prompt them : and of fuch as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the'receipt
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life,
Be here prefented. Now we bear the King
Toward Callice: Grant him there ; there teene,
Heauen him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athewart the Sea : Behold the English beach
Pales in the flood : with Men, Wives, and Boyes,
Whose Shouts & claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,
Which like a mightie Whiffler 'fore the King,
Seemes to prepare his way : So let him land,
And solemnly fee him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath Thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Black-Heath:
Where, that his Lords defire him, to have borne
His bruifed Helmet, and his bended Sword
Before him, through the Cifie : he forbids it,
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Ques. So happy be the Ifue brother Ireland
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes,
Your eyes which hitherto have borne
In them against the French that met them in their bent,
The fatal Balls of murthering Baisilkes:
The venome of fuch Lookeis we fairly hope
Haue loft their qualitie, and that this day
Shall change all griefes and quarrels into lone.
Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare.
Que. You English Princes all, I doe salue you.
Eng. My dutie to you both, on equall lone.
Great Kings of France and England:that I haue labour'd
With all my wits, my paines, and strong endeavors,
To bring your moft Imperiall Maiesties
Vnto this Barre, and Royall interview;
Your MIGHTINESS on both parts beft can witneffe.
Since then my Office hath fo farre preuy'd,
That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye,
You haue congregated: let it not difgrace me.
If I demand before this Royall view
What Rubies, what Impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace,
Deare Nourse of Arts, Plentyes, and joyful Births,
Should not in this beft Garden of the World,
Our fertile France, put vp her lowly Vifage?
Alas, mee hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes,
Corrupting in it owne fertilitie.

Her Vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned, dyes: her Hedges euen pleach'd,
Like Prisoners wildly ouer-growne with hayre,
Put forth disorder'd Twigs: her fallow Leas,
The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Fementary,
Doth root vp; while that the Culer rufs,
That should deracinate fuch Sauagery:
The euen Meade, that erft brought fweetly forth
The freckled Cowflip, Burnet, and greene Clouer,
Wanting the Sythe, withall vncoformed, ranke;
Concieus by idlenesse, and nothing teemes,
But hateful Docks, rough Thiftles, Kekfyes, Burres,
Loofing both beautie and vitelitie;
And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges,
Defectitue in their natures, grow to wildneffe.
Euen fo our Houses, and our felves, and Children,
Have loue, or do not leerne, for want of time,
The Sciences that should become our Countrie;
But grow like Sauages, as Souldiers will,
That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,
To Swearing, and ferne Lookeis, defu'd Attyre,
And euyry thing that feemes vnnatural.
Which to reduce into our former fauour,
You are assembled: and my speech entreats,
That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace
Should not expell thefe inconueniences,
And bleffe vs with her former qualities.

Eng. If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace,
Whole want giues growth to th'imperfections
Which you haue cited: you muft buy that Peace
With full accord to all our luft demands;
Whole Tenures and particular effeets
You haue enchited: briefly in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet
There is no Anwer made.

Eng. Well then: the Peace which you before fo vrg'd,
Lyes in his Anwer.

France. 1
France. I hau'e but with a curfelarie eye
O're-glanc't the Articles: Plea/th your Grace
To appoint fome of your Counsell prefently
To fit with vs once more, with better head
To re-fureuy them; we will fuddenly
Paffe our accept and peremptorie Anfwer.

Eng'and. Brother we shall. Goe Vnckle Exeter,
And Brother Clarence, and you Brother Gloucefker,
Warwic', and Huntington, goe with the King,
And take with you free power, to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your Wildomes bef.
Shall fee advantageous for our Dignifie,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
And we'll confine thereto. Will you, faire Siffer,
Goe with the Princes, or flay here with vs?

Que. Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them:
Happily a Womans Voce may doe fome good,
When Articles too nicely vrg'd, be flood on.

Eng'and. Yet leave our Cousin Katherine here with vs,
She is our capitall Demand, compris'd
Within the fore-ranke of our Articles.

Que. She hath good leave. Exequat omnes.

Manet King and Katherine.

King. Faire Katherine, and moft faire,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a Souldier tearmes,
Such as will enter at a Ladies ear,
And pleade his Loue-fult to her gentle heart.

Katb. Your Malefie fall mock at me, I cannot fpeakc your Eng'and.

King. O faire Katherine, if you will loue me founfly
With your French heart, I will be glad to heare you con-
feffe it brokenly with your English Tongue. Doe you like me, Kate?

Katb. Pardon me, I cannot tell wat is like me.

King. An Angell is like you Kate, and you are like an Angell,

Katb. Que dit il que le fue semblable a les Anges?

Lady. Ouy eraymont (fauf vofgre Grace) ainf dis il.
King. I laid fo, deare Katherine, and I must not bluf
To affirme it.

Katb. O bon Dieu, les languages des hommes font plein de traverfies.

King. What fayes she, faire one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Lady. Ouy, dat de tongues of de mens is be full of de-
ceits: dat is de Princesse.

King. The Princesse is the better Engli/h-woman: yfaith Kate, my wooing is fit for thy vnderftanding, I am glad thou canst flpeak no better English, for if thou couldt, thou wouldt finale me fuch a plaine King, that thou wouldft thinke, I had foled my Frame to buy my Crowne. I know no wayes to mince it in loue, but di-
crcfly to fay, I loue you; then if you vgr me farther, then to fay, Doe you in faith? I weare out my fuite; Give me your anwer, yfaith doe, and fo clap hands, and a bar-
gaine: hoe fay you, Lady?

Katb. Sauf vosgre bonure, me vnderfand well.

King. Marry, if you would put me to Verifies, or to
Dance for your fake, Kate, why you vndid me: for the one
I have neither words nor meafure; and for the other,
I haue no ftrength in meafure, yet a reafonable meafure in
Streng'th. If I could winne a Lady at Leape-frogge, or by
Vawting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe;
vnnder the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should
quickly leape into a Wife: Or if I might buflett for my

Lowe, or bound my Horfe for her favours, I could lay on
like a Butcher, and fit like a lack an Apes, neuer off.
But before God Kate, I cannot looke greenely, nor gafte out
my eloquence, nor I haue no cunning in proteftation; onely
downe-right Oakes, which I neuer vfe till vrg'd, nor neuer breake for vrging.
If thou canst loue a fellow of this temper, Kate, whole face is not worth Sunne-burn-
ing & that neuer lookes in his Glasse, for loue of any thing hee fees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I fpeekc
to thee plaine Soul'dier: If thou canst loue me for this,
take me? if not? to fay to thee that I thall dye, is true; but
for thy loue, by the L. No: yet I loue thee too. And
while thou liu'ft, deare Kate, take a fellow of plaine
and vnoynd Confiance, for he perfome muft do thee right,
because he hath not the gift to woe in other places:
for these fellows of infinit tongue, that can ryme themselfes
into Ladies favours, they doe alwaies reafon themselues
out againe. What? a fpeaker is but a prater, a Ryme is but a Ballad: a good Legge will fall, a dart Backe will
floope, a blacke Beard will turne white, a curl'd Pate will
grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax
hollow: but a good Heart, Kate, is the Sunne and the
Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it
shines bright, and neuer changes, but keeps his courfe
crully. If thou would haue fuch a one, take me? and
take me; take a Soul'dier: take a Soul'dier; take a King.
And what fay'ft thou then to my Loue? speake my faire, and
fairly, I pray thee.

Katb. Is it poiffible dat I fould loue de ennemie of France?

King. No, it is not poiffible you fhould loue the Ene-
mie of France, Kate; but in louing me, you fhould loue
the Friend of France: for I loue France fo wel, that
I will not part with a Village of it; I will haue it all mine:
and Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours; then
yours is France, and you are mine.

Katb. I cannot tell wat is dat.

King. No, Kate? I will thee in French, which I am
fure will hang vpon my tongue, like a new-married Wife
about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be hooke off; I
faund fur le paffonement de France, & quand vous avez le pof-
feftion de moy. (Let mee fee, what then? Saint Dennis
be my speede.) Donc vosgre eft France, & vous yez mienne.
It is as eafe for me, Kate, to conquer the Kingdome, as
to fpeak fo much more French: I shall neuer moue thee in
French, vnleffe it be to laugh at me.

Katb. Sauf vosgre bonure, le Francois ques vous parlez, il
& meilieux que l'Anglois le quel je parle.

King. No faith is't not, Kate: but thy fpeaking of my
Tongue, and I thine, moft truely falifie, muf
needes be graunted to be much at one. But Kate, don't
thou vnderftand this much English? Canst thou loue me?

Katb. I cannot tell.

King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, Kate? Ile
ask me them. Come, I know thou loueft me: and at night,
when you come into your Closet, you fetion this
Gentlewoman about me; and I know Kate, you will to
her difplaye thefe parts in me, that you loue with your
heart: but good Kate, mocke me mercifully, the rather
gentle Princesse, because I loue thee cruellly. If euer thou
beef seen, Kate, as I have a fauing Faith within me tells
me thou halt; I get thee with skambling, and thou
muft therefore needes prowe a good Soul'dier-breeder:
Shall not thou and I, between Saint Dennis and Saint
George, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe English,
k
that shall go to Conchantinople, and take the Turke by the Beard. Shall wee not? what say'lt thou, my faire Flower-de-Luce.

Kate. I doe not know dat.

King. No: tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: doe but now promise Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a Boy; and for my English mytyle, take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How answer you, La plus belle Katherine du monde mon trescher O dezin deefte.

Kath. Your Malefieue au faufe Frenche enough to deceuе de moft fage Dameoil de dat is en Fraunce.

King. Now fue vpon my faufe French; by mine Honor in true English, I loue thee Kate; by which Honor, I dare not sweare thou loue me, yet my blood begins to flatt-ter me, that thou doo'ft; notwithstanding the poore and wemptering effect of my Vifage. Now befre thy Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Cuill Warres when hee got me, therefore was I created with a stub- borne out-fide, with an aspetto of Irony; that when I come to wooe Ladies, I fright them: but in faith Kate, the eld-er I wax, the better I shall appeare. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beatitie, can doe no more fpoyle vpon my Face. Thou haft me, if thou haft me, at the worfd; and thou shalt weare me, if thou weare me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most faire Ka- therine, will you haue me? Put off your Maiden Blusses, aouoch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of an Emprefs, take me by the Hand, and say, Harry of England, I am thine: which Word thou shalt noo finer blefee mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee alowd, Eng-land is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plamaginet is thine; who, though I speake it before his Face, if he be not fellow with the belft King, thou shalt finde the belft King of Good-fellowes. Come your An- fwer in bawerful Muick; for thy Voyce is Muick, and thy English broken: Therefore Queene of all, Katherine, haue me: for I tell thine that I am not a Mufitt, but a Dame, and I doe weare my faire fuffant Saigneur.

King. Then I will kill if thy Lippes, Kate.

Kath. Les Dames & Damaifels pour efftre haifte devant leur noycefe il ne pas le coufume de Fraunce.

King. Madame, my Interpreter, what faies thee?

Lady. Dat it is not be de fahon for the Ladies of Fraunce; I cannot tell wat is buffne en Anglifh.

King. To kiffe.

Lady. Your Malefitee entenandre better que moy.

King. It is not a fahon for the Maides in Fraunce to kiffe before they are married, would the fay?

Lady. O voy errayment.

King. O Kate, nice Cupetees curfe to great Kings. Deare Kate, you and I cannot bee confind within the weake Lyft of a Countrysay fahon: wee are the ma- kers of Manners, Kate; and the libetrie that followes our Places, flopotes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I will doe yours, for vpholding the nice fahon of your

Countrey, in denying me a Kifft: therefore patienfly, and yelding. You haue Witch-craft in your Lippes, Kate: there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of them, then in the Tongues of the French Countee; and they should sooner periuate Harry of England, then a generall Petition of Monarchs. Heere comies your Father.

Enter the Frenche Power, and the English Lords.

Burg. God fave your Malefite, my Royall Cousin, teach you our Princesse English?

King. I would haue her learn, my faire Cousin, how properly I love her, and that is good English.

Burg. Is thee not apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condi- tion is not smooth: so that haung neyther the Voyce nor the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot fo cormise vp the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appeare in his true likenesse.

Burg. Pardon the franknesse of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would cormise in her, you must make a Circle: if cormise vp Loue in her in his true likenesse, hee must appeare naked, and blinde. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet roe'd outher with the Virgin Crimfon of Modeffe, if thee deny the apparence of a naked blinde Boy in her naked feeling selfe? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to configne to.

King. Yet they doe winke and yeold, as Loue is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they fee not what they doe.

King. Then good my Lord, teach your Cousin to content winking.

Burg. I will winke on her to content, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholo- mew-tyde, blinde, though they have their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

King. This Morall tyes me ouer to Time, and a hot Summer; and so I shall catch the Flye, your Cousin, in the latter end, and shee must be blinde to.

Burg. As Loue is my Lord,before it loues.

King. It is fo: and you may, some of you, thanke Loue for my blindnese, who cannot fee many a faire French Clide for one faire French Maid that stands in my way.

French King. Yes my Lord, you see them perspec- tively: the Cities turn'd into a Mald; for they are all gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath entred.

England. Shall Kate be my Wife?

France. So please you.

England. I am content, so the Maiden Cities you call of, may wait on her: so the Maid that flood in the way for my Wifh, shall shew me the way to my Will.

France. Wee have conferred to all these matters of rea- son.

England. Is't so, my Lords of England?

Wel. The King hath granted every Article: His Daughter first; and in sequell,e all, According to their farte propofed natures.

Exct. Onely
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Exeunt. Onely he hath not yet subcribed this:
Where your Miftfie demands, That the King of France having any occasion to write for matter of Graunt, shall name your Highnffe in this forme, and with this addi-
ton, in French: Nofre trescher fils Henry Roy d'Angleterre Heretere de France: and thus in Latine; Praeclariffimus Filius nofter Henricus Rex Anglie & Heres Franciae.

France. Nor this I have not Brother to deny'd,
But your request shall make me let it passe.

England. I pray you then, in loue and deare allyance,
Let that one Article ranke with the rest,
And thereupon glue me your Daughter.

France. Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayle vp
Iffue to me, that the contending Kingdomes
Of France and England, whose very thoares looke pale,
With enuy of each others happinesse,
May ceafe their hatred; and this deare Coniunction
Plant Neighbour-hood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet Bosomes: that neuer Warre advance
His bleeding Sword 'twixt England and faire France.

Lords. Amen.

King. Now welcome Kate: and beare me witness all,
That here I kiffe her as my Soueraigne Queene.

Flourish.

Quee. God, the best maker of all Marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one:
As Man and Wife being two, are one in loue,
So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes such a Spousall,
That neuer may ill Office, or fell Jealousie,
Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage,
Thruft in betwene the Pation of these Kingdomes,
To make diuorce of their incorporate League:
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speake this Amen.

All. Amen.

King. Prepare we for our Marriage: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy wee'le take your Oath
And all the Peere, for suretie of our Leagues.
Then shall I sweare to Kate, and you to me,
And may our Oathes well kept and prof'rous be.

Senet.

Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Thus farre with rough, and all-vnable Pen,
Our bending Author hath pursu'd the Story,
In little roome confining mightie men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time: but in that small, most greatly liued
This Starre of England. Fortune made his Sword;
By which, the Worlds best Garden he achieued:
And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord.

Henry the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this King succeed:
Whose State so many had the managing,
That they loft France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our Stage hath shone; and for their sake,
In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS.

k 2
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

**Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.**

**Dead March.**

Enter the Funerall of King Henry the Fift, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloster, Protector; the Duke of Exeter Warren, the Bishop of Winchefter, and the Duke of Somerset.

Bedford. Vng be ye haue with black, yield day to night; Comets importing change of Times and States, Brandish your crystall Trestles in the Skie, And with them scourge the bad revolting Stars, That have confedent vnto Henries death: King Henry the Fift, too famous to live long, England ne'er was a King of so much worth.

Gloft. England ne'er was a King until his time; Vertue he had, defending to command, His brandish Sword did blinde men with his beams, His Armes fired wider then a Dragons Wings: His sparkling Eyes, releat with wrathfull fire, More daunted and drove back his Enemies, Then mid-day Sunne, fierce bent against their faces. What should I say? his Deeds exceed all speech: He ne'er lift vp his Hand, but conquerd.

Exe. We mourne in black, why mourn we not in blood? Henry is dead, and neuer shall resuce: Vpon a Wooden Coffin we attend; And Deaths dishonourable Vicarie, We with our stately preence glorifie, Like Captivs bound to a Triumphant Carre. What? shall we curse the Planets of Mihap, That plotted thus our Glories overthrow? Or shall we thinke the subtile-witted French, Conuiered and Sorcerers, that afraid of him, By Magick Verfes haue contru'd, his end. Winch. He was a King, bleft of the King of Kings. Vnto the French, the dreadfull judgement-Day So dreadfull will not be, as was his fight. The Battallies of the Lord of Hofs he fought: The Churches Prayers made him fo prosperous.

Gloft. The Church? where is it? Had not Church-men pray'd, His thred of Life had not fo foone decay'd. None doe you like, but an effiminate Prince, Whom like a Schoole-boy you may ouer-awe.

Winch. Gloster, what ere we like, thou art Protector, And lookeft to command the Prince and Realme. Thy Wife is prov'd, she holdeth thee in awe, More then God or Religious Church-men may.

Gloft. Name not Religion, for thou lou't the Flesh, And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go't, Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease theire Iarres, & reft your minds in peace: Let's to the Altar: Heralds want on vs; In stead of Gold, wee're offer vp our Armes, Since Armes auayle not, now that Henry's dead, Potterie await for wretched yeeres, When at their Mothers mitifned eyes, Babes shall suck, Our Ile be made a Nourish of falt Teares, And none but Women left to weaye the dead. Henry the Fift, thys Ghost I invocate; Prosper this Realme, keepe it from Cuill Broyles, Combat with aduerse Planets in the Heauens; A farre more glorious Starre thy Soule will make, Then Iulius Ceasar, or bright---

Enter a Messenger.

Maff. My honourable Lords, health to you all: Sad tidings bring I to you out of France, Of loffe, of slaughter, and difcomfite: Guyen, Champaigne, Rheimes, Orlance, Paris, Guyfors, Poictiers, are all quite loft.

Bedf. What say'th thou man, before dead Henry's Coarfe? Speake softly, or the loffe of those great Townes Will make him burst his Lead, and rife from death.

Gloft. Is Paris loft? is Roan yeelded vp? If Henry were recall'd to life again, These news would caufe him once more yeeld the Ghost. Exe. How were they loft? what trecherie was vs'd?

Maff. No trecherie, but want of Men and Money. Amongst the Souls this is muttered, That here you maintaine feuerall Factiones: And whil'st a Field shoold be dispatcht and fought, You are disputing of your Generals. One would have lingaring Warres, with little cost; Another would flye swift, but wanteth Wings: A third thinke's, without expence at all, By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obtaynd. Awake, a wake, English Nobilitie, Let not fouth dimme your Honors, new begot; Cropt are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes Of Englands Coat, one halfe is cut away.

Exe. Were our Teares wanting to this Funerall, These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.

Bedf. Me they concern, Regent I am of France: Give me my Steele Coat, Ie fight for France. Away with these difgracefull wayling Robes; Wounds will I lend the French, in stead of Eyes, To wepe their intermifflue Miferies.
Enter them another Messengers.
Mess. Lords view these Letters,full of sad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty Townes,of no import.
The Dolphin Charles is crowned King in Rheimes:
The Bafard of Orleans with him is ioynd:
Reynold,Duke of Aniou, doth take his part,
The Duke of Alanfon flyeth to his side. Exit.
Exit. The Dolphin crownd' King, all flye to him?
O whither shall we flye from this reproch?
Gloft. We will not flye, but to our enemies throats.
Bedford,if thou be flacke, Ile fight it out,
Bird. Gloster, why doubtst thou of my forwardnesse?
An Army have I murther'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is ouer-run.

Enter another Messengers.
Mess. My gracious Lords, to adore to your lamentes,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henries heare,
I must informe you of a dismall fight,
Betwixt the frowt Lord Talbot, and the French.
Win. What wherein Talbot overcame, is't so?
Mess. O no : wherein Lord Talbot was o'rethrown:
The circumference Ile tell you more at large.
The tenth of August laft, this dreadfull Lord,
Retrying from the Siege of Orleans,
Having full farrce fix thousand in his troup,
By three and twentie thousand of the French
Was round incompass'd, and fet vp on:
No leuyre had he to enranke his men.
He wanted Pikes to fet before his Archers :
In stead whereof, sharpe Stakes pluckt out of Hedges
They pitched in the ground confudely,
To keepe the Horfemen off, from breaking in.
More then three houres the fight continued :
Where valiant Talbot, aboue humane thought,
EnaGled wonders with his Sword and Lance.
Hundreds he fent to Hell, and none durft fland him:
Here, there, and every where enrag'd he fllew.
The French exclaym'd, the Deuell was in Armes,
All the whole Army fnow agaz'd on him.
His Souldiers fpying his vndaemoned Spirit,
A Talbot, a Talbot, cry'd out amaine,
And ruft into the Bowels of the Battaile.
Here had the Conqueft fully beene seal'd vp,
If Sir John Fallaffe had not play'd the Coward.
He being in the Vauward, piac't behinde,
With purpofe to relieue and follow them,
Cowardly flid, not having flruck one froke.
Hence grew the generall wrack and maffe :r
Enclose were they with their Enemies.
A base Walion, to win the Dolphins grace,
Thrust Talbot with a Speare into the Back,
Whom all France, with their chiefe affembled strength,
Durft not preuyme to looke once in the face.
Bedf. Is Talbot flaine then? I will flay my felfe,
For liuing idly here, in pompe and eafe,
Whil'st fuch a worthy Leader, wanting ayd,
Vnto his daftard foe-men is betray'd.
3. Mess. O no, he liues, but is tooke Prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford:
Moft of the reft fllaughter'd, or tooke likewise.
Bedf. His Ranfome there is none but I shall pay,
Ile hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne,
His Crowne flall be the Ranfome of my friend:
Foure of their Lords Ile change for one of ours.

Farwell my Maftyrs, to my Task ye will I,
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keepe our great Saint George Pleaf withall.
Ten thoufand Soulsiders with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.
3. Mess. So you had need, for Orleance is befeg'd,
The English Army is growne weake and faint :
The Earle of Salisbury craueth supply,
And hardly keeper his men from mutinie,
Since they to few, watch such a multitude.
Exit. Remember Lords your Oathes to Henryfworne:
Eythor to quell the Dolphin vitrly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoake.
Bedf. I do remember it, and here take my leave,
To goe about my preparation. Exit Bedford.
Gloft. Ile to the Tower with all the haft I can,
To view th' Artilerie and Munition,
And then I will proclaime young Henry King.

Exe. To Eltam will I, where the young King is,
Being ordayned his speciall Gouernour,
And for his faftie there Ile beft deuide:
Exit. Wincb. Each hath his Place and Function to attend:
I am left out ; for me nothing remains :
But long I will not be face out of Office.
The King from Eltam I intend to fende,
And fit at chieffe Sterne of publike Weale.

Exit. 

Sound a flourifh.

Enter Charles, Alanfon, and Reignier, marching with Drum and Souldiers.

Charles. Mars his true mowing, even as in the Heauen,
So in the Earth,to this day is not knowne.
Late did he shine vpnon the English fide :
Now we are Victora, vp on he smiles.
What Townes of any moment, but we haue ?
At pleasure here we lye, neere Orleance :
Otherwhiles, the famifht English, like pale Ghosts,
Faintly besiege vs one houre in a moneth.
Alan. They want their Porridge, & their fat Bul Beues:
Eythor they must be dyeted like Mules,
And haue their Prouender ty'd to their mouthes,
Or pitteous they will looke, like drowned Mice.
Reignier. Let's rafle the Siege: why lie we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fpare :
Remayneth none but mad-braynd Salibury,
And he may well in fretting fpend his gall,
Nor men nor Money hath he to make Warre.
Charles. Sound,found Alarum, we will ruff on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French :
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he fes me goe back one foot, or fve. Exeunt.
Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the English,with great loss.

Enter Charles, Alanfon, and Reignier.

Charles. Who euer faw the like?what men haue I,
Doggles, Cowards, Daiftards : I would ne're haue fledd,
But that they left me midft my Enemies.
Reignier. Salibury is a deprate Homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life :
The other Lords, like Lyons wanting foode,
Doe ruify vpou vs as their hungry prey.

k 3Alanf. Frey...
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Alanjon. Freydyard, a Countryman of ours, records,
English all Others and Roundlands breed,
During the time Edward the third did reigne:
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Goliasses
It fendeth forth to skirmish: one to tenne;
Leane raw-bond Rascais, who would e're supposse,
They had such courage and audacitie?


"Charles. Let's leave this Towne,
For they are hayre-brayn'd Slaves.
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old they were never rather with their Teeth
The Walls they'll bear downe, then forsake the Siege.


Reignier. I think by some odde Gimmons or Deuce
Their Armes are set, like Clockes, still to strike on;
Elfe ne're could they hold out so as they doe:
By my consent, we'll even let them alone.

Enter the Bafward of Orleans.


Dolpb. Bafward of Orleance,thrice welcome to vs.

Baf. Me thinks your looks are sad,your dear appal'd.

Hath the late outrethrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy Maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a Vision sent to her from Heauen,
Ordained is to rayfe this tedious Siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France:
The spirit of deepe Prophecye the hath,
Exceeding the nine Stiles of old Rome:
What's pa'd, and what's to come, the can defcry.
Speake,shall I call her in? beleue my words,
For they are certaine, and vnfallible.

Dolpb. Goe call her in: but first, to try her skill,
Reignier stand thou as Dolphin in my place;
Question her proundly, let thy Lookes be sterne,
By this meanes shall we found what skill the hath.

Enter Ioane Puel.

Reignier. Faire Maid, is't thou wilt doe these wondrous feats?
Puel. Reignier, it's thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dolphin? Come, come from behinde,
I know thee well, though neuer seene before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me;
In private will I talke with thee apart:
Stand back you Lords, and give vs leave a while.

Reignier. She takes upon her bruely at first daith.
Puel. Dolphin, I am by birth a Shepheards Daughter,
My wit vntry'd in any kind of Art:
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on me of my comtemprible estate.

Dolpb. Loe,whilst I wayted on my tender Lambs,
And to Sunnes parching heat dispayld my cheykes,
Goda Mother deigned to appeare to me,
And in a Vifon full of Maifeifie,
Will'd me to leaue my base Vocation,
And free my Countreys from Calamitie:
Her aye the promis'd, and afford'd successe.
In compleat Glory thee reveal'd her selfe:
And whereas I was black and swart before,
With those cleare Rays, which thee influd'd on me,
That beautie am I blest with, which you may fee.

Ask me what question thou canst possibly,
And I will answer vnpremeditated:
My Courage trie by Combat, if thou dar'ft,
And thou shalt finde that I exceed my Sex.
Refoulge on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy Warlike Mate.

Dolpb. Thou hast adorn'd me with thy high termes:
Only this proveo Ile of thy Valour make,
In single Combat thou shalt bucke with me;
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true,
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puel. I am prepar'd: here is my keenene-edg'd Sword,
Deckt with fine Flower-de-Luces on each side,
The which at Touraine,in S.Katherine's Church-yard,
Out of a great deale of old Iron, I chofe forth.

Dolpb. Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman.
Puel. And while I live, Ile ne're flye from a man.

Here they fight, and Ioane de Puel overcomes.

Dolpb. Stay,thou thy hands, thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the Sword of Debra.

Puel. Chrifts Mother helps me, else I was too weake.

Dolpb. Who e're helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burne with thy desire,
My heart and hands thou haust at once fub'd.
Excellent Puel, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not Soueraigne be,
'Tis the French Dolphin suet to thee thus.

Puel. I must not yeeld to any rights of Loue,
For my Profession's sacred from above:
When I haue chas'd all thy Foes from hence,
Then will I think on a recompense.

Dolpb. Meane time looke gracious on thy prostrate Thrall.

Reignier. My Lord me thinkes is very long in talke.

Alan.] Doubtlesse he shries this woman to her smock,
Elfe ne're could he so long prostract his speech.

Reignier. Shall wee disturbe him, since hee keeps no meane?

Alan. He may meane more then we poor men do know,
Thefe women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reignier. My Lord, where are you? what deuise you on?
Shall we give o're Orleance, or no?
Puel. Why no, I sye: diuersfull Recreants,
Fight till the last gaffe: Ile be your guard.

Dolpb. Whose thee sages, Ile confirme: wee'll fight it out.

Puel. Assighn'd am I to be the English Scourge.
This night the Siege assuredly Ile rayfe:
Expect Saint Martin's Summer, Halesyon days,
Since I haue entred into these Warres.
Glory is like a Circle in the Water,
Which neuer ceaseth to enlage it selfe,
Till by broad spreading, it diisperfe to naught.
With Henries death, the English Circle ends,
Dispered are the glories it included:
Now am I like that proud infulting Ship,
Which Caesar and his fortune bare at once.

Dolpb. Was Machomet inspired with a Doue?
Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the Mother of Great Constantin,
Nor yet S.Philips daughters were like thee.
Bright Starre of Venus, faine downe on the Earth,
How may I reuerently worship thee enough?

Alanjon. Leave off delays, and let vs rayfe the Siege.

Reignier. Wo-
Enter Gloster, with bis Serving-men.

Gloster. I am come to suruy the Tower this day;
Since Henries death, I fear there is Conveyance:
Where be these Warders, that they wait not here?
Open the Gates, this Gloster calls that.

2. Warder. Who ere he be, you may not be let in.
1. Man. Villaines, answer you to the Lord Protector?
1. Warder. The Lord protect him, fo we answer him,
We doe no other wife then wee are will'd.
Gloster. What wife you, or whose wife shall fands but mine?
There's none Protector of the Realm but I:
Breake vp the Gates, Ile be your warrantize;
Shall I be flowted thus by dunghill Groomes.

Glosters men rude at the Tower Gates, and Wooduile the Lieutenant breaks within.

Wooduile. What noyfe is this? what Traytors haue wee here?
Gloster. Lieutenant, is it you whom voyce I heare?
Open the Gates, here's Gloster that would enter.

Wooduile. Haue patience Noble Duke, I may not open
The Cardinall of Winchefter forbi'd:
From him I haue expreff commandement,
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.
Gloster. Faint-hearted Wooduile, prizeth him fore me?
Arrogant Winchefter, that haughty Prelate,
Whom Henrie our late Soveraigne ne're could brooke?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the King:
Open the Gates, or Ile shut thee out shortly.

Serving-men. Open the Gates vnto the Lord Protecor,
Or wee'le burth them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protecor at the Tower Gates, Winchefter and his men in Tawney Coates.

Winchefer. How now ambitious Vmpeir, what means this?
Gloster. Piel'd Priest, don't thou command me to be shut out?

Winchefer. I doe, thou mot vfurping Proctor,
And not Protecor of the King or Realme.

Gloster. Stand back thou manifest Conspirator,
Thou that contrived't to murder our dead Lord,
Thou that giu'ft Whores Indulgence to finde,
Ile canuas thee in thy broad Cardinalls Hat,
If thou proceed in this thy inofience.

Winchefer. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
This be Damauces, be thou curfed Cain,
To flay thy Brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Gloster. I will not flay thee, but Ile drive thee back:
Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth,
Ile vfe, to carry thee out of this place.

Winchefer. Doe what thou dar'ft, I beard thee to thy face.

Gloster. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw men, for all this priviledged place,
Blew Coats to Tawney Coats. Priel, beware your Beard,
I meaune to tugge it, and to cuffe you foundly.
Vnder my feet I stampe thy Cardinalls Hat:

In spight of Pope, or dignities of Church,
Here by the Cheekes Ile drag thee vp and downe.

Winchefer. Gloster, thou wilt anfwere this before the Pope.

Gloster. Winchefer Goofe, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.
Now beat them hence, why doe you let them flay?
Their Ile chafe hence, thou Wolfe in Sheepes array.
Out Tawney Coates, out Scarlet Hypocrize.

Here Glosters men beat out the Cardinalls men,
and enter in the burly-burly the Maior
of London, and bis Officers

Maior. Fye Lords, that you being supreme Magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should breake the Peace.
Gloster. Peace Maior, thou know'st little of my wrongs:
Here's Beauford, that regards nor God nor King,
Hath here diftrayn'd the Tower to his wfe.

Winchefer. Fye Gloster, a Foe to Citizens,
One that fill motions Warre, and newer Peace,
O're-charging your free Purfes with large Fines;
That seekes to overthrow Religion,
Because he is Protecor of the Realme;
And would have Armour here out of the Tower,
To Crowne himfelfe King, and suppresse the Prince.

Gloster. I will not anfwere thee with words, but blowes,
Here they shrift heat againe.

Maior. Naught reft for me, in this tumultuous stiffe,
But to make open Proclamation.

Come Officer, as low as e're thou canst, cry:
All manner of men, assembled here in Armes this day,
againft Gods Peace and the Kings, we charge and command you,
in his Highnes Name, to repaire to your feueller dwell-
ing places, and not to weare, handle, or wife any Sword, Wea-
pon, or Dagger hence-forward, vpon paine of death.

Gloster. Cardinall, Ile be no breaker of the Law:
But we shall meet, and breake our minds at large.

Winchefer. Gloster, wee'le meet to thy-cof, be fue:
Thy heart-blood I will haue for this dayes worke.

Maior. Ie call for Clubs, if you will not away:
This Cardinall's more haughtie then the Deuill.

Gloster. Maior farewell: thou doo'ft but what thou may'ft.

Winchefer. Abominable Gloster, guard thy Head,
For I intend to haue it ere long.

Exeunt.

Maior. See the Coaf clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God, these Nobles shoulde such stomacks beare,
I my selfe fight not once in fortie yeere.

Exeunt.

Enter the Master Gunner of Orleanc, and bis Boy.

M.Gunner. Sirrha, thou know'st how Orleanc is befeg'd,
And how the English have the Suburbs wonne.

Boy. Father I know, and oft haue shot at them,
How e're vnfortunate, I mis'd my ayme.

M.Gunner. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chiefie Master Gunner am I of this Towne,
Something I must doe to procure me grace:
The Princes efpyals have inform'd me,
How the English, in the Suburbs clofe entrencht,
Went through a secret Grate of Iron Barres,
In yonder Tower, to ouer-peere the Cite,
And thence difcouer, how with most advantage
They may vex vs with Shot or with Affault.
To intercept this inconuenience,
A Peeece of Orinance 'gainft I haue plac'd,

And
And even these three dayes haue I watcht,
If I could see them. Now doe I watch,
For I can stay no longer.
And thou shalt finde me at the Governors.

Boy. Father, I warrant you, take you no care,
Ile neuer trouble you, if I may fyee them.

Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turrets,
with others.

Salib. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd? How went thou handled, being Prisoner? Or by what meanes got's thou to be releas'd? Discourfe I prethee on this Turrets top.

Talbot. The Earl of Bedford had a Prisoner,
Call'd the brave Lord Ponton de Santrayle,
For him was I exchange'd, and ranfom'd. But with a bafer man of Armes by farre,
Once in contempst they would have barter'd me:
Which I dafing'd, scorn'd, and craued death,
Rather then I would be fo pil'd eftc'm:
In fine, redeem'd I was as I defir'd.
But O, the trecherous Talbaff wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fifts I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Salib. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert enter-
d'.

Tal. With coffes and scornes, and contumelious taunts,
In open Market-place produc't thee me,
To be a publique spectacle to all:
Here, fay'd they, is the Terror of the French,
The Scar-Crow that affrights our Children fo.
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd ftones out of the ground,
To hurle at the behouders of my fame.
My grify countenance made others fye,
None durft come neere, for feare of fuddaine death.
In Iron Walls they deem'd me not fecure:
So great feare of my Name mongt them were spread,
That they fuppof'd I could rend Barres of Steele,
And fparne in pieces Posts of Adamat.
Wherefore a guard of choften Shot I had,
That walkt about me every Minute while:
And if I did but flirre out of my Bed,
Ready they were to flooit me to the heart.

Salib. I grudge to heare what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reueng'd sufficiently.
Now it is Supper time in Orleanc:
Here, through this Grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortie:
Let vs looke in, the fight will much delight thee:
Sir Thomas Gargraue, and Sir William Glantdale,
Let me have your expreffes opinions,
Where is bett place to make our Batt'ry next?

Gargraue. I thinke at the North Gate, for there stands
Lords.

Glantdale. And I heere, at the Bulwarkke of the Bridge.

Talb. For ought I fee, this Citie must be fambifh,
Or with light Skirmifhes enfeebled. Here they flot, and
Salibury falls downe.

Salib. O Lord haue mercy on vs, wretched finners.
Gargraue. O Lord haue mercy on me, woful man.

Talb. What chance is this, that suddenely hath croft vs?
Spake Salisbury; at leaft, if thou canst, speake:

How far't thou, Mirror of all Martiaall men?
One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheeckes side fruck off?
Accurfed Tower, accurfed faltall Hand,
That hath contri'd this wofull Tragedie.
In thirteene Battalies, Salibury o'recame:
Henry the Fift he firft tran'y'd to the Wares.
Whil'st any Trumpe did found, or Drum fluck vp,
His Sword did ne're leave strik'ng in the field.
Yet liu'th thou Salibury? though thy speech doth fayle,
One Eye thou haft to looke to Heaven for grace.

O're the Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World.
Heauen be thou gracious to none alioe,
If Salibury wants mercy at thy hands.
Bears hence his Body, I will help to bury it.
Sir Thomas Gargraue, haft thou any life?
Spake vnto Talbot, nay, looke vp to him.
Salibury cheere thy Spirit with this comfort,
Thou shalt not dye whiles——
He beckens with his hand, and smiles on me:
As who should fay, When I am dead and gone,
Remember to auenge me on the French.

Plantaginet I will, and like their enemys,
Play on the Lute, beholding the Townes burne:
Wretched tell France be oney in my Name.

Here an Alarum, and it Thunder and Lightens.
What firre is this? what tumult's in the Heauens?
Whence commeth this Alarum, and the noyfe?

Enter a Meflenger.

Meff. My Lord, my Lord, the French haue gather'd head.
The Dolphin, with one Ioane de pulver ioyn'd,
A holy Prophete, new rifen vp,
Is come with a great Power, to rayfe the Siege.

Here Salibury lifteth bimselfe vp, and groanes.

Talb. Heare, heare, how dying Salibury doth groane,
It irkes his heart he cannot be reueng'd.
Frenchmen, Ile be a Salibury to you.
Pusell or Puffell, Dolphin or Dog-fifth,
Your hearts lie flante out with my Horfes heelees,
And make a Quagmire of your mingles brains.
Conuey me Salibury into his Tent,
And then we'll try what these daffard Frenchmen dare.

Alarum. Exeunt.

Here an Alarum againe, and Talbot purfuetb the Dolphin,
and drivetb him: Then enter Ioane de Pusell,
Driving Englandmen before her.
Then enter Talbot.

Talb. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English Troupes retreye, I cannot stay them,
A Woman clad in Armour chafeth them.

Enter Panel.

Here, here thee comes. Ile haue a bows with thee:
Deuill, or Deuils Dam, Ile conuie thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,
And fraught rayue thee Soule to him thou feru'lt.

Pusell. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.

Here they fight.

Talb. Heauens, can you suffer Hell fo to preuyle?
My brente Ile burnt with draining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my Armes afunder,
But I will chaffe this high-minded Strumpet.

They fight againe.

Panel. Talbot farwell, thy houre is not yet come,
I must goe Virtuall Orleanc forthwith:
A short Alarum: then enter the Towne
with Souldiers.
O’re-take me if thou canst, I scorn thy strength.  
Goe, goe, charie vp thy hungry-starved men,  
Help Salibury to make his Testament,  
This Day is ours, as many more shall be.  
Exit.  
Talk. My thoughts are whirled like a Potters Wheele,  
I know not where I am, nor what I doe:  
A Witch by feare, not force, like Hannibal,  
Drives back our troupe, and conquers as the lift:  
So Bees with sfoake, and Doues with noyfome stench,  
Are from their Huyes and Houfes driven away.  
They call’d vs, for our fircenefee, English Dogges,  
Now like to Whelpes, we crying runne away,  
A short Alarum.  
Hearde Countreymen, eyther renew the fight,  
Or teare the Lyons out of Englands Coat;  
Renounce your Soyle, giue Sheepe in Lyons stead:  
Sheepe run not halfe fo texherous from the Wolfe,  
Or Horfe or Oxen from the Leopard,  
As you fye from your oft-fubduef daues.  
Alarum. Here another Skirmifh.  
It will not be, retyre into your Trenches:  
You all confented unto Saliburies death,  
For none would strike a froke in his reigne.  
Psas is entred into Orleans,  
In fpite of vs, or ought that we could doe.  
O would I were to dye with Salibury,  
The flame hereof, will make me hide my head.  
Exit Talbot.  
Alarum, Retreat, Flourifh.  
Enter on the Walls, Psasel, Dolphin, Reigneir,  
Alafon, and Soldiors.  
Psasel. Advance our waung Colours on the Walls,  
Refc’d is Orleans from the English.  
Thus Ioane de Psasel hath perform’d her word.  
Dolph. Diuineft Creature, Africa’s Daughter,  
How shall I honour thee for this successe?  
Thy promifes are like Alons Garden,  
That one day bloom’d, and fruitfull were the next.  
France, triumph in thy glorious Fuccesfes,  
Recover’d is the Towne of Orleans,  
More blifhed hap did ne’re befal our State.  
Reigneir. Why ring not out the Bells alowd,  
Throughout the Towne?  
Dolphin command the Citizens make Bonfires,  
And feaf and banquet in the open streets,  
To celebrate the ioy that God hath gien vs.  
Alafon. All France will be replaet with mirth and ioy,  
When they shal hear how we haue play’d the men.  
Dolph. ‘Tis Ioane, not we, by whom the day is wonne:  
For which, I will divide my Crowne with her,  
And all the Priests and Fryers in my Realme,  
Shall in procifion fing her endless praye.  
A flatelayer Pyramis to her Ile reare,  
Then Rhodopbes or Memphis ever was.  
In memorie of her, when she is dead,  
Her Afhes, in an Urne moore precious  
Then the rich-iwel’d Coffer of Darinus,  
Transported, fhal be at high Feliftuals  
Before the Kings and Queenses of France.  
No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,  
But Ioane de Psasel fhal be France’s Saint.  
Come in, and let vs Banquet Royally,  
After this Golden Day of Vtoria.  
Flourifh. Exeunt.  

Aétus Secundus. Scena Prima.  
Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.  
Ser. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:  
If any noyfe or Souldier you perceive  
Neere to the walles, by some apparant figne  
Let vs haue knowledge at the Court of Guard.  
Sent. Sergeant you fhall. Thus are poore Servitors  
(When others sleepe vpon their quiet beds)  
Contrain’d to watch in darkneffe, rains, and cold.  
Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling  
Ladders: Their Drummers beating a  
Dead March.  
Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubtled Burgundy,  
By whose approach, the Regions of Arteys;  
Wallon, and Pecard, are friends to vs:  
This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure,  
Having all day carows’d and banquetted,  
Embrace we then this opportunite,  
As fitting left to quittance their deceite,  
Contrib’d by Art, and halefull Sorcerie.  
Bed. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,  
Difpairing of his owne armes fortitude,  
To ioyne with Witches, and the helpe of Hell.  
Bur. Traitors have neuer other company.  
But what’s that Psasell whom they tearme fo pure?  
Tal. A Maid, they fay.  
Bed. A Maid? And be fo martiall?  
Bur. Pray God the proue not malculine ere long:  
If vnderneath the Standard of the French  
She carrie Armour, as the hath begun.  
Tal. Well, let them praflife and conuerfe with spirits.  
God is our Fortrefse, in whose conquering name  
Let vs refolve to fcale their flinty bulwarkes.  
Bed. Ascend braue Talbot, we will follow thee.  
Tal. Not altogether: Better farre I guffe,  
That we do make our entrance feurall wayes:  
That if it chance the one of vs do faile,  
The other yet may rife againft their force.  
Bed. Agreed; I le to yond corner.  
Bur. And I to this.  
Tal. And heere will Talbot mount, or make his graue.  
Now Salibury, for thee and for the right  
Of English Henry, fhall this night appeare  
How much in duty, I am bound to both.  
Sent. Arme, arme, the enemy doth make affault.  
Cry, S. George, A Talbot.

The French leape ore the walles in their fhirles. Enter  ouerall wayes, Basfard, Alafon, Reigneir,  
baftle ready, and baftle unready.  
Alafon. How now my Lords? what all vnreadie fo?  
Bauf. Unreadie! I and glad we fcap’d fo well.  
Reiç. ‘Twas time (I thow) to wake and leave our beds,  
Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores.  
Alafon. Of all exploits since firt I follow’d Armes,  
Nere heard I of a warlike enterprise

More
More venturous, or desperate then this.

_Bedf. I think this Talbot be a Fiend of Hell._

_Rag. If not of Hell, the Heavens sure fav'ur him._

_Alanf. Here commeth Charles, I maruell how he sped._

Enter Charles and Joané.

_Bedf. Tut, holy Joané was his defence Guard._

_Charl. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitfull Dame?_ Is didth thou at first, to flatter vs withall,

_Make vs partakers of a little gayne, That now our loffe might be ten times so much?_ Joané. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend? At all times will you have my Power alike.

_Sleeping or waking, mift I still preuayle, Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?_ Improvident Soul'diers, had your Watch been good, This sudden Michifie neuer could haue faile.

_CHARL. Duke of Alanfon, this was your default, That being Captaine of the Watch to Night, Did looke no better to that weightie Charge._

_Alanf. Had all your Quarters been as safely kept, As that whereof I had the government, We had not beene thus shamefully surpriz'd._

_Bedf. Mine was secure._

_Rag. And so was mine, my Lord._

_Charl. And for my felo, most part of all this Night Within her Quarter, and mine owne Precinft, I was imploy'd in paffing to and fro,

About relucising of the Centinels. Then how, or which way, should they first brake in? Joané. Question (my Lords) no further of the cafe, How or which way; 'tis faire they found some place, But weakely guarded, where the breach was made: And now there refts no other shift but this, To gather our Soul'diers, lattier'd and dispier't, And lay new Flat-formes to endammage them.

Enter Talbot, Bed ford, Burgundie.

_Bedf. The Day begins to brake, and Night is fled, Whole pitchy Mantle ouer-vayl'd the Earth._

Here found Retreat, and cesse our hot pursuit. Retreat. _Talb._ Bring forth the Body of old Talbbury, And here advance it in the Market-Place, The middle Centoure of this cursed Towne. Now hauing your Vow vnto his Soule; For every drop of blood was drawnne from him, There hath at leaft five Frenchmen dyed to night. And that hereafter Ages may behold

What ruine happened in revenge of him, Within their chiefeft Temple Ie ereft

_A Tombe, wherein his Corps shall be inter'd:_ Upon the which, that every one may reade, Shall be engrau'd the face of Orleance, The trecherous manner of his mournefull death, And what a terror he had beene to France. But Lords, in all our bloody Massacre, I mufe we met not with the Dolphins Grace,

His new-comme Champion, vertuous Joané of Acre, Nor any of his faile Confederates.

_Bedf. 'Tis thought Lord Talbot, when the fight began, Rows'd on the sudden from their drowzifie Beds, They did amongst the troupes of armed men, Leape o're the Walls for refuge in the field._

_Burg. My felo, as farre as I could well discerne, For smoake, and duskie vapours of the night, Am sure I fear'd the Dolphin and his Trulli,_ When Arme in Arme they both came swiftly running, Like to a payre of lodging Turtle-Douces, _That could not liue afunder day or night. After that things are set in order here, Wee'le follow them with all the power we haue._

Enter a Messenger.

_Mess. All hayle, my Lordswich of this Princely trayne Call ye the Warlike Talbot, for his Acts So much applauded through the Realme of France?_ 

_Talb. Here is the Talbot, who would speak with him?_ 

_Mess. The vertuous Lady, Countesse of Ouergne, With modeftie admiring thy Renowne, By me entreats (great Lord) thou wouldst vouchsafe To visit her poore Castle where she lyes, That the may boast the hath beheld the man, Whose glory fills the World with high report._

_Burg. Is it even fo? Nay, then I fee our Warres Will turne vnto a peacefull Comicke sport, When Ladies crate to be encountered with. You may not (my Lord) despise her gentle suit._

_Talb. Ne're tru'th me then: for when a World of men Could not preuayle with all their Oratorie, Yet hath a Womans kindnese ouer-ru'd: And therefore tell her, I returne great thankes, And in submiffion will attend on her._

_Will not your Honors bearre me company?_ 

_Bedf. No, truly, 'tis more then manners will: And I have heard it sayd, Unbidden Guests Are often welcomme when they are gone._

_Talb. Well then, alone (since there's no remedie) I meane to proue this Ladies courtifie._

Come hither Captaine, you perceive my minde.

_Capt. I doe my Lord, and meane accordingly._

Enter Countesse.

_Count. Porter,remember what I gaue in charge, And when you haue done so, bring the Keyes to me._

_Port. Madame, I will._

_Exit. Count. The Plot is layd, if all things fall out right, I shall as famous be by this exploit, As Scythian Tomyra by Cyrus death._

_Great is the rumour of this dreadful Knight, And his achivements of no leffe account: Faine would mine eyes be wisniffe with mine eares, To gue their cenure of these rare reports._

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

_Mess. Madame, according as your Ladyship desir'd, By Messeage crau'd, so is Lord Talbot come._

_Count. And he is welcome: what? this the man?_ 

_Mess. Madame, it is._

_Count. Is this the Scourge of France? Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad? That with his Name the Mothers still their Babes? I fee Report is fabulous and faile._
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong knit Limbs.
Alas, this is a Child, a silly Dwarf:
It cannot be, this weasek and wrinkled skinrose
Should strike such terror to his Enemies.

_Talk._ Madame, I have beene bold to trouble you:
But since your Ladyship is not at leyure,
Ile for some other time to visit you.
_Contr._ What means he now?
Goe ask him, whathehe goes?
_Maj._ Stay my Lord Talbot, for my Lady craves,
To know the cause of your abrupt Departure?
_Talk._ Marry, for that there's in a wrong beleefe,
I goe to certifie her Talbot's here.

_Enter Porter with Keys._
_Contr._ If thou be he, then art thou Prifoner.
_Talk._ Prifoner? to whom?
_Contr._ To me, blood-thirstie Lord:
And for that cause I trayn'd thee to my House.
Long time thy shadow hath beene thrall to me,
For in my Gallery thy Picture hangs:
But now the subsidence shall endure the like,
And I will chayne theege Legges and Armes of thine,
That have by Tyrannie these many yeeres
Wasted our Country, flaine our Citizens,
And fent our Sonsnes and Husbands captivate.
_Talk._ Ha, ha, ha.
_Contr._ Laughnot thou Wretch?
Thy mirth shall turne to moane.
_Talk._ I laugh to see your Ladyship so fond,
To thinke, that you have ought but Talbot's shadow,
Whereon to pratifie your feuerie.
_Contr._ Why? art not thou the man?
_Talk._ I am indeed.
_Contr._ Then haue I subsidence too.
_Talk._ No, no, I am but shadow of my selfe:
You are deceu'd, my subsidence is not here;
For what you see, is but the smalllest part,
And least proportion of Humanitie:
I tell you Madame, were the whole Frame here,
It is of such a spacie lofifie pitch,
Your Roofe were not sufficient to contain't.
_Contr._ This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can thee contrarieties agree?
_Talk._ That will I shew you presently.

_Winds bore._
_Words._
_How say you Madame? are you now perfwaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himselfe?
These are his subsidence, fine eyes, armes, and strength,
With which he vosketh your rebellious Neckes,
Razeth your Cities, and subuerets your Townes,
And in a moment makes them defolate.

_Contr._ Victorious Talbot, pardon my abufe,
I finde thou art no leafe then Fame hath bruited,
And more then may be gathered by thy shape.
Let my prejumption not prouoke thy wrath,
For I am forry, that with reverence
I did not entertaine thee as thou art.
_Talk._ Be not difmay'd, faire Lady, nor misconfuter
The minde of Talbot, as you did misake
The outward composition of his body,
What you have done, hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction doe I crave,

But onely with your patience, that we may
Taffe of your Wine, and see what Cates you haue,
For Souldiers tromacks always ferue them well.

_Contr._ With all my heart, and thinke me honored,
To feast fo great a Warrior in my House. 

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset, Poole, and others.

_York._ Great Lords and Gentlemen,
What means this silence?
Dare no man anwer in a Case of Truth?
_Suff._ Within the Temple Hall we were too lowd,
The Garden here is more convenient.

_York._ Then say at once, if I maintaine the Truth:
Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?
_Suff._ Faith I have bene a Trauant in the Law,
And neuer yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the Law unto my will.

_Som._ Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then be-
tweene vs.

_War._ Between two Hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two Blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two Horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two Girles, which hath the merriest eye,
I have perhaps some shalfe spirit of Judgement:
But in these nice sharpe Quillets of the Law,
Good Faith I am no wiser then a Daw.

_York._ Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears fo naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

_Som._ And on my side it is so well apparrell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind-mans eye.

_York._ Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speake,
In dumble significants proclaimye your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-borne Gentleman,
And stands uppon the honor of his birth,
If he supposse that I have pleaded truth,
From off this Bryer pluck a white Rose with me.

_Som._ Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,
But dare maintaine the partie of the truth,
Pluck a red Rose from off this Thorne with me.

_War._ I loue no Colours: and without all colour
Of base infrinuating flatterie,
I pluck this white Rose with Plantagenet.

_Suff._ I pluck this red Rose, with young Somerset,
And say withall, I thinkhe he held the right.

_Vern._ Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more
Till you conclude, that he uppon whole side
The fewest Roses are cropt from the Tree,
Shall yeeld the other in the right opinion.

_Som._ Good Master Vern._, it is well obiecte:
If I haue fewest, I subcribe in silence.

_York._ And I.

_Vern._ Then for the truth, and plainesse of the Case,
I pluck this pale and Maiden Blossome here,
Giuing my Verdict on the white Rose side.

_Som._ Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Least blessing you doe paint the white Rose red,
And fall on my side fo against your will.

_Vern._ If my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be Surgeon to my hurt,
And keepe me on the side where still I am.

_Som._ Well, well, come on, who else?

_Lawyer._

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The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Lawyer. Vnleffe my Studie and my Bookes be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you;
Inigne whereof, I pluck a white Rose too.

York. Meane time your cheeks do counterfeit our Roes:
For pale they looke with fear, as withneffing
The truth on our side.

Som. No Planagenet:
'Tis not for feare, but anger, that thy checkes
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our Roes,
And yet thy tongue will not confesse thy error.

York. Hath not thy Rofe a Thorne, Planagenet?
York. I, flarpe and piercing to maintain his truth,
Whiles thy confumming Canker eates his falsehood.

Som. Well, Ile find friends to weare my bleeding Roes,
That shall maintaine what I haue faid is true,
Whereas Planagenet dare not be feene.

York. Now by this Maiden Blossome in my hand,
I fcorne thee and thy fasion, peuffe Boy.

Suff. Turne not thy fcorne this way, Planagenet.
York. Proud Poole, I will, and fcorne both him and then.

Suff. Ile turne my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William de la Poole,
We grace the Yeoman, by converuing with him.

Warm. Now by Gods will thou wrong him, Somerford:
His Grandfather was Lynel Duke of Clarence,
Third Sonne to the third Edward King of England:
Spring Creffleffe Yeomen from fo depe a Root?

York. He beares him on the places Priuledge,
Or durft not for his crauen heart lay thus.
Som. By him that the Rofe, Ile maintaine my words
On any Plot of Ground in Christendome,
Was not thy Father, Richard, Earl of Cambridge,
For Trefon executed in our late Kings dayes?
And by his Trefon, ftrand't not thou attained,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient Gentry?
His Trefpas yet liues guiltie in thy blood,
And till thou beftor'd, thou art a Yeoman.

York. My Father was attatched, not attainted,
Condemned to dye for Trefon, but no Tratyor;
And that Ie prove on better men then Somerford;
Were growing time once ripened to my will.
For your partaker Poole, and you your selfe,
Ile note you in my Booke of Memorye,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Looke to it well, and fay you are well warn'd.

Som. Ah, thou shalt finde vs ready for thee fyll:
And know vs by these Colours for thy Foes,
For thafe, my friends in fpithe of thee shall bare.

York. And by my Soule, this pale and angry Rose,
As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my Facion ware,
Vnntill it wither with me to my Graue,
Or flourith to the height of my Degree.

Suff. Goe forward, and be chosk'd with thy ambition:
And to farwell, vnntill I meet thee next.

Som. Haue with thee Poole: Farwelle ambitious Richard.

York. How I am braud', and must perfforce endure it?
Warm. This blot that they obiect against your Houfe,
Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament,

Call'd for the Truce of Winchester and Gloucefter:
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Meane time, in signall of my love to thee,
Againft proud Somerford, and William Poole,
Will I upon thy partie weare this Rose.
And here I prophesie: this brawlie to day,
Growne to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall fend between the Red-Rofe and the White, A thousand Soules to Death and deadly Night.

York. Good Mafter Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalfe would pluck a Flower.
Ver. In your behalfe still will I weare the fame.

Lawyer. And fo will I.
York. Thankes gentle.
Come, let vs four to Dinner: I dare fay,
This Quarrell will drinke Blood another day.

Exeunt.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chayre, and Taylor.

Mort. Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age;
Let dying Mortimer here reft himfelfe.
Euen like a man now haled from the Wrack,
So fare my Limbes with long Imperioment:
And thefe gray Locks, the Purfuiuants of death,
Nefle-like aged, in an Age of Care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.

Thefe Eyes, like Lampes, whose wafting Oyle is spent,
Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent.
Weake Shoulders, over-born with burthening Griefe,
And pych-leffe Armes, like to a withered Vine,
That droups his fappe-leffe Branches to the ground.
Yet are thefe Feet, whose strength-leffe flay is numme,
(Unable to support this Lumpe of Clay)
Swift-winged with defire to get a Graue,
As witting I no other comfort haue.

But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come?

Keeper. Richard Planagenet, my Lord, will come:
We fent vnto the Temple, vnto his Chamber,
And anfwver was return'd, that he will come.

Mort. Enough: my Soule shall then be fatisfi'd.

Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equall mine.
Since Henry Mommouth firft began to reigne,
Before whole Glory I was great in Armes,
This laoffhorne fequeftration haue I had;
And even fince then, hath Richard beene obfcur'd,
Depriu'd of Honor and Inheritance.
But now, the Arbitrator of Deputies,
Juft Death, kinde Vmpire of mens miferies,
With sweete enlargement doth difmifse me hence:
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was loft.

Enter Richard.

Keeper. My Lord, your louing Nephew now is come.

Mort. Richard Planagenet, my friend, is he come?

Rich. I, Noble Vnkle, thus ignobly vs'd,
Your Nephew, late defpifed Richard, comes.

Mort. Direft mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck,
And in his Bofome spend my latter gaine.
Oh tell me when my Lippes doe touch his Checkes,
That I may kindely give one faining Kiffe.
And now declare sweet Stem from Yorkes great Stock,
Why didst thou fay of late thou wert defpis'd?

Rich. Firft
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Ric. First, I am thine aged Back against mine Arme, And in that easie, Ile tell thee my Dileafe. This day in argument upon a Cafe, Some words there grew twixt Somerset and me: Among which tearsmes, he voul'd haue been tongue, And did vpbrayd me with my Fathers death; Which obloque fet barres before my tongue, Else with the like I had requited him. Therefore good Vnckle, for my Fathers fake, In honor of a true Plantagenet, And for Alliance fake, declare the cause My Father, Earl of Cambridge, loft his Head. Mort. That cause faire Nephew that imprisond me, And hath detayned me all my flowring Youth, Within a loathfome Dungeon, there to pyne, Was curfe Instrument of his deceale. Rich. Difcouer more at large what cause that was, For I am ignorant, and cannot gueffe. Mort. I will, if that my faying breath permit, And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done. Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King, Depo'd his Nephew Richard, Edward's Sonne, The first begotten, and the lawfull Heire Of Edward King, the Third of that Defcent. During whol Reigne, the Perche of the North, Finding his Vifiruation mofl vnuit, Endeavoured my advancement to the Throne. The reason mou'd that Warlike Lords to this, Was, for that youg Richard thus remou'd, Leaving no Heire begotten (of his Body) I was the next by Birth and Parentage: For by my Mother, I derived am From Lionel Duke of Clarence, third Sonne To King Edward the Third; whereas hee, From John of Gaunt doth bring his Pedegree, Being but fourth of that Heroicke Lyne. But marke: as in this haughtie great attempt, They laboured, to plant the rightfull Heire, I loft my Libertie, and they their Lyues. Long after this, when Henry the Fift (Succeeding his Father Bullingbrooke) did reigne; Thy Father, Earl of Cambridge, then deriu'd From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of Yorke, Marrying my Sifter, that thy Mother was: Againe, in pitty of my hard direffe, Leued an Army, weening to redeeme, And haue instaill'd me in the Diademe: But as the ref, fo fell that Noble Earle, And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers, In whom the Title refiret, were fuppref't. Ricb. Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the laft. Mort. True: and thou feefft, that I no iffe have, And that my fainting words doe warrant death: Thou art my Heire the ref, I wish thee gather: But yet be wary in thy fudious care. Rich. Thy graue admonifhments preuyale with me: But yet me thinkes, my Fathers execution Was nothing leffe then bloody Tyranny. Mort. With silence, Nephew, be thou politick, Strong fixed is the Houfe of Lancife, And like a Mountaine, not to be remou'd. But now thy Vnckle is remouing hence, As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd With long continuance in a fetted place. Rich. O Vnckle, would some part of my young yeeres Might but redeeme the paffage of your Age.

Mort. Thou don't then wrong me, as I slaughtereth doth, Which gieuteth many Wounds, when one will kill. Mournes not, except thou forrow for my good, Onely gieue order for my Funerall. And to fare well, and fare be all thy hopes, And prosper be thy life in Peace and Warre. Dyett. Ricb. And Peace, no Warre, befall thy parting Soule. In Prifon haft thou spent a Pilgrimage, And like a Hermite over-paft thy daies. Well, I will locke his Counsell in my Breaf, And what I doe imagine, let that reff. Keepers conuey him hence, and I my felfe Will fee his Buryall better then his Life. Exit. Here dyes the duisse Torch of Mortimer, Choakt with Ambition of the meaner fort, And for tho's Wro'th, tho's bitter Injuries, Which Somerset hath offer'd to my Houfe, I doubt not, but with Honor to redefire. And therefore haft I to the Parliament, Eyster to be refored to my Blood, Or make my will th'aduantage of my good. Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Flourieb. Enter King, Exeter, Glofer, Winchefer, Warwick, Somerset, Suffolk, Richard Plantagenet. Glofer offer's to put up a Bill. Winchefer snatches it, tears it. Wincb. Com'th thou with deep premeditated Linces? With written Pamphlets, fuddenly deus'd? Hamfrey of Glofer, if thou canft pulle, Or ought intend'd to lay vnto my charge, Doe it without inuention, suddenly, As I with sudden, and extemporal speech, Purpofe to anfwer what thou canft obiect. Glo. Prefumptuous Priest, this place conmands my patiere, Or thou shoul'd finde thou haft dis-honor'd me. Thine notke, although in Writing I preferv'd The manner of thy vile outrageous Crymes, That therefore I haue forg'd, or am not able Verbatim to reheafe the Method of my Penne. No Prelate, fuch is thy audacious wickedneffe, Thy lewd, pestiferaus, and dilinentes prances, As very Infants prattle of thy pride, Thou art a moft perniciouf Vifuer, Froward by nature, Enemye to Peace, Lajfluous, wanton, more then well beceeems A man of thy Profeflion, and Degree. And for thy Trecherie, what is more manifeft? In that thou lay'dft a Trap to take my Life, As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower. Before, I feare me, if thy thoughts were fillted, The King, thy Soueraigne, is not quite exempt From eneous malice of thy swelling heart. Wincheb. Glofer, I doe defie thee. Lords vouchfafe To give me hearing what I full reply. If I were couteous, ambitious, or peruerse, As he will haue me: how am I fo poore? Or how haps it, I feeke not to aduance Or rayse my felle: but keeppe my wonted Calling. And for Diffention, who preferreth Peace More then I doe? except I be prou'd. No, my good Lords, it is not that offends, It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke: It is becaufe no one should way but her, No one, but hee, should be about the King; And that engenders Thunder in his breath.
And makes him roar these Accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good.
Glo. As good?
Thou Baffard of my Grandfather.
Winb. I, Lord Sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one impetuous in another Throne?
Glo. Am I not Protector, so was Priest?
Winb. And am I not a Prelate of the Church?
Glo. Yes, as an Out-law in a Castle keeps,
And vieth it, to patronize his Theft.
Winb. Vntreuer Gloster.
Glo. Thou art reuerent,
Touching thy Spiritual Function, not thy Life.
Winb. Rome shall remedie this.
War. Roame thither then.
My Lord, it were your duty to forbear.
Saw. I, fee the Bishop be not oner-borne:
Me thinks my Lord should be Religious,
And knowe the Office that belongs to such.
War. Me thinks his Lordship shoulde be humbler,
It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead.
Saw. Yes, when his holy State is toucht to noere.
War. State holy, or vnswallow'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?
Rich. Plagntagem I fee must hold his tongue,
Least it be said, Speake Sirdas when you should:
Mute your bold Verdict enter with Lords?
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.
Kin. Vnckle of Gloster, and of Wincheste.
The speciall Watch-men of our English Weale,
I would preuyale, if Prayers might preuyale,
To looke your hearts in loue and amitie.
Oh, what a Scandal is it to our Crowne,
That two such Noble Peeres as ye should irare?
Believe me, Lords, my tender yeere can tell,
Ciull diffention is a viperscorne,
That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth.
A noye againe, Stones, Stones.

Enter Maior.
Maior. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous Henry,
Pitty the Citie of London, pitty vs:
The Bishop, and the Duke of Glosters men,
Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
Haue fill'd their Pockets full of peecile stones;
And banding themselfes in contrary parts,
Doe pelt so far at one anothers Pate,
That many haue their giddy braynes knockt out:
Our Windows are broke downe in every Street,
And we, for feare, compell'd to shut our Shops.

Enter in skirmish with bloody Pates.
King. We charge you, on allegiance to our felse,
To hold your slaughtring hands, and keep the Peace:
Pray Vnckle Gloster mitigate this stifle.
1. Seruing. Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we'll fall
It to with our Teeth.
2. Seruing. Doe what ye dare, we are as resolute.
Skirmish againe.
Glof. You of my household, leave this peeciful broyle,
And let this vauncustom'd fight aside.

3. Seru. My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Just, and upright; and for your Royall Birth,
Inferior to none, but to his Maiestie:
And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,
So kind a Father of the Common-wealth,
To be disgraced by an Inke-horne Mate,
Wee and our Wives and Children all will fight,
And haue our bodies slaughtred by thy foes.
1. Seru. I, and the very parings of our Nayles
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.

Glof. Stay, stay, I say:
And if you loue me, as you say you doe,
Let me perfwade you to forbears a while.
King. Oh, how this discord doth afflict my Soule.
Can you, my Lord of Wincheste, behold
My fighes and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pittifull if you be not?
Or who should study to preferre a Peace,
If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?
War. Yeld my Lord Protector, yeld Wincheste,
Except you meane with obstinate repulse
To flay your Soueraigne, and destroy the Realme.
You see what Mitchief, and what Murther too,
Hath beene enaeted through your enmitie:
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.
Winb. He shal submitt, or I will never yeld.
Glof. Compassion on the King commands me floupe,
Or I would see his heart out, ere the Priet
Should euer get that priuilege of me.
War. Behold my Lord of Wincheste, the Duke
Hath banisht moodie discontented fury,
As by his smoothe Browses it doth appeare:
Why looke you fill'd so sterno, and tragical?
Glof. Here Wincheste, I offer thee my Hand.
King. Fie Vnckle Beauforde, I have heard you preach,
That Mallice was a great and grievous sinne:
And will not you maintaine the thing you teach?
But prove a chiefe offender in the same.
War. Sweet King: the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd:
For shalme my Lord of Wincheste relent;
What,shall a Child infract you what to doe?
Winb. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yeld to thee
Loure for thy Loue, and Hand for Hand I give.
Glof. I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart.
See here my Friends and loving Countreymen,
This token ferueth for a Flagge of Truce,
Betwixt our fellvs, and all our followers:
So helpe me God, as I deffable not.
Winb. So helpe me God, as I intend it not.
King. Oh louing Vnckle, kinde Duke of Gloster,
How joyfull am I made by this Contraet.
Away my Maffers, trouble vs no more,
But loyne in friendship, as your Lords haue done.
1. Seru. Content, Ile to the Surgeons.
2. Seru. And fo will I.
3. Seru. And I will see what Phylick the Tauerne affords.

Exeunt.
War. Accept this Scrowle, moft gracious Soueraigne,
Which in the Right of Richard Plantagenet,
Wee doe exhibite to your Maiestie.
Glo. Well vrg'd, my Lord of Warwick: for sweet Prince,
And if your Grace marke every circumstance,
You have great reasan to doe Richard right,
Especialy for those occasions
At Eltam Place I told your Maiestie.

King. And
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

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Scena Secunda.

Enter Pucell disguis'd, with foure Souldiers with Sacks upon their backs.

Pucell. These are the Citie Gates, the Gates of Roan, Through which our Pollicy must make a breach. Take heed, be wary how you place your words, Talkle like the vulgar fort of Market men, That come to gather Money for their Corne. If we have entrance, as I hope we shall, And that we finde the flouthfull Watch but weake, Ie by aigne glue notice to our friends, That Charles the Dolphin may encounter them.

Souldier. Our Sacks shall be a meane to flack the City, And we be Lords and Rulers over Roan, Therefore wee'le knock.

Knock.

Watch. Che la.

Pucell. Peasans la pourre gens de France, Poore Market folkes that come to fell their Corne. Watch. Enter, goe in, the Market Bell is rung. Pucell. Now Roan, Ile shake thy Bulwarkes to the ground.

Exeunt.

Enter Charles, Baflard, Alfonson. Charles. Saint Denii blewe this happy Stratageme, And once againe wee'le asleep secure in Roan. Baflard. Here entred Pucell, and her Practifants: Now she is there, how will she specifie? Here is the tent and face right paffage in.

Reig. By thrusting out a Torch from yonder Tower, Which once discernd, shewes that her meaning is, No way to that(for weakefse) which the entred. Enter Pucell on the top, thrusting out a Torch burning.

Pucell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch, That loyneth Roan vnto her Countreymen, But burning fatal to the Tailbonites.

Baflard. See Noble Charles the Brethren of our friend, The burning Torch ye vnderstand, in their bands.

Charles. Now shine it like a Commet of Reuenge, A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.

Reig. Deferre no time, delayes haue dangerous ends, Enter and cry, the Dolphin, presently, And then doe execution on the Watch. Alarum.

An Alarum. Talbot in an Excursion.

Tabl.France, thou shalt rue this Trafon with thy teares, If Talbot but furuie thy Trecherie.

Pucell that Witch, that dammed Sorcertaine, Hath wrought this Hellifh Miichief vnwarres, That hardly we escap't the Pride of France. Exit.


Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: within, Pucell, Charles, Baflard, and Reignier on the Wall.

Pucell. God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread? I think the Duke of Burgonie will faff, Before hee'le buy againe at such a rate. 'Twas full of Darnell: doe you like the taste? Burg. Scoffe on vyle Fiend, and shamelesse Curtizan, I trust ere long to choke thee with thine owne, And make thee curse the Harneft of that Corne. Charles. Your Grace may flature (perhaps) before that time.

Bedf. Oh let no words, but deedes, reuenge this Trafon.

Pucell. What will you doe, good gray-beard? Break a Launce, and runne a-Tilt at Death, Within a Chayre.

Tabl. Foule Fiend of France, and Hag of all despight, Incompasse'd with thy lufffull Paramours, Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age, And twit with Cowardize a man halfe dead? Damnell, Ile haue a bowle with you againe, Or else let Talbot perfiw with this shame. Pucell. Are ye so hot? Sir: yet Pucell hold thy peace, If Talbot doe but Thunder, Raine will follow. They whisper together in counsell.

God speed the Parliament: whom shall be the Speaker?

Tabl. Dare.
An Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgonie, and the rest.

Talb. Loft, and recovered in a day againe,
This is a double Honor, Burgonie:
Yet Heauens have glory for this Victorie.
Burg. Warlike and Martiall Talbot, Burgonie
Inhires thee in his heart, and there ereds
Thy noble Deeds, as Valors Monuments.
Talb. Thanks gentle Duke; but where is Pucell now?
I thinke her old Familiar is asleep.
Now where's the Baffards braues, and Charles his glakes?
What all amoret? Roan hangs her head for grieve,
That such a valiant Company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the Towne,
Placing therein some expert Officers,
And then depart to Paris, to the King,
For ther eyong Henry with his Nobles lye.
Burg. What wills Lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgonie.
Talb. But yet before we goe, let's not forget
The Noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But fee his Exequies fulfill'd in Roan,
A brauer Souldeir never couched Launce,
A gentler Heart did never sway in Court.
But Kings and mightie Potentates must dye,
For that's the end of humane miserie.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Charles, Baffard, Alanfon, Pucell.
Pucell. Dismay not (Princes) at this accident,
Nor grieve that Roan is so recover'd:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantike Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a Peacock sweepes along his tayle,
Wce'lle pull his Pumes, and take away his Trayne,
If Dolphin and the rest will be but rul'd.
Charles. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy Cuning had no difidence,
One fudden Foyle shall never breed disfrut.

Baffard. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the World.

Alanf. Wee'le let thy Statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a bleffed Saint.

Exeunt. Then thus it must be, this doth Ioane deuise:
By faire periwafons, mixt with sugred words,
We will entice the Duke of Burgonie
To leaue the Talbot, and to follow vs.

Charles. I marry Sweeting, if we could doe that,
France were no place for Henryes Warriors,
Nor should that Nation boast it so with vs,
But be extirped from our Proutines.

Pucell. Your Honors shall percieue how I will worke,
To bring this matter to the wilfed end.

Drumme sounds a faire off.

Hearke, by the sound of Drumme you may perceiue
Their Powers are marching vs to Paris-ward.
Here found an Englishe March.
There goes the Talbot, with his Colours spred,
And all the Troupes of English after him.

French
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

French March.
Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and his:
Fortune in favor makes him lagge behind,
Summon a Parley, we will talk with him.

Trumpets sound a Parley.

Charles. A Parley with the Duke of Burgonie.
Burg. Who causes a Parley with the Burgonie?
Pucell. The Princely Charles of France, thy Countryman.
Charles. Speake Pucell, and enchaunt him with thy words.
Pucell. Brave Burgonie, wondrope hope of France,
Stay, let thy humble Hand speak to thee.
Burg. Speake on, but be not ouer- tedious.
Pucell. Looke on thy Country, look on fertile France,
And see the Cities and the Townes defac't,
By wafting Ruine of the cruell Foe,
As lookes the Mother on her lowly Babe,
When Death doth close his tender-dying Eyes,
See, see the pining Maladie of France.
Behold the Wounds, the most vnaturall Wounds,
Which thou thy selfe hast given her woffull Breast.
Oh turne thy edged Sword another way,
Strike thofe that hurt, and hurt not thofe that helpe:
One drop of Blood drawnne from thy Countries Bosome,
Should grudge thee more then dreames of forgaine gore.
Returne thee therefore with a floud of Teares,
And wash away thy Countries Stayned Spots.
Burg. Either she hath bewitcht me with her words,
Or Nature makes me suddenny relent.
Pucell. Befides, all French and France exclame on thee,
Doubting thy Birth and lawfull Progenie,
Who lovat' thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,
That will not trueth thee, but for profite fake?
When Talbot hath fet footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that Infrumnt of ill,
Who then, but English Henry, will be Lord,
And thou be thrust out, like a Fugitive?
Call we to minde, and marke but this for profe:
Was not the Duke of Orleance thy Foe?
And was he not in England Prisoner?
But when they heard he was thine Enemy,
They fet him free, without his Rancome pay'd,
In spight of Burgonie and all his friends.
See then, thou figh't against thy Countreymen,
And lovat' thee withall will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, returne; returne thou wandering Lord,
Charles and the reft will take thee in their armes.
Burg. I am vanquished:
Thefe haughty words of hers
Haue babbt' me like roaring Cannon-shot,
And made me almost yeeld hypon my knees.
Forgie me Countrey, and sweet Countreymen:
And Lords accept this heartie kind embrace.
My Forces and my Power of Men are yours.
So farwell Talbot, Ile no longer trueth thee.
Pucell. Done like a Frenchman: turne and turne againe.
Charles. Welcome brave Duke, thy friendship makes vs freh.
Baflard. And doth beget new Courage in our Breaths.
Alas. Pucell hath brauely play'd her part in this,
And doth defende a Coronet of Gold.
Enter King, Gloucester, Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Talbot, and Governor Exeter.

Glo. Lord Bishop set the Crown upon his head.

Win. God save King Henry of that name the first.

Glo. Now Gournon of Paris take your oath, That you elect no other King but him; Else none of your friends, but such as are his Friends, And none your foes, but such as shall pretend Malicious practices against his State: This shall ye do, so help you righteous God. Enter Falstaff.

Fal. My gracious Sovereign, as I rode from Calice, To haste unto your Coronation: A letter was delivered to my hands, Writ to your Grace, from the Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee: I vow'd (base Knight) when I did meete the next, To tear the Garter from thy Cruens legge, Which I have done, because (unworthy) Thou wast't inflamed in that High Degree. Pardon me Prince Henry, and the rest. This Daffard, at the battell of Poictiers, When (but in all) I was fixe thousand strong, And that the French were almost ten to one, Before we met, or that a stroke was given, Like to a truffle Squire, did run away. In which assault, we lost twelve hundred men. My selfe, and divers Gentlemen beside, Were thcet surpriz'd, and taken prisoners. Then judge (great Lords) if I have done amiss: Or whether that such Cowards ought to wear This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact is infamous, And ill bequeathing any common man; Much more a Knight, a Captaine, and a Leader.

Tal. When first this Order was ordain'd my Lords, Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth; Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughty Courage, Such as were grown to credit by the warres; Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Diffidence, But always resolute, in most extremes. He then, that is not furnish'd in this fort, Doth but wiare the Sacred name of Knight, Prophaning this most Honourable Order, And should (if I were worthy to be Judge) Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-borne Swaine, That doth presume to boast of Gentle blood.

K. Staine to thy Countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom: Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight: Henceforth we banish thee on paine of death. And now Lord Protector, view the Letter Sent from our Vnckle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his Grace, that he hath charg'd his Stile? No more but plaine and bluntly? (To the King.) Hath he forgot he is his Sovereign? Or doth this churlish Supercription Pretend some alteration in good will? What's here? (I have upon speciall cause, Meow'd with compassion of my Countries wrackes, Together with the pittiful complaints Of such as your Oppression feel upon, For taken your pernicious Faction, And ioy'd with Charles, the rightfull king of France. O monstrous Treachery! Can this be so? That in alliance, amity, and oaths, There should be found such false diffembling guile? King. What? doth my Vnckle Burgundy revolt? Glo. He doth my Lord, and is become your foe. King. Is that the worst this Letter doth containe? Glo. It is the worst, and all (my Lord) he writes. King. Why then Lord Talbot there shall talk with him, And give him chaficement for this abuse. How say you (my Lord) are you not content? Tal. Content, my Liege? Yes: But I am prevented, I should have begg'd I might have bene employ'd. King. Then gather strength, and march into him straight:

Let him perceive how ill we brooke his Treaton, And what offence it is to flout his Friends. Tal. I go my Lord, in heart desiring still You may behold confusion of your foes. Enter Vernon and Baffin. Ver. Grant me the Combat, gracious Sovereigne.

Baff. And me (my Lord) grant me the Combat too. Turk. This is my Servant, heare him Noble Prince.

Som. And this is mine (sweet Henry) fav'our him. King. Be patient Lords, and give them leave to speak. Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclame, And wherefore crave you Combat? Or with whom?

Ver. With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong. Baff. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

King. What is that wrong, wherof you both complain First let me know, and then Ie answ'er you.

Baff. Cross'ng the Seas, from England into France, This Fellow here, with enious carping tongue, Vprbraised me about the Rake I wear'd, Saying, the fagnious colour of the Leaues Did represent my Masters blushing cheeckes: When stubbornly he did repugne the truth, About a certaine question in the Law, Argu'd be'twixt the Duke of Yorke, and him: With other vile and ignomimous tearmes. In confection of which rude reproach, And in defence of my Lords worthineffe, I crave the benefit of Law of Armes.

Ver. And that is my petition (Noble Lord:) For though he seeme with forged quaint conceive To fet a gloffe upon his bold intent, Yet know (my Lord) I was provok'd by him, And he first tooke exceptions at this badge, Pronouncing that the paleneffe of this Flower, Bewray'd the faintheffe of my Masters heart. Turk. Will not this malice Somerfet be left? Som. Your proue'd grudge my Lord of Yorke, wil out, Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

King. Good Lord, what madeneffe rules in braine-ficke men, When for to flighr and frivolous a cause, Such factious aemulations shall arise?

Good Cofins both of Yorke and Somerset, Quiet your fulves (I pray) and be at peace.

Turk. Let this diffention first be tried by fight, And then your Highnesse shall command a Peace.

Som. The quarrell toucheth none but vs alone, Betwixt our fulves let vs decide it then. Turk. There is my pledge, accept it Somerset. Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

The plague, Confirm it so, mine honourable Lord.

Gl. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife, And perish ye with your audacious prate, Puffumptuous vassals, are you not ahum'd With this immodeit clamorous outrage, To trouble and disturb the King, and vs? And you my Lords, me thinkes you do not well To beare with their peruerse Objections: Much leafe to take occaion from their mouths, To raise a mutiny betwixt your fuelles, Let me perfwade you take a better course.

Exeunt. It greeses his Highneffe, Good my Lords, be Friends.

King. Come hither you that would be Combatants:

Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour, Quite to forget this Quarrell, and the caufe. And you my Lords: Remember where we are, In France, amongt a fickle wauering Nation: If they perceyue defention in our lookes, And that within our fuelles we disgree; How will their grudging stomackes be prouk'd To wilfull Difobedience, and Rebel? Befide, What infamy will there arise, When Forraigne Princes shall be certified, That for a toy, a thing of no regard, King Henrie might bee, and cheere Nobility, Destrue' themselfes, and loft the Realme of France? Oh thinke upon the Conquest of my Father, My tender yeares, and let vs notforgoe That for a trifle, that was bought with blood. Let me be Vnder in this doubltfull strife: I fee no reason if I weare this Rofe, That any one should therefore be fuppicious I more incline to Somerfet, than Yorke: Both are my kinmen, and I love them both. As well they may vployr'd me with my Crowne, Because (forsooth) the King of Scots is Crown'd. But your dilcretions better can perfwade, Then I am able to infruct or teach: And therefore, as we hither came in peace, So let vs still continue peace, and loue. Cozin of Yorke, we inftitute your Grace To be our Regent in these parts of France: And good my Lord of Somerfet, vnite Your Troopes of horfe-men, with his Bands of foote, And like true Subiects, fones of your Progenitors, Go cheerfully together, and difeet Your angry Choller on your Enemies, Our Selve, my Lord Protectour, and the reft, After some refpit, will returne to Calice; From thence to England, where I hope ere long To be prefent at your Victories, With Charles, Alanson, and that Traiterous rout.


War. My Lord of Yorke, I promife you the King Prettily (me thought) did play the Orator.) Yorke. And fo he did, but yet I like it not, In that he weares the badge of Somerfet. War. Tuff, that was but his fancie, blame him not, I dare prefume (sweet Prince) he thought no harme. Yorke. And if I with he did. But let it reft, Other affaires must now bee managed.


Exeunt. Well didst thou Richard to suppreff thy voice: For had the paffions of thy heart burft out, I feare we should have feene decipher'd there

More rancorous spight, more furious raging broyles, Then yet can bee imagin'd or suppo'd: But howfoere, no simple man that sees This larrving discord of Nobilitie, This shoudering of each other in the Court, This factious bandying of their Favourites, But that it doth prefage some ill euent. 'Tis much, when Sceptera are in Childrens hands: But more, when Envy breeds vnkinde deuision, There comes the ruine, there begins confusion.

Exit.

Talb. Go to the Gates of Burdeaux Tumpeter, Summon their Generall into the Wall.

Enter Generall aloft.

English Eebn Talbot (Captaines) call you forth, Servaunt in Armes to Harry King of England, And thus he would. Open your Cittie Gates, Be humble to vs, call my Soueraigne yours, And do him homage as obedient Subjectts, And Ile withdraw me, and my bloody power. But if you frowne upon this proffer'd Peace, You tempt the fury of my three attendants, Leane Famine, quartering Steele, and climbing Fire, Who in a moment, euen with the earth, Shall lay your fately, and ayre-brauing Towers, If you forfake the offer of their loue.

Gap. Thou ominous and fearfull Owle of death, Our Nations terror, and their bloody scourge, The period of thy Tyranny approacheth, On vs thou canst not enter but by death: For I protest we are well fortified, And strong enough to iuffe out and fight. If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed, Stands with the fnares of Warre to tangle thee. On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitcht, To wall thee from the liberty of Flight; And no way canst thou turn thee for redrefs, But death doth front thee with apparant foyyle, And pale defftruction meets thee in the face: Ten thousand French haue tane the Sacrament, To ryue their dangerous Artillerie Ypon no Chriftian foule but English Talbot: Loe, there thou flanid a breathing valliant man Of an inuincible vnconquer'd spirit: This is the lateft Glorie of thy praffe, That I thy enemy dew thee withall: For ere the Claffe that now begins to runne, Finift the pro infect of his fandy house, These eyes that fee thee now well coloured, Shall fee thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.

Drum a farre off.

Harke, harke, the Dolphins drumme, a warning bell, Sings heavy Muscke to thy timorous foule, And mine hall ring thy dire departure out.

Exeunt. Talb. He Fables not, I hear the enemie: Out some light Horfemen, and perufe their Wings. O negligent and headleffe Disdisciple, How are we park'd and bounded in a pale? A little Heard of Englands timorous Deere, Max'd with a yelping kennell of French Curres. If we be English Deere, be then in blood, Not Raffcall-like to fall downe with a pinch, But rather moodie mad: And desperate Staggis,
Turne on the bloody Hounds with heads of Steele,
And make the Cowards bloudly fly: none stay:
Sell every man his life as deere as mine,
And they shall finde deere Deere of vs my Friends.
God, and S. George, Talbot and Englands right,
Proper our Colours in this dangerous fight.

Enter a Messanger that meets York. Enter York
with Trumpets, and many Soldiers.

Talbot. Who should bide this blacke bower:
That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin?
York. They are return'd my Lord, and give it out,
That he is march'd to Burdeaux with his power
To fight with Talbot as he march'd along.
With his epysals were discovered
Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led,
Which ioy'n'd with him, and made their march
(To Burdeaux)

Talbot. A plague uppon that Villaine Somerset,
That thus delays my promis'd suppy:
Of horsemens, that were leuell for this fiege.
Renowned Talbot, both expect my ayde,
And I am lounged by a Traitor Villaine,
And cannot helpe the noble Chevallier:
God comfort him in this necessitie.
If he miscarry, farewell Warres in France.

Enter another Messanger.
2d.Ms. Thou Princeely Leader of our English strenght,
Neuer fo needfull on the earth of France,
Sparre to the refuge of the Noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waftle of Iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To Burdeaux warlike Duke, to Burdeaux Yorkes,
Elsie farwell Talbot, France, and Englands honor.

God, that Somerset who in proud heart
Doth flop my Cornets, were in Talbot place,
So should wee faue a valiant Gentleman,
For forfeyting a Traitor, and a Coward:
Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes me wepe,
That thus we dye, while remisse Trafford sleepe.

Ms. O send some succour to the ditref Lord.
York. He dies, we looke: I brake my warlike word:
We mourn, France saries: We looke, they daily get,
All long of this vile Traitor Somerset.

Ms. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot foule,
And on his Sonne young John, who two houres since,
I met in trauaille toward his warlike Father;
This tenen yeeres did not Talbot see his fonne,
And now they meeke where both their lives are done.

Talbot. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his yong fonne welcome to his Graue:
Away, vexation almost floppes my breath:
That funded friends greete in the houre of death.
Lucie farewell, no more my fortune can,
But curse the caufe I cannot aye the man.
Maine, Blous, Poytiers, and Touris, are wonne away,
Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

Ms. Thus while the Vulture of sedition,
Feedes in the boosome of such great Commanders,
Sleeping negligence doth betray to loffe:
The Conquest of our scarce-cold Conqueror,
That ever-living man of Memorie,
Hentie the fift: Whiles they each other croffe,
Lues, Honours, Lands, and all, hurrie to loffe.

Enter Somerset with his Armie.

Som. It is too late, I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot,
Too rashly plotted. All our generall force,
Might with a fally of the very Towne
Be buckled with: the outer-daring Talbot
Hath full'd all his gloffe of former Honor
By this unbrewd full, desperate, wilde adventure:
Yorkes sent him on to fight, and dye in shame,
That Talbot dead, great Yorks might beare the name.

Cap. Here is Sir William Lucie, who with me
Set from our ore-matcht forces forth for aye:

Som. How now Sir William, whether were you fent?
Lu. Whether my Lord, from bought & sold L. Talbot,
Who ring'd about with bold audacie,
Cries out for noble Yorke and Somerset,
To beate affaying death from his weake Regions,
And whilst the honourable Captain there
Drops bloody swet from his warre-wearied limbs,
And in advantage lingering looks for refuge,
You his faile hope, the trut of Englands honor,
Keep off afoffe with worthlesse emulation:
Let not your private difcord Keep away the
The leuell fuccours that should lend him aye,
While he renowned Noble Gentleman
Yeeld vp his life into a world of odde.

Som. Yorkes sent him on, Yorke shoulde sent him aye.

Luc. And Yorke, as fay upon your Grace exclames,
Swearing that you with-hold his leued hoast,
Collected for this expidition.

Som. Yorke lyes: He might haue sent, & had the Horfe:
I owe him little Dutie, and leffe Loue,
And take foule scorn to fawe on him by fending.

Lu. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now intrapt the Noble-minded Talbot:
Neuer to England shall he bear his life,
But dies betrail to fortune by your fritre.

Som. Come go, I will dispatch the Horfemen ftrait:
Within fixe houres, they shall be at his aye.

Som. Too late comes rescue, he is tane or flaine,
For fye he could not, if he would have fied:
And fye would Talbot neuer though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu.

Lu. His Fame lies in the world. His Shame in you.

Exeunt.

Enter Talbot and his Sonne.

Talbot. O yong John Talbot, I did fend for thee
To tutor thee in fratagems of Warre,
That Talbots name might be in thee reuid'd,
When faireffe Age, and weake unble limbes
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire.
But O malignant and ill-boading Starres,
Now thou art come vnto a Feafe of death,
A terrible and vnauoyed danger:
Therefore deere Boy, mount on my swiftefft horfe,
And Ie drect thee how thou shalt escape
By foldaine flight. Come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your Sonne?
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

And shall I fuye? O, if you lose my Mother, Dishonor not her Honorable Name, To make a lade, and a Slave of me: The World will fay, he is not Talbots blood, That basely fle'd, when Noble Talbot fled. Talb. Flye, to reuenge my death, if I be flaine.

John. He that flyes fo, will ne're returne againe. Talb. If we both flay, we both are fure to dye. John. Then let me flay, and Father doe you fuye: Your losse is great, fo your regard should be; My worth vnknowne, no losse is knowne in me. Upon my death, the French can little boath; In yours they will, in you all hopes are loft. Flight cannot flayne the Honor you have wonne, But mine it will, that no Exploit haue done. You fled for Vantage, every one will sweare: But if I bow, they'll fay it was for feare.

There is no hope that euer I will flay, If the fift howre I shrinke and run away: Here on my knee I begge Mortalitie, Rather then Life, preferu'd with Infamie. Talb. Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tombe? John. I, rather then Ie flamme my Mothers Wombe. Talb. Vpon my Blessing I command thee goo. John. To fight I will, but not to fyle the Poe. Talb. Part of thy Father may be fou'd in thee. John. No part of him, but will be flamme in mee. Talb. Thou never hadft Renowne, nor canft not lose it. John. Yes, your renowned Name: shall flight abuse it? Talb. Thy Fathers charge shall cleare thee from f'flaine. John. You cannot witnesse for me, being flamne.

If Death be fo apparant, then both flay. Talb. And leave my followers here to fight and dye? My Age was never tainted with fuch flamme. John. And shall my Youth be guiltie of fuch blame? No more can I be feuered from your fide, Then can your felfe, your felfe in twaine diuidie: Stay, goe, doe what you will, the like doe I;

For Ie I will not, if my Father dye. Talb. Then here I take my leave of thee, faire Sonne, Borne to eclipse thy Life this afternoone: Come, fide by fide, together live and dye.

And Soule with Soule from France to Heauen fuye. Exit.

Alarum: Excursions, wherein Talbots Sonne is benn'd about, and Talbot rescues him.

Talb. Saint George, and Victorious fide Souliders, fide: The Regent hath with Talbot broke his word, And left vs to the rage of France his Sword. Where is John Talbot? powre, and take thy breath, I gauze thee Life, and refcu'd thee from Death. John. O twice my Father, twice am I thy Sonne: The Life thou gaue my fide, was loft and done, Till with thy Warlike Sword, defpight of Fate,

to my determin'd time thou gau't new date. Talb. When frot the Dolphins Creft thy Sword fluck fire, It warm'd thy Fathers heart with proud defire Of bold-fact's Victoire. Then Leaden Age, Quick'en'd with Youthfull Spleene, and Warlike Rage,

Beat downe Alanjon, Orleance, Burgrundie, And from the Pride of Gallia refcu'd thee. The irefull Baffard Orleance, that drew blood From thee my Boy, and had the Maidenhood Of thy fift flight, I fone encountered, And interchanging blowes, I quickly thed Some of his Baffard blood, and in disgrace Befpooke him thus: Contaminated, bafe, And mis-begotten blood, I flipp of thine, Meane and right poore, for that pure blood of mine, Which thou didft force from Talbot, my braue Boy.

Here purposing the Baffard to destroy, Came in strong rescue. Speake thy Fathers care: Art thou not wearie, John? How doft thou fare? Wilt thou yet leave the Battalle, Boy, and flye, Now thou art feel'd the Sonne of Chiualrie? Fyte, to reuenge my death when I am dead, The helpe of one stands me in little stead. Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot, To hazard all our limes in one small Battat. If I to day dye not with Frenchmens Rage, To morrow I shall dye with middke Age. By me they nothing gaine, and if I flay, 'Tis but the shortning of my Life one day,

In thee thy Mother dyes, our Households Name, My Deaths Reuenge, thy Youth, and Englands Fame: All thefe, and more, we hazard by thy flay; All thefe are fau'd, if thou wilt fuye away.

John. The Sword of Orleance hath not made me smart, These words of yours draw Life-blood from my Heart.

On that advantage, bought with fuch a flamne, To faue a paltry Life, and fay bright Fame,

Before young Talbot from old Talbot fyye, The Coward Horfe that bears me, fall and dye: And like me to the peftant Boys of France, To be Shames scorn, and subjec of Mifchance.

Surely, by all the Glorie you haue wonne, And if I fyye, I am not Talbots Sonne. Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot, If Sonne to Talbot, dye at Talbots foot.

Talb. Then follow thou thy desp'rate Syre of Creet, Thou Icarus, thy Life to me is feaw: If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers fide, And commendable proud, let's dye in pride. Exit.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter old Talbot led.

Talb. Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone. O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John? Triumpht Death, fmeard with Capiutie, Young Talbots Valour makes me flime at thee. When he perceiu'd me shrinke, and on my Knee, His bloody Sword he brandifht ouer mee, And like a hungry Lyon did commence Rough deeds of Rage, and ferne Impatience:

But when my angry Guardant foam alone, Tending my ruine, and affay'd of none, Dizzie-ey'd Furies, and great rage of Heart, Suddenly made him from my fide to fart Into the cluftring Battalle of the French: And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench His ouer-mounting Spirit; and there did'de My Icarus, my Blossome, in his pride.

Enter with John Talbot, borne.

Sera. O my deare Lord, loe where your Sonne is borne. Tal. Thou antique Death, which laugh't vs here to fcorr, Anon from thy infulting Tyrannie, Coupled in bonds of perpetuity, Two Talbots winged through the litter Skie, In thy despfight thall-cape Mortalitie.
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

O thou whose wounds become hard favoured death,  
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath,  
Brave death by speaking, whiter he will or no:  
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.  
Poorer Boy, be thinkes, as who should say,  
Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day,  
Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers arms,  
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.  
Souldiers adieu: I have what I would have,  
Now my old armes are yong John Talbot grave.  

Enter Charles, Alanfor, Bargundis, Baflard, and Pucel.

Char. Had Yorke and Somerset brought refuge in,  
We should have found a bloody day of this,  
Baff. How the yong whelpes of Talbots raging wood,  
Did flesh his punie-fword in Frenchmen blood.  
Puc. Once I encountered him, and thus I said:  
Thou Maiden youth, be vanquished by a Maide.  
But with a proud Maiefcall high iconc  
He anfwerd thus: Yong Talbot was not borne  
To be the pilage of a Giglot Wenche;  
So rushing in the bowls of the French,  
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.  
Bar. Doubtfle he would have made a noble Knight:  
See where he yses inherited in the armes  
Of the most bloody Nurtier of his harms.  
Baff. Hew them to peeces, hack their bones affunder,  
Whose life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder.  
Char. Oh no forbeare: For that which we haue fled  
During the life, let vs not wrong it dead.  
Enter Lucie.

Luc. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,  
To know who hath obtained the glory of the day.  
Char. On what submifive meifage art thou lent?  
Lucy. Submifion Dolphins? Tis a meere French word:  
We English Warriours wot not what it meanes,  
And to ferue the bodies of the dead:  
Char. For prifoners askt thou? Hell our prifon is.  
But tell me whom thou seckst?  
Luc. But where's the great Alcides of the field,  
Valiant Lord Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury?  
Created for his rare fieecife in Armes,  
Great Earl of Wifford, Waterford, and Valent,  
Lord Talbot of Godrig and Frichifeld,  
Lord Strange of Blackmore, Lord Verdon of Alton,  
Lord Cromwell of Wingeifeld, Lord Furnifual of Sheffield,  
The thrie victorious Lord of Falconbridge,  
Knight of the Noble Order of S. George,  
Worthy S. Michael, and the Golden Fleece,  
Great Marshal to Henry the fixt,  
Of all his Warres-within the Realme of France,  
Puc. Here's a filly flately filie indecde:  
The Turke that two and fixte Kingdomes hath,  
Writeth not to teledous a Stile as this.  
Him that thou magnifid with all these Titles,  
Stinking and fly-blowne eyes heere at our feete.  
Lucy. Is Talbot blaine, the Frenchmen only Scourge,  
Your Kingdomes terror, and blakc Nemesis?  
Oh were mine eye-balles into Bullets turn'd,  
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.  
Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,  
It were enough to fright the Realme of France.  
Were but his Figure left amongst you here,  
It would amaze the proudef of you all.  
Gie me their Bodys, that I may beare them hence,  
And gie them Burial, as befymes their worth.  
Pucel. I think this vpstart is old Talbots Ghost,  
He spaketh with such a proud commanding spirit:  
For Gods fake let him haue him, to keepe them here,  
They would but finde, and putrifie the ayre.  
Char. Go take their bodies hence.  
Lucy. Ie beare them hence:but from their ashes shall  
be reared  
A Phenis that shall make all France affer'd.  
Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what y will.  
And now to Paris in this conquering vaine,  
All will be ours, now bloody Talbots blaine.  

Exit.

Scena secunda.

Enter King, Gloceftet, and Exeter.

King. Haue you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,  
The Emperor, and the Earle of Arminack?  
Glo. I haue my Lord, and their intent is this,  
They humbly fume vnto your Excellence,  
To haue a godly peace concluded of,  
Between the Realmes of England, and of France.  
King. How doth your Grace affect their motion?  
Glo. Well (my good Lord) and as the only meanes  
To ftop effufion of our Christian blood,  
And stabifh quenfneffe on every fide,  
King. I marry Vnckle, for I alwaies thought  
It was both impious and vnnaatural,  
That fuch immeynity and bloody ftrife  
Should reigne among Profeffors of one Faith.  
Glo. Befide my Lord, the sooner to effect,  
And furer binde this knot of amitie,  
The Earle of Arminacke neere knit to Charlet, 
A man of great Authoritie in France,  
Proffers his only daughter to your Grace,  
In marriage, with a large and fumptuous Dowrie.  
King. Marriage Vnckle! Alas my yeares are yong:  
And fitter is my fudie, and my Bookes,  
Than wanton dilaince with a Parmour.  
Yet call th'Embaftadors, and as you please,  
So let them haue their answers every one:  
I shall be well content with any choyce  
Tends to Gods glory, and my Countries weale.  

Enter Winchefter, and three Ambaftadors.

Exet. What, is my Lord of Winchefter infall'd,  
And call'd vnto a Cardinalis degree?  
Then I perceiue, that will be verified  
Henry the Fift did fometime prophelie.  
If once he come to be a Cardinal,  
Hec'll make his cap conqul with the Crowne.  
King. My Lords Ambaftadors, your generall suites  
Haue bin confider'd and debated on,  
Your purpose is both good and reaona:  
And therefore are we certenly refolu'd,  
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,  
Which
Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alarun, Bigard, Reigner, and Jones.

Char. These news (my Lords) may cheere our drooping spirits;
'Tis said, the stout Parissians do revolt,
And turne againe vnto the warlike French.

Alar. Then march to Paris Royall Charles of France,
And keepe not backe your powers in dalliance.
Pucel. Peace be amongst them if they turne to vs,
Elfe ruine combate with their Palaces.

Enter Scout.

Scout. Succeffe vnto your valiant Generall,
And happinesse to his accomplies.


Scout. The English Army that diuided was
Into two partes, is now coniion'd in one,
And means to give you battell presently.

Char. Somewhat too fonde Sirs, the warning is,
But we will presently provoke them.

Burg. I trust the Ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone my Lord, you neede not feare.
Pucel. Of all base passions, Fear is most accurst.
Command the Conquest Charles, it shall be thine:
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate.

Exeunt. Alarum. Exeunt.}

Pucel. The Regent conqueres, and the Frenchmen flye.
Now helpe ye charming Spelles and Periapias,
And ye choise spirits that admonish me,
And glue me-signes of future accidents.

Thunder.
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes

Vnder the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Appeare, and syde me in this enterprize.

Enter Friens.

This speedy and quicke appearance argues prowe,
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are call'd
Out of the powerfull Regions vnder earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

They walkes, and speake not.

Oh hold me not with silence ouer-long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
Ie lop a member off, and glue it you,
In earneft of a further benefit:
So you do condiscend to helpe me now.

They hang their heads. My body shal
Pay recompence, if you will graunt my suite.

They flathe their heads.

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Intrete you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my foule; my body, foule, and all,
Before that England glue the French the foyle.

They depart.

See, they forfake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vse her losly plumed Crifl,
And let her head fall into Englands lappe.

My ancient Incantations are too weake,
And hell too stronge for me to bucklee with:
Now France, thy glory droopeth to the durt.

Excursions: Burgundie and York fight hand to hand. French flye.

York. Damfell of France, I thinke I have you fast,
Vnhinge your spirits now with spellings Charnes,
And try if they can gains your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the duels grace.
See how the ugly Witch doth bend her brows,
As if with Circe, she would change my shape.
Pucel. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be:

York. Oh, Charles the Dolphin is a proper man,
No shape but his can please your daunty eye.
Pucel. A plaguing mischeefe light on Charles, and thee,
And may ye both be sodainly surpriz'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds.

York. Fell banning Haggie, Inchantresse hold thy tongue.
Pucel. I prethee give me leave to curse awhile.

York. Curse Miscreant, when thou comst to the flake

Alarum. Enter Suffolk with Margaret in his bate.

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prifoner.

Oh Fairest Beautie, do not feare, nor flye:
For I will touch thee but with reverend hands,
I kliffe these fingers for eternall peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender fide.

York. Who art thou, say'st that I may honor thee.

Suff. Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a King,
The King of Naples, who fo ere thou art.

York. Suff. An Earle I am, and Suffolkc am I call'd.
Be not offended Natures myracle,
Thou art alotted to be tane by me:
So doth the Swan her downie Signets faue,
Keeping them prisoner vnderneath his wings:
Yet if this serule vigae once offend
Go, and be free againe, as Suffolkes friend.
She is going

Oh say: I have no power to let her passe,
My hand would free her, but my heart stays no,
As playes the Sunne vpon the glasse fireames,
Twinkling another counterfettened beame,
So feedes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Faine would I woe her, yet I dare not speake;
Ile call for Pen and Ink, and write my mindes:
Fye De la Pole, ditable not thy felis:
Haft not a Tongue? Is the not here?
Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans fight?
I: Beauties Princely Maiesty is fuch,
‘Confounds the tongue, and makes the fennes rough.

Mar. Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be so,
What ranomust I pay before I passe?
For I perceive I am thy prisioner.

Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suite,
Before thou make a trial of her loue?

M. Why speakest thou not? What ranomust I pay?

Suf. She is beautifull; and therefore to be Woonde:
She is a Woman; therefore to be Wonnne.

eMar. Wilt thou accept of ranomest, yea or no?

Suf. Fond man, remember that thou haft a wife,
Then how can Margaret be thy Paramour?

Mar. I were best to leaue him, for he will not here.

Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooing card.

Mar. He talkes at randon: here the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a difpenfation may bee had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would anwer me:

Suf. Ile win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
Why for my King: Tuth, that's a woodden thing.

Mar. He talkes of wood: It is some Carpenter.

Suf. Yet to my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace be confident betweene these Realmes.
But there remains a scruple in that too:
For though her Father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Aniow and eMyane, yet is he poore,
And our Nobility will come the match.

Mar. Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at leyfure?

Suf. It shall be so, dideaine they ne're so much:
Henry is youthfull, and will quickly yeeld.

Madam, I have a secre't to reueale.

Mar. What though I be in thrall'd, he seames a knight
And will not any way diffent me.

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to litter what I say,
Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French,
And then I need not curse his curtesie.

Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a caufe.

Mar. Tuth, women haue bene captituate ere now.

Suf. Lady, wherefore talke you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but quid for quod.

Suf. Say gentle Princeffe, would you not toppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?

Mar. To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a flue, in base feruility:
For Princes should be free.

Suf. And so shal you,
If happy Englands Royall King be free.

Mar. Why what concerns his freedom vnto me?

Suf. Ie vndertake to make thee Henrius Quene,
To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,
And fet a precious Crowne vpon thy head,
If thou wilt condiscend to be my—

Mar. What?
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

But Madame, I must trouble you againe,
No louing Token to his Maiestie?

| Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure vnspotted heart, Neuer yet taint with louse, I fend the King. |
| Suf. And this withall. Kiffe ber. |
| Mar. That for thy selfe, I will not so preume, To fend fuch peeciff tokens to a King. |
| Suf. Oh wert thou for my selfe: but Suffixe stay, Thou mayest not wander in that Labyrinth, There Minotaurs and vgy Trefans lurke, Solicite Henry with her wonderou trafe. |

Bethinke thee on her Vertues that furnmount, Mad natural Graces that extinguih Art, Repeat their semblance often on the Seas, That when thou com't to kneele at Henries feete, Thou mayest berae him of his wits with wonder. Exit Enter York. Warwicke. Shephard. Pucell.

Top. Bring forth that Sorceresse condem'd to burne. Slep. Ah Ione, this kils thy Fathers heart out-right, Have I fought every Country farre and neere, And now it is my chance to finde thee out, Muf't I behold thy timeelesse cruell death? Ah Ione, sweet daughter Ione, BLEED with thee. Pucell. Decretit Milfer, false ignoble Wretch, I am descended of a gentler blood, Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine. Slep. Out, out: My Lords, and please you, 'tis not so I did beget her, all the Parifh knowes: Her Mother liueth yet, can testify She was the first fruite of my Bachler-ship. War. Gracelesse, wilt thou deny thy Parentage? York. This argues what her kindes of life hath beene, Wicked and vile, and fo her death concludes. Slep. Eye Ione, that thou wilt be fo obstacul'd, God knowes, thou art a collop of my flesh, And for thy sake have I shed many a teare. Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle Ione. No hope, I am enclosed, Pucell. Pezan aun. You have subordon this man. Of purpose, to obturce my Noble birth. I protest Ione. Ione. Slep. 'Tis true, I gave a Noble to the Priest, now Ione. The morne that I was wedded to her mother, Ione. Kneele downe and take my bleeding, good my Gylre. If Wilt thou not roope? Now curbed be the time. Of thy natuife: I would the Milke be thy Axe. Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'd her breefe, I gave a little Rats-bane for thy fake, Ione. Or else, when thou didst keep my Lambs and sheepe, I with some ravenous Wolfe had eaten thee. Doest thou deny thy Father, cursed Drab? Ione. O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good, Slep. To fill the world with vicious qualities. To. Take her away, for she hath seed too long, Slep. To fill the world with vicious qualities. Puc.First let me tell you whom you have condem'd. Not me, begotten of a Shephard-Swaime, But issued from the Progeny of Kings, Vertuous and Holy, chosen from above, By inspiration of Celestiall Graces, To worke exceeding miracles on earth, I never had to do with wicked Spirits. But you that are polluted with your lustes, Stain'd with the guiltifte blood of Innocents, Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices. Because you want the grace that others have, You judge it straight a thing impossible To compass Wonders, but by helpe of ducats. No mifconceyued, Ione of Air hath beene A Virgin from her tender infancie, Chaste, and immaculate in very thought, Whofe Maiden-blood thus rigorously effus'd, Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heauen. York. I will away with her to execution. War. And hearde ye first: because she is a Maide, Spare for no Faggots, let there be now: Place barreles of pitch upon the faltall flake, That fo her tortute may be shortened. Puc. Will nothing turne your varenetting hearts? Then Ione difcount thine infirmity, That warran'thet by Law, to be thy prillud. I am with childe ye bloody Homicides: Murther not then the Fruite within my Wombe, Although ye hale me to a violent death. Top. Now heauen forfend, the holy Maid with child? War. The greatest miracle that ere ye wrought. Is all your thrist precifienees come to this? Top. She and the Dolphin haue bin iugling, I did imagine what would be her refuge. War. Well go too, we'll have no Baffards liue, Especially since Charles must Father it. Puc. You are deceived, my child is none of his, It was Alonfon that ipsit my love. Top. Alonfon that notorious Maccheule? It dyes, and if it had a thousand liues. Puc. Oh give me leave, I have deluded you, 'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the Duke I nam'd, But Reinger King of Naples that preuay'd. War. A married man, that's most intollerable. Top. Why here's a Gyrle: I think she knowes not wel (There were so many) whom the may accuse. War. It's signe she haue beene liberall and free. Top. And yet forsooth she is a Virgin pure. Strumpet, thy words condemne thy Brat, and thee. Vfe no intreaty, for it is in vaine. Puc. Then lead me: hencet with whom I leave my curfe. May never glorious Sunne reflex his beams Upon the Country where you make abode: But darknesse, and the gloomy shade of death Inuiron you, till Mischiefe and Dispaire, Driue you to break your necks, or hang your felues.Exit Enter Cardinall.

York. Break: thou in pieces, and consume to ashes, Thou fowle accursed minister of Hell. Car. Lord Regent: I do greate your Excellence With Letters of Commiffion from the King. For know my Lords, the States of Christendome, Mon'd with remorie of these out-ragious broyles, Have earneftly implored a general peace, But the Prince of our Nation, and the aspiering French; And heere at hand, the Dolphin and his Traine Approacheth, to conferre about some matter. York. Is all our trauell turn'd to this effect, After the slaughter of so many Peeres, So many Captains, Gentlemen, and Soldiers, That in this quarre I have beene ouerthrown, And fold their bodies for their Countries benefit, Shall we at last conclude eftiminate peace? Have we not lost moft part of all the Townes, By Treafon, Falhhood, and by Treacherie, Our great Progenitors had conqured: Oh Warwicke, Warwicke, I forefee with greefe The ytter loffe of all the Realme of France. War. Be patient Yorke, if we conclude a Peace
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

It shall be with such strict and severe Covenants, 
As little shall the Frenchmen gaine thereby. 

Enter Charles, Alarcon, Baffard, Reignier. 

Char. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed, 
That peacfull truce shall be proclain'd in France, 
We come to be informed by your felues, 
What the conditions of that league must be. 

Tor. Speake Wincheffer, for boying choller chokes 
The hollow passage of my poyson'd voyce, 
By fight of these our bilefull enemies. 
Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus: 
That in regard King Henry giues content, 
Of meere compaffion, and of lenity, 
To eafe your Countrie of distrefsefull Warre, 
And suffer you to breath in fruitfull peace, 
You shall become true Liegeemen to his Crowne. 

And Charles, upon condition thou wilt wære 
To pay him tribute, and submit thy selfe, 
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy vnder him, 
And still enjoy thy Regall dignity. 

Alan. Must he be then as shadow of himselfe? 
Adorne his Temples with a Coronet, 
And yet in subinance and authority, 
Retaine but privilidge of a private man? 
This proper is absurd, and reasonleffe. 

Char. 'Tis knowne already that I am poifef 
With more then halfe the Gallian Territories, 
And therein reuerenc'd for their lawfull King. 
Shall I for lucre of the ret vnnanquifht, 
Detraçt so much from that prerogatuiue, 
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole? 
No Lord Ambaffador, lie rather keepe 
That which I haue, an enow of more 
Be caft from possibillty of all. 

Torke. Infulting Charles, haft thou by secret meanes 
Vs'd interceffion to obtaine a league, 
And now the matter growes to comprenzie. 
Stand'th thou aoofe upon Comparifon. 
Either accept the Title thou vpr'th, 
Of benefit proceeding from our King, 
And not of any challenge of Deferit, 
Or we will plague thee with incessant Warres. 

Reignier. My Lord, you do not well in obstinacy, 
To caull in the course of this Contract: 
If once it be negleçted, ten to one 
We shall not finde like opportunity. 

Alan. To say the truth, it is your policie, 
To faue your Subiects from such misrake 
And ruthleffe slauthers as are dayly seen 
By our proceeding in Hotilitie, 
And therefore take this compaçt of a Truce, 
Although you brake it, when your pleasur seues. 

War. How say'st thou Charles? 
Shall our Condition stand? 

Char. It shall: 
Onely refer'd, you claine no interest 
In any of our Townes of Garrifon. 

Tor. Then wære Allegiance to his Majefthy, 
As thou art Knight, neuer to difobey, 
Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England, 
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England. 
So, now dismiffie your Army when ye pleafe: 
Hang vp your Ensignes, let your Drummes be still, 
For here we entertaine a folemn peace. 

Actus Quintus. 

Enter Suffolk in conference with the King, 
Gloucefter, and Exeter. 

King. Your wondrous rare description (noble Earle) 
Of beautefous Margaret hath astonifh'd me: 
Her vertues grace'd with externall gifts, 
Do breed Loues fettled passions in my heart, 
And like as rigour of temperfuous guifes 
Prouokes the mightieft Hulke againft the tide, 
So am I driven by breath of her Renowne, 
Either to suffer Shipwracke, or arriue 
Where I may have fruition of her Loue. 

Suf. Tush my good Lord, this superficial tale, 
Is but a preface of her worthy praffe: 
The cheefe perfections of that louely Dame, 
(Have I sufficient skill to vter them.) 
Would make a volume of inicding lines, 
Able to rauifh any dull conceit. 
And which is more, she is not fo Diuine, 
So full replcate with choice of all delights, 
But with as humble lowlineffe of minde, 
She is content to be at your command: 
Command I meane, of Vertuous chriftie intents, 
To Loue, and Honor Henry as her Lord. 

King. And otherwife, will Henry ne're preffume: 
Therefore my Lord Protector, giue content, 
That Marg'ret may be Englands Royall Queene. 

Glo. So should I giue confent to fatter finne, 
You know (my Lord) your Highnesse is betroath'd 
Vnto another Lady of effeeme, 
How shall we then difpenfe with that contract, 
And not deface your Honor with reproach? 

Suf. As doth a Ruler with vnlawfull Oathes, 
Or one that at a Triumph, hauing vow'd 
To try his strength, forfaketh yet the Lites 
By reafon of his Aduerfaries oddes. 
A poore Earles daughter is vnequall oddes, 
And therefore may be broke without offence. 

Gloucefter. Why what (I pray) is Margaret more then that? 
Her Father is no better than an Earle, 
Although in glorious Titles he excell. 
Suf. Yes my Lord, her Father is a King, 
The King of Naples, and Jerufalem, 
And of such great Authoritie in France, 
As his alliance will confirme our peace, 
And keepe the Frenchmen in Allegence. 

Glo. And so the Earl of Arminacke may doe, 
Becaufe he is neere Kinsman vnto Charles. 

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower, 
Where Reignier sooner will receyue, than giue. 

Suf. A Dowre my Lords? Disgrace not fo your King, 
That he should be fo abled, fable, and poore, 
To choofe for wealth, and not for perfec Loue. 

Henry is able to enrich his Queene, 
And not to feke a Queene to make him rich, 
So worthleffe Pezants bargain for their Wines, 
As Market men for Oxen, Sheepes, or Horfe. 
Marriage is a matter of more worth, 
Then to be deeld in by Atturney-ship: 
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,

Must
Muft be companion of his Nuptiall bed,
And therefore Lords, fince he affects her moft,
Moft of all these reasons bindeth vs,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlocke forced but a Hell,
An Age of discord and continuall strife,
Whereas the contrarie bringeth bliffe,
And is a patterne of Celestiall peace.
Whom should we match with Henry being a King,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a King:
Her peerless feature, loyed with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant courage, and undaunted fpirit,
(More then in women commonly is feene)
Will anfwer our hope in iflue of a King.
For Henry, fonne unto a Conqueror,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
If with a Lady of fo high refolue,
(As is faire Margaret) he be link'd in loue.
Then yeild my Lords, and heere conclude with mee,
That Margaret fhall be Queene, and none but shee.
King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My Noble Lord of Suffolk : Or for that
My tender youth was neuer yet attain'd
With any paflion of inflaming loue,
I cannot tell: but this I am affur'd,
I feele such sharpe diftention in my breath,
Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Feare,
As I am ficke with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore shipping, pole my Lord to France,
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That Lady Margaret do vouchefafe to come
To croffe the Seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henrys faithfull and appointed Queene.
For your expences and fufficient charge,
Among the people gather vp a tenth.
Be gone I fay, for till you do returne,
I reft perplexed with a thoufand Cares.
And you (good Vnckle) banifh all offence:
If you do cenfure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excufe
This fuddaine execution of my will.
And fo conduct me, where from company,
I may revolue and ruminate my greefe.
Exit. Glo. I greefe I feare me, both at firft and laft.
Exit GloceBer.
Suf. Thus Suffolk hath pr euail'd, and thus he goes
As did the youthfull Paris once to Greece,
With hope to finde the like euent in loue,
But proffper better than the Trojan did :
Margaret fhall now be Queene: and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and Realme.
Exit

FINIS.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Good Duke

H V M F R E Y.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Glo. Read. Inprimis, It is agreed betwixt the French K. Charles, and William de la Pole Marquess of Suffolk, Ambassador for Henry King of England, That the said Henry shal espousse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem, and Crowne her Queene of England, eke the thirtieth of May next ensuing.

Item, That the Ductcy of Anjou, and the County of Main, shall be releas'd and delivered to the King her father.

King. Vnkle, how now? Glo. Pardon me gracious Lord, Some fodeine quame hath strucke me at the heart, And dim'd mine eyes, that I can reade no further.

King. Vnkle of Winchefter, I pray read on.

Win. Item, It is further agreed betwixt them, That the Ducts of Anjou and Maine, shall be released and delivered over to the King her father, and free from either of the Kings of Englands owne proper Cost and Charges, without baying any Dowry.

King. They please vs well. Lord Marques kneel down, We heere create thee the first Duke of Suffolk, And girt thee with the Sword. clown of Yorke, We heere discharge your Grace from being Regent I'th parts of France, till terme of eightene moneths Be full expyr'd. Thanks Vnkle Winchefter, Gloster, Yorke, Buckingham, Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwicke. We thank you all for this great favoure done, In entertainment to my Princely Queene. Come, let vs in, and with all speede prouide To see her Coronation be perform'd.

Exit King, Queene, and Suffolk.

Manet the ref. Glo. Brawe Peeres of England, Pillars of the State, To you Duke Humfreys must vnoade his greefe: Your greafe, the common greafe of all the Land. What did my brother Henry spend his youth, His valour, coin, and people in the warres? Did he so often lodge in open field: In Winters cold, and Summers parching heat, To conquer France, his true inheritance? And did my brother Bedford toyle his wits,
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

To keepe by policy what Henrie got:
Haue you your felues, Somerfet, Buckingham,
Braise Yorkes, Salisbury, and victorous Warwick,
Receiued deepes scarres in France and Normandie:
Or hath mine Vnkle Beaaford, and my felfe,
With all the Learned Counfel of the Realme,
Studied fo long, fat in the Counsell house,
Early and late, debating too and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And hath his Highnesse in his infanct,
Crowned in Paris in delight of foes,
And shall these Labours, and these Honours dye?
Shall Henries Conqueff, Bedford's vigilance,
Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Counfell dye?
O Peeres of England, shamefull is this League,
Fatal this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
Blotting your names from Bookes of memory,
Racing the Charracters of your Renowne,
Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France,
Vndoing all as all had never bin.
Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
This prerogation with such circumstance:
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keepe it still.
Glb. I Vnkle, we will keepe it, if we can:
But nowe let us impend the Impediments,
Suffolke, the newe made Duke that rules the roff,
Hath gien the Dutchy of Anjou and Mayne,
Vnto the poore King Reigrier, whose large fyle
Agrees not with the leannes of his purfe.
Sal. Now by the death of him that dyed for all,
These Counties were the Keyes of Normandie:
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant fonne?
War. For greefe that they are paff pocrerie.
For were there hope to conquer them againe,
My fword fhou'd fhed hot blood, mine eyes no teares.
Anjou and Maine? My felle did win them both:
Those Provinces, thefe Armes of mine did conquer,
And are the Cities that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd vp againe with peacefull words?
Mort Dieu.
York. For Suffolkes Duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the Honor of this Warlike Ile:
France fhou'd haue torne and rent my very hart,
Before I would haue yeelded to this League.
I never read but Englands Kings haue had
Large fummes of Gold, and Dowries with their wifes,
And our King Henry gies away his owne,
To match with her that brings no vantages.
Hum. A proper felfe, and never heard before,
That Suffolke fhou'd demand a whole Fifteenth,
For Cofts and Charges in transporting her:
She fhou'd have faid in France, and fter'd in France
Before——
Car. My Lord of Glofter, now ye grow too hot,
It was the pleafure of my Lord the King.
Hum. My Lord of Wincheffer I know your minde.
'Tis not my fpeeches that you do mislike:
But 'tis my prefence that doth trouble ye,
Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face
I fee thy furie: If I longer stay,
We hall begin our ancient bickerings:
Lordinges farewell, and fay when I am gone,
I prophefed, France will be loft ere long. Exit Humfrey.
Car. So, there goes our Prince in a rage:
'Tis knowne to you he is mine enemy:
Nay more, an enemy vnto you all,
And no great friend, I fearne to me the King;
Consider Lords, he is the next of blood
And heere apparent to the English Crowne:
Had Henrie got an Empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the Weft,
There's reafon he fhould be diuiples'd at it:
Looke to it Lords, let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts, be wife and circumspect.
What though the common people faueur him,
Calling him, Humfrey the good Duke of Glofter,
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce,
Let maintain your Royall Excellence,
With God preferue the good Duke Humfrey:
I fearne me Lords, for all this flattering gloffe,
He will be found a dangerous Protecor.
Buc. Why should he then protecor our Soueraigne?
He being of age to gouerne of himfelfe.
Cofin of Somerfet, ioyne you with me,
And altogether with the Duke of Suffolke,
We'll quickly hoyle Duke Humfrey from his feat.
Car. This weighty buinesse will not brooke delay,
Ile to the Duke of Suffolke prefently. Exit Cardinall.
Som. Cofin of Buckingham, though Humfries pride
And greatnesse of his place be greefe to vs,
Yet let vs watch the haughty Cardinal,
His inoffence is more intollerable
Then all the Princes in the Land befide,
If Glofter be displeac'd, he'll be Protecor.
Buc. Or thou, or I Somerfet will be Protecors,
Defpite Duke Humfrey, or the Cardinall.
Exit Buckingham, and Somerfet.
Sal. Pride went before, Ambition follows him.
While thefe do labour for their owne preerment,
Behoues it vs to labor for the Realme.
I neuer faw but Humfrey Duke of Glofter,
Did beare him like a Noble Gentleman:
Oft haue I fene the haughty Cardinall,
More like a Souldier then a man o'th Church,
As ftoct and proud as he were Lord of all,
Sware like a Ruffian, and demeane himfelfe
Unlike the Ruler of a Common-wexe.
Warwicke my fonne, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainnesse, and thy houfe-keeping,
Hath wonne the greateft favour of the Commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humfrey,
And Brother Yorke, thy Acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to ceall Discipline:
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert Regent for our Soueraigne,
Hauce made thee fear'd and honor'd of the people,
Ioyne we together for the publicke good,
In what we can, to bridge and fuppreffe
The pride of Suffolke, and the Cardinall,
With Somerfets and Buckinghames Ambition,
And as we may, cherife Duke Humfries deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the Land.
War. So God helpe Warwicke, as he loues the Land,
And common profit of his Country.
Tor. And fo fays Yorke,
For he hath greateft caufe.
Salisbury. Then lets make haft away,
And looke vnto the maine.
Warwicke. Vnto the maines?
Oh Father, Maine is loft,
That Maine, which by maine force Warwicke did winne,
And would have kept, so long as breath did laft:
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Main-chance father you meant, but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be flaine.
York, Aniou and Maine are given to the French,
Paris is loth, the Rate of Normandie
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolke concluded on the Articles,
The Peeres agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd,
To change two Dukedomes for a Dukes faire daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine they glue away, and not their owne.
Pirates may make cheaper penworthys of their pillage,
And purchase Friends, and glue to Curtezans,
Still revelling like Lords till all be gone,
While as the silly Owner of the good
Weepes over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloofe,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to sterue, and dare not touch his owne.
So Yorke mufit fit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his owne Lands are bargain'd for, and fold:
Me thinks the Realmes of England, France, & Ireland,
Beare that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althea burnt,
Vnto the Princes heart of Cadelan :
Aniou and Maine both gien unto the French?
Cold newes for me: for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertile Englands folle.
A day will come, when Yorke shall claim his owne,
And therefore I will take the Nevils parts,
And make a shew of love to proud Duke Humfrey,
And when I spie advantage, claim the Crowne,
For that's the Golden marke I fecke to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancater vrurpe my right,
Nor hold the Scepter in his childlith Fitt,
Nor weare the Diadem vpon his head,
Whole Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne.
Then Yorke be full a-while, till time do serue:
Watch thou, and wake when euer be aleape,
To prie into the secrets of the State,
Till Henrie surfetting in joyes of love,
With his new Bride, & Englands deere bought Queen,
And Humfrey with the Peeres be false at iarres:
Then will I raise aloft the Milke-white-Rofe,
With whose sweet smell the Ayre shall be perfum'd,
And in my Standard bear the Armes of Yorke,
To grapple with the house of Lancater,
And force perfirce Ile make him yield the Crowne,
Whole bookish Rule, hath pull'd faire England downe.

Enter Duke Humfry and his wife Elianor.
Eli. Why droopes my Lord like ouer-rifen'd Corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load?
Why doth the Great Duke Humfrey knitt his browes,
As frowning at the Favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fixt to the fullen earth,
Gazing on that which feemes to dimme thy sight?
What feeth thou there? King Henries Diadem,
Inchaed with all the Honors of the world?
If fo, Gaze on, and grousell on thy face,
Vntil thy head be circl'd with the same,
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold.
What, is't too short? Ie lengthen it with mine,
And hauing both together head'it vp,
WEE'II both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our fight fo low,
That shall make answere to such Questions,
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

Elianor. It is enough, Ile thinke upon the Questions:
When from Saint Albones we doe make returne,
Woe wee see these things effected to the full.
Here Hume, take this reward, make merry man
With thy Confederates in this weightie caufe.

Exit Elianor.

Hume. Hume must make merry with the Ducheffe Gold:
Marry and shall : but how now, Sir John Hume ?
Seale vp your Lips, and glue no words but Mum,
The businesse asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Elianor gives Gold, to bring the Witch :
Gold cannot come amisse, were it a Deuil.
Yet haue I Gold flies from another Coaft :
I dare not say, from the rich Cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolke;
Yet I doe finde it so : for to be plaine,
They (knowing Dame Elianors aspiring humor)
Have hyred me to vnder-mine the Ducheffe,
And buzzie thefe Coniurations in her brayne.
They say, A cractfie Knaue doo's need no Broker,
Yet am I Suffolke and the Cardinalls Broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall goe neere
To call them both a payre of cractfie Knaues.
Well, fo it standes: and thus I feeare at laft,
Humes Knauerie will be the Ducheffe Wracke,
And her Attainture, will be Humphreys fall :
Sort how it will, I shall haue Gold for all.

Exit.

Enter three or four Petitioners, the Armorers.

"Man being one."

1. Pet. My Matters, let's stand close, my Lord Protecor will come this way by and by, and then wee may deliver our Supplications in the Quill.

2. Pet. Marry the Lord protect him, for hee's a good man, Iefu bleffe him.

Enter Suffolke, and Queene.

Peter. Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queene with him: Ile be the first fure.

2. Pet. Come backe foole, this is the Duke of Suffolke, and not my Lord Protecor.

Suff. How now fellow, would't any thing with me?


Queene. To my Lord Protecor? Are your Supplications to his Lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

1. Pet. Mine is, and't pleaze your Grace, against John Goodman, my Lord Cardinals Man, for keeping my Houte, and Lands, and Wife, and all, from me.

Suff. Thy Wife too? that's some Wrong indeede.
What's yours? What's here? Against the Duke of Suffolke, for enclosing the Commons of Melforde. How now, Sir Knaue?

2. Pet. Alas Sir, I am but a poore Petitioner of our whole Township.

Peter. Against my Matter Thomas Horner, for saying, That the Duke of Yorke was rightfull Heire to the Crowne.

Queene. What say't thou? Did the Duke of Yorke say, hee was rightfull Heire to the Crowne?

Peter. That my Miftresse was? No forsooth: my Matter said, that he was, and that the King was an Vfurper.

Suff. Who is there?

Enter Servant.

Take this fellow in, and fend for his Master with a Purfent presently: we'll hear more of your matter before the King.

Exit.

Queene. And as for you that love to be protected
Under the Wings of our Protecors Grace,
Begin your Sutes anew, and fue to him.

Tears the Supplication.

Away, base Cullions: Suffolke let them goe.

All. Come, let's be gone.

Queene. My Lord of Suffolke, say, is this the guile?

Is this the Fanions in the Court of England?

Is this the Government of Britaines Ile?

And this the Royalty of Albions King?

What, shall King Henry be a Pupill still,
Under the furlhy Glafters Gourmandence?

Am I a Queene in Title and in Stile,
And muft be made a Subiect to a Duke?

I tell thee Poole, when in the Citie Tours
Thou ran't a tilt in honor of my Loue,
And flo't away the Ladies hearts of France;

I thought King Henry had refembrled thee,
In Courage, Courtship, and Proportion:

But all his minde is bent to Holinfie,
To number Anes-Maries on his Beades:
His Champions, are the Prophets and Apoftles,
His Weapons, holy Saves of sacred Writ,
His Studie is his Tilt-yard, and his Loues
Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints.

I would the Colledge of the Cardinalls
Would chufe him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
And fet the Triple Crowne upon his Head;

That were a State fit for his Holinfie.

Suff. Madame be patient: as I was caufe
Your Highneffe came to England, fo will I

In England worke your Grace full content.

Queene. Behide the haughter Protecor, haue we Beauford
The imperious Churchman; Surrey, Buckingham,
And grumbling Yorks: and not the least of these,
But can doe more in England then the King.

Suff. And he of these, that can doe moft of all,
Cannot doe more in England then the Nefff:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple Peeres.

Queene. Not all these Lords do vex me halfe so much,
As that proud Dame, the Lord Protectors Wife:
She sweeps it through the Court with troupes of Ladies,
More like an Emprefle, then Duke Humphreys Wife:
Strangers in Court, doe take her for the Queene:
She bears a Dukses Reuencews on her backe,
And in her heart she scornes our Poordefi:
Shall I not liue to be aung'd on her?

Contemptuous base-born Callot as she is,
She vaunted 'mongft her Minions t'other day,
The very trayne of her worst wearing Gowne,
Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands,
Till Suffolke gave two Dukeftomes for his Daughter.

Suff. Madame, my fels haue lym'd a Bufti for her,
And plaet a Quier of fuch enticing Birds,
That she will light to listen to the Layes,
And neuer mount to trouble you againe.

So let her red-: and Maffe lifh to me,
For I am bold to counfaile you in this;
Although we fancie not the Cardinall,
Yet muft we loyne with him and with the Lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphre in disgrace.
Enter Humfrey.

Humph. Now Lords, my Choller being ouer-blowne, With walking once about the Quadrangle, I come to tale of Common-wealth Affayres. As for your spightfull falsie Objections, Pruee them, and I lyee open to the Law. But God in meche fo deal with my Soule, As I in dutie love my King and Courtey. But to the matter that we haue in hand: I say, my Souraigne, York is meetest man To be your Regent in the Realme of France.

Suff. Before we make election, give me leave To shew some reason, of no little force, That York is most vnmeet of any man. 
York. He tell thee, Suffolk, why I am vnmeet. Firft, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride: Next, if I be appointed for the Place, My Lord of Somerset will keepe me here, Without Difcharge, Money, or Furniture, Till France be worne into the Dolphins hands: Last time I danc't attendance on his will, Till Paris was befieg'd, famift, and loft, Warw. That can I winffe, and a fouler faft Did neuer Traytor in the Land commit. Suff. Peace head-strong Warwicke. Warw. Image of Pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Armorer and his Man.

Suff. Because here is a man accused of Trefon, Pray God the Duke of Yorke excufe himfelfe. 
Yorke. Dooth any one accuse York for a Traytor? King. What mean'lt thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are thefe? 
Suff. Please it your Maleifie, this is the man That doth accuse his Master of High Trefon; His words were thefe: That Richard, Duke of Yorke, Was rightfull Heire vnto the English Crowne, And that your Maleifie was an Vfurper. 
King. Say man, were thefe thy words?
Armorer. And'lt shal please your Maleifie, I neuer fayd nor thought any fuch matter: God is my winffe, I am falfely accus'd by the Vllaine. 
Peter. By thefe tenne bones, my Lord, hee did speake them to me in the Garret one Night, as wee were floowing my Lord of Yorke's Armor. 
Yorke. Bafe Dunghill Villaine, and Mechankall, I haue thy Head for this thy Traytours speeche: I doe befeech your Royall Maleifie, Let him haue all the rigor of the Law. 
Armorer. Alas, my Lord, hang me if euere I spake the words: my accuer is my Prentice, and when I did correet him for his fault the other day, he did vow vpon his knees he would be euens with me: I haue good winffe of this; therefore I befeech your Maleifie, doe not caft away an honest man for a Villaines accutation. 
King. Vnuckle, what shall we say to this in law? 
Humph. This doome, my Lord, if I may judge: Let Somerset be Regent o're the French, Because in Yorke this breedes fuspiotion; And let these haue a day appointed them For single Combat, in convenient place, For he hath winffe of his feruantes malice: 
This is the Law, and this Duke Humfreyes doome.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

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<th>Act</th>
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<tr>
<td>Som.</td>
<td>I humbly thanke your Royall Maieftie.</td>
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<td>Art.</td>
<td>And I acceopt the Combat willingly.</td>
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<td>Peter.</td>
<td>Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for Gods sake, pitty my cafe: the spight of man preauleth against me. O Lord have mercy vpon me, I shal never be able to fight a blow: O Lord my heart.</td>
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<td>Hum.</td>
<td>Sirrh, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.</td>
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<tr>
<td>King.</td>
<td>Away with them to Prilon: and the day of Combat, shall be the last of the next moneth. Come Somerjefte, wele fee thee sent away.</td>
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Enter the Wittb, the two Priest, and Bullingebrookes.

Hume. Come my Masters, the Duchefle I tell you expect performance of your promises. 'Bulling. Master Hume, we are therefore prouided: will her Ladyship behold and heare our Exorclimes? Hume. I, what else? feare you not your courage. 'Bulling. I have heard her reported to be a Woman of an inuincible spirit: but it shall be conuenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while wee be busie below; and fo I pray you goe in Gods Name, and leave us. Exit Hume.

Mother Jordan, be you prostrate, and grouell on the Earth; John Southwvll read you, and let vs to our worke.

Enter Elianor aloft.

Elianor. Well said my Masters, and welcome all: To this geere, the sooner the better. Bullin. Patience, good Lady, Wizzards know their times: Deepe Night, darke Night, the silent of the Night, The time of Night when Troy was set on fire, The time when Screech-owles cry, and Bandogs howle, And, Spirits walke, and Ghofts breake vp their Graues; That time beft fits the worke we have in hand. Madame, fit you, and feare not: whom wee rayle, Wee will make faft within a hallow'd Verge.

Here doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle, Bullingbrookes or Southwvll read, Conuor te, &c. It Thunders and Lightens terribly: then the Spirit rifeth.

Spirit. Ad summ. Witcb. Ajmatb, by the eternall God, Whose name and power thou tremblest at, Anfwere that I shall aske: for till thou speake, Thou shalt not paife from hence. Spirit. Aske what thou wilt; that I had faidy, and done.


Thunder and Lightning. Exit Spirit.

Enter the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard, and break in.

Yorke. Lay hands vpon thefe Traytors, and their tras: Beldam I thinke we watcht you at an ych, What Madame, are you there? the King & Commonweale Are deeply indebet for this peece of paines; My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not, See you well gueardon for these good deferts. Elianor. Not halfe fo bad as thine to Englands King, Injurious Duke, that threatteit where's no caufe. Buck. True Dame, none at allis what call you this? Away with them, let them be claat vp clofe, And kept afrander: you Madame shall with vs. Stafford take her to thee. Wele see your Trinkets here all forth-conning, All away. Exit. Yorke. Lord Buckingham, me thinks you watcht her well: A pretty Plot, well chofen to build vpon, Now pray my Lord, let's fee the Deuits Writ. What haue we here? Reades. The Duke yet liues, that Henry shall depoſe: But him out-liue, and dye a violent death. Why this is luft, Als Esaida Romanos vincere poſfe, Well, to the ref: Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke? By Water shall be dyke, and take his end. What shall betide the Duke of Somerfet? Let him donee Cables, Safer flall be vpon the fandie Plaines, Then where Cables mounted fland, Come, come, my Lords, These Oracles are hardly attain'd, And hardly vnderfood. The King is now in progreffe towards Saint Albons, With him, the Husband of this lowely Lady: Thither goes these News, As far as Horfe can carry them: A forry Breakfast for my Lord Protector. Buck. Your Grace shall give me leaue, my Lord of Yorke, To be the Poete, in hope of his reward. Yorke. At your pleafure, my good Lord, Who's within there, hoe? Enter a Servaunaman. Inuite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick To fuppe with me to morrow Night. Away. Exit.

Enter the King, Queene, Protecor, Cardinal, and Suffolke, with Faulkners bullowing.

Queene. Beleeue me Lords, for flying at the Brooke, I fae not better sport thefe yeues yeeres day: Yet by your leaue, the Winde was very high, And ten to one, old Jouze had not gone out. King. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made, And what a pynch the flew aboue the ref: To fee how God in all his Creatures workes, Yea Man and Birds areayne of climbing high. Suff. No maruell, and it like your Maielie, My Lord Protectors Hawkes doe towre fo well, They know their Maiers loues to be aloft, And beares his thoughts above his Faulcons Pitch. Gloft. My Lord, 'tis but a base ignoble minde, That mounts no higher then a Bird can fore.
Enter the Mayor of Saint Albones, & his Brethren, bearing the man betweene two in a Chayre.

Card. Here comes the Townef-men, on Procession, To present your Highnesse with the man.
King. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale, Although by his sight his finne be multiplied.
Gloft. Stand by, my Masters, bring him neere the King, His Highnesse pleasure is to talke with him.
King. Good-fellow, tell vs here the circumstance, That we for thee may glorifie the Lord.
What, haft thou beene long blinde, and now refract'd? Simp. Borne blinde, and't pleaze your Grace.
Wife. I indeede was he.
Suff. What Woman is this?
Wife. His Wife, and't like your Worships.
Gloft. Hadst thou been his Mother, thou couldst have better told.
King. Where wert thou borne?
Simp. At Barwick in the North, and't like your Grace.
King. Poore Soule,
Gods goodnesse hath beene great to thee: Let never Day nor Night unhallowed passe,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
Queene. Tell me, good-fellow,
Cam't thou here by Chance, or of Deuotion,
To this holy Shrine?
Simp. God knowes of pure Deuotion,
Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner,
In my sleepe, by good Saint Albans:
Who fald; Symon, come; come offer at my Shrine,
And I will helpe thee.
Wife. Moft true, forfooth:
And many time and oft my felfe have heard a Voyce,
To call him so.
Card. What,art thou lame?
Simp. I, God Almightye helpe me.
Suff. How cam't thou fo?
Simp. A fall off of a Tree.
Wife. A Plum-tree, Master.
Gloft. How long haft thou beene blinde?
Simp. O borne fo, Master.
Gloft. What, and would't climbe a Tree?
Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very deare.
Gloft. 'Maffe, thou lour'd St Plumes well, that wouldn't venture fo.
Simp. Alas, good Master, my Wife defir'd some Damsons, and made me climbe, with danger of my Life.
Gloft. A fubtil Knaue, but yet it shall not ferue:
Let me fee thine Eyes: winke now, now open them,
In my opinion, yet thou feest not well.
Simp. Yes Master, cleare as day, I thanke God and Saint Albones.
Gloft. Say how thou seest: what Colour is this Cloake of?
Simp. Red Master, Red as Blood.
Gloft. Why that's well fald: What Colour is my Gowne of?
Simp. Black forsooth, Coale-Black, as Jet.
King. Why then, thou know'st what Colour Jet is of?
Suff. And yet I thince, Jet did he neuer see.
Gloft. But
Gloft. But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a many.
Wife. Neuer before this day, in all his life.
Gloft. Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?
Simp. Alas Mafter, I know not.
Gloft. What's his Name?
Simp. I know not.
Gloft. Nor his?
Simp. No indeede, Mafter.
Gloft. What's thine owne Name?
Simp. Sundar Simpsoon, and if it please you, Mafter.
Gloft. Then Sundar, sit there.
The lying'tt Knaue in Christendome.
If thou hadst beene borne blinde,
Thou mightst as well have knowne all our Names,
As thus to name the feuerall Colours we doe wearre.
Sight may diftinguifh of Colours:
But suddenly to nominate them all,
It is impoffible.
My Lords,Saint Albone here hath done a Miracle:
And would ye not thinke it, Cunning to be great,
That could reftore this Cripple to his Legges againe.
Simp. O Mafter, that you could?
Gloft. My Mafter of Saint Albone,
Have you not Beadles in your Towne,
And Things call'd Whippes?
Mafter. Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace,
Gloft. Then fend for one prefently.
Mafter. Sirrha, goe fetch the Beadle hither straight.
Exit.
Gloft. Now fetch me a Stoole hither by and by,
Now Sirrha, if you meane to faye your felfe from Whipping,
Leape me over this Stoole, and runne away.
Simp. Alas Mafter, I am not able to ftand alone:
You goe about to torture me in vaine.

Enter a Beadle with Whipps.
Gloft. Well Sir, we must have you finde your Legges.
Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape over that fame Stoole.
Beadle. I will, my Lord.
Come on Sirrha, off with your Doublet, quickly.
Simp. Alas Mafter, what hall I doe? I am not able to ftand.

After the Beadle bath bit him once, he leapes over the Stool, and runnes away: and they follow, and cry, A Miracle.
King. O God, feeth thou this, and beares it so long?
Queene. It made me laugh, to fee the Villaine runne.
Gloft. Follow the Knaue, and take this Drab away.
Wife. Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.
Gloft. Let the be whipt through every Market Towne,
Till they come to Barwick, from whence they came.
Exit.

Card. Duke Humfrey ha's done a Miracle to day.
Suff. True: made the Lame to leape and flye away.
Gloft. But you have done more Miracles then I:
You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye.

Enter Buckingbam.

King. What Tidings with our Cousin Buckingbam?
Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to vnfold:
A fort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Vnder the Countenance and Confederacie

Of Lady Elianor, the Protecora Wife,
The King-leader and Head of all this Rout,
Haue practis'd dangerously against your State,
Dealing with Witches and with Conjurers,
Whom we haue apprehended in the Faft,
Raying vp wicked Spirits from vnder ground,
Demanding of King Henries Life and Death,
And other of your Highneffe Priue Councell,
As more at large your Grace shall vnderftand.
Card. And to my Lord Protecor, by this meanes
Your Lady is forth-comming, yet at London.
This Newes I thinke hath turn'd your Weapons edge;
'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keepe your houre.
Gloft. Ambitious Church-man, leave to afflicke my heart:
Sorrow and griefe haue vanquift all my powers,
And vanquift as I am, I yeeld to thee,
Or to the meaneft Groome.

King. O God, what mischiefe work the wicked ones?
Heaping confusion on their owne heads thereby.
Queene. Gloft. See here the Taincture of thy Neft,
And looke thy felpe be faultiflie, thou wert bift.
Gloft. Madame, for my felfe, to Heauen I doe appeale,
How I haue lou'd my King, and Common-ewe:
And for my Wife, I know not how it fhands,
Sory I am to hear what I haue heard.
Noble fhew is: but if thee haue forgot
Honor and Vertue, and conquer't with fuch,
As like to Pythc, defile Nobilitie;
I banifie her my Bed, and Company,
And give her as a Prey to Law and Shame,
That hath dis-honored Glofters honest Name.
King. Well, for this Night we will repose vs here:
To morrow toward London, back againe,
To looke into this Buifiefe thorowly,
And call these foule Offenders to their Anfwers;
And poyle the Caufe in Iuflice equall Scales,
Whole Beame fands fure, whole rightfull caufe preuailes.

Floyrfs. Exeunt.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now my good Lords of Salsbury & Warwick,
Our ampre Supper ended, glue me leave,
In this clofe Walke, to satisfie my felfe,
In crauing your opinion of my Title,
Which is infallible, to Englands Crowne.
Salsib. My Lord, I long to heare it at full.
Warw. Sweet Yorke begin: and if thy clayne be good,
The Nevills are thy Subiects to command.
York. Then thus:
Edward the third, my Lords, had feuen Sonnes:
The first, Edward the Black-Prince, Prince of Wales;
The seconf, William of Hatsfield; and the third,
Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom,
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaffer;
The fift, was Edmond Langley, Duke of Yorke;
The fift, was Thomas of Woodtoffe, Duke of Glofters;
William of Windfor was the feuenth, and laft.
Edward the Black-Prince dyed before his Father,
And left behind him Richard, his only Sonne,
Who after Edward the third's death, raign'd as King,
Till Henry Bullingbrookes, Duke of Lancaffer,
The eldeft Sonne and Heire of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the Name of Henry the fourth,
Seiz'd on the Realme, depo'd the rightfull King,
Sent his poore Queene to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pumfret; where, as all you know, 
Harmelle Richard was murthred traiterously. 
Warm. Father, the Duke hath told the truth; 
Thus got the Houfe of Lancaster the Crowne. 
York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right. 
For Richard, the first Sonnes Heire, being dead, 
The Ilffe of the next Sonne should have reign'd. 
Salib. But William of Hatfield dyed without an 
Heire. 
York. The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence, 
From whole Line I clayne the Crowne, 
Heir Ilffe Phillipa a Daughter. 
Who married Edmond Mortimer, Earle of March: 
Edmond had Ilffe, Roger, Earle of March; 
Roger had Ilffe, Edmond, Anne, and Elianor. 
Salib. This Edmond, in the Reynge of Bullingbrooke, 
As I have read, layd clayne vnto the Crowne, 
And but for Owen Glendor, had beene King; 
Who kept him in Cauitione, till he dyed. 
But, to the right. 
York. His eldef Sister, Anne, 
My Mother, being Heire vnto the Crowne, 
Married Richard, Earle of Cambridge, 
Who was to Edmond Langley, 
Edward the thirds fift Sonnes Sonne; 
By her I clayne the Kingdome: 
She was Heire to Roger, Earle of March, 
Who was the Sonne of Edmond Mortimer, 
Who married Phillip, sole Daughter 
Vnto Lionel, Duke of Clarence. 
So, if the Ilffe of the elder Sonne 
Succeed before the younger, I am King. 
York. Heire the thirdlings is more plain then this: 
Henry doth clayne the Crowne from John of Gaunt, 
The fourth Sonne, Yorke claymes it from the third: 
Till Lionel Ilffe fayle, his should not reigne. 
It fayle not yet, but flourishes in thee, 
And in thy Sonnes, faire slips of such a Stock. 
Then Father Salisbury, kneele we together, 
And in this priuate Plot be we the first, 
That shall salute our rightfull Sovereigne 
With honor of his Birth-right to the Crowne, 
'Bob. Long liue our Sovereigne Richard, Englandes 
King. 
York. We thank ye Lords: 
But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd, 
And that my Sword be flay'd 
With heart-blood of the Houfe of Lancaster. 
And that's not suddeynly to be perform'd, 
But with aduice and flent ferrecie. 
Doe you as I doe in thefe dangerous days, 
Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes infolence, 
At Beaufords Pride, at Somerfets Ambition, 
At Buckingham, and all the Crew of them, 
Till they have fans'd the Shephard of the Flock, 
That vertuous Prince, the good Duke Humfrey: 
'Tis that they seeke; and they, in seeking that, 
Shall finde their deathes, if Yorke can prophecie. 
Salib. My Lord, breaue we off; we know your minde 
at full. 
Warm. My heart affures me, that the Earle of Warwick 
Shall one day make the Duke of Yorke a King. 
York. And Neill, this I doe affure my felse, 
Richard shall liue to make the Earle of Warwick 
The greatest man in England, but the King. 
Exeunt.
Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much, that bee is drunk; and he enters with a Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge fastened to it; and at the other Doore his Man, with a Drumme and Sand-bagges, and Prentices drinking to him.

1. Neighbour. Here Neighbour Hornor, I drink to you in a Cup of Sack; and fear not Neighbour, you shall doe well enough.

2. Neighbour. And here Neighbour, here's a Cuppe of Charneco.

3. Neighbour. And here's a Pot of good Double-Beere, Drink and take my Man.

Armorer. Let it come yfaith, and Ile pledge you all, and a figg for Peter.

1. Prent. Here Peter, I drink to thee, and be not a frald.

2. Prent. Be merry Peter, and fear not thy Master, Fight for credit of the Prentices. Peter. I thank you all, drink, and pray for me, I pray you, for I think I have taken my last Draught in this World. Here Robin, and if I dye, I give thee my Aporne, and Will, thou shalt have my Hammer: and here Tom, take all the Money that I have. O Lord bleffe me, I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my Master, hee hath learnt so much fence already.

Salib. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.

Sirrha, what's thy Name? Peter. Peter forfeith.


Salib. Tompe? Then fee thou thumpe thy Master well.

Armorer. Masters, I am come hither as it were upon my Mans infigation, to proue him a Knaue, and my felfe an honest man: and touching the Duke of Yorke, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queene: and therefore Peter haue at thee with a downe-right blow.

Yorke. Difpatch, this Knaues tongue begins to double. Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combatants.

They fight, and Peter strikes him downe.

Armorer. Hold Peter, hold, I confesse, I confesse Treafon.

Yorke. Take away his Weapon: Fellow thanke God, and the good Wine in thy Masters way.

Peter. O God, haue I overcame mine Enemies in this prefence? O Peter, thou haft presuyl'd in right.

King. Go, take hence that Traytor from our fight, For by his death we doe perceiue his guilt, And God in Iuftice hath reuaile'd to vs The truth and innocence of this poore fellow, Which he had thought to have murther'd wrongfully. Come fellow, follow vs for thy Reward.

Sound a flourib. Exeunt.

Enter Duke Humphrey and his Men in Mourning Cloakes.

Glofi. Thus sometimes hath the brighteft day a Cloud: And after Summer, eumore succeede Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold; So Cares and Joyses abound, as Seafts fleet. Sirs, what's a Clock?

Scr. Tenne, my Lord.

Glofi. Tenne is the houre that was appointed me, To watch the comming of my punifht Ducheffe: Vnneath may flee endure the Flinte Streets, To tread them with her tender-feeling feet. Sweet Nell, ill can thy Noble Minde abroke The abfct People, gazing on thy face, With enouis Lookes laughing at thy shame, That erit did follow thy proud Charlot-Wheelses, When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets. But soft, I think she comes, and Ile prepare My teare-flayn'd eyes, to see her Milferies.

Enter the Ducheffe in a white Sket, and a Taper burning in her hand, with the Sherife and Officers.

Scr. So pleafe your Grace, we'le take her from the Sherife.

Glofi. No, flirre not for your lyes, let her passe by.

Elianor. Come you, my Lord, to see my open shame? Now thou do'ft Penance too. Looke how they gaze, See how the shdy multitude doe point, And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee. Ah Glofler, hide thee from their hatefull lookes, And in thy Clofet pent vp, rue thy shame, And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.

Glofl. Be patient, gentle Nell, forget this griefe.

Elianor. Ah Glofler, teach me to forget my felle: For whileft I think I am thy married Wife, And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land; Me thinkes I shoul not thus be led along, Mayl'd vp in shame, with Papers on my back, And follow'd with a Rabble, that rejocye To see my teares, and hear my deepe-fet groanes. The ruthless Flint doth cut my tender feet, And when I fart, the enious people laugh, And bid me be adjused how I treads.

Ah Humfrey, can I beare this shamefull yoke? Trowe thou, that ere Ile looke vpone the World, Or count them happy, that enjoyes the Sunne? No: Darke shall be my Light, and Night my Day. To thinke to vpon my Pompe, shall be my Hell. Sometime Ile say, I am Duke Humfryes Wife, And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land: Yet fo he rul'd, and such a Prince he was.

As he flood by, whileft I, his farlorne Ducheffe, Was made a wonder, and a pointing fock To every idle Raffcal follower.

But be thou milde, and blufh not at my shame, Nor ferre at nothing, till the Axe of Death Hang over thee, as fure it shortly will.

For Suffolk, he that can doe all in all With her, that hateh thee and hates vs all, And Yorke, and impious Beaufrond, that falfe Priet, Haue all lyn'd Bulhes to betray thy Wings, And flye thou how thou canft, they'll tangle thee.

But fere not thou, vntil thy foot be snar'd, Nor never feke prevention of thy foes.

Glofl. Ah Nell, forbearesthou aymett all awry, I must offend, before I be attainted:

And had I twenty times fo many foes, And each of them had twenty times their power, All thefe could not procure me any feathe, So long as I am loyall, true, and crimeleffe. Would't haue me refuge thee from this reproach?
Why yet thy scandal was not wip ay where, 
But I in danger for the breach of Law, 
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Neil: 
I pray thee for thy heart to patience, 
These few days wonder will be quickly wore: 

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summons your Grace to his Malefices Parliament, 
Holden at Bury, the first of this next Moneth.

Glof. And my content ne'er ask'd here before? 
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there. 
My Neil, I take my leave: and Master Sheriff, 
Let not her Penance exceed the Kings Commission. 
Sir, And't please your Grace, here my Commission tayles: 
And Sir John Stanly is appointed now, 
To take her with him to the Ile of Man.

Glof. Muft you, Sir John, protefct my Lady here? 
Stanly. So am I glaven in charge, may't please your Grace.

Glof. Entreat here not the worfe, in that I pray. 
You vie her well! the World may laugh againe, 
And I may live to doe you kindneffe, if you doe it her. 
And to Sir John, farewell.

Elianor. What, gone my Lord, and bid me not farewell? 
Glof. Witneffe my teares, I cannot fly to speake. 

Elianor. Art thou gone to all comfort goe with thee, 
For none abides with me: my Joy, is Death; 
Death, at whose Name I oft haue beene afar'd, 
Becaufe I wish'd this Worlds eternitie. 
Stanley, I prethee goe, and take me hence, 
I care not whither, for I begge no favor; 
Onely covey me where thou art commandt. 
Stanley. Why, Madame, that is to the Ile of Man, 
There to be vs'd according to your State.

Elianor. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach: 
And shall I then be vs'd reproachfully? 
Stanley. Like to a Ducheffe, and Duke Humphrey's Lady, 
According to that State you shall be vs'd.

Elianor. Sheriff farewell, and better then I fare, 
Although thou haft beene Conduct of my name. 
Sheriff. It is my Office, and Madame pardon me. 
Elianor. I, I, farewell, thy Office is dilcharger'd: 
Come Stanley, shall we goe?

Stanley. Madame, your Penance done, 
Throw off this Sheet, 
And goe we to attyre you for our Journey. 
Elianor. My faine will not be shifted with my Sheet: 
No, it will hang upon my richest Robes, 
And shew it selfe, attyre me how I can.

Goe, leade the way, I long to fee my Prifon. 


That all the Court admired him for submifion. 
But meet him now, and be it in the Morne, 
When every one will glue the time of day, 
He knits his Brow, and fiewes an angry Eye, 
And pafteth by with fiffle vsnbowed Knee, 
Disdaining durfe that to vs belongs.

Small Curres are not regarded when they gryane, 
But great men tremble when the Lyon rores, 
And Humphrey is no little Man in England. 

Firt note, that he is neere you in diftant, 
And should you fail, he is the next will mount. 
Me seemeth then, it is no Policie, 
Respecting what a rancorous minde he beares, 
And his advantage following your deceafe, 
That he shold come about your Royall Person, 
Or be admitted to your Highneffe Counsell. 

By flattering hath he wonne the Commons hearts: 
And when he pleafe to make Commotion, 
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.

Now'tis the Spring, and Weeds are shallow-rooted, 
Suffer them now, and, they're o're-grow the Garden, 
And chace the Herbes for want of Husbandry.

The reverent care I bare unto my Lord, 
Made me collect these dangers in the Duke. 
If it be fond, call it a Womans feare: 
Which feare, if better Reafons can supplant, 
I will fubfcribe, and fay I wrong'd the Duke.
My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and Yorke, 
Reproue my allegiation, if you can, 
Or else conclude my words effectual. 

Suff. Well hath your Highneffe feene into this Duke: 
And had I fift beene to fpeak my minde, 
I think I should have told your Graces Tale.

The Ducheffe, by his fuboration, 
Upon my Life began her diuellifh prafcttse: 
Or if he were not prueie to thofe Faults, 
Yet by repute of his high difcent, 
As next the King, he was fuccelue Heire, 
And fuch high vaunts of his Nobilitie, 
Did infinate the Bedlam braine-fick Ducheffe, 
By wicked meanes to frame our Soueraines falf.

Smooth runnes the Water, where the Brooke is depe, 
And in his fimple fiew he harbours Treafon.

The Fox barks not, when he would ftele the Lambe.

No, no, my Soueraine, Glofter is a man, 
Unfounded yet, and full of deep deceit, 

Card. Did he not, contrary to forme of Law, 
Deuife strange deaths, for small offences done? 

York. And did he not, in his Proteftorship, 
Leue great fummes of Money through the Realme, 
For Souldiers pay in France, and neuer fent it? 
By meanes whereof, the Townes each day reuel'd.

Buck. Tut, thefe are petty faults to faults vnknowne, 
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphry.

King. My Lords at once: the care you haue of vs, 
To move downe Thones that would annoy our Foot, 
Is worthy praye: but fhall I fpeak my conscience, 
Our Kinman Glofter is as innocent, 
From meaning Treafon to our Royall Perfons, 
As is the fucking Lambe, or harmeleffe Doue: 
The Duke is vertuous, milde, and too well gien, 
To dreame on euill, or to worke my downefall, 
Qu. Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance? 
Seemes he a Doue? his feathers are but borrow'd, 
For hee's dispoofed as the hatefull Rauen. 
Is he a Lambe? his Skinner is surely lent him,
Enter Somerset.

Som. All health vnto my gracious Soueraigne.

king. Welcome Lord Somerset: What Newes from France?

Som. That all your Interest in those Territories, is vttely bereft you: all is loft.

king. Cold Newes, Lord Somerset: but Gods will be done.

Tork. Cold Newes for me: for I had hope of France, as firme as I hope for fertile England. Thus are my Blossomes blasted in the Bud, and Caterpillers cate my Leaues away: But I will remede this geare ere long, Or fell my Title for a glorious Graue.

Enter Gloucester.

Glofi. All hapinesse vnto my Lord the King: Pardon, my Liege, that I have stay'd so long. 

Suff. Nay Glofter, know that thou art come too soon, Vainele thou wert more joyfull then thou art: I doe arrest thee of High Trefon here.

Glofi. Well Suffolk, thou hailest not me blusht, Nor change my Countenance for this Arreft: A Heart vnspotted, is not easily daunted. The purest Spring is not so free from muddre, As I am cleare from Trefon to my Soueraigne. Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilitie? Tork.'Tis thought, my Lord, That you toxoke Bribes of France, and being Protecor, stay'd the Souldiers pay, By meanes whereof, his Highnesse hath loft France.

Glofi. Is it but thought so? What are they that thinke it? I neuer rob'd the Souldiers of their pay, Nor euer had one penny Bribe from France. So helpe me God, as I haue watcht the Night, I, Night by Night, in studyng good for England, That Dayt that ere I wreathed from the King, Or any Groat I hoarded to my yfe, Be brought against me at my Tryall day. No: many a Pound of mine owne proper flore, Because I would not take the needless Commons, Haue I dispurfed to the Garrisons, and neuer ask'd for refituation.

Card. It feres you well, my Lord, to fay so much. Glofi. I fay no more then truth, fo helpe me God. Tork. In your Protecorship, you did defile Strange Tortures for Offenders, never heard of, That England was defam'd by Tyrannie. Glofl. Why 'tis well known, that whiles I was Protecor, Pittle was all the fault that was in me: For I shoul'd melt at an Offenders teares, and lowly words were Ranfome for their fault: Vnleffe it were a bloody Murtherer, Or foule felonious Theefe, that fleev'd poor passengers, I neuer gau thee condigne punishment: Murther indeede, that bloodie finne, I torture'd Above the Felon, or what Trefpas elle.

Suff. My Lord, these faults are easie, quickly answer'd: But mightier Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge, Whereof you cannot easily purge your selfe,

I doe arrest you in his Highnesse Name, And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal To keepe, vntill your further time of Tryall.

king. My Lord of Glofter, 'tis my speciall hope, That you will cleare your selfe from all fulfence, My Conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glofi. Ah gracious Lord, thefe dayes are dangerous: Vertue is chossed with foule Ambition, And charitable cha'st hence by Rancours hand; Foule Subornation is predominant, And Equeitie exil'd your Highnesse Land.

I know, their Complot is to haue my Life: And if my death might make this land happy, And proue the Period of their Tyrannie, I would expend it with all willingness. But mine is made the Prologue to their Play: For thoundays more, that yet fufpet ftill, Will not conclude theire plotted Tragedie.

Beaufors red sparkling eyes blab his hearts mallice, And Suffols cloudie Brow his stormie hate; Sharpe Buckingbam vnburthen with his tongue, The enuious Load that Iyes vpon his heart:

And dogged Tork, that reaches at the Moone, Whose over-weening Arme I have pluckt back, By falle accufe doth leuell at my Life. And you, my Soueraigne Lady, with the refi, Caufelesse haue lay'd difgraces on my head, And with your best endeoure haue tir'd vp My liefest Liege to be mine Enemie: I, all of you haue lay'd your heads together, My felfe had notice of your Conuenicles, And all to make away my guiltlesse Life.

I shall not want falle Wiennefe, to condemne me, Nor flore of Trefons, to augment my guilt: The ancient Prouverbe will be well effect,

A Staffe is quickly found to beat a Dogge.

Card. My Liege, his rayling is intollerable. If thole that care to keepe your Royall Perfon From Trefons secret Knife, and Traylers Rage, Be thus wrapt, and clad, and rated at,

And the Offender graunted scope of speech, 'Twill make them coole in zeale vnto your Grace. 

Suff. Hath he not twit our Soueraigne Lady here With ignominious words, though Clarkely cought? As if he had fuborned some to fwear

Falle allegations, to o'rethrow his fate,

Qu. But I can give the lofer leau to chide.

Glofl. Farre truer fpoke then meant: I lofe indeepe, Bethrew the winners, for they play'd me falle, And well fuch lofirs may have leaue to speake.

Buck. Hee'll wreath the fence, and hold vs here all day. Lord Cardinal, he is your Prifoner.

Card. Sir, take away the Duke, and guard him faire.

Glofl. Ah, thus King Henry throwes away his Crutch, Before his Legges be firme to bear his Body, Thus is the Shephered beaten from thy fide, And Wolues are gnarling, who fhall gnav thee firft. Ah that my fearre were falle, ah that it were:

For good King Henry, thy decay I feare.

Exit Glofter.

king. My Lords, what to your wifdomes feemeth best, Doe, or vndoe, as if our felfe were here.

Queen. What, will your Highnesse leaue the Parliamet?

king. I Margaret: my heart is drown'd with grieue, Whole floud begins to flowe within mine eyes, My Body round engryt with miserie:
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

For what's more miserable than Discontent? 

Ah Vancke Humfrey, in thy face I see 

The Map of Honor, Truth, and Loyaltie: 

And yet, good Humfrey, is the house to come, 

That ere I prou'd thee false, or feard thy faith. 

What lowring Starre now enuies thy eftates? 

That teafe great Lords, and Margaret our Queene, 

Doe feke fubfuution of thy harmless Life. 

That thefe teafe them wrong, nor no man wrong: 

And as the Butcher takes away the Calfe, 

And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it straies, 

Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-house; 

Even fo remorfeleffe haue they borne him hence: 

And as the Damme runnes lowing vp and downe, 

Looking the way her harmless young one went, 

And can doe naught but waie her Darlings loffe; 

Even fo my felfe bewayles good Glofters cafe 

With fad vnhelpfull teares, and with dimm'd eyes; 

Looke afer him, and cannot doe him good: 

So mighte be his vowed Enemies. 

His fortunes I will weeppe, and 'twixt each groane, 

Say, who's a Traitor? Gloffer he is none. 

Queene. Free Lords: 

Cold Snow melts with the Sunnes hot Beames: 

Henry, my Lord, is cold in great Affaires, 

Too full of foolish pitie: and Glofters shew 

Beguiles him, as the mornenfull Crocodile 

With forrow fnares retellent paffengers: 

Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowing Banks, 

With thinne checker'd flough doth flinge a Child, 

That for the beautie thinkes it excellent. 

Beleeue me Lords, were none more wife then I, 

And yet herein I judge mine owne Wit good; 

This Gloffer should be quickly rid the World, 

To rid vs from the feare we haue of him. 

Card. That he shou'd dye, is worthie policie, 

But yet we want a Colour for his death: 

'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of Law. 

Suff. But in my minde, that were no policie: 

The King will not haue to faue his Life, 

The Commons haply rife, to faue his Life; 

And yet we haue but trialll argument, 

More then mistruft, that theyes him worthy death. 

Yorce. So that by this, you would not haue him dye. 

Suff. Ah Yorke, no man alio, fo faine as I. 

Yorke. 'Tis Yorke that hath more reason for his death. 

But my Lord Cardinal, and you my Lord of Suffolke, 

Say as you thinke, and speake it from your Soules: 

Wer't not all one, an empie Eagle were fet, 

To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kyte, 

As place Duke Humfrey for the Kings Protecor? 

Queene. So the poore Chicken fhad the cure of death. 

Suff. Madame 'tis true: and wer't not madnede then, 

To make the Fox furveyor of the Fold? 

Who being accus'd a craffle Murtherer, 

His guilt should be but idly pofted ouer, 

Because his purpofe is not executed, 

Not let him dye, in that he is a Fox, 

By nature prou'd an Enemie to the Flock, 

Before his Chaps be fayyn'd with Crimfon blood, 

As Humfrey prou'd by Reasons to my Liege, 

And doe not stand on Quilletts how to flay him: 

Be it by Gynnes, by Smars, by Subltices, 

Sleeping, or Waking, 'tis no matter how, 

So he be dead; for that is good deceit, 

Which makes him firft, that firft intends deceit.

Queene. Thrice Noble Suffolke, 'tis refulutely spoke. 

Suff. Not refulute, except fo much were done, 

For things are often spoke, and seldom meant, 

But that my heart accordeth with my tongue, 

Seeing the deed is meritorious, 

And to prefume my Soueraigne from his Foe, 

Say but the word, and I will be his Prieff. 

Card. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolke, 

Ere you can take due Orders for a Prieff: 

Say you confent, and censure well the deed, 

And Ie prouide his Executioner, 

I tender to the faftetie of my Liege. 

Suff. Here is my Hand, the deed is worthy doing. 

Queene. And to fay I. 

Yorke. And I: and now we three haue spoke it, 

It skills not greatly who impugnes our doome. 

Enter a Post. 

Post. Great Lords, from Ireland am I come amaine, 

To signifie, that Rebels there are vp, 

And put the Englishmen vnto the Sword. 

Send Successors(Lords) and frop the Rage betime, 

Before the Wound doe grow vncurable. 

For being greene, there is great hope of helpe. 

Card. A Breach that caueth a quick expedient froppe. 

What counfaile you give in this weightie caufe? 

Yorke. That Somerffe be fent as Regent thither; 

'Tis meet that luckie Ruler be imploy'd, 

Witnesse the fortune he hath had in France. 

Som. If Yorke, with all his farre-fet policie, 

Had beeene the Regent there, in stead of me, 

He neuer would have fay'd in France fo long. 

Yorke. No, not to lofe it all, as thou haft done. 

I rather would have loft my Life betimes, 

Then bring a burthen of dis-honour home, 

By faying there fo long, till all were loft. 

Shew me one skarre, character'd on thy Skinne, 

Mens foes prefer'd fo whole, doe feldome winne. 

Qa. Nay then, this fpark will prove a raging fire, 

If Wind and Fuell be brought, to feed it with: 

No more, good Yorke; sweet Somerffe be still. 

Thy fortune, Yorke, hadt thou beeene Regent there, 

Might haply haue prou'd farre worse then his. 

Yorke. What, worfe then naught? nay, then a flame take all. 

Somerffe. And in the number, thee, that wilheft flame. 

Card. My Lord of Yorke, trie what your fortune is: 

Th'vnctuill Kernes of Ireland are in Armes, 

And temper Clay with blood of Englishmen. 

To Ireland will you leade a Band of men, 

Collected choycely, from each Countie fome, 

And trie your hap againft the Irifhmen? 

Yorke. I will, my Lord, fo pleafe his Maiefte. 

Suff. Why, our Authoritie is his convent, 

And what we doe eftablifh, he confirmes: 

Then, Noble Yorke, take thou this Taskie in hand. 

Yorke. I am content: Prouide me Souldiers, Lords, 

While I take order for mine owne affaires. 

Suff. A charge, Lord Yorke, that I will fee perform'd. 

But now returne we to the faffe Duke Humfrey. 

Card. No more of him: for I will deale with him, 

That henceforth he shall trouble vs no more: 

And so breake off, the day is almoft fpent, 

Lord Suffolke, you and I must talke of that euent, 

Yorke. My
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Yorke. My Lord of Suffolke, within foureteene dayes At Brittown I expect my Souldiers, For there Ie shippeth them all for Ireland.

Suff. Ile see it truly done, my Lord of Yorke. Exit.

Manet Yorke.

Yorke. Now Yorke, or other, steele thy fearfull thoughts, And change midsight to resolution; Be that thou hop't to be, or what thou art; Refigne to death, it is not worth th'employing; Let pale-fac'd fearie keeppe with the meane-born man, And finde no harbor in a Royall heart. Fater the Spring-time flowres, comes thought on thought, And not a thought, but thinkes on Dignitie. My Brayne, more bufe then the laboring Spider, Weaves tedious Snares to trap mine Enemie. Well Nobles, well: 'tis politelie done, To sende me packing with an Hoast of men: I feare me, you but warme the troubled Snake, Who cherisht in your breasts, will sting your hearts. 'Twas men I lackt, and you will giue them me; I take it kindly: yet be well affird, You put sharpe Weapons in a mad-mans hands. Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mightie Band, I will flaire vp in England some black Storyme, Shall blowe ten thousand Soules to Heauen, or Hell: And this all Trumpetts shall no ceafe to rage, Vntill the Golden Circuit on my Head,

Like to the glorious Sunnes transparant Beames, Doe calme the furie of this mad-brad Flawe. And for a minifter of my intent, I haue fuced'a head-strong Kentifhman, John Cad of Adforde, To make Commotion, as full well he can, Under the Title of John Mortimer.

In Ireland haue I fene this ruffborne Cad Oponc himselfe against a 'Troupe of Kernes, And fought fo long, till that his thighs with Darts Were almoft like a sharpe-quilled Porpentine: And in the end being refuced, I haue fene Him capre wright, like a wilde Morifco,

Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells. Full often, like a flag-hayr'd craftie Kerne, Hath he conuerfed with the Enemie, And vndifcourer'd, come to me againe, And given me notice of their Villanies. This Deuill here shall be my subfittue; For that John Mortimer, which now is dead, In face, in gate, in speecch he doth refemble. By this, I shall perceiue the Commons minde, How they affect the Houfe and Claiyne of Yorke.

Say he be taken, racket, and tortured; I know, no paine they can inflict vpon him, Will make him say, I mou'd him to those Armes. Say that he thrue, as 'tis great like he will, Why then from Ireland come I with my strengthe, And reape the Harueft which that Rafcall fow'd. For Humfrey; being dead, as he shall be, And Henry put apart: the next for me. Exit.

Enter two or three running over the Stage, from the Murther of Duke Humfrey.

1. Runne to my Lord of Suffolke: let him know We haue difpatcht the Duke, as he commanded. 2. Oh, that it were to doe: what haue we done? Didst euer hear a man fo penent? Enter Suffolke.

1. Here comes my Lord.

Suff. Now Sirs, have you dispatcht this thing?

1. My good Lord, he's dead.

Suff. Why that's well said. Goe, get you to my Houfe, I will reward you for this venturous deed: The King and all the Peeres are here at hand, Haue you layment faire the Bed? Is all things well, According as I gaue directions.

1. 'Tis, my good Lord. Suff. Away, be gone. Exit.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, the Queen, Cardinall, Suffolke, Somerjet, with attendants.

King. Goe call our Vnckle to our presence straight: Say, we intend to try his Grace to day, If he be guiltie, as 'tis published.

Suff. Ile call him presently, my Noble Lord. Exit. King. Lords take your places: and I pray you all Proceed no straiter 'gainst our Vnckle Glofter, Then from true evidence, of good efteeme, He be approvd in praifliche culpable.

Queen. God forbid any Malice should preuaule, That faultifie may condemn a Noble man: Pray God he may acquit him of futilution.

King. I thanke thee Neill, these wordes content mee much.

Enter Suffolke.


Card. Gods secret Iudgement: I did dreaume to Night, The Duke was dumbe, and could not speake a word. King sounds.

Qu. How fares my Lord? Helpe Lords, the King is dead.

Suff. Rere vp his Body, wring him by the Nose.


Qu. How fares my gracious Lord?

Suff. Comfort my Soueraigne, gracious Henry comfor-

King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolke comfort me?

Came he right now to fing a Rauens Note, Whose dimmall tune benefit my Vitall powres: And thinkes he, that the chirping of a Wren,

By crying comfort from a hollow breaste,

Can chafe away the fird-conceied found? Hide not thy payson with such fугed words,

Lay not thy hands on me: forbeare I say,

Their touch affrights me as a Serpents fling.

Thou balefull Messenger, out of my fight:

Vpon thy eye-balls, murderous Tyrannie

Sits in grim Maiestie, to fright the World.

Looke not vpone me, for thine eyes are wounding;

Yet doe not goe away: come Bafliske,

And kill the innocent gazer with thy fight:

For in the shade of death, I shall finde joye;

In life, but double death, now Glofter's dead.

Queen. Why do you raise my Lord of Suffolke thus?

Although the Duke was enemie to him, Yet he moft Christian-like laments his death:

And for my selfe, Foe as he was to me,

Might liquid teares, or heart-offending groanes,

Or blood-consuming fighes recall his Life;

n 3
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

I would be blinde with weeping, sicke with grones, Looke pale as Prim-role with blood-drinking fishes, And all to have the Noble Duke alive.

What know I how the world may deeme of me? Nor is it nowne we were but hollow Friends: It may be iudg'd I made the Duke away, So thall my name with Slanders tongue be wounded, And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach: This get I by his death: Aye me vnhappy, To be a Queene, and Crown'd with infamie.  

King. Ah woe is me for Gloster, wretched man.  

Queene. Be woe for me, more wretched then he is. What, Doft thou turne away, and hide thy face? I am no loathsome Leaper, looke on me. What? Art thou like the Ader waxen daefe? Be pouzounous too, and kill thy forlorn Queenne. Is all thy comfort shuf in Glosters Tombe? Why then Dame Elianor was neere thy joy. Ereft his Statue, and worship it, And make my Image but an Ale-house signe. Was I for this nye wrack'd upon the Sea, And twice by awkward winde from Englands banke Droue backe againe vnto my Natucle Clime. What boaded this? but well fore-waring winde Did feeme to say, seek not a Scorpions Neft, Nor fea footing on this vnkinde Shore. What did I then? But curft the gentle gufts, And he that lood them forth their Brazen Caues, And bid them blow towards Englands blissted shore, Or turne our Sterne upon a dreadful Rocke: Yet Æolus would not be a murtherer, But left that hatefull office vnto thee. The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drowne me, Knowing that thou wouldst haue me drown'd on shore With teares as fall as Sea, through thy vnkindesse. The splirting Rockes cow'd at the finking sands, And would not dash me with their ragged sides, Because thy flinty heart more hard then they, Might in thy Pallace, perih Elianor. As farre as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffes, When from thy Shore, the Tempeft beate vs backe, I stood vpon the Hatches in the storme: And when the dudle sky, began to rob My earneft-gaping-fight of thy Landa view, I took a coffly Jewell from my necke, A Hart it was bound in with Diamonds, And thruw it towards thy Land: The Sea receiued it, And so I wish'd thy body might my Heart: And even with this, I loft faire Englands view, And bid mine eyes be packing with my Heart, And call'd them blinde and duskie Speacles, For loofing ken of Ælibions wish'd Coaft. How often haue I tempted Suffolkes tongue (The agent of thy foule inconstancie) To fit and watch me as Aescaunus did, When he to madding Ælios would vnofold His Fathers Acts, commenc'd in burning Troy. Am I not worth like her? Or thou not falle like him? Aye me, I can no more: Dye Elianor, For Henrie weepes, that thou doft liue so long.

Noyes within. Enter Warwicke, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty Soueraigne, That good Duke Humfrey Traiterously is murdered

By Sufholke, and the Cardinal Beaufords means: The Commons like an angry Hvie of Bees That want their Leader, flatter vp and downe, And care not who they sting in his reuenge. My selfe haue calm'd their spleenfull mutinie, Vntill they heare the order of his death.  

King. That he is dead good Warwicke, 'tis too true, But how he dyed, God knowes, not Henrie: Enter his Chamber, view his breathlesse Corpes, And comment then vpon his fodeaine death.  

War. That shall I do my Liege; Stay Salisbury With the rude multitude, till I returne. King. O thou that judgest all things, say my thoughts: My thoughts, that labour to perfwade my soule, Some violent hands were laid on Humfries life: If my suspet be false, forgive me God, For judgmem only doth belong to thee: Faine would I go to chafe his pale lips, With twenty thoufand kifles, and to draine Vpon his face an Ocean of falt teares, To tell my loue vnto his dumbe daefe trunke, And with my fingers feel his hand, vnfeeling: But all in vaine are these Meane Oblequies, Bed put forth. And to suruey his dead and earthy Image: What were it but to make my forrow greater?  

War. Come hither gracious Soueraigne, view this body.  

King. That is to fee how deepe my graue is made, For with his foule fled all my worldly folace: For seeing him, I see my life in death.  

War. As surely as my foule intends to liue With that dread King that tooke our flatce vpon him, To free vs from his Fathers wrathfull curfe, I do beleue that violent hands were laid Vpon the life of this thriefe-famed Duke.  


War. See how the blood is fetted in his face. Ofte haue I feene a timely-parted Ghooft, Of afhy famblance, meager, pale, and bloodleffe, Being all descended to the labouring heart, Who in the Confict that it holds with death, Attraets the fame for aydance gainft the enemy, Which with the heart there cooles, and ne'ere returneth, To bluish and beautifie the Cheeke againe. But fee, his face is blacke, and full of blood: His eye-balles further out, than when he liued, Staring full gally, like a strangled man: His hayre vpreard, his nostrils stretche with frugling: His hands abroad display'd, as one that graffit And tugg'd for Life, and was by strength subduce. Looke on the sheets his haire (you see) is flicking, His well proportion'd Beard, made ruffe and rugged, Like to the Summers Corne by Tempeft lodged: It cannot be but he was murdred here, The leaff of all thefe signes were probable.  

Sof. Why Warwicke, who should do the D.to death? My selfe and Beauford had him in protection, And we I hope fir, are no murtherers.  

War. But both of you were worred D.Humfries foes, And you (forboth) had the good Duke to kepe: Tis like you would not feaft him like a friend, And 'tis well feene, he found an enemy.  

Queene. Than you belike suspet thes Noblemen, As guilty of Duke Humfries timeleffe death.  

War.
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

Warr. Who finds the Heyder dead, and bleeding freth,
And fees fast-bye, a Butcher with an Axe,
But will suppose, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the Partrige in the Puttocks Neft,
But may imagine how the Bird was dead,
Although the Kyte soare with vnbloudied Beake?
Euen so fulpiusius is this Tragedie.

Qu. Are you the Butcher, Suffolk? where's your Knife?

Is Beauford team'd a Kyte? where are his Talions?

Suff. I weare no Knife, to slaughter sleeping men,
But here's a vengefull Sword, ruffled with eafe,
That shall be fowred in his rancorous heart,
That flanders me with Murther's Crimmon Badge.
Say, if thou dar'p, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faultie in Duke Hamfreys death.

Warr. What dares not Warwick, if falfe Suffolk dare him?

Qu. He dares not calme his contumelious Spirit,
Nor ceafe to be an arrogant Controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twentieth thousand times.

Warr. Madame be still: with reverence may I say,
For every word you speake in his behalf,
Is flander to your Royall Dignity.

Suff. Blunt-witted Lord, ignorant in demeanor,
If euer Lady wrong'd her Lord so much,
Thy Mother tooke into her blamefull Bed
Some fterne vnturat Charle: and Noble Stock
Was grafted with Crab-tree slipspe, whole Fruit thou art,
And neuer of the Nesils Noble Race.

Warr. But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,
And I shoul rob the Deaths-man of his Fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my Soueraigne preferce makes me milde,
I would, falfe mur'deous Coward, on thy Knee
Make thee begge pardon for thy passe fpeech,
And say, it was thy Mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thy felte waft borne in Baffardle;
And after all this fearefull Homage done,
Glee thee thy hyre, and send thy Soule to Hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

Suff. Thou shalt be wakynge, while I thee by blood,
If from this preferce thou dar'ft goe with me.

Warr. Away eu evenow, or I will drag thee hence:
Vnworthy though thou art, Ic e cope with thee,
And doe some servise to Duke Hamfreys Ghoff.

Execunt.

King. What stronger Bred-plate then a heart unainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrell luft,
And he but naked, though lockt vp in Steele,
Whole Confidence with Injustice is corrupted.

A noye within.

Queene. What noyse is this?

Enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their Weapons drawn.

King. Why how now Lords?
Your wrathfull Weapons drawn, how
Here in our presence? Dare you be so bold?
Why what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suff. The tray'r'rous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mightie Soueraigne.

Enter Salisbury.

Salsib. Sirs stand apart, the King shall know your minds.

Dread Lord, the Commons send you word by me,
Vnleffe Lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished faire Englandes Territories,
They will by violence tear him from your Pallace,
And torture him with grieuous linging death.
They lay, by him the good Duke Hamfrey dy'de:
They lay, in them they fear your Highness death;
And meere ininfinit of Loue and Loyaltie,
Free from a frubborne opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his Banishment.
They say, in care of your most Royall Person,
That if your Highneffe should intend to sleepe,
And charge, that no man should disturbe your rest,
In paine of your dislike, or paine of death;
Yet notwithstanding such a strait Edict,
Were there a Serpent fene, with forked Tongue,
That flyly gyled towards your Maiestie,
It were but necessarie you were wak't:
Leaft being suffer'd in that harmefull slumber,
The mortall Worne might make the sleepe eternall.
And therefore doe they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, where you will, or no,
From fuch foul Serpents as Suffolk gos;
With whose innuended and fatall fling,
Your louing Vnckle, twente times his worth,
They say is haimefull bere of life.

Commons within. An answer from the King, my Lord of Salisbury.

Suff. 'Tis like the Commons, rude vnpolisht Hindes,
Could send fuch Meffeage to their Soueraigne:
But you, my Lord, were glad to be imploy'd,
To fhow how queint an Orator you are.
But all the Honor Salisbury hath wonne,
Is, that he was the Lord Embaffador,
Sent from a fort of Tinkers to the King.

Within. An answer from the King, or wee will all breakes in.

King. Go to Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thanke them for their tender louing care;
And had I not bene cited fo by them,
Yet did I purpose as they doe entreat:
For sure, my thoughts doe hourly prophecie,
Milchance vnto my State by Suffolkes meanes.
And therefore by his Maiestie I swear,
Whole farrd-vnworthie Deputie I am,
He shall not breathe inthis ayr,
But three dayes longer, on the paine of death.

Qu. Oh Henry, let me pleade for gentle Suffolk.

King. Vgentle Queene, to call him gentle Suffolk.
No more I say: if thou don't pleade for him,
Thou wilt but adde encreafe unto my Wrath.
Had I but sayd, I would have kept my Word;
But when I swear, it is irreuocable:
If after three dayes space thou here be't found,
On any ground that I am Ruler of,
The World shall not be Ranponde for thy Life.
Come Warwick, come good Warwick, goe with mee,
I have great matters to impart to thee.

Exeunt.

Qu. Milchance and Sorrow goe along with you,
Hearts Discontent, and fowre Affliction,
Be fay-pleasowe to keepe you companie:
There's two of you, the Deuill make a third,
And three-fold Vengeance tend upon your steps.

Suff. Ceafe, gentle Queene, thefe Execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heauie leauue.

Queene. Fye.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Queene. Fye Coward woman, and soft harted wretch, Haft thou not spirit to curfe thine enemy.

Suf. A plague vpon them: wherefore should I curfe them?

Would curfes kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone, I would invent as bitter searching terms, As curf, as harsh, and horrible to hear, Delier’d strongly through my fixed teeth, With full as many signes of deadly hate, As leane-fac’d enuy in her loathfome face. My tongue shou’d rumble in mine earnt words, Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint, Mine hair be fixt as an, one diffraf : I, every joynt should seeme to curfe and ban, And euen now my burthen’d heart would breake Should I not curfe them. Poyfon be their drinke. Gall, worfe then Gall, the daintieft that they taste: Their sweetef shade, a groue of Cypresse Trees: Their cheefeft Prophet, murr’d ring Bafilsikes: Their softef Touch, as smart as Lyzzards flings: Their Muficke, frightfull as the Serpents hiffe, And boading Sereech-Owles, make the Comfort full. All the foule terrours in darke fcorched hell.

Q. Enough sweet Suffolke, thou torment’t thy felfe, And th’dead curef curfes like the Sunne’gainft glaffe, Or like an ouer-charged Gun, recoile, And turns the force of them vpon thy felfe. Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leafe? Now by the ground that I am banish’d from, Well cou’d I curfe away a Winters night, Though flanding naked on a Mountain top, Where byting cold would neuer let graffe grow, And think it is but a minute spent in sport. Qy. Oh, let me intreat thee ceafe, glue me thy hand, That I may dew it with my mornfull tea:

Nor let the raine of heauen wet this place, To wash away my woefull Monuments. Oh, cou’d this kiffe be printed in thy hand, That thou might’st thynke vpon thefe by the Seale, Through whom a thoufand sighes are breath’d for thee. So get thee gone, that I may know my grefs, ‘Tis but formiz’d, whiles thou art flanding by, As one that surfets, thinking on a want : I will repeale thee, or be well affur’d, Advenure to be banish’d my felfe; And banifhed I am, if but from thee. Go, speake not to me; even now be gone. Oh go not yet. Euen thus, two Friends condemn’d, Embrace, and kiffe, and take ten thoufand leaues, Loathet a hundred times to part then dye; Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee. Suf. Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banifhed, Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee. ‘Tis not the busy I care for, war’t thou thence, A Wildernefe is populous enough, So Suffolke had thy heavenly company: For where thou art, there is the World it felfe, With euery feueral pleasure in the World: And where thou art not, Defolation, I can no more: Live thou to ioy thy life; My felfe no ioy in nought, but that thou liu’st.

Enter Vaux.

Vaux. To signifie vnto his Maeliftye, That Cardinall Beauford is at point of death : For sodainly a greeuous sicknesse tooke him, That makes him gaspe, and stare, and catch the aire, Blaspheming God, and curfing men on earth. Sometime he talkes, as if Duke Humfries Ghost Were by his side: Sometime, he calleth the King, And whispers to his pillow, as to him, The secrets of his ouer-charged soule, And I am fent to tell his Maeliftye, That euen now he cries slowd for him. Qu. Go tell this heauy Message to the King. Exit Aye me! What is this World? What newes are these? But wherefore greeue I at an hours poore loss, Omitting Suffolkes exile, my foules Treasure? Why onely Suffolke mourne I not for thee? And with the Southern clouds, contend in teares? Thois for the earths encreafe, mine for my forrowes. Now get thee hence, the King thou know’st is comming, If thou be found by me, thou art but dead. Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live, And in thy fight to dye, what were it elege, But like a pleafant flumber in thy lap? Here cou’d I breath my foule into the ayre, As milde and gentle as the Cradle-bane, Dying with mothers dugge betweene it’s lips. Where from thy fight, I should be raging mad, And cry out for thee to clofe vp mine eyes: To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth : So should’t thou euyther turne my flying foule, Or I should breathe it fo into thy body, And then it liu’d in sweete Elijium. To dye by thee, were but to dye in left, From thee to dye, were torture more then death : Oh let me flay, befal what may befal. Queene. Away! Though parting be a fretfull corollaire, It is appoyded to a deathfull wound. To France sweet Suffolke : Let me hearne from thee : For wherefore thou art in this worlds Globe, Ie haue an Iri that shall finde thee out. Suf. I go. Qu. And take my heart with thee. Suf. A Iewell lockt into the woful Caske, That euer did containe a thing of worth, Euen as a splittet Barkes, so funder we : This way fall I to death. Qu. This way for me. Exeunt

Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwicks, to the Cardinal in bed.

King. How fare’s my Lord? Speake Beauford to thy Surreyaigne.

Ca. If thou beest death, Ile glue thee Englands Treasures, Enough to purchase such another Island, So thou wilt let me live, and feele no paine. King. Ah, what a signe it is of euill life, Where death’s approach is seene fo terible. War. Beauford, it is thy Surreyaigne speakes to thee. Beauf. Bring me vnto my Triall when you will. Dy’d he not in his bed? Where should he dye? Can I make men liue where they will or no? Oh torture me no more, I will confesse. Aliue againe? Then shew me where he is, Ile glue a thousand pound to looke vpon him. He hath no eyes, the duft hath blinded them.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Combe downe his haire; looke, looke, it standes vp right,
Like Lime-twiges let to catch my winged soule:
Grieve me some drinkes, and bid the Apothecarie
Bring the strong pooyon that I bought of him.

King. Oh thou eternall mouer of the heauens,
Looke with a gentle eye vpon this Wretch,
Oh beate away the bufie medling Fiend,
That layes strong fiege vnto this wretches soule,
And from his boosome purge this blacke dispaire.

War. See how the panges of death doe make him grin.
Sal. Disturbe him not, let him paffe peaceably.

King. Peace to his soule, if Gods good pleasure be.
Lord Cardnall, if thou thinke'st on heauens bliss,
Hold vp thy hand, make signall of thy hope,
He dies and makes no signe: Oh God forgive him.

War. So bad a death, argues a monstrous life.

King. Forbeare to judge, for we are sinners all.
Cloe vp his eyes, and draw the Curtaine close,
And let vs all to Meditation.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Fight at Sea. Ordaunce goes off.

Enter Lieutenant, Suffolk, and others.

Lieut. The gaudy babbling and remorsefull day,
Is crept into the boosome of the Sea:
And now loud howling Wolves arouse the Iades
That dragge the Tragickene melancholy night:
Who with their drowze, flow, and flagging wings
Cleare dead-men graues, and from their misty Iawes,
Breath soule contagious darknesse in the ayre:
Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our prize,
For whilst our Pinncace Anchors in the Downes,
Heere shall they make their ranfome on the fand,
Or with their blood taine this dicoloured shore.

Marter, this Prisoner freely give I thee,
And thou that art his Mate, make boote of this:
The other Walter Whitmore is thy fhour.

Mac. A thousand Crownes, or elf lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Lieut. What thinke you much to pay 2000 Crownes,
And beare the name and port of Gentlemen?
Cut both the Villaines throats, for you shal:
The lives of those which we have loft in fight,
Be counter-poss'd with such a pettie fummings:
1. Gent. Ie give it vp, and therefore spare my life.
2. Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straitly.

Whit. I loft mine eye in laying the prize aboord,
And therefore to reuenge it, shalt thou dye,
And so should thefe, if I might have my will.

Lieut. Be not so rafh, take ranfome, let him liue.

Suf. Looke on my George, I am a Gentleman,
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be payed.

Whit. And so am I my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now? why stars thou? What doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose found is death:
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me by that Water I shoulde dye:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is Gualtier, being rightly founded.

Whit. Gualtire or Walter, which it is I care not,
Neuer yet did bafe dighton our houre our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot.
Therefore, when Merchant-like I fell reuenge,
Broke be my sword, my Armes torne and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world.

Suf. Stay Whitmore, for thy Prisoner is a Prince,
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

Whit. The Duke of Suffolkes, muffled vp in ragges?
Suf. I, but these ragges are no part of the Duke.

Lieut. But loue was neuer slaine as thou shalt be,
Obfure and lowfie Swaine, King Henryes blood.

Suf. The honourable blood of Lancaster
Muft not be shed by such a laded Groome:
Haft thou not kift thy hand, and held my firrop?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth Mule,

And thought thee happy when I booke my head.
How often haft thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my Trencher, knell'd downe at the boord,
When I have feasted with Queene Margaret?

Remember it, and let it make thee Creft-faine,
I, and alay this thy abtolute Pride:
How in our voyding Lobby haft thou ftood,
And duly wayted for my comming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charme thy riutous tongue.

Whit. Speak Captaine, shall I flab the forlorn Swain.

Lieut. First let my words flab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Safe flawe, thy words are blunt, and fo art thou.

Lieut. Conuey him hence, and on our long boats fide,
Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy owne.

Lieut. Pool, Sir Pool? Lord, I kennell, puddle, finke, whose filth and dirt
Troubles the fluer Spring, where England drinks.
Now will I dam vp this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the Treasure of the Realme.

Thy lips that kift the Queene, shall swepe the ground:
And that thow fmil'd at good Duke Hamfries death,
Against the fenfeless windes shall grin in vaine,
Who in contempt shall hisse at thee again.

And wedded be thou to the Hagges of hell,
For daring to affyle a mighty Lord
Vnto the daughter of a worthifull King,
Haveing neyther Subiect, Wealth, nor Diadem:
By diuellifh policy art thou gnowne great,
And like ambitious Sylla ouer-gord'd,
With gobbets of thy Mother-bleeding heart.
By thee Aniou and Maine were fold to France.
The falle reuolting Normans thorough thee,
Dildaine to call vs Lord, and Picardie
Hath flaine their Governors, surpriz'd our Forts,
And fent the ragged Souldiers wounded home.
The Princeley Warwicke, and the Neslais ali,
Whole dreadfulful fwords were neuer drawne in vaine,
As hating thee, and riung vp in armes.
And now the Houfe of Yorke thrust from the Crowne,
By thamefull murther of a guiltife King,
And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,
Burnes with reuenging fire, whose hopfull colours
Advance our halfe-fac'd Sunne, fiuing to shine;
Vnder which is writ, Invitit nubibus.
The Commons heere in Kent are vp in armes,
And to conclude, Reproach and Beggerie,
Is crept into the Pallace of our King,
And all by thee: away, conuey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a God, to shoo forth Thunder
Upon thofe paltry, ferulle, abfol Drujges:
Small things make bafe men proud. This Villaine heere,
Being Captaine of a Pinncace, threatens more
Then Bargius the ftrong Illyrian Pyrate.

Drones fuckle not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-huies:
It is impossiible that I should dye

By
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

By such a lowly Vaillant as thy selfe.

Thy words moue Rage, and not remorse in me:
I go of Meffage from the Queene to France to
I charge thee wafte me safely croffe the Channell.

Lieu. Water: W. Come Suffolkes, I must waft thee
to thy death.

Suf. Pine gelidae timor aceptat artus, it is thee I feare.

Wal. Thou that haue caufe to feare before I leave thee.

What, are ye danted now? Now will ye ftoope.


Suf. Suffolkes Imperial tongue is stern and rough:

Vs'd to command, vntaught to please for favour,
Farre be it, we should honor such as thefe
With humble fulte: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the blocke, then thefe knees bow to any,
Sawe to the God of heauen, and to my King:
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Then fhould vulnerable to the Vulgar Groome.

True Nobility, is exempt from feare:

More can I beare, then you dare execute.

Lieu. Hale him away, and let him talk no more:

Come Souldiers, fhew what cruelty ye can.

Suf. That this my death may neuer be forgot.

Great men oft dye by vile Bezonions.

A Romane Sworder, and Bandetto flau.

Murther'd sweet Tally. Brutus Baffard hand

Stab'd Julus Caesar. Savage Hangers

Pompey the Great, and Suffolk dyes by Pryrats.

Exit Water with Suffolk.

Lieu. And as for thefe whose ranfome we have fet,
It is our pleafure one of them depart:

Therefore come you with vs, and let him go.

Exit Lieutenant, and the refi.

Manet the firft Gent. Enter Walter with the body.

Wal. There let his head, and liueffe bodie lye,

Vntill the Queene his Misfirs bury it. Exit Walter.

1. Gent. O barbarous and bloudy spectacle,

His body will I beare vnto the King:

If he reuenge it not, yet will his Friends,
So will the Queene, that living, held him deere.

Enter Beau, and John Holland.

Beau. Come and get thee a sword, though made of a

Lath, they haue bene vp thefe two days.

Hol. They have the more neede to sleepe now then.

Beau. I tell thee, take Cade the Cloathier, meanes to
dreffe the Common-wealthe and turne it, and fet a new
nap vpone it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thred-bare. Well, I fay,
it was neuer merrie world in England, since Gentlemen
came vp.

Beau. O piferible Age: Vertue is not regarded in

Handy-crafts men.

Hol. The Nobilitie thinke fcorne to goe in Leather

Aprons.

Beau. Nay more, the Kings Counsell are no good

Workemen.

Hol. True: and yet it is faid, Labour in thy Vociation:
in which is as much to fay, as let the Magiftrates be la-
bouring men, and therefore should we be Magiftrates.

Beau. Thou haft hit it: for there's no better figne of a
brave minde, then a hard hand.

Hol. I fee them, I fee them: There's Byfls Sonne, the

Tanner of Wingham.

Beau. Hee fhall haue the skinnes of our enemies, to

make Dogges Leather of.

Hol. And Dicke the Butcher.

Beau. Then is fln frucke downe like an Oxe, and ini-
quities throate cut like a Calfe.

Hol. And Smith the Weauer.

Beau. Argos, their thred of life is flun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drumme. Enter Cade, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weauer,

and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Cade. Wee John Cade, to tearn'd of our supposed Fa-
ther.

But. Or rather of fealing a Cade of Herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before vs, inspired
with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Com-
mand filence.

But. Silence.

Cade. My Father was a Mortimer.

But. He was an honest man, and a good Bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet.

But. I knew her well, she was a Midwife.

Cade. My wife defcended of the Lacies.

But. She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, & told many

Laces.

Weauer. But now of late, not able to trauell with her

furr'd Packe, the wafhes buckes here at home.

Weauer. Therefore am I of an honorable houfe.

But. I by my faith, the field is honourable, and there
was he borne, vnder a hedge: for his Father had neuer a
houfe but the Cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weauer. A muft needs, for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

But. No queffion of that: for I haue feene him whipt
three Market dayes together.

Cade. I feare neither fword, nor fire.

Wea. He neede not feare the fword, for his Coate is of

Profe.

But. But me thinks he fhould stand in feare of fire, be-

ing burnt i'th hand for fealing of Shepe.

Cade. Be braue then, for your Captain is Braue, and

Vowes Reformation. There fhall be in England, feuen
halfe peny Loases fould for a peny: three the hoop'd pot,
shall haue ten hoopes, and I wil make it Felony to drink
small Beere. All the Realme fhall be in Common, and in
Cheapfide fhall my Palfrey goe to graffe: and when I am
King, as King I will be.

All. God faue your Malefty.

Cade. I thank ye good people. There fhall bee no
mony, all fhall eate and drinke on my score, and I will
apparell them all in one Livery, that they may agree like
Brothers, and worship me their Lord.

But. The firft thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I meane to do. Is not this a lamente-
ble thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe should
be made Parchment; that Parchment being scribeld ore,
should vnfoe a man. Some fay the Bee flyings, but I fay,
'tis the Bees waxe: for I did but faile once to a thing, and
I was neuer mine owne man fince. How now? Who's there?

Enter a Cearke.

Weauer. The Clearke of Chartam: hee can write and
reade, and caie accompt.

Cade. O monftrous.

Wea. We tooke him fetting of boyes Copies.
Cade. Here's a Villaine.

Vex. He's a Bookie in his pocket with red Letters in't.

Cade. Nay then he is a Conjurier.

But. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: The man is a proper man of mine Honour: vnleffe I finde him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither Sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Cleark. Emanuell.

But. They vfe to write it on the top of Letters: 'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone: Doft thou vfe to write thy name? Or hast thou a marke to thy selfe, like a honeft plain dealing man?

Cleark. Sir I thank God, I have bin so well brought vp, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confent: away with him: he's a Villaine and a Traitor.

Cade. Away with him I say: Hang him with his Pen and Inke-horne about his necke.

Exit one with the Cleark

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where's our Generall?

Cade. Here he am thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly, Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the Kings Forces.

Cade. Stand villaine, stand, or I'll fell thee downe: he shall be encountered with a man as good as himselfe. He is but a Knight, is a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equall him I will make my selfe a knight prently; Rife vp Sir Iohn Mortimer. Now haue at him.

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brother, with Drum and Soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious Hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the Gallowes: Lay your Weapons downe, Home to your Cottages: forfake this Grome.

The King is mercifull, if you revolt.

Bro. But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward: therefore yeeld, or dye.

Cade. As for these silken-coated flaues I passe not, It is to you good people, that I speake,
Ouer whom (in time to come) I hope to raigne:
For I am rightfull heyre vnto the Crowne.

Staff. Villaine, thy Father was a Playterer,
And thou thy selfe a Sheareman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a Gardiner.

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this Edmund Mortimer Earle of March, married the Duke of Clarence daughter, did he not?

Staf. I fir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Bro. That's false.

Staf. I, there's the question; But I say, 'tis true: The elder of them being put to nurse, Was by a begger-woman stolen away,
And ignorant of his birth and parentage, Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age.
His fonne am I, deny it if you can.

But. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

Vex. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers house, & the brickes are alioe at this day to tellifie it: therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base Drudges Words, that speakes he knowes not what.

All. I marry will we: therefore get ye gone.

Bro. I achke Cade, the D. of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lyes, for I invented it my selfe. Go too Sirrah, tell the King frome me, that for his Fathers sake Henry the fifth, (in whole time, boyes went to Span-counter for French Crownes) I am content he shall raigne, but I'll be Protecor ouer him.

Butcher. And furthermore, we'll haue the Lord Sayes head, for telling the Dukedome of Maine.

Cade And good reafon: for thereby is England main'd And fame to go with a raffe, but that my puifance holds it vp. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord Say hath gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch: & more then that, he can speake French, and therefore hee is a Traitor.

Staf. O groffe and miserable ignorance.

Cade. Nay anfwer if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go too then, I ask but this: Can he that speakes with the tongue of an enemy, be a good Counsellor, or no?

All. No, no, and therefore wee'll haue his head.

Bro. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevaile,
Affayle them with the Army of the King.

Staf. Herald away, and throughout every Towne,
Proclaine them Traitors that are vp with Cade.
That those which flye before the battell ends,
May euen in their Wives and Childrens fight,
Be hang'd vp for example at their doores:
And you that be the Kings Friends follow me.

Exit.

Cade. And you that love the Commons, follow me:
Now fhyr your felues men, 'tis for Liberty.
We will not leave one Lord, one Gentleman:
Spare none, but fuch as go in clouted fhoen,
For they are thrifty honeft men, and fuch
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

But. They are all in order, and march toward vs.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are moft out of order. Come, march forward.

A llarum to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are slain.

Enter Cade and the ref.

Cade. Where's Dicke, the Butcher of Ashford?

But. Heere fir.

Cade. They fell before thee like Sheepe and Oxen, & thou behaued'th thy felfe, as if thou hadit beene in thine owne Slaughter-houfe: Therefore thus will I reward thee, the Lent fhall be as long againe as it is, and thou fhall haue a Licenfe to kill for a hundred lacking one.

But. I define no more.

Cade. And to speake truth, thou deferu'th no leffe.
This Monument of the victorie will I beare, and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my horse heeles, till I do come to London, where we will haue the Maiors Iword born before vs.

But. If we meane to thrive, and do good, breake open the Gaoles, and let out the Prisoners.

Cade. Feare not that I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London.

Exeunt.

Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queene with Suffelkes bead, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

Queene. Oft haue I heard that greese softens the mind.

And
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

And makes it fearfull and degenerate,
Think therefore on revenge, and ceased to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and looke on this?
Here may his head lye on my throbbing brest:
But where's the body that I should imbrace?

But. What answer makes your Grace to the Rebels
Supplication?

King. He send some holy Bishop to intreat:
For God forbid, so many fimple soules
Should perish by the Sword. And I my felfe,
Rather then bloody Warre shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jacke Cade their Generall.
But stay, 11e read it ouer once again.

Qu. Ah barbarous villains: Hath this lovely face,
Ru'd like a wandering Planeter ouer me,
And could not inforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the fame.

King. Lord Say, Jacke Cade hath sworn to huse thy head.

Say. I, but I hope your Highness shall hauve his.

King. How now Madam?
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death?
I feare me (Lowe) if that I had beene dead,
Thou would'nt then have mourd so much for me.

Qu. No my Lowe, I should not mourne, but dye for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now? What newes? Why com't thou in such haste?

Mf. The Rebels are in Southwatke: Fly my Lord:
Jacke Cade proclaims himselfe Lord Mortimer,
Defended from the Duke of Clarence house,
And calles your Grace Visuper, openly,
And voices to Crowne himselfe in Westminster.
His Army is a ragged multitude
Of Hindes and Peazants, rude and mercifull:
Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brothers death,
Hath given them heart and courage to procede:
All Schollers, Lawyers, Courtiers, Gentlemen,
They call falle Catterpillers, and intend their death.

Kin. Oh gracefull men: they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to Kilingworth,
Vnstill a power be rais'd to put them downe.

Qu. Ah were the Duke of Suffolke now alive,
The felf Kentifh Rebels would be foone appeas'd.

King. Lord Say, the Traitors hateh thee,
Therefore away with vs to Kilingworth.

Say. So might your Grace persion be in danger:
The fight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this City will I flay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

The Citizens fye and forfave their houses:
The Rafcall people, threatening after pray,
Joine with the Traitor, and they joyntly sweare
To spoyle the City, and your Roall Court.

Bar. Then linger not my Lord, away, take horfe.

King. Come Margaret, God our hope will succor vs.

Qu. My hope is gone, now Suffolkke is deceit.

King. Farewell my Lord, truft not the Kentifh Rebels

Bar. Truft no body for feare you betrail.

Say. The truft I haue, is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute.

Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower walking. Then enters
two or three Citizens below.

Scales. How now? Is Jacke Cade slaine?

1.Cit. No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine:
For they haue wonne the Bridge,
Killing all thofe that withfand them:
The L. Major coupon ayd of your Honor from the Tower
To defend the City from the Rebels.

Scales. Such ayd as I can spare you shall command,
But I am troubled here with them my felfe,
The Rebels haue affay'd to win the Tower,
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will send you Mathew Goffe.
Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your Liues,
And so farwell, for I must hence againe.

Exeunt

Enter Jacke Cade and the refte, and strikes bis flagge on London stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer Lord of this City,
And heere fitting upon London Stone,
I charge and command, that of the Cities cofl
The piffing Conduit run nothing but Clarret Wine
This firth yeares of our raigne
And now henceforward it shall be Trefon for any,
That calleth me other then Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier running.

Soul. Jacke Cade, Jacke Cade.

Cade. Knocke him downe there. They kill him.

But. If this Fellow be wife, hee'ner neuer call yee Jacke

Cade more, I think he hath a very faire warning.

Diiie. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together
in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then let's goe fight with them:
But firt, goe and let London Bridge on fire,
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.

Come, let's away.

Exeunt omnes.

Aallarums. Mathew Goffe is slain, and all the refte.
Then enter Jacke Cade, with bis Company.

Cade. So firs: now goe fome and pull down the Sauoy:
Others to'th Innes of Court, downe with them all.

Hut. I have a fuite vnto your Lordifhip.

Cade. Bee it a Lordifhippe, thou haue it for that word.

But. Onely that the Lawes of England may come out of your mouth.

John. Maffe'wil be for Law then, for he was thruf in the mouth with a Speare, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay John, it will be finking Law, for his breath flinkez with eating toasted cheeze.

Cade. I have thought vpon it, it shall bee fo. Away, burne all the Records of the Realme, my mouth shall be the Parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to haue biting Statutes
Vniffe his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And hence-forward all things shall be in Common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mf. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heeres the Lord Say,
which fold the Townes in France. He that made vs pay
one and twenty Fifteenes, and one thilling to the pound,
the last Subsidie.
Enter George, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, thee shall be beheaded for it ten times: Ah thou Say, thou Surge, nay thou Buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blanke of our Jurisdiction Regall. What canst thou answer to my Maiefty, for giving vp of Normandie vnto Mounfieur Bajfmeu, the Dolphin of France? Be it knowne vnto thee by thefe preuence, even the preuence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the Beesome that muft sweepe the Court cleanse of fuch fith as thou art: Thou haft moft traiterously corrupted the youth of the Realme, in eereing a Grammar Schoole: and where- as before, our Fore-fathers had no other Bookes but the Score and the Tally, thou haft caufed printing to be vs'd, and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou haft built a Paper-Mill. It will be pronounced to thy Face, that thou haft men about thee, that ufually take of a Nowne and a Verbe, and fuch abominable wordes, as no Chrifian ear can endure to hear. Thou haft appoin- ted Juifles of Peace, to call poore men before them, about matters they were not able to anfwer. Moreover, thou haft put them in prifon, and because they could not reade, thou haft hang'd them, when (indeede) onely for that caufe they have beene most worthy to live. Thou doft ride in a foot-clothe, doft thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'Lt not to let thy horfe weare a Cloake, when honeftr men then thou go in their Hoft and Doublets.

Dicke. And warke in their shirt to, as my fefle for ex- ample, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent.

Dir. What fay you of Kent.

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis bona terra, mala gens.

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he fpeakes Latine.

Say. Heare me but fpeake, and beare mee wher'e you will:

Kent, in the Commentaries Cefar writ,
Is term'd the ciuel'ft place of all this Ile:
Sweet is the Covntry, becaufe full of Riches,
The People Liberall, Valiant, Aflue, Wealthy,
Which makes me hope you are not void of pitty.
I fold not Emaine, I loft not Normandie,
Yet to recover them would loafe my life:
Juifice with favour haue I always done,
Prayres and Teares haue mou'd me, Gifts could never.
When haue I ought exaict at your hands?
Kent to maintaine, the King, the Realme and you,
Large gifts haue I betow'd on learned Clearkes,
Because my Booke preferv'd me to the King.
And faying Ignorance is the curfe of God,
Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heauen.
Vnleffe you be poofft with diuellifh spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murther me:
This Tongue hath parlied vnto Forraigne Kings
For your behooffe.

Cade. Tut, when fruck't thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men haue reaching handstoof haue I fruck
That I neuer saw, and frucke them dead.

Gov. O montrous Coward! What, to come behinde Folkes?

Say. Thefe checkes are pale for watching for your good

Cade. Give him a box o'th'ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long fitting to determine poore mens caufes,
Hath made me full of fickneffe and difeaces.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen Candle then, & the help of hatchet.

Dicke. Why doft thou quier man?

Say. The Palfie, and not feare prouokes me.

Cade. Nay, he noddes at vs, as who fhould fay, Ile be even with you. Ie fee if his head will fland fledder on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me: wherein haue I offended moft?

Hau e I affeded wealth, or honor? Speake.

Are my Chefts fill'd vp with extorted Gold?

Is my Apparell fumptuous to behold?

Whom haue I injur'd, that ye feele my death?

These hands are free from guiltife bloodshedding,
This breath from harbouring foule deceitfull thoughts.
O let me live.

Cade. I feele remorde in my felfe with his words: but Ile bridle it: he shall dye, and it bee but for pleading fo well for his life. Away with him, he ha's a Familiar un- der his Tongue, he fpeakes not a Gods name. Goe, take him away I fay, and strike off his head prefently,and then breake into his Sonne in Lawes houfe, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both vppon two poles thither.

All. It fhall be done.

Say. Ah Countrimen: If when you make your prair's,
God fhould be fo obdurate as your felves:
How would it fare with your departed foules,
And therefore yet relent, and faue my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: the proudeft Peere in the Realme, fhall not weare a head on his shoulder, vnleffe he pay me tribute: there fhall not a maid be married, but the fhall pay to me her Mayden- head ere they haue it: Men fhall hold of mee in Cpite.

And we charge and command, that their foules be as free as heart can with, or tongue can tell.

Dicke. My Lord,
When fhall we go to Cheapeide, and take vp commodi- ties vpon our billes?

Cade. Marry presently.

All. O braue.

Enter one with the beads.

Cade. But is not this braue:
Let them kiffe one another: For they lou'd well
When they were allue. Now part them againe,
Leaff they confult about the giving vp
Of fome more Townes in France. Soldiers,
Deferre the spoile of the Citie vntill night:
For with these borne before vs,in fteed of Maces,
Will we ride through the ftreets, & at every Corner
Haue them kiffe. Away.

Alarum, and Retreat. Enter againe Cade, and all bi rabblement.

Cade. Vp Fifh-freete, downe Saint Magnes corner,
kill and knocke downe, throw them into Thames:

Sound a parley.

What noife is this I heare?

Dare any be fo bold to found Retreat or Parley

When I command them kifse?

Enter
Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.

Buc. I heere they be, that dare and will disturb thee:
Know Cade, we come Ambassadors from the King Vnto the Commons, whom thou haft mifled,
And heere pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forfaketh thee, and go home in peace.
Cliff. What fay ye Countremen, will ye relent
And yeeld to mercy, whilf't is offered you,
Or let a rabble leade you to your deaths.
Who loves the King, and wilbrace his pardon,
Fling vp his cap, and say, God faue his Maiestie.
Who hateth him, and honors not his Father,
Henry the fift, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon vp, and passe by.

All. God faue the King, God faue the King.
Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford are ye fo braue?
And you bafe Perants, do ye beleue him, will you needs
be hang'd with your Pardons about your neckes? Hath
my fword therefore broke through London gates, that
you should leave me at the White-heart in Southwarke.
I thought ye would never haue given out these Armes til
you had recovered your ancient Freedome. But you are
all Recrants and Daftards, and delight to live in flawerie
to the Nobility. Let them brakake your backes with bur-
thens, take your houfes ouer your heads, rauith your
Wifes and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will
make shift for one, and fo Gods Curse light vppon you
all.

All. We'l follow Cade,
We'll follow Cade.
Cliff. Is Cade the fonne of Henry the fift,
That thus you do exclame you'll go with him.
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you Earles and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye too:
Nor knowes he how to fly, but by the fpolle,
Vnleffe by robbing of your Friends, and vs.
Wer't not a lame, that whilft you lie at iarre,
The fearfull French, whom ye late vanquifhed
Should make a fhort ore-foas, and vanquiff you?
Me thinkes alreadie in this ciuill broyle,
I fee them Lording it in London streets,
Crying Village vnto all they meete.
Better ten thousand bafe-born Cades miscarry,
Then you should fpoope vnto a Frenchmans mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you haue loft:
Spare England, for it is your Native Coast:
Henry hath mony, you are ftrong and manly:
God on our fide, doubt not of Vtoriae.'

All. A Clifford, a Clifford,
We'll follow the King, and Clifford.
Cade. Was euer Feather fo lightly blowne too & fro,
as this multitude? The name of Henry the fift, hales them
to an hundred mifchieues, and makes them leaue me de-
folate. I fee them lay their heads together to furprize me.
My fword make way for me, for heere is no flaying:
in defpite of the duiels and hell, hauing through the verie
middite of you, and heauens and honor be witneffe, that
no want of reolution in mee, but onely my Followers
bafe and ignominious trefauns, makes me betake me to
my heele.

Exit. Buckingham, and old Clifford.

Exit. What is he fled? Go fome and follow him,
And he that brings his head vnto the King,
Shall have a thoufand Crownes for his reward.

Exeunt. some of them.

Follow me fouldiers, wee'll deuife a meane,
To reconcile you all vnto the King.

Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queue, and
Somerfet on the Terras.

King. Was euer King that ioy'd an earthly Throne,
And could command no more content then I?
No fooner was I crept out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King, at nine months olde.
Was neuer Subiect long'd to be a King,
As I do long and with to be a Subiect?

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buc. Health and glad dyings to your Maiestie.
King. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor Cade furpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him ftrong?

Enter Multitudes with Halteres about their
Neckes.

Cliff. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld,
And humberly thus with halteres on their neckes,
Expeft your Highneffe doome of life, or death.

King. Then heaven fet ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertaine my vowes of thankes and praife.
Souldiers, this day haue you redeem'd your liues,
And shew'd how well you love your Prince & Countrey:
Continue still in this fo good a minde,
And Henry though he be infurnate,
Affure your felues will neuer be vnkinde:
And go with thankes, and pardon to you all,
I do difmiffle you to your feuerall Countrees.

All. God faue the King, God faue the King.

Enter a Messanger.

Mef. Please it your Grace to be aduerfted,
The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puifiant and a mighty power
Of Gallow-glassies and flout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth as he comes along,
His Armes are onely to remoue from thee
The Duke of Somerfet, whom he tarmes a Traitor.

King. Thus stands my flate, 'twixt Cade and Yorke
difdreff,
Like to a Ship, that hauing ftap'd a Tempeft,
Is ftraight way calme, and boorded with a Pyrate.
But now is Cade driven backe, his men dippier'd,
And now is Yorke in Armes, to fecoude him.
I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him,
And ask him what's the reafon of these Armes:
Tell him, Ie fend Duke Edmund to the Tower,
And Somerfet we will commit thee thither,
Vntill his Armes be difmiff from him.

Somerfet. My Lord,
Ile yeelde my felfe to prifon willingly,
Or vnto death, to do my Countrey good.

King. In any cafe, be not to rough in terme,
For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.

Buc. I will my Lord, and doubt not fo to deal,
As all things fhall redound vnto your good.

King. Come wife, let's in, and learne to gouern better,
For yet may England curfe my wretched raigne.

Flourish. Exeunt. Enter.
Enter Cade.

Cade. Fye on Ambitions: fie on my selfe, that have a fword, and yet am ready to famish. Thise fwee daies haue I hid me in thse Woods, and durft not peep out, for all the Country is laid for me: but now am I fo hungry, that if I might have a Leaf of my life for a thousand yeares, I could flay no longer. Wherefore on a Brice'ke wall haue I climb'd into this Garden, to fee if I can eate Grathe, or picke a Sallet another while, which is not amifs to coole a mans fomacke this hot weather: and I think this word Sallet was borne to do me good: for many a time but for a Sallet, my braine-pan had bene cleft with a brown Bill; and many a time when I haue beene dry, & brauely march- ing, it hath feru'd me infeede of a quart pot to drinke in: and now the word Sallet mutt ferue me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would lye turmoyled in the Court, And may enjoy fuch quiet wayles as thofe? This fmall inheritance my Patre left me, Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy. I feeke not to waxe great by other warnings, Or gather wealth I care not with what enuy: Sufficeth, that I haue maintaines my state, And fends the poore well pleafed from my gate.

Cade. Heere's the Lord of the Soile come to felle me for a ftray, for entering his Fee-simpe without leave. A Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes of the King by carrying my head to him, but Ile make thee eate Iron like an Oftridge, and swallow my Sword like a great pin ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why rude Companion, whatfoere thou be, I know thee not, why then should I betray thee? Is't not enough to breake into my Garden, And like a Theefe to come to rob my grounds: Climbing my walles infight of me the Owner, But thou wilt braue me with these favcie termes?

Cade. Braue thee? I by the beet blood that euer was broach'd, and bearde thee to. Looke on mee well, I haue eate no meate thefe feue daies, yet come thou and thy five men, and if I doe not leave you all as dead as a doore naile, I pray God I may neuer eate graffe more.

Iden. Nay, it fhall neer be fald, while England flands, That Alexander Iden an Efquire of Kent, Took oddes to combate a poore famifht man. Oppofe thy feldfaft gazing eyes to mine, See if thou canft out-face me with thy lookes: Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the lefser: Thy hand is but a finger to my fift, Thy legge a flicker compar'd with this Truncheon, My foote fhall fight with all the ftrength thou haft, And if mine armes be heaued in the Ayre, Thy graue is digg'd already in the earth:

As for words, whole greatneffe anfwer's words, Let this my fword report what fpeech forbeares.

Cade. By my Valour: the moft compleate Cham- pion that euer I haft heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or cut not out the burly bon'd Cloinne in chines of Beefe, ere thou sleepe in thy Sheath, I beezech Ioue on my knees thou mayft be turn'd to Hobnailes.

Here they Fight.

O I am flaine, Famine and no other hath flaine me, let ten thousand diuelles come against me, and give me but the ten meales I haue loft, and I'de defie them all. Wither Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this houfe, because the unconquered soule of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I haue flain, that monftrous traitor? Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed, And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead, Ne're fhall this blood be wiped from thy poynt, But thou shalt weare it as a Heralds coate, To emblaze the Honor that thy Mafter got.

Cade. Iden farewell, and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me, she hath loft her felft man, and exhart all the World to be Cowards: For I that never feared any, am vanquifhed by Famine, not by Valour. Dys.

Id. How much thou wrong't me, heauen be my judge;
Die damned Wretch, the curfe of her that bare thee:
And as I thruft thy body in with my fword,
So with I, I might thruft thy foule to hell.
Hence will I dragge thee headlong by the heelles
Vnto a dunghill, which fhall be thy graue,
And there cut off thy moft vragorous head,
Which I will bear in triumph to the King,
Leaung thy trunke for Crowes to feed vpon. Exit.

Enter Yorks, and his Army of Irfe, with
Drum and Colours.

Yor. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And plunge the Crowne from feeble Henries head.
Ring Belles alowd, burne Bonfires clear and bright
To entertaine great Englands lawfull King.
AhSanta Mañias! who would not buy thee deere?
Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule.
This hand was made to handle nought but Gold.
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a Sword or Scepter balance it.
A Scepter fhall it haue, haue I a foule,
On which Ile toft the Fleur-de-Luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom haue we heere? Buckingham to disturb me?
The king hath fent him fure: I muft difemble.

Buc. Yorks, if thou maneafet wcl, I greet thee well.

Ter. Hemfrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.

Art thou a Meffenger, or come of pleafure.

Buc. A Meffenger from Henry, our dread Liege,
To know the reafon of these Armes in peace.
Or why, thou being a Subject, as I am,
Against thy Oath, and true Allegiance sworne,
Should raife fo great a power without his leave?
Or dare to bring thy Force fo neere the Court?

Ter. Scarfe can I fpeeke, my Choller is fo great.
Oh I could hew vp Rockes, and fight with Flint,
I am fo angry at these abfque tearmes.
And now like Aixc Talamious,
On Shepee or Oxen could I spend my furie.
I am farre better borne then is the king:
More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts.
But I must make faire weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weake, and I more strong.
Buckingham, I prethee pardon me,
That I have giuen no anfwer all this while:
My minde was troubled with deep Melancholly.
The caufe why I haue brought this Armie hither,
Is to remoue proud Somerset from the King,  
Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.  
  Buc. That is too much presumption on thy part:  
But if thy Armes be to no other end,  
The King hath yielded vnto thy demand:  
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.  
  York. Vpon thine Honor is he Prifoner?  
Buck. Vpon mine Honor he is Prifoner.  
  York. Then Buckingham I do dilimnifie my Powres.  
Souldiers, I thank you all: differpe your fuelles:  
Meet me to morrow in S. Georges Field,  
You shall haue pay, and every thing you with.  
And let my Soueraigne, vertuous Henry,  
Command my eldrie fonne, nay all my fonnes,  
As pledges of my Feallie and Love,  
Ile fend them all as willing as I lue:  
Lands, Goods, Horfe, Armor, any thing I haue  
Is his to vfe, fo Somerset may die.  
  Buc. Yorke, I commend this kinde submiffion,  
We twaine will go into his Highneffe Tent.  

Enter King and Attendants.  
  King. Buckingham, doth Yorke intend no harme to vs  
That thus he marcheth with thee arme in arme?  
  York. In all submiffion and humility,  
Yorke doth prefent himfelf vnto your Highneffe.  
K. Then what intends thefe Forces thou doft bring?  
  Tor. To haue the Traitor Somerset from hence,  
And fight againft that monftrous Rebell Cade,  
Who fince I heard to be discomfited.  

Enter Iden with Cades head.  
  Iden. If one fo rude, and of fo meane condition  
May passe into the prentice of a King:  
Loe, I prefent your Grace a Traitors head,  
The head of Cade, whom I in combat flew.  
  King. The head of Cade!Great God, how lufet art thou?  
Oh let me view his Viilage being dead,  
That liuing wrought me fuch exceeding trouble.  
Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that flew him?  
  Iden. I was, an't like your Maiestie.  
  King. How art thou call'd? And what is thy degree?  
  Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name,  
A poore Esquire of Kent, that loues his King.  
  Buc. So pleafe it you my Lord, 'twere not amiffle  
He were created Knight for his good seruice.  
  King. Iden, kneele downe, rife vp a Knight:  
We geue thee for reward a thousand Markes,  
And will, that thou henceforth attend on vs.  
  Iden. May Iden liue to merit fuch a bountie,  
And never liue but true vnto his Liege.  

Enter Queens and Somerfet.  
  K.See Buckingham, Somerfet comes with th'Queene,  
Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.  
  Qu. For thousand Yorkes hee shall not hide his head,  
But boldly fland, and front him to his face.  
  Tor. How now! is Somerset at libertie?  
Then Yorke vnloose thy long imprifonned thoughts,  
And let thy tongue be equall with thy heart.  
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?  
False King, why haft thou broken faith with me,  
Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuse?  
King did I call thee? No; thou art not King:  
Not fit to governe and rule multitudes,  
Which dar't not, no nor can't not rule a Traitor.  

That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne:  
Thy Hand is made to grace a Palmers fflaffe,  
And not to grace an awefull Princely Scepter.  
That Gold, mutt round engirt thefe brows of mine,  
Whose Smile and Frowne, like to Achilles Speare  
Is able with the change, to kill and cure.  
Here is a hand to hold a Scepter vp,  
And with the fame to ade conteilling Lawes:  
Glue place: by heaven thou shalt rule no more  
O're him, whom heaven created for thy Ruler.  
  Som. O monftrous Traitor! I arreft thee Yorke  
Of Capitall Trefon' gainft the King and Crowne:  
Obey audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace.  
  York. Wold'vet have me kneele?First let me ask of thee,  
If they can brooke I bow a knee to man:  
Sirrah, call in my fonne to be my bale:  
I know ere they will haue me go to Ward,  
They'll paue my swords of my infranchillement.  
  Qu. Call hither Clifford, bid him come amaine,  
To say, if that the Baffart boydes of Yorke  
Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.  
  York. O blood-bepotted Nepomulan,  
Out-call of Naples, Englands bloody Scourge,  
The fonne of Yorke, thy better in their birth,  
Shall be their Fathers baile, and bane to thofe  
That for my Surety will refufe the Boyes.  
  Enter Edward and Richard.  
See where they come, 1le warrant they'll make it good.  

Enter Clifford.  
  Qu. And here comes Clifford to deny their baile.  
Cliff. Health, and all happinesse to my Lord the King.  
Tor. I thanke thee Clifford: Say, what newes with thee?  
Nay, do not fright vs with an angry looke:  
We are thy Soueraigne Clifford, kneele againe;  
For thy miftaking fo, We pardon thee.  
  Cliffs. This is my King Yorke, I do not miftake,  
But thou miftakes me much to thinke I do,  
To Bedlem with him, is the man grawne mad.  
  King. Clifford, a Bedford and ambitious humor  
Makes him oppofe himfelfe againft his King.  
  Cliffs. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,  
And chop away that fadicous pate of his.  
  Qu. He is atrefled, but will not obey:  
His fonne(s)he fayes) shall give their words for him.  
  Tor. Will you not Sonnes?  
  Edw. I Noble Father, if our words will ferue.  
  Rich. And if words will not, then our Weapons shal.  
  Cliffs. Why what a brood of Traitors haue we here?  
  Torke. Looke in a Glaffe, and call thy Image fo.  
I am thy King, and thou a false-heart Traitor:  
Call hither to the flake my two braue Bears,  
That with the very flaking of their Chains,  
They may afhonish these fell-lurking Curres,  
Bid Salsbury and Warwicke come to me.  

Enter the Earles of Warwick and  
Salsbury.  
  Cliffs. Are thee thy Bears? We'll bate thy Bears to death,  
And manache the Berard in their Chains,  
If thou dar'ret bring them to the baying place.  
  Rich. Ofte haue I seeno a hot ore—weining Curr,  
Run backe and bite, becaufe he was with—held,  
Who being suffer'd with the Bears fell paw,  
Hath clapt his tale, betweene his legs and crize,  
And fuch a pece of servise will you do,
If you oppose your felues to match Lord Warwick.

Cliff. Hence heape of wrath, foule indigested lumpes, As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape. 

Tyr. Nay we shall heate you thorouly anon. 

Cliff. Take heedle leaf by your heat ye burne your felues:

King. Why Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow? 

Old Salsbury, shame to thy filuer haire, 

Whose silly mildeader of thy braine-ficke fonne, 

What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Ruffian? 

And fecke for forrow with thy Spectacles? 

Oh where is Faith? Oh, where is Loyalty? 

If it be banish't from the frolick head, 

Where shall it finde a harbour in the earth? 

Wilt thou go digge a grave to finde out Warre, 

And fame thine honourable Age with blood? 

Why art thou old, and want'ft experience? 

Or wherefore doest abuse it, if thou haft it? 

For shame in dutey bend thy knee to me, 

That bowes ynto the graue with mickle age. 

Sal. My Lord, I have considerd with my selfe 

The Title of this most renowned Duke, 

And in my conidence, do repute his grace 

The rightfull heere to Englands Royall feate. 

King. Haft thou not sworne Allegiance, ynto me? 

Sal. I haue. 

Ki. Canst thou dispence with heauen for such an oath? 

Sal. It is great finne, to swearne ynto a finne: 

But greater finne to keepe a finfull oath: 

Who can be bound by any solemne Vow 

To do a mur'drous deed, to rob a man, 

To force a spotlefe Virgins Chaffitie, 

To reauce the Orphan of his Patrimonie, 

To wring the Widow from her cuthom'd right, 

And haue no other reason for this wrong, 

But that he was bound by a solerne Oath? 

Qy. A subtile Traitor needs no Sophister. 

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himselfe. 

Tyrke. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou haft, 

I am resolu'd for death and dignitie. 

Old Cliff. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true 

War. You were best to go to bed, and dreame againe, 

To keepe thee from the Tempest of the field. 

Old Cliff. I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme, 

Then any thou canst conjure vp to day: 

And that I ple wnte vp thy Burgonet. 

Might I but know thee by thy houfed Badge, 

War. Now by my Fathers badge, old Neulfs Creft, 

The rampart Beare chaine'd to the ragged stafe, 

This day Ie were abode my Burgonet, 

As on a Mountain top, the Cedar thows, 

That keeps his leaves infipgh of any storme, 

Euen io affrigh thee with the view thereof. 

Old Cliff. And from thy Burgonet Ie rend thy Beare, 

And tread it vnder foot with all contempt, 

Despight the Bearard, that proteets the Beare. 

Ye Cliff. And so to Armes victorius Father, 

To quell the Rebels, and their Complices. 

Rich. Fie, Charite for shame, speake not in spight, 

For thou shall sup with Iefu Chrift to night. 

Ye Cliff. Foule flygmatickes that's more then thou canst tell. 

Rit. If not in heaven, you'ull ferue in hell. Exeunt 

Enter Warwicke. 

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwicke calleth: 

And if thou dost not hide thee from the Beare, 

Now when the angrie Trumpet sounds alarum, 

And dead mens cries do fill the empitie ayre, 

Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me, 

Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland, 

Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes. 

Enter Tyrke. 

War. How now my Noble Lord? What all a-foot? 

Tyr. The deadly handed Clifford flew my Steed: 

But match to match I haue encountred him, 

And made a prey for Carrion Kytes and Crowes. 

Euen of the bonnie beast he loud to well. 

Enter Clifford. 

War. Of one or both of vs the time is come. 

Tyr. Hold Warwicke, seek thee out some other chace 

For I my selfe must hunt this Deere to death. 

War. Then nobly Yorke, 'tis for a Crown thou fightst: 

As I intend Clifford to thrive to day, 

It greues my foule to leave thee vsnall'd. Exit War. 

Cliff. What seest thou in me Yorke? 

Why dost thou pause? 

Tyrke. With thy brave bearing should I be in loue, 

But that thou art so faft mine enemie. 

Cliff. Nor should thy proweffe want praise & esteeme, 

But that 'tis shewe ignobly, and in Trefon. 

Tyrke. So let it helpe me now against thy sword, 

As I in iustice, and true right expressie it. 

Cliff. My foule and bodie on the action both. 

Tyr. A dreadful lay, addrefse thee infantly. 

Cliff. La fin Corrone les euenmes. 

Tyr. Thus Warre hath gluene thee peace, for thy art still, 

Peace with his foule, heauen if it be thy will. 

Enter young Clifford. 

Cliff. Shame and Confusion all is on the rout, 

Fears frames disordred, and disordred wounds 

Where it should guard. O Warre, thou fonne of hell, 

Whom angry heauenas do make their minifier, 

Throw in the frozen boomes of our part, 

Hot Coales of Vengeance. Let no Souldier flye. 

He that is truly dede to Warre, 

Hath no felte-loue: nor he that loues himselfe, 

Hath not effentially, but by circumstance 

The name of Valour. O let the vile world end, 

And the premied Flames of the Laft day, 

Knit earth and heauen together. 

Now let the generall Trumpet blow his blaff, 

Particularities, and pettie founds 

To ceafe. Was't thou ordain'd (deere Father) 

To looe thy youth in peace, and atcheue the 

The Siluer Linery of aduised Age, 

And in thy Reverence, and thy Chaire-dayes, thus 

To drie in Ruffian battall? Euen at this fight, 

My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine, 

It shall be flyne. Yorke, not our old men spares 

No more will I their Babes, Teares Virginall, 

Shall to be me, even as the Dew to Fire, 

And Beautie, that the Tyrant oft reclaimes, 

Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax: 

Henceforth, I will not have to do with pitty. 

Meet I an infant of the house of Yorke, 

Into as many gobbitts will I cut it 

As wild Meata yong Abiridi did. 

In cruelty, will I feke out my Fame. 

Come thou new ruine of olde Clifords house: 

As did Aneas old Anchylus beare, 

So beare I thee upon my manly shoulders: 

But then, Aneas bare a liuing loade;
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

Enter Richard, and Somerset to fight.

Ric. So lye thou there:
For vnderneath an Ale-house paltry signe,
The Castle in St. Albans, Somerset
Hath made the Wizard famous in his death:
Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathfull still:
Priests pray for enemies, but Princes kill.

Fight. Excursions.

Enter King, Queens, and others.

Qu. Away my Lord, you are flow, for shame away.
King. Can we outrun the Heauens? Good Margaret stay.

Qu. What are you made of? You'll nor fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisedome, and defence,
To glie the enemy way, and to secure vs
By what we can, which can no more but flye.

Alarum a faire off.

If you be tane, we then should see the bottome
Of all our Fortunes: but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglecd)
We shall to London get, where you are lou'd,
And where this breach now in our Fortunes made
May readily be flipt.

Enter Clifford.

Cliff. But that my hearts on future milcheese fet,
I would speake blaphemy ere bid you flye:
But flye you must: Vncureable dishomfite
Reignes in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away for your reliefe, and we will lye
To see their day, and them our Fortune sue.
Away my Lord, away.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Yorke, Richard, Warwicke,
and Soldiers, with Drum & Colours.

Yorke. Of Salisbury, who can report of him,
That Winter Lyon, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions, and all tumult of Time:
And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth,
Repaires him with Occasion. This happy day
Is not it selle, nor have we wonne one foot,
If Salisbury be lofd.

Ric. My Noble Father:
Three times to day I holpe him to his horse,
Three times befrid him: Thrice I led him off,
Perfwaded him from any further act:
But still where danger was, still there I met him,
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his Will, in his old feeble body,
But Noble as he is, looke where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now by my Sword, well haft thou fought to day:
By'th'Maffe fo did we all. I thanke you Richard.
God knows how long it is I haue to liue:
And it hath pleasd him that three times to day
You haue defended me from imminent death.
Well Lords, we haue not got that which we haue,
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repayring Nature.

Yorke. I know our safety is to follow them,
For (as I heare) the King is fled to London,
To call a prefent Court of Parliament:
Let vs pursue him ere the Writs go forth.
What fayes Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?
War. After them: nay before them if we can:
Now by my hand (Lords) 'twas a glorious day.
Saint Albons battell wonne by famous Yorke,
Shall be eterniz'd in all Age to come.
Sound Drumme and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more such days as thefe, to vs befall.

FINIS.
The third Part of Henry the Sixt,
with the death of the Duke of
Yorke.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Alarum.

Enter Plantagenet, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and Souldiers.

Warwick. Wonder how the King escape'd our hands? Pl. While we purs'd the Horsemen of York, He fly'd stole away, and left his men:

Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland, Whose Warlike eares could not bearre brooke retreated, Cheer'd up the drooping Army, and himselfe, Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford all a-brest Charg'd our maine Battales Fronts and breaking in, Were by the Swords of common Soul'diers flaine.

Edw. Lord Stafford's Father, Duke of Buckingham, Is either flaine or wounded dangerous.

I left his Beauer with a down-right blow:

That this is true (Father) behold his blood.

Mount. And Brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire
Whom I encountred as the Battels ioyn'd. (blood, Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.

Plan. Richard hath best deferu'd of all my Sonnes:

But is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset? Nor. Such hope haue all the line of John of Gaunt. Rich. Thus do I hope to make King Henrys head. Warw. And so doe I, victorious Prince of York.

Before I see thee seated in that Throne, Which now the House of Lancaster vspires, I vow by Heauen, these eyes shall never close.

This is the Pallace of the fairest full King, And this the Regall Seat: posseste it York, For this is thine, and not King Heires Heires.

Plant. Afflict me then, sweet Warwick, and I will, For hither we have broken in by force.

Nor. Wee're all affrighte you: he that flyes, shall dye:

Plant. Thankes gentle Norfolk, staye by me my Lords, And Soulliers stay and lodge by me this Night.

They goe vp.

Warw. And when the King comes, offer him no violence, Vnlesse he seek to thratt you out perforce. Plant. The Queene this day here holds her Parliament, But little thinkes we shall be of her counsaille, By words or blows here let vs winne our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this House.

Warw. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd, Vnlesse Plantagenet, Duke of Yorke, be King, And bafhfull Henry depos'd, whose Cowardize Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.

Plant. Then leaue me not, my Lords be resolute, I meaning to take possiflion of my Right.

Warw. Neither the King, nor he that loves him best, The proudeth hee that holds wp Lancastre, Dares stirre a Wing, if Warwick shake his Bells.

Ile plant Plantagenet, root him vp who dares: Resolue thee Richard, claye the English Crowne.

Flore. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Wiltmarch, Exeter, and the rest.

Henry. My Lords, looke where the sturdie Rebell fits, Even in the Chayre of State: belike he means, Backt by the power of Warwick, that falle Peere, To aspire into the Crowne, and reigne as King.

Earle of Northumberland, he flyed thy Father, And thine, Lord Clifford, & you both haue vow'd reuenge, On him, his Sonnes, his Favorites, and his friends.

Nortumb. If I be not, Heauens be reuenge'd on me. Clifford. The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourne in Steele.

Wesm. What, shall we suffer this? lets pluck him down, My heart for anger burnes, I cannot brooke it.

Henry. Be patient, gentle Earl of Wiltmarch. Clifford. Patience is for Poultroones, such as he: He durnt not fit there, had your Father liv'd.

My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament
Let vs afflyse the Family of York.

North. Well haft thou spoken, Cousin be it so.

Henry. Ah, know you not the Citie favours them, And they haue troupe of Soul'diers at their beck?

Wesm. But when the Duke is flaine, they're quickly flye.

Henry. Farre be the thought of this from Henrys heart, To make a Shambles of the Parliament House.

Cousin of Exeter, frownes, words, and threats, Shall be the Warre that Henry means to vse.

Thou faduous Duke of Yorke defend my Throne, And kneele for grace and mercie at my feet, I am thy Soueraigne.

Yorke. I am thine.

Ex. For shame come downe, he made thee Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. It was my Inheritance, as the Earledome was.

Ex. Thy
The third Part of Henry the Sixt.

Exet. Thy Father was a Traytor to the Crowne.
Warw. Exeter thou art a Traytor to the Crowne,
In following this whirling Henry.
Clifford. Whom should hee follow, but his natural King?
Henry. And shall I fland, and shoule fit in my Throne?
York. It must and shal be fo, content thy selfe.
Warw. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King.
Wesm. He is both King, and Duke of Lancaster,
And that the Lord of Welfterland shal maintaine.
Warw. And Warwick shall disproue it. You forget
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And flew your Fathers, and with Colours spred
March't through the Grite to the Palace Gates:
Northumb. Yes Warwick, I remember it to my griefe,
And by his Soule, thou and thy House shall rue it.
Wesm. Plantagenet, of thee and thene thy Sonnes,
Thy Kinshfene, and thy Friends, Ile have more liues
Then drops of blood were in my Fathers Veines.
Cliff. Vrge it no more, left that in stead of words,
I tend those, Warwick, such a Meffenger,
As shall revenge his death, before I thire.
Warw. Poore Clifford, how I foronce his worthlesse Threats.
Plant. Will you we shew our Title to the Crowne?
If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field.
Henry. What Title haft thou Traytor to the Crowne?
My Father was as thou art, Duke of Yorke,
Thy Grandfather Roger Mortimer, Earle of March.
I am the Sonne of Henry the Fift,
Who made the Dolphin and the French to floupe,
And feide upon their Townes and Princes.
Warw. Taleke not of France, fith thou haft loft it all.
Henry. The Lord Protector loft it, and not I:
When I was crowned, I was but nine moneths old.
Rich. You are old enough now,
And yet me thinkes you loofe:
Father teare the Crowne from the Whorlers Head.
Edward. Sweet Father doe fo, fet it on your Head.
Mount. Good Brother,
As thou lou'tt and honeoreft Armes,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cauiling thus.
Richard. Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and the King will flye.
Plant. Sonnes peace.
Henry. Peace thou, and give King Henry leaue to speake.
Warw. Plantagenet shal speake first: Haere him Lords,
And be ye silent and attentuoe too,
For he that interrupts him, shall not liue.
Hen. Think'tt thou, that I will leave my Kingly Throne,
Wherein my Grandfiri and my Father fat?
Nofirft shall Warre vpeople this my Realme;
I, and their Couler often borne in France,
And now in England, to our hearts great sorrow,
Shall be my Winding-sheer. Why fain't you Lords?
My Title's good, and better farre then his.
Warw. Prov'y ne it Henry, and thou shalt be King.
Hen. Henry the Fourth by Conquest got the Crowne.
Plant. 'Twas by Rebellion against his King.
Henry. I know not what to say, my Titles weake:
Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heire?
Plant. What then?
Henry. And if he may, then am I lawfull King:
For Richard, in the view of many Lords,
Reign'd the Crowne to Henry the Fourth,
Whole Heire my Father was, and I am his.
Plant. He rofe against him, being his Soueraigne,
And made him to reigne his Crowne perfore.
Warw. Supp'ofe, my Lords, he did it vnconstrayn'd,
Thinke you 'twere preudiciall to his Crowne?
Exet. No: for he could not fo reigne his Crowne,
But that the next Heire should fucceeed and reigne,
Henry. Art thou against vs, Duke of Exeter?
Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardone me,
Plant. Why whisper you, my Lords, and anfwer not?
Exet. My Conience tells me he is lawfull King.
Henry. All will revoult from me, and turne to him.
Warw. Depot's he shall be, in defpight of all.
Northumb. Thou art deceu'd:
'Tis not thy Southerne power
Of Efex, Northolfe, Suffolke, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus preumptuous and proud,
Can fet the Duke vp in defpight of me.
Clifford. King Henry, be thy Title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vowes to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and swallow me alioe,
Where I shall kneele to him that flew my Father.
Henry. Oh Clifford, how thy words reuie my heart.
Plant. Henry. Henry of Lancaster, reigne thy Crowne:
What mutter you, or what confpire you Lords?
Warw. Doe right vnto this Princely Duke of Yorke,
Or I will fill the House with armed men,
And ouer the Chayre of State, where now he fits,
Write vp his Title with vfluring blood.
He flampes with his foot, and the Soulidors
Shew themfelves.
Henry. My Lord of Warwick, heare but one word,
Let me for this my life time reigne as King.
Plant.Confirme the Crowne to me and to mine Heires,
And thou shalt reigne in quiet while thou liu'in.
Henry. I am content: Richard Plantagenet
Enjoy the Kingdome after my deceafe.
Clifford. What wrong is this vnto the Prince, your Sonne?
Warw. What good is this to England, and himselue?
Wesm. Safe, fearefull, and defpaying Henry.
Clifford. How haft thou injur'd both thy fyle and vs?
Wesm. I cannot flay to heare thefe Articles.
Northumb. Nor I.
Clifford. Come Cousin, let vs tell the Queene these Newses.
Wesm. Farwell faine-hearted and degenerate King,
In whose cold blood no fpark of Honor bides.
Northumb. Be thou a prey vnto the House of Yorke,
And dye in Banda, for this vnmanly deed.
Cliff. In dreadfull Warre may'tt thou be overcame,
Or liue in peace abandon'd and defpis'd.
Warw. Turne this way Henry, and regard them not.
Exeter. They feake reuenge, and therefore will not yeeld.
Henry. Ah Exeter.
Warw. Why should you sigh, my Lord?
Henry. Not for my felle Lord Warwick, but my Sonne,
Whom I vmanaturally shall diff-inhereite.
But be it as it may: I here entale
The Crowne to thee and to thine Heires for euer,
Conditionally, that heere thou take an Oath,
To ceafe this Guiill Crowne: and whil'st I liue,
The third Part of Henry the Sixt.

To honor me as thy King, and Soueraigne:
And neither by Traison nor Hysterie,
To seek to put me downe, and reigne thy selues.

Plant. This Oath I willingly take, and will performe.
War. Long live King Henry: Plantagenet embrace him.

Henry. And long live thou, and these thy forward

Sonne.

Plant. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.
Exet. Accurrit he be that seekes to make them foes.
Sene. Here they come downe.

Plant. Farewell my gracious Lord, Ile to my Caffle.
War. And Ile keep London with my Souldiers.
Nor. And I to Norfolk with my followers.
Mount. And I vato the Sea, from whence I came.

Henry. And I with griefe and sorrow to the Court.

Enter the Queene.

Exeter. Heere comes the Queene,
Whole Lookes bewray her anger:
Ile steale away.

Henry. Exeter so will I.

Queene. Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee.
Henry. Be patient gentle Queene, and I will stay.

Queene. Who can be patient in such extremes?
Ah wretched man, would I had dy'd a Maid?
And never sene thee, never borne thee Sonne,
Seeing thou haft prou'd fo vnnaturall a Father.
Hath he deser'd to loose his Birth-right thus?
Hadst thou but lou'd him halfe so well as I,
Or felt that paine which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood;
Thou would'st have left thy dearest heart-blood there.
Rather then haue made that fauage Duke thine Heire,
And di-inherited thine onely Sonne.

Prince. Father, you cannot di-inherit me:
If you be King, why should not I succede?

Henry. Pardon me Margaret, pardon me sweet Sonne,
The Earl of Warwick and the Duke enforce me.

Queene. Enforce thee? Art thou King, and wilt be forc't?
I shame to heare thee speake: ah timorous Wretch,
Thou haft vndone thy selfe, thy Sonne, and me,
And giu'n unto the House of York such head,
As thou shalt reigne but by their sufferance.
To entayle him and his Heires vnto the Crowne,
What is it, but to make thy Sepulcher,
And crepe into it farre before thy time?

Warwick is Chancellour, and the Lord of Callice,
Stere, Fallowbridge commands the Narrow Seas,
The Duke is made Protecor of the Realme,
And yet shalt thou be fate? Such fatetie finds
The trembling Lambe, inuironed with Wolves.
Had I beene there, which is a filly Woman,
The Souldiers shoulde haue to'd me on their Pikes,
Before I would haue granted to that Act.

But thou pretend'st thy Life, before thine Honor.
And feeing thou dost, I here diuorce my selfe,
Both from thy Table Henry, and thy Bed,
Vntill that Act of Parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my Sonne is di-inherited.
The Northerne Lords, that haue forsworne thy Colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
And spread they shall be, to thy foule dligrace,
And vter ruine of the House of York.

Thus doe I leave thee: Come Sonne, let's away,
Our Army is ready; come, wee're after them.

Henry. Stay gentle Margaret, and hear me speake.
Queene. Thou haft spoke too much already: get thee gone.

Henry. Gentle Sonne Edward, thou wilt stay me?
Queene. I, to be murther'd by his Enemies.

Prince. When I returne with victorie to the field,
Ile see your Grace: till then, Ile follow her.

Queene. Come Sonne away, we may not linger thus.

Henry. Poor Queene,
How loue to me, and to her Sonne,
Hath made her brake out into terms of Rage.
Reueng'd my father, I shall bee on that hatefull Duke,
Whole haughtie Spirit, winged with defire,
Will coft my Crowne, and like an empite Eagle,
Tye on the flesh of me, and of my Sonne,
The losse of thofe three Lords torments my heart:
Ile write vnto them, and entreat them faire;
Come Cousin, you shall be the Messenger.

Exet. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. Exit.

Flourib. Enter Richard, Edward, and Mountague.


Edward. No, I can better play the Orator.
Mount. But I have reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. Why how now Sonnes, and Brother, at a striffe?
What is your Quarrell? how began it first?

Edward. No Quarrell, but a flight Contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your Grace and vs,
The Crowne of England, Father, which is yours.

York. Mine Boyt not till King Henry be dead.

Richard. Your Right depends not on his life, or death.

Edward. Now you are Heire, therefore enjoy it now:
By giuing the House of Lancaster leauce to breathe,
It will out-runne you, Father, in the end.

York. I tooke an Oath, that hee should quietly reigne.

Edward. But for a Kingdom any Oath may be broken:
I would break a thousand Oathes, to reigne one yeere.

Richard. No: God forbid your Grace should be forsworne.

York. I shall be, if I clayme by open Warre.

Richard. Ile proue the contrary, if you're heare mee speake.

York. Thou canst not, Sonne: it is impossible.

Richard. An Oath is of no moment, being not tooke
Before a true and lawfull Magistrate,
That hath authoritie over him that sweares.

Henry had none, but did vuerpe the place.
Then seing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your Oath, my Lord, is vaine and friuellous.

Therefore to Armes: and Father doe but think,
How sweett a thing it is to weare a Crowne,
Within whose Circuit is Elinium,
And all that Poets faine of Bliffe and Joy.

Why doe we linger thus? I cannot reft,
Vntill the White Rose that I weare, be dy'de
Even in the lake-warme blood of Henries heart.

York. Richard ynowe: I will be King, or dye.
Brother, thou shalt to London prefently,
And whet on Warwick to this Enterprize.
Thou Richard shalt to the Duke of Norfolke, 
And tell him pruily of our intent. 
You Edward shall vnto my Lord Cobham, 
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rife. 
In them I trust: for they are Souldiers, 
Wittie, courteous, liberal, full of spirit. 
While you are thus implovd, what refeth more? 
But that I feake occasion how to rife, 
And yet the King not priue to my Drift, 
Nor any of the House of Lancaster.

Enter Gabriel.

But stay, what Newes? Why comm't thou in such pothe? 

Gabriel. The Queene, 
With all the Northerne Earles and Lords, 
Intend here to besiege you in your Castle. 
She is hard by, with twenti thousand men: 
And therefore fortifie your Hold, my Lord. 

Torke. I, with my Sword. 

What? thinke'lt thou, that we feare them? 
Edward and Richard, you shall fly with me, 
My Brother Mountague shall pothe to London. 
Let Noble Warricks, Cobham, and the rest, 
Whom we have left Protectors of the King, 
With powrefull Pollicie strengthen themselues, 
And truft not simple Henry, nor his Oathes. 

Mount. Brother, I goe: Ile winne them, feare it not. 
And thus most humbly I doe take my leaue. 

Exit Mountague.

Enter Mortimer, and bis Brother.

York. Sir Iohn, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine Vnckles, 
You are come to Sandall in a happie houre. 
The Armie of the Queene meane to besiege vs. 
Iohn. Shee shall not neede, wee'le meece her in the field. 

York. What, with fuiue thousand men? 

Richard. I, with fuiue hundred, Father, for a neede. 

A Woman's generall: what should we feare? 

A March afarre off. 

Edward. I heare their Drummes: 
Let's set our men in order, 
And fifue forth, and bid them Battale straight. 

York. Fifue men to twentieth, though the oddes be great, 
I doubt not, Vnckle, of our Viictorie. 
Many a Battale haue I wonne in France, 
When as the Enemie hath beene tenne to one: 
Why should I not now haue the like successe? 

Alarum. Exit.

Enter Rutland, and bis Tutor.

Rutland. Ah, whither shall I flye, to scape their hands? 
Ah Tutor, looke where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter Clifford.

Clifford. Chaplaine away, thy Priesthood flues thy life. 
As for the Brat of this accurst Duke, 
Whoe Father flew my Father, he shall dye. 

Tutor. And I, my Lord, will beare him company. 

Clifford. Souldiers, away with him. 

Tutor. Ah Clifford, murther not this innocent Child, 
Leaft thou be hatned both of God and Man. 

Exit.

Clifford. How now? is he dead alreadie? 

Or is it feare, that makes him clofe his eyes? 
Ile open them. 

Rutland. So looks the pent-vp Lyon o're the Wretch, 
That trembles under his deouerung Paws: 
And fo he walkes, infulting o're his Prey, 
And fo he comes, to rend his Limbes afunder, 
Ah gentle Clifford, kill me with thy Sword, 
And not with such a cruel threatning Lookke. 
Sweet Clifford heare me speake, before I dye: 
I am too meane a subiect for thy Wrath, 
Be thou reueng'd on men, and let me liue. 

Clifford. In vaine thou speake't, poor Boy: 
My Fathers blood hath flopt the pacage 
Where thy words shou'd enter. 

Rutland. Then let my Fathers blood open it againe, 
He is a man, and Clifford cope with him. 

Clifford. Had I thy Brethren here, their liues and thine 
Were not reuenge sufficient for me: 
No, if I digg'd vp thy fore-fathers Graues, 
And hung their rotten Coffins vp in Chaynes, 
It could not flake mine ire, nor eafe my heart. 
The fight of any of the House of Torke, 
Is as a furie to torment my Soule: 
And till I root out their accrued Line, 
And leave not one alue, I liue in Hell. 
Therefore--- 

Rutland. Oh let me pray, before I take my death: 
To thee I pray, sweet Clifford pity me. 

Clifford. Such pitty as my Rapiers point affords. 

Rutland. I never did thee harme: why wilt thou flay me? 

Clifford. Thy Father hath. 

Rutland. But 'twas ere I was borne. 

Thou haft one Sonne, for his fake pitty me, 
Leaft in reuenge thereof, th'God is iust, 
He be as miferably flaine as I. 
Ah, let me liue in Prifon all my dases, 
And when I giue occasion of offence, 
Then let me dye, for now thou haft no cause. 

Clifford. No caufe? thy Father fliew my Fathers therefor dye. 

Rutland. Dil faciant laudis summa fi jfa tue. 

Clifford. Plantagenet, I come Plantagenet: 
And this thy Sonnes blood cleansing to my Blade, 
Shall ruft vpom my Weapon, till thy blood 
Congel'd with this, doe make me wipre off both. 

Exit.


York. The Army of the Queene hath got the field: 
My Vnckles both are slaine, in refcuing me; 
And all my followers, to the eager for 
Tume back, and flye, like Ships before the Winde, 
Or Lambs purf'd by hunger-fared Wolves. 
My Sonnes, God knows what hath bechanc'd them: 
But this I know, they have demean'd themselues 
Like men borne to Renowne, by Life or Death. 
Three times did Richard make a Lane to me, 
And thrice cry'de, Courage Father, fight it out: 
And full as oft came Edward to my side, 
With Purple Faulchion, painted to the Hilt, 
In blood of thofe that had encountered him: 
And when the hardyeft Warriors did retyre, 
Richard cry'de, Charge, and give no foot of ground, 
And cry'de, A Crowne, or else a glorious Tombe,
The third Part of Henry the Sixth. 151

A Scepter, or an Earthly Sepulchre.
With this we charg’d againe: but out alas,
We bodg’d againe, as I have seen a Swan
With bootlesse labour swimme against the Tyde,
And spend her strength with ouer-matching Waves.
A short Alarum within.

Ah heareke, the fatal followers doe pursue,
And I am faint, and cannot fye their fue:
And were I strong, I would not thunne their fue.
The Sands are numbred, that makes vp my Life,
Here muft I stay, and here my Life must end.

Enter the Queens, Clifford, Northumberland,
the young Prince, and Souldiers.

Come bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchlesse fueir to more rage:
I am your Butt, and I abide your Shot.

Northumb. Yeeld to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
Clifford. I, to fuch mercy, as his ruthlesse Arme
With downe-right payment, shew’d vs to your Father.
Now Peace hath tumbled from his Carre,
And made an Euening at the Noones-tide Prick.

Northumb. Clifford, all hopelesse of their Luiues,
Breathe out Inueclues ’gainst the Officers.

York. Oh Clifford, but bethinke thee once again,
And in thy thought ore-run my former time:
And if thou canst, for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that flanders him with Cowardice,
Whose frowne hath made thee faint and fye ere this.

Clifford. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckler with thee blowes twice two for one.

Queene. Hold valiant Clifford, for a thousand cauSES
I would prolong a while the Traytors Life:
Wrath makes him deafe: speake thou Northumberland.

Northumb. Hold Clifford, doe not honor him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valoure were it, when a Curre doth grinne,
For one to thufl his Hand betweene his Teeth,
When he might spurre him with his Foot away?
It is Warres prize, to take all Vantages,
And tenne to one, is no impeach of Valour.

Clifford. I, I, so driues the Woodcocke with the Gynne.

Northumb. So doth the Connie struggle in the Net.

York. So triumph Theuees upon their conquer’d Booty,
So True men yeeld with Robbers, so o’re-macth.

Northumb. What would your Grace haue done vs
him now?

Queene. Braue Warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come make him stand vs on this Mole-hill here,
That raught at Mountains with out-stretched Armes,
Yet parted but the shadow with his Hand.
What, was it you that would be Englands King?
Was’t you that reuell’d in our Parliament,
And made a Preachment of your high Defcency?
Where are your Meffe of Sonnes, to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the luftie George?

And where’s that valiant Crook-back Prodigie,
Dickie, your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce
Was wont to cheare his Dad in Mutinies?
Or with the ref, where is your Darling, Rutland?
Looke York, I stay’d this Napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his Rapiers point,
Made issue from the Bosome of the Boy:
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I glue thee this to drie thy Cheekes withall.
Alas poore York, but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable fate.
I prythee grieue, to make me merry, York.
What, hath thy fierie heart to parcht thine entrailes,
That not a Teare can fall, for Rutlands death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shoul’dt be mad:
And I, to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus.
Stame, raue, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou wouldst be fpee’d, I fee, to make me sport:
York cannot speake, vnleffe he were a Crowne.
A Crowne for York; and Lords, bow lowe to him:
Hold you his hands, whilst I doe let it on.
I marry Sir, now lookes he like a King:
I, this is he that tooke King Henryes Chaire,
And this he is, who had mee take his Head.
But how is it, that great Plantagenet
Is crown’d fo foone, and broke his solemne Oath?
As I bethinke me, you should not be King,
Till our King Henry had tooke hands with Death.
And will you pale your head in Henries Glory,
And rob his Temples of the Diademe,
Now in his Life, against your holy Oath?
Oh ’tis a fault too too unpanorable.
Off with the Crowne, and with the Crowne, his Head,
And whilst we breathe, take time to doe him dead.

Clifford. That is my Office, for my Fathers fake.
Queene. Nay fay, let’s hear the Orizons hee makes.

York. Shee-Wolfe of France,
But worse then Wolues of France,
Whose Tongue more poiyons then the Adders Tooth:
How ill-befeeing is it in thy Sex,
To triumph like an Amazonian Trull,
Vpon their Woes, whom Fortune captiuates?
But that thy Face is Vizard-like, exchanging,
Made impudent with vfe of euill deedes.
I would affay, prov’d Queene, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou cam’st, of whom deriu’d,
Were shame enough, to shame thee,
Wert thou not shamelesse.
Thy Father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
Yet not fo wealthie as an English Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to infult?
It needes not, nor it bootees thee not, prov’d Queene,
Vnleffe the Adage must be verifi’d,
That Beggers mounted, runne their Horse to death.
’Tis Beautie that doth oft make Women proud.
But God he knowes, thy share thereof is small.
’Tis Vertue, that doth make them most admir’d,
The contrary, doth make thee wondred at.
’Tis Government that makes them seeme Diuine,
The want thereof, makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are vnto vs,
Or as the South to the Septentrion.
Oh Tygres heart, wrapt in a Womans Hide,

How
The third Part of Henry the Sixt.

How couldst thou drayne the Life-blood of the Child, To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall, And yet be scene to bear a Womans face? Women are soft, mild, pittifull, and flexible; Thou, sterner, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorselesse. Biddst thou me rage? why now thou hast thy wish. Wouldst haue me wepe? why now thou hast thy will. For raging Wind blowes vp inceffant flowers, And when the Rage alyayes, the Rain begins. These Teares are my sweet Rutland Obfequies, And every drop cryes vengeance for his death, 'Gainst thee fell Clifford, and thee false French-woman, Northumb. Behreuw me, but his paffions mouses me so, That hardly can I check my eyes from Teares. York. That Face of his, The hungry Caniballs would not haue toucht, Would now have flayd with blood; But you are more inhumane, more inexorable, Ol, tenne times more then Tygers of Hycrania. See, ruthless Queene, a haplfe Theres Teares: This Cloth thou dip'dt in blood of my sweet Boy, And I with Teares doe waft the blood away, Keepe thou the Napkin, and goe boatt of this, An thou telt 't the heauie storie right, Vpon my Soule, the hearers will shed Teares: Yea, even my Foes will shed fat-falling Teares, And say, Alas, it was a pitious deed, There, take the Crowne, and with the Crowne,my Curfe, And in thy need, fuch comfort come to thee, As now I reape at thy too cruell hand. Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the World, My Soule to Heauen, my Blood upon your Heads. Northumb. Had he beene slaughter-man to all my Kinne, I should not for my Life but wepe with him, To see how inly Sorrow grieves his Soule. Queen. What, weeping ripe, my Lord Northumberland? Thynke but upon the wrong he did vs all, And that will quickly drie thy melting Teares. Clifford. Here's for my Oath, here's for my Fathers Death. Queene. And here's to right our gentle-hearted King. York. Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God, My Soule flyes through these wounds, to seek out thee. Queen. Off with his Head, and set it on Yorkes Gates, So York may ouer-looke the Towne of Yorkes. Flourish. Exit. A March. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

Edward. I wonder how our Princely Father scap't: Or whether he be scap't away, or no, From Cliffsords and Northumblands pursuit? Had he beene ta'ne, we should have heard the newes; Had he beene slaine, we should have heard the newes: Or had he scap't, me thinkes we should have heard The happy tidings of his good escape. How fares my Brother? why is he so sad? Richard. I cannot joy, till I be resolute Where him in the Battale range about, And watcht him how he fangled Clifford forth. Me thought he bore him in the thickest troupe, As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Neat, Or as a Beare encompaund with Dogges:

Who having pincht a few, and made them cry, The red stand all aleepe, and barke at him. So far'd our Father with his Enemies, So fled his Enemies my Warlike Father: Me thinkes 'tis prize enough to be his Sonne. See how the Morning opes her golden Gates, And takes her farwell of the glorious Sunne. How well reembles it the prime of Youth, Trimm'd like a Yorke, prauencing to his Loue? Ed. Daunce mine eyes, or doe I see three Sunnes? Rich. Three glorious Sunnes, each one a perfect Sunne, Not seperated with the racking Clouds, But feuer'd in a pale cleare-shining Skye.

See, fee, they joyne, embrace, and seeme to kisse, As if they vow'd some League inuiolable. Now are they but one Lampe, one Light, one Sunne: In this, the Heauen figures some euent. Edward. 'Tis wondrous strange, The like yet neuer heard of. I thinke it cites vs(Brother) to the field, That wee, the Sonnes of braue Plantagenet, Each one alreadie blazing by our meedes, Should notwithstanding joyne our Lights together, And ouer-shine the Earth, as this the World. What ere it bodes, hence-forward will I beare Vpon my Targuet three faire shining Sunnes.

Richard. Nay, beare three Daughters: By your leaue, I speake it, You loue the Breeder better then the Male.

Enter one blowing.

But what art thou, whole heauie Lookes fore-tell Some dreadfull story hanging on thy Tongue? Meff. Ah, one that was a woufull looker on, When as the Noble Duke of Yorke was slaine, Your Princely Father, and my louing Lord. Edward. Oh speake no more, for I haue heard too much.

Richard. Say how he dy'd, for I will heare it all. Meff. Environed he was with many foes, And flood against them, as the hope of Troy Against the Greetes, that would have entred Troy, But Hercules himselfe must yeeld to oddes: And many stroakes, though with a little Axe, Hewes downe and fells the hardest-tymbre'd Oake. By many hands your Father was subdu'd, But onely slaughtred by the irrefull Arme

Of vn-releenting Cliffsord, and the Queene: Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high deslight, Laugh'd in his face: and when with griefe he wept, The ruthless Queene gave him, to dry his Cheekes, A Napkin, steeped in the harmelose blood Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Cliffsord slaine, And after many scorres, many foule taunts, They tooke his Head, and on the Gates of Yorke They set the same, and there it doth remaine, The faddest speectacle that ere I view'd.

Edward. Sweet Duke of Yorke, our Prop to leaue vpon, Now thou art gone, wee haue no Staffe, no Stay. Oh Cliffsord, boy'r'rous Cliffsord, thou haist slaine The flowre of Europe, for his Cheualrie, And trecherously haist thou vanquifht him, For hand to hand he would haue vanquifht thee. Now my Soules Pallace is become a Prifons:

Ah, would the breake from hence, that this my body

Might
Might in the ground be clozed vp in rest:
For neuer henceforth shall I joy againe;
Neuer, or neuer shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot wepe: for all my bodies moytubre
Scarle ferues to quench my Furnace-burning hart:
Nor can my tongue vnloade my hearts great burthen,
For selfe-fame winde that I should speake withall,
Is kindling coales that fires all my breft,
And burns me vp with flames, that tears would quench.
To wepe, is to make lefle the depth of greefe:
Tears then for Babes; Blowses, and Reuenge for mee.

Rich. I hear thee name, Ile venge thy death,
Or dye renowned by attempting it.

Ed. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
His Dukeedom, and his Chaire with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles Bird,
Shew thy defent by gazing 'gainst the Sunne:
For Chaire and Dukeedom, Throne and Kingdome fay,
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter Warwick, Marqueffe Mountacute,
and their Amy.

Warwick. How now faire Lords? What faire? What news abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recompt
Our balefull news, and at each words deliuerance
Stab Poniards in our flefis, till all were told,
The words would adde more anguith then the wounds.
O valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is flaine.

Edw. O Warwicke, Warwicke, that Plantagenet
Which held thee deeerely, as his Soules Redemption,
Is by the ferne Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten dayes ago, I drown these newes in teares.
And now to adde more measur to your woes,
I come to tell you things fith then befalne.
After the bloody Fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave Father breathd his latest gaspe,
Tydings, as twofold as the Pottes could runne,
Were brought me of your Loffe, and his Depart.

I then in London, keeper of the King,
Muster'd my Soldiers, gathered flockes of Friends,
Marcht toward S. Albons, to intercept the Queene,
Bearing the King in my behalfe along:
For by my Scouts, I was audent
That she was comming with a full intent
To dath our late Decree in Parliament,
Touching King Henrys Oath, and your Succesion:
Short Tale to make, weat S. Albons met,
Our Battales joynd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether twas the coldneffe of the King,
Who lookd full gentlly on his warlike Queene,
That robbd my Soldiers of their heated Spleene.
Or whether twas report of her succewe,
Or more then common feare of Cliffsords Rigour,
Who thunders to his Captuies, Blood and Death,
I cannot iudge: but to conclude with truth,
Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:
Our Souldiers like the Night, Owles lazie flight,
Or like a lazie Thresher with a Flasie,
Fell gentlly downe, as if they strucke their Friends.
I cheerd them vp with luffte of our Caule,
With promise of high pay, and great Rewards:
But all in vaine, they had no heart to fight,
And we (in them) no hope to win the day,
So that we fled: the King vnto the Queene,
Lord George, your Brother, Norfolke, and my Selfe,

In hafte, post hafte, are come to loyne with you:
For in the Marches heere we heard you were,
Making another Head, to fight againe.

Ed. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some fix miles off the Duke is with the Soldiers,
And for your Brother he was lately sent
From your kinde Aunt Dutcheffe of Burgundie,
With ayde of Soulidiers to this needfull Warre.

Rich. Twas oddes belike, when valiant Warwick fled;
Oft haue I heard his praiies in Purfuite,
But ne're till now, his Scandal of Retire.

War. Nor now my Scandal Richard, dost thou heare:
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from faint Henries head,
And wring the awefull Scepter from his Fift,
Were he as famous, and as bold in Warre,
As he is famd for Mildnene, Peace, and Prayer.

Rich. I know it well Lord Warwick, blame me not,
'Tis loue I hear thy glories make me speake:
But in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our Coates of Steele,
And wrap our bodies in blacke mourning Gownes,
Numbering our Aue-Maries with our Beads?
Or shall we on the Helmets of our Foes
Tell our Devotion with reuengefull Armes?
If for the left, say I, and to it Lords.

War. Why therefore Warwick came to seek you out,
And therefore comes my Brother Mountague:
Attend me Lords, the proud infulting Queene,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their Feather, many moe proud Birds,
Haue wrought the eafeef-melting King, like Wax.
He fwores content to your Succession,
His Oath enrolled in the Parliament.
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his Oath, and what beside
May make against the houfe of Lancafet.
Their power (I thinke) is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the helpe of Norfolk, and my felie,
With all the Friends that thou braue Earle of March
Among't the louing Weffhmen can't procure,
Will but amount to flue and twenty thousand,
Why Via, to London will we march,
And once againe, beftride our foaming Steeds,
And once again cry Charge vpon our Foes,
But neuer once again turne backe and flye.

Rich. I, now me thinks I hear great Warwick speake;
Ne're may he liue to fee a Sun-thine day,
That cries Retire, if Warwick bid him flay.

Ed. Lord Warwickke, on thy shoulder will I leane,
And when thou fallist (as God forbid the houre)
Muf't Edward fall, which perill heauen forefend.

War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke:
The next degree, is Englands Royall Throne:
For King of England shalt thou be proclaimed
In euery Burrough as we paffe along,
And he that throwes not vp his cap for joy,
Shall for the Fault make forfeit of his head.

King Edward, valiant Richard Mountague:
Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renowne,
But found the Trumpets, and about our Taskes.

Rich. Then Clifford, were thy heart as hard as Steele,
As thou haft shewn it flintie by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Ed. Then strike vp Drums, God and S. George for vs.

War.
Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what newes?

Mess. The Duke of Norfolke sends you word by me, The Queene is comming with a puxifiant Hoafe, And craves your company, for speedy counsell.

War. Why then it forts, braue Warriors,let's away. 

Exeunt Omnes.

Flourish. Enter the King, the Queene, Clifford, Northumb- and Yong Prince, with Drumme and Trumpettes.

Qu. Welcome my Lord, to this braue town of Yorke, Yonders the head of that Arch-enemy, That fought to be incompaet with your Crowne. Doth not the object cheere your heart,my Lord. K. L, as the rockes cheere them that feare their wrack, To fee this fight, it lites my very foule, With-hold reuenge (deere God) 'tis not my fault, Nor wittingly have I infringing'd my Vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity And harmfull pitty must be layd aside : To whom do Lyons caft their gentle Lookes? Not to the Beaf, that would vfurpe their Den. Whose hand is that the Forreft Bear doth licke? Not his that spoyles her yong before her face. Who scapes the lurking Serpents mortall sting? Not he that fets his foot vpon her backe. The smallest Worme will turne, being troden on, And Doues will pecke in fafeguard of their Brood. Ambitious Yorke, did leuell at thy Crowne, Thou fingling, while he knitt his angry browes. He but a Duke, would have his Sonne a King, And raife hisifie like a louing Sire. Thou being a King, bleft with a goodly fonne, Did't yeeld conuent to disfainer him :

Which argued thee a moft vnloving Father. Unreaftionable Creatures feed their young, And though mans face be fearfull to their eyes, Yet in their heart of their tender ones. Who hath not feen them euin with those wings, Which sometime they haue va'd with fearfull flight, Make ware with him that climbat vnto their neft, Offering their owne liues in their yongs defence: For shame, my Liege, make them your Prefident : Were it not pitty that this goodly Boy Should looie his Birth—right by his Fathers fault, And long heererafter lay vnto his childe, What my great Grandfather, and Grandfire got, My carelesse Father fondly gane away. Ah, what a shame were this? Looke on the Boy, And let his manly face, which promifeth Succesful Fortune steale thy melting heart, To hold thine owne, and leave thine owne with him. 

King. Full well hath Clifford plaide the Orator, Inferring arguments of mightie force : But Clifford tell me, did't thou neuer heare, That things ill got, had euuer bad succeffe. And happy always was it for that Sonne, Whose Father for his hoarding went to hell : Ilte leave my Sonne my Vertuous deeds behinde, And would my Father had left me no more: For all the rest is held at such a Rate, As brings a thousand fold more care to keepe, Then in poftellion any lot of pleafure. Ah Cofin Yorke, would thy beft Friends did know, How it doth greeue me that thy head is heere. Qu. My Lord cheere vp your spirites, our foes are nye, And this soft courage makes your Followers faint : You promitt Kindneffe to our forward Sonne, Vnfeath your sword, and dub him prently. Edward, kneele downe. 

King. Edward Plantagenet, arife a Knight, And learne this Lefion; Draw thy Sword in right. 

Prin. My gracious Father, by your Kingly leave, Ie draw it as Apparant to the Crowne, And in that quarrell, vfe it to the death. 

Clif. Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Maff. Royall Commanders, be in readinesse, For with a Band of thirty thouand men, Comes Warwicke backing of the Duke of Yorke, And in the Townes as they do march along, Proclaims him King, and many fye to him, Darraigne your battell, for they are at hand. 

Clif. I would your Highnesse would depart the field, The Queene hath beft successe when you are abfent. 

Qu. I'g good my Lord, and leave va to our Fortune. 

King. Why, that's my fortune too, therefore Ie fay. 

North. Be it with resolution then to fight. 

Prin. My Royall Father, cheere thefe Noble Lords, And heare thofe that fight in your defence: 

Vnfeath your Sword, good Father: Cry S. George. 


Edw. Now periu'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace? And fett thy Diadem vpon my head? Or hide the mortall Fortune of the field. 

Qu. Go rate thy Minions, proud Infulting Boy, Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms, Before thy Soueraigne, and thy lawfull King? 

Ed. I am his King, and he would bow his knee : I was adopted Heire to his conuent. 

Cla. Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I heare, You that are King, though he doe ware the Crowne, Haue cau'd him by new Act of Parliament, To blot out me, and put his owne Sonne in. 

Clif. And reaon too, Who should succeede the Father, but the Sonne. 


Clif. I Crooke-back, here I fand to anfwer thee, Or any he, the proue of thy for. 

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd yong Rutland, was it not? Clif. I, and old Yorke, and yet not fatisfie. 

Rich. For Gods fake Lords give signall to the fight. 

War. What faie'ft thou Henry, Wilt thou yeeld the Crowne? (you fpeak) 

Qu. Why how now long-tongu'd Warwicke, dare 

When you and I, met at S. Allons laft, 

Your leggtes did better feruice then your hands. 

War. Then 'twas my turne to fly, and now 'tis thine : 

Clif. You faid fo much before, and yet you fled. 

War. 'Twas not your valor Clifford droue me thence. 

Nor.No, nor your manhood that durft make you stay. 

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reuerently, Breake off the parley, for fcarfe I can refraine 

The execution of my big iwolne heart 

Vpon that Clifford, that cruel Child-killer. 

Clif. I flw thy Father, cal'ft thou him a Child?
Rich. I like a Daffard, and a treacherous Coward,  
As thou didst' fight our tender Brother Rutland,  
But ere Sunset, I will make thee curse the deed.  
King. Have done with words (my Lords) and hear  
me speake.  
Qu. Difie them then, or els holde close thy lips.  
King. Yet I prithee give no limits to my Tongue,  
I am a King, and pruell'd go to speake.  
Cliff. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here,  
Cannot be cut by Words, therefore be still.  
Rich. Then Executioner vnheath thy word:  
By him that made vs all, I am relou'd,  
That Cliffs Hand, with his tongue.  
Ed. Say Henry, shall I have my right, or no?  
A thousand men haue broke their Fafts to day,  
That ne're shall dine, vnleafe thou yield the Crowne.  
War. If thou deny their, Blood upon thy head,  
For Yorke in justice put's his Armour on.  
Pr.Ed. If that be right, which Warwick saies is right,  
There is no vrvong, but every thing is right.  
War. Who euer got thee, there thy Mother stands,  
For well I vrot, thou haft thy Mother tongues.  
Qu. But thou art neyther like thy Sire nor Damme,  
But like a foule Lizard in Spight.  
Mark'd by the Definitions to be avoided,  
As venom Toades, or Lizards dreadfull rings.  
Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,  
Whose Father bears the Title of a King,  
(As if a Channell shou'd be call'd the Sea)  
(Sham's thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,  
To let thy tongue deteet thy base-born heart.  
Ed. A wiphe of straw were worth a thousand Crowns,  
To make this shamefull Callet know her selfe:  
Hel en of Greece was fayer farre then thou,  
Although thy Husband may be Memelau;  
And ne're was Agamemnon Brother wrong'd  
By that false Woman, as this King by thee.  
His Father reuel'd in the heart of France,  
And tam'd the King,and made the Dolphin floope:  
And had he match'd according to his State,  
He might haue kept that glory to this day.  
But when he took a begger to his bed,  
And grac'd thy poore Sire with his Bridall day,  
Even then that Sun-shine brew'd a thowre for him,  
That waft his Fathers fortunes forth of France,  
And head'd fediton on his Crowne at home:  
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy Pride?  
Had't thou bene meeke, our Title still had flpt,  
And we in pitty of the Gentle King,  
Had fip't our Claine, vntill another Age.  
Cla. But when we saw, our Sunshine made thy Spring  
And that thy Summer bred vs no increafe,  
We fet the Axe to thy vfurping Roote:  
And though the edge hath something hit our felues,  
Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,  
We'll neuer leaue, till we have hewne thee downe,  
Or bath'd thy growing, with our heated bloods.  
Edw. And in this refolution, I defie thee,  
Not willing any longer Conference,  
Since thou denied' the gentle King to speake.  
Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours waue,  
And either Victorie, or else a Graue.  
Qu. Stay Edward.  
Ed. No wrangling Woman, wee'l no longer flay,  
These words will cost ten thousand liues this day.  
Exeunt omnes.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Fore-spent with Toile, as Runners with a Race,  
I lay me downe a little while to breath:  
For strokes receu'd, and many blows repaid,  
Have robb'd my strong knit finesew of their strenght,  
And spight of spight, needs must I ret a-while.

Enter Edward running.

Ed. Smile gentle heauen, or strike vngentle death,  
For this world frownes, and Edwards's Sunne is clouded.  
War. How now my Lord, what happe? what hope of good?

Enter Clarence.

Cl. Our hap is loffe, our hope but sad dispaire,  
Our rankes are broke, and ruine followes vs.  
What counfaile give you? whether shall we flye?  
Ed. Bootlesse is flight, they follow vs with Wings,  
And weake we are, and cannot shun purftue.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah Warwick, why haft' thou withdrawn thy selfe?  
Thy Brothers blood the thirty earth hath drunk,  
Broach'd with the Steely point of Cliffs Launce:  
And in the vryngs of death, he cryde,  
Like to a dismall Clangor heard from farre,  
Warwicke, reuenge; Brother, reuenge my death.  
So vnderneath the belly of their Steeds,  
That shan't their Fetlocks in his smoaking blood,  
The Noble Gentleman gaue yp the ghost.  
War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:  
Ile kill my Horfe,because I will not fyfe:  
Why shal I weake like soft-hearted women here,  
Wayling our loffes, whilstes the Foe doth Rage,  
And looke vpon, as if the Tragedie  
Were plaied in gelt, by counterfettig Actors.  
Heere on my knee, I vow to God aboue,  
Ie neuer pawfe againe, neuer stand still,  
Till either death hath clost these eyes of mine,  
Or Fortune gien me measure of Reuenge.  
Ed. Oh Warwicke, I do bend my knee with thine,  
And in this vow do chaine my foule to thine:  
And ere my knee rife from the Earths cold face,  
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,  
Thou fetter yp, and placuer downe of Kings:  
Befeeching thee (if with thy will it stand)  
That to my Foes this body mutt be prey,  
Yet that thy brazen gates of heauen may ope,  
And glue sweet passage to my sinfull foule.  
Now Lords, take leaue vntill we meete againe,  
Where ere it be, in heauen,or in earth.  
Rich. Brother,  
Gie me thy hand, and gentle Warwicke,  
Let me imbrace thee in my weary armes:  
I that did neuer wepe, now melt with wo,  
That Winter should cut off our Spring-time so.  
War. Away, away:  
Once more sweet Lords farwell.  
Cla. Yet let vs altogether to our Troopes,  
And giue them leaue to flye, that will not flay:  
And call them Pillars that will stand to vs:  
And if we thrive, promife them such rewards  
As victors were at the Olympian Games.  
This may plant courage in their quailing breasits,  
For yet is hope of Life and Victorie:

p 2
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

Forec'no longer, make we hence amaine. Exeunt

Exeunt. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now Clifford, I have sung thee alone,
Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,
And this for Rutland, both bound to reunge,
Wert' thou inuiron'd with a Brazen wall.

Cliff. Now Richard, I am with thee heere alone,
This is the hand that flabb'd thy Father York,
And this the hand, that flew thy Brother Rutland,
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands, that flew thy Sire and Brother,
To execute the like upon thy selfe,
And so haue at thee.

Thee Fight, Warwickes cometh, Clifford flieth.

Rich. Nay Warwickes, sangle out some other Chace,
For I my selfe will hunt this Wolfe to death. Exeunt.

Alerum. Enter King Henry alone.

Hen. This battell fares like to the mornings Warre,
When dying clouds contend, with growing light,
What time the Shepheard blowing of his nailes,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now fwayes it this way, like a Mighty Sea,
Fors' by the Tide, to combat with the Winde:
Now fwayes it that way, like the felse-fame Sea,
Fors' to retreie by furie of the Winde.
Sometimes, the Flood prevails; and than the Winde:
Now, one the better: then, another best;
Both ruggig to be Victors, breft to breft:
Yet neither Conqueror, nor Conquered.
So is the equall poise of this feld Warre.
Here on this Mole-hill will I fit me downe,
To whom God will, there be the Victorie:
For Margaret my Queene, and Clifford too
Have chil'd me from the Battell: Swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead, if Gods good will were so;
For what is in this world, but Greefe and Woe.
Oh God! me thinks it were a happy life,
To be no better then a homely Swaine,
To fit vpone a hill, as I do now,
To curie out Dials quiently, point by point,
Thereby to fee the Minutes how they runne:
How many makes the Houre full compleate,
How many Hores brings about the Day,
How many Days will fìnish vp the Yeare,
How many Yeares, a Mortall man may lye.
When this is knowne, then to diluie the Times:
So many Horses, muft I tend my Flocke;
So many Horses, muft I take my Reft:
So many Horses, muft I Contemple:
So many Horses, muft I Sport my felle:
So many Days, my Eues have bene with yong:
So many weakes, erre the poore Fooles will Eate:
So many yeares, erre I shall thence the Fleece:
So Minutes, Hores, Days, Monthes, and Yeares,
Paft ouer to the end they were created,
Would bring white haires, vnto a Quiet graue.
Ah! what a life were this? How sweet? how lovely?
Gius not the Hawthorne buft a Sweeter shade
To Shepherds, looking on their filly Sherpe,
Then doth a rich Imbroider'd Canopie
To Kings, that fear their Subjects treacherie?
Oh yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude, the Shepherds homely Curds,

His cold thinnge drinke out of his Leather Bottle,
His wonted fleape, under a fresh trees shade,
All which secure, and sweetly he enloyes,
Is farre beyond a Princes Delicates:
His Viands sparkling in a Golden Cup,
His bodie couched in a curious bed,
When Care, Misfortun, and Treaflon waits on him.

Alerum. Enter a Sonne that bathe kill'd his Father, at one doore: and a Father that bathe kill'd his Sonne at another doore.

Son. Ill blows the winde that profits no body,
This man whom hand to hand I fiew in fight,
May be pouflewed with some store of Crownes,
And I that (happily) take them from him now,
May yet (ere night) yeild both my Life and them.
To fome man elfe, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this? Oh God! It is my Fathers face,
Whom in this Conflict, I (vnwares) haue kill'd:
Oh heavy times! begetting fuch Evens.
From London, by the King was I pref't forth,
My Father being the Earl of Warwickes man,
Came on the part of York, pref't by his Mafter:
And I, who at his hands receiu'd my life,
Have by my hands, of Life bereaued him.
Pardon me God, I knew not what I did:
And pardon Father, for I knew not thee.
My Teares fhall wipe away thofe bloody markes:
And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

King. O pitteous fpectacle! O bloody Times!
Whiles Lyons Warre, and battale for their Dennes,
Poore harmleffe Lambes abide their enmity.
Wpee wretched man: Ile ayde thee Teare for Teare,
And let our hearts and eyes, like Cuill Warre,
Be blinde with teares, and break ore-charg'd with griece

Enter Father, bearing of his Sonne.

Fa. Thou that fo floutly hath refifi'd me,
Gie me thy Gold, if thou haue any Gold:
For I have bought it with an hundred blowes.
But let me fee: Is this my Foe-mans face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine onely Sonne.
Ah Boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw vp thine eye: fee, fee, what showres arife,
Blowne with the windie Tempeft of my heart,
Vpon thy wounds, that kills mine Eye, and Heart.
O pitty God, this miferable Age!
What Stragems? how fell how Butcherly?
Erreounous, mutinous, and vnnaturall,
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget?
O Boy! thy Father gae thee life too foone,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

King. Wo aboue wo:greefe, more thë common greefe
O that my death would stay thefe ruthfull deeds:
O pitty, pitty, gentle heauen pitty:
The Red Rose and the White are on his face,
The fallall Colours of our ftringuing Houfes:
The one, his purple Blood right well refembles,
The other his pale Cheekes (me thinks) prefenteth:
Wither one Rose, and let the other flourith:
If you contend, a thoufand lines muft wither.

Son. How will my Mother, for a Fathers death
Take on with me, and ne're be fatisfi'd?

Fa. How will my Wife, for flaughter of my Sonne,
Shed fears of Teares, and ne're be fatisfi'd?

King. How will the Country, for thofe woful chances,
Mil-thinke the King, and not be satisfied?
Son. Was ever Sonne, so rew’d a Fathers death?
Fath. Was ever Father so bemoan’d his Sonne?
Hen. Was ever King so green’d for Subiects woe?
Much is your sorrow; Mine, ten times so much.
Son. I le beare thee hence, where I may wepe my fill.
Fath. Thse arms of mine shall be thy wounding sheeet:
My heart (sweet Boy) shall be thy Sepulcher,
For from my heart, thine Image ne’er shall go.
My fighting breaf, shall be thy Funerall bell
And fo obsequious will thy Father be,
Men for the loffe of thee, hauing no more,
As PriaM was for all his Valiant Sons,
I le beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,
For I haue murthered where I should not kill.
Exit
Hen. Sad-hearted-men, much ouergone with Care;
Heere fits a King, more wofull then you are.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the Quean, the Prince, and Exeter.

Prin. Fly Father, flye: for all your Friends are fled.
And Warwicke rages like a madde Bull:
Away, for death doth hold vs vs in puruite.
Qu. Mount you my Lord, towards Warwicke post a
maisme:
Edward and Richard like a brace of Grey-hounds,
Hauing the fearfull flying Hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, Sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody fleete graiift in their yrefull hands
Are at our backes, and therefore hence amaine.
Exeit. Away: for vengeance comes along with them,
Nay, stay not to expoultate, make speed,
Or elle come after, I le away before.
Hen. Nay take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I feare to flay, but loue to go
Whether the Queene intends. Forward, away.

Exeunt

A loud alarum. Enter Clifford Wounded.

Cliff. Heere burns my Candle out; I, heere it dies,
Which whiles it lafted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancasser! I feare thy overthrow,
More then my Bodies parting with my Soule:
My Love and Feare, glew’d many Friends to thee,
And now I fall. Thy tough Conmiatures melts,
Impairing Henry, streng’ning misproud Yorke;
And whether flye the Gnats, but to the Sunne
And who shines now, but Henrys Enemies?
O Phebus! had’t thou never gien consente,
That Phaeton should checke thy fiery Steeds,
Thy burning Carre neuer had scorch’d the earth.
And Henry, had’t thou swaid’ as Kings should do,
Or as thy Father, and his Father did,
Giuing no ground vnto the houffe of Yorke,
They never then had sprung like Sommer Flyes:
I, and ten thousand in this lucklesse Realme,
Hed left no mournung Wildowes for our death,
And thou this day, had’t kept thy Chaire in peace.
For what doth cheriish Weeds, but gentle ayre?
And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootleffe are Plains, and Cureleffe are my Wounds:
No way to flye, nor strength to hold out flight:
The Foe is mercifulle, and will not pitty:
For at their hands I have deuer’d no pitty.
The ayre hath got into my deadly Wounds,
And much effuse of blood, doth make me faint:
Come York, and Richard, Warwicke, and the reft,
I stab’d your Fathers bofomes; Split my bref.


Ed. Now breath we Lords, good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frownes of War, with peacefull looks:
Some Troopes pursue the bloody-minded Queene,
That led calme Henry, though he were a King,
As doth a Saile, fill’d with a fretting Gult
Command an Argofe to stemme the Waues.
But thinke you (Lords) that Clifford fled with them?
War. No, ’tis imposible he shoulde escape:
(For though before his face I speake the words)
Your Brother Richard markt him for the Grane,
And wherefore he is, hee’s surely dead. Clifford groans
Rich. Whole soule is that which takes his heavy leau.
A deadly groan, like life and deaths departing.
See who it is.
Ed. And now the Battailies ended,
If Friend or Foe, let him be gently vied.
Rich. Revoke that doome of mercy, for ’tis Clifford,
Who not contented that he lope’d the Branch
In hewing Rutland, when his leaues put forth,
But set his murthering knife vnto the Roote,
From whence that tender spryad did sweetly spring,
I meane our Princely Father, Duke of Yorke.
War. From off the gates of Yorke, fetch down ye head,
Your Fathers head, which Clifford placed there:
In rade whereof, let this supply the roome,
Measure for measure, must be anwered.
Ed. Bring forth that fatal Schreechowle to our houfe,
That nothing fung but death, to vs and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismall threatening found,
And his ill-boading tongue, no more shall speake.
War. I thinke is understanding is bereft:
Speake Clifford, doft thou know who speaks to thee?
Darke cloudy death ore-shades his beames of life,
And he nor fees, nor heares vs, what we say.
Rich. O would he did, and fo (perhaps) he doth,
’Tis but his policy to counterfet,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our Father.
Cla. If to thou think’st,
Vex him with eager Words,
Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtaine no grace.
Ed. Clifford, repent in bootlesse penitence.
War. Clifford, deuise excuses for thy faults.
Cla. While we deuise fell Tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou diid’l love Yorke, and I am fon to Yorke.
Edw. Thou pitied’rt Rutland, I will pitty thee.
Cla. Where’s Captaine Margaret, to fence you now?
War. They mocke thee Clifford,
Swere as thou was’t wont.
Rich. What, not an Oath? Nay then the world go’s hard
When Clifford cannot spare his Friends an oath:
I know by that he’s dead, and by my Soule,
If this right hand would buy two hours life,
That I (in all despeight) might rayle at him,
This hand should chop it off: & with the islingue Blood
Stifie the Villaine, whose vnflanced thrift
Yorke, and yong Rutland could not satisifie
War. I, but he’s dead. Of with the Traitors head,
And rear it in the place your Fathers stands.
And now to London with Triumphant march,

P. 3

There
The Tyger will be milde, whiles she doth mourn;  
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,  
To heare and see her plaints, her Brinith Tearpes  
I, but shee's come to begge, Warwick to glue:  
Shee on his left side, crauing ayde for Henrie;  
He on his right, asking a wife for Edward.  
Shee Weepes, and says, her Henrie is depos'd:  
He Smiles, and says, his Edward is infaul'd:  
That the (poore Wretch) for greefe can speake no more:  
Whiles Warwick tells his Title, smooths the Wrong,  
Inferreth arguments of mightie strenght,  
And in conclusion winnes the King from her,  
With promisse of his Sitter, and what else,  
To strengthen and support King Edwards place.  
O Margaret, thus 'twill be, and thou (poore foule)  
Art then forfaken, as thou went't forlorn.  
Hum. Say, what art thou talk't of Kings & Queens?  
King. More then I seeeme, and leffe then I was born to:  
A man at leaft, for leffe I should not be:  
And men may talke of Kings, and why not I?  
Hum. I, but thou talkst, as if thou wer't a King.  
King. Why fo I am (in Mind) and that's enough.  
Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?  
King. My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head:  
Not deck'd with Diamonds, and Indian stones:  
Nor to be seene: my Crowne, is call'd Content,  
A Crowne it is, that fildome Kings enjoy.  
Hum. Well, if you be a King crownd with Content,  
Your Crowne Content, and you, must be contented  
To go along with vs. For (as we think)  
You are the king King Edward hath depos'd:  
And we his subiects, sworne in all Allegence,  
Will apprehend you, as his Enemie.  
King. But did you never sware, and breake an Oath.  
Hum. No, neuer such an Oath, nor will not now.  
King. Where did you dwell when I was K. of England?  
Hum. Here in this Country, where we now remaine.  
King. I was annoitied King at nine months old,  
My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings:  
And you were sworne true Subjectts unto me:  
And tell me then, haue you not broke your Oathes?  
Sir. No, for we were Subjectts, but while you wer king  
King. Why? Am I dead? Do I not breath a Man?  
Ah simple men, you know not what you sware:  
Looke, as I blow this Feather from my Face,  
And as the Ayre blows it to me again,  
Obeying with my winde when I do blow,  
And yelding to another, when it blowes,  
Commanded alwayes by the greater guft:  
Such is the lightneffe of you, common men.  
But do not breake your Oathes, for of that sinne,  
My milde intreatie shall not make you gultie.  
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded,  
And bye kings, command, and Ile obey.  
Sinklo. We are true Subjectts to the king,  
King Edward.  
King. So would you be againe to Henrie,  
If he were feated as king Edward is.  
Sinklo. We charge you in Gods name & the Kings,  
To go with vs unto the Officers.  
King. In Gods name lead, your Kings name be obeyd,  
And what God will, that let your King performe,  
And what he will, I humbly yeeld vs.  

Enter K.Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, Lady Gray.  
King. Brother of Gloster, at S.Albons field.
This Ladies Husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slaine, 
His Land then felz'd on by the Conqueror, 
Her fuit is now, to repoffife thofe Lands, 
Which wee in Ioffice cannot well deny, 
Because in Quarrell of the Houfe of York, 
The worthy Gentleman did lofe his Life. 

Rich. Your Highneffe fhall doe well to graunt her fuit: 
It were diſhonour to deny it her. 

King. It were no leffe, but yet Ile make a pawfe. 

Rich. Yea, is it fo? 
I fee the Lady hath a thing to graunt, 
Before the King will graunt her humble fuit. 

Clarence. Hee knowes the Game, how true hee keeps 
the winde? 


King. Widow, we will confider of your fuit, 
And come fome other time to know our minde. 

Wid. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brooke delay: 
May it please your Highneffe to refolute me now, 
And what your pleafure is, fhall fullifie me. 

Rich. I Widow? then Ile warrant you all your Lands, 
And if what pleafes him, fhall fullifie you: 

Fight clofher, or good faith you'lle catch a Blow. 

Clarence. I feare her not, vnleffe the chance to fall. 

Rich. God forbid that, for hee'tele take vantages. 

King. How many Children haft thou, Widow? tell me. 

Clarence. I thinke he means to begge a Child of her. 

Rich. Nay then whip me: hee'larer glue her two. 

Wid. Three, my moft gracious Lord. 

Rich. You fhall haue foure, if you'le be rul'd by him. 

King. 'Twere pittie they fhould leve their Fathers 
Lands. 

Wid. Be pittiful, dread Lord, and graunt it then. 

King. Lords glue vs leaue, Ile trye this Widowes 
it. 

Rich. I, good leaue haue you, for you will haue leaue, 
Till Youth take leaue, and leaue you to the Crutch. 

King. Now tell me, Madame, doe you loue your 
Children? 

Wid. I, as full as dearely as I loue my felfe. 

King. And would you not doe much to doe them 
good? 

Wid. To doe them good, I would fuffayne fome 
harme. 

King. Then get your Husbands Lands, to doe them 
good. 

Wid. Therefore I came vnto you Malefifie. 

King. Ile tell you how these Lands are to be got. 

Wid. So fhall you bind me to your Highneffe feurice. 

King. What feurice wilt thou doe me, if I glue them? 

Wid. What you command, that refles in me to doe. 

King. But you will take exceptions to my Boone. 

Wid. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot doe it. 

King. I, but thou canft doe what I mean to ask. 

Wid. Why then I will doe what your Grace com-
mands. 

Rich. Hee plyes her hard, and much Raine weares the 
Marble. 

As red as fire? nay then, her Wax muft melt. 

Wid. Why ftoppes my Lord? fhall I not heare my 
Taskes? 

King. An eafe 'Taskes,' tis but to loue a King. 

Wid. That's foone perfor'm'd, because I am a Subieft. 

King. Why then, thy Husbands Lands I freely glue 
thee.
Enter a Noble man.

Rich. That would be tenne daies wonder at the leaft.

Clarence. That’s a day longer then a Wonder lafts.

Rich. By fo much is the Wonder in extremes.

King. Well,leaf on Brothers; I can tell you both,

Her fault is granted for her Husbands Lands.

Enter a Noble man.

Nob. My gracious Lord, Henry your Foe is taken,
And brought your Prifoner to your Pallece Gate.

King. See that he be convey’d unto the Tower:
And goe wee Brothers to the man that tooke him,
To queation of his apprehension.

Widow goe you along: Lords vfe her honourable.

Exeunt.

Mamet Richard.

Rich. I, Edward will vfe Women honourably:
Would he were wafted, Marrow, Bones, and all,
That from his Loynes no hopefull Branch may spring,
To croffe me from the Golden time I looke for:
And yet, betweene my Soules desire,and me,
The fulftfull Edwards Title buried,
Is Clarence, Henry, and his Sonne young Edward,
And all the vnlook’d-for Illue of their Bodies,
To take the Roome, ere I can place my felfe:
A cold premitiation for my purpofe.
Why then I doe but dreame on Soueraintie,
Like one that flands vnpon a Promontorie,
And fpies a farre-off shore, where hee would tred;
Withing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the Sea, that funders him from thence,
Saying, hee'le lade it dry, to haue his way:
So doe I with the Crowne, being fo farre off,
And so I chide the meanes that keeps me from it,
And fo (I fay) Ile cut the Caufes off,
Flattering me with impoffibilitie:
My Eyes too quicke,my Heart o’re-weenes too much,
Vnleffe my Hand and Strength could equal them.
Well, fay there is no Kingdome then for Richard:
What other Pleafeare can the World afford ?
Ile make my Heauen in a Ladies Lappe,
And decke my Body in gay Ornaments,
And witch sweet Ladies with my Words and Lookes.
Oh miserable Thought: and more unlikely,
Then to accompliﬁst twenty Golden Crownes.
Why Lose forrowe me in my Mothers Wombe:
And for I fhould not deale in her soft Lawes,
Shee did corrupt frayle Nature with fome Bribe,
To shrinke mine Arme vp like a witherd Schrub,
To make an enuious Mountaine on my Back,
Where fits Deformity to mocke my Body;
To shape my Legges of an unequall size,
To dif-proportion me in euery part:
Like to a Chaos, or an vn-lick’d Beare-whele,
That carries no impression like the Damme.
And am I then a man to be belou’d?
Ob monftrous fault, to harbour fuch a thought.
Then fince this Earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o’re-beare fuch,
As are of better Perfon then my felfe:
Ile make my Heauen, to dreame vpon the Crowne,
And whiles I life,t’account this World but Hell,
Vntil my mis-fhap’d Trunke, that bares this Head,
Be round impaile with a glorious Crowne.
And yet I know not how to get the Crowne,
For many Liues fland betwixte me and home:

And I, like one loft in a Thornie Wood,
That rents the Thorns, and is rent with the Thorns,
Seeking a way, and staring from the way,
Not knowing how to finde the open Ayre,
But toying desperatly to finde it out,
Torment my felfe, to catch the English Crowne:
And from that torment I will free my felfe,
Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe.
Why I can fmile, and mutter whiles I fmile,
And cry, Content, to that which grieues my Heart,
And wet my Cheeckes with artificiall Tears,
And frame my Face to all occasions.
Ile drowne more Saylers then the Mermaid shall,
Ile lay more gazers then the Baflike,
Ile play the Orator as well as Nehor,
Difcouer more Ily then Piffes could,
And like a Synon, take another Troy.
I can adde Colours to the Camelion,
Change shapes with Protes, for advantages,
And let the murthorous Machault to Schole.
Can I do this,and cannot get a Crowne ?
Tut, were it farther off, Ile plucke it downe.

Exeunt.

Flourish.

Enter Lewis the French King, bis Siler Bona, bis
Admirall, call’d Bourbon : Prince Edward,
Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Oxford.

Lewis,ﬁts, and rife vp againe.

Lewis. Faire Queene of England,worthy Margaret,
Sit downe with vs : it ill beftis thy State.
And Birth, that thou shoul’d fland, while Lewis doth fit.
Marg. No, mighty King of France: now Margaret
Muft strike her fayle, and learned a while to ferue,
Where Kings command. I was (I muft confesse)
Great Albions Queene, in former Golden dayes :
But now mifchance hath trod my Title downe,
And with dif-honor layd me on the ground,
Where I muft take like Seat vnto my fortune,
And to my humble Seat conforme my felfe.

Lewis. Why fay, faire Queene, whence springs this deepse defpaire ?
Marg. From fuch a caufe, as ﬁlls mine eyes with teares,
And fops my tongue, while heart is drown’d in cares.
Lewis. What ere it be, be thou still, like thy felle,
And ﬁt thee by our fide
Sodo our fonf.
Yeeld not thy necke to Fortunes yoake,
But let thy dauntlefe minde full ride in triumph,
Ouer all mifchance.
Be plaine, Queene Margaret, and tell thy griefe,
It shall be eas’d,if France can yeeld reliefe.
Marg. Thofe gracious words
Reuieue my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-ty’d forrowes leauue to speake.
Now therefore be it knowne to Noble Lewis,
That Henry, folle poifeﬂor of my Loue,
Is, of a King,become a banilft man,
And for’d to lie in Scotland a Forlorne ;
While proud ambitious Edward,Duke of Yorke,
Vf Wordpress the Regall Title, and the Seat
Of Englands true anoynted lawfull King.
This is the caufe that I, pooro Margaret,
With this my Sonne,Prince Edward,Henryes Heire,
Am come to craue thy luft and lawfull aye:
And if thou faile vs,all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to helpe,but cannot helpe:

Our
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

Our People, and our Peeres, are both mis-led,
Our Treasure seiz'd, our Souliors put to flight,
And (as thou feest) our felues in heauie plight.

Lewi. Renowned Queene,
With patience calme the Storme,
While we bethinke a meane to breake it off.

Marg. The more wee flay, the stronger grows our Foe.

Lewi. The more I flay, the more Ile succour thee.

Marg. O, but impatience waiteth on true forrow,
And fee where comes the breeder of my forrow.

Enter Warwick.

Lewi. What's hee approacheth boldly to our pre-
fence?

Marg. Our Earle of Warwick, Edwards greatest
Friend.

Lewi. Welcome braue Warwick, what brings thee
to France? I see defends. Shee arift.

Marg. I now begins a second Storme to rife,
For this is hee that moves both Winde and Tyle.

Warm. From worthy Edward, King of Albon,
My Lord and Souraigne, and thy vowed Friend,
I come (in Kindneffe, and vnfayned Loue)
First, to doe greetings to thy Royall Person,
And then to craue a League of Amitie :
And laftly, to confirme that Amitie
With Nuptiall Knot, if thou vouchsafe to graunt
That vertuous Lady Bona, thy faire Sifter,
To Englands King, in lawfull Marriage.

Marg. If that goe forward, Henries hope is done.

Warm. And gracious Madame, Speaking to Bona.

In our Kings behalf,
I am commanded, with your leauue and favor,
Humbly to kiffe your hand, and with my Tongue
To tell the pasion of my Souraigne Heart;
Where Fame, late entring at his heedfull Eares,
Hath plac'd thy Beauties Image, and thy Verte.

Marg. King Lewis, and Lady Bona, heare me speake,
Before you anfwer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edwards well-mean't honest Loue,
But from Deceit, bred by Necessitie;
For how can Tyrant safely governe home,
Vnleffead abroad they purchase great allying?
To prove him Tyrant, this reafon may suffice,
That Henry Lueth still: but were hee dead,
Yet here Prince Edward fands, King Henries Sonne.

Looke therefore Lewis, that by this League and Mariage
Thou draw not on thy Danger, and Dis-honor:
For though Viapers ifway the rule a while,
Yet Heau'ns are iuft, and Time uppreffeth Wrongs.

Warm. Injurios Margaret.

Edw. And why not Queene?

Warm. Because thy Father Henry did vfurpe,
And thou no more art Prince, then thee is Queene.

Oxf. Then Warwick difparres great Iohn of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spaine;
And after Iohn of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose Wildome was a Mirror to the wifte:
And after that wife Prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his Prowesse conquered all France:
From thefe, our Henry lineally descends.

Warm. Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discours,
You told not, how Henry the Sixt hath loft
All that, which Henry the Fift had gotten:

Me thinkes these Peeres of France should smile at that.
But for the ref: you tell a Pedigree
Of threescore and two yeares, a filly time
To make prescription for a Kingdomes worth.

Oxf. Why Warwick, canst thou speake against thy Liege,
Whom thou obey'dst thirtie and fix yeeres,
And not betray thy Treafon with a Blush?

Warm. Can Oxford, that did euer fence the right,
Now buckler Falsehood with a Pedigree?
For ifme leave Henry, and call Edward King.

Oxf. Call him my King, by whose injuriose doome
My elder Brother, the Lord Aubrey vere
Was done to death? and more then fo, my Father,
Euen in the downe-fall of his mellow'd yeeres,
When Nature brought him to the door of Death?
No Warwick, no: while Life vpholds this Arme,
This Arme vpholds the House of Lancaster.

Warm. And I the Houfe of Yorke.

Lewi. Queene Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouched your reques? to fland aside,
While I vfe further conference with Warwick.

They fland alofte.

Marg. Heauens graunt, that Warwickes wordes be-
watch him not.

Lewi. Now Warwick, tell me euen upon thy conscience
Is Edward your true King? for I were loth
To linke with him, that were not lawfull choen.

Warm. Thereon I paimne my Credit, and mine Ho-
nor.

Lewi. But is hee gracious in the Peoples eye?

Warm. The more, that Henry was vnfortunate.

Lewi. Then further: all dissembling fet aside,
Tell me for truth, the meafure of his Loue
Vnto our Sifter Bona.

Warm. Such it femes,
As may befeeeme a Monarch like himfelfe.
My felfe have often heard him fay, and fware,
That this his Loue was an externall Plant,
Whereof the Root was fixt in Vertues ground,
The Leaues and Fruit maintain'd with Beauties Sunne,
Exempt from Enuy, but not from Difdain,
Ynleffe the Lady Bona quitt his paine.

Lewi. Now Sifter, let vs heare your firme refolute.

Bona. Your graunt, or your denyall, fhall be mine.

Yet I confefs, that often ere this day,

Speaks to War.

When I have heare your Kings defert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempt't judgement to defire.

Lewi. Then Warwick, thus:

Our Sifter fhall be Edwards,
And now forthwith fhall Articles be drawne,
Touching the Joynture that your King muft make,
Which with her Dowrie fhall be counter-poy'sd:
Draw neere, Queene Margaret, and be a witnefe,
That Bona fhall be Wife to the English King.

Pr. Edw. To Edward, but not to the English King.

Marg. Deceitfull Warwick, it was thy deuise,
By this alliance to make void my fuit:
Before thy comming, Lewis was Henries friend.

Lewi. And fill is friend to him, and Margaret.

But if your Title to the Crowne be weake,
As may appeare by Edwards good succiffe:
Then 'tis but reafon, that I be releas'd
From giving aye, which late I promis'd.
Yet fhall you have all kindneffe at my hand,
That your Eftate requires, and mine can yeeld.

Warm. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his cale;

Where
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you your selfe (our quondam Queene)
You have a Father able to maintaine you,
And better 'twere, you troubled him, then France.

Mar. Peace impudent, and shamelesse Warwickie,
Proud fetter vp, and puller downe of Kings,
I will not hence, till with my Talke and Tearces
(Both full of Truth) I make King Lewis behold
Thy flye conceuance, and thy Lords false love,

defying a borne Within.

For both of you are Birds of false-fame Feather.
Lewis. Warwickie, this is some poete to vs, or thee.

Enter the Poete.

Poete. My Lord Ambassadors,
These Letters are for you. 
Speakes to Warwick. 
Sent from your Brother Marquite
to Montague. 
Thefe from our King, vnto your Maiely. 
And Madam, thefe for you:

To Lewis.
To Margaret.

From whom, I know not.

They all read their Letters.

Oxf. I like it well, that our faire Queene and Miftis
Smiles at her newes, while Warwick frownes at his.

Prise Ed. Nay marke how Lewis flampe as he were
netted. I hope, all's for the best.

Lew. Warwickie, what are thy Newes?

And yours, faire Queene.

Mar. Mine fuch, as fill my heart with vnhop'd loies.

War. Mine full of sorrow, and hearts discontent.

Lew. What? has your King married the Lady Grey?

And now to dooth your Forgerie, and his,
Sends me a Paper to perfwade me Patience?
Is this th'Alliance that he feekes with France?
Dare he preume to forne vs in this manner?

Mar. I told your Maiesty as much before:
This proueth Edwards Love, and Warwickes honesty.

War. King Lewis, I heere protest in fight of heaven,
And by the hope I haue of heavenly bliffe,
That I am cleere from this misleeed of Edwards;
No more my King, for he doth honor me,
But moft himselfe, if he could fee his shame.
Did I forget, that by the Houfe of Yorke
My Father came vn timely to his death?
Did I let paffe th'abufe done to my Neece?
Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?
Did I put Henry from his Natime Right?
And am I guerdon'd at the laft, with Shame?
Shame on himselfe, for my Defert is Honor.
And to repair my Honor lof for him,
I heere renounce him, and returne to Henry.

My Noble Queene, let former grudges paffe,
And henceforth, I am thy true Seruitor: I will reuenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former fate.

Mar. Warwickie,
These words haue turn'd my Hate, to Loue,
And I forgive, and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st King Henrys Friend.

War. So much his Friend, I, his unfained Friend,
That if King Lewis wouchafe to furnish vs
With some few Bands of choen Soldiours,
Ile undertake to Land them on our Coaft,
And force the Tyrant from his feat by Warre.
'Tis not his new-made Bride shall succour him.

And as for Clarence, as my Letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton Lust, then Honor,

Or then for strengh and safety of our Country.

Bona. Deere Brother, how shall Bona be reueng'd,
But by thy helpe to this diftreed Queene?

Mar. Renowned Prince, how shall Poore Henry lye,
Vnlesse thou rescue him from foule difpaire?

Bona. My quarrel, and this English Queene, are one.

War. And mine faire Lady Bona, joynes with yours.
Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margarets.

Therefore, at laft, I firmeely am resolu'd
You shall have ayde.

Mar. Let me giue humble thankes for all, at once,

Lew. Then Englands Messinger, returne in Poete,
And tell falf Edward, thy fupposed King,
That Lewis of France, is fending our Maskers
To reuell it with him, and his new Bride.

Thou feest what's paff, go feare thy King withall.

Bona. Tell him, in hope hee'll prove a widower shortly,
I weare the Willow Garland for his fake.

Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are layde aside,
And I am ready to put Armor on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vn-Crownie him, er't be long.
There's thy reward, be gone.

Exit Poete.

Lew. But Warwickie,
Thou and Oxford, with fucf thousand men
Shall croffe the Seas, and bid falf Edward battle:
And as occasion ferus, this Noble Queen
And Prince, shall follow with a freh Supply.
Yet ere thou go, but anfwer me one doubt:
What Pledge haue we of thy firme Loyalty?

War. This shall affure my conftant Loyalty,
That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree,
Ile joyne mine eldfe daughter, and my Ioy,
To him forthe, in holy Wedlocke bands.

Mar. Yes, I agree, and thanke you for your Motion.
Sonne Edward, he is Faire and Vertuous,
Therefore delay not, gie thy hand to Warwickie,
And with thy hand, thy faith irreconcilable,
That onely Warwickes daughter shall be thine.

Prise Ed. Yes, I accept her, for she well deferves it,
And heere to pledge my Vow, I giue my hand.

He giues his hand to Warw. 

Lew. Why fay we now? Thefe foldiers falbe leued,
And thou Lord Bourbon, our High Admirall
Shall waft them ouer with our Royall Fleete.
I long till Edward fall by Warres mischance,
For mocking Marriage with a Dame of France.

Exeunt. Mamet Warwickie.

War. I came from Edward as Ambassadors,
But I returne his oforne and mortall Foe:
Matter of Marriage was the charge he gau me,
But dreadfulle Warre shall anfwer his demand.
Had he none elfe to make a fale but me?
Then none but I, fhall turne his left to Sorrow.
I was the Cheefe that rais'd him to the Crowne,
And Ile be Cheefe to bring him downe againe:
Not that I pity Henries misfery,
But feke Reuenge on Edwards mockery.

Exit.

Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerset, and Mountague.

Rich. Now tell me Brother Clarence, what thinke you
Of this new Marriage with the Lady Gray?
Hath not our Brother made a worthy choice?

Cla. Alas, you know, 'tis farre from hence to France,
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt. 163

How could he stay till Warwicke made returne?
Som. My Lords, forbear this talkke: heere comes the King.

Flourish.

Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, Penbrooke, Stafford, Hastings: four stand on one side, and four on the other.

Rich. And his well-chosen Bride.

Clarence. I minde to tell him plainly what I think.

King. Now Brother of Clarence,

How like you our Choice,
That you stand penfuse, as halfe malecontent?

Clarence. As well as Lewys of France,
Or the Earle of Warwicke,
Which are so weake of courage, and in judgement,
That they take no offence at our abuse.

King. Suppose they take offence without a cause:
They are but Lewys and Warwicke, I am Edward,
Your King and Warwicke, and must haue my will.

Rich. And shall haue your will, because our King:
Yet hafte Marriage feldome proueth well.

King. Yea, Brother Richard, are you offended too?

Rich. Not I: no:

God forbid, that I should with them feuer'd,
Whom God hath ioynt'd together;
I, and twere pittie, to funder them,
That yoke fo well together.

King. Setting your skornes, and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reafon, why the Lady Grey
Should not become my Wife, and Englands Queene?
And you too, Somerfet, and Mountague,
Speake freely what you thinke.

Clarence. Then this is mine opinion:
That King Lewys becomes your Enemye,
For mocking him about the Marriage
Of the Lady Bona.

Rich. And Warwicke, doing what you gaue in charge,
Is now dis-honored by this new Marriage.

King. What, if both Lewys and Warwicke be appeas'd,
By fuch invention as I can deuife?

Mount. Yet, to haue ioynt'd with France in fuch alliance,
Would more hafte strength'ned this our Commonwealth
'Gainst forraine forces, then any home-bred Marriage.

Halt. Why, knowes not Mountague, that of it felse,
England is safe, if true within it felse?

Mount. But the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.

Halt. 'Tis better vling France, then trufing France:
Let vs be back'd with God, and with the Seas,
Which he hath giu'n for fence impregnable,
And with their helpe, onely defend our felues:
In them, and in our felues, our faftite lyes.

Clar. For this one speech, Lord Hastings well deferves
To haue the Heire of the Lord Hungerford.

King. I, what of that? it was my will, and graunte,
And for this once, my Will shall stand for Law.

Rich. And yet me thinks, your Grace hath not done well,
To give the Heire and Daughter of Lord Scales
Vnto the Brother of your Louing Bride;
Shes better would haue fitted me,or Clarence:
But in your Bride you burie Brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not haue betow'd the Heire
Of the Lord Bonwill on your now Wives Sonne,
And leave your Brothers to goe speede elsewhere.

King. Alas, poore Clarence: is it for a Wife
That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.

Clarence. In chusing for your sele,
You shewed your judgement:
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the Broker in mine owne behaife;
And to that end, I shortly minde to leave you.

King. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be King,
And not be ty'd vnto his Brothers will.

Lady Grey. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Maiefte,
To rayle my State to Title of a Queene,
Doe me but right, and you must all confesse,
That I was not ignoble of Defcent,
And meaneer then my felfe haue had like fortune.
But as this Title honors me and mine,
So your dillikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Doth cloud my loyes with danger, and with forrow.

King. My Loue, forbear to fawne vpon their frownes:
That danger, or what forrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy confant friend,
And their true Soueraigne, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and loue thee too,
Vnleffe they feele for hate at my hands:
Which if they doe, yet will I keepe thee safe,
And they shall feele the vengeance of my wrath.

Rich. I heare, yet fay not much, but thinke the more.

Enter a Poft.

King. Now Messenger, what Letters, or what Newes
from France?

Poft. My Soueraigne Liege, no Letters, & few words,
But fuch, as I (without your speciall pardon)
Dare not relate.

King. Goe too, wee pardon thee:
Therefore, in briefe, tell me their words,
As neere as thou canst gueffe them.

What answer makes King Lewys vnto our Letters?

Poft. At my depart, thefe were his very words:
Goe tell fafe Edward, the suppoed King,
That Lewys of France is fending ouer Maskers,
To reull it with him, and his new Bride.

King. Is Lewys fo brave? be like he thinke I me Henry.
But what faid Lady Bona to my Marriage?

Poft. Thefe were her words, vttred with mild difdain:
Tell him, in hope hee're prove a Widower shortly,
Ile ware the Willow Garland for his fake.

King. I blame not her; she could fay little leffe:
She had the wrong. But what faid Henries Queene?
For I haue heard, that she was there in place.

Poft. Tell him (quoth he):
My mourning Weedes are tooe,
And I am ready to put Armour on.

King. Belike she minds to play the Amazone.
But what faid Warwicke to these injuries?

Poft. He, more incende against your Maiestie,
Then all the reft, difcharg'd me with thefe words:
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him, er't be long.

King. Ha! durft the Traytor breath out fo proud words?
Well, I will arme me, being thus fore-warn'd:
They shall haue Warres, and pay for their preemption.
But fay, is Warwicke friends with Margaret?

Poft. J, gracious Soueraigne,
They are fo link'd in friendship,
That yong Prince Edward marries Warwicke Daughter.

Clarence. Belike, the elder;

Clarence will haue the younger.
Now Brother King farewell, and fit you fast,  
For I will hence to Warwickes other Daughter,  
That though I want a Kingdom, yet in Marriage  
I may not prove inferior to your felle.  
You that love me, and Warwick, follow me.  
Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.

Rich. Not I:  
My thoughts aye in a further matter:  
I stay not for the loue of Edward, but the Crowne.  
King. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick?  
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen:  
And hate is needful in this desperate case.
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalfs  
Goe leue men, and make prepare for Warre;  
They are already, or quickely will be landed:  
My felle in person will straight follow you.  
Exit Pembroke and Stafford.

But ere I goe, Hasting and Montague  
Resolve my doubt: you twaine, of all the rest,  
Are neere to Warwick, by bloud, and by alyance:  
Tell me, if you loue Warwick more then me;  
If it be fo, then both depart to him:  
I rather with you fce, then hollow friends.  
But if you minde to hold your true obedience,  
Glue me aurance with some friendly Vow,  
That I may neuer have you in fufept.

Mount. So God helpe Montague, as hee proues true.

Haft. And Hasting, as hee favours Edwards caufe.  
King. Now, Brother Richard, will you stand by vs?  
Rich. I, in defpite of all that shall withfand you.  
King. Why fo: then am I sure of Victorie.  
Now therefore let vs hence, and lose no howre,  
Till wee meet Warwick, with his forreine powre.  
Exit.

Enter Warwick and Oxford in England,  
with French Soldiers.

Warw. Trust me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,  
The common people by numbers swarne to vs.  
Enter Clarence and Somerset.  
But fee where Somerset and Clarence comes:  
Speake suddenly, my Lords, are wee all friends?  
Claro. Fear not that, my Lord,  
Warw. Then gentle Clarence, welcome vs into Warwick,  
And welcome Somerset: I hold it cowardize,  
To refi misftruell, where a Noble Heart  
Hath pawn'd an open Hand in figne of Loue;  
Else might I thinke, that Clarence, Edward Brother,  
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings:  
But welcome sweet Clarence, my Daughter shall be thine.  
And now, what refts? but in Nights Couverture,  
Thy Brother being carelefeely encamp'd,  
His Soldiours lurking in the Towne about,  
And but attended by a fimple Guard,  
Wee may purfue and take him at our pleafure,  
Our Scouts have found the adventure very eafe:  
That as Vpjas, and flout Diomede,  
With Height and manhood fole to Raphus Tents,  
And-brought from thence the Thracian faultall Streets;  
So wee, well couer'd with the Nights black Mantle,  
At vnawares may beat downe Edwards Guard,  
And feize himfelle: I fay not, flaughter him,  
For I intend but onely to purfue him.  
You that will follow me to this attempt,

Applaud the Name of Henry, with your Leader.  
They all cry, Henry.  
Why then, let's on our way in silent fort,  
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George.  

Enter three Watchmen to guard the Kings Tent.

1. Watch. Come on my Masters, each man take his Stand,  
The King by this, is set him downe to sleepe.  
2. Watch. What, will he be not to Bed?  
1. Watch. Why, no: for he hath made a Solemn Vow,  
Never to lye and take his naturalle Rest,  
Till Warwick, or himfelfe, be quite fuppreft.  
2. Watch. To morrow then belike shall be the day,  
If Warwick be fo neere as men report.  
3. Watch. But fay, I pray, what Noble man is that,  
That with the King here refeth in his Tent?  
1. Watch. 'Tis the Lord Hasting, the Kings chiefest friend.  
3. Watch. O, is it fo? but why commands the King,  
That his chiefef followers lodge in Townes about him,  
While he himfelfe keeps in the cold field?  
2. Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.  
3. Watch. I, but give me worship, and quietneffe,  
I like it better then a dangerous honor.  
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,  
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.  
1. Watch. Vnleffe our Halberdes did fhut vp his paffage.  
2. Watch. I: wherefore elfe guard we his Royall Tent,  
But to defend his Perfon from Night-foes?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset,  
and French Soulidors, silent all.

Warw. This is his Tent, and fee where f tand his Guard:  
Courage my Masters: Honor now, or neuer:  
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.  
1. Watch. Who goes there?  
2. Watch. Stay, or thou dyeft.  
Warwick and the refi cry all, Warwick, Warwick,  
and fet upon the Guard, who fte, crying, Armes, Armes,  
Warwick and the refi following them.  

The Drumme playing, and Trumpet sounding.  
Enter Warwick, Somerset, and the refi, bringing the King  
out in his Cowne, fitting in a Chaire: Richard  
and Hasting, flyes over the Stage.

Som. What are they that flye there?  
Warw. Richard and Hasting: let them goe, heere is the Duke.  
K.Edw. The Duke?  
Why Warwickes, when wee parted,  
Thou call'd me King.  
Warw. I, but the cafe is alter'd.  
When you difgrac'd me in my Embaffadore,  
Then I degraded you from being King,  
And come now to create you Duke of Yorke.  
Alas, how should you gouerne any Kingdom,  
That know not how to vfe Embaffadors,  
Nor how to be contented with one Wife,  
Nor how to vfe your Brothers Brotherly,  
Nor how to study for the Peoples Welfare,  
Nor how to throwd your felle from Enemies?

K.Edw. Yea,

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K. Edw. Yea, Brother of Clarence,
Art thou here too?
Nay then I see, that Edward needs must downe.
Yet Warwick, in despiet of all mischance,
Of thee thy selfe, and all thy Complizes,
Edward will always bare himselfe as King:
Though Fortunes mallice overthrow our State,
My minde exceeds the compass of her Wheele,
Warwicke. Then for his minde, be Edward Englands King,

Takes off his Crowne.

But Henry now shall ware the English Crowne,
And be true King indeede: thou but the shadow.
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be conuey'd
Wnto my Brother Arch-Bishop of Yorke:
When I haue fought with Pembrookes, and his fellows,
Ile follow you, and tell what anfwer
Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.
Now for a while farewell good Duke of Yorke.
They lead him out forcibly.

K.Ed. What Fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to refit both winde and tide.
Exeunt.

Oxf. What now remains my Lords for vs to do,
But march to London with our Soldiers?
War. I, that's the first thing that we have to do,
To free King Henry from imprisonmert,
And free him seated in the Regall Throne. exit.

Enter Rivers, and Lady Gray.

Riu. Madam, what makes you in this fodain change?
Gray. Why Brother Rivers, are you yet to learne
What late misfortune is befalne King Edward?
Riu. What loffe of some pitchett battell
Against Warwick?
Gray. No, but the losse of his owne Royall person?
Riu. Then is my Soueraigne flaine?
Gray. I almoft flaine, for he is taken prifoner,
Either betrayed by fadthhood of his Guard,
Or by his Foe surpriz'd at vnawares:
And as I further haue to vnderfand,
Is new committ to the Bishop of Yorke,
Fell Warwickes Brother, and by that our Foe.
Riu. Thfis Newes I must confesse are full of greece,
Yet gracious Madam, beare it as you may,
Warwicke may looke, that now hath wonne the day.
Gray. Till then, faire hope mutt hinder lues decay:
And I the rather waine me from difpaine
For losse of Edwards Off-spring in my wombe:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And beare with Mildnesse my misfortunes croffe:
I, I, for this I draw in many a teare,
And stop the rifting of blood-fucking fighes,
Leaf with my fighes or teares, I blait or crowne
King Edwards Fruite, true heyre to th'Englith Crowne.
Riu. But Madam,
Where is Warwick then become?

Gray. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,
To fet the Crowne once more on Henries head,
Gueffe thou the reft, King Edwards Friends mutt downe.
But to prevent the Tyrants violence,
(For truft not him that hath once broken Faith)
Ile hence forthwith unto the Sanctuary,

To faue (at least) the heire of Edwards right:
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud:
Come therefore let vs flye, while we may flye,
If Warwick take vs, we are sure to dye.


Leaue off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this cheefeThicketh of the Parke.
Thus fland the cafe: you know our King, my Brother,
Is prifoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good vflage, and great liberty,
And often but attended with weake guard,
Come hunting this way to disport himself.
I haue aduerti'd him by secrete meanes,
That if about this houre he make this way,
Vnder the colour of his vsual game,
He shall heere finde his Friends with Horfe and Men,
To fet him free from his Captuitle.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman
with him.

Huntsman. This way my Lord,
For this way lies the Game.
King Edw. Nay this way man,
See where the Huntsmen fland.
Now Brother of Glofter, Lord Hastings, and the reft,
Stand you thus close to steale the Bifhops Deere?
Rich. Brother, the time and cafe, requireth haft,
Your horfe flands ready at the Parke-corner.
King Edw. But whether shall we then?
Hau. To Lyn my Lords,
And flipt from thence to Flanders.
Rich. Wel guet beleeue me, for that was my meaning
K. Edw. Stanley, I will require thy forwardneffe.
Rich. But wherefore stay we not time to talke.
K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'th thou?
Wilt thou go along?

Huntz. Better do fo, then tarry and be hang'd.
Rich. Come then away, let ha no more adoo.
K. Edw. Bifhop farwell,
Sheeld thee from Warwickes crowne,
And pray that I may re-polishe the Crowne.

Exeunt.

Flourib. Enter King Henry the fext, Clarence, Warwick,
Somerfet, young Henry, Oxford, Montague,
and Lieutenant.

K.Hen. M. Lieutenant, now that God and Friends
Hawe flaken Edward from the Regall seate,
And turn'd my captiue flate to libertie,
My feare to hope, my forrowes vnto loyes,
At our enlargement what are thydue Fees?
Lie. Subjects may challenge nothing of their Sou'rains
But, if an humble prayer may preuaile,
I then crave pardon of your Malefie.
K.Hen. For what, Lieutenant? For well vffing me?
Nay, be thou sure, Ile well require thy kindneffe.
For that it made my imprisionment, a pleazure:
I, such a pleazure, as incaged Birds
Conceive when after many moody Thoughts,
At laft, by Notes of Houfhold harmonic,
They quite forget their loft of Liberitie.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

Enter a Poet.

Warm. What newses, my friend?  
Poete. That Edward is escaped from your Brother,  
And red (as shee heares since) to Burgundie.  
Warm. Vnfaourie newses: but how made he escape?  
Poete. He was conve"d by Richard, Duke of Glofter,  
And the Lord Hafings, who attended him  
In secret ambush, on the Forreft side,  
And from the Bishops Huntmen refcu'd him:  
For Hunting was his dayly Exercife.  
Warm. My Brother was too careleffe of his charge.  
But let vs hence, my Soueraigne, to prouide  
A false for any fore, that may betide.  

Exeunt.  

Manet Somerfet, Richmond, and Oxford.  

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of Edwards:  
For doubleffe, Burgundie will yeeld him helpe,  
And we shall have more Warsre before be long.  
As Henrys late prefaging Prophemie  
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond:  
So doth my heart mi-glue me, in these Conflicts,  
What may befall him, to his harme and ours.  
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,  
Fortwith with wele fend him hence to Britannie,  
Till he become part of Chillum Emittere.  

Oxf. 1: for if Edward re-pooffer the Crowne,  
'Tis like that Richmond, with the rest, shall downe.  

Som. It shall be so: he shall to Britannie,  
Come therefore, let's about it speedily.  

Exeunt.  


Edw. Now Brother Richard, Lord Hafings, and the rest,  
Yet thus farre Fortune maketh vs amends,  
And fayes, that once more I shall enterechange  
My wained state, for Henrys Regall Crowne.  
Hauwe wee paft, and now re-paft the Seas,  
And brought desired helpe from Burgundie.  
What then remains, we being thus arrui'd  
From Rauenfpurre Hauen, before the Gates of Yorke,  
But that we enter, as into our Dukedome?  

Rich. The Gates made fast?  
Brother, I like not this.  
For many-men that tumble at the Threshold,  
Are well fore-told, that danger lurkes within.  

Edw. Tufh man, abodements must not now affright vs:  
By faire or foule meanes we must enter in,  
For hither will our friends repaire to vs.  

Haff. My Lige, Ie knocke once more, to summon them.  

Enter on the Walls, the Maior of Yorke,  
And his Brethren.  

Maior. My Lords,  
We were fore-warned of your comming,  
And shut the Gates, for safetie of our felues;  
For now we owe allegiance vnto Henry.  
Edw. But, Mafter Maior, if Henry be your King,  
Yet Edward, at the leaft, is Duke of Yorke.  
Maior. True, my good Lord, I know you for no leffe.  

Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedome,  
As being well content with that alone.  

Rich. But
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

Rich. But when the Fox hath once got in his Nofe, Hee le foonee meanes to make the Body follow.

Hairf. Why, Matter Maior, why stand you in a doubt? Open the Gates, we are King Henrys friends.

Maior. I lay you fo? the Gates shall then be opened. He defends.


Hairf. The good old man would faine that all were wel, So were not long of him; but being entred, I doubt not I, but we shall foone periwade Both him, and all his Brothers, vnto reason.

Enter the Maior, and two Aldermen.

Edw. So, Matter Maior; these Gates muft not be shut, But in the Night, or in the time of Warre. What, feare not man, but yeeld me vp the Keyes,

Takes bis Keyes.

For Edward will defend the Towne, and thee, And all those friends, that deifie to follow mee.

March. Enter Mountgomerie, with Drummes and Souldiers.

Rich. Brother, this is Sir John Mountgomerie, Our trouffle friend, unleffe I be deceu'd.

Edw. Welcome Sir John: but why come you in Armes?

Mount. To helpe King Edward in his time of storme, As every loyall Subiect ought to doe.

Edw. Thanks good Mountgomerie: But we now forget our Title to the Crowne, And onely clayne our Dukedome, Till God pleafe to fend the ref. Mount. Then fare you well, for I will hence againe, I came to ferve a King, and not a Duke: Drummer strike vp, and let vs march away.

The Drumme begins to march.

Edw. Nay fay, Sir John, a while, and we'll debate By what fafe meanes the Crowne may be recover'd.

Mount. What talk ye of debating? in few words, If you're not here proclaim your felfe our King, Ie leave you to your fortune, and be gone, To keepe them back, that come to fuccour you. Why fhall we fight, if you pretend no Title?

Rich. Why Brother, wherefore fland you on nice points?

Edw. When wee grow stronger, Then we'll make our Clayme: Till then, 'tis wifdom to conceale our meaning.

Hairf. Away with scrupulouf Wit, now Armes muft rule.

Rich. And feareleffe minds claime foonest vnto Crowns. Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand, The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

Edw. Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right, And Henry but vifpures the Diadem.

Mount. I, now my Soueraigne feaketh like himfelfe, And now will I be Edwards Champion.

Hairf. Sound Trumpet, Edward that be here proclaimed: Come, fellow Souldior, make thou proclamation.

Flourifh. Sound.

Soul. Edward the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.

Mount. And whomfoe're gainfayes King Edwards right, By this I challenge him to fingle fight.

Thrones downe bis Gauntlet.

All. Long live Edward the Fourth.

Edw. Thanks brave Mountgomerie, And thanks vnto you all:

If fortune fcrue me, Ie requite this kindneffe, Now for this Night, let's harbor here in Yorke: And when the Morning Sunne fhall rayfe his Carre Aboue the Border of this Horizon, Wee'll forward towards Warwick, and his Matfe; For well I wot, that Henry is no Souldier. Ah froward Clarence, how euiit it befeemes thee, To flatter Henry, and forfake thy Brother? Yet as wee may, wee'll meet both thee and Warwick. Come on brave Souldiars: doubt not of the Day, And that once gotten, doubt not of large Pay. Exeunt.

Flourifh. Enter the King, Warwick, Mountague, Clarence, Oxford, and Somerfe.

War. What counfaile, Lords? Edward from Belgie, With haffle Germanes, and blunt Hollanderis,

Hath paft'd in faftede through the Narrow Seas, And with his troups doth march amaine to London, And many giddie people flock to him.

King. Let's leue men, and beat him backe againe.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out, Which being fuffere'd, Rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends, Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in Warre, Thofe will I mufter vp: and thou Sonne Clarence Shalt thire vp in Suffolk, Norfolke, and in Kent, The Knights and Gentlemen, to come with thee. Thou Brother Mountague, in Buckingham, Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find Men well enclin'd to hear what thou command'st. And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belou'd, In Oxforfshe fhalt mufter vp thy friends. My Soueraigne, with the louing Citizens, Like to his Iland, gyrt in with the Ocean, Or moftef Dyne, circlled with her Nymphs, Shall reft in London, till we come to him: Faire Lords take leaue, and f tand not to reply.

Farewell my Soueraigne.

King. Farewell my Heitor, and my Troyes true hope.

Clar. Inigne of truth, I kiffe your Highneffe Hand.

King. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.


King. Sweet Oxford, and my louing Mountague, And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet Lords, let's meet at Countery.

Exeunt.

King. Here at the Pallace will I reft a while. Cousin of Exeter, what thinkes your Lordshipp? Me thinkes, the Power that Edward hath in field, Should not be able to encounter mine. Exeunt. The doubt is, that he will fuccede the ref. King. That's not my fear, my deed hath got me fame: I have not flott mine ears to their demands, Nor pofted off their fuites with flow delays, My pittie hath beene balme to heal their wounds, My mildneffe hath allay'd their swelling griefes, My mercie dry'd their water-flowing teares. I have not beene defirous of their wealth, Nor much oppref them with great Subfidades, Nor forward of reuenge, though they much err'd. Then why should they loue Edward more then me? No Exeter, thefe Graces challenge Grace:

q a

And
And when the Lyon fawnes vp on the Lambe,  
The Lambe will never caele to follow him.
And once againe proclaime vs King of England.  
You are the Fount, that makes small Brookes to flow,  
Now fops thy Synge, my Sea shall fuch them dry,  
And fwell fo much the higher, by their ebe,  
Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speake.  
Exit with King Henry.  

Edw. Seize on the flamefaced Henry, bare him hence,  
And once againe proclaime vs King of England.
You are the Fount, that makes small Brookes to flow,  
Now fops thy Synge, my Sea shall fuch them dry,  
And fwell fo much the higher, by their ebe,  
Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speake.  
Exit with King Henry.

And Lords, towards Couentry bend we our course,  
Where remembrance Warwicke now remains:  
The Sunne shines hot, and if we vfe delay,  
Cold biting Winter marres our hop’d for Hay.
Rich. Away betimes, before his forces ioyne,  
And take the great-grown Traytor vnawares:  
Braue Warriors, march amaine towards Couentry.  
Exeunt.

Enter Warwicke, the Major of Couentry, two  
Messengers, and others upon the Walls.

War. Where is the Pot that came from valiant Oxford?  
How farre hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?  
Mess. By this at Dunmore, marching hitherward.  
War. How farre off is our Brother Mountague?  
Where is the Pot that came from Mountague?

Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puifant troope.  
Enter Somersaile.

War. Say Somersaile, what eyes my louing Sonne?  
And by thy gaffe, how nigh is Clarence now?  
Somers. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,  
And doe expect him here fome two howres hence.  
War. Then Clarence is at hand, I here his Drumme.  
Somers. It is not his, my Lord, here Southam lyes:  
The Drum your Honor heares, marcheth from Warwicke.  
War. Who should that be? belike vnlook’d for friends.  
Somers. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish, Enter Edward, Richbard,  
and Souldiers.

Edw. Go Trumpet, to the Walls, and found a Parle.  
Rich. See how the furly Warwicke mars the Wall.  
War. Oh vnblid fpight, is sportfull Edward come?  
Where s秣t our Scouts, or how are they fedu’d,  
That we could heare no newes of his repaire.  
Edw. Now Warwicke, wilt thou oue the Citie Gates,  
Speake gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee,  
Call Edward King, and at his hands begge Mercy,  
And he shall pardon thee thofe Outrages?  
War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,  
Confelle who fet thee vp, and pluckt thee downe,  
Call Warwicke Patron, and be penitent,  
And thou shalt fill remaine the Duke of Yorke.  
Rich. I thought at leaft he would have faid the King,  
Or did he make the Ieaf against his will?  
War. Is not a Dukedom, Sir, a goodly gift?  
Rich. I, by my faith, for a poore Earle to gie,  
Ie doe thee fervice for fo good a gift.  
War. Twas I that gau the Kingdome to thy Bro-  
ther.

Edw. Why then ’tis mine, if but by Warwicke gift.
Against his Brother, and his lawfull King:
Perhaps thou wilt obiect my holy Oath:
To keepe that Oath, were more impiete,
Then Ithobol, when he forficid his Daughter.
I am so sorry for my Trefpas made,
That to defuer well at my Brothers hands,
I here proclayme my selfe thy mortall foe:
With resolution, wherefoere I mee thee,
(As I will mee thee, if thou firre abroad.)
To plague thee, for thy foule mis-leading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defie thee,
And to my Brother turne my blushing Cheeks.
Pardon me Edward, I will make amends:
And Richard, doe not frowne vpon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more vnconstant.

Edw, Now welcome more, and ten times more belou'd,
Then if thou neuer hadst defero'd our hate.

Rich. Welcome good Clarence, this is Brother-like.
Warr. Oh paffing Traytor, periu'd and vniuent.
Edw. What Warwick,
Wilt thou leave the Towne, and fight?
Or shall we beat the Stones about thine Eares?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet prefently.
And bid thee Batallia, Edward, if thou darst.

Edw. Yes Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way:
Lords to the field; Saint George, and Victorie.

Exeunt.
March. Warwick and his companie follows.

Aalarum, and Excursions. Enter Edward bringing forth Warwick wounded.

Edw. So, lye thou there: dye thou, and dye our feare,
For Warwick was a Bugge that fear'd vs all.
Now Mountague fit faft, I fekke for thee,
That Warwick Bones may keepe thine companie.

Warr. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me who is Victor, Torke, or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shewes,
My blood, my want of strength, my fice heart shewes,
That I must yeeld my body to the Earth,
And by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yeelds the Cedar to the Axes edge,
Whofe Armes gauve shelter to the Princely Eagle,
Vnder whose shade the ramping Lyon slept,
Whofe top-branch ouer-pee'd Iows spreading Tree,
And kept low Shrubs from Winters pow'full Winde.
These Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Veyle,
Have beene as piercing as the Mid-daie Sunne,
To search the secret Trefaouns of the World:
The Wrinkles in my Browes, now fill'd with blood,
Were lik'ned oft to Kingly Sepulchers:
For who liu'd King, but I could digge his Graue?
And who durft smilie, when Warwick bent his Brow?
Loe, now my Glory smeard in dust and blood.
My Parke, my Walkes, my Mannors that I had,
Even now forlacke me; and of all my Lands,
Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.
Why, what is Pompe, Rule, Reigne, but Earth and Dust?
And liue we how we can, yet dye we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerfet.

Som. Ah Warwick, Warwick, wert thou as we are,
We might recouer all our Loffe againe:

The Queene from France hath brought a puiffant power.
Euen now we heard the newes: ah, could'nt thou flye.

Warm. Why then I would not flye. Ah Mountague,
If thou be there, sweet Brother, take my Hand,
And with thy Lippes keepe in my Soule a while.
Thou lou't me not: for, Brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would waqsh this cold congealed blood,
That glewes my Lippes, and will not let me speake.
Come quickly Mountague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah Warwick, Mountague hath breath'd his laft,
And to the lattef galpe, cry'd out for Warwicke:
And faid, Commend me to my valiant Brother.
And more he would haue faid, and more he spoke,
Which founded like a Cannon in a Vault.
That mought not be diftinguifht: but at laft,
I well might heare, delivered with a groane,
Oh farewell Warwick.

Warm. Sweet reft his Soule:
Fyle Lords, and faue your felues,
For Warwicke bids you all farewell, to meet in Heauen.

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queenes great power.
Here they heare away his Body.

Exeunt.
Flourifh. Enter King Edward in triumph, with
Richard, Clarence, and the rest.

King. Thus farre our fortune keeps an upward courfe,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of Victorie:
But in the midft of this bright-flining Day,
I fy a black fuphicious threatening Cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,
Ere he attaine his eafefull Wefterne Bed:
I meane, my Lords, those powers that the Queene
Hath rays'd in Gallia, have arriued our Coaft,
And, as we heare, march on to fight with vs.

Clar. A little gale will foon difperfe that Cloud,
And blow it to the Source from whence it came,
Thy very Beames will dry thofe Vapours vp,
For euer Cloud engenders not a Storme.

Rich. The Queene is valued thirtie thoufand Strong,
And Somerfet, with Oxford, fled to her:
If the haue time to breathe, be well affur'd
Her fafion will be full as strong as ours.

King. We are aduerتis'd by our loving friends,
That they doe holde their course towards Tewksbury.
We hauing now the beet at Barnet field,
Will ftillier ftraight, for willingneffe rides way,
And as we march, our ftrength will be augmented:
In euer Countie as we goe along,
Strike vp the Drumme, cry courage, and away.

Exeunt.

Flourifh. March. Enter the Queene, young Edward, Somerfet, Oxford, and
Soldierts.

Qu. Great Lords, wife men ne'r fit and waile their loffe,
But chearfully feeke how to redrefs their harms.
What though the Maift be now blowne ouer-board,
The Cable broke, the holding-Anchor loft,
And halfe our Sailers swallow'd in the flood?
Yet liues our Pilot fill. Let see, that he
Should leaue the Helm, and like a fearefull Lad,
With tearfull Eyes addde Water to the Sea,
And giue more strength to that which hath too much,
While in his moane, the Ship flits on the Rock,
Which Induftrie and Courage might haue fau'd?
Ah what a shame, ah what a fault were this.
Say Warwick was our Anchor: what of that?

And
And Mountague our Top-Mast: what of him? Our saught'red friends, the Tackles: what of these? Why is not Oxford here, another Anchor? And Somerset, another goodly Mast? The friends of France our Shrouds and Tacklings? And though vnskillful, why not Ned and I, For once allow'd the skilfull Pilots Charge? We will not from the Helme, to fit and weep, But keepe our Courie (though the rough Winde fay no) From Sheles and Rocks, that threaten vs with Wrack. As good to chide the Waues, as speake them faire. And what is Edward, but a ruthless Sea? What Clarence, but a Quick-fand of Deceit? And Richard, but a raged fatal Rock? All these', the Enemies to our poor Barke. Say you can fwm, alas 'tis but a while: Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly finke, Beftride the Rock, the Tyde will wash you off, Or else you famish, that's a three-fold Death. This speake I (Lords) to let you understand, If cafe some one of you would flye from us, That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers, More then with ruthless Waues, with Sands and Rocks. Why courage then, what cannot be avoided, 'Twere childifh weakeffe to lament, or feare. Prince. Me thinkes a Woman of this valiant Spirit, Should, if a Coward heard her speake these words, Infule his Breast with Magnanimitie, And make him, naked, foyle a man at Armes. I speake not this, as doubting any here: For did I but fuppofe a fearefull man, He should haue leauce to goe away betimes, Leaff in our need he might infect another, And make him of like Spirit to himselfe. And make him of like Spirit to himselfe. If any fuch be here, as God forbid, Let him depart, before we neede his helpe. Oxf. Women and Children of fo high a courage, And Warriors faint, why 'twere perpetuall shame. Oh braue young Prince: thy famous Grandfather Doth line againe in thee; long may'th thou live, To bear his Image, and renew his Glories. Som. And he that will not fight for fuch a hope, Go home to Bed, and like the Owle by day, If he arife, be mock'd and wondred at. Q4. Thanks gentle Somerset, sweet Oxford thanks. Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else. Enter a Messenger. Miff. Prepare you Lords, for Edward is at hand, Readie to fight: therefore be refolute. Oxf. I thought no leffe: it is his Policie, To haffe thus faft, to finde vs vnprovid'd. Som. But hee's deceall'd, we are in readinesse. Q4. This chares my heart, to fee your forwardnesse. Oxf.Here pitch our Battale, hence we will not budge.

Flourish, and march. Enter Edward, Richard, Clarence, and Souldiers.

Edward. Brave followers, yonder flands the thornie Wood, Which by the Heauens affifiance, and your strength, Muft by the Roots be hewn vp yet ere Night. I need not add more fuel to your fire, For well I wot, ye blaze, to burne them out: Gieue signall to the fight, and to it Lords.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

Rich. Why should thee live, to fill the World with words.


Rich. Clarence excuse me to the King my Brother:
Ile hence to London on a serious matter,
Ere ye come there, be fare to hear some newes.

Cla. What? what?

Rich. Tower, the Tower. Exit.

Qu. Oh Ned,sweet Ned,spake to thy Mother Boy.

Can't thou not spake? O Traitsors, Murtherers!
They that flabb'd Cæsar, shed no blood at all:
Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame,
If this foule deed were by, to equal it.
He was a Man; this (in respect) a Child,
And Men, ne're spend their fury on a Child.
What's worse then Murtherer, that I may name it?

No, no, my heart will burff, and if I spake,
And I will spake, that fo my heart may burft.

Butchers and Villaines, bloody Caniballes,
How sweet a Plant have you vntimely crop:
You have no children (Butchens) if you had,
The thought of them would have flarr'd vp remorse,
But if you euer chance to have a Childe,
Looke in his youth to have him fo cut off.

As deathfinen you have rid this sweet yong Prince.

King. Away with her, go beare her hence perfcor.

Qu. May, neuer beare me hence, dispatch me heere; Here sheath thy Sword, Ile pardon thee my death:
What wilt thou not? Then Clarence do it thou.

Cla. By heauen, I will not do thee so much eafe.

Qu. Good Clarence do: sweet Clarence do thou do it.

Cla. Did'th thou not hear me sweare I would not do it?

Qu. I, but thou vleft to forswear thy selfe.

"Twas Sin before, but now 'tis Charity.

What wilt y'not? Where is that diuels butcher Richard?

Hard fouar'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not heere; Murtherer is thy Almeed-deed:

Petitioners for Blood, thou ne're put'th backe.

Ed. Away I say, I charge ye beare her hence,

Qu. So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince.

Exit Quene.

Ed. Where's Richard gone.

Cla. To London all in poft, and as I guesse,
To make a bloody Supper in the Tower.

Ed. He's fodieane if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence, dicharge the common fort
With Pay and Thankes, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle Quenee how well she fares,

By this (I hope) the hath a Sonne for me.

Enter Henry the fift, and Richard, with the Lieutenant on the Walles.

Rich. Good day, my Lord, what at your Bookke so hard?

Hen. I my good Lord : my Lord I shoulde say rather,
'Tis finne to flatter, Good was little better:
'Good Groffer, and good Deuill, were alike,
And both preperator: therefore, not Good Lord.

Rich. Sirra, leave vs to our felues, we must conferre.

Hen. So flies the wreakelefe shepheard from the Wolfe:
So first the harmleffe Sheepe doth yield his Fleece,
And next his Throaste, worship the Bithers Knife.

What Scene of death bath Refinat now to Acte?

Rich. Sufpition always haunts the guilty minde,

The Theefe doth feare each buft an Officer,

Hen. The Bird that hath bin lin'd in a buft,
With trembling wings mildoubteth every buft;
And the happefe Male to one sweet Bird,
Have now the fatal ObieQ in my eye,
Where my poore yong was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Rich. Why what a penuish Foose was that of Creet,
That taught his Sonne the office of a Fowle,
And yet for all his wings, the Foose was drown'd.

Hen. I Dedalus, my poore Boy Icarus,

Thy Father Minos, that den'de our courfe,
The Sunne that fear'd the wings of my sweet Boy.

Thy Brother Edward, and thy Selfe, the Sea
Whole enious Guife did swallow vp his life:

Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words,
My brest can better brooke thy Daggers point,
Then can my eares that Tragicke Histroy.

But wherefore doft thou come? Is't for my Life?

Rich. Think'th thou I am fone thau art,
If murtherring Innocents be Executing,

Then why thou art an Executioner.

Rich. Thy Son I kill'd for his preumpion.

Hen. Hadfit thou bin kill'd, when first y' didst presume,
Thou had'ft not liud' to kill a Sonne of mine:

And thus I propelfe, that many a thouland,
Which now milnruit no parcell of my spare,

And many an old mans fighe, and many a Widdowes,
And many an Orphans water-floding-eye,

Men for their Sonnes, Wives for their Husbands,
Orphans, for their Parents timeles death,

Shall rue the hour that euer thou was't borne.

The Owle shriek'd at thy birth, an euill figne,
The Night-Crow cry'de, aboding luckleffe time,

Dogs howl'd, and hideous Tempeft thooke down Trees:

The Rauen rooke'd her on the Chinnies top,

And chatte'ring Pies in diftmall Difcorde fong:

Thy Mother felt more then a Mothers paine,
And yet brought forth leffe then a Mothers hope,

To wit, an indigred and deformed Lume,
Not like the fruit of fuch a Goodly Tree.

Teeth had'th thou in thy head, when thou was't borne,

To signifie, thou cam'ft to bite the world:

And if the reft be true, which I have heard,

Thou cam'ft—

Rich. Ile hearre no more:

Dye Prophet in thy speech, Stabbes bim.

For this (among'th the reft) was I ordain'd.

Hen. I, and for much more fraught after this,
O God forgive my finnes, thy pardon thee.

Dye. Rich. What will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.

See how my fword weepes for the poore Kings death.
O may fuch purple teares be alway thred

From thofe that with the downfall of our house.
If any spark of Life be yet remaining,

Downe, downe to hell, and fay I fent thee thither.

Stab bis againe.

I that have neyther pitty, loue, nor feare,
Indeed 'tis true that Henrie told me of:
For I have often heard my Mother fay,
I came into the world with my Lefges forward.

Had I not reafon (think ye) to make haft,
And feek their Ruine, that vfurp'd our Right?

The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cri'd

O Iefus bleffe vs, he is borne with teeth,

And
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt

FINIS.
The Tragedy of Richard the Third:  
with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the  
Battell at Bosworth Field.

Actus Primus.  Scæna Prima.

Enter Richard Duke of Glofsier, Solus.

Ow is the Winter of our Discontent,  
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:  
And all the clouds that low'r'd upon our house  
In the deep bosome of the Oceane buried.  
Now are our browses bound with Vifitorious Wreathes,  
Our bruised armes hung vp for Monuments;  
Our Æternæ Alarms chang'd to merry Meetings;  
Our dreadful Marches, to delightful Measures.  
Grim-vig'd Warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front:  
And now, in stead of mounting Barbed Steeds,  
To fright the Souls of fearfull Adversaries,  
He capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber,  
To the lascivious pleasing of a Lute.  
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,  
Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glasse:  
I, that am Rudely flampt, and want lousie Malefty,  
To frut before a wonton ambling Nymph:  
I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,  
Chested of Feature by diffembling Nature,  
Deform'd, vn-finith'd, fent before my time  
Into this breathing World, scarfe halfe made vp,  
And that loamely and vnfashionable,  
That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them.  
Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)  
Haue no delight to passe away the time,  
Vnleffe to see my Shadow in the Sunne,  
And deffant on mine owne Deformity.  
And therefore, since I cannot prove a Louer,  
To entertaine thefe faire well spoken days,  
I am determined to prove a Villaine,  
And hate the idle pleasures of thefe days.  
Plots haue I laide, Inductions dangerous,  
By drunken Prophecies, Libels,and Dreames,  
To fet my Brother Clarence and the King  
In deadly hate, the one against the other:  
And if King Edward be as true and luit,  
As I am Subtle, Fale,and Treacherous,  
This day should Clarence closly be mew'd vp:  
About a Prophecie, which fayes that G,  
Of Edwards heyres the vndertherer shall be,  
Diue thoughts downe to my foule, here Clarence comes.

Enter Clarence, and Brazenbury, Guarded.  
Brother, good day: What means this armed guard

That waite vpon your Grace?  
Cl. His Maiesty tendering my persons safety,  
Hath appointed this Conduct, to conuay me to the Tower.  
Rich. Vpon what caufe?  
Cl. Because my name is George.  
RICH. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours:  
He should for that commit your Godfather.  
O belike, his Maiesty hath fome intent,  
That you should be new Chrifned in the Tower,  
But what's the matter Clarence, may I know?  
Cl. Yea Richard, when I know: but I protest  
As yet I do not: But as I can learne,  
He hearkeens after Prophecies and Dreames,  
And from the Crotie-row plac'd the letter G:  
And fayes, a Wizard told him, that by G,  
His illuc dishonestd should be.  
And for my name of George begins with G,  
It followes in his thought, that I am he.  
These (as I learne) and fuch like toyes as thefe,  
Hath mow'd his Highneffe to commit me now.  
RICH. Why this it is, when men are rul'd by Women:  
'Tis not the King that fends you to the Tower,  
My Lady Grey his Wife, Clarence's thefe.  
That tempts him to this harf Extremity.  
Was it not thefe, and that good man of Worship,  
Anthony Woodulle her Brother there,  
That made him fend Lord Haffings to the Tower?  
From whence this prefent day he is deliuere?  
We are not safe Clarence, we are not safe.  
Cl. By heauen, I thinke there is no man secure  
But the Queens Kindred, and night-walking Heralfes,  
That trudge betwixt the King, and Miiftris Short.  
Heard you not what an humble Suppliant  
Lord Haffings was, for her deliuery?  
RICH. Humbly complaining to her Deitie,  
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie.  
He tell you what, I thinke it is our way,  
If we will keepe in favour with the King,  
To be her men, and wear her Livery,  
The jealous ore-worne Widdow, and her selfe,  
Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,  
Are mighty Gofips in our Monarchy.  
BRA. I beseech your Grace both to pardon me,  
His Maiesty hath straightly given in charge,  
That no man shall have private Conference  
(Of what degree fouer) with your Brother.  

Rich.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Rich. Even so, and please your Worship Brakenbury, You may partake of any thing we say; We speak no treason, man; We say the King Is wise and vertuous, and his Noble Queene Well strooke in yeares, faire, and not jealous. We say, that Shores Wife hath a pretty Foot, A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a passing pleasing tongue: And that the Queens Kindred are made gentle Folkes. How say you sir? can you deny all this? "Bra. With this (my Lord) my felle haued not to doo.

Rich. Naught to do with Mirths Shore? I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her (Excepting one) were best to do it secretly alone. "Bra. What one, my Lord? Rich. Her Husband Knave, would'th thou betray me? "Bra. I do beseech your Grace To pardon me, and withhall forbear Your Conference with the Noble Duke. Cla. We know thy charge Brakenbury, and will obey. Rich. We are the Queens ableds, and must obey. Brother farewell, I will vnto the King, And whatfoe're you will impresse me in, Were it to call King Edward's Widow, Sifter, I will performe it to infranchize you. Meane time, this depe dilgrace in Brotherhood, Touches me deeper then you can imagine. Cla. I know it plentiful neither of vs well. Rich. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long, I will deliever you, or else lyfe for you: Meane time, haue patience. Cla. I must perforese: Farewell. Exit Clar. Rich Go tredace the path that thou shalt ne're return: Simple plaine Clarence, I do love thee so, That I will shortly send thy Soule to Heauen, If Heauen will take the present at our hands. But who comes here? the new deliered Haftings?

Enter Lord Haftings. Rich. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord. Rich. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine: Well are you welcome to this open Ayre, How hath your Lordship brooke'd imprisonment? Haft. With patience (Noble Lord) as prisoners must: But I shall lyse (my Lord) to glue them thankes That were the caule of my imprisonment. Rich. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too, For they that were your Enemies, are his, And haue peuell'd as much on him, as you, Haft. More pitty, that the Eagles should be mew'd, Whiles Kites and Buzzards play at liberty. Rich. What newes abroad? Haft. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home: The King is sickly, weak, and melancholly, And his Physicians feare him mightily. Rich. Now by S. John, that Newes is bad indeed. O he hath kept an euil Diet long, And ouer-much confound's his Royall Perfon: 'Tis very greoues to be thought vpon. Where is he, in his bed? Haft. He is. Rich. Go you before, and I will follow you. Exit Haftings. He cannot lyue I hope, and must not dye, Till George be pack'd with post-horfe vp to Heauen. Ile in to vrgge his hatred more to Clarence, With Lyes well steepd with weighty Arguments, And if I faille not in my deepse intent, Clarence hath not another day to liue: Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy, And leau the world for me to busie in, For then, Ile marry Warwickes yongest daughter. What though I kill'd her Husband, and her Father, The readie sloe to make the Wench amends, Is to become her Husband, and her Father: The which will I, not all so much for loue, As for another secret close intent, By marrying her, which I must reach vnto. But yet I run before my horse to Market: Clarence still breathes, Edward still liues and raignes, When they are gone, then muft I count my gains. Exit

Scéna Secunda.

Enter the Coarfe of Henrie the first with Halkehrs to guard it, Lady Anne being the Mourner.

Anne. Set downe, set downe your honourable load, If Honor may be showered in a Herse; Whil'st I a while obsequiouly lament Th'vuntimely fall of Vertuous Lancaster. Poore key-cold Figure of a holy King, Pale Ashes of the Houfe of Lancaster; Thou bloodlesse Remnant of that Royall Blood, Be it lawfull that I implore thy Ghost, To hear the Lamentations of poore Anne, Wife to thy Edward, to thy slachtred Sonne, Stab'd by the selfe-same hand that made these wounds. Loe, in these windowes that let forth thy life, I powre the helpless Balm of my poore eyes, O curfed be the hand that made these holes: Curfed the Heart, that had the heart to do it: Curfcd the Blood, that let this blood from hence: More direfull hap betide that hated Wretch That makes vs wretched by the death of thee, Then I can with to Wolues, to Spiders, Toades, Or any creepinge venom'd thing that liues. If euer he haue Childe, Abortiue be it, Prodigious, and vntimely brought to light, Whose vgly and vonnaturall Aspect May fright the hopefull Mother at the view, And that be Heyre to his vnhappinesse. If euer he haue Wife, let her be made More miserable by the death of him, Then I am made by my young Lord, and the. Come now towards Cberfey with your holy Lode, Taken from Paules, to be interred there. And still as you are weary of this waight, Rest you, whiles I lament King Henries Coarfe.

Enter Richard Duke of Glafter.

The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Gen. My Lord stand backe, and let the Coffin passe.
Rich. Vnmanner'd Dogge,
Stand't thou when I command:
Advanc' thy Halbert higher then thy brest,
Or by S. Paul Ile strike thee to my Foute,
And fprene vpone thee Beggar for thy boldnesse.
Anne. What do you tremble? are you all affraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall,
And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell.
Auant thou dreadfull minister of Hell?
Thou had'ft but power ouer his Mortall body,
His Soule thou canst not hau'ne. Therefore be gone.
Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not fo curt.
An. Foul Diuell,
For Gods fake hence, and trouble vs not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy Hell:
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deepe exclamations:
If thou delight to view thy heynous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy Butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen, fee, fee dead Henries wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouthes, and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lumpe of fowle Deformitie:
For 'tis thy preffence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty Veines where no blood dwells.
Thy Deeds in humane and vnnatural
Prouokes this Deluge most vnnatural.
O God! which this Blood mad'nt, reuenge his death:
O Earth! which this Blood drink'nt, reuenge his death.
Either Heau'n with Lightning strike the murther' red
Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou dost swalpha vp this good Kings blood,
Which his Hell-gouern'd arme hath butchered.
Rich. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,
Which renders good for bad, Blessings for Curles.
An. Villaine, thou know'ft not law of God nor Man,
No Be'ft so fierce, but knowes some touch of pity.
Rich. But I know none, and therefore am no Be'ft.
An. O wonderfull, when diuels tell the truth!
Rich. More wonderfull, when Angels are so angry:
Vouchfafe (divine perfection of a Woman)
Of these supposed Crimes, to give me leaue
By circumstance, but to acquit my selfe.
An. Vouchfafe (defud' infection of man)
Of these knowne euils, but to give me leaue
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed Selfe.
Rich. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leyture to excuse my felfe.
An. Fouler then heart can thinke thee,
Thou can't make no excuse currant,
But to hang thy felfe.
Rich. By such di 사람이, I should acquie my selfe.
An. And by dispairing fhalt thou fland excused,
For doing worthy Vengeance on thy selfe,
That did't vnworthy slaughter vpon others.
Rich. Say that I flew them not.
An. Then say they were not flaine:
But dead they are, and diuellish flame by thee.
Rich. I did not kill your Husband.
An. Why then he is alive.
Rich. Nay, he is dead, and flaine by Edwards hands.
An. In thy foule throat thou Lyght,
Quenelle Margaret law
Thy mur'drous Faulchion smoaking in his blood:
The which, thou once did'dt bend against her brest,
But that thy Brothers beate aside the point.
Rich. I was provoked by her fland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilts, vpon my guiltlesse Shoulders.
An. Thou was't proppesed by thy bloody minde,
That neuer dream'd on ought but Butcheries:
Did't thou not kill this King?
An. Do'ft grant me Hedge-hogge,
Then God graunt me too
Thou may'lt be damned for that wicked deed,
O he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.
Rich. The better for the King of heauen that hath him.
An. He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.
Rich. Let him thanke me, that holpe to fend him thither:
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
An. And thou vnsift for any place, but hell.
Rich. Yes one place elze, if you will heare me name it.
An. Some dungeon.
An. I ill reft betide the chamber where thou lyest.
Rich. So will it Madam, till I lye with you.
An. I hope fo.
Rich. I know fo. But gentle Lady Anne,
To leaze this keen encounter of our wittes,
And fall something into a flower method.
Is not the caufer of the timelesse deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henrie and Edward,
As blamefull as the Executioner.
An. Thou was't the caufe, and moft accurat effect.
Rich. Your beauty was the caufe of that effect:
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one houre in your sweet boosome.
An. If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide,
These Nalles shou'd rent that beauty from my Cheekes.
Rich. Thefe eyes could not endure 3 beauties wrack,
You should not blemish it, if I flould by;
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So I by that: It is my day, my life.
An. Blacke night ore-shade thy day, & death thy life.
Rich. Curle not thy selfe faire Creature,
Thou art both,
An. I would I were, to be reueng'd on thee.
Rich. It is a quarrell moft vnnatural,
To be reueng'd on him that loueth thee.
An. It is a quarrell luft and reaconable,
To be reueng'd on him that kill'd my Husband.
Rich. He that bereft the Lady of thy Husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better Husband.
An. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.
Rich. He liues, that loues thee better then he could.
An. Name him.
An. Why that was he.
Rich. The selfe fame name, but one of better Nature.
An. Where is he?
Rich. Heere:
Why dost thou spit at me.
An. Would it were mortall poifon, for thy fake.
Rich. Neuer came poifon fo fweet a place.
An. Neuer hung poifon on a fowler Toade.
Out of my sight, thou doft infeete mine eyes.
Rich. Thine eyes (sweet Lady) have infection mine.
An. Would they were Basiliskes, to strike thee dead.
Rich. I would they were, that I might dye at once:
For now they kill me with a liuing death.
Those eyes of thine, from mine have drawne falt Tear's.

Sham'd their Aspects with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which neer shed remorvefull teare,
No, when my Father Yorke, and Edward wept,
To heare the pitious moane that Rutland made
When black-fac'd Clifford shooke his sword at him.
Nor when thy warlike Father like a Child,
Told the sad storie of my Fathers death,
And twenty times, made paufe to fob and weeper:
That all the flanders by had wet their cheeks.
Like Trees bedash'd with raine. In that sad time,
My manly eyes did fcorne an humble teare:
And what thefe forrowes could not thence exhale,
Thy Beauty hath, and made them blinde with weeping.
I neuer fued to Friend, nor Enemy:
My Tongue could never learne sweet smoothing word.
But now thy Beauty is propof'd my Fee,
My proud heart fues, and prompts my tongue to Speake.
She looks fornyly at him.

Teach not thy lip fuch Scorne; for it was made
For kifing Lady, not for fuch contemp.
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgive,
Loe here I lend thee this sharpe-pointed Sword,
Which if thou pleafe to hide in this true breff,
And let the Soule forth that adorth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly begge the death vpon my knee.
He layes his breath open, he offers at with his sword.
Nay do not paufe: For I did kill King Henrie,
But 'twas thy Beauty that prouoked me.
Nay now dispatch: 'Twas I that flabb'd yong Edward,
But 'twas thy Heauenly face that fet me on.
She failes the Sword.

Take vp the Sword againe, or take vp me.
An. Arife Difembler, though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy Executioner.
Rich. Thy sword I will kiffe thefle, and I will do it.
An. I have already.
Rich. That was in thy rage:
Speake it againe, and even with the word,
This hand, which for thy loue, did kill thy Loue,
Shall for thy loue, kiffe a farre truer Loue,
To both their deaths that thou be necessary.
An. I would I knew thy heart.
Rich. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.
An. I feare me, both are falf.
Rich. Then neuer Man was true.
An. Well, well, put vp your Sword.
Rich. Say then my Peace is made.
An. That fhalt thou know hereafter.
An. All men I hope I lye fo.
Vouchsafe to weare this Ring.
Rich. Looke how my Ring incomparfeth thy Finger,
Even fo thy Breff inclofeth my poor heart:
Weare both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poore deuoted Seruant may
But beg one favoure at thy gracieous hand,
Thou doft confirm his happinesse for euer.
An. What is it?
Rich. That it may please thee leave thefle fad designes,
To him that hath moft caufe to be a Mourner,
And prefently repayre to Crosbie Houfe:
Where (after I have folemnly inter'd
At Chertfley Monaf'try this Noble King,
And wet his Graue with my Repentant Teares)
I will with all expedient duty fee you,

For diuers un knowne Reasons, I befeech you,
Grant me this Boon.
An. With all my heart, and much it loyes me too,
To fee you are become fo penitent.
Treffel and Barkley, go along with me.
Rich. Bid me farwell.
An. 'Tis more then you deferue:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue faide farewell already.

Exit two with Anne.

Gent. Towards Chertfley, Noble Lord?
Rich. No: to White Friars, there attend my comming

Exit Cears.

Was euer woman in this humour wo'd?
Was euer woman in this humour wonne?
Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
What? that I kill'd her Husband, and his Father,
To take her in her hearts extreme hate.
With curfe in her mouth, Teares in her eyes,
The bleeding witneffe of my hatred by,
Hauing God, her Confience, and these bars against me,
And I, no Friends to backe my fulte withall,
But the plaine Diueli, and diffembling lookest?
And yet to winne her? All the world to nothing.

Hah!
Hath the forget alreadie that braue Prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I (some three months since)
Stab'd in my angry mood, at Tewkesbury?
A sweeter, and a louelie Gentleman,
Frame'd in the prodigality of Nature:
Yong, Valiant, Wife, and (no doubt)right Royal,
The fpacious World cannot againe affoord:
And will the yet abafe her eyes on me,
That cropt the Golden prime of this sweete Prince,
And made her Widowe to a woffull Bed?
On me, whose All not equal Edwards Moytie?
On me, that halts, and am mishapen thus?
My Dukedome, to a Beggerly denier!
I do miftake my perfon all this while:
Vpon my life she findes (although I cannot)
My felfe to be a maruellous proper man.
Ile be at Charges for a Looking-glafe,
And entertaine a fcorre or two of Taylors,
To fludy fashions to adorne my body:
Since I am crept in favour with my felle,
I will maintaine it with some little coft.
But firit Ile turne you Fellow in his Graue,
And then returne lamenting to my Loue.
Shine out faire Sunne, till I have bought a glaffe,
That I may fee my Shadow as I paffe.

Scena Tertia.

Enter the Queene Mother, Lord Riuerst, and Lord Gray.

Riu. Haue patience Madam, ther's no doubt his Maiesty
Will soon recover his accentom'd health.
Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods fake entertaine good comfort,
And cheere his Grace with quicke and merry eyes
Qu. If he were dead, what would betide on me?

Gray.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

If he were dead, what would betide on me?

Gray. No other harme, but losse of such a Lord.

Qu. The losse of such a Lord, includes all harms.

Gray. The Heauens have blest you with a goodly Son,

To be your Comforter, when he is gone.

Qu. Ah! he is young; and his minority
Is put vnto the trust of Richard Gloufier,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.

Q. Is it concluded he shall be Protector?

Qu. It is determined, not concluded yet:
But lo it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Gray. Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby.

Buc. Good time of day vnto your Royall Grace.

Der. God make your Maiesty joyful, as you have bin

Qu. The Countefle Richmond, good my Lord Derby.

To your good prayer, will scarifye say, Amen.

Yet Derby, notwithstanding thee's your wife, And loues not me, be you good Lord aflurd,
I hate not you for your proud arrogancy.

Der. I do beseech you, either not beleeue The enormus flanders of her false accusers:
Or if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which I think proceed From wayward fickleness, and no grounded malice.

Qu. Saw you the King to day my Lord of Derby.

Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
Are come from visiting his Maiesty.

Que. What likelihood of his amendment Lords.

Buc. Madam good hope, his Grace speaks cheerfully.

Que. God grant him health, did you confer with him?

Buc. I Madam, he defires to make attenton Between the Duke of Gloufier, and your Brothers, And betweene them, and my Lord Chamberlaine, And sent to warn e them to his Royall preference.

Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be,
I feare our happinesse is at the height.

Enter Richard.

Rich. They do me wrong, and I will not induce it, Who is it that complains vnto the King,
That I (forsooth) am storne, and loue them not?
By holy Paul, they loue his Grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such differentious Rumors.
Because I cannot flatter, and looke faire,
Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceive, and cogge,
Ducke with French nods, and Apish curtesie,
I must be held a rancorous Enemy.
Cannot a plaine man live, and thinke no harme,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd,
With filken, flye, infinuating Jackes?

Gray. To who in all this preffence speaks your Grace?

Rich. To thee, that hast nor Honesty, nor Grace:
When haue I injur'd thee? When done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction?
A plague vpon you all. His Royall Grace
(Whom God preferras better then you would)
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Qu. Brother of Gloufier, you mistake the matter:
The King on his owne Royall disposition,
(And not prouok'd by any Sutor elfe)
Ayming (belike) at your interiour hatred,

That in your outward action shewes it selfe
Against my Children, Brothers, and my Selfe,
Makes him to send, that he may learne the ground.

Rich. I cannot tell, the world is grown so bad,
That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not pearch.
Since euerie Iacke became a Gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jacke.

Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother
You enuoy my advancement, and my friends: (Glofter)
God grant we neuer may havee neede of you.

Rich. Meane time, God grants that I haue need of you.
Our Brother is imprifon'd by your meanes,
My selfe difgrac'd, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt, while great Promotions
Are daily gien to ennable those
That fcare some two days since were worth a Noble.

Qu. By him that rais'd me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I inloy'd,
I neuer did incende his Maiestie
Against the Duke of Clarence, but haue bin
An earnest advocate to plead for him.

My Lord you do me shamefull injurie,
Faliely to draw me in thefe vile fufpect.

Rich. You may deny that you were not the meane
Of my Lord Haffings late imprifonment.

Qu. She may my Lord, for-

Rich. She may Lord Riuer's, why who knowes not fo?
She may do more fir then denying that:
She may helpes you to many faire preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay those Honors on your high defert.
What may the, the may, I marry may the.

Qu. What marry may the?

Rich. What marrie may the? Marrie with a King,
A Batcheller, and a handsome stirling too,
I wis your Grandam had a worther match.

Qu. My Lord of Gloufier, I have too long borne
Your blunt vpraidings, and your bitter scoffes:
By heauen, I will acquaint his Maiestie
Of those grosse taunts that oft I have endur'd.
I had rather be a Countrie seruant maide
Then a great Queene, with this condition,
To be fo bated, scorn'd, and stormed at,
Small joy haue I in being Englands Queene.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. And lesned be that small, God I befeech him,
Thy honor, fate, and seate, is due to me.

Rich. What threat you me with telling of the King?
I will awouch't in preffence of the King:
I dare adventure to be sent to th' Tower.
'Tis time to speake,
My paines are quite forgot.

Margaret. Our Diuell,
I do remember them too well:
Thou killd'ft my Husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward my poore Son, at Tewkesbuarie.

Rich. Ere you were Queene,
Or your Husband King:
I was a packe-horse in his great affaires:
A weeder out of his proud Adverfaries,
A liberrall rewarder of his Friends,
To royalize his blood, I spent mine owne.

Margaret. I and much better blood
Then his, or thine.

rich.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Ricb. In all which time, you and your Husband Grey
Were factious, for the House of Lancaster;
And Rivers, for you: Was not your Husband,
In Margaret's Battle, at Saint Alknu, thaine?
Let me put in your minde, if you forget
What you have beene ere this, and what you are:
Withall, what I have beene, and what I am.

Q. M. A mutchrous Villaine, and so fill thou art.
Ricb. Poor Clarence did forake his Father Warwick,
1, and forsook himselfe (which I sue pardon.)

Q. M. Which God renue.

Ricb. To fight on Edwards partie, for the Crowne,
And for his meeke, poor Lord, he is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were Flint, like Edwards,
Or Edwards soft and pitifull, like mine:
I am too childish foolish for this World.

Q. M. High thee to Hell for shame, & leave this World
Thou Cadecodem, there thy Kingdome is.

River. My Lord of Gloster: in those busie dayes,
Which here you vpe, to prose vs Enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our Soueraigne King,
So should we, you, if you should be our King.

Ricb. If 1 should be? I had rather be a Pedler:
Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof.

Qa. As little joy (my Lord,) as you suppos'd
You should enjoy, were you this Countries King,
As little joy you may suppos'd in me.
That I enjoy, being the Queene thereof.

Q. M. A little joy enjoyes the Queene thereof,
For I am thee, and altogether joyelle:
I can no longer hold me patient.
Hear me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out,
In fearing that which you have pill'd from me:
Which off you trembles not, that looker on me?
If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subiects;
Yet that by you depov'd, you quake like Rebels.

Ah gentle Villaine, do not turne away,
(fight?)
Ricb. Foule wrinckled Witch, what mak'th thou in my

Q. M. But repetition of what thou haft mar'd,
That will I make, before I let thee goe.

Rich. Wert thou not banishe, on paine of death?

Q. M. I was: but I doe find more paine in banishment,
Then death can yeeld me here, by my abode.
A Husband and a Sonne thou ow'tt to me,
And thou a Kingdome; all of you, allegance:
This Sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,
And all the Pleasures you viure, are mine.

Ricb. The Curfe my Noble Father layd on thee,
When thou didst Crown his Warrior Browes with Paper,
And with thy scornes drewn't River's from his eyes,
And then to dry them, gau'th the Duke a Clowt,
Steep'd in the faultie blood of prettie Rutland:
His Curfe then, from bitterneffe of Soule,
Denounc'd against thee, are all faine upon thee:
And God, not we, hath plag'd thy bloody deed.

Qa. SoJuift is God, to right the innocent.

Haft. O'twas the soulefull deed to play that Babe,
And the most mercifull, that ere was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselfes wept when it was reported.

Dorl. No man but prophesied reuenge for it.

Back. Northumberland, then pretend, went to see it.

Q. M. What? were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you all your hatred now on me?
Did Tortes dread Curfe preuaile so much with Hauean,
That Henrys death, my lovely Edwards death,

Their Kingdome losse, my wofull Banishment,
Should all but answere for that peeculess Brat?
Can Curfes pierce the Clouds, and enter Hauean?
Why then give way dull Clouds to my quick Curfes.
Though not by Warre, by Surfet dye your King,
As ours by Murther, to make him a King.

Edward thy Sonne, that now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward our Sonne, that was Prince of Wales,
Dye in his youth, by like vntimely violence.

Thy felle a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out-lie thy glory, like my wretched felles:
Long may't thou line, to wayle thy Childrens death,
And fee another, as I fee thee now,

Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art fad'd in mine.
Long dye thy happie dayes, before thy death,
And after many length'd howres of grieue,
Dye neyther Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene.

Rivers and Dorf, you were flanders by,
And fo weat thou, Lord Haftings, when my Sonne
Was stab'd with bloody Daggers:God, I pray him,
That none of you may live his natural age,
But by some vnlook'd accident cut off.

Ricb.Haue done thy Charge, and hatefull wither'd Hagg.

Q. M. And leave out thee thy Dog, for y shalt hear me.
If Hauean have any griesous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can with vpon thee,
O let them keepe it, till thy finnes be ripe,

And then hrule downe their indignation
On thee, the trouble of the poore Worlds peace.
The Worme of Conscience full begnaw thy Soule,
Thy Friends fufpect for Traytors while thou liu'tt,
And take deep Traytors for thy dearest Friends:
No sleepe clofe vp that deadly Eye of thine,

Vnleffe it be while some tormenting Dreaume
Affrights thee with a Helli of ougely Deuils.
Thou eluifh mark'd, abortive rooting Hogge,
Thou that waft feald in thy Naturall
The flame of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell:
Thou flander of thy heauie Mothers Wombe,
Thou loathed Ifue of thy Fathers Loynes,

Thou Ragge of Honor, thou detested--

Ricb. Margar
t.

Q. M. Richard.

Rich. Ha,

Q. M. I call thee not.

Ricb. I cry thee mercie then: for I did thynke,
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. M. Why so I did, but look'd for no reply.

Oh let me make the Period to my Curfe.

Rich. 'Tis done by me, and ends in Margare
t.

Qu. Thus haue you breath'd your Curfe against your fel.

Q. M. Poor painted Queene, vaunourish of my fortune,
Why strew'th thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider,
Whose deadie Web enstarts thee about?

Foole,foole, thou whet'st a Knife to kill thy felte:
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me,

To helpe thee curfe this poysonous Bunch-backt Toade.

Haff.Falle boding Woman, end thy frantick Curfe,
Leaft to thy harme, thou mov'e our patience.

Q. M. Foulfe shame vpon you, you have all mow'd mine.

Ri. Were you well feru'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. M. To ferue me well, you all shoul'd do me duty,

Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subiects:
O ferue me well, and teach your felues that duty.

Dorl. Dispute not with her, she is lunaticke.

Q. M. Peace Master Marquess, you are malapert,

Your fire-new flampe of Honor is scarce currant.
O that your yong Nobility could judge
What twere to love it, and be miserable.
They that fland high, have many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Rich. Good counfaile marry, leerne it, leerne it Mar-

queffe.

Dor. It touches you my Lord, as much as me.
Rich. I, and much more : but I was borne fo high:
Our ayerie buildeth in the Cedars top,
And dallies with the winde, and scornes the Sunne.

Mar. And turns the Sun to shade : alas, alas,
Witnesse my Sonne, now in the shade of death,
Whose bright out-shining beams, thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternall darknesse folded vp,
Your ayerie buildeth in our ayeries Neft:
O God that feest it, do not suffer it,
As it is wonne with blood, loft be it so.

Buc. Peace,peace for shame : If not, for Charity.

Mar. Vrge neither charity,nor shame to me:
Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes (by you) are butcher'd.
My Charity is outrage, Life my name,
And in that flame, fill lye my forrowes rage.

Buc. Have done, have done.

Mar. O Princely Buckingham, lle kiffe thy hand,
In signe of League and amity with thee :
Now faire befall thee, and thy Noble house :
Thy Garments are not spottet with our blood :
Nor thou within the compass of my curfe.

Buc. Nor no one heere : for Curfes neuer paft
The lips of those that breath them in the ayre.

Mar. I will not thinke but they ascend the sky,
And there awake Gods gentle sleepeing peace.
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dogge :
Looke when he fawnes, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rangle to the death.
Haue not to do with him, beware of him,
Sinne, death, and hell haue fet their markes on him,
And all their Minifters attend on him.

Rich. What doth the say, my Lord of Buckingham.
Buc. Nothing that I repect my gracious Lord.

Mar. What doft thou forne me
For my gentle counfell?
And footh the diuell that I warne thee from.
O but remember this another day:
When he shall fplit thy very heart with forrow :
And fay {poore Margaret} was a Prophetife :
Lye euery one of you libelous to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to Gods.

Rich. My haire doth fland an end to heare her curfes.

Riu. And fo doth mine, I muft whye the he's at libertie.

Rich. I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I haue done to her.

Mar. I neuer did her any to my knowledge.

Rich. Yet you haue all the vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot, to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now :
Marry as for Clarence, he is well repayed :
He is frank'd vp to flattering for his paines,
God pardon them, that are the caufe thereof.

Riu. A vertuous, and a Christian-like conclusion
To pray for them that have done fafh to vs.

Rich. So do I euer, being well advis'd.

Speakes to himself.

For had I curft now, I had curft my felfe.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his Maiefty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.

Riu. Catesby I come, Lords will you go with mee.

Enter two murderers.

Rich. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawle.
The secret Mitcheefes that I fet abroach,
I lay vnto the greuous charge of others.

Clarence, who I indeede haue caft in darknesse,
I do bewepe to many fimple Gulles,
Namely to Derby, Haftings, Buckingham,
And tell them 'tis the Queene, and her Allies,
That flire the King againft the Duke my Brother.
Now they beleevte it, and withall whet me
To be reueng'd on River, Dorl, Grey.
But then I figh, and with a pcece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids vs do good for euill :
And thus I cloath my Naked Villanie
With odde old ends, florne forth of holy Writ,
And feeme a Saint, when moft I play the deuill.

Enter Clarence and Keeper.

Keep. Why lookes your Grace fo heauily to day.

Cla. O, I haue paft a miserable night,
So full of fearefull Dreames, of vgy fights,
That as I am a Chriftian faithfull man,
I would not spen another such a night
Though twere to buy a world of happy daies:
So full of difinall terror was the time.

Keep. What was your dream, my Lord, I pray you tel me

Cla.Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to croffe to Burgundy,
And in my company my Brother Gloufier,
Who from my Cabin tempted me to walke,
Vpon the Hatches : There we look'd toward England,
And cited vp a thousand heauy times,

Scena Quarta.

Speakes to himself.

For had I curft now, I had curft my felfe.

During
During the wars of Yorke and Lancaster
That had befalne vs. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that Clouguet humbled, and in falling
Strooke me (that thought to slay him) ouer-board,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noife of water in mine eares,
What fights of ugly death within mine eyes.
Me thoughts, I saw a thousand fearfull wrackes:
A thousand men that Fihes gnaw'd vpon:
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle,
Ineffimable Stones, unvalued Jewels,
All scattered in the bottome of the Sea,
Some lay in dead-men Scalles, and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in forne of eyes) reflecting Gemmes,
That wo'd the flimy bottome of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay fattred by.

Keep. Had you such feyure in the time of death
To gaze vpon these secretes of the deep?
Cla. Me thought I had, and often did I frive
To yeeld the Ghost: but still the envious Flood
Stop'd in my foule, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vaft, and wand'r'ing ayre:
But smother'd it within my panting bulke,
Who almost hurft, to belch it in the Sea.

Keep. Awak'd you not in this fore Agony?
Clar. No, no, my Dreame was lengthen'd after life.
O then, began the Tempell to my Soule.
I paft (me thought) the Melancholy Flood,
With that fewre Ferry-man which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall Night.
The firft that there did greet my Stranger-soule,
Was my great Father-in-Law, renowned Warwicke,
Who spake aloude: What scarce for Periurie,
Can this darke Monarchy afford false Clarence?
And fo he vanish'd. Then came wand'r'ing by,
A Shadow like an Angell, with bright hayre
Dabbel'd in blood, and he shriek'd out alowd
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, periur'd Clarence,
That flabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury:
Seize on him Furies, take him vnto Torment.
With that (me thought) a Legion of foule Fiends
Inoiron'd me, and howled in mine eares
Such hideous cries, that with the very Noife,
I (trembling) walk'd, and for a season after,
Could not beleue, but that I was in Hell,
Such terrible Impression made my Dreame.

Keep. No maruell! Lord, though it affrighted you,
I am affraid (me thinkes) to hear you tell it.
Cla. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I have done these things
(That now giue evidence against my Soule)
For Edwards fakes, and see how he requites mee.
O God! if my deepe prayses cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be angu'sd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
O spare my guiltyf Wife, and my poore children.
Keeper, I prythee fit me a while.
My Soule is heavy, and I faine would sleepe.

Keep. I will my Lord, God giue your Grace good ref.

Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.

Bra. Sorrow breaks Seasons, and reposyng houres,
Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon-tide night:

Princes haue but their Titles for their Glories,
An outward Honor, for an inward Toyle,
And for vnfelt Imagination.
They often feele a world of reftlesse Cares:
So that betweene their Titles, and low Name,
There's nothing differs, but the outward fame.

Enter two Muriborers.

1. Mar. Ho, who's heere?
Bra. What would'thou Fellow? and how cam'th
thou hither.
2. Mar. I would speak with Clarence, and I came
hither on my Legges.
Bra. What so brefe?
1. 'Tis better (Sir) then to be tedious:
Let him fee our Commission, and talk no more.
Bra. I am in this, commended to deliuer
The Noble Duke of Clarence to your hands.
I will not reaon what is meant heereby,
Because I will be guiltlesse from the meaning.
There lies the Duke affleepe, and there the Keys.
Ile to the King, and signifie to him,
That thus I have refign'd to you my charge.

1. You may fit, 'tis a point of wifdom:
Far you well.
2. What, shall we ftab him as he sleepe?
1. No, he'll say I was done cowardly, when he wakes
2. Why he shall neuer wake, vntil the great Judgement
   day.
1. Why then he'll say, we ftab'd him sleepeing.
2. The vrging of that word Judgement, hath bred
   a kind of remorse in me.
1. What's art thou affraid?
2. Not to kill him, having a Warrant,
   But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which
   No Warrant can defend me.
1. I thought thou had'lt bin refolute.
2. So I am, to let him live.
1. Ile bace backe to the Duke of Clouger, and tell him so.
2. Nay, I prythee play a little:
I hope this passionate humor of mine, will change,
It was wont to hold me but while one tels twenty.
1. How do'thou feele thy felfe now?
2. Some certaine dregges of confidence are yet within
   mee.
1. Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.
2. Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward.
1. Where's thy confidence now.
1. When he opens his purfe to giue vs our Reward,
   thy Confidence flies out.
2. 'Tis no matter, let it goe: There's few or none will
   entertaine it.

1. What if it come to thee again?
2. Ile not meddle with it, it makes a man a Coward:
   A man cannot fleace, but it accuceth him: A man cannot
   Swear, but it Checks him: A man cannot lye with his
   Neighbours Wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing
   shamefac'd spirit, that mutinies in a mans boosome:
   It fileth a man full of Obstacles. It made me once renose a
   Purrif of Gold that (by chance) I found: It beggars any
   man that keeps it: It is turn'd out of Townes and Cit-
   ties for a dangerous thing, and every man that means to
   live well, endeuours to truft to himselfe, and live without
   it.

1 'Tis
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

1. 'Tis even now at my elbow, perwading me not to kill the Dkue.
2. Take the diuell in thy minde, and beleue him not:
   He would insinuate with thee but to make thee figh.
   I am strong fram'd, he cannot prevale with me.
2. Spoke like a tall man, that respecks thy reputation.
Come, shall we fall to worke?
1. Take him on the Coftard, with the hitles of thy Sword, and then throw him into the Malmeley-Butte in the next roome.
2. O excellent device; and make a sop of him.
1. Soft, he wakes.
2. Trinke.
1. No, wee'll reason with him.

Cla. Where art thou Keeper? Give me a cup of wine.
2. You shall have Wine enough my Lord anon.

Cla. In Gods name, what art thou?
1. A man, as you are.
2. But not as I am Royall.
1. Nor you as we are, Loyall.

Cla. Thy voice is Thunder, but thy looks are humble.
1. My voice is now the Kings, my looks mine owne.

Cla. How darkly, and how deadly doth thou speake?
Your eyes do menace me: why looke you pale?
Who sient you hither? Wherefore do you come?
1. To o, to... Cla. To murther me?

Bath. I, I.

Cla. You scarly haue the hearts to tell me fo,
And therefore cannot haue the hearts to do it.
Wherein my Friends haue I offended you?
1. Offended vs you haue not, but the King.
2. I shall be reconcil'd to him againe.
2. Neuer my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.

Cla. Are you drawne forth among a world of men
To play the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the Evidenc that doth accuse me?
What lawfull Quest have gluenn their Verdict vp
Vnto the frowning Judges? Who shal pronounce'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence death,
Before I be conuict by courfe of Law? To threaten me with death, is most vnlawfull.
I charge you, as you hope for any goodnesse,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me:
The deed you undertake is damnable.
1. What we will do, we do vpvn command.
2. And he that hath commanded, it our King.

Cla. Erroneous Vaflalls, the great King of Kings
Hath in the Table of his Law commanded
That thou shalt do no murther. Will you then
Sparne at his Edict, and fullfill a Mans?
Take heed: for he holds Vengeance in his hand,
To hurle vpvn their heads that breake his Law.
2. And that fame Vengeance doth he hurle on thee, For falf Forfwearing, and for murther too:
Thou shoul'd receive the Sacrament, to fight
In quarrell of the Houfe of Lancatement.
1. And like a Traitor to the name of God,
Did't breake that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade,
Vnrip't the Bowels of thy Sou'reignes Sonne.
2. Whom thou wast f'worne to cherish and defend.
1. How canst thou urge Gods dreadfull Law to vs,
When thou hast broke it in fuch desere degree?

Cla. Alas! for whole face did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my Brother, for his fake.
He sents you not to murther me for this:

For in that finne, he is as deepe as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O know you yet, he doth it publiftely,
Take not the quarrell from his powerfull arme:
He needs no indirect, or lawlefe courfe,
To cut off those that have offended him.
1. Who made thee then a bloudy minifter,
When gallant springing braue Plantagenet,
That Princely Nounce was frucke dead by thee?

Cla. My Brothers loue, the Diuell, and my Rage.
1. Thy Brothers Loue, our Duty, and thy Faults,
Prouoke vs hitter now, to laughther thee.

Cla. If you do loue my Brother, hate not me:
I am his Brother, and I loue him well.
If you are hy'nd for meed, go backe againe,
And I will send you to my Brother Gloufter:
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.
2. You are deceuil'd,
Your Brother Gloufter hates you.

Cla. Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deere:
Go you to him from me.
1. I fo we will.

Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely Father Yorke,
Blef his three Sonnes with his victorius Arme,
He little thought of this diuided Friendfhip:
Bid Gloufter think of this, and he will wepe.
1. I Milftones, as he leffioned vs to wepe.

Cla. O do not flander him, for he is kinde.
1. Right, as Snow in Harrefet:
Come, you deceule your felwe,
'Tis he that sendes vs to devorue you here.

Cla. It cannot be, for he bewpt my Fortune,
And hugg'd me in his armes, and fwoered with fobs,
That he would labour my deliuerie.
1. Why fo do heoth, when he deliueres you
From this earths thrallome, to the loyes of heaven.
2. Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.

Cla. Have you quarrell hollie ftingling in your foules,
To counfalle me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your owne foules fo blinde,
That you will warre with God, by murd'reng me.
O firs confider, they that fet you on
To do this deedee, will hate you for the deedee.
2. What shal we do?

Clar. Relent, and faue your foules:
Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne,
Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,
If two fuch murtherers as your felues came to you,
Would not intreat for life, as you would begge
Were you in my diftreffe,
1. Relent! no: 'Tis cowardly and womanish.

Cla. Not to relent, is beaftly, fauage, diuellifh:
My Friend, I fpy some pitty in thy looke:
O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer,
Come thou on my fide, and intreate for mee,
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not.
2. Lookie behinde you, my Lord.
1. Take that, and that, if all this will not do, Stabs him.
2. A bloody deed, and desperately dispatcht:
How faine (like Pilate) would I waft my hands
Of this moft greevous murther. 

Enter 1. Murthber.
1. How now? what mean'th thou that thou help't me not?
By Heaven the Duke shall know how flacke you have beene.
Enter Ratcliff, and Gloster.

Rich. Good morrow to my Soueraigne King & Queen
And Princely Peeres; a happy time of day.
King. Happy indeed, as we have spent the day:
Gloster, we have done deeds of Charity,
Made peace of enmity, faire loute of hate,
Between thee dwelling wrong incensed Peeres.
Rich. A bleffed labour my moft Soueraigne Lord;
Among this Princely heapes, if any here
By false intelligence, or wrong furmise
Hold me a Foe: If I unwillingly, or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne,
To any in this prefence, I defire
To reconcile me to his Friendly peace :
'Tis death to me to be at enmity:
I hate it, and defire all good mens loute,
First Madam, I intreate true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my dutious feruice.
Of you my Noble Cokin Buckingham,
If euer any grudge were lodg'd betweene vs,
Of you and you, Lord Riuers and of Dorfes,
That all without defert have vnfeigned on me:
Of you Lord Woodull, and Lord Scales of you,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all.
I do not know that Englishman alioe,
With whom my foule is any iot at oddes,
More then the Infant that is borne to night:
I thank my God for my Humilitie.
Qu. A holy day fhall this be kept hereafter:
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
My Soueraigne Lord, I do bfeech your Highneffe
To take our Brother Clarence to your Grace.
Rich. Why Madam, haue I ofred loute for this,
To be fo flowted in this Royall prefence?
Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead? They
You do him injurie to scorn his Coarfe.
King. Who knowes not he is dead ?
Who knowes he is ?
Qu. All-feeing heauen, what a world is this?
Buc. Looke I fo pale Lord Dorfes, as the refl?
Der. I my good Lord, and no man in the prefence,
But his red colour hath forfooke his cheekeks.
King. Is Clarence dead ? The Order was reverit.
Rich. But he (poore man) by your firft order dyed,
And that a winged Mercurie did beare:
Some tardie Cripple bare the Countermand,
That came too lage to fee him buried.
God grant, that some lefte Nobles, and lefte Loyall,
Neerer in bloodye thoughts, and not in blood,
Defere not wors e then wretched Clarence did,
And yet go currant from Suspiion.

Enter Earle of Derby.

Der. A boone my Soueraigne for my feruice done.
King. I prethee peace, my foule is full of sorrow.
Der. I will not rife, vrneffe your Highnes heare me.
King. Then lay at once, what is it thou requeris.
Der. The forfeit (Soueraigne) of my feruants life,
Who flew to day a Riotous Gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.
King. Have I a tongue to doome my Brothers death?
And shal that tongue glue pardon to a flave?
My Brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who
Who sued to me for him? Who (in my wrath)
Kneel'd and my feet, and bid me be advis'd?
Who spoke of Brother-hood? who spoke of love?
Who told me how the poor soule did for sake
The mighty Warwick,could not fight for me?
Who told me in the field at Tewkesbury,
When Oxford had me downe, he refused me;
And said deare Brother lie, and be a King?
Who told me, when we both lay in the Field,
Frozen(almost) to death, how he did lap me
Even in his Garments, and did give himselfe
(All thin and naked) to the numbe cold night?
All this from my Remembrance, brutifh wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your Carters, or your wayting Vassalls
Have done a drunken Slaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our deere Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon,
And I (vainfully too) must grant it you.
But for my Brother, not a man would speake,
Nor I (vngracious) speake vnto my selfe
For him poore Soule. The proudeft of you all,
Have bin beholding to him in his life:
Yet none of you, would once begge for his life.
O God! I feare thy justice will take hold
On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this,
Come Haflings helps me to my Cloffet,
Ah poore Clarence. Exeunt some with Kl & Queen.
Rich. This is the fruits of raifhnes Markt you not,
How that the guilty Kindred of the Queene
Look'd pale,when they did heare of Clarence death.
O! they did vre it fell ntto the King,
God will reuenge it. Come Lords will you go,
To comfort Edward with our company.
Bu. We wait vpon your Grace.  

Scena Secunda.

Enter the old Dutcheffe of Yorke, with the two children of Clarence.

Edw. Good Grandam tell vs, is our Father dead?
Daugh. No Boy.
"Daugh. Why do wepe so oft? And beate your Breft?
And cry, O Clarence, my vnhappy Sonne.
Boy. Why do you looke on vs, and thake your head,
And call vs Orphants, Wretches, Caftaways,
If that our Noble Father were alive?
Dut. My pretty Coftins,you mistake me both,
I do lament the ficknefe of the King,
As loath to lofe him, not your Fathers death:
It were loft forrow to waile one that's looft.
Boy. Then you conclude, (my Grandam) he is dead:
The King mine Vnkle is too blame for it.
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
With carnet prayers, all to that effect.
Daugh. And fo will I.
Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth louse you weel.
Incapeeble, and shallow Innocents,
You cannot gueffe who caus'd your Fathers death.
Boy. Grandam we can: for my good Vnkle Glofter
Told me, the King prouok'd to it by the Queene,
Deuis'd impeachments to imprifon him;
And when my Vnkle told me so, he wept,
And pittied me, and kindly kit my cheeke:
Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,
And he would loue me deeply as a childe.
Dut. Ah! that Deceit should steale such gentle fhape,
And with a vertuous Vizor hide deepe vive.
He is my fonne, I, and therein my fpane,
Yet from my dugges, he drew not this deceit.
Boy. Thinke you my Vnkle did difemble Grandam?
Dut. I Boy.
Boy. I cannot think it. Hearke, what noifie is this?

Enter the Queene with her hoare about her ears,
Rivers & Dorjet after her.

Qy. Ah! who shall hinder me to waile and wepe?
To chide my fortune, and torment my Selfe.
Ile ioyne with blacke difpaire against my Soule,
And to my felle, become an enemie.
Dut. What meane you this Scene of rude impatience?
Qy. To make an act of Tragicke violence.
Edward my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead.
Why grow the Branches, when the Roote is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their fap?
If you will live, Lament: if dye, be brefre.
That our swift-winged Soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient Subiechts follow him,
To his new Kingdome of nere-changing night.
Dut. Ah fo much intereft hauie in thy forrow,
As I had Title in thy Noble Husband:
I have beewe a worthy Husbandes death,
And liu'd with looking on his Images:
But now two Mirrors of his Princely femblance,
Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant death,
And I for comfort, haue but one falfe Glaffe,
That grecues me, when I fee my faine in him.
Thou art a Widow: yet thou art a Mother,
And haft the comfort of thy Children left,
But death hath snatch'd my Husband from mine Armes,
And pluckt two Crutches from my felle hands,
Clarence, and Edward. O, what caufe haue I,
(Thine being but a moity of my moane)
To ouer-go thy woes, and drowne thy cries.
Boy. Ah Aunt! you wept not for our Fathers death:
How can we ayde you with our Kindred tears?
Daugh. Our fatherlesse diiftrefe was left vnmoan'd,
Your widowe-dolour, likewis be vnwept.
Qy. Give me no helpe in Lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints,
All Springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being govern'd by the waterie Moone,
May fend forth plenteous tears to drowne the World.
Ah, for my Husband, for my deere Lord Edward.
Chil. Ah for our Father, for our deere Lord Clarence.
Dut. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence.
Qy. What fay had I but Edward, and he's gone?
Chil. What fay had we but Clarence & he's gone.
Dut. What fayes had I, but they are gone.
Qy. Was never widdow had fo deere a losse.
Chil. Were neuer Orphans had fo deere a losse.
Dut. Was neuer Mother had fo deere a losse.
Alas! I am the Mother of thefe Greeses,
Theirs were parcell'd, mine is generall.
She for an Edward weepes, and do I:
I for a Clarence weepes, so doth not shee:  
Thefe Babes for Clarence weepes, so do not they.  
Alas! you three, on me threefold diuerte:  
Power all your teares, I am your forrowes Nure,  
And I will sopp it with Lamentation.  

Dor. Comfort deere Mother, God is much displeas'd,  
That you take with vnthankfulnesse his doing.  
In common worlds thing, 'tis call'd vngratefull,  
With dull vnwillingsnesse to repay a debt,  
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:  
Much more to be thus opposite with heauen,  
For it requires the Royall debt you lent.  

Riuers. Madam, bethinke you like a carefull Mother  
Of the young Prince your fonne: send straights for him,  
Let him be Crown'd, in him your comfort lies.  
Drowne desperate frowne in dead Edwards graue,  
And plant your loydes in living Edwards Throne.  

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Derbe, Hasting, and Racilie.

Ricb. Sifter haue comfort, all of vs haue caufe  
To waile the dimming of our shining Starre:  
But none can help our harrmes by wayling them.  
Madam, my Mother, I do cry your mercie,  
I did not fee your Grace. Humbly on my knee,  
I crave your Blessing.  

Dut. God bleffe thee, and put meeknes in thy breast,  
Loue Charity, Obediencie, and true Dutie.  
Ricb. Amen, and make me die a good old man,  
That is the butt-end of a Mothers blessing;  
I maruell that her Grace did leave it out.  

Buc. You clowdy-Princes, & hart-forowing-Peepers,  
That beare this heacie mutuall loade of Moane,  
Now cheere each other, in each others Loue:  
Though we haue spent our Harueft of this King,  
We are to eate the Harueft of his Sonne.  
The broken rancour of your high-oulone hates,  
But lately splinter'd, knit, and joynd to gether,  
Must gently be preferu'd, cherisht, and kept:  
Me feemeth good, that with some little Traine,  
Forthe from Ludlow, the young Prince be set  
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.  

Riuers. Why with some little Traine,  
My Lord of Buckingham?  

Buc. Marrie my Lord, letly by a multitude,  
The new-heal'd wound of Malice should break out,  
Which would be so much the more dangerous,  
By how much the eftate is greene, and yet vaguer'd.  
Where euer Horse bears his commanding Reine,  
And may direct his courfe as pleafe himelfe,  
As well the fear of harrme, as harrme apparrant,  
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.  
Ricb. I hope the King made peace with all of vs,  
And the compact is firme, and true in me.  

Riu. And to me, and to (I thinkes) in all.  
Yet since it is but greene, it should be put  
To no apparrant likely-hood of breach,  
Which haply by much company might be vrg'd:  
Therefore I say with Noble Buckingham,  
That it is meete so few should fetch the Prince.  

Hafi. And so say L.  
Ricb. Then be it so, and go we to determine  
Who they shall be that strait shall posse to London.  
Madam, and you my Sifter, will you go  
To give your cenures in this businesse.  

Enter one Citizen at one doore, and another at the other.

1. Cit. Good morrow Neighbour, whether away so fast?  
2. Cit. I promise you, I fearely know my selfe:  
Hearre you the newes abroad?  
1. Yes, that the King is dead.  
2. Ill newes bylady, seldom comes the better.  
I feare, I feare, 'twill proue a giddy world.  

Enter another Citizen.

3. Neighbours, God speed.  
1. Glue you good morrow fir.  
2. Dorth the newes hold of good king Edwards death?  
1. I fir, it is too true, God helpe the while.  
2. Then Matters looke to fee a troublous world.  
1. No, no, by Gods good grace, his Son shall reigne.  
2. Wot to that Land that's govern'd by a Child.  
3. In him there is a hope of Government,  
Which in his nonage, councell vnder him,  
And in his full and ripened yeares, himselfe  
No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well.  
1. So flowd the State, when Henry the fift  
Was crown'd in Paris, but at nine months old.  
3. Stood the State fo? No, no, good friends, God wot  
For then this Land was famously enrich'd  
With politike graue Counsell: then the King  
Had vertuous Vnkies to protect his Grace.  
1. Why fo hath this, both by his Father and Mother.  
3. Better it were they all came by his Father:  
Or by his Father there were none at all:  
For emulation, who shall now be neereft,  
Will touch vs all too neere, if God preuent not.  
O full of danger is the Duke of Cloufter,  
And the Queenes Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud:  
And were they to rule, and not to rule,  
This fickly Land, might solace as before.  

1. Come, come, we feare the worst: all will be well.  
3. When Clouds are seen, wifemen put on their clohes;  
When great leaues fall, then Winter is at hand;  
When the Sun fets, who doth not looke for night?  
Vsntimely stormes, makes men expect a Dearth:  
All may be well; but if God fort it fo,  
'Tis more then we defende, or I expect.  
2. Truly, the hearts of men are full of feare:  
You cannot reaon (almoft) with a man,  
That lookes not heauily, and full of dread.  
3. Before the dayes of Change, still is it fo,  
By a duiune infinit', mens minds mistrust  

Mans Buckingham, and Richard.

Buc. My Lord, who euer journyes to the Prince,  
For God sake let not vs two play at home:  
For by the way, Ile fort occasion,  
As Index to the story we late talk'd of,  
To part the Queens proud Kindred from the Prince.  
Ricb. My other felse, my Counfalias Consistory,  
My Oracle, My Prophet, my deere Coine,  
1, as a childe, will go by thy direction,  
Toward London then, for we'll not play behinde.  

Scena Tertia.

Ensuinc  

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Pursuing danger : as by proofe we see
The Water swell before a boy's you storne :
But leave it all to God. Whither away ?
1. Marry we were sent for to the Justices.
2. And so was I: Ile bear you company. Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Arch-bishop, young York, the Queene, and the Dutchefe.

Arch. Last night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford,
And at Northampton they do rest to night:
To morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Dut. I long with all my heart to see the Prince:
I hope he is much growing since last I saw him.

Qu. But I heare no, they say my sonne of Yorke
Ha's almost overtane in him his growth.

Yorke. I Mother, but I would not haue it so.

Dut. Why my good Cosin, it is good to grow.

Ter. Grandam, one night as we did fit at Supper,
My Vnkle Riuers talk'd how I did grow.
More then my Brother. I, quoth my Vnkle Gloufer,
Small Herbes haue grace, great Weeds do grow apace.
And since, me thinkes I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet Flowres are flow, and Weeds make haft.

Dut. Good faith, good faith, the sayyng did not hold
In him that did oblect the fame to thee.
He was the wretched'st thing when he was yong,
So long a growing, and so leyfuely,
That if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Ter. And so no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.

Dut. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.

Ter. Now by my troth, if I had beene remembred,
I could have given my Vnkle Grace, a flout,
To touch his growth, nearer then he toucht mine.

Dut. How my yong Yorke,
I prythee let me heare it.

Ter. Marry (they say) my Vnkle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old,
'Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would haue beene a byting Ieft.

Dut. I prythee pretty Yorke, who told thee this?

Ter. Grandam, his Nurle.

Dut. His Nurle? why she was dead ere I was borne.

Ter. If'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Qu. A parlous Boygo too, you are too shrew'd.

Dut. Good Madam, be not angry with the Childe.

Qu. Pitchers haue cares.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a Mellenger: What Newes?

Mes. Such newes my Lord, as greeues me to report.

Qu. How doth the Prince?

Mes. Well Madam, and in health.

Dut. What is thy Newes?

Mes. Lord Riuers, and Lord Grey,
Are sent to Pomfret, and with them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, Prisoners.

Dut. Who hath committed them?

Mes. The mighty Dukes, Gloufer and Buckingham.

Arch. For what offence?

Mes. The fumme of all I can, I haue disclos'd:
Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all unknoonne to me, my gracious Lord.

Qu. Aye me! I see the ruine of my Houfe:
The Tyger now hath feiz'd the gentle Hinde,
Insulting Tiranny beginsse to Iutt
Upon the innocent and aweleffe Throne:
Welcome Destruction, Blood, and Massacre,
I fee (as in a Map) the end of all.

Dut. Accurred, and vnquiet wrangling dayes,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My Husband lost his life, to get the Crowne,
And often vp and downe my fonnes were toft
For me to joy, and wepe, their gaine and loffe.
And being feated, and Demeflichke broyles
Cleane ouer-blowne, themselues the Conquerors,
Make warre vpon themselues, Brother to Brother;
Blood to blood, selfe against selfe : O preposterous
And franticke outrage, end thy damned spleeene,
Or let me dye, to looke on earth no more.

Qu. Come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary.

Madam, farwell.

Dut. Stay, I will go with you.

Qu. You have no caufe.

Arch. My gracious Lady go,
And thether bear your Treasure and your Goode,
For my part, Ile refigne ynto your Grace
The Seale I keepe, and fo betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours.

Go, Ile conduct you to the Sanctuary.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

The Trumpets found.

Enter young Prince, the Duke of Gloufter, and Buckingham,
Lord Cardinall, with others.

Buc. Welcome sweete Prince to London,
To your Chamber.

Rich. Welcome deere Cosin, my thoughts Soueraign
The wearie way hath made you Mellaucholy.

Prin. No Vnkle, but our croffes on the way,
Haue made it tedious, wearisome, and heauie.
I want more Vnkle heere to welcome me.

Rich. Sweet Prince, the unexpec'ted vertue of your yeers
Hath not yet diu'd into the Worlds deceipt:
No more can you distinguishe of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer lumpeth with the heart.
Those Vnkle which you want, were dangerous:
Your Grace attended to their Sugred words,
But look'd not on the paylon of their hearts:
God keepe you from them, and from fuch false Friends.

Prin. God keepe me from falle Friends,
But they were none.

Rich. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Maior.

La. Maior. God bleffe your Grace, with health and happie dayes.

Prin. I thanke you, good my Lord, and thank you all:

Enter Lord Maior.
I thought my Mother, and my Brother York.
Would long, ere this, have met vs on the way.
Fie, what a Slug in Hastings, that he comes not
To tell vs, whether they will come, or no.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the sweating Lord.
Prince. Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother come?
Haf. On what occasion God he knowes, not I.
The Queen e your Mother, and your Brother York.
Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince
Would faine have come with me, to meet your Grace,
But by his Mother was perforce with-held.
Buck. Fie, fie, what an indirec and peevish course
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace
Perfide the Queene, to send the Duke of Yorke
Vnto his Princeely Brother presently?
If the denie, Lord Hastings goe with him,
And from her jealous Armes pluck him perforce.
Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if weake Oratorie
Can from his Mother winne the Duke of Yorke,
Anon expext him here: but if she be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy Priuiledge
Of blesed Sanctuarie: not for all this Land,
Would I be guiltie of so great a fault.
Buck. You are too fenecelesse obtinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditionall.
Weigh it but with the grovelfenee of this Age,
You breake not Sanctuarie, in felling him:
The benefit thereof is alwayes granted
To toffe, whose dealings haue deferu'd the place,
And those who haue the wit to clayme the place:
This Prince hath neyther claym'd it, nor deferu'd it,
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot haue it.
Then taking him from thence, that is not there,
You breake no Priuiledge, nor Charter there:
Oft haue I heard of Sanctuarie men,
But Sanctuarie children, ne're till now.
Card. My Lord, you shall o're-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you goe with me?
Haf. I goe, my Lord. Exit Cardinall and Hastings.
Prince. Good Lords, make all the speedie haft you may.
Say, Vnckle Gloucester, if our Brother come,
Where shall we soueraine, till our Coronation?
Glo. Where it think'st best vnto your Royall felde.
If I may counsel you, some day or two.
Your Highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your health, and recreation.
Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my Lord?
Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,
Which fince, succeeding Ages haue re-edify'd.
Prince. Is it vpon record? or else reported
Succeduallye from age to age, he built it?
Buck. Vpon record, my gracious Lord.
Prince. But say, my Lord, it were not registred,
Me thinke's the truth should liue from age to age,
As 'twere rety'd to all posteritie,
Euen to the generall ending day.
Glo. So wise, so young, they say doe never live long.
Prince. What say you, Vnckle?
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**York.** What will you goe vnto the Tower, my Lord?
**Prince.** My Lord Protecor will haue it fo.
**York.** I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.
**Glo.** Why, what should you feare?
**York.** Marry, my Vnkle Clarence angry Ghof : My Grandam told me he was murther'd there.
**Prince.** I feare no Vnckles dead.
**Glo.** Nor none that live, I hope.
**Prince.** And if they live, I hope I need not feare. But come my Lord : and with a heauie heart, Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.

A Senet. **Exeunt Prince, Yorke, Haslings, and Dorset.**

Manet Richard, Buckingham, and Catesby.

**Buck.** Thineke you, my Lord, this little prating Yorke Was not incendied by his fulble Mother, To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?
**Glo.** No doubt, no doubt: Oh 'tis a perillous Boy, Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable: Hee is all the Mothers, from the top to toe. **Buck.** Well, let them ret: Come hither Catesby,
Thou art toforme as deepely to effect what we intend,
As clofely to conceal what we impart:
Thou knoweft our reasons vrg'd vpon the way.
What think'ft thou is it not an eafe matter,
To make William Lord Haslings of our minde,
For the infalliment of this Noble Duke
In the Seat Royall of this famous Ile?
**Cates.** He for his fathers fake so loves the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought against him.
**Buck.** What think'ft thou then of Stanley? Will not hee?
**Cates.** Hee will doe all in all as Haslings doth.
**Buck.** Well then, no more but this: Goe gentle Catesby, and as it were farre off,
Sound thou Lord Haslings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpofe,
And summon him to morrow to the Tower,
To fit about the Coronation.
If thou do'ft finde him trable to vs,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reafons:
If he be leade, ycle, cold, unwilling,
Be thou fo too, and fo breake off the talke,
And glue vs notice of his inclination:
For we to morrow hold diuided Councils,
Wherein thy felle ihaft highly be empoy'd.
**Rich.** Commend me to Lord William: tell him Catesby,
His ancient Knot of dangerous Adverfaries
To morrow are let blood at Pompfret Caffle,
And bid my Lord, for joy of this good newes,
Glue Miltreffe Store one gentle Kiffe the more.
**Buck.** Good Catesby, goe effect this bufineffe founly.
**Cates.** My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.
**Rich.** Shall we heare from you, Catesby, ere we fleepe?
**Cates.** You shall, my Lord.
**Rich.** At Crofby Houfe, there fhall you find vs both.

**Buck.** Now, my Lord,
What shall we do, if wee perceiue
Lord Haslings will not yeld to our Complots?
**Rich.** Chop off his Head:
Something wee will determine:
And looke when I am King, clame thou of me
The Earldome of Hereford, and all the moueables
Whereof the King, my Brother, was posfeft.

**Buck.** Ile clame that promeie at your Graces hand.
**Rich.** And looke to have it yeelded with all kindneffe.
Come, let vs suppe betimes, that afterwards
Wee may digest our complots in some forme.

_Exit._

Scena Secunda.

Enter a Messenger to the Doore of Haslings.

**Mejf.** My Lord, my Lord.
**Haff.** Who knockes?
**Mejf.** One from the Lord Stanley.
**Haff.** What is't a CLOCKE?
**Mejf.** Upon the stroke of foure.

Enter Lord Haslings.

**Haff.** Cannot my Lord Stanley sleepe these tedious Nights?
**Mejf.** So it appears, by that I haue to fay:
First, he commends him to your Noble felle.
**Haff.** What then?
**Mejf.** Then certifies your Lordfhip, that this Night
He dreame, the Bore had rafed off his Helme:
Befides, he fayes there are two Counceulls kept;
And that may be determ'ned at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th'other.
Therefore he fends to know your Lordfhips pleafure,
If you will prefently take Horfe with him,
And with all speed poff with him toward the North,
To fhan the danger that his Soul fhoule diuines.
**Haff.** Goe fellow, goe, returne vnto thy Lord,
Bid him not feare the feperat Counceull:
His Honor and my felle are at the one,
And at the other, is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceede, that toucheth vs,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence:
Tell him his Fears are fharl, without infance.
And for his Dreams, I wonder hee's fo fimple,
To truft the mock'ry of vaquet fumerus.
To fye the Bore, before the Bore pursues,
Were to incende the Bore to follow vs,
And make purfu'd, where he did mane no chafe.
Goe, bid thy Mafter rife, and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall fee the Bore will vfe vs kindly.
**Mejf.** Ile goe, my Lord, and tell him what you fay.

_Exit._

Cates. Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord.
**Haff.** Good morrow Catesby, you are early ftring:
What newes, what newes, in this our toft'ring State?
**Cates.** It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord;
And I beleue will never fland upright,
Till Richard were the Garland of the Realme.
**Haff.** How weare the Garland?
Doef thou moane the Crowne?
**Cates.** I, my good Lord.
**Haff.** Ile haue this Crown of mine cut fr'o my shoulders,
Before Ile fee the Crowne so foule mil-date'd:
But canft thou guffe, that he doth ayme at it?

Cates. 1,
And I in better state then ere I was.

Purf. God hold it, to your Honors good content.

HafT. Gramercie fellow: there, drinke that for me.

*Throws him his Purfe.*

Purf. I thankye your Honor. Exit Purfuanant.

Enter a Prieff.

Prieff. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to see your Hon-

HafT. I thankye thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.

I am in your debt, for your last Exercise:

Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Prieff. Ile wait vpon your Lordship.

Enter Buckingham.

Buc. What, talking with a Prieff, Lord Chamberlaine?

Your friends at Pomfret, they doe need the Prieff,

Your Honor hath no thiying worke in hand.

HafT. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,

The men you talk of, came into my minde,

What, goe you toward the Tower?

Buc. I doe, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there:

I shall returne before your Lordship, thence.

HafT. Nay like enough, for I stay Dinner there.

Buc. And Supper too, although thou know'st it not.

Come, will you goe?

HafT. Ile wait vpon your Lordship. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with Halberds, carrying
the Nobles to death at Pomfret.

Riuer. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,
To day shalt thou behold a Schieft die,
For Truth, for Dutie, and for Loyaltie.

Grey. God bleffe the Prince from all the Pack of you,
A Knot you are, of damned Blood-fuckers.

Vaughb. You lie, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch, the limit of your Lives is out.

Riuer. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody Prison!
Fatall and ominous to Noble Peeres:
Within the guiltie Clofure of thy Walls,
Richard the Second here was hackt to death:
And for more flander to thy difmiffle Seat,
Woe gee to thee our guiltie Blood to drinke.
Grey. Now Margarets Curse is faile vpon our Heads,
When thee exclay'd on Hatings, you, and I,
For flanding by, when Richard flab'd her Sonne.

Riuer. Then curs'd thee Richard,
Then cunt'd thee Buckingham,
Then cunt'd thee Hatings. Oh remember God,
To heare her prayer for them, as now for vs:
And for my Sifer, and her Princely Sonnes,
Be satisfy'd, deare God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, vnaftly must be fipt.

Rat. Make haffe, the houre of death is expiate.

Riuer. Come Grey, come Vaughb, let vs here embrace.
Farewell, vntill we meet againe in Heauen.

Exeunt.
Enter Buckingham, Darby, Hafting, Bishop of Ely, Norfolk, Ratcliffe, Louell, with others, at a Table.

Haft. Now Noble Peers, the cause why we are met, Is to determine of the Coronation: In Gods Name speake, when is the Royall day? Buck. Is all things ready for the Royall time? Darb. It is, and wants but nomination. Ely. To morrow then I judge a happie day. Buck. Who knowes the Lord Protectors mind herein? Who is most inward with the Noble Duke? Ely. Your Grace, we thinke, should soonest know his minde. Buck. We know each others Faces: for our Hearts, He knows no more of mine, then I of yours, Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine: Lord Haftings, you and he are neere in love. Haft. I thanke his Grace, I know he loves me well: But for his purpose in the Coronation, I have not found him, nor he deliver'd His gracious pleasure any way therein: But you, my Honorable Lords, may name the time, And in the Dukes behalfe Ie give my Voice, Which I presume hee'le take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the Duke himselfe. Rich. My Noble Lords, and Cousins all, good morrow: I have bene long a sleeper: but I trust, My abstinence doth neglect no great designe, Which by my presence might have beene concluded. Buck. Had you not come vpon your Q, my Lord, William, Lord Haftings, had pronounced your part; I meane your Voice, for Crowning of the King. Rich. Then my Lord Haftings, no man might be bolder, His Lordship knowes me well, and loyes me well. My Lord of Ely, when I was laft in Holborne, I saw good Strawberries in your Garden there, I doe beseech you, lend for some of them. Ely. Mary and will, my Lord, with all my heart. Exit Bishop.

Rich. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you. Catchby hath founded Haftings in our businesse, And finds the taste Gentleman so hot, That he will loose his Head, ere glue content His Masters Child, as worshipfully he tearems it, Shall loose the Royalte of Englands Throne. Buck. Withdraw your selse a while, Ie goe with you. Exeunt.

Darb. We have not yet set downe this day of Triumph: To morrow, in my judgement, is too suddan, For I my selfe am not so well proviued, As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Enter the Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Glofoter? I have sent for these Strawberries. Ha. His Grace looks cheerfully & smooth this morning, There's some conceit or other likes him well, When that he bids good morrow with fuch spirit. I thinke there's never a man in Chriftendome Can leffer hide his loue, or hate, then hee, For by his Face straight shall you know his Heart. Darb. What of his Heart perceiue you in his Face, By any liuelyhood he shew'd to day? Haft. Mary, that with no man here he is offended: For were he, he had shewn it in his Lookes.

Enter Richard and Buckingham.

Rich. I pray you all, tell me what they do reserve, That doe confirme my death with diuellish Plots Of damned Witchcraft, and that have prevai'd Vpon my Body with their Hellish Charmes. Haft. The tender loue I bearre your Grace, my Lord, Makes me most forward, in this Princely presence, To doome th'Offenders, whosoe're they be: I say, my Lord, they have deceased death. Louell. Then be your eyes the witnesse of their euill. Rich. Ie looke how I am bewitch'd: behold, mine Arme Is like a blased Splaing, wher'd vp: And this is Edwards Wife, that monstrous Witch, Conforted with that Harlot, Strumpet Shrew, That by their Witchcraft thus have marked me. Haft. If they have done this deed, my Noble Lord. Rich. If? thou Protector of this damned Strumpet, Talk'th thou to me of Is? thou art a Traytor, Off with his Head; now by Saint Paul I sweare, I will not dine, vntill I see the same. Louell and Ratcliff, looke that he be done: Exit. The reft that loue me, rife, and follow me.

Manet Louell and Ratcliff, with the Lord Haftings.

Haft. Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me, For I, too fond, might have presented this: Stanley did dreame, the Bore did rowse our Helmes, And I did sorne it, and disdain'd to fye: Three times to day my Foot-Cloth-Horse did tumble, And started, when he look'd vpon the Tower, As loth to beare me to the slaughter-house. O now I need the Priest, that spoke to me: I now repent I told the Pursuivant, As too triumphing, how mine Enemies To day at Pomfret bloody were butcher'd, And I my selse secure, in grace and favour. Oh Margaret, Margaret, now thy beauteous Curfe Is lighted on poore Haftings wretched Head. Ra. Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner: Make a short Shrift, he longs to see your Head. Haft. O momentarie grace of mortall men, Which we more hunt for, then the grace of God! Who builds his hope in ayre of your good Lookes, Lues like a drunken Sayler on a Mast, Readie with every Nod to tumble downe, Into the fattall Bowels of the Deepe. Lou. Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootleffe to exclaime. Haft. O bloody Richards, miserable England, I prophecie the fearfull time to thee, That euer wretched Age hath look'd vpon. Come, lead me to the Block, beare him my Head, They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead. Exeunt.
Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in stately Armour, marvellous ill-favoured.

Richard. Come Cousin,
Canst thou quake, and change thy colour, Morter thy breath in middle of a word, And then again begin, and stop again, As if thou were distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep Tragedian, Speak, and looke backe, and prit on every side, Tremble and start at wagging of a Straw: Intending deepes subtilion, gaitly Lookes Are at my service, like enforced Smiles; And both are ready in their Offices, At any time to grace my Stratagamges.

But what, is Catesby gone?

Ricb. He is, and hee brings the Maior along.

Enter the Maior, and Catesby.

Buck. Lord Maior.

Ricb. Looke to the Draw-Bridge there.

Buck. Hearke, a Drumme.

Ricb. Catesby, o'looke the Walls.

Buck. Lord Maior, the reason we have sent.

Ricb. Look back, defend thee, here are Enemies.

Buck. God and our Innocence defend, and guard vs.

Enter Louell and Ratcliff, with Hasting's Head.

Ricb. Be patient, they are friends Ratscliff, and Louell.

Louell. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traytor, The dangerous and vnsuspected Hasting.

Ricb. So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weep:
I took him for the plainest harmelesse Creature, That breath'd upon the Earth, a Christian.
Made him my Bookie, wherein my Soule recorded The Historie of all her secret thoughts.
So smooth he daw'd his Vice with shew of Vertue, That his apparent open Guilt omitted;
I meane, his Conuersation with Shores Wife,
He liu'd from all attinder of suspecks.

Buck. Well, well, he was the counterfet shetted Traytor That euer liu'd.
Would you imagine, or almost beleue,
Wert not, that by great preueruation
We liue to tell it, that the subtil Traytor
This day had plotted, in the Counsell-Houfe,
To murther me, and my good Lord of Gloffter.

Maior. Had he done so?

Ricb. What? thinke you we are Turkes, or Infidels?
Or that we would, against the forme of Law, Proceed thus rashly in the Villaines death,
But that the extreme perill of the cafe,
The Peace of England, and our Perfons safetie,
Enforc'd vs to this Execution.

Maior. Now faire befall you, he defuer'd his death,
And your good Graces both haue well proceeded,
To warne faire Traytours from the like Attempts.

Buck. I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistrefse Shore:
Yet had we not determin'd he should dye,
Vntill your Lordship came to fee his end,
Which now the louing hafe of these our friends,
Something against our meanings, haue prevented:
Becaufe, my Lord, I would haue had you hear
The Traytor speake, and timorous confesse
The manner and the purpoe of his Treaftons:
That you might well have signify'd the fame
Vnto the Citizens, who haply may
Misconfeir vs in him, and wayle his death.

Maior. But, my good Lord, your Grace's words shal fere, As well as I had feene, and heard him speake:
And doe not doubt, right Noble Princes both,
But Ie acquaint our dutious Citizens
With all your luft proceedings in this cafe.

Ricb. And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here,

Tavoid the Cenfures of the carping World.

Buck. Which since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witnesse what you hear we did intend:
And fo, my good Lord Maior, we bid farwell.

Exit Maior.

Ricb. Goe after, after, Cousin Buckingham.
The Maior towards Guild-Hall hyes him in all poete: There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Inferre the Baffardie of Edwards Children.
Tell them, how Edward put to death a Citizen,
Only for saying, he would make his Sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning indeed his Houfe,
Which, by the Signe thereof, was tearmed fo.
Moreuer, vrging his hatefull Luxury,
And beaftall appetit in change of Luft,
Which strech't vs their Servants, Daughters, Wives,
Even where his raging eye, or fauge heart,
Without controll, lufted to make a prey.
 Nay, for a need, thus farre come neere my Perfon:
Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child
Of that inquitate Edward; Noble Yorks,
My Princely Father, then had Warres in France,
And by true computation of the time,
Found, that the Issue was not his begot:
Which well appeared in his Lineaments,
Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father:
Yet touch this sparingly, as'twere farre off,
Becaufe, my Lord, you know my Mother lies.

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, Ie play the Orator,
As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead,
Were for my selfe: and fo, my Lord,adu'e.

Ricb. If you thiue wel, bring them to Baynards Caffe,
Where you shall finde me well accompanied
With reverend Fathers, and well-learned Bishops.

Buck. I goe, and towards three or foure a Clocke
Looke for the Newes that the Guild-Hall affords.

Exit Buckingham.

Ricb. Goe Louell with all speed to Doctor Shaw,
Goe thou to Fryer Pewker, bid them both
Meet me within this house at Baynards Caffe.

Exit.

Ricb. Now will I goe to take some priue order;
To draw the Brats of Clarence out of fight,
And to give order, that no manner perfon
Have any time recours into the Princes.

Exit.

Enter a Scriuener.

Scr. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord Hasting,
Which in a fet Hand fairely is engrofs'd,
That it may be to day read o're in Paules.
And marke how well the sequell hangs together:
Eleuen hours I haue spent to write it ouer,
For yeter-night by Catesby was it sent me,
The Precedent was full as long a doing,
And yet within these five hours Hasting's liu'd,
Vntainted, vnxexamind, free, at libertie.

Here's a good World the while.
Who is so groffe, that cannot see this palpable deuise?
Yet
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Yet who so bold, but fayes he sees it not?
Bad is the World, and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought. Exit.

Enter Richard and Buckingham at severall Doors.

Rich. How now, how now, what fay the Citizens?
Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mum, lye not a word.
Rich. Toucht you the Bafhird of Edwards Children?
Buck. I did, with his Contraft with Lady Lucy,
And his Contraft by Deputie in Frank, 
Th'vnfatiate greediness of his defire,
And his enforcement of the Cite Wius,
His Tyrannie for Trifes, his owne Bafhirdie,
As being got, your Father then in France,
And his refemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withall, I did inferre your Lineaments,
Being the right Idea of your Father,
Both in your forme, and Noblenesse of Minde:
Layd open all your Victories in Scotland,
Your Discipline in Warre, Wildome in Peace,
Your Bountie, Vertue, faire Humilitie:
Indeed, left nothing fittting for your purpofe,
Vntoucht, or feightly handled in difcourfe.
And when my Oratorie drew toward end,
I bid them that did love their Countries good,
Cry, God faue Richard, Englands Royall King.

Rich. And did they so?

Buck. No, fo God helpe me, they fpake not a word,
But like dumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
Which when I faw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the Maior, what meant this wilfull fILENCE?
His anfwer was, the people were not vfed
To be fpoke to, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrg'd to tell my Tale again:
Thus fayth the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,
But nothing fpoke, in warrant from himfelfe.
When he had done, fome followers of mine owne,
At lower end of the Hall, hurld vp their Caps,
And fome tenne voyces cry'd, God faue King Richard:
And thus I tooke the vantage of thofe few.
Thankes gentle Citizens, and friends, quoth I,
This generall applause, and chearfull shout,
Argues your wildome, and your loue to Richard:
And even here brake off, and came away.

Rich. What tongue-leafle Blockes were they,
Would they not fpake?
Will not the Maior then, and his Brethren, come?

Buck. The Maior is here at hand: intend fome feare,
Be not you fpoke with, but by mightie fuit:
And looke you get a Prayer-Booke in your hand,
And fland betwixte two Church-men, good my Lord,
For on that ground Ile make a holy Defcant:
And be not eafily wonne to our requeris,
Play the Maidis party, flill anfwer may, and take it.

Rich. I goe: and if you plead as well for them,
As I can fay nay to thee for my felfe,
No doubt we bring it to a happe llufue.

Buck. Go, go vp to the Leads, the Lord Maior knocks.

Enter the Maior, and Citizens.

Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here,
I thinkke the Duke will not be fpoke withall.

Enter Catesby.

Buck. Now Catesby, what fayes your Lord to my requerest?

Catesby. He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord,
To visit him to morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to Meditation,
And in no Worldly suits would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy Exercife.

Buck. Returne, good Catesby, to the gracious Duke,
Tell him, my felfe, the Maior and Aldermen,
In deepe deigines, in matter of great moment,
No leffe importing then our generall good,
Are come to have fome conference with his Grace.

Catesby. Ile signifie fo much unto him ftraight. Exit.

Buck. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an Edward,
He is not lulling on a lewd Loue-Bed,
But on his Knees, at Meditation:
Not dallying with a Brace of Curitzans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not feeping, to engroffe his idle Body,
But praying to enrich his wardfull Soule.
Happe he were England, would this vertuous Prince
Take on his Grace the Soueraignct thereof.
But sure I feare we fhalt not winne him to it.

Maior. Marry God defend his Grace should fay vs

Buck. I feare he will: here Catesby comes again.

Enter Catesby.

Now Catesby, what fayes his Grace?

Catesby. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troopes of Citizens, to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He feares, my Lord, you meane no good to him:

Buck. Sorry I am, my Noble Cousin should
Suspfe me, that I meant no good to him:
By Heauen, we come to him in perfitt loue,
And fo once more returne, and tell his Grace. Exit.

When holy and devout Religious men
Are at their Beades, 'tis much to draw them thence,
So fweet is zealous Contemplation.

Enter Richard afoft, betwene two Bifhops.

Maior. See where his Grace fands, twene two Clergie men.

Buck. Two Props of Vertue, for a Chriftian Prince,
To fay him from the fall of Vanitie:
And see a Booke of Prayer in his hand,
True Ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous Plantagenets, moft gracious Prince,
Lend favourable eare to our requeris,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy Deuotion, and right Chriftian Zeale.

Rich. My Lord, there needes no fuch Apologie:
I doe behoove your Grace to pardon me,
Who earneth in the fernce of my God,
Deferr'd the vifitation of my friends,
But leaving this, what is your Graces pleafure?

Buck. Euen that (I hope) which pleafeth God aboue,
And all good men, of this vn gouern'd Ile.

Rich. I doe fufepe I have done fome offence,
That feemes difgracious in the Cities eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Buck. You have, my Lord: Would it might please your Grace, On our entreaties, to amend your fault.


Buck. Know then, it is your fault, that you refuse The Supreme Seat, the Throne Maiestickally, The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors, Your State of Fortune, and your Deaw of Birth, The Lineall Glory of your Royall Houfe, To the corruption of a blinfhit Stock; 

Whiles in the mildneffe of your sleepy thoughts, Which here we wake to our Countries good, The Noble Lie doth want his proper Limmes: His Face defec'd with scarres of Infamie, His Royall Stock graffit with ignoble Plants, And almost fhoilded in the fwallowing Gulfe Of darke Forgetfulness, and deep Obluition. Which to recure, we heartily sollicite Your gracious felfe to take on you the charge And Kingly Government of this your Land: Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute, Or lowly Factor, for anothers gaine; But as facefullie, from Blood to Blood, Your Right of Birth, your Empery, your owne. For this, comforted with the Citizens, Your very Worshipfull and loyng friends, And by their vehement indigation, In this luft Caufe come I to move your Grace,

Rich. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence, Or bitterly to speake in your reproofs, Beft fitthe my Degree, or your Condition. If not to anfwer, you might haply thinke, Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yeelded To beare the Golden Yoake of Sovereignty, Which fondly you would here impose on me. If to reproue you for this fult of yours, So feafon'd with your faithfull love to me, Then on the other fide I check'd my friends. Therefore to speake, and to avoid the fift, And then in speaking, not to incure the laft, Definituely thus I anfwer you.

Your loue deferves my thankes, but my defert Vnmeritall, fhippnes your high requeft. Firft, if all Obfacles were cut away, And that my Path were even to the Crowne, As the ripe Reuenue, and due of Birth: Yet fo much is my pouerite of spirit, So mightle, and fo manie my defects, That I would rather hide me from your Greatneffe, Being a Barke to brooke no mightle Sea; Then in my Greatneffe couet to be hid, And in the vapour of my Glory fmothder'd. But God be thank'd, there is no need of me, And much I need to helpe you, were there need: The Royall Tree hath left vs Royall Fruit, Which mellow'd by the fealing howres of time, Will well become the Seat of Maiestie, And make (no doubt) vs happy by his Reigne. On him I lay that, you would lay on me, The Right and Fortune of his happie Starres, Which God defend that I should wring from him.

Buck. My Lord, this argues Confidence in your Grace, But the refpeets thereof are nice, and triuall, All circumftances well confidered. You fay, that Edward is your Brothers Sonne, So fay we too, but not by Edwards Wife:

For firft was he contracd to Lady Lucie, Your Mother lies a Witneffe to his Vow; And afterward by subftitute betroth'd To Bona, Siter to the King of France. Thefe both put off, a poore Petitioner, A Care-crass'd Mother to a many Sonnes, A Beaulie-waining, and diftreffed Widow, Even in the after-noone of her beft dayes, Made prize and purchase of his wonton Eye, Seduc'd the pich, and height of his degree, To bafe defelenfon, and loath'd Bigamie. By her, in his unlawfull Bed, he got This Edward, whom our Manners call the Prince. More bitterly could I expofulate, Saue that for reverence to some alue, I give a sparing limit to my Tongue. Then good, my Lord, take to your Royall felfe This proffer'd benefit of Dignific: If not to blesse vs and the Land withall, Yet to draw forth your Noble Anceftrie From the corruption of abufing times, Ver a Lineall true derived course. Maior. Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you. Buck. Refufe not, mightie Lord, this proffer'd love. Cateab. O make them joyfull, grant their lawfull suit, Rich. Alas, why would you heap this Care on me? I am vnfit for State, and Maiestie: I doe beholde you take it not amiffe, I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.

Buck. If you refufe it, as in loue and zeale, Loth to depefe the Child, your Brothers Sonne, As we well know your tenderneffe of heart, And gentle, kinde, effeminate remorse, Which we have noted in you to your Kindred, And ealley indee to all Eftates: Yet know, where you accept our fult, or no, Your Brothers Sonne shall never reigne our King, But we will plant some other in the Throne, To the disgrace and downe-fall of your Houfe: And in this resolution here we leaue you. Come Citizens, we will entreat no more. Exeunt. Cateab. Call him againe, sweet Prince, accept their fuit:

If you denie them, all the Land will rue it.

Rich. Will you enforce me to a world of Cares, Call them againe, I am not made of Stones, But penetrable to your kinde entreaities, Albeit agaft my Confidence and my Soule, Enter Buckingham, and the ref. Cousin of Buckingham, and fage graue men, Since you will buckle fortune on my back, To beare her burthen, where I will or no. I muft have patience to endure the Load: But if black Scandal, or foule-fac'd Reproach, Attend the fquall of your Imposition, Your meere enforcement shall acquaintance me From all the impure blots and faynes thereof; For God doth know, and you may partly fee, How farre I am from the defire of this.

Maior. God bleffe your Grace, we fee it, and will say it. Rich. In saying fo, you shall but say the truth. Buck. Then I salute you with this Royall Title, Long live King Richard, Englands worthy King. All. Amen.

Buck. To morrow may it please you to be Crown'd.

Rich. Even when you please, for you will have it fo.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Back. To morrow then we will attend your Grace, And so most joyfully we take our leave. Rich. Come, let us to our holy Works again. Farewell my Cousins, farewell gentle friends. Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Queen, Anne Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of York, and Marguerite Dorset.


Anne. God give your Graces both, a happy And a joyfull time of day.

Qu. As much to you, good Sifer; whither away? Anne. No farther then the Tower, and as I guess, Upon the like deuition as your selues, To gratulate the gentle Princes there.

Qu. Kind Sifer thankes, wee'le enter all together:

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes. Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your levee, How doth the Prince, and my young Sonne of York? Lieu. Right well, deare Madame: by your patience, I may not suffer you to visit them, The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Qu. The King? who's that?

Lieu. I mean, the Lord Protector.

Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title. Hath he fet bounds betwene their love, and me? I am their Mother, who shal barre me from them?

Duch. York. I am their Fathers Mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their Aunt I am in law, in love their Mother: Then bring me to their fights, Ie beare thy blame, And take the Office from thee, on my peril.

Lieu. No, Madame, no; I may not leave it so: I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me. Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Stanley.

Stanley. Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence, And Ile salute your Grace of York as Mother, And reuerend looker on of two faire Queens. Come Madame, you must straight to Wemminster, There to be crowned Richards Royal Queene.

Qu. Ah, cut my Lance afunder, That my pety heart may have some scope to beat, Or else I swoone with this dead-killing newes.

Anne. Delightfull tidings, O vnpleaung newes.

Dorf. Be of good cheare: Mother, how fares your Grace?

Qu. O Dorset, speake not to me, get thee gone, Death and Destruction dogges thee at thy heels, Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.
Scena Secunda.

Sound a Sennet. Enter Richard in pomp, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliff, Leuel.

Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham.

Buck. My gracious Sovereigne.

Rich. Give me thy hand. Sound. Thus high, by thy advice, and thy assistance, Is King RichardSTATED: But shall we wear these Glories for a day? Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last.

Rich. Ah Buckingham, now doe I play the Touch.

To trie if thou be currant Gold indeed:

Young Edward lives, think now what I would speake.

Buck. Say on my louing Lord.

Rich. Why Buckingham, I say I would be King.

Buck. Why be you are, my thrice-renowned Lord.


Buck. True, Noble Prince.

Rich. O bitter consequence!

That Edward still should live true Noble Prince.

Cousin, thou wafst not wont to be so dull.

Shall I be plainly? I wish the Baitards dead,

And I would have it suddenly perform’d:

What say’t thou now? speake suddenly, be briefe.

Buck. Your Grace may doe your pleasure.

Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindneffe freezes:

Say, hau’st I thy consent, that they shall dye?

Buck. Give me some little breath, some pawfe, deare Lord,

Before I politly speake in this; I will refole you herein prefently. Exit Buck.

Catesby. The King is angry, fee he gnaues his Lippe.

Rich. I will conuerfe with Iron-witted Fool, And varefpectus Boys: none are for me,

That looke into me with confiderate eyes,

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumfpeck.

Boy.

Page. My Lord.

Rich. Know’st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold

Will tempt into a clofe exploit of Death?

Page. I know a discontented Gentleman,

Whose humble means match not his haughtie spirit:

Gold were as good as twentie Orators,

And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.

Rich. What is his Name?

Page. His Name, my Lord, is Tyrrell.

Rich. I partly know the man: goe call him hither,

Boy. Exit.

The deepe revoluing wittie Buckingham,

No more shall be the neighbor to my counsaille.

Hath he fo long held out with me, vntyrd,

And stops he now for breath? Well, be it fo.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord Stanley, what’s the newes?

Stanley. Know my louing Lord, the Marquess Dorset

As I heare, is fled to Richmond,

In the parts where he abides.

Rich. Come hither Catesby, rumor it abroad,

That Anne my Wife is very grievous sick.

I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some meane poore Gentleman,

Whom I will marry straight to Clarence Daughter:

The Boy is foolish, and I feare not him.

Looke how thou dream’st: I say againe, give out,

That Anne, my Queene, is sicke, and like to dye.

About it, for it stands me much vpon

To stop all hopes, whose growth may dammage me.

I must be marry’d to my Brothers Daughter,

Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle Glasse:

Murther her Brothers, and then marry her,

Vncertaine way of gains. But I am in

So farre in blood, that finne will pluck on finne,

Tearre-falling Pittie dwells not in this Eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy Name Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

Rich. Art thou indeed?

Tyr. Prone me, my gracious Lord.

Rich. Dar’st thou refolute to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Pleafe you:

But I had rather kill two enemies.

Rich. Why then thou haft it: two deepe enemies,

Foes to my Reft, and my sweet sleepes disturbers,

Are they that I would have thee deale vpon

Tyrrel, I mean thee Baftards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open meanes to come to them,

And foone He rid you from the feare of them.

Rich. Thou fing’st sweet Musique:

Harke, come hither Tyrrel,

Goe by this token: rise, and lend thine Eare, Whispers.

There is no more but: say it is done,

And I will loue thee, and preferre thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight. Exit.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I have consider’d in my mind,

The late requelt that you did found me in.

Rich. Well, let that refit: Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the newes, my Lord.

Rich. Stanley, he is your Wifes Sonne: well, looke vnto it.

Buck. My Lord, I clayme the gift, my due by promife,

For which your Honor and your Faith is pown’d,

Th’Earledome of Hertford, and the moueables,

Which you haue promis’d I shall poiffe.

Rich. Stanley looke to your Wife: if she comow.

Letters to Richmond, you shall answere it.

- Buck. What fayes your Highnesse to my iuft requelt?

Rich. I doe remembe me, Henry the Sixt

Did prophecie, that Richmond should be King,

When Richmond was a little peevish Boy.

A King perhaps.

Buck. May it please you to refole me in my fuit.

Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine. Exit.

Buck. And is it thus? repayses he my deepe servisue

With fuch contempt? made I him King for this?

O let me thinke on Haftings, and be gone.

To Brecnock, while my fearefull Head is on. Exit.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloodie Act is done,

The moft arch deed of pittious maffacre
That ever yet this Land was guilty of: 
Dighton and Forrest, who I did suborne 
To do this piece of ruthfull Butchery, 
Albeit they were sitted Villaines, bloody Dogges, 
Melted with tenderneffe, and milde compassion, 
Welpe like to Children, in their deaths tab Story. 
O thus (quoth Dighton) lay the gentle Babes: 
Thus, thus (quoth Forrest) girdling one another 
Within their Alabaster innocent Armes: 
Their lips were foure red Roses on a filake, 
And in their Summer Beauty kilt each other. 
A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay, 
Which one (quoth Forrest) almost chang'd my minde: 
But oh the Duell, there the Villaine flopt: 
When Dighton thus told on, we mintered 
The most replenished sweet worke of Nature, 
That from the prime Creation ere she framed, 
Hence both are gone with Confidence and Remorse, 
They could not speake, and so I left them both, 
To bear this tydings to the bloody King. 

Enter Richard. 

And heere he comes. All health my Soueraigne Lord. 
Tir. If to have done the thing you gave in charge, 
Beget your happinesse, be happy then, 
For it is done. 
Rich. But did it thou see them dead. 
Tir. I did my Lord. 
Rich. And buried gentle Tirrell. 
Tir. The Chaplain of the Tower hath buried them, 
But where (to say the truth) I do not know. 
Rich. Come to me Tirrell soone, and after Supper, 
When thou shalt tell the proceisse of their death. 
Meane time, but thinke how I may do the good, 
And be inheritor of thy defire. 
Farewell till then. 
Tir. I humbly take my leave. 
Rich. The Sonne of Clarence haue I pent vp close, 
His daughter meanly haue I matcht in marriage, 
The Sonnes of Edward sleepe in Abruams bosome, 
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night, 
Now for I know the Britaine Richmond aymes 
At yong Elisabeth my brothers daughter, 
And by that knot lookes proudly on the Crowne, 
To her go I, a lolly thrilling wooer. 

Enter Ratcliffe. 

Rat. My Lord. 
Rich. Good or bad newes, that thou com't in so bluntly? 
Rat. Bad news my Lord, Meurton is fled to Richmond, 
And Buckingham backerd with the hardy Welfmen 
Is in the field, and sill his power encreaseth. 
Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neere, 
Then Buckingham and his raffe leuied Strength. 
Come, I have learn'd, that fearfull comming. 
Is leden ferulor to dull delay. 
Delay les impotent and Smale-pac'd Beggery: 
Then fiecle expedition be my wing, 
loues Mercury, and Herald for a King: 
Go muter men: My counfaile is my Sheeld, 
We must be breefe, when Traitors braue the Field. 
Exeunt.
Prayes on the issue of his Mothers body,
And makes her Pue-fellow with others none.
  Dut. Oh Harries wife, triumph not in my woes:
  God witnewse with me, I haue wept for thine.
  Mar. Beare with me: I am hungry for reuenge,
  And now I cloy me with beholding it.
  Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward,
The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Yong Yorke, he is but boote, because both they
Matcht not the high perfection of my loffe.
  Thy Clarence he is dead, that stab'd my Edward,
  And the beholders of this fraunkie play,
  Th'adulterate Hafings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray,
  Vntimely smother'd in their dusky Graues.
Richard yet liues, Heis blacke Intelligencer,
Onely refer'd their Factor, to buy foule,
  And lend them thither. But at hand, at hand,
  Infues his pitious and vnpritty end.
Earth gaping, Hell burnes, Fiends roare, Saints pray,
T o have him sodainly coney'd from hence:
  Cancell his bond of life, deere God I pray,
That may liue and flye, The Dogge is dead.
  Qu. O thou didst prophesie, the time would come,
  That I should wish for thee to helpe me curfe
  That bottell'd Spider, that foule bunch-back'd Toad.
  Mar. I call'd thee then, vaine flouris of my fortunes:
  I call'd thee then, poore Shadow, painted Queen,
The presentation of but what I was;
The flattering Index of a direfull Pageant;
  One head'd a high, to be hurld downe below:
  A Mother oneley mockt with two faire Babes;
  A dreaume of what thou waft, a garisht Flagge
To be the ayme of euery dangerous Shot;
  A signe of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble;
  A Queene in icke, onely to fill the Scene.
Where is thy Husband now? Where be thy Brothers?
Where be thy two Sonnes? Wherein doft thou Joy?
  Who fues, and kneesse, and fayes, God faue the Queene?
  Where be the bending Peere that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging Troopes that followed thee?
  Decline all this, and fea what now thou art.
For happy Wife, a moft distrefsed Widdow:
  For joyfull Mother, one that wailes the name:
  For one being fued too, one that humble fues:
  For Queene, a very Caytiffe, crown'd with care:
  For the that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me:
  For the being feared of all, now fearing one:
  For the commanding all, obedy of none.
Thus hath the courfe of Iuffice whil'd about,
  And left thee but a very prey to time,
  Having no more but Thought of what thou waft.
To torture thee the more, being what thou art,
  Thou didst vsurpe my place, and doft thou not
Vsurpe the luft proportion of my Sorrow?
  Now thy proud Necke,耙es halfe my burrende' yoke,
  From which, even heere I fip my wearied head,
  And leue the burren of it all, on thee.
  Farwell Yorke wife, and Queene of fad mischance,
These English woes, shall make me fmile in France.
  Qu. O thou well skill'd in Curfes, thy a-weile,
  And teach me how to curfe mine enemies.
  Mar. Forbear to fleepe the night, and fait the day:
  Compare dead happinnes, with livyng wo:
  Thynke that thy Babes were sweeter then they were,
  And he that flew them fowler then he is:
  Bett'ring thy loffe, makes the bad caufer worr,
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Rich. You speake too bitterly.
Dut. Hear me a word:
For I shall neuer speake to thee againe.
Rich. So.
Dut. Either thou wilt dye, by Gods just ordinance
Ere from this warre thou turne a Conqueror:
Or I with griefe and extreme Age shall perish,
And neuer more behold thy face againe.
Therefore take with thee my most greuous Curfe,
Which in the day of Battell trye thee more
Then all the compleat Armour that thou warft.
My Prayers on the aduerse party flie,
And there the little foules of Edward Children,
Whisper the Spirits of thine Enemies,
And promife them Succeffe and Victory:
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:
Shame ferues thy life, and doth thy death attend. Exit.
Qu. Though farre more caufe, yet much leffe Spirit to curfe
Abides in me, I say Amen to her.
Rich. Stay Madam, I must talke a word with you.
Qu. I have no more fones of the Royall Blood
For thee to flaughter. For my Daughters (Richard)
They shall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queens:
And therefore leuell not to hit their lines.
Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elisabeth,
Vertuous and Faire, Royall and Gracious?
Qu. And must fhe dye for this? O let her live,
And Ile corrupt her Manners, faine her Beauty,
Slander my Selfe, as fale to Edward's bed:
Throw over her the vaile of Infamy,
So she may live vncafe'd of bleeding flaughter,
I will confede fhe was not Edward's daughter.
Rich. Wrong not her Byrth, fhe is a Royall Princesse.
Qu. To fave her life, Ile fay fhe is not fò.
Rich. Her life is fafe onely in her byrth.
Qu. And onely in that fafety, dyed her Brothers.
Rich. Loe at their Birth, good faries were oppofite.
Qu. No, to their lines, ill friends were contrary.
Rich! All vnnaughted is the doome of Deftiny.
Qu. True: when auoyed grace makes Deftiny.

My Babes were deflin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bleft thee with a fairer life.
Rich. You speake as if that I had flaine my Cofins?
Qu. Cofins indeed, and by their Vnckle couzend,
Of Comfort, Kingdome, Kindred, Freedom, Life,
Whole hand fouer lanch'd their tender hearts,
Thy head (all indirectly) guee direction.
No doubt the murd'rous Knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy fHONE-hard heart,
To reuell in the Intrails of my Lambes.
But that still vfe of greefe, makes wilde greefe tame,
My tongue should to thy eares not name my Boyes,
Till that my Nayles were anchor'd in thine eyes:
And I in fuch a deprate Bay of death,
Like a poore Barke, of failes and tackling reft,
Rush all to peeces on thy Rocke bofome.
Rich. Madam, fo thrue I in my enterprise
And dangerous fucceffe of bloody warres,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you and yours by me were harm'd.
Qu. What good is couer'd with the face of heaven,
To be difcouered, that can do me good.
Rich. Th'advancement of your children, gentle Lady
Qu. Vp to fome Scaffold, there to looke their heads.
Rich. Vnto the dignity and height of Fortune,
The high Imperial Type of this earths glory.

Qu. Flatter my forrow with report of it:
Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor,
Canst thou demife to any child of mine.
Rich. Even all I have; I, and my felfe and all,
Will I withall inow a child of thine:
So in the Lethe of thy angry foule,
Thou drowne the sad remembrance of thofe wrongs,
Which thou fuppofeft I have done to thee.
Qu. Be breefe, leaft that the proceffe of thy kindneffe
Laft longer telling then thy kindneffe date.
Rich. Then know,
That from my Soule, I love thy Daughter.
Qu. My daughters Mother thinkes it with her foule.
Rich. What do you thinke?
Qu. That thou doft loue my daughter from thy soule
So from thy Soules love dideft thou love her Brothers,
And from my hearts loue, I do thanke thee for it.
Rich. Be not fo hafly to confound my meaning:
I meane that with my Soule I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queene of England.
Qu. Well then, who doft ye meanall be her King.
Rich. Even he that makes her Queene:
Who elfe should bee?
Qu. What, thou?
Rich. Even fo: How thinke you of it?
Qu. How canft thou wou her?
Rich. That I would learnie of you,
As one being beft acquainted with her humour.
Qu. And wilt thou learnie of me?
Rich. Madam, with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that flew her Brothers,
A paire of bleeding hearts: theron ingraine
Edward and York, then haply will the wepe:
Therefore prefent to her, as sometime Margaret
Did to thy Father, flep't in Rutland blood,
A hand-kercheefe, which fay to her did dreyne
The purple fappe from her sweet Brothers body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall.
If this inducement moue her not to loue,
Send her a Letter of thy Noble deeds:
Tell her, thou mad'ft away her Vnckle Clarence,
Her Vnckle Riuers, I (and for her fake)
Mad'ft quicke confeuancy with her good Aunt Anne.
Rich. You mocke me Madam, this the not way
To win your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Vnielle thou could'ft put on some other shape,
And not be Richard, that hath done all this.
Rich. Say that I did all this for loue of her,
Qu. Nay then indeed the cannot choofe but hate thee
Having bought louse, with fuch a bloody foyle.
Rich. Look where what is done, cannot be now amended:
Men flall deale vnadvisedly sometim's,
Which after-hours giues leuyre to repent.
If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes,
To make amends, Ile giue it to your daughter:
If I haue kill'd the ifues of your wombe,
To quicken your encrease, I will beget
Mine yftue of your blood, vpon your Daughter:
A Grandams name is little leffe in love,
Then is the doting Title of a Mother:
They are as Children but one flippe below,
Euen of your mettall,of your very blood:
Of all one paine, faue for a night of groanes
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like forrow.
Your Children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your Age, 
The loffe you have, is but a Sonne being King, 
And by that loffe, your Daughter is made Queene. 
I cannot make you what amends I would, 
Therefore accept such kindeffe as I can. 
Darefet your Sonne, that with a fearfull foule 
Leads discontented steps in Foraine foyle, 
This faire Alliance, quickly shall call home 
To high Promotions, and great Dignity. 
The King that calles your beauteous Daughter Wife, 
Familiarly shall call thy Darefer, Brother: 
Againe shall you be Mother to a King: 
And all the Ruines of diuertifull Times, 
Repay'd with double Riches of Content. 
What we have many goodly days to fee: 
The liquid drops of Teares that you haue shed, 
Shall come againe, transform'd to Orient Pearle, 
Advantaging their Love, with intereft 
Often-times double gaine of happinesse. 
Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter go, 
Make bold her balthfull yeares, with your experience, 
Prepare her cares to heare a Woers Tale. 
Put in her tender heart, th'aspiring Flame 
Of Golden Soueraignty: Acquaint the Princesse 
With the sweet fluent loes of Marriage loyes: 
And when this Arme of mine hath chafficed 
The petty Rebell, dull-brain'd Buckingham, 
Bound with Triumpht Garlands will I come, 
And leade thy daughter to a Conquerors bed: 
To whom I will retaile my Conquest wonne, 
And the shalfe folle Victoreffe, Cæfar Cæsar. 
Qu. What were I best to say, her Fathers Brother 
Would be her Lord? Or shall I say her Vnkle? 
Or he that flew her Brothers, and her Vnkles? 
Vnder what Title shall I woo for thee, 
That God, the Law, my Honor, and her Loue, 
Can make feeme pleasing to her tender yeares? 
Rich. Inferre faire Englands peace by this Alliance. 
Qu. Which the shal fullowne with all lattind warre. 
Rich. Tell her, the King that may command, Intreats. 
Qu. That at her hands, which the kings King forbids. 
Rich. Say the shall be a High and Mighty Queene. 
Qu. To vallie the Title, as her Mother doth. 
Rich. Say I will love her everallingly. 
Qu. But how long shall that title ever laft? 
Rich. Sweetly in force, vnto her faire liues end. 
Qu. But how long fairely shall her sweet life laft? 
Rich. As long as Heauen and Nature lengthens it. 
Qu. As long as Hell and Richard likes of it. 
Rich. Say I her Soueraigne, am her Subiect low. 
Qu. But the your Subiect, lothes fuch Soueraignty. 
Riche. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her. 
Qu. An honest tale speads beft, being plainly told. 
Rich. Then plainly to her, tell my louing tale. 
Qu. Plaine and not honest, is too harfle a fyle. 
Rich. Your Reafons are too shallow, and to quicke. 
Qu. O no, my Reafons are too deepe and dead, 
Too deepe and dead (poore Infants) in their graues, 
Harpe on it full laff I till heart-ftrings breaue. 
Rich. Harpe not on that string Madam, that is past. 
Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne. 
Qu. Prophan'd, diſhonor'd, and the third vfurpt. 
Qu. By nothing, for this is no Oath: 
Thy George prophan'd, hath loft his Lordly Honor; 
Thy Garter blemish'd, pawn'd his Knightly Vertue; 
Thy Crowne vſpur'd, disgrac'd his Kingly Glory: 
If something thou would'ſt sweare to be beleu'd, 
Sweare then by something, that thou haft not wrong'd. 
Rich. Then by my Selfe. 
Qu. Thy Selfe, is felle-mifles'd. 
Qu. 'Tis full of thy foule wrongs. 
Rich. My Fathers death, 
Qu. Thy life hath it diſhonor'd. 
Rich. Why then, by Heaven. 
Qu. Henan's wrong is most of all: 
If thou did'ſt feare to breake an Oath with him, 
The unity the King my husband made, 
Thou had'ſt not broken, nor my Brothers died. 
If thou had'ſt fear'd to breake an oath by him, 
Th'Imperiall mettall, circling now thy head, 
Had grac'd the tender temples of my Child, 
And both the Princes had bene breathing heere, 
Which now two tender Bed-fellowes for dut, 
Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes. 
What can't thou swear by now. 
Rich. The time to come. 
Qu. That thou haft wronged in the time ore-paft: 
For I my selfe have many teares to waff 
Hearer after time, for time paft, wrong'd by thee. 
The Children liue, whose Fathers thou haft slau'd, 
Vngouern'd youth, to waile it with their age: 
The Parents liue, whose Children thou haft butcher'd, 
Old barren Plants, to waile it with their Age. 
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou haft 
Mis'd ere vs'd, by times ill- vs'd repaft. 
Rich. As I entend to prosper, and repent: 
So thrive I in my dangerous Affayres 
Of hoUile Armes: My selfe, my selfe confound: 
Heauen, and Fortune barre me happy hours: 
Day, yeeld me not thy light; nor Night, thy refl. 
Be opposite all Planets of good lucke. 
To my proceeding, if with deere hearts loue, 
Immaculate deuotion,holy thoughts, 
I tender not thy beauteous Princeely daughter. 
In her, consifts my Happinesse, and thine: 
Without her, follows to my felle, and thee; 
Her felle, the Land, and many a Chriftian foule, 
Death, Defolation, Ruine, and Decay: 
It cannot be auoyed, but by this: 
It will not be auoyed, but by this. 
Therefore deare Mother (I must call you fo) 
Be the Attorney of my loue to her: 
Plead what I will be, not what I have beene; 
Not my deferts, but what I will deferue: 
Vrge the Necesiitty and fate of times, 
And be not peecilh found,in great Desigues. 
Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Diuell thus? 
Rich. I, if the Diuell tempt you to do good. 
Qu. Shall I forget my felle, to be my felle. 
Rich. I, if your felves remembrance wrong your felle. 
Qu. Yet thou didst kill my Children. 
Rich. But in your daughters wombe I bury them. 
Where in that Neif of Spicery they will breed. 
Selve of themelvses, to your recomforture. 
Qu. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will? 
Rich. And be a happy Mother by the deed. 
Qu. I go, write to me very shortly, 
And you shal vnderstand from me her mind. 
Exit Q. 
Rich. Beare her my true loues kiffe, and so farewell. 
Relenting Foole,and shallow-changing Woman. 

How
How now, what news?

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. Moot mightie Soueraigne, on the Wetherne Coaft
Rideth a puliant Naue: to our Shores
Throng many doubtfull hollow-hearted friends,
Vnarm'd, and vnrecelu'd to beat them backe.
'Tis thought, that is Richmond their Admirall:
And there they pull, expecting but the side
Of Buckingham, to welcome them afores.
Rich. Some light-foot friend fto to y Duke of Norfolk:
Ratcliffe thy felfe, or Catesby, where is hee?
Cat. Here, my good Lord.
Cat. I will, my Lord, with all convenient hafte.
Rich. Catesby come hither, potfe to Salisbury:
When thou com'st thither: Dull vnmindfull Vlllaine,
Why flay'ft thou here, and go'ft not to the Duke?
Cat. First, mightie Liege, tell me your Hightneffe pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.
Rich. O true, good Catesby, bid him leuie straight
The greatest ftrength and power that he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.
Cat. I goe. Exit.
Rich. What, may it please you, shall I doe at Salisbury?
Rich. Why, what would'ft thou doe there, before I goe?
Rich. Your Hightneffe told me I should potfe before.
Rich. My minde is chang'd:

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what news with you?
Sta. None, good my Liege, to pleafe you with y hearing,
Nor none fo bad, but well may be reported.
Rich. Hoday, a Riddle; neither good nor bad:
What need'ft thou runne fo many miles about,
When thou mayeft tell thy Tale the neareft way?
Once more, what newes?
Stan. Richmond is on the Seas.
Rich. There let him finke, and be the Seas on him,
White-luer'd Runnagate, what doth he there?
Stan. I know not, mightie Soueraigne, but by guffe.
Rich. Well, as you guffe.
Stan. Stir'd vp by Dorjet, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to clayne the Crowne.
Rich. Is the Chayre empipt? is the Sword vnbw'nd?
Is the King dead? or the Empire vnpoppft?
What Heire of York is there alie, but wee?
And who is Englands King, but great Yorkes Heire?
Then tell me, what makes he vpohn the Seas?
Stan. Vnleffe for that, my Liege, I cannot guffe.
Rich. Vnleffe for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guffe wherefore the Welchman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and flye to him, I feare.
Stan. No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not.
Rich. Where is thy Power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now vpohn the Wetherne Shore,
Safe-conducing the Rebels from their Shippes?
Stan. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the North,
When they should ferue their Soueraigne in the Weft?

Sain. They have not been commanded, mighty King:
Pleafe thee your Malefie to give me leave,
Ile mutter vp my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Malefie shall please.
Rich. I, thou would'ft be gone, to lioyne with Richmond:
But Ile not truft thee.
Sain. Moot mightie Soueraigne,
You have no caufe to hold my frindhip doubtfull,
I neuer was, nor neuer will be false.
Rich. Go, then, and mutter mewbut leave behind
Your Sonne George Stanley: looke your heart be firme,
Or else his Heads affurance is but fraile.
Sain. So deale with him, as I proue true to you.
Exit Stanley.

Enter a Messenger.

Meff. My gracious Soueraigne, now in Devonshire,
As I by frinds am well aduerfted,
Sir Edward Courtnay, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bifhop of Exeter, his elder Brother,
With many moe Confederates, are in Armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Meff. In Kent, my Liege, the Guilfords are in Armes,
And every houre more Competitors
Flocke to the Rebels, and their power growes strong.

Enter another Messenger.

Meff. My Lord, the Armie of great Buckingham.
Rich. Out on ye, Owles, nothing but Songs of Death,
He firkeb him.
There, take thou that, till thou bring better newses.
Meff. The newes I have to tell your Malefie,
Is, that by sudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
Buckingham Armie is difpersd' and scatter'd,
And he himfelfe wanded away alone,
No man knowes whither.
Rich. I cry thee mercy:
There is my Purfe, to cure that Blow of thine.
Hath any well-aduised friend proclaymd
Reward to him that brings the Traitor in?
Meff. Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.

Enter another Messenger.

Meff. Sir Thomas Lewell, and Lord Marqueffe Dorset,
'Tis fai'd, my Liege, in Yorkshire are in Armes:
But this good comfort bring I to your Highneffe,
The Britaine Naue is difpersd' by Tenmep.
Richmond in Dorsethire fent out a Boat
Vnto the shore, to aske thofe on the Banks,
If they were his Affitants, yea, or no?
Who anfwervd him, they came from Buckingham,
Vpon his partie: he mistruffing them,
Hoys'd fayle, and made his course againe for Britaine.
Rich. March on, march on, foce we are vp in Armes,
If not to fight with forraigne Enemies,
Yet to beat downe thefe Rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the beft newes: that the Earle of Richmond
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Is with a mighty power Landed at Milford,
Is colder Newes, but yet they must be told.

Rich. Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,
A Royall battle might be wonne and loft:
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury, the rest march on with me. Florib. Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Derby, and Sir Christopher.

Der. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the flye of the moost deadly Bore,
My Sonne George Stanley is frankt vp in hold:
If I resolute, off goes yong George head,
The fear of that, holds off my prefent ayde.
So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.
Withall say, that the Queene hath heartily consented
He should espousc Elizabeth his daughter.
But tell me, where is Princely Richmond now?

Cbre. At Penbroke, or at Hertford West in Wales.

Der. What men of Name refer to him.

Cbre. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned Souldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant Crew,
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withall.

Der. Well hye thee to thy Lord: I kiffe his hand,
My Letter will refoule him of my minde.
Farewell. Exeunt

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Buckingham with Halberds, led to Execution.

Buc. Will not King Richard let me speake with him?
Sber. No my good Lord, therefore be patient.

Buc. Hastings, and Edwards children, Gray & Rivers,
Holy King Henry, and thy faire Sonne Edward,
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried
By vnder-hand corrupted foule injustice,
If that your moody discontented foules,
Do through the clowds behold this prefent houre,
Euen for revenge mocke my defraction,
This is All-foules day (Fellow) is it not?
Sber. It is.

Buc. Why then Al-foules day, is my bodies doomsday
This is the day, which in King Edwards time
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
Falle to his Children, and his Wives Allies.
This is the day, wherein I wist to fall
By the falles Faith of him whom moost I trusted.
This, this All-foules day to my fearfull Soule,
Is the determin'd repit of my wrongs:
That high All-feer, which I dallied with,

Hath turn'd my fained Prayer on my head,
And guen in earnest, what I begg'd in left.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turre their owne points in their Mastres fomoses.
Thus Margaret's curse falles heavy on my necke:
When he (quoth he) shall split thy heart with forrow,
Remember Margaret was a Propheteisse:
Come leade me Officers to the blocke of flame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and
others, with drum and colours.

Richm. Fellowes in Armes, and my moost louing Friends
Brusl'd vnderneath the yoke of Tyranny,
Thus farre into the bowles of the Land,
Hau we marcht on without impediment;
And here receueth we from our Father Stanley
Lines of faire comfort and encouragement:
The wretched, bloody, and vfurping Boare,
(That spoyle'd your Summer Fieldes, and fruitfull Vines)
Swilles your warm blood like waf, & makes his trough
In your embowel'd fomoses: This foule Swine
Is now euen in the Centrty of this Isle,
Ne're to the Towne of Leicesters, as we learene:
From Tamworth thiser, is but one days march.
In Gods name cheerely on, couragious Friends,
To reape the Harueft of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloody tryall of sharpe Warre.

Osf. Every mans Confession is a thousand men,
To fight against this guilty Homicide.

Her. I doubt not but his Friends will turne to vs.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear,
Which in his deerest neede will flye from him.

Richm. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True Hope is swift, and flyes with Swallowes wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter King Richard in Armes, with Norfolk, Ratcliffe, and the Earle of Surrey.

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, even here in Bosworth field,
My Lord of Sury, why looks you so fad?

Sur. My heart is ten times fighter then my lookes.

Rich. My Lord of Norfolk.

Nor. Heere moost gracious Liege.

Rich. Norfolk, we must haue knockes:
Ha, must we not?

Nor. We must both glue and take my louing Lord.

Rich. Vp with my Tent, heere wil I lye to night,

But where to morrow? Well, all's one for that.
Who hath defcried the number of the Trainers?

Nor. Six or feuen thouand is their vmtoft power.

Rich. Why our Battalia trebilles that account:
Besides, the Kings name is a Tower of stregth,
Which they vnpon the aduerse Faction want.

Vp with the Tent: Come Noble Gentleman,
Let vs fureuy the vantage of the ground,
Call for some men of sound direction:

Let's
The Life and death of Richard the Third.

Let's lacke no Discipline, make no delay, For Lords, to morrow is a busie day. 

Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and Dorset.

Richm. The weare Sunne, hath made a Golden set, And by the bright Track of his fiery Carre, Glues token of a goodly day to morrow. Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my Standard: Glue me some Ink and Paper in my Tent: Ile draw the Forme and Modell of our Battaille, Limit each Leader to his feuerall Charge; And part in just proportion our small Power. My Lord of Oxford, you Sir William Brandon, And your Sir Walter Herbert stay with me: The Earle of Pembroke keeps his Regiment; Good Captaine Blunt, beare my goodnight to him, And by the second hour in the Morning, Desire the Earle to fee me in my Tent: Yet one thing more (good Captaine) do for me: Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know? Blunt. Valeffe I have milita his Colours much, (Which well I am affur'd I have not done) His Regiment lies halfe a Mile at least South, from the mighty Power of the King.

Richm. If without peril it be possible, Sweet Blunt, make some good meanes to speake with him And give him from me, this most needfull Note. Blunt. Upon my life, my Lord, I vndepart it, And fo God give you quiet reft to night. Richm. Good night good Captaine Blunt: Come Gentlemen, Let vs confult vpon to morrowes Buisenesse; Into my Tent, the Dew is rawe and cold. 

They withdraw into the Tent.

Enter Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolke, & Catesby.

Rich. What is't a Clocke?
Cat. It's Supper time my Lord, it's nine a clocke. 

King. I will not fup to night, Glue me some Ink and Paper: 

What, is my Beauer eader then it was? And all my Armour laid into my Tent? Cat. It is my Liege: and all things are in readinesse. 

Rich. Good Norfolke, hye thee to thy charge, Vfe carefull Watch, choife trufly Centinels, Nor. I go my Lord, 

Rich. Stir with the Larke to morrow, gentle Norfolk. Nor. I warrant you my Lord, 

Rich. Ratcliffe, 

Rat. My Lord. 

Rich. Send out a Pursuivant at Armes 
To Stanley Regiment: bid him bring his power Before Sun-rifing, leaff his Sonne George fall Into the blinde Caue of eternall night. Fill me a Bowle of Wine: Glue me a Watch, Sadde white Surrey for the Field to morrow: Look that my Staeus be foun, & not too heauy. Ratcliffe. 

Rat. My Lord. 

Rich. Saw'ft the melancholy Lord Northumberland? Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey, and himselfe, Much about Cockfhut time, from Troope to Troope Went through the Army, cheating vp the Souldiers. 

King. So, I am satisfied: Glue me a Bowle of Wine, I have not that Alacrity of Spirit, 

Nor cheere of Minde that I was wont to haue. Set it downe. Is Inke and Paper ready? 

Rat. It is my Lord, 

Rich. Bid my Guard watch. Leave me, Ratcliffe, about the mid of night come to my Tent And helpe to arme me. Leave me I say. Exit Ratcliffe.

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.

Der. Fortune, and Victory fit on thy Helme. 

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afford, Be to thy Perfon, Noble Father in Law. Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother? 

Der. I by Atturneyre, bleffe thee from thy Mother, Who prays continually for Richmond good: So much for that. The silent houres steale on, And flakie darkenesse breaks within the Eaft. In brefe, for fo the seafon bids vs be, Prepare thy Battell early in the Morning, And put thy Fortune to th'Arbitrement. 

Of bloody Breakes, and mortal flaring Warre: I, as I may, that which I would. I cannot, With 

Richm. Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment: Ile ftrive with troubled noife, to take a Nap, Left leade slumber peize me downe to morrow, When I should mont with wings of Victory: Once more, good night kinde Lords, and Gentlemen. 

Exeunt. Manet Richmond.

O thou, whose Captaine I account my felfe, Looke on my Forces with a gracious eye: Put in their hands thy briling Irons of wrath, That they may cruft downe with a heauy fall, Th'vpurfing Helmets of our Adleraries; Make vs thy minifters of Chaffiment, That we may praffe thee in thy Victory: To thee I do commend my watchfull foule, Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes: Sleeping, and wakking, oh defend me fmall. 

Sleeps. 

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Sonne to Henry the fift.

Gh.to Ri. Let me fte heauy on thy foule to morrow: Think how thou flab't me in my prime of youth At Teukesbury: Dispaire therefore, and dye. 

Ghoft to Richm. Be chearefull Richmond, For the wronged Soules 

Of butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalfe: King Henrys ifue Richmond comforts thee. 

Enter the Ghost of Henry the fift. 

Ghoft. When I was mortall, my Annotated body By thee was punched full of holes; Think on the Tower, and me: Dispaire, and dye, Harry the fift, bids thee dispaire, and dye. 

To Richm. Vertuous and holy be thou Conqueror: Harry that prophesied thou should't be King, Doth comfort thee in fleep: Blue, and flourifh.

Enter
Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

_Ghost_. Let me fit heavy in thy foule to morrow.
I that was wagh'd to death with Fullome Wine:
Poor Clarence by thy guile betray'd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelef Sword, dispaire and dye.

_To Richem._ Thou off-spring of the house of Lancaster
The wronged heyres of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, Lieue and Flourish.
_Enter the Ghoft of Riuers, Gray, and Vaughan._

Rua. Let me fit heavy in thy foule to morrow,
Riuers, that dy'ast at Pomfret: dispaire, and dye.
_GRAY._ Thinke vpvn Gray, and let thy foule dispaire.
_Vaugh._ Thinke vpvn Vaughan, and with guilty feare
Let fall thy Lance, dispaire and dye.

_All to Richem._ Awake,
And thinke our wrongs in Richardus Bofome,
Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day.
_Enter the Ghoft of Lord Haftings._

_Gho._ Bloody and guilty: guiltily awake,
And in a bloody Battell end thy days.
Thinke on Lord Haftings: dispaire, and dye.
_Haft to Richem._ Quiet vntroubled foule,
Awake, awake: Arme, fight, and conquer, for faire Englands sake.
_Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes._

_Ghofts._ Dreame on thy Cousins
Smothered in the Tower:
Let vs be laid within thy bosome Richard,
And weep thee downe to ruine, shame, and death,
Thy Nephewes foule bids thee dispaire and dye.

_Ghoft to Richem._ Sleepe Richmond,
Sleepe in Peace, and wake in Ioy,
Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Lye, and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappy Sonnes, do bid thee flourishe.
_Enter the Ghost of Anne, his Wife._

_Ghoft to Rich._ Richard, thy Wife,
That wretched Anne thy Wife,
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now filles thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the Battalle, thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelef Sword, dispaire and dye:

_Ghoft to Richem._ Thou quiet foule,
Sleepe thou a quiet sleepe:
Dreame of Successe, and Happy Victories,
Thy Adversaries Wife doth pray for thee.
_Enter the Ghost of Buckingham._

_Ghoft to Rich._ The first was I
That help'd thee to the Crowne:
The laft was I that felt thy Tyranny,
O, in the Battalle think on Buckingham,
And dye in terror of thy gultinesse.
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire; dispaireing yet thy breath.

_Ghoft to Richem._ I dyed for hope
Er e I could lend thee Ayde;
But cheere thy heart, and be thou not dismayde:
God, and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,
And Richard fall in height of all his pride.

_& Richard starts out of his dreame._

RICH. Give me another Horfe, bind vp my Wounds:
Hauce mercy Iefu. Soft, I did but dreame.
O coward Confcience! how doft thou afflict me?
The Lights burned blew. It is not dead midnight.
Cold fearfull drops stand on my trembling flieth.

What? do I fear my Selfe? There's none else by,
Richard loues Richard, that is, I am I.
Is there a Murtherer here? No; Yes, I am I:
Then flye; What from my Selfe? Great reason why?
Left I Reuenge. What? my Selfe upon my Selfe?
Alacke, I loye my Selfe. Wherefore? For any good
That I my Selfe, hauce done vnto my Selfe?
O no. Alas, I rather hate my Selfe,
For hatefull Deeds committed by my Selfe.
I am a Villaine: yet I Lye, I am not.
Foole, of thy Selfe speake well: Foole, do not flatter.
My Confcience hath a thousand feuerall Tongues,
And every Tongue brings in a feuerall Tale,
And euerie Tale condemnes me for a Villaine;
Periurie, in the high'ft Degree,
Murther, ferne murther, in the dyr'ft degree,
All feuerall Sinnes, all vs'd in each degree,
Throng all to' th Barre, crying all, Guilty, Guilty.
I shall dispaire, there is no Creature loues me;
And if I die, no foule shall pittie me.
Nay, wherefore shoulde they? Since that I my Selfe,
Finde in my Selfe, no pittie to my Selfe.
Me thought, the Soules of all that I had murther'd
Came to my Tent, and euery one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliffe.

RAT. My Lord.

KING. Who's there?

RAT. Ratcliff. my Lord, tis I: the early Village Cock
Hath twice done falutation to the Morn,
Your Friends are vp, and buckle on their Armour.

KING. O Ratcliff, I feare, I feare.

RAT. Nay good my Lord, be not affraid of Shadows.

KING. By the Apoife Paul, shadowes to night
Hauce stroke more terror to the foule of Richard,
Then can the Subtance of ten thousand Soldiars
Armed in proofe, and led by shallow Richmound
'Tis not yet neere day. Come go with me,
Vnder our Tents Ie play the Eafe-dropper,
To hear if any meane to shrinke from me.

_Exeunt Richard & Ratcliff._

_Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting
in his Tent._

RICH. Good morrow Richmond.

RICH. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue taken a tardi floggard heere?

LORDS. How haue you slipt my Lord?

RICH. The sweetef sleepe,
And faireft boding Dreames,
That euery entred in a drowzie head.
Haue I since your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their Soules, whole bodies Rich. murther'd,
Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory:
I promise you my Heart is very locod,
in the remembrance of fo faire a dreame,
How farre into the Morning is it Lords?

LORD. Vpon the stroke of four.

RICH. Why then 'tis time to Arme, and guie direction.

His Oration to his Soldiars

More then I haue saide, lousing Countrymen,
The leyfire and inforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell vpon: yet remember this,

God
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side,
The Pray'rs of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high rear'd Bulwarkes, stand before our Faces,
(Richard except) those whom we fight against.
Had rather haue vs win, then him they follow.
For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,
A bloody Tyrant, and a Homicide:
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establihed;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him:
A base foule Stone, made precious by the foyle
Of Englands Chaire, where he is falsely fet:
One that hath ever beene Gods Enemy.
Then if you fight against Gods Enemy,
God will in justice ward you as his Soldiers.
If you doe fweare to put a Tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace, the Tyrant being flaine:
If you do fight against your Countries Foes,
Your Countries Fat shall pay your paines the hyre.
If you do fight in fadge of your wives,
Your wifes shall welcome home the Conquerors,
If you do free your Children from the Sword,
Your Childrens Children quits it in your Age.
Then in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
For me, the ranfome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold Corpse on the earth's cold face.
But if I thrive, the gaine of my attempt,
The feaf of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound Drummes and Trumpets boldly, and cheerfully,
God, and Saint George, Richmond, and Victory.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

K. What said Northumberland as touching Richard?
Rat. That he was never trained vp in Armes.
King. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?
Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.
King. He was in the right, and so indeed it is.
Tell the clocke there. Clocke frikes.
Give me a Kalender: Who saw the Sunne to day?
Rat. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he dildaines to shine: for by the Booke
He should haue brau'd the East an houre ago,
A blacke day will it be to somebody. Ratcliffe.
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sun will not be seene to day,
The sky doth frowne, and lowre vp on our Army.
I would thef' dewy teares were from the ground.
Not shine to day? Why, what is that to me
More then to Richmond? For the felfe-fame Heauen.
That frownes on me, looke's fadly vp on him.

Enter Norfolke.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord: the foe vaunts in the field.
King. Come, butle, butle. Caparison my horse.
Call vp Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power,
I will leade forth my Soldiers to the plaine,
And thus my Battell shal be ordred.
My Foreward shall be drawne in length,
Conflifting equally of Horse and Foot:
Our Archers shall be placed in the mid't;
John Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall haue the leading of the Foot and Horfe.
They thus directed, we will fowre.

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In the maine Battell, whose puifance on either fide
Shall be well-winged with our cheeffeft Horfe:
This, and Saint George to boote.
What thinke'st thou Norfolke.

Nor. A good direfion warlike Soueraigne,
This found I on my Tent this Morning,
Lacocke of Norfolke, be not fo bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and fold.

King. A thing deuided by the Enemy.
Go Gentlemen, euer my man to his Charge,
Let not our babling Dreams affright our foules:
For Confidence is a word that Cowards f pe,
Deuid'st at firft to keep the frong in awe,
Our frong armes be our Confidence, Swords our Law.
March on, joynce braily, let vs too't pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to Hell.
What fhall I fay more then I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A fort of Vagabonds, Raftacles, and Run-awayes,
A fcum of Britaine, and base Lackey Peants,
Whom their o're-cloyed Country vomits forth.
To desperate Adventures, and affurd Deftruction.
You fleeping fafe, they bring you to vnref.
You hauing Lands, and bleuf with beauteous wines,
They would reftraine the one, deftain the other,
And who doth leade them, but a paltry Fellow?
Long kept in Britaine at our Mothers coft,
A Milke-fop, one that neuer in his life
Felt fo much cold, as ouer shoes in Snow:
Let's whip these fraglers o're the Seas againe,
Lath hence thefe ouer-weening Ruffes of France,
Thefe famih'd Beggers, weary of their liues,
Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit)
For want of meanes (poore Rats) had hang'd themfelves.
If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not these bafard Britaine,n whom our Fathers
Haue in their owne Land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And on Record, left them the heries of flame.
Shall thefe enjoy our Lands? yee with our Wifes?
Raffh our daughters?

Drum afarre off
Hearke, I hearre their Drumme,
Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers draw your Arrows to the head,
Spurre your proud Horfes hard, and ride in blood,
Amare the welkin with your broken fhaues.

Enter a Meijenger.

What fayes Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?
Mis. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
King. Off with his fonne Georges head.
Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is poft the Marsh:
After the battalle, let George Stanley dye.
King. A thound heartes are great within my bofon.
Advance our Standards, let vp on our Foes,
Our Ancient word of Courage, faire S. George
Infpire vs with the flieene of fiery Dragons:
Vpon them, Victorie fits on our helps.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Catesby.

Car. Rescue my Lord of Norfolke,
Rescue, Rescue:
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an oppofite to every danger:
His Horfe is faine, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Rescue faire Lord, or else the day is loft.

Alarums. Enter
Enter Richard.


Exit. Withdraw my Lord, I le helpe you to a Horfe

Rich. Slaue, I haue seft my life upon a caft,
And I will fland the hazard of the Dye:
I thinke there be five Richmonds in the field,
Fie haue I flaine to day, in stead of him.
A Horfe, a Horfe, my Kingdom for a Horfe.

Alatun, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is slaine.

Retreat, and Flourish. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the Crownes, with divers other Lords.

Rich. God, and your Armes
Be prais'd Victorious Friends;
The day is ours, the bloody Dogge is dead.

Der. Courageous Richmond,
Well haft thou acquit thee; Loe,
Heere thefe long vfurped Royalties,
From the dead Temples of this bloody Wretch,
Haue I pluck'd off, to grace thy Brows withall.
Weare it, and make much of it.

Rich. Great God of Heauen, say Amen to all:
But tell me, is yong George Stanley living?

Der. He is my Lord, and safe in Leicester Towne,
Whither (if you please) we may withdraw vs.

Rich. What men of name are slaine on either fide?

Der. John Duke of Norfolke, Walter Lord Ferris,

Rich. Interre their Bodies, as become their Births,
Proclaim a pardon to the Soldiers fied,
That in fubmiſion will returne to vs,
And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,
We will unite the White Rofe, and the Red.
Smile Heauen uppon this faire Coniunction,
That long haue frown'd upon their Enmity:
What Traitor heares me, and fayes not Amen?
England hath long beene mad, and fcar'ed her felfe;
The Brother blindly shed the Brothers blood;
The Father, rashly flaughtered his owne Sonne;
The Sonne compell'd, beene Butcher to the Sire;
All this divided Yorke and Lancalter,
Divided, in their dire Diuifion.
Onow, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true Succeeders of each Royall Houfe,
By Gods faire ordinance, conioyned together:
And let thy Heires (God if thy will be fo)
Enrich the time to come, with Smooth-face'd Peace,
With fmilling Plenty, and faire Profperous dayes.
Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,
That would reduce thefe bloody dayes againe,
And make poore England weepe in Streams of Blood;
Let them not dye to taste this Lands increafe,
That would with Treafon, wound this faire Lands peace.
Now Ciull wounds are fopp'd, Peace lives azen;
That she may long liue heere, God fay, Amen. Exeunt

FINIS.
The Famous History of the Life of
King HENRY the Eight.

THE PROLOGUE.

Come no more to make you laugh, Things now,  
You take a Weighty, and a Serious Brow,  
Sad, high, and working, full of State and War:  
Such Noble Scenes, as draw the Eye to flow  
We now present. Those that can Pity, beare  
May (if they think it well) let fall a Teare,  
The Subject will defcribe it. Such as give  
Their Money out of hope they may believe,  
May boore finde Truth too. Those that come to see  
Oney a play or two, and so a cease,  
The Play may passe: If they be still, and willing,  
Ite undertake may fee way their spoiling  
Richly in two short bourses. Onely they  
That come to boare a Merry, Bandy Play,  
A noyle of Targets: Or to fee a Fellow  
In a long Motley Coate, garded with Yellow,

Will be decey'd. For gentle Hearer, know  
To ranke our cho'en Truth with such a flow  
As Fools, and Fights it, before forfeityng  
Our owne Braine, and the Opinion that we bring  
To make that onely true, we now intend,  
Will leave us newer an understanding Friend.  
Therefore, for Godnesse sake, and as you are knowne  
The First and Happiest Hauers of the Towne,  
Be sad, as we would make ye. Thinks ye fee  
The very Persons of our Noble Story,  
As they were Luing : Thine ye fee them Great,  
And ffollow'd with the general trumbr, and sweat  
Of thoufand Friends: Then, in a moment, fee  
How soone this Mightineffe, meets Misery:  
And if you can be merry then, Ie say,  
A Man may wepe upon his Wedding day.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter the Duke of Norfolke at one doore. At the other,  
the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Abirgauenny.

Buckingham.

Ood morrow, and well met. How haue ye done  
Since laft we faw in France?  
Nor. I thank your Grace:

Ood full, and euer since a freth Admirer  
Of what I faw there.

Back. An vntimely Ague  
Staid me a Prisoner in my Chamber, where  
Those Sunnes of Glory, those two Lights of Men  
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. "Twixt Guynes and Arde,  
I was then prefent, faw them salute on Horfebacke,  
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung  
In their Embracement, as they grew together,  
Which had they,  
What foure Thron'd ones could have weigh'd  
Such a compounded one?  
Back. All the whole time  
I was my Chambers Prisoner.

Nor. Then you loft  
The view of earthly glory: Men might fay  
Till this time Pompe was fingle, but now married  
To one aboue it felfe. Each following day  
Became the next daies matter, till the laft  
Made former Wonders, it's. To day the French,  
All Clinquant all in Gold, like Heathen Gods  Shone downe the English; and to morrow, they  
Made Britaine, India: Every man that fodd,  
Shew'd like a Mine. Their Dwarfifh Pages were  
As Cherubins, all gilt: the Madams too,  
Not vs'd to toyle, did almoft sweat to boare  
The Pride upon them, that their very labour  
Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Maske  
Was cry'de incomparable; and thenfuing night  
Made it a Foele, and Begger. The two Kings  
Equall in luftrg, were now beft, now worft  
As prefence did prefent them: Him in eye,  
Still him in praffe, and being prefent both,  
"Twas faid they faw but one, and no Difterner  
Durft wagge his Tongue in cenfure, when these Sunnes  
(For fo they prafe'em) by their Heralds challeng'd  
The Noble Spirits to Armes, they did perforne

Beyond
Beyond thoughts Compass, that former fabulous Storie
Being now seene, possible enough, got credit
That Bevis was beleued.

Buc. Oh you go farre.
Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In Honor, Honesty, the tract of eu'try thing,
Would by a good Discourfer looke some life,
Which Actions selle, was tongue too.

Buc. All was Royall,
To the disposing of it rought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing new. The Office did
Difinently his full Function: who did guide,
I meane who fet the Body, and the Limbes
Of this great Sport together?

Nor. As you guessfe:
One certes, that promisses no Element
In such a businesse.

Buc. I pray you who, my Lord?
Nor. All this was ordered by the good Discretion
Of the right Reuerend Cardinal of Yorke.

Buc. The diuell feed him: No mans Pye is feed
From his Ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce Vanities? I wonder,
That such a Knavish care with his very bulke
Take vp the Rayes o'th'beneficial Sun,
And keepe it from the Earth.

Nor. Surely Sir,
There's in him flufse, that put's him to these ends:
For being not prop't by Auncestry, whose grace
Chalckes Succeedors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to'th'Crowne; neither Allied
To eminent Affiants; but Spider-like
Out of his Selfe-drawing Web. O giues vs note,
The force of his owne merit makes his way
A guift that heaven giues for him, which buyes
A place next to the King.

Abur. I cannot tell
What Heauen hath giuen him: let some Grauer eye
Pierce into that, but I can see his Pride
Peep through each part of him: whence ha's he that,
If not from Hell? The Diuell is a Niggard,
Or ha's giuen all before, and he begins
A new Hell in himselfe.

Buc. Why the Diuell,
Vpon this French going out, tooke he vpon him
(Without the priuity o'th'King) t'appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes vp the File
Of all the Gentry; for the moft part fuch
To whom as great a Charge, as little Honor
He meant to lay vpon: and his owne Letter
The Honourable Board of Counsell, out
Muff fetch him in, he Papers.

Abur. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the leaf, that haue
By this, fo ficken'd their Eftates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buc. O many
Have broke their backes with laying Mannors on 'em
For this great Journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A moft poore issue.

Nor. Greeuingly I thinke,
The Peace betweene the French and vs, not valewes
The Coff that did conclude it.

Buc. Every man,
After the hideous storme that follow'd, was

A thing Insipr'd, and not consulting, broke
Into a generall Prophesie; That this Tempest
Daunting the Garment of this Peace, aboaded
The sodaine breach on't.

Nor. Which is budding out,
For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd
Our Merchants goods at Burdeaux.

Abur. Is it therefore
Th'Ambaffador is filenc'd?
Nor. Marry is't.

Abur. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate.

Buc. Why all this Businesse
Our Reuerend Cardinal carried.

Nor. Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you, and the Cardinal. I aduise you
(And take it from a heart, that wishes towards you
Honor, and plentuous safety) that you reade
The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency
Together: To consider further, that
What his high Hatred would effect, wants not
A Minifter in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's Revengefull, and I know, his Sword
Hath a sharpe edge: It's long, and't may be faine
It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Besoome vp my counsell,
You'll finde it wholefome. Loe, where comes that Rock
That I aduise your thuning.

Enter Cardinal Walfy, the Purse borne before him, certaine
of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers: The
Cardinal in his paffage, fixeth his eye on Buck-
ham, and Buckingham on him,
both full of disdaine.

Car. The Duke of Buckingham's Surveyor? Ha?
Where's his Examination?
Serc. Heere fo pleafe you.
Car. Is he in perfon, ready?
Serc. I, pleafe your Grace.
Car. Well, we shall then know more, & Buckingham shall leffen this bigge looke.

Exeunt Cardinal, and his Traine.

Buc. This Butchers Curre is venom'd-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him, therefore beft
Not wake him in his flumber. A Beggers booke,
Out-worthes a Nobles blood.

Nor. What are you chaff'd?
Aske God for Temp'rance, that's th'appliance onely
Which your diseafe requires.

Buc. I red in's looks
Matter against me, and his eye reuil'd
Me as his abiece object, at this instant
He bores me with some tricke; He's gone to'th'King:
Ile follow, and out-fare him.

Nor. Stay my Lord,
And let your Reason with your Choller question
What 'tis you go about: to clime steepe hilles
Requires flow pace at first. Anger is like
A full hot Horfe, who being allow'd his way
Selfe-mettle tyres him: Not a man in England
Can aduise me like you: Be to your felle,
As you would to your Friend.

Buc. Ile to the King,
And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe

This
This Ipswich fellowes insolence; or proclaime,
There's difference in no person.

Norf. Be adult'd;
Heat not a Furnace for your foe so hot
That it do finde your selfe. We may out-runne
By violent swiftneffe that which we run at;
And lofe by ouer-running : know you not,
The fire that mountes the liquor til'run ore,
In leaning to augment it, wafts it: be adult'd;
I say againe there is no English so wise,
More stronger to direct you then your selfe;
Or if with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankfull to you, and Ie goe along
By your prescription : but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions, by Intelligence,
And proofes as cleere as Founts in Iply, when
Wee fee each graine of grasse: I doe know
To be corrupt and treasonous.
Norf. Say not treasonous.

Buck. To th' King Ile fay, & make my vouch as strong
As shore of Rockes: attend. This holy Fexe,
Or Wolfe, or both (for he is equall rau'ous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief;
As able to perform' t) his minde, and place
Infcetling one another, yea reciprocally,
Only to shew his pompe, as well in France,
As here at home, fuggeth the King our Master
To this laft costly Treaty: Th'enterievew,
That swallowed so much treason, and like a glasse
Did breake ith'wrenching.

Norf. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray give me fauour Sir: This cunning Cardinal
The Articles o' th' Combination drew
As himselfe pleas'd;and they were ratifed
As he cride thus let be, to as much end,
As give a Crutch to th'dead. But our Count-Cardinal
Has done this, and tis well: for worthy Wolfe
(Who cannot erre) he did it. Now this followes,
(Which as it take it, is a kinde of Puppie
To th'old dam 'Treacon) Charles the Emperour,
Vnder pretence to fee the Queene his Aunt,
(For twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolfe) where mistakitation,
His fears were that the Interview bevitwixt
England and France, might through their amity
Breed him some prejudice; for from this League,
Peep'd harms that menac'd him. Priuily
Deales with our Cardinal, and as I troa
Which I doe well; for I am sure the Emperour
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his Suit was grant
Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made
And pau'd with gold : the Emperor thus desir'd,
That he would please to alter the Kings course,
And breake the foresaid peace. Let the King know
(As soone he shall by me) that thus the Cardinal
Does buy and sell his Honour as he pleases,
And for his owne advantage.

Norf. I am forry
To heare this of him; and could with he were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a fillable:
I doe pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appeare in prooфе.
The other moiety you ask is given,
Repeat your will, and take it.
Queen. Thank you Majesty.
That you would love your felies, and in that love
Not vnconsider'd leave your Honour, nor
The dignity of your Office, is the point
Of my Petition.
Kin. Lady mine proceed:
Queen. I am solicited not by a few,
And those of true condition: That your Subjectes
Are in great grievance: There haue beene Commissions
Sent downe among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their Loyalties; wherein, although
My good Lord Cardinall, they vent reproches
Moft bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exaction: yet the King, our Maister
(Not Whatsoever Heauen shield from solie; even he escapes
Language vnmanfully yea, such which breaks
The fide of loyalty, and almost appears
In lowd Rebellion.
Nor. Not almost appeares,
It doth appeare; for, vpon these Taxations,
The Clothiers all not able to mainaine
The many to them longing, haue put off
The Spinsters, Carders, Fullers, Weaveres, who
Vnfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other meanes, in desperate manner
Daring th'euen too th'eethes, are all in vprore,
And danger ferues among them.
Kin. Taxation?
Wherein? and what Taxation? My Lord Cardinall,
You that are blam'd for it alike with vs,
Know you of this Taxation?
Card. Please you Sir,
I know but of a single part in ought
Pertaines to th'State; and front but in that File
Where others tell steps with me.
Queen. No, my Lord?
You know no more then others: But you frame
Things that are knowne alike, which are not wholesome
To thofe which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. Thesee exaction
(Whereof my Soueraigne would have note) they are
Moft peffilent to th'hearing, and to beare 'em,
The Backe is Sacrifice to th'load; They fay
They are deuid'd by you, er elle you fuffer
Too hard an exclamtion.
Kin. Still Exaction:
The nature of it, in what kinde let's know,
Is this Exaction?
Queen. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience, but am boldned
Vnder your promis'd pardon. The Subjectes grieve
Comes through Commissions, which compels from each
The fixt part of his Subfiance, to be leued
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your warres in France: this makes bold mouths,
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegance in them; their curses now
Lie where they had prayers did: and it's come to paffe,
This trableable obedience is a Slauet
To each incendit Will: I would your Highnesse
Would give it quicke consideration; for
There is no primer bafeness.
Kin. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.
Card. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, then by
A finge voice, and that not paft me, but
By learned approbation of the Judges: If I am
Trau'd, to ignorant Judges, which neither know
My faculties nor perfon, yet will be
The Chronicles of my doing: Let me fay,
'Tis but the fate of Place, and the rough Brake
That Vertue must goe through: we muft not flint
Our necessarie actions, in the feare
To cope malicious Cenfurers, which euer,
As rau'rous Filhes doe a Veffell follow
That is new trim'd; but benefit no further
Then vainly longing. What we oft doe beft,
By ficke Interpreters (once weake ones) is
Not ours, or not allow'd: what word, as oft
Hitting a groffer quality, is crade vp
For our beft Act: if we shall stand still,
In feare our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd at,
We should take route here, where we fit;
Or fit State- Statues onely.
Kin. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselfes from feare:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be leat'd: Haue you a President
Of this Commission? I beleue, not any,
We muft not rend our Subjectes from our Lawes,
And flicke them in our Will. Sixt part of each?
A tremibling Contribution; why we take
From every Tree, lop, barke, and part o' th' Timber:
And though we leave it with a roote thus hacket,
The Ayre will driuine the Sap. To every County
Where this is question'd, fend our Letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'de
The force of this Commission: pray looke too't,
I put it to your care.
Card. A word with you.
Let there be Letters writ to every Shire,
Of the Kings grace and pardon: the greeued Commons
Hardly conceu of me. Let it be nois'd,
That through our Interceflion, this Renouement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advis you
Further in the proceeding. Exit Secret.

Enter Suruyor.
Queen. I am sorry, that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your difpleasure.
Kin. It grieues many:
The Gentleman is Learnd, and a moft rare Speaker,
To Nature none more bound; his trayning fuch,
That he may furnish and instruct great Teachers,
And neuer feeke for ay out of himselfe: yet fee,
When thefe fo Noble benefits shall prowe
Not well dispos'd, the minde growing once corrupt,
They turne to vicious forms, ten times more vugly
Then euer they were faire. This man fo compleat,
Who was enrol'dmongt wonders; and when we
Almoft with rauih'd lifting, could not finde
His houre of speech, a minute: He, (my Lady)
Hath into moniftrous habits put the Graves
That once were his, and is become as blacke,
As if befh'md'd in hell. Sit by Vs, you shall heare
(This was his Gentleman in trau't) of him
Things to strike Honour fad. Bid him recount
The fore-recit'd prattifis, whereof
We cannot feele too little, heare too much.
Card.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Card. Stand forth, & with bold spirit relate what you
Most like a carefull Subject have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

Kin. Speak freely.

Sur. First, it was vsefull with him; every day
It would infect his Speech: That if the King
Should without ifue dye; hee'll carry it fo
To make the Scepter his. These very words
I've heard him vter to his Sonne in Law,
Lord Aburgany, to whom by oth he menace'd
Reuenge vpon the Cardinall.

Card. Please your Highness note
This dangerous conception in this point,
Not frended by his wish to your High perfon;
His will is most malignant, and it stretches
Beyond you to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd Lord Cardinall,
Deliver all with Charity.

Kin. Speak on;
How grounded hee his Title to the Crowne
Vpon our faile; to this point haft thou heard him,
At any time speake ought?

Sur. He was brought to this,
By a valie Prophefie of Nicolas Henton.

Kin. What was that Henton?

Sur. Sir, a Chartreux Fryer.

His Confelfor, who fed him euer minute
With words of Soveraignty.

Kin. How know'nt thou this?

Sur. Not long before your Highness sped to France,
The Duke being at the Rofe, within the Parith
Saint Lawrence Poulney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners,
Concerning the French Journey. I replide,
Men Fear the French would proce perfidious
To the Kings danger: prefently, the Duke
Said,twas the fear indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certaine words
Spoke by a holy Monke, that oft, fayes he,
Hath fent to me, willing me to permit
John de la Car, my Chaplinne, a choyce howre
To heare from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after vnder the Commifions Seale,
He follemny had frowne, that what he spoke
My Chaplainne to no Creature living, but
To me, should vter, with demure Confidence,
This painfully enfu'de; neither the King, nor's Heyres
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper, bid him friue
To the loue o'th'Commonalty, the Duke
Shall governe England.

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Dukes Surueyor, and left your Office
On the complaint o'th' Tenants; take good heed
You charge not in your Spleene a Noble perfon,
And spoyle your nobler Soule: I fay, take heed;
Yes, heartly befeech you.

Kin. Let him on: Goe forward.

Sur. On my Soule, I speake but truth,
I told my Lord the Duke, by th'Diuels Illusions
The Monke might be deceiu'd, and that 'twas dangerous
For this to ruminate on this fo farre, vntill
It forg'd him some defigne, which being beleue'd
It was much like to doe: Heanwer'd, Thowh,
It can doe me no dammage adding further,
That had the King in his left Sickneffe fald,
The Cardinals and Sir Thomas Lewell heads
Should have gone off.

Kin. Ha? What, fo rancke? Ah, ha,
There's mifchiefe in this man; canst thou lay further?

Sur. I can my Liedge.

Kin. Proceed.

Sur. Being at Greenwich,
After your Highneffe had reprou'd the Duke
About Sir William Blumer.

Kin. I remember of such a time, being my sworn fer-
The Duke restein'd him his. But on what hence?

Sur. If (quoth he) I for this had beene committed,
As to the Tower, I thought; I would have plaid
The Part my Father meant to act vpon
Th'Surpurer Richard, who being at Salisbury,
Made fuit to come in's presence; which if granted,
(As he made fumblance of his duty) would
Have put his knife into him.

Kin. A Gyant Traytor.

Card. Now Madam, may his Highnes lieue in freedome,
And this man out of Prifon.

Queen. God mend all.

Kin. Ther's somthing more would out of thee; what

Sur. After the Duke his Father, with the knife
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on's braeft, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible Oath, whose tenor
Was, were he euill vs'd, he would outgoe
His Father, by as much as a performance
Do's an irrefolute purpofe.

Kin. There's his period,
To fheath his knife in vs: he is attach'd,
Call him to prefent tryall; if he may
Finde mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not feek't of vs: By day and night
Hee's Traytor to th' height.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter L. Chamberlaine, and L. Sandys.

L. Ch. Is't poiffible the spies of France should iugle
Men into such strange mysteries?

L. San. New cutomes,
Though they be newer fo ridiculous,
(Nay let 'em be vmnaturally yet are follow'd.

L. Ch. As farre as I fee, all the good our English
Hauet got by the late Voyage, is but meere
A fit or two o'th' face, (but they are shrewd ones)
For when they hold 'em, you would scweare direccly.
Their very noxes had beene Councillors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keepe State fo.

L. San. They have all new legs,
And lame ones; one would take it,
That never fee 'em pace before, the Spanien
A Spring-halt rain'd among 'em.

L. Ch. Death my Lord,
Their cloathes are after such a Pagan cut too's,
That sure th'haue worn e out Ch iftendome:how now?
What newes, Sir Thomas Lewell?

Enter Sir Thomas Lewell.

Lewell. Faith my Lord,
I heare of none but the new Proclamation,
That's clapt vpon the Court Gate.

L. Chas.
L. Cham. What is't for?
Lou. The reformation of our truel'd Gallants,
That fill the Court with quarrels, talke, and Taylors.
L. Cham. I'm glad 'tis there;
Now I would pray our Monfiers
To thinke an English Courtier may be wife,
And never fee the Louare.
Lou. They must either
(For to run the Conditions) leave those reminants
Of Foole and Feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto; as Fights and Fire-workes,
Abusing better men then they can be
Out of a forreigne wifedome, renouncing cleane
The faith they have in Tennis and tall Stockings,
Short blifftred Breeches, and thefe types of Truell;
And vnderstand againe like honest men,
Or pack to their old Playfellows; there, I take it,
They may Cam Praulgie, wee away
The lag end of their lewdnede, and be laugh'd at.
L. San. To bee time to give 'em Phylckee, their disease
Are growne so catching.
L. Cham. What a loffe our Ladies
Will haue of these trim vanities?
Louell. I marry,
There will be wee indeed Lords, the flye whorfans
Haue got a speeding tricke to lay downe Ladies.
A French Song, and a Fiddle, ha's no Fellow.
L. San. The Dieur fiddle 'em,
I am glad they are going,
For sure there's no converting of 'em: now
An honest Country Lord as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plaine song,
And haue an houre of hearing, and byr Lady
Held currant Musick too.
L. Cham. Well fird Lord Sands,
Your Colts tooth is not cast yet?
L. San. No my Lord,
Nor shall not while I have a stumpe.
L. Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?
Lou. To the Cardinals;
Your Lordship is a guest too.
L. Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a Supper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The Beauty of this Kingdom Ile affure you.
Lou. That Churchman
Beares a bounteous minde indeed,
A hand as fruitfull as the Land that feeds vs,
His dewes fall evey where.
L. Cham. No doubt he's Noble;
He had a blacke mouth that fird other of him.
L. San. He may my Lord,
Ha's wherewithall in him;
Sparing would shew a worfe finne,then ill Doctrine,
Men of his way, shoulde be moft liberal,
They are fct heere for examples.
L. Cham. True, they are so;
But few now glue fo great ones;
My Barge flayes;
Your Lordship shall along: Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late elfe, which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guilford
This night to be Comptrollers.
L. San. I am your Lordships.  

Scena Quarta.

Hoboes. A small Table under a State for the Cardinal, a longer Table for the Ghosts. Then Enter Anne Bullen, and divers other Ladies, & Gentlemen, as Ghosts at one Door; at another Door enter Sir Henry Guilford.

S. Hen. Guilf. Ladies,
A generall welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all; This Night he dedicates
To faire content, and you: None heere he hopes
In all this Noble Beuy, has brought with her
One care abroad: hee would haue all as mery:
As first, good Company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter L. Chamberlains L. Sands, and Louell.
O my Lord, y're tardy;
The very thought of this faire Company,
Clapt wings to me.
Cham. You are young Sir Harry Guilford.
San. Sir Thomas Louell, had the Cardinal
But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should finde a running Banket, ere they refited,
I thinke would better pleafe 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of faire ones.
Lou. O that your Lordship were but now Convellor,
To one or two of thefe.
San. I would I were,
They should finde easie pannce.
Lou. Faith how easie?
San. As easie as a downe bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet Ladies will it pleaue you fit; Sir Harry
Place you that fide, Ile take the charge of this;
His Grace is entring. Nay, you muft not freeze,
Two women plac'd together, makes cold weather;
My Lord Sands, you are one will keepe 'em waking:
Pray fit betwixt thesefe Ladies.
San. By my faith,
And thanke your Lordship: by your leve sweet Ladies,
If I chance to talke a little wild, forgive me:
I had it from my Father.
An. Bul. Was he mad Sir?
San. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in loue too;
But he would bite none, lust as I doe now,
He would Kiss you Twenty with a breath.
Cham. Well faid my Lord:
So now y'are fairely fated: Gentleman,
The penanceyes on you; if these faire Ladies
Paffe away frowning.
San. For my little Cure,
Let me alone.

Hoboes. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his State.
Card Y'are welcome my faire Guests; that noble Lady
Or Gentleman that is not freely mery
Is not my Friend. This to confirmre my welcome,
And to you all good health.
San. Your Grace is Noble,
Let me haue such a Bowle may holde my thanks,
And faue me fo much talking.
Card. My Lord Sands,
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

I am beholding to you: cheere your neighbours:
Ladies you are not merry; Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this? 
San. The red wine first must rise.
In their faire cheues my Lord, then wee shall have 'em,
Talke vs to silence.

An. B. You are a merry Gamter.
San. You cannot shew me.
An. B. You are a merry Gamter.
San. I told your Grace, they would talke anon.
Card. What's that?
Cham. Look out there, some of ye.
Card. What warlike voyage,
And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, fear not;
By all the lawes of Warre y'are priviledg'd.

Enter a Seruant.
Cham. How now, what is't?
Seru. A noble troupe of Strangers,
For so they feeme; th'hau'e left their Barge and landed,
And hither make, as great Embassadors
From forraigne Princes.
Card. Good Lord Chamberlaine,
Go, giue 'em welcome; you can speake the French tongue
And praye receu'e 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our preffence, where this heauen of beauty
Shall shine at ftrange upon them. Some attend him.
All, rife, and Tables remou'd.
You haue now a broken Banquet, but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and once more
I showe a welcome on yee; welcome all.

Hoboyes. Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like
Shepheards, vnder'd by the Lord Chamberlaine. They
paie directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully faile
him.
A noble Company: what are their pleasures?
Cham. Because they speake no English, thus they prad
To tell your Grace: That hauing heard by fame
Of this so noble and so faire Assembly,
This night to meet heere they could doe no leffe,
(Out of the great respect they beare to beauty)
But leaue their Flockes, and vnder your faire Conduct
Craue leau'e to view thefe Ladies, and entreat
An houre of Reuels with 'em.
Card. Say, Lord Chamberlaine,
They haue done my poore haufe grace:
For which I pay'em a thousand thankes,
And praye'em take their pleasures.
Chosse Ladies, King and An. Bullen.
King. The faireft hand I euer touch'd: O Beauty,
Till now I never knew theee.
Muficke, Dance.
Card. My Lord.
Cham. Your Grace.
Card. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em by his perfon
More worthy this place then my felfe, to whom
(If I but knew him) with my loue and duty
I would furrender it. Whipter.
Cham. I will my Lord.
Card. What fay they?
Of divers witnesses, which the Duke deir'd  
To him brought viva voce to his face;  
At which appear'd against him, his Surveyor  
Sir Gilbert Pegge his Chancellor, and John Car,  
Confessor to him, with that Diuell Monk,  
Hopkins, that made this mischief.  
2. That was her  
That fed him with his Prophecies.  
1. The fame,  
All these accus'd him strongly, which he faie  
Would haue flung from him; but indeed he couldnot;  
And so his Peeres vpon this evidence,  
Hawe found him guilty of high Trestion. Much  
He spake, and learnedly for life; But all  
Was either pitted in him, or forgotten.  
2. After all this, how did he bear himselfe?  
1. When he was brought agen to th' Bar, to heare  
His Knell rung out, his judgement, he was fir'd  
With furie, Antony, he sweate extremly;  
And fomthing spoke in choller, ill, and haftly:  
But he fell to himselfe againe, and sweetly,  
In all the rest fhw'd a most Noble patience.  
2. I doe not thinke he feares death.  
1. Sure he does not,  
He neuer was fo womanish, the caufe  
He may a little grieue at.  
2. Certainly,  
The Cardinal is the end of this.  
1. Tis likely,  
By all conieciures: Firft Kildares Attendere;  
Then Deputy of Ireland, who remou'd  
Earle Surry, was fent thither, and in haft too,  
Leaft he should helpe his Father.  
2. That tricke of State  
Was a deepe envious one,  
1. At his returne,  
No doubt he will requite it; this is noted  
(And generally) who euer the King favours,  
The Cardnall infantly will finde imployement,  
And farre enough from Court too.  
2. All the Commons  
Hate him perniciously, and o' my Conience  
With him ten faddom deepe: This Duke as much  
They loue and doate on: call him bounteous Buckingham,  
The Mirror of all courtefe.  

Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment; Tipstaffs before  
him, the Axe with the edge towards him, Halberds on each  
side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Louell, Sir Nicholas  
Vaux, Sir Walter Sands, and common people, &c.

1. Stay there Sir,  
And see the noble ruin'd man you speake of.  
2. Let's stand close and behold him.  
Buck. All good people,  
You that thus farre have come to pitty me;  
Hear what I faie, and then goe home and lose me.  
I haue this day recei'd a Traitors judgement,  
And by that name muft dye; yet Haueen bear witness,  
And if I haue a Conscience, lett it speake me,  
Euen as the Axe falls, if I be not faithfull.  
The Law I bear no mallice for my death,  
T'has done uppon the premis, but Fate:  
But thofe that fought it, I could with more Christians:  
(For what they will) I heartily forgive 'em;  
Yet let 'em looke they glory not in mischief;  
Nor build their euiis on the graces of great men;  
For then, my guiltiefe blood muft cry against'em.  
For further life in this world I ne' re hope,  
Nor will I sue, although the King haue mercies  
More then I dare make faults.  
you few that lou'd me,  
And dare be bold to wepe for Buckingham,  
His Noble Friends and Fellowes; whom to leave  
Is only bitter to him, only dying:  
Goe with me like good Angels to my end,  
And as the long duriose of Steele falls on me,  
Make of your Prayers one sweet Sacrifice,  
And lift my Soule to Heauen.  
Lead on a Gods name.  
Louell. I doe befeech your Grace, for charity  
If euery any malice in your heart  
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.  
Buck. Sir Thomas Louell, I as free forgive you  
As I would be forgiven; I forgive all.  
There cannot be tho'ee numberlesse offences  
Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with:  
No blacke Envy shall make my Graue.  
Commend mee to his Grace:  
And if he speake of Buckingham; pray tell him,  
You met him halfe in Heauen: my vows and prayers  
Yet are the Kings; and till my Soule forfake,  
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live  
Longer then I have time to tell his yeares;  
Euer belou'd and louing, may his Rule be;  
And when old Time shall lead him to his end,  
Goodneffe and he, fill vp one Monument.  
Lou. To th' water side I must conduct your Grace;  
Then gue my Charge vp to Sir Nicholas Vaux,  
Who undertakes you to your end.  
Vaux. Prepare there,  
The Duke is comming: See the Barge be ready;  
And fit it with such furniture as suites  
The Greatnesse of his Perfom.  
Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,  
Let it alone; my State now will but mocke me.  
When I came hither, I was Lord High Conitable,  
And Duke of Buckingham: now, poore Edward Bobun;  
Yet I am richer then my bafe Accusers,  
That neuer knew what Truth meant: I now feale it;  
And with that bloud will make 'em one day groane for't.  
My noble Father Henry of Buckingham,  
Who firft rais'd head against Vforping Richard,  
Flying for succour to his Servant Banister,  
Being diftreffed; was by that wretch betrayd,  
And without Tryall, fell; Gods peace be with him.  
Henry the Seauneth succeeding, truly pittyng  
My Fathers loffe; like a moft Royall Prince  
Refor'd me to my Honours: and out of ruins  
Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Sonne,  
Henry the Eight, Life, Honour, Name and all  
That made me happy; at one stroke he's taken  
For euer from the World. I had my Tryall,  
And muft needs faie a Noble one; which makes me  
A little happier then my wretched Father:  
Yet thus faire we are beguine: for both  
Fell by our Servants, by thofe Men we lou'd moft:  
A moft vnnatural and faithlesse Service.  
Heauen ha's an end in all: yet, you that heare me,  
This from a dying man receiue as certaine:  
Where you are liberall of your loues and Counsels,  
Be faire you be not looie; for those you make friends,  
And
And give your hearts to; when they once perceiue
The leaf rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found againe
But where they meane to minke ye: all good people
Pray for me, I must now forlike ye; the last houre
Of my long weary life is come vpon me:
Farewell, and when you would say somthing that is fas,
Speak how I fall,
I have done; and God forgive me.

*Exeunt Duke and Traines.*

1. O, this is full of pitty; Sir, it calves
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the Authors.
2. If the Duke be guilteffe,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can giue you inckling
Of an enfuing euill, if it fall,
Greater then this.
1. Good Angels keepe it from vs:
What may it be? you doe not doubt my faith Sir?
2. This Secret is so weighty, twill require
A strong faith to conceale it.
1. Let me haue it:
I doe not talke much.
2. I am confident;
You shall Sir: Did you not of late dies heare
A buzzing of a Separation
Between the King and Katherine?
1. Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight.
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durft differie it.
2. But that slander Sir,
Is found a truth now: for it growses agen
Frehser then e're it was; and held for certaine
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinall,
Or some about him neere, have out of malice
To the good Queene, posseft him with a scruple
That will vndoe her: To confirme this too,
Cardinall Campeius is arriu'd, and lately,
As all thinke for this busines.
1. This the Cardinall;
And meerely to revenge him on the Emperour,
For not bethowen on him at his asking,
The Archbishoppricke of Toledo, this is purpos'd.
2. I thinke Sir,
You have hit the marke; but is't not cruell,
That she should feel the smart of this: the Cardinall
Will haue his will, and she must fall.
1. 'Tis woffull.
Wee are too open here to argue this:
Let's thinke in priuate more.

*Exeunt.*

**Scena Secunda.**

**Enter Lord Chamberlaine, reading this Letter.**

My Lord, the Horrost your Lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well coven, riddien, and furnibij'd. They were young and bandijme, and of the best breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinall's, by Commision, and maine power toke 'em from me, with this reason: his maifter would bee feru'd be-

fore a Subiect, if not before the King, which stop'd our mouths Sir.
I fear he will inteude; well, let him haue them; hee
will haue all I thinke.

*Enter to the Lord Chamberlaine, the Dukes of Nor-
folk and Suffolk.*

Nor. Well met my Lord Chamberlaine.
Cham. Good day to both your Graces.
Suff. How is the King imploidy?
Cham. I left him priuate,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.
Nor. What's the caufe?
Cham. It feemes the Marriage with his Brothe Wife
Ha's crete too neere his Conscience.
Suff. No, his Conscience
Ha's crete too neere another Ladie.
Nor. This is the Cardinals doing: The King-Cardinall,
That blindes Priest, like the eldest Sonne of Fortune,
Turns what he lift. The King will know him one day.
Suff. Pray God he doe,
Hee'l never know himselfe else.
Nor. How hollily he works in all his businesse,
And with what zeal? For now he has crackt the League
Between vs & the Emperor (the Queens great Nephew)
He diues into the Kings Soule, and there fatteres
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the Conscience,
Fears, and delpaires, and all thefe for his Marriage.
And out of all thefe, to refotre the King,
He counfels a Divorce, a loft of her
That like a fewell, ha's hung twenty yeares
About his necke, yet neuer loft her lucre.
Of her that loues him with that excellency,
That Angels loue good men with: Euen of her,
That when the greates ftoake of Fortune falls
Will bleffe the King: and is not this course pious?
Cham. Heauen keep me from such counefel: its moft true
These newes are euery where, euery tongue speaks 'em,
And euery true heart weepes for't. All that da re
Looke into these affaires, fee this maie end,
The French Kings Sifer. Heauen will one day open
The Kings eyes, that fo long haué slept vpon
This bold bad man.
Suff. And free vs from his flauery.
Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliuerance;
Or this imperious man will worke vs all
From Princes into Pages: all mens honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he pleafe.
Suff. For me, my Lords,
I love him not, nor fear him, there's my Creede:
As I am made without him, so Ie fland,
If the King pleafe: his Curfes and his blessings
Touch me alike: th'are breath I not beleue in.
I knew him, and I know him: so I leave him
To him that made him proud; the Pope.
Nor. Let's in:
And with some other busines, put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much vpon him:
My Lord, youle beare vs company?
Cham. Excuse me,
The King ha's sent me other where: Befides
You'll finde a moit vnfit time to disturbe him:
Health to your Lordships.

Nor.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Norfolk. Thankes my good Lord Chamberlaine.
Exit Lord Chamberlaine, and the King draws the Curtaine and fits reading penfully.

Suff. How sad he looks; sure he is much afflicted.
Kin. Who's there? Ha?
Norf. Pray God he be not angry. (fleeus)
Kin. Who's there I say? How dare you thruff your Into my private Meditations?
Who am I? Ha?
Norf. A gracious King, that pardons all offences Malice ne're meant: Our breach of Duty this way, Is businesse of Eftate; in which, we come To know your Royall pleafure.
Kin. Ye are too bold; Go too; Ile make ye know your times of businesse: Is this an howre for temporell affairs? Ha?

Enter Wolsey and Campeius with a Commission.
Thou art a cure fit for a King; you welcome Moft learned Reverend Sir, into our Kingdome, Vfe vs, and in: My good Lord, haue great care, I be not found a Talker.
Wol. Sir, you cannot;
I would your Grace would vfe vs but an houre Of private conference.
Kin. We are bufie, goe.
Norf. This Prieff ha's no pride in him?
Suff. Not to speake of: I would not be fo fickle though for his place:
But this can not continue.
Norf. If it doe, Ile venture one; haue at him.
Suff. I another

Exeunt Norfolk and Suffelke.
Wol. Your Grace ha's giuen a President of wifedome About all Princes, in committig freely Your scrupe to the voyeur of Christendome:
Who can be angry now? What Enuy reach you? The Spaniard tide by blood and fauer to her, Muft now confesse, if they have any goodneffe,
The Tryall, luft and Noble. All the Clerkes, (I meane the learned ones in Christian Kingdome) Haue their free voyces. Rome (the Nurfe of Judgement) Invited by your Noble felfe, hath fent One generall Tongue vnto va. This good man, This luft and learned Prieff, Cardinal Campeius,
Whom once more, I prefent vnto your Highneffe.
Kin. And once more in mine armes I bid him welcome, And thanke the holy Conclave for their loues, They haue fent me fuch a Man, I would haue wifh'd for.
Cam. Your Grace muft needs deferue all Strangers loues, You are fo Noble: To your Highneffe hand I tender my Comffion; by whole vertue, The Court of Rome commanding. You my Lord Cardinal of Yorkes are ioyn'd with me their Seruant, In the unpartiall judging of this Buifedee.
(ted
Kin. Two equall men: The Queene shall be acall- Forwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?
Wol. I know your Malefy, ha's alwayes lou'd her So deare in heart, not to deny her that A Woman of leeffe Place might aike by Law; Schollers allow'd freely to argue for her.
Kin. I, and the beft the fhall haue; and my favoure To him that does beft, God forbid els: Cardinal, Prethee call Gardiner to me, my new Secretary. Ifind him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.
Wol. Give me your hand: much joy & fauoure to you;
You are the Kings now.
Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whose hand ha's rais'd me. Kin. Come bither Gardiner.
Walkes and wifhers.
Camp. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Place In this mans place before him?
Wol. Yes, he was.
Camp. Was he not held a learned man?
Wol. Yes furely.
Camp. Beleeue me, there's an ill opinion spread then, Even of your felle Lord Cardinal.
Wol. How of me?
Camp. They will not flick to say, you enuide him; And fearing he would rife (he was fo vertuous) Kept him a forraigne man still, which fo greeu'd him, That he ran mad, and dice.
Wol. Heau'n peace be with him:
That's Christian care enough: for lying Mururers, There's places of rebuke. He was a Fool; For he would needs be vertuous. That good Fellow, If I command him follows my appointment, I will haue none fo neere els. Learne this Brother, We liue not to be grip'd by meaner perfonas.
Kin. Delier this with modeffy to th' Queene.

Exit Gardiner.
The moft conuenient place, that I can thinke of For fuch receipt of Learning, is Black-Fryers:
There ye fhall meete about this weightie busines,
My Wolfsy, fee it furnish'd, O my Lord,
Would it not grieue an able man to leaue So sweet a Bedfellow? But Conffience, Conffience; O'tis a tender place, and I muft leaue her. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

An. Not for that neither, here's the pang that pinches.
His Highneffe, having liu'd fo long with her, and the So good a Lady, that no Tongue could ever Pronounce diffonour of her; by my life,
She never knew harme-doing: Oh, now after So many courfes of the Sun enthroaned, Still growing in a Malefie and pompe, the which To leaue, a thoufand fold more bitter, then 'Tis fweet at firft t'acquire. After this Proceffe. To give her the auant, it is a pitty
Would muoe a Monfter.
Old La. Hearts of moft hard temper Melt and lament for her.
An. Oh Gods will, much better She ne're had knowne pompe; though't be temporall, Yet if that quarrell. Fortune, do diuorce It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferrance, panging As foule and bodies feuering.
Old L. Alas poore Lady,
She's a stranger now againe.
An. So much the more Muft pitty drop vpon her; verily I fware,tis better to be lowly borne,
And range with humble liers in Content,
Then to be perk’d vp in a gliftring grieue,
And weare a golden frowne.

Old L. Our content
Is our best hating.

Anne. By my troth, and Maidenhead,
I would not be a Queene.

Old L. Behew me, I wold,
And venture Maidenhead for’t; and so would you
For all this fpice of your Hipocrify:
You that have so faire parts of Woman on you,
Haue (too) a Womans heart, which euer yet
Affected Eminence, Wealth, Soueraignty;
Which, to fay troth, are Bleffings; and which guilts
(Sauing your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft Chiuerrl Confidenfe, would receive,
If you might pleafe to ftretch it.

Anne. Nay; good troth.

Old L. Yes troth; & troth; you would not be a Queene?
Anne. No, not for all the riches vnder Heauen.

Old L. This is strange; a threepence bow’d would hire me
Old as I am, to Queene it: but I pray you,
What thinke you of a Dutchefle? Haue you limbs
To bear that load of Title?

An. No in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made; plucke off a little,
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more then blushing comes to: If your backe
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, tis too weake
Euer to get a Boy.

An. How you doe talke;
I sweare againe, I would not be a Queene,
For all the world:

Old L. In faith, for little England
You’d venture an embalming: I my selfe
Would for Carnaruanbire, although there long’d
No more to th’ Crowne but that: Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

Cham. Lady;
I shall not fade t’approfe the faire conceit
The King hath of you. I haue perus’d her well,
Beauty and Honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the King: and who knowes yet
But from this Lady, may proceed a feme,
To lighten all this Ille. I’le to the King,
And say I spoke with you.

An. My honour’d Lord.

Old L. Why this it is: See, fee,
I haue bene beging fixteen yeares in Court
(Am yet a Courtier beggerly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early, and too late
For any fuit of pounds: and you, (oh fate)
A very fresh Fife heere; yfe, yfe, yfe upon
This compell’d fortune: haue your mouth fild vp,
Before you open it.

An. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tarles it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no:
There was a Lady once (ts an old Story)
That would not be a Queene, that would fhe not
For all the mud in Egypt, haue you heard it?

An. Come you are pefant.

Old L. With your Theame, I could
O’re-mount the Larke: The Marchionefle of Pembroke?
A thousand pounds a yeare, for pure repect?
No other obligation? by my Life,
That promifes mo thounfands: Honours traine
Is longer then his fore-skirt; by this time
I know your backe will beare a Dutchefle. Say,
Are you not stronger then you were?

An. Good Lady,
Make your felfe mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on’t. Would I had no being
If this fulate my blood a loit; it faints me
To thinke what followes.
The Queene is confortable, and wee forgetfull
In our long abfence: pray doe not delier,
What heere y’haue heard to her.

Old L. What doe you thinke me—— Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets.

Enter two Vergeres, with short fluier wands; next them two
Scribes in the habite of Doctors; after them, the Bishop
of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincolne, Ely,
Rochefter, and S. Alfpb: Next them, with some small
difance, follows a Gentleman bearing the Purfe, with the
great Seale, and a Cardinals Hat: Then two Priests, bear-
ing each a Siler Crofe; Then a Gentleman Vffer bare-
beaded, accompanied with a Sergeant at Armes, bearing a
Siler Mace: Then two Gentlemen bearing two great
Siler Pillars: After them, ride by ride, the two Cardinals,
two Noblemen, with the Sword and Mace. The King
takes place under the Cloth of State. The two Cardinals fit
under him as Judges. The Queene takes place some dif-
ance from the King. The Bishops place themfelves on
each fide the Court in manner of a Confiftory: Below them
the Scribes. The Lords fit next the Bishops: The reft of the
Attendants ftand in convenient order about the Stage.

Card.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.
Camp. The Queene is obstinate,
Stubborne to Jusitce, apt to accuse it, and
Difdainfull to be tride by't; tis not well.
Shee's going away.
Kin. Call her again.
Crier. Katherine, Q. of England, come into the Court.
Gen. Of. Madam, you are calde backe.
Que. What need you note it? pray you keep your way,
When you are calde returne. Now the Lord helpe,
They vexe me past my patience, pray you passe on;
I will not tarry no, nor ever more
Upon this buffel my appearance make,
In any of their Courts.
Exit Queene, and her Attendants.
Kin. Go thy wayes Kate,
That man i' th' world, who shall report he ha's
A better Wife,let him in naught be trusted,
For speaking falle in that ; thou art alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentlenesse,
Thy meeknesse Saint-like, Wife-like Government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Souveraigne and Piouls els, cou'd speake thee out)
The Queene of earthly Queenes: Shee's Noble borne;
And like her true Nobility, the ha's
Carried her felfe towards me.
Wol. Most gracious Sir,
In humbleftr manner I require your Highnes,
That it shall pleafe you to declare in hearing
Of all these cares(for where I am rob'd and bound,)
There must I be vnloos'd, although not there
At once,and fully fatsisfe) whether eu'er I
Did broach this buſines to your Highnes,or
Laid any feruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on'tor eu'er
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A Royall Lady, speake one, the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her prefent State,
Or touch of her good Perfom?
Kin. My Lord Cardinal,
I doo excufe you; yea, upon mine Honour,
I free you from't: You are not to be taught
That you have manyenemies, that know not
Why they are so; but like to Village Curres,
Barke when their fellows doe. By fome of these
The Queene is put in anger; y'are excu'd:
But will you be more ifufli'd? You euer
Have with'd the fleeping of this buſines, neuer defir'd
It to be flird; but ofte have hindred,oft
The paffages made toward it; on my Honour,
I speake my good Lord Cardinall, to this point;
And thus fare clear him.
Now, what moud me too't,
I will be bold with time and your attention: (too't)
Then marke th'inducement. Thus it came: Siege heede
My Confiance first recei'd a tendernes,
Scruple, and pricke, on certaine Speeches vtt'red
By th'Bishop of Bayon, then French Embaffador,
Who had beene hither fent on the debating
And Marriage twixt the Duke of Orleance, and
Our Daughter Mary: I th'Progreffe of this buſines,
Ere a determinate revolution, hee
(I meane the Bishop) did require a reſpite,
Wherein he might the King his Lord aduertife,
Whether our Daughter ware legittimate,
Respecting this our Marriage with the Dowager,
Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This reſpite ſhooke

The boſome of my Confiance, enter'd me;
Yea, with a fittinge power, and made to tremble
The region of my Breast, which for'd fuch way,
That many maz'd considerings, did thron
And preft in with this Caution. First,me thought
I flond not in the flmite of Heauen, who had
Commanded Nature, that my Ladies wombe
If it conceiu'd a male-child by me, shoul'd
Doe no more Offices of life too't: then
The Graue does to th' dead: For her Male Ifue,
Or di'd where they were made, or shortly after
This world had ayr'd them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgement on me, that my Kingdome
(Well worthy the beft Heyre o'th World) should not
Be gladdned in't by me. Then followes,that
I weigh'd the danger which my Realmes flond in
By this my Ifues faile, and that gauze to me
Many a groaning throw : thus hullying in
The wild Sea of my Confiance, I did fieere
Toward this remedy, whereupon we
Now prefent heere together:that's to fay,
I meant to rectifie my Confiance, which
I then did feele full fикke, and yet not well,
By all the Reuerend Fathers of the Land,
And Doctors learnd. First I began in priuate,
With you my Lord of LincoJne; you remember
How vnder my oppreffion I did reece
When I firft moud you.

B. Lin. Very well my Lidge.
Kin. I haue fpoke long, be pleas'd your fry to fay
How farre you fatsifde me.

Lin. So pleafe your Highnes,
The question did at firft fo flagger me,
Bearing a State of mighty moment in't,
And confequence of dread, that I committed
The darlingt Counſil which I had to doubt,
And did entreate your Highnes to this courte,
Which you are running heere.

Kin. I then moud you,
My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leaue
To make this prefent Summons vnfolicite.
I left no Reuerend Perfon in this Court;
But by particular conflent proceeded
Vnder your hands and Seales; therefore goe on,
For no dislike i' th' world againft the perfon
Of the good Queene; but the sharpe thorny points
Of my alleag'd reaſons, drivet this forward:
Prove but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life
And Kingly Dignity, we are contented
To weare our mortall State to come, with her,
(Katherine our Queene) befor the primeſt Creature
That's Parragon'd o'th World

Camp. So pleafe your Highnes,
The Queene being abfent, 'tis a needfull fitneſſe,
That we adiourne this Court till further day;
Meane while, muft be an earnest motion
Made to the Queene to call backe her Appeale
She intends vnto his Holineffe.

Kin. I may perceiue
These Cardinalls trie with me: I abhorre
This dilatory loth, and trickes of Ribaule,
My learn'd and wellbelou'd Servant Cramer,
Preethie returnes, with thy approch: I know,
My comfort comes along: breake vp the Court;
I fay, fet on.

Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.

v 3
Enter Queen and her Women as at works.

Queen. Take thy Lute wench, 
My Soule growes sad with troubles, 
Sing, and disperse' em if thou canst: leave working:

Song.

O
PABO with his Lute made Trees, 
And the Mountaines tops that freeze, 
Bow them-selves when he did sing. 
To his Musick, Plants and Flowers 
Euer sprung; as Sunne and Showers, 
There bad made a laffing Spring. 
Euer thing that heard him play, 
Euen the Billowes of the Sea, 
Hung their heads, & then lay by. 
In sweet Musick is such Art, 
Killing care, & pride of hearts, 
Fall asleeps, or hearing dye. 

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gent. And't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals 
Wait in the presence.

Queen. Would they speake with me?

Gent. They wil'd me say fo Madam.

Queen. Pray their Graces 
To come neere: what can be their busines 
With me, a poore weake woman, faine from favour? 
I doe not like their comming; now I thinke on't, 
They should bee good men, their affaires as righteous: 
But all Hoods, make not Monkes.

Enter the two Cardinals, Wolsey & Campeian.

Wol. Peace to your Highnesse.

Queen. Your Graces find me heere part of a Houfwife, 
(I would be all) against the worst may happen: 
What are your pleasures with me, reuerent Lords? 
Wol. May it please you Noble Madam, to withdraw 
Into your private Chamber; we shall give you 
The full caufe of our comming.

Queen. Speake it heere. 
There's nothing I have done yet o' my Conscience 
Deferves a Corner: would all other Women 
Could speake this with as free a Soule as I doe. 
My Lords, I care not (fo much I am happy 
Aboue a number) if my actions 
Were tri'de by eu'ry tongue, eu'ry eye saw'em, 
Enuy and base opinion fet against'em, 
I know my life so even. If your busines 
Seeke me out, and that way I am Wife in; 
Out with it boldly: Truth loues open dealing.

Card. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas Regina serenissima.

Queen. O good my Lord, no Latin; 
I am not such a Truant fince my comming, 
As not to know the Language I haue liu'd in: (out: 
A strange Tongue makes my caufe more strange, suppit) 
Pray speake in English; heere are fome will thanke you, 
If you speake the truth, for their poore Miftris fake; 
Believe me the heavens bad much wrong, Lord Cardinal, 
The willing'ft finne I ever yet committ'd, 
May be abolu'd in English.

Card. Noble Lady,

I am sorry my integrity shoul breed, 
(And feruice to his Maiestie and you) 
So depe fuipition, where all faith was meant; 
We come not by the way of Accufation, 
To taint that honour euery good Tongue bleffe; 
Nor to betray you any way to forrow; 
You have too much good Lady: But to know 
How you spend your mind in the weighty difference 
Betwene the King and you, and to deliver 
(like free and honest men) our luft opinions, 
And comforts to our caufe.

Camp. Most honor'd Madam, 
My Lord of Yorke, out of his Noble nature, 
Zeale and obedience he still bore your Grace, 
Forgetting (like a good man) your late Censur 
Both of his truth and him (which was too farre) 
Offers, as I doe, in a ligne of peace, 
His Service, and his Counfell.

Queen. To betray me. 
My Lords, I thanke you both for your good wills, 
Ye speake like honest men, (pray God ye proue fo) 
But how to make ye fo'dainly, I Answere. 
In such a poyn't of weight, to neere mine Honour, 
(More neere my Life I feare) with my weake wit; 
And to fuch men of grauity and learning; 
In truth I know not. I was fet at worke, 
Among my Mids, full little (God knowes) looking 
Either for fuch men, or fuch busynesse; 
For her fake that I haue bee, for I feele 
The laft fit of my Greatnesse; good your Graces 
Let me haue time and Counsell for my Caufe: 
Alas, I am a Woman frendleffe, hopeleffe. 
Wol. Madam, 
You wrong the Kings loue with these feares, 
Your hopes and friend are infinite.

Queen. In England, 
But little for my profit can you thinke Lords, 
That any English man dare give me Counsell? 
Or be a knowe friends' gainst his Highnes pleasurer, 
(Though he be growne fo deperate to be honest) 
And liue a Subiect? Nay forfooth, my Friends, 
They that muft weigh out my affillctions, 
They that my truft muft grow to, liue not heere, 
They are (as all my other comforts) far hence 
In mine owne Countrey Lords.

Camp. I would your Grace 
Would leave your griefes, and take my Counsell.

Queen. How Sir? 
Camp. Put your maine caufe into the Kings protection, 
Hee's louing and moft gracious. 'Twill be much, 
Both for your Honour better, and your Caufe: 
For if the tryall of the Law o'retake ye, 
You'll part away disgrac'd. 
Wol. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruine: 
Is this your Christian Counsell? Out vpon ye. 
Heauen is above all yet; there fits a Judge. 
That no King can corrupt.

Camp. Your rage mistakes vs.

Queen. The more shame for ye, holy men I thought ye, 
Vpon my Soule two reuerend Cardinal Vertues: 
But Cardinal Sins, and hollow hearts I feare ye: 
Mend 'em for shame my Lords: Is this your comfort? 
The Cordiall that ye bring a wretched Lady? 
A woman loft among ye, laught at, scorn'd? 
I will not wish ye halfe my miseries,
I have more Charity. But say I warn'd ye;  
Take heed, for heauens fake take heed, leat at once  
The burthen of my forrowes, fall upon ye.  

Car. Madam, this is a meer distraction,  
You turn the good we offer, into enuy,  

|Quee. Ye turne me into nothing. Woe vpon ye,  
And all such false Profeffors. Would you have me  
(If you have any Luffice, any Pitty,  
If ye be any thing but Churchmens habits)  
Put my fccse caufe into his hands, that hates me?  
Alas, he's banish'd me his Bed already,  
His Loue, too long ago. I am old my Lords,  
And all the Fellowship I hold now with him  
is onely my Obedience. What can happen  
To me, about this wretchedneffe? All your Studies  
Make me a Curfe, like this.  

Camp. Your feas are worfe.  

Qu. Have I liu'd thus long (let me speake my selfe,  
Since Vertue findes no friends) a Wife, a true one?  
A Woman (I dare fay without Vainglory)  
Neuer yet branded with Sufpicion;  
Haue I, with all my full Affections  
Still met the King ? Lou'd him next Heau'n?Obey'd him?  
Bin (out of fondneffe) superflitious to him?  
Almoft forgot my Prayres to content him?  
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well Lords.  
Bring me a constant woman to her Husband,  
One that ne're dream'd a Joy, beyond his pleafure;  
And to that Woman (when she has done moft)  
Yet will I add an Honor; a great Patience,  

Car. Madam, you wander from the good  
We ayme at.  

Qu. My Lord,  
I dare not make my selfe fo guiltie,  
To give vp willingly that Noble Title  
Your Mafter wed me to: nothing but death  
Shall e're diuorce my Dignities.  

Car. Pray heare me.  

Qu. Would I had neuer trod this English Earth,  
Or felt the Flatteries that grow vpon it:  
Ye have Angels Faces; but Heauen knowes your hearts.  
What will become of me now, wretched Lady?  
I am the most vnhappy Woman living.  
Alas (poore Wenches) where are now your Fortunes?  
Shipwrack'd vpon a Kingdome, where no Pitty,  
No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred wepe for me?  
Almoft no Graue allow'd me? Like the Lilly  
That once was Miftis of the Field, and flourifh'd,  
Ie hang my head, and perfich.  

Car. If your Grace  
Could but be brought to know,our Ends are honest,  
You'd feel more comfort. Why shold we(good Lady)  
Vpon what cause wrong you? Alas, our Places,  
The way of our Profeflion is against it;  
We are to Cure fuch forrowes, not to fowe'em.  
For Goodneffe fake, confider what you do,  
How you may hurt your felfe; I, vterly  
Grow from the Kings Acquaintance, by this Carriage.  
The hearts of Princes kiffe Obedience,  
So much they loue it. But to stubborn Spirits,  
They fwell and grow, as terrible as torrines.  
I know you have a Gentle, Noble temper,  
A Soule as euen as a Calme; Pray thinke vs,  
Those we profefle,Peace-makers, Friends, and Seruants.  

Camp. Madam,you'll finde it fo:  
You wrong your Vertues  

With these weake Womens fcares. A Noble Spirit  
As yours was, put into you, euer cafts  
Such doubts as false Coine from it. The King loues you,  
Beware you loose it not: For vs(if you pleafe  
To truft vs in your bufineffe)we are ready  
To vfe our vtnoff Studies, in your seruice.  

Qu. Do what ye will, my Lords:  
And pray forgive me;  
If I haue vs'd my felfe vnmannishly,  
You know I am a Woman, lacking wit  
To make a feemingly anfwer to fuch perfon.  
Pray do my fervice to his Maielie,  
He ha's my heart yet, and haue my Prayers  
While I haue my life. Come reuereend Fathers,  
Bear your Counceals on me. She now begges  
That little thought when the fct footing heere,  
She should haue bought her Dignities fo deere.  

Scena Secunda.  

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, Lord Surry,  
and Lord Chamberlaine.  

Norf. If you will now vnite in your Complaints,  
And force them with a Constancy, the Cardinal  
Cannot fland vnder them. If you omit  
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,  
But that you shall fufaine moe new disgraces,  
With thefe you beare alreadie.  

Sur. I am joyfull  
To meete the leaft occasion, that may give me  
Remembrance of my Father-in-Law, the Duke,  
To be reueng'd on him.  

Suf. Which of the Peeres  
Haue vncontemn'd gone by him, or at leaft  
Strangely negleget? When did he regard  
The flame of Noblenesse in any perfon  
Out of hismelfe?  

Cham. My Lords, you speake your pleasures:  
What he deferves of you and me, I know:  
What we can do to him (though now the time  
Gives way to us) I much feare. If you cannot  
Barre his accelle to'th King, neuer attempt  
Any thing on him: for he hath a Witchcraft  
Ouer the King in's Tongue.  

Nor. O feare him not,  
His fpell in that is out: the King hath found  
Matter against him, that for euer marres  
The Hony of his Language. No, he's fetted  
(Not to come off) in his difpleasure.  

Sur. Sir,  
I should be glad to heare fuch Newes as this  
Once euer hour.  

Nor. Beleeue it, this is true.  
In the Divine, his contrarie proceedings  
Are all vnfolded ; wherein he appears,  
As I would with mine Enemy.  

Sur. How came  
His praefifts to light?  

Suf. Most strangely.  

Sur. O how? how?  

Suf. The Cardinals Letters to the Pope miscarried,  

And
And came to th'eye o'th'King, wherein was read
How that the Cardinall did intreat his Holineffe
To stay the Judgetmeant o'th'Diurce ; for if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceiue
My King is tangel'd in affection, to
A Creature of the Queenes, Lady Anne Bullen,
Sur. He's the King this?
Suf. Believe it.
Sur. Will this worke?
Cham. The King in this perceiues him, how he coasts
And hedges his owne way. But in this point,
All his trickes foundere, and he brings his Phyfecke
After his Patients death; the King already
Hath married the faire Lady.
Sur. Would he had.
Suf. May you be happy in your with my Lord,
For I professe you have it.
Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the Conjunction.
Suf. My Amen too'.
Nor. All mens.
Suf. There's order given for her Coronation :
Marry this is yet but yong, and may be left
To some cares unreckoned. But my Lords
She is a gallant Creature, and compleate
In minde and feature. I persuade me, from her
Will fall some bleffing to this Land, which shall
In it be memor'd.
Sur. But will the King
Digget this Letter of the Cardinals?
The Lord forbid.
Nor. Marry Amen.
Suf. No, no :
There be more Wafses that buzz about his Nofe,
Will make this fling the sooner. Cardinall Campeius,
Is flone away to Rome, hath 'tane no leave,
Ha's left the caufe o'th'King vnhandled, and
Is posted as the Agent of our Cardinall,
To second all his plot. I do affure you,
The King cry'de Ha, at this.
Cham. Now God incence him,
And let him cry Ha, lowder.
Nor. But my Lord
When returns Cranmer?
Suf. He is return'd in his Opinions, which
Have satisfied the King for his Diuorce,
Together with all famous Colledges
Almost in Chriftendome : shortly (I beleuee)
His second Marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her Coronation. Katherine no more
Shall be call'd Queene, but Princeffe Dowager,
And Widdow to Prince Arthur
Nor. This fame Cranmer's
A worthy Fellow, and hath tane much paine
In the Kings butineffe.
Suf. He ha's, and we shall see him
For it, an Arch-byhop.
Nor. So I heare.
Suf. 'Tis so.
Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.
The Cardinall.
Nor. Obfcrue, obfcrue, heer's moody.
Car. The Packett Cromwell,
Gau't you the King?
Crom. To his owne hand, in's Bed-chamber.
Car. Looks he o' th'inside of the Paper?
Crom. Prefently
He did vnfeale them, and the firft he view'd,
He did it with a Serious minde : a heede
Was in his countenance. You he bad
Attend him heere this Morning.
Car. Is he ready to come abroad?
Crom. I thinke by this he is.
Car. Leave me a while.
Exit Cromwell.
It shall be to the Dutches of Alanfon,
The French Kings Sister; He shall marry her.
Anne Bullen? No : I le no Anne Bullen for him,
There's more in't then faire Viage. Bullen?
No, we'll no Bullen : Speedily I with
To heare from Rome. The Marchionesse of Penroke?
Nor. He's discontented.
Suf. May be he heares the King
Does whet his Anger to him.
Sur. Sharpe enough,
Lord for thy Luffice.
Car. The late Queenes Gentlewoman?
A Knights Daughter
To be her Miftris Miftria? The Queenes, Queene?
This Candle burns not cleere, 'tis I must snuffe it,
Then out it goes. What though I know her vertuous
And well deferving? yet I know her for
A fpleenie Lutheran, and not wholome to
Our caufe, that the should lye i'th'bofome of
Our hard rul'd King. Againe, there is frung vp
An Heretique, an Arch-one; Cranmer, one
Hath crawl'd into the fauour of the King,
And is his Oracle.
Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Enter King, reading of a Scedule.

Suf. I would twer somthing you wou'd fret the firong,
The Mafter-cord on't heart.
Suf. The King, the King.
King. What ples of wealth hath he accumulated
To his owne portion? And what expence by'th'houre
Seemes to flow from him? How, I'th'name of Thrift
Does he rake this together? Now my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinall?
Nor. My Lord, we haue
Stood heere obferving him. Some strange Commotion
Is in his braine: He bites his lip, and flarts,
Stops on a fomeine, lookes upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his Temple: straight
Springs out into faft gate, then flops againe,
Strikes his breft hard, and anon, he caftes
His eye againft the Moone: in moft strange Poftures
We have seenne him fet himselfe.
King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's minde. This morning,
Papers of State he sent me, to perufe
As I requir'd: and wou't you what I found
There (on my Confiendence put wivningly)
Forfooth an Inventory, thus importing
The feueral parcels of his Plate.his Treafure,
Rich Stuffes and Ornaments of Houfhold, which
I finde at fuch proud Rates, that it out-speakes
Poffiffion of a Subiect.
Nor. It's Heauen's will,
Some Spirit put this paper in the Packet,
To bleffe your eye withall.
King. If we did thinke

His
His Contemplation were above the earth,  
And fixt on Spirituall obiecf, he should still  
Dwell in his Musings, but I am afraid  
His Thinkings are below the Moon, not worth  
His furious considering.

King takes to his Seat, whibers Lowell, who goes to the Cardinal.

Car. Heaven forgive me,  
Euer God blesse your Highness.

King. Good my Lord,  
You are full of Heavenly Ruffles, and bear the Inuencyory  
Of your best Graces, in your minde, the which  
You were now running o're; you have scarce time  
To deale from Spirituall luyure, a brieve span  
To keepe your earthly Audit, sure in that  
I deeme you an ill Husband, and am gald  
To have you therein my Companion.

Car. Sir,  
For Holy Offices I have a time; a time  
To think vpon the part of buifiefe, which  
I beare th' State; and Nature does require  
Her times of prefler, which perfume  
I her fraile fonne, among't my Brethren mortall,  
Must glue my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Car. And euer may your Highness yoke together,  
(As I will lend you caufe,) my doing well,  
With my wellayers.

King. 'Tis well faid agen,  
And 'tis a kinde of good deede to fay well,  
And yet words are no deeds. My Father lou'd you,  
He faid he did, and with his deed did Crowne  
His word vpon you. Since I had my Office,  
I haue kep't you next my Heart, haue not alone  
Implored you where high Profits might come home,  
But par'd my preffent Hausings, to beftow  
My Bounties vpon you.

Car. What should this mean?  
Sur. The Lord increafe this buifiefe.

King. Haue I not made you  
The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me,  
If what I now pronounce, you haue found true:  
And if you may confefte it, fay withall  
If you are bound to vs, or no. What fay you?  
Car. My Soueraine, I confefte your Royall graces  
Shower'd on me daily, haue bene more then could  
My fudied purpofes requisite, which went  
Beyond all mans endeavours. My endeavours,  
Haue euer come too short of my Desires,  
Yet fill'd with my Abilities: Mine owne ends  
Haue beene mine fo, that euermore they pointed  
To'th good of your most Sacred Perfon, and  
The profit of the State. For your great Graces  
Heap'd vpon me (poore Vndeferuer) I  
Can nothing render but Allegiant thankes,  
My Prayres to heaven for you; my Loyalty  
Which euer ha's, and euer shall be growing,  
Till death (that Winter) kill it.

King. Fairely anfwer'd:  
A Loyall, and obedient Subleeft is  
Therin illustrated, the Honor of it  
Does pay the Act of it, as 'tis contrary  
The fowlenesse is the punishment. I preffume,  
That as my hand ha's open'd Bounty to you,  
My heart drop'd Loue, my powre rain'd Honor, more  
On you, then any: So your Hand, and Heart,

Your Braine, and every Function of your power,  
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,  
As 'twer in Loues particular, be more  
To me your Friend, then any.

Car. I do profefte,  
That for your Highneffe good, I euer labour'd  
More then mine owne: that am, haue, and will be  
(Though all the world should cracke their duty to you,  
And throw it from their Soule, though perils did  
Abound, as thicke as thought could make 'em, and  
Appeare in formes more horrid) yet my Duty,  
As doth a Rocke againft the chiding Flood,  
Should the approach of this wilde Riuier breake,  
And fland vnhaoken yours.

King. 'Tis Nobly spoken:
Take notice Lords, he ha's a Loyall breft,  
For you haue feene him open't. Read o're this,  
And after this, and then to Breakfast with  
What appetite you haue.

Exit King, a frowning vpon the Cardinal, the Nobles  
strong after him fmalld, and whispering.

Car. What thought this mane.

What fodeaine Anger's this? How haue I reap'd it?  
He parted Frowning from me, as if Raine  
Leap'd from his Eyes. So looke the chafed Lyon  
Vpon the daring Huntman that has gall'd him:  
Then makes him nothing. I must reade this paper:  
I feare the Story of his Anger. 'Tis fo:  
This paper ha's vndone me: 'Tis'Accempt  
Of all that world of Wealth I haue drawne together  
For mine owne ends, (Indeed to gaine the Popedonne,  
And fee my Friends in Rome,) O Neglignce!  
Fit for a Folee to fall by: What croffe Diiuel  
Made me put this maine Secret in the Packet  
I lent the King? Is there no way to cure this?  
No new deuide to beate this from his Braines?  
I know 'twill firre him strongly; yet I know  
A way, if it take right, in fpite of Fortune  
Will bring me off againe. What is this? To th'Pope?  
The Letter (as I live) with all the Buifiefe  
I wri't too Holineffe. Nay then, farewell:  
I have touch'd the highest point of all my Greatneffe,  
And from that full Meridian of my Glory,  
I haft now to my Setting. I shall fall  
Like a bright exhalation in the Evening,  
And no man fee me more.

Enter to Wolsey, the Duke of Norfolk and Suffolk, the  
Earle of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlaine.

Nor. Heare the Kings pleasure Cardinal,  
Who commands you  
To render vp the Great Seale preffently  
Into our hands, and to Confine your felfe  
To Ather-houfe, my Lord of Winchehsters,  
Till you heare farther from his Highneffe.

Car. Stay:  
Where's your Commission? Lords, words cannot carry  
Authority fo weighty.  
So, Who dare croffe 'em,  
Bearing the Kings will from his mouth expressly?  
Car. Till I finde more then will,or words to do it,  
(I meane your malice) know, Officous Lords,  
I dare, and muft deny it. Now I feele  
Of what course Mettle ye are molde, Enuy,  
How eagerly ye follow my Disgraces

As
As if it fed ye, and how fleake and wanton
Ye appeare in every thing may bring my ruine?
Follow your enious courtes, men of Malice;
You haue Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt
In time will finde their fit Rewards. That Seale
You ask with such a Violence, the King
(Mine, and your Mater) with his owne hand, gave me:
Bad me enjoy it, with the Place, and Honors
During my life; and to confirm his Goodneffe,
Tide it by Letters Patent. Now, who'll take it?
Sur. The King that gauie it.
Car. It must be himselfe then.
Sur. Thou art a proud Traitor, Priest.
Car. Proud Lord, thou lyeft:
Within these fortie houres, Surye durft better
Haue burnt that Tongue, than faie faie.
Sur. Thy Ambition
(Thou Scarlet finne) rob'd this bewailing Land
Of Noble Buckingham, my Father-in-Law,
The heads of all thy Brother-Cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy beft parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policie,
You sent me Letters from Ireland,
Farre from his foccur: from the King, from all
That might have mercie on the fault, thou gau't him:
Whil'st your great Goodneffe, out of holy pitty,
Abfolou'd him with an Axe.
Wol. This, and all else
This talking Lord can lay vpon my credit,
I answ'er, is moft falfe. The Duke by Law
Found his deferts. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His Noble Iurie, and foule Caufe can witnesse.
If I lou'd many words, Lord, I should tell you,
You haue as little Honofle, as Honor,
That in the way of Loyalte, and Truth,
Toward the King, my euer Rollall Mafter,
Dare mate a founder man then Surrie can be,
And all that loue his follies.
Sur. By my Soule,
Your long Coat (Priest) protects you,
Thou shou'dt feel e
My Sword i' th' Life blood of thee elfe. My Lords,
Can ye endure to hear this Arrogance?
And from this Fellow? If we loue thus tamely,
To be thus faded by a pece of Scarlet,
Farewell Nobilitie; let his Grace go forward,
And dare vs with his Cap, like Larkes.
Card. All Goodneffe
Is poynman to thy Stomacke.
Sur. Yes, that goodneffe
Of gleaning all the Lands wealth into one,
Into your owne hands (Card'nall) by Extortion:
The goodneffe of your intercepted Packets
You writ to th' Pope, against the King: your goodneffe
Since you provoike me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolke, as you are truly Noble,
As you repect the common good, the State
Of our delphi'd Nobilitie, our fffues,
(Whom if he lye, will scarce be Gentlemen)
Produce the grand fumme of his finnes, the Articles
Collected from his life. He flarte you
Worfe than the Searing Bell, when the browne Wenches
Lay killing in your Armes, Lord Cardinal.
Car. How much me thinkes, I could defiphe this man,
But that I am bound in Charitie against it.

Nor. Thofe Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hand:
But thus much, they are foule ones.
Wol. So much fairer
And spotlesse, shall mine Innocence arife,
When the King knowes my Truth.
Sur. This cannot faue you:
I thanke my Memorie, I yet remember
Some of thofe Articles, and out they fhall.
Now, if you can blufh, and defiphe Cardinall,
You'll drow a little Honour.
Wol. Speake on Sir,
I dare your worft Obfekions: If I blufh,
It is to fee a Nobleman want manners.
Sur. I had rather want thofe, then my head;
Haue at you.
Fifth, that without the Kings affent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a Legate, by which power
You maim'd the Jurifdiction of all Bishops.
Nor. Then, That in all you writ to Rome, or elfe
To Forraigne Princes, Ego & Rex meus
Was ftill infecrib'd: in which you brought the King
To be your Seruant.
Suf. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of King or Councell, when you went
Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders, the Great Seale.
Sur. Item, You fent a large Commission
To Gregory de Caffade, to conclude
Without the Kings will, or the States allowance,
A League betweene his Highneffe, and Ferrara.
Suf. That out of meere Ambition, you haue caus'd
Your holy-Hat to be famt at the Kings Coine.
Sur. Then, That you haue fent innumerable Subftance,
(By what means got, I leave to your owne confidence)
To furnih Rome, and to prepare the ways
You haue for Dignities, to the meere vndooin
Of all the Kingdome. Many more there are,
Which ftince they are of you, and oifuus,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my Lord,
Preffe not a falling man too farre'tis Vertue:
His faults lye open to the Lawes, let them
(Not you) correct him. My heart weepes to fee him
So little, of his great Selfe.
Suf. Lord Cardinall, the Kings further pleure is,
Because all thofe things you have done of late
By your power Legatius within this Kingdome,
Fall into th' compaffe of a Preumineure;
That therefore fuch a Write be fued againft you,
To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,
Castles, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the Kings protection. This is my Charge.
Nor. And fo we'll leave you to your Meditations
How to liue better. For your stubborne anfwer
About the guing backe the Great Seale to vs,
The King fhall know it, and (no doubt) shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinall.

Exeunt all but Wolsey.

Wol. So farewell, to the little good you bear me.
Farewell? A long farewell to all my Greatneffe.
This is the fight of Man; to day he puts forth
The tender Leaues of hopes, to morrow Blossomes,
And bears his blushing Honors thicke vpon him:
The third day, comes a Froft; a killing Froft,
And when he thinkes, good eafe man, full surely
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

No Sun, shall euer vther forth mine Honors,
Or glide againe the Noble Troopes that weighted
Upon my smiles. Go get thee from me Cromwel,
I am a poore falne man, vnworthy now
To be thy Lord, and Mafter. Seek the King
(That Sun, I pray may neuer set). I haue told him,
What, and how true thou art; he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me, will firre him
(I know his Noble Nature) not to let
Thy hopefull seruice perish too. Good Cromwel
Neglect him not; make vse now, and prouide
For thine owne future safety.

Crom. O my Lord,
Muift I then leaue you? Muift I needes forgo
So good, so Noble, and so true a Mafter?
Bears witnesse, all that have not hearts of Iron,
With what a forrow Cromwel leaves his Lord.
The King shall haue my seruice; but my prayers
For euer, and for euer shall be yours.

Card. Cromwel, I did not thinke to shed a teare
In all my Miferies: But thou haft forc'd me
(Out of thy honest truth) to pray the Woman.
Let's dry our eyes: And thus farre heare me Cromwel,
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And fleene in dull cold Marble, where no mention
Of me, more muift be heard of: Say I taught thee;
Say Wolsey, that once trod the ways of Glory,
And founded all the Depths, and Shoales of Honor,
Found thee a way (out of his wracke) to rife in:
A fure, and safe one, though thy Mafter mift it.
Marke but my Fall, and that that Ruind me:
Cromwel, I charge thee, flying away Ambition,
By that finne fell the Angels: how can man then
(The Image of his Maker)hope to win by it?
Loure thy felfe lafte, cherifh thofe hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more then Honesty.
Still in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace
To silence enuius Tongues. Be luft, and feare not;
Let all the ends thou aym'ft at, be thy Countries,
Thy Gods, and Truths. Then if thou fall't (O Cromwel)
Thou fall't a bleffed Martyr.

Serve the King: And prythee leade me in:
There take an Inuentory of all I haue,
To the laft peny, 'tis the Kings. My Robe,
And my Integrity to Heauen, is all,
I dare now call mine owne. O Cromwel, Cromwel,
Had I but feru'd my God, with halfe the Zeale
I feru'd my King: he would not in mine Age
Hawe left me naked to mine Enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, haue patience.

Card. So I haue. Farewell
The Hopes of Court, my Hopes in Heauen do dwell.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 Y'are well met once again.
2 So are you.
1 You come to take your stand here, and behold
The Lady Anne,affle from her Coronation.

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2 'Tis all my businesse. At our last encounter, The Duke of Buckingham came from his Triall.  
1 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd forrow, This generall joy.  
2 'Tis well : The Citizens I am sure have fewne for all their Royall minds, As let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward In Celebration of this day with Shewes, Pageants, and Sights of Honor.  
1 Neuer, greater, Nor Ile affure you better taken Sir.  
2 May I be bold to aske what that contains, That Paper in your hand.  
1 Yes, 'tis the Life Of those that claime their Offices this day, By custome of the Coronation. The Duke of Suffolke is the first, and claimes To be high Steward; Next the Duke of Norfolke, He to be Earle Marshall : you may reade the rest.  
1 I thanke you Sir: Had I not known those customs, I shou'd have beene beholding to your Paper: But I befeech you, what's become of Katherine The Princeſſe of Cadgwith? How goes her businesse?  
1 That I can tell you too. The Archbishops Of Canterbury, accompanied with other Learned, and Reuerend Fathers of his Order, Held a late Court at Dunstable ; five miles off From Ampthill, where the Princeſſe lay, to which She was often cvted by them, but appear'd not: And to be short, for not Appearance, and The Kings late Scruple, by the maine affift Of all theſe Learned men, she was diuore'd, And the late Marriage made of none effect: Since which, she was remou'd to Kymmalton, Where she remains now fickle.  
2 Alas good Lady, The Trumpets found; Stand close, The Queene is comming. Ho-boyet.  

The Order of the Coronation.  

1 A lively Flourish of Trumpets.  
2 Then, two Judges.  
3 Lord Chancellor, with Purfe and Mace before him.  
4 Quireſſers singing. Muficke.  
5 Major of London, bearing the Mace. Then Garter, in his Coat of Armes, and on his head be wore a Gilt Copper Crown.  
6 Marqueſſe Dorſet, bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his head, a Demy Coronall of Gold. With him, the Earle of Suffolk, bearing the Rod of Siluer with the Duke, Crowned with an Earles Coronet. Collars of Elſes.  
7 Duke of Suffolk, in his Robe of Elſate, his Coronet on his head, bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolke, with the Rod of Marſhpallhip, a Coronet on his head. Collars of Elſes.  
8 A Canopy, borne by four of the Cinque-Ports, under it the Queene in her Robe, in her baire, richly adorne with b Pearle, Crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London, and Winchetter.  
9 The Olde Dutchesſe of Norfolke, in a Coronall of Gold, wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queenes Traine.  
10 Certaine Ladies or Counteffes, with plaine Circlets of Gold, without Flowers. Exeunt, first passing over the Stage in Order and State, and then, A great Flourish of Trumpets.  

2 A Royall Traine beleeue me: These I know: Who's that that bears the Scepter?  
1 Marqueſſe Dorſet, And that the Earle of Surrey, with the Rod.  
2 A bold brave Gentleman. That should bee The Duke of Suffolk.  
1 'Tis the fame : high Steward.  
2 And that my Lord of Norſolke?  
1 Yes,  
2 Heauen bleſſe thee, Thouhaft the sweeteft face I euer look'd on. Sir, as I have a Soule, she is an Angell; Our King ha's all the Indies in his Armes, And more, and richer, when he straines that Lady, I cannot blame his Conſcience.  
1 They that beare The Cloath of Honoure her, are foure Barons Of the Cinque-Ports.  
2 Thofe men are happy, And fo are all, are neere her. I take it, she that carries up the Traine, Is that old Noble Lady, Dutchesſe of Norſolke.  
1 It is, and all the rest are Counteffes.  
2 Their Coronets say so. These are Stares indeed, And sometimes falling ones.  
2 No more of that.  

Enter a third Gentleman.  
1 God faue you Sir. Where haue you bin brawling?  
3 Among the crow'd 'th'Abbe, where a finger Could not be wedg'd in more: I am fliffed With the meere rankneffe of their joy.  
2 You faw the Ceremony?  
3 That I did.  
1 How was it?  
3 Well worth the seeing.  
2 Good Sir, speake it to vs?  
3 As well as I am able. The rich streaume Of Lords, and Ladies, hauing brought the Queene To a prepar'd place in the Quire, fell off A diftance from her; while her Grace fate downe To ref a while, some halfe an houre, or fo, In a rich Chaire of State, oppoſing freely The Beauty of her Perfom to the People. Beleeue me Sir, she is the goodlieft Woman That euer lay by man: which when the people Had the full view of, such a noyle arose, 
As the throwides make at Sea, in a iffeTEMPELT, As lowd, and to as many Tunes. Hats, Cloakes, (Doublets, I think) flew vp, and had their Faces Bin loofe, this day they had beene loft. Such joy I never faw before. Great belly'd women, That had not halfe a weeke to go, like Rammes In the old time of Warre, would shake the preſfe And make'em reeſe before'em. No man liuing Could say this is my wife there, all were wouen So stranfely in one pce.  
2 But what follow'd?  
3 At length, her Grace rofe, and with modest paces Came to the Altar, where the kneel'd, and Saint-like Caft her faire eyes to Heauen; and pray'd devoutly. Then rofe againe, and bow'd her to the people: When by the Arch-bishop of Canterbury, She had alſe the Royall making of a Queene; As holy Oyle, Edward Confessors Crownes, The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all fuch Emblems Laid Nobly on her: which perform'd, the Quire
With all the choyfeft Muſick of the Kingdom, Together fung Te Deum. So the parted, And with the fame full State pac'd backe againe To Yorke-Place, where the Feast is held.  
1 Sir, 
You must no more call it Yorke-place, that's past: For since the Cardinall fell, that Titles loft, "Tis now the Kings, and call'd White-Hall.  
3 I know it: 
But 'tis fo lately alter'd, that the old name Is fresh about me.  
2 What two Reuernnd Bytophs Were those that went on each side of the Queens? 
3 Stobeyle and Gardiner, the one of Winchester, Newly prefer'd from the Kings Secretary: The other London.  
2 He of Winchester Is held no great good louer of the Archbishops, The vertuous Cranmer.  
3 All the Land knowes that: 
How euer,yet there is no great breach, when it comes Cranmer will finde a Friend will not shrinke from him.  
2 Who may that be, I pray you.  
3 Thomas Cranwell, 
A man in much efteeme with th'King, and truly A worthy Friend. The King ha's made him Master o'th'Jewell Houfe, And one already of the Priuy Counsell.  
2 He will deferue more.  
3 Yes without all doubt. Come Gentlemen, ye shall go my way, Which is to'th Court, and there ye shall be my Guests: Something I can command. As I walke thither, lie tell ye more. 
Bob. You may command vs Sir. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Katherine Dowager, fikke, lead betwene Griffith, her Gentleman Vber, and Patience her Woman. 

Grif. How do's your Grace?  
Kaib. O Griffith, fikke to death: My Legges like loaden Branches bow to'th'Earth, Willing to leave their burthen: Reaeh a Chaire, So now (me thinkske) I feele a little eafe. Did'th thou not tell me Griffith, as thou laed'th mee, That the great Childe of Honor, Cardinall Wolsey Was dead?  
Grif. Yes Madam: but I thanke your Grace Out of the paine you suffer'd, gaue no eare too't.  
Kaib. Pre'thee good Griffith, tell me how he dy'de. 
If well, he flept before me happily 
For my example.  
Grif. Well, the voyce goes Madam, For after the flout Earle Northumberland Arrested him at Yorke, and brought him forward As a man forely tainted, to his Anfwer, He fell fikke fobainely, and grew fo ill He could not fit his Mule.  
Kaib. Alas poore man.  
Grif. At laift, with eafe Rodes, he came to Leicester, Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the reuerend Abbot With all his Counet, honourably receiued him; To whom he gaue these words. O Father Abbot, An old man, broken with the stormes of State, Is come to lay his weary bones among ye: Give him a little eart for Charity. So went to bed; where eangerly his fickness Purf'd him still, and three nights after this, About the houre of eight, which he himfelfe Foretold should be his laft, full of Repentance, Continuall Meditations, Tears, and Sorrows, He gaued his Honors to the world aget, His bleffed part to Heauen, and feipt in peace. 
Kaib. So may he reft, 
His Faults lyte gently on him: Yet thus farre Griffith, give me leauue to fpeakke him, And yet with Charity. He was a man Of an vnbounded romacke, euer ranking Himfelfe with Princes. One that by fuggtion Ty'de all the Kingdome. Symonie, was fare play, His owne Opinion was his Law. I'th'prefence He would fy vntruthe, and be euer double Both in his words, and meaning. He was never (But where he meant to Ruine) pitiful. 
His Promifes, were as he then was, Mighty: But his performance, as he is now, Nothing: Of his owne body he was ill, and gau 
The Clergy ill example.  
Grif. Noble Madam: 
Mens euill manners, lue in Bratte, their Vertues We write in Water. May it pleafe your Highneffe To heare me fpeakke his good now? 
Kaib. Yes good Griffith, I were malicious elfe. 
Grif. This Cardinall, Though from an humble Stocke, vndoubtedly Was fahion'd to much Honor. From his Cradle He was a Scholler, and a ripe, and good one: Exceeding wife, faire spokene, and perfwading: Lofty, and fowre to them thate lou'd him not: But, to those men that fought him, sweet as Summer. And though he were vnfatisfied in getting, (Which was a finne) yet in beftowing, Madam, He was moft Princely: Euer witneffe for him Thofe twines of Learning, that he rais'd in you, Ipfwich and Oxford: one of which, fell with him, Vnwillong to out-live the good that did it. The other (though vnsinne'd) yet fo Famous, So excellent in Art, and still fo rising, That Chriftendome shall euer fpeakke his Vertue. His Ouerthrow, head'Happineffe vpon him: For then, and not till then, he felt himfelfe, And found the Blesfedeffe of being little. And to adde greater Honors to his Age Then man could give him; he dy'de, fearing God. 
Kaib. After my death, I wish no other Herald, 
No other speaker of my luing Actions, To keepe mine Honor, from Corruption, But fuch an honete Chronicler as Griffith. Whom I most hated Luuing, thou ha't made mee With thy Religious Truth, and Modell, (Now in his Athea) Honor: Peace be with him. 
Patience, be neere me still, and fet me lower, I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith, Caufe the Mufitians playe me that sad note I nam'd my Knell; whil't I fitt meditating

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On
On that Celestial Harmony I go too.  
Said and solemnly Musick.
Grif. She is asleep: Good wenche, let's sit down quiet,  
For feare we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.

The Ufjon.  
Enter solemnly tripping one after another, five Personages, clad in white Robes, wearing on their heads Garlands of Bayes, and golden Vizards on their faces. Branches of Bayes or Palm in their bands. They first Conge unto her, then Dance: and at certaine Changes, the first two bold a faire Garland over her Head, at which the other four make reverend Curtseys. Then the two that held the Garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who obserue the same Order in their Changes, and holding the Garland over her Head. Which done, they deliver the same Garland to the last two: who likewise obserue the same Order. As which (as it were by inspiration) she makes (in her sleepe) signs of rejoicing, and boldes up her hands to heaven. And so, in their Dancing vanitie, carrying the Garland with them. The Musick continues.
Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone? And leave me heere in wretchednesse, behind ye?  
Grif. Madam, we are heere.  
Kath. It is not you I call for,  
Saw ye none enter since I slept?  
Grif. None Madam.  
Kath. No! Saw you not even now a blessed Troope 
Inuite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces  
Calt thousand beames upon me, like the Sun?  
They promis'd me eternal Happinesse,  
And brought me Garlands (Griffith) which I feele  
I am not worthy yet to weare; I shall affuredly.  
Grif. I am most joyfull Madam, such good dreams  
Possesse your Fancy.  
Kath. Bid the Musick cease,  
They are harsh and heauy to me. Musick ceases.  
Pat. Do you note  
How much her Grace is alter'd on the foidaine?  
How long her face is drawne? How pale the lookes,  
And of an earthy cold? Marke her eyes?  
Grif. She is going Wenche. Pray, pray.  
Pat. Heauen comfort her. 
Enter a Messinger.  
Msf. And't like your Grace— 
Kath. You are a fawcy Fellow,  
Deferre we no more Reuence?  
Grif. You are too blame,  
Knowing she will not loose her wondt Greatnesse  
To vfe so rude behauiour. Go too, kneele.  
Msf. I humbly do entreat your Highnesse pardon,  
My hauft made me vnmannderly. There is faying  
A Gentleman fent from the King, to fee you.  
Kath. Admit him entrance Griffith. But this Fellow  
Let me ne're fee againe.  
Enter Lord Capucibus.  
If my fight faile not,  
You shou'd be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,  
My Royall Nephew, and your name Capucibus.  
Cap. Good Lord! I am the fame. Your Servant.  
Kath. O my Lord,  
The Times and Titles now are alter'd strangely  
With me, since first you knew me.  
But I pray you,  
What is your pleafure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,  
First mine owne seruice to your Grace, the next  
The Kings requet, that I would visit you,  
Who greeues much for your weaknesse, and by me  
Sends you his Princely Commendations,  
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.  
Kath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,  
'Tis like a Pardon after Execution;  
That gentle Phyficke gien in time, had cur'd me:  
But now I am past all Comforts heere, but Prayers.  
How does his Highnesse?  
Cap. Madam, in good health.  
Kath. So may he euer do, and euer flourishe,  
When I shall dwell with Wormes, and my poore name  
Banish'd the Kingdome. Patience, is that Letter  
I caus'd you write, yet fent away?  
Pat. No Madam.  
Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver  
This to my Lord the King.  
Cap. Most willing Madam.  
Kath. In which I have commended to his goodnesse  
The Modell of our chaft e Ioues: his yong daughter,  
The dewes of Heauen fall thicke in Blessings on her,  
Befeeching him to give her vertuous breeding.  
She is yong, and of a Noble modest Nature,  
I hope she will deferue well; and a little  
To loue her for her Mothers fake, that lou'd him,  
Heauen knowes how deereely.  
My next poore Petition,  
Is, that his Noble Grace would haue some pittie  
Vpon my wretched women, that fo long  
Haue follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,  
Of which there is not one, I dare asow  
(And now I shoul not lye) but will deferue  
For Vertue, and true Beautie of the Soule,  
For honeflie, and decent Carriage  
A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)  
And fure thofe men are happy that haue 'em.  
The laft is for my men, they are the pooreft,  
(But poverty could never draw 'em from me)  
That they may haue their wages, duly paid 'em,  
And something over to remember me by.  
If Heauen had pleasa'd to haue given me longer life  
And able meanes, we had not parted thus.  
These are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,  
By that you loue the deerest in this world,  
As you with Chriftian peace to foules departed,  
Stand thefe poore peoples Friend, and vrg the King  
To do me this laft right.  
Cap. By Heauen I will,  
Or let me loafe the fathion of a man,  
Kath. I thanke you honeft Lord. Remember me  
In all humiliet unto his Highnesse:  
Say his long trouble now is paffing  
Out of this world. Tell him in death I blest him  
(For fo I will) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell  
My Lord. Griffith farewell. Nay Patience,  
You must not leave me yet. I mult to bed,  
Call in more women. When I am dead, good Wenche,  
Let me be vs'd with Honours; drew me ouer  
With Maiden Flowers, the world may know  
I was a chafte Wife, to my Graue; Embalm me,  
Then lay me forth (although vnqueen'd) yet like  
A Queene, and Daughter to a King enterre me.  
I can no more.  

Exeunt leading Katherine.  

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Scena
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

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Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.

Gard. It's one a clocke Boy, is't not.
Boy. It hath th'oone.
Gard. Throfe should be hours for necessaries.
Not for delights : Times to repayre our Nature
With comforting repose, and not for vs
To waaste these times. Good houre of night Sir Thomas :
Whether so late?
Lou. Came you from the King, my Lord?
Gar. I did Sir Thomas, and left him at Primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.
Lou. I muft to him too
Before he go to bed. Ie take my leue.
Gard. Not yet Sir Thomas Lovell : what's the matter?
Lou. It feemes you are in haf : and if there be
No great offence belongs too't, glue your Friend
Some touch of your late buenefte : Affairs that waile
(As they fay Spirits do) at midnight, haue
In them a wilder Nature, then the buenefte
That feekes dispatch by day.
Lou. My Lord, I love you ;
And durft commend a secret to your eare
Much weightier then this worke. The Queens in Labor
They lay in great Extremity, and fear'd
Shee'll with the Labour, end.
Gard. The fruites the goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may finde
Good time, and liue : but for the Stocke Sir Thomas,
I with it grubb'd vp now.
Lou. Me thinkes I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my Confidence fayes
Shee's a good Creature, and sweet-Ladie do's
Defuerre our better wishes.
Gard. But Sir, Sir,
Heare me Sir Thomas, y'are a Gentleman
Of mine owne waye. I know you Wife, Religious,
And let me tell you, it will ne're be well,
'Twill not Sir Thomas Lovell, tak't of me,
Till Grammer, Cromwel, her two hands, and thee
Sleepe in their Graues.
Louell. Now Sir, you speake of two
The moft remark'd i'th'Kingdome : as for Cromwell,
Befide that of the Jewell-Houfe, is made Mafter
O'th'Roiles, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sir,
Stands in the gap and Trade of moe Preferments,
With which the Lime will loade him. Th'Archbyshop
Is the Kings hand, and tongue, and who dare speake
One syllable againdt him?
Gard. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that Dare, and I my felue have vent'rd
To speake my minde of him : and indeed this day,
Sir (I may tell it you) I thinke I haue
Infent the Lords o'th'Councell, that he is
(For fo I know he is, they know he is)
A moft Arch-Hereftine, a Peffilence
That does infect the Land : with which, they moued
Haue broken with the King, who hath fo farre
Guen eare to our Complaint, of his great Grace,
And Princely Care, fore-seeing those fell Mischifes,
Our Reasons layd before him, hath command'd
To morrow Morning to the Councell Board
He be conuented. He's a ranke weed Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your Affairs
I hinder you too long :Good night, Sir Thomas.
Lou. Many good nights, my Lord, I reftr your fervant.
Enter King and Suffolk.

King. Charles, I will play no more to night,
My mindes not on't, you are too hard for me.
Suff. Sir, I did neuer win of you before.
King. But little Charles,
Not hall not when my Fancies on my play,
Now Louell, from the Queene what is the Newes.
Lou. I could not perfonally deliever to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman,
I fent your Mefflage, who return'd her thankes
In the great't humblesffe, and defir'd your Highonnefse
Moft heartily to pray for her.
King. What fay'lt thou! Ha?
To pray for her? What, is the crying out?
Lou. So faid her woman, and that her fuffrance made
Almost each pang, a death.
King. Alas good Lady.
Suf. God fately quire her of her Burthen, and
With gentle Trauaille, to the gladding
Of your Highonnefse with an Heire.
King. 'Tis midnight Charles,
Prythee to bed, and in thy Prayres remember
Th'extafe of my poore Queene. Leave me alone,
For I muft thinke of that, which company
Would not be friendly too.
Suf. I with your Highonnefse
A quiet night, and my good Miftris will
Remember in my Prayers.
King. Charles good night.
Well Sir, what followes?
Enter Sir Anthony Denny.
Den. Sir, I haue brought my Lord the Arch-bys-hop,
As you command'd me.
King. Ha! Canterbury?
Den. I my good Lord.
King. 'Tis true : where is he Denny?
Den. He attends your Highonnefse pleasure.
King. Bring him to vs.
Lou. This is about that, which the Byshop speake,
I am happily come hither.
Enter Grammer and Denny.

King. Away the Gallery.
Louell feemes to fay,
Ha! I haue faid. Be gone.
What?

Cran. I am fereful: Wherefore frowning he thus?
'Tis his Affeft of Terror. All's not well.
King. How now my Lord?
You do desire to know wherefore
I fent for you.
Cran. It is my dutie.
'Tattend your Highonnefse pleasure.
King. Pray you arife.
My good and gracious Lord of Canterburie :
Come, you and I muft waile a turne together:
I haue Newes to tell you.
Come, come, glue me your hand.
Ah my good Lord, I greeue at what I speake,
And am right forte to repeat what followes.
I haue, and moit vnwillingly of late

x 2

Heard
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

Heard many grievous. I do say my Lord
Grievous complaints of you; which being consider'd,
Have mou'd vs, and our Counsell, that you shall
This Morning come before vs, where I know
You cannot with such freedome purge your felfe,
But that till further Triall, in choise Charges
Which will require your Anfwer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your honse our Tower: you, a Brother of vs
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witneffe
Would come againft you.

_Cran._ I humbly thanke your Highneffe,
And am right glad to catch this good occaftion
Most thoroughly to be winnowed, where my Chaffe
And Corne shall flye afunder. For I know
There's none stands vnder more calam nous tongues,
Then I my felfe, poore man.

_King._ Stand vp, good Canterbury,
_Thy Truth, and thy Integrity is rooted
In vs thy Friend. Give me thy hand, fland vp,
Prythee let's walke. Now by my Holy Dame,
What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd
You would have giuen me your Petition, that
I shou'd have tane some paines, to bring together
Your felfe, and your Accusers, and to haue heard you
Without indurance further.

_Cran._ Most dread Liege,
The good I fland on, is my Truth and Honetlie:
If they shall faile, I with mine Enemies
Will triumph o're my perfon, which I weigh not,
Being of those Vertues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be faid againft me.

_King._ Know you not
How your faith flands i' th'world, with the whole world?
Your Enemies are many, and not small: their praftifes
Must bear the fame proportion, and not euer
The Judicie and the Truth o'th'queftion carries
The dew o'th'Verdict with it; at what eafe
Might corrupt minres procure, Knaues as corrupt
To fwear againft you: Such things haue bene done.
You are Potently oppo'd, and with a Malice
Of as great Sizze. Weene you of better lucke,
I meane in periu'd Witneffe, then your Matter,
Whole Minifter you are, whiles heere he liu'd
Upon this naughty Earth? Go too, go too,
You take a Precept for no leape of danger,
And woue your owne deftruction.

_Cran._ God, and your Malefie
Protect mine innocencie, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.

_King._ Be of good cheere,
They shall no more presenta, then we glue way too:
Keene comfort to you, and this Morning fee
You do appare before them. If they shal chance
In charging you with matters, to commit you:
The beft perfiwations to the contrary
Faile not to vfe, and with what vehemenie
Th'occasion hall infruct you. If intretties
Will render you no remedy, this Ring
Deliver them, and your Appeal to vs
There make before them. Looke, the Goodman weeps:
He's honeft in mine Honor. God bifeft Mother,
I fware he is true-heart'd, and a foule
None better in my Kingdome. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. _Exit Cranmer._

He ha's strangled his Language in his teares.

Enter Olde Lady,

_Gent.within._ Come backe: what meanes you?

_Lady._ Ile not come backe, the tydings that I bring
Will make my boldneffe, manneres. Now good Angels
Fly o're thy Royall head, and fhafe thy perfon
Vnder their bleffed wings.

_King._ Now by thy lookes
I gefte thy Message. Is the Queene deliver'd?
Say I, and of a boy.

_Lady._ I, I my Liege,
And of a louely Boy: the God of heauen
Both now, and euer bleffe her: 'Tis a Gyre
Promifhes Boyes hereaftter. Sir, your Queen
Defires your Viftitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As Cherry, is to Cherry.

_King._ Lowell.

_Lou._ Sir.

_King._ Glie her an hundred Marke.
Ile to the Queene. _Exit King._

_Lady._ An hundred Marke? By this light, ite ha more.
An ordinary Groome is for fuch payment.
I will haue more, or fcold it out of him.
Said I for this, the Gyre was like to him? Ile
Haue more, or else vnsay't; and now, while'tis hot,
Ile put it to the issue. _Exit Ladie._

Scena Secunda.

Enter Cranmer, Archbyshop of Canterbury.

_Cran._ I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman
That was sent to me from the Councell, pray'd me
To make great haft. All faft? What meanes this? Hoa?
Who waies there? Sure you know me?

_Enter Keeper._

_Keep._ Yes, my Lord:
But yet I cannot help you.

_Cran._ Why?

_Keep._ Your Grace muft waignt till you be call'd for.

_Enter Doctor Buts._

_Cran._ So.

_Buts._ This is a Peere of Malice: I am glad
I came this way fo happily. The King
Shall understand it preftently. _Exit Buts._

_Cran._ 'Tis Buts.

The Kings Phyfitian, as he paff along
How earnefly he caft his eyes vpon me:
Pray heauen he found not my difgrace: for certaine
This is of purpose laid by fome that hate me,
(Game turne their hearts, I neuer foht their malice)
To quench mine Honor; they would fhaie to make me
Wait elfe at doore: a fellow Councellor
'Mong Boyes, Groomes, and Lackeyes.
But their pleafures
Muft be fullifh'd, and I attend with patience.

_Enter the King, and Buts, at a Windowe
above._

_Buts._ Ile shew your Grace the strangefte fight.

_King._ What's that Buts?

_Buts._
"Byts. I thynke your Highneffe say this many a day.

Kin. Body a me: where is it?"

"Byts. There my Lord:
The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury,
Who holds his State at dore 'mongft Purfants,
Pages, and Foot-boyes.

Kin. Ha? 'Tis he indeed.
Is this the Honour they doe one another?
'Tis well there's one aboue 'em yet; I had thought
They had parted fo much honordly among 'em,
At leaff good manners; as not thus to sufler
A man of his Place, and fo neere our fauour
To dance attendance on their Lordships pleafures,
And at the dore too, like a Poft with Packetts:
By holy Mary (Byts) there's knauery;
Let 'em alone, and draw the Curtaine clofe:
We shall heare more anon.

A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and
placed under the State. Enter Lord Chanellour, places
himselfe at the upper end of the Table, on the left hand: A
State being left void above him, as for Canterburyc State.
Duke of Safforke, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Cham-
ber-laine, Gardiner, feat themfelves in Order on each fide.
Cham. at lower end, as Secretary.
Chan. Speake to the bufineffe, M. Secretary;
Why are we met in Councell?
Cram. Pleafe your Honours,
The chiefcafe concerns his Grace of Canterbury.
Gard. Ha's he had knowledge of it?
Cram. Yes.
Norf. Who waits there?
Keep. Without my Noble Lords?
Gard. Yes.
Keep. My Lord Archibhop:
And ha's done hafte an houre to know your pleafures.
Chan. Let him come in.
Keep. Your Grace may enter now.
Cramner approches the Councell Table.
Chan. My good Lord Archibhop, I'm very forry
To fite heere at this preftent, and behold
That Chayre fland empty: But we all are men
In owne natures fraille, and capable
Of our ftreng, few are Angels; out of which frailty
And want of wifedom, you that beft shoud teach vs,
Haue mifmean'd your felfe, and not a little:
Toward the King firft, then his Lawes, in filling
The whole Realme, by your teaching & your Chaplaines
(For fo we are inform'd) with new opinions,
Diuers and dangerous; which are Herefies;
And not reform'd, may proue pernicous.
Gard. Which Reformation mufte be foidaine too
My Noble Lords; for thoie that tame wild Horfes,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But flop their mouthes with flubborn Bits & fpuure 'em,
Till they obey the mannage. If we fuffer
Out of our eafe and childhood pity
To one mans Honour, this contagious fickneffe;
Farewell all Phyfcick: and what folowes then?
Commotions, vpores, with a generall Taint
Of the whole State; as of late days our neighbours,
The upper Germany can deere tryffe:
Yet freely pitted in our memorey.
Cram. My good Lords; Hitherto, in all the Progresse
Both of my Life and Office, I haue labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching
And the frong courfe of my Authority,
Might goe one way, and fafely; and the end
Was euer to doe well: nor is there living,
(If I fpeak it with a fingle heart, my Lords)
A man that more deteets, more fitres againft,
Both in his private Confcience, and his place,
Defacres of a publique peace then I doe:
Pray Heaven the King may neuer find a heart
With leffe Allegeance in it. Men that make
Enuy, and crooked malice, nourifhment;
Dare bite the bift. I doe befeech your Lordhips,
That in this cafe of Jutice, my Accufers,
Be what they will, may fland forth face to face,
And freelv vrg against me.

Suff. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be; you are a Counfelior,
And by that vertue no man dare accuse you. (ment,
Gard. My Lord, because we haue bufines of more mo-
We will be short with you. 'Tis his Highneffe pleafure
And our content, for better tryall of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower,
Where being but a private man againe,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More then (I feare) you are prouided for.
Cran. Ah my good Lord of Wincfetf : I thank you,
You are alwayes my good Friend, if your will paffe,
I fhall both finde your Lordfhip, Judge and Iuror,
You are fo meritorious. I fee your end,
'Tis my vndoing. Loue and mekeneffe, Lord
Become a Churchman, better then Ambition:
Win flattering Soules with modelly againe,
Caff none away: That I fhall cleere my felfe,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you doe confidence,
In doing daily wrongs. I could fay more,
But reuerence to your calling, makes me modelf.
Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Seetary,
That's the plaine truth; your painted glossie d'couers
To men that vnderfand you, words and weakneffe.

Cram. My Lord of Wincfetf, y'are a little,
By your good favour, too sharpe; Men fo Noble,
How euer faulty, yet fhould finde respect
For what they haue beene: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.
Gard. Good M. Secretary,
I cry your Honour mercifull you may worth
Of all this Table fay fo.
Cram. Why my Lord?
Gard. Doe not I know you for a Fauourer
Of this new Sef? ye are not found.
Cram. Not found?
Gard. Not found I fay.
Cram. Would you were halfe fo honof: Men prayers then would feeke you, not their feares.
Gard. I fhall remember this bold Language.
Cram. Doe.
Remember your bold life too.
Cham. This is too much;
Forbeare for thame my Lords.
Gard. I have done,
Cham. And I
Cham. Then thus for you my Lord, it stands agreed
I take it, by all voyces: That fortheith,
You be conuaid to th'Tower a Prifoner;
There to remaine till the Kings further pleafure
Be knowne vnto vs: are you all agreed Lords.
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

Al. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy, But I must needs to th' Tower my Lords?

Gard. What other,

Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome:

My moit dread Soueraigne, may it like your Grace,

Fetch the Tongue excufe all. What was purpoe'd

Concerning his imprisonment, was rather

(If there be faith in men) meant for his Tryall,

And faire purgation to the world then malice,

I'm sure in me.

Kin. Well, well my Lords respect him,

More out of Malice then Integrity,

Would trye him to the vertoff, had ye meane,

Which ye shall never have while I live.

Cran. Thus farre

My moit dread Soueraigne, may it like your Grace,

To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed

Concerning his imprisonment, was rather

(If there be faith in men) meant for his Tryall,

And faire purgation to the world then malice,

I'm sure in me.

Kin. Well, well my Lords respect him,

Take him, and s'ee him well; hee's worthy of it.

I will say thus much for him, if a Prince

May be beholding to a Subject: 1

Am for his loue and feruice, fo to him.

Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;

Be friends for shame my Lords: My Lord of Canterbury

I have a Suite which you must not deny mee.

That is, a faire young Maid that yet wants Baptisme,

You must be Godfather, and anwere for her.

Cran. The greatst Monarch now aise may glory

In such an honour: how may I deserve it,

That am a poore and humble Subject to you?

Kin. Come, come my Lord, you'd spare your spoyles;

You shall haue two noble Partners with you: the old

Duchesse of Norfolk, and Lady Marquefe Dorjet: will

thee please thee?

Once more my Lord of Winchefter, I charge you

Embrace, and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart,

And Brother; loye I doe it.

Cran. And let Heauen

Witneffe how deare, I hold this Confirmation. (hearts,

Kin. Good Man, those joyfull tears shew thy true

The common voyce I fee is verified

Of thee, which layes thus: Doe my Lord of Canterbury

A shrewd turne, and hee's your friend for ever:

Come Lords, we trifie time away: I long

To haue this young one made a Christian.

As I haue made ye one Lords,one remaine:

So I grow strong, you more Honour gaine.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Noyfe and Tumult within: Enter Porter and his man.

Port. You'll leave your noyfe anon ye Raskals: doe

you take the Court for Parifh Garden: ye rude Slues,

leave your gaping:

Within. Good M. Porter I belong to th' Larder.

Port. Belong to th' Gallowes, and be hang'd ye Rogue:

Is this a place to roare in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree

flaes, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em:

Ile scratch your heads; you must be seeing Chriftenings?

Do you looke for Ale, and Cakes heere, you rude

Raskals?

Man. Pray Sir be patient; 'tis as much' impossible,

Vnleffe wee sveepe 'em from the dore with Cannons,

To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep

On May-day Morning, which will neuer be:

We may as well puuf against Powles as firre 'em.

Per. How got they in, and be hang'd?
By th' heees, and sodainlyand on your heads
Clap round Fines for negleft; y' are lazy knaus,
And heere ye lye bating of Bombards, when
Ye should doe Service. Harke the Trumpets found,
Th'are come already from the Chriftening,
Go breake among the presfale, and finde away out
To let the Troope paffe fрайly; or Ile finde
A Marfhalfey, shall hold ye play thefe two Monthes.
Tor. Make way there, for the Princeffe.
Man. You great fellow,
Stand close vp, or Ie make your head ake.
Per. You 'th Chamblet, get vp o' th'raile,
Ile pecke you o're the pales elle.
Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Trumpets: Round two Aldermen, L. Major,
Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolke, with his Marfhall
Staffe, Duke of Suffolke, two Noblemen, bearing a great
fanding Bowles for the Chriftening Guift: Then four
Noblemen bearing a Canopy, under which the Dutchfeff
Norfolke, Godmother, bearing the Childe richly habited in
a Manife, &c. Traine borne by a Lady: Then follows
the Marches of Dorset, the other Godmother, and La-
dies. The Troope paffe once about the Stage, and Gar-
ter speaks.

Gart. Heauen
From thy endiefle goodniff, fend prosperous life,
Long, and euer happy, to the high and mighty
Princeffe of England Elizabethe.

Flour. Enter King and Guard.
Cran. And to your Royal Grace, & the good Queen,
My Noble Partners, and my felfe thus pray
All comfort, joy in this moft gracious Lady,
Heauen euer lacer vp to make Parents happy,
May hourly fall vp on ye.

Kinf. Thanke you good Lord Archbishop:
What is her Name?
Cran. Elizabeth.
Kinf. Stand vp Lord.
With this Kiffe, take my Befliging: God proteft thee,
Into whole hand, I give thy Life.

Cran. Amen.
Kinf. My Noble Goffips, y' haue beeue too Prodigall;
I thanke ye heartily: So shall this Lady,
When she ha's fo much English.
Cran. Let me speake Sir,
For Heauen now bids me; and the words I vttet,
Lest none thinke Flattery, for they'ld finde 'em Truth.
This Royal Infant, Heauen fill moue about her;
Though in her Cradle; yet now promotes
Vpon this Land a thousand thousand Bleffings,
Which Time shall bring to ripenefe: She shall be,
But few now living can behold that goodniffe)
A Pattorne to all Princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
More couetous of Wiuesome, and faire Vertue
Then this pure Soule shall be. All Princely Graves
That mould vp fuch a mighty Piece as this is,
With all the Vertues that attend the good,
Shall fill be doubted on her. Truth shall Nurfe her,

Holy
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Holy and Heavenly thoughts still Counsell her:  
She shall be lou'd and fear'd. Her owne shall bleffe her;  
Her Foes shake like a Field of beaten Corne,  
And hang their heads with sorrow:  
Good growes with her.  
In her daies, Every Man shall eate in safety,  
Vnder his owne Vine what he plants; and sing  
The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.  
God shall be truely knowne, and those about her,  
From her shall read the perfect way of Honour,  
And by those claime their greatnesse; not by Blood.  
Nor shall this peace sleepe with her: But as when  
The Bird of Wonder dyes, the Mayden Phoenix,  
Her Ashes new create another Heyre,  
As great in admiration as her selfe.  
So shall she leave her Bleffednesse to One,  
(When Heauen shall call her from this cloud of darknes)  
Who, from the sacred Ashes of her Honour  
Shall Star-like rife, as great in fame as she was,  
And fo stand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Loue, Truth, Terror,  
That were the Servants to this chos'n Infant,  
Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him;  
Where euer the bright Sunne of Heauen shall shine,  
His Honour, and the greatnesse of his Name,  
Shall be, and make new Nations. He shall flourish,

And like a Mountaine Cedar, reach his branches,  
To all the Plaines about him; Our Childrens Children  
Shall see this, and bleffe Heauen.  

Kin. Thou speakest wonders.  
Cran. She shall be to the happiness of England,  
An aged Princesse; many daies shall see her,  
And yet no day without a deed to Crowne it.  
Would I had knowne no more: But the must dye,  
She must, the Saints must haue her; yet a Virgin,  
A moft vnspotted Lilly shall she passe  
To th' ground, and all the World shall mourn her.  

Kin. O Lord Archbifhop  
Thou haft made me now a man, neuer before  
This happy Child, did I get any thing.  
This Oracle of comfort, ha's fo pleas'd me,  
That when I am in Heauen, I shall defire  
To fee what this Child does, and praise my Maker.  
I thank ye all. To you my good Lord Maior,  
And you good Brethren, I am much beholding:  
I haue receiu'd much Honour by your presence,  
And ye shall find me thankfull. Lead the way Lords,  
Ye must all see the Queene, and the must thank ye,  
She will be ficke els. This day, no man think  'tis businesse at his house; for all shall stay:  
This Little-One shall make it Holy-day.  

The Epilogue.

Is ten to one, tis this Play can never please  
All that are beere: Some come to take their ease,  
And sleepe an Act or two; but those we feare  
W'raue frighted with our Tumpets: So 'tis cleare,  
They'll say it's naught. Others to beare the City  
Abus'd extramly, and to cry that's witty,  
Which we haue not done neither; that I feare

All the expected good w'are like to beare,  
For this Play at this time, is onely in  
The mercifull conftruction of good women,  
For such a one we bow'd 'em: If they smile,  
And say twill do, I know within a while,  
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill bas,  
If they bold, when their Ladys bid 'em clap.

FINIS.
The Prologue.

In Troy there lies the Scene: From Iles of Greece
The Princes Orgillow, their high blood chaf'd
Have to the Port of Athens sent their shippes
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruell Warre: Sixty and nine that were
Their Crownets Regall, from th' Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ransacke Troy, within whose strong emures
The rauish'd Helen, Menelaus Queene,
With wanton Paris sleepes, and that's the Quarrell.
To Tenedos they come,
And the deepe-drawing Barke do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage; now on Dardan Plaines
The fresh and yet unbruised Greekes do pitch
Their braue Pauillions. Priams fix-gated City,
Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenonidus with masie Staples
And corresponfue and fulfilling Bolts
Stirre vp the Sonnes of Troy.
Now Expectation tickling skittifh spirits,
On one and other fide, Troian and Greeke,
Sets all on hazard. And bither am I come,
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Authors pen, or Aefors voyce; but suited
In like conditions, as our Argument;
To tell you (faire Beholders) that our Play
Leapes ore the vaunt and firlings of those broyles,
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away,
To what may be digested in a Play:
Like, or finde fault, do as your pleasures are,
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warre.
THE TRAGEDIE OF
Troilus and Cressida.

Aëtus Primus.  Scæna Prima.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

Troilus.

All here my Varlet, I'll vnrarm me againe.
Why should I warre without the walls of Troy
That finde such cruell battell here within?
Each Trojan that is matter of his heart,
Let him to field, Troilus alas hath none.

Pan. Will this geere nere be mended?

Troy. The Greeks are strong, & skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness Valiant:
But I am weaker then a women teare;
Tamer then teere, tender then ignorance;
Less valiant then the Virgin in the night,
And skilfes as vnpractus'd Infanctes.

Pan. Well, I haue told you enough of this: For my part,
Ie not meddle nor make no farther. Hee that will
haue a Cake out of the Wheate, must needes tarry the
grinding.

Troy. Haue I not tarry'd?

Pan. I the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Troy. Haue I not tarry'd?

Pan. I the bolting; but you must tarry the leau'ing.

Troy. Still haue I tarry'd.

Pan. I, to the leauening: but heeres yet in the word
hereafter, the breading, the making of the Cake, the
heating of the Oven, and the Baking; bay, you must stay
the cooling too, or you may chance to burne your lips.

Troy. Patience her selfe, what Goddefe ere she be,
Doth lefter blest at suffrance, then I do e:
At Priams Royall Table doe I sit;
And when faire Creffid comes into my thoughts,
So (Trator) then she comes, when she is thence.

Pan. Well:
She look'd yesternight fairer, then euer I saw her looke,
Or any woman elfe.

Troy. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a figh, would ruue in twaine,
Letit Heifor, or my Father should perceiue me:
I haue (as when the Sunne doth light a-borne)
Buried this figh, in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couched in seeming gladnesse,
Is like that mirth, Fate turnes to fudden sadnesse.

Pan. And her hair was not somewhat darker then
Helens, well go too, there were no more comparifon be-
tweene the Women. But for my part she is my Kinfwoman,
I would not (as they tearme it) praise it, but I wold

some-body had heard her talke yesterday as I did: I will
not difpraise your fitter Caflandra's wit, but ———

Troy. Oh Pandarus! I tell thee Pandarus!
When I doe tell thee, there my hopes ye clown'd:
Reply not in how many Fadomes deep;
They ye indrench't. I tell thee, I am mad
In Creffid's love. Thou anfver'ft she is faire,
Power't in the open Vicer of my heart,
Her Eyes, her Haire, her Cheeke, her Gate, her Voice,
Handlef in thy difcourfe O that her Hand
(In whole comparifon, all whites are Inke)
Writing their owne reproach; to whole foff feature,
The Cignets Downe is harf, and spirt of Sens
Hard as the palme of Plough-man. This thou tel'ft me;
As true thou tel'ft me, when I fay I love her:
But faying thus, instead of Oyle and Balme,
Thou lai'ft in every gath that loue hath given me,
The Knife that made it.

Pan. I speake no more then truth.

Troy. Thou dote not speake fo much.

Pan. I, Ie not meddle in't: Let her be as fhee is,
If she be faire, 'tis the better for her: and she be not, she
has the mends in her owne hands.

Troy. Good Pandarus: How now Pandarus?

Pan. I haue had my Labour for my trauell, ill thought
on of her, and ill thought on of you: Gone betwene and
betwene, but fmall thanks for my labour.

Troy. What art thou angry Pandarus? what with me?

Pan. Because she's kinne to me, therefore she's not
to faire as Helen, and she were not kin to me, she
would be as faire on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what
care I? I care not and she were a Black-a-Moore, 'tis all
one to me.

Troy. Say I she is not faire?

Troy. I doe not care whether you doe or no. Shee's a
Fool to stay behind her Father: Let her to the Greeks,
and so Ie tell her the next time I fee her: for my part, Ie
meddle nor make no more i'th matter.

Troy. Pandarus?

Troy. Sweete Pandarus.

Pan. Pray you speake no more to me, I will leave all
as I found it, and there an end.

Exit Pand.

Sound Alarum.

Tro. Peace you vngracious Clamors, peace rude sounds,
Foolcs on both sides, Helen must needs be faire,
When with your bloud you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this Argument:

It
The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida.

It is too staru'd a fabicft for my Sword,
But Pandarus : O Gods ! How do you plague me?
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar,
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,
As she is hubborne, chaft, against all fute.
Tell me Apollo for thy Daphne Love.
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we:
Her bed is India, there she lies, a Pearle,
Between our Illium, and where shee recides
Let it be call the wild and wandering flood,
Our felfe the Merchant, and this saying Pandar,
Our doubtfull hope, our convoy and our Barke.

Alarum. Enter Ennas.

En. How now Prince Troylus?
Wherefore not a field?
Troy. Because not there; this womans answer forts.
For womanith it is to be from thence:
What newes Ennas from the field to day?
En. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.
Troy. By whom Ennas?
En. Troylus by Menelau.
Troy. Let Paris bleed, tis but a scar to fcorne,
Paris is gor'd with Menelau horns.

Alarum. En. Harke what good sport is out of Towne to day.
Troy. Better at home, if would I might may be:
But to the sport abroad, are you bound thither?
En. In all fwiift hal.

Troy. Come goo wee then together.

Exeunt. Enter Cressid and her man.

Cre. Who were thofe went by?
Man. Queene Hecuba, and Hellen.
Cre. And whether go they?
Man. Vp to the Eafterne Tower,
Whose height commands as fubjeft all the vaile,
To fee the battell: Hector whose pacience,
Is as a Vertue fxt, to day was moûd'd:
He chides Andromache and fhroke his Armorner,
And like as there were husbandry in Warre,
Before the Sunne rofe, hee was harneft lyte,
And to the field goe's he; where every flower
Did as a Prophet wepe what it forlaw,
In Hector's wrath.

Cre. What was his caufe of anger?
Man. The noife goe's this; There is among the Greeces,
A Lord of Trojan blood, Nephew to Hector,
They call him Anax.

Cre. Good; and what of him?
Man. They fay he is a very man per fe and ftands alone.
Cre. So do all men, vnlesfe they are drunke, fickle, or haue no legges.

Man. This man Lady, hath robd many beas of their particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, churlifh as the Beare, flow as the Elephant: a man into whom nature hath fo crowded humors, that his valour is cruft into folly, his folly fauced with difcirtion: there is no man hath a vertue, that he hath not a gimpfe of, nor a man an attaint, but he carries fome flaine of it. He is melancholy without caufe, and merry againft the haire, hee hath the floynts of evry thing, but evry thing fo out of floynt, that hee is a growtie Briareus, many hands and no vie; or purblinded Argus, all eyes and no fght.

Cre. But how fhould this man that makes me finte, make Hector angry?

Man. They fay he yedere day cop'd Hector in the battell and froke him downe, the difdain & shame whereof, hath euer fince kept Hector falteing and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?
Man. Madam your Vncle Pandarus.
Cre. Hector a gallant man.
Man. As may be in the world Lady.
Pan. What's that? what's that?
Cre. Good morrow Vncle Pandarus.
Pan. Good morrow Cozen Cressid: what do you talk of? good morrow Alexander: how do you Cozen? when were you at Illium?
Cre. This morning Vncle.
Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector arm'd and gon ere yea came to Illium? Hellen was not vp? was the?
Cre. Hector was gone but Hellen was not vp?
Pan. Eene fo: Hector was flirring early.
Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.
Pan. Was he angry?
Cre. So he faies here.
Pan. True he was fo: I know the caufe too, heele lay about him to day I can tell them that, and there's Troylus will not come fare behind him, let them take heede of Troylus: I can tell them that too.
Cre. What is he angry too?

Pan. Troylus is the better man of the two.
Cre. Oh Jupiter, there's no comparizon.
Pan. What not between Troylus and Hector? do you know a man if you fee him?
Cre. I, if I ever saw him before and knew him.
Pan. Well I say Troylus is Troylus.
Cre. Then you fay as I fay,
For I am sure he is not Hector.
Pan. No not Hector is not Troylus in fome degrees.
Cre. 'Tis true, to each of them he is himfelfe.
Pan. Himfelfe? alas poore Troylus I would he were.
Cre. So he is.
Pan. Condition I had gone bare-foot to India.
Cre. He is not Hector.
Pan. Himfelfe? no? hee's not himfelfe, would a were himfelfe; well, the Gods are above, time muft friend or end: well Troylus well, I would my heart were in her bofy; no, Hector is not a better man then Troylus.
Cre. Excufe me.
Pan. He is elder.
Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.
Pan. Th'others not come too, you shall tell me another tale when th'others come too: Hector shall not have his will this yere.
Cre. He shall not neede it if he have his owne.
Pan. Nor his qualities.
Cre. No matter.
Pan. Nor his beautie.
Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.
Pan. You have no judgement Necce; Hellen her felfe swore th'other day that Troylus for a browne favour (for to 'tis I muft confede) not browne neither.
Cre. No, but browne.
Pan. Faith to fay truth, browne and not browne.
Cre. To fay the truth, true and not true.
Pan. She prais'd his complexion aboue Paris.
Cre. Why Paris hath colour enough.
Pan. So, he has.
Cre. Then Troylus should have too much, if the prais'd him above, his complexion is higher then his, he hauing colour.
The Tragedie of Troylus and Cresida.

colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion, I had as lieue Hellens golden tongue had commended Troylus for a copper note.

Pan. Ieware to you, I think Helen loves him better then Parus.

Cre. Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

Pan. Nay I am sure she doth, she came to him th'o other day into the compact window, and you know he has not past three or four hairs on his chinne.

Cre. Indeed a Taphers Arithmetique may soone bring his particulars therein, to a total.

Pan. Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cre. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifier?

Pan. But to proose to you that Helen loves him, she came and put me her white hand to his clowen chin.

Cre. I wou haue mercy, how came it clowen?

Pan. Why, you know 'tis dimpled, I thinke his finyling becomes him better then any man in all Phrigia.

Cre. Oh he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does hee not?

Cre. Oh yes, and 'twere a crow'd in Autumn.

Pan. Why go to then, but to proose to you that Helen loves Troylus.

Cre. Troylus will stand to thee

Proose, if you proose it fo.

Pan. Troylus? why he efteme them no more then I e- fteeme an addle egge.

Cre. If you love an addle egge as well as you love an idle head, you would eate chickens i'th'shell.

Pan. I cannot chufe but laugh to thinke how he tick- led his chin, indeed thee has a maruel's white hand I must needs confesse.

Cre. Without the racke. And shee takes upon her to spie a white hair on his chinne.

Cre. Alas poore chin? many a wart is richer.

Pand. But there was such laughing, Queene Hecuba laught that her eyes ran ore.

Cre. With Militones.

Pan. And Cassandra laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire vnder the pot of her eyes; did her eyes run ore too?

Pan. And Hector laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pand. Marry at the white haire that Helen spied on Troylus chin.

Cre. And th'had beene a green e hair, I shoude have laught too.

Pand. They laught not so much at the hair, as at his pretie anfwer.

Cre. What was his anfwer?

Pan. Quoth shee, here's but two and fifty hairs on your chinne; and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her queftion.

Pan d That's true, make no queftion of that, two and fiftie hairs quoth he, and one white, that white hair is my Father, and all the rest are his Sonnes. Jupiter quoth she, of which of these hairs is Parus my husband? The for- ked one quoth he, pluckt out and give it him; but there was such laughing, and Helen fo blufhes, and Parus fo chaft, and all the rest fo laught, that it paff.

Cre. So let it now,

For is has beene a great while going by.

Pan. Well Cozen,

I told you a thing yesterday, think on't.

Cre. So I does.

Pand. Ibe he sworn? this true, he will wepe you an'twere a man borne in April.

Sound a retreat.

Cre. And Ibe spring vp in his tears, an'twere a nettle against May.

Pan. Harke they are comming from the field, thal we fland vp here and fee them, as they paffe toward illium, good Neece do, sweet Neece Cresida.

Cre. At your pleafure.

Pan. Heere, here's an excellent place, here we may fee moft brauely, Ile tel you them all by their names, as they paffe by, but marke Troylus above the rest.

Enter Aneas.

Cre. Speake not so low'd.

Pan. That's Aneas, is not that a braue man, hee's one of the flowers of Troy I can you, but marke Troylus, you shal fee anoon.

Cre. Who's that?

Enter Antenor.

Pan. That's Antenor, he has a throw'd wit I can tell you, and hee's a man good enough, hee's one o'th' sound judgement in Troy whofouer, and a proper man of perfon: when comes Troylus? Ile fhev you Troylus anoon, if hee fit me, you fhal fee him nod at me.

Cre. Will he glie you the nod?

Pan. You fhal fee.

Cre. If he do, the rich fhal haue, more.

Enter Hector.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, looke you, that there's a fellow. Go thy way Hector, there's a braue man Neece, O braue Hector! looke how hee looke? there's a coun- tenance, if not a braue man?

Cre. O braue man!

Pan. Is a not? It does a mans heart good, looke you what hacks are on his Helmet, looke you yonder, do you fee? Looke you there? There's no leaffing, laying on, tak't off, who ill as they fay, there be hacks.

Cre. Be thofe with Swords?

Enter Paris.

Pan. Swords, any thing he cares not, and the diuell come to him, it's all one by Gods lid it does ones heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: looke yee yonder Neece, ift not a gallant man to, ift not? Why this is braue now: who fad he came hurt home to day? Hee's not hurt, why this will do Hellens heart good now, ha? Would I could fee Troylus now, you fhal Troylus anoon.

Cre. Whole that?

Enter Hellenus.

Pan. That's Hellenus, I maruell where Troylus is, that's Hel- lenus, I thinke he went not forth to day: that's He- llenus.

Cre. Can Hellenus fight Yncle?

Pan. Hellenus no: yes heele fight indifferent, well, I maruell where Troylus is; harke, do you not haer the people cry Troylus? Hellenus is a Priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Enter Troylus.

Pan. Where? Yonder! That's Dapobus, 'tis Troy- lus! Thar's a man Neece, hem; Braue Troylus, the Prince of Chialtrie.

Cre. Peace, for shame peace.

Pan. Marke him, not him: O braue Troylus; looke well vpon him Neece, looke you how his Sword is blou- died, and his Helme more hackt then Hector, and how he lookeas,
looke, and how he goes. O admirable youth! he ne're faw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troylus, go thy way, had I a father were a Grace, or a daughter a Goddeffe, hee should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris is durt to him, and I warrant, Helen to change, would glue money to boot.

Enter common Souldiers.

Cref. Heere come more.

Pan. Affes, fooles, dolts, chaffe and bran, chaffe and bran; porridge after meat. I could liue and dye i' th'eyes of Troylus. Ne're looke, ne're looke; the Eagles are gon, Crowes and Dawes, Crowes and Dawes: I had rather be such a man as Troylus, then Agamemnon, and all Greece.

Cref. There is among the Greekes Achilles, a better man then Troylus.

Pan. Achilles? a Dray-man, a Porter, a very Camell.

Cref. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well? Why have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, vertue, youth, liberality, and so forth: the Spice, and falt that fefions a man?

Cref. I, a mine'd man, and then to be bak'd with no Date in the pegs, for then the mans dates out.

Pan. You are fuch another woman, one knowes not at what ward you lye.

Cref. Upon my backe, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wifes; upon my fercery, to defend mine honestly; my Maske, to defend my beauty, and you to defend all thefe: and at all thefe wanders I lye at, at a thournd watches.

Pan. Say, one of your watches.

Cref. Nay Ike watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefest of them too: If I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, vnlefie it swell past hidding, and then it's past watching.

Enter Boy.

Pan. You are fuch another.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would infantly speake with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your owne house.

Pan. Good Boy tell him I come, I doubt he be hurt.

Fare ye well good Neece.

Cref. Adieu Vnkle.

Pan. Ile be with you Neece by and by.

Cref. To bring Vnkle.

Pan. I, a token from Troylus.

Cref. By the fame token, you are a Bawd. Exit Pand.

Words, vowes, gifts, tears, & loves full facrifice, He offers in another enterprife: But more in Troylus thoufand fold I fee, Then in the glaffe of Pandar's prairie may be; Yet hold I of. Women are Angelos woong, Things won are done, loykes foule Iyes in the dooing: That the belou'd, knowes nought, that knowes not this; Men prize the thing vangin'd, more then it is. That she was never yet, that ever knew Loure got so sweet, as when defire did fue: Therefore this maximize out of loure I teach; "Achievement is command; vangin'd, befeech. That though my hearts Contents firme loure doth bear, Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appeare. Exit.

Senet. Enter Agamemnon, Nefer, Vlyfes, Diome- des, Mamelaus, with others.

Agam. Princes:

What greefe hath fet the Iaudies on your cheekes? The ample propofition that hope makes In all deligins, begun on earth below Fayles in the promiff largeneffe: checks and difafters Grow in the veines of actions height rear'd, As knots by the conflux of meeting fap. Infect the found Pine, and diverts his Grave Tortue and erant from his course of growth. Nor Princes, is it matter new to vs. That we come short of our fuppofe fo farre, That after feuen yeares fiege, yet Troy walles stand, Sith every action that hath gone before, Whereof we have Record, Triall did draw Bias and thwert, not anfwering the ayme: And that unbodied figure of the thought That gau't furmiled fhape. Why then(you Princes) Do you with cheeckes abaff'd, behold our worke, And think and fame, which are (indeed)ought elfe But the protracte trials of great love, To finde perficiff confiance in men? The fineniff of which Metall is not found In Fortunes loue: for then, the Bold and Coward, The Wife and Foole, the Artifi and vn-read, The hard and foft, feeme all affin'd,and kin. But in the Winde and Tempes of her frowne, Diffafion with a lowd and powerfull fan, Puffing at all, winnowes the light away, And what hath maffe, or matter by it felfe, Lies rich in Vertue, and vnmingled.

Nefter. With due Obherence of thy godly feat, Great Agamenon, Nefter shall apply. Thy lately words.

In the reprooffe of Chance,

Lies the true prooffe of men: The Sea being smooth,

How many shallow bauble Boates dare faile Upon her patient brefte, making their way With thofe of Nobler bulke?

But let the Ruffian boreas once enrage The gentle Tothe, and anon behold The strong ribb'd Barke through liquid Mountains cut, Bounding between the two moyft Elements Like Perjans Horfe. Where's then the fawe Boate, Whoft weake vntimber'd fides but even now Co-rival'd Greatneffe? Either to harbour fled, Or made a Toffe for Neptune. Even fo,

Both valours fhou, and valours worth diuide In theormes of Fortune.

For, in her ray and brightneffe,

The Heard hath more annoyance by the Brieze Then by the Tyger: But, when the splifing winde Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oakes, And Flies fled vnder shade, why then The thing of Courage,

As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize, And with an accent tun'd in felle-fame key, Retyles to chiding Fortune.

Vlyf. Agamenon:

Thou great Commander, Nerue, and Bone of Greece, Heart of our Numbers, foule, and onely spirit, In whom the tempers, and the mindes of all Should be flut vp: Heare what Vlyfes speaks, Besides the applause and approbation The which moft mighty for thy place and sway,
And thou most reverend for thy stretch-out life,  
I gie to both your speeches: which were such,  
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece  
Should hold vp high in Brasse: and such againe  
As venerable Nefior (hatch'd in Siluer)  
Should with a bond of ayre, strong as the Axletree  
In which the Heauens ride, knit all Greekes cares  
To his experience't to النوع: let not this be both  
(Thou Great, and Wise) to heare Plyffe speake.  

Agæ. Speak Prince of Ithaca, and be't of leffe expect:  
That matter needleffe of importelie burthen  
Duide thy lips; then we are confident  
When ranke Tertiary opens his Matckie iawes,  
We shall heare Mufick, Wit, and Oracle.  

Ulys. Troy yet vpon his bafl has bene downe,  
And the great Hectors sword had lack'd a Matter  
But for these infancies.  
The specialty of Rule hath beene neglected;  
And looke how many Grecian Tents do fland  
Hollow vpon this Plain, so many hollow Factiones  
When that the Generall is not like the Blue,  
To whom the Foragers shall all repair.  
What Hony is expected? Degree being wizarded,  
Th'vnworthie thwes as fairely in the Maske.  
The Heauens themselfes, the Planets, and this Center,  
Obferue degree, priority, and place,  
Inoble eminence, enthron'd and sphere'd  
Amid't the other, whose med'cineye  
Corrects the ill Aspects of Planets euill,  
And poltes like the Command'ment of a King,  
Sanz checke, to good and bad. But when the Planets  
In euill mixture do dillerender wander,  
What Plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?  
What raging of the Sea: shakling of Earth?  
Commotion in the Winds: Frights, changes, horrors,  
Diuert, and cracke, rend and daracinate  
The vnity, and married calme of States  
Quite from their fixture? O, when Degree is shak'd,  
(Which is the Ladder to all high defignes)  
The enterprize is fickle. How could Communities,  
Degrees in Scholes, and Brother-hoods in Cities,  
Peacefull Commerce from diuidable shores,  
The primogenuite, and due of Bynth,  
Prerogative of Age, Crownes, Scepters, Lawrels,  
(But by Degree) fland in Authentique place?  
Take but Degree away, vn-tune that ftring,  
And hearde what Discord followes: each thing meetes  
In meere oppugnancie. The bounded Waters,  
Should lift their bofomes higher then the Shores,  
And make a topp of all this solid Globie:  
Strength should be Lord of imbecility,  
And the rude Sonne should strike his Father dead:  
Force shou'd be right, or rather, right and wrong,  
(Betweene whose enelesse iarre, Ifusice recides)  
Should loose her names, and so shou'd Ifusice too.  
Then every thing includes it selve in Power,  
Power into Will, Will into Appetite,  
And Appetite (an vnuerfall Wolfe,  
So doth his Will, and Power)  
Must make perforce an vnuerfall prey,  
And laft, eate vp himselfe.  
Great Agamemnon:  
This Chaos, when Degree is suffociate,
Troylus and Cressida.

Bold as an Oracle, and fets Tberities
A flauce, whose Gall coins flanders like a Mint,
To match vs in comparisons with durt,
To weaken and defcredit our expoure,
How ranke fouer rounded in with danger.

Vfif. They taxe our policy, and call it Cowardice,
Count Wifedome as no member of the Warre,
Fore-fall priefidence, and esteeme no ac aT
But that of hand : The fill and mental parts,
That do contrue how many hands fhall strike
When finteene call them on, and know by meaure
Of their obferuant toile, the Enemies weight,
Why this hath not a fingers dignity;
They call this Bed-worke, Mapp’ry, Cloflet-Warre:
So that the Ramme that batters downe the wall,
For the great swing and rudeneffe of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the Engine,
Or thefe that with the fineneffe of their foules,
By Reafon guide his execution.

Nef. Let this be granted, and Aciilles horfe
Makes many Thetis fonnes.

Tucket
Aga. What Trumpet? Look to Monelaus,
Men to Troy Enter Aneas.
Aga. What would you fore our Tent?
Enf. Is this great Agamemnon Tent, I pray you?
Aga. Euen this.
Enf. May one that is a Herald, and a Prince,
Do a faire message to his Kingly ears?
Aga. With surety stronger then Aciilles arm,
Fore all the Greekh heads, which with one voyce
Call Agamemnon Head and Generall.

Enf. Faire leave, and large fecurity. How may
A stranger to those moft Imperial lookes,
Know them from eyes of other Mortals?
Aga. How?
Enf. I t ask, that I might waken reuerence,
And on the cheeke be ready with a blufh
Modeft as morning, when the coldly eyes
The youthfull Phebus :
Which is that God in office guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Aga. This Troyan scornes vs, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious Courtiers.

Enf. Courtiers as free, as debonnaire ; vnarm’d,
As bending Angels : that’s their Fame, in peace :
But when they would feeme Souldiers, they haue galles,
Good armes, strong ioynets, true fwords, & lowes accord,
Nothing fo full of heart. But peace &Aneas,
Peace Troyan, lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthineffe of praife diftaines his worfe :
If that he prais’d himfelfe, bring the praife forth.
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath Fame blowes,that praife fole pure tranfceds.

Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you your felle &Aneas?
Aga. I Greece, that is my name.
Aga. What’s your affayre I pray you?
Aga. Sir pardon, ’tis for Agamemnon cares.
Aga. He heares nought priuely
That comes from Troy.
Aga. Nor I from Troy come not to whiffer him,
I bring a Trumpet to awake his care,
To fet his fonce on the attentive bent,
And then to speake.
Aga. Speake frankly as the winde,
It is not Agamemnon sleeping houre;
That thou fhalt know Troyan he is awake,
He tells thee fo himfelfe.

Aga. Trumpet blow loud,
Send thy Braffe voyce through all these laze Tents,
And every Greecee of mettle, let him know,
What Troy meanes fairly, shall be spoke alowd.

The Trumpets found.

We have great Agamemnon heere in Troy,
A Prince call’d Hector, Priaun is his Father:
Who in this dull and long-continew’d Truce
Is rufty grownne. He bad me take a Trumpet,
And to this purpose speake : Kings,Princes, Lords,
If there be one among’t the faireft of Greece,
That holds his Honor higher then his eafe,
That feekes his praife, more then he fears his perill,
That knowes his Valour, and knowes not his feare.
That loues his Miftris more then in confeffion,
(With truant voyces to her owne lips he loues)
And dare avow her Beauty,and her Worth,
In other armes then hers : to him this Challenge.

Hector, in view of Troyans, and of Greecees,
Shall make it good, or do his belt to do it.
He hath a Lady, wifer, fairer, truer,
Then ever Greekhe did compaff in his armes,
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,
Midway betweene your Tents, and walles of Troy,
To rowze a Grecian that is true in lowe.
If any come, Hector shall honour him:
If none, hee’ll fay in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian Dames are fun-burnt, and not worth
The splinter of a Lanc : Euen fo much.

Aga. This shall be told our Louers Lord &Aneas,
If none of them haue foule in fuch a kinde,
We left them all at home : But we are Souliders,
And may that Soulinder a meere recreant prove,
That meanes not, hath not, or is not in lowe:
If then one is, or hath, or meanes to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, Ile be he.

Nef. Tell him of Nefor, one that was a man
When Hector’s Grandire fuctk : he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian mould,
One Noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To anfwver for his Loue ; tell him from me,
Ile hide my Siluer beard in a Gold Beauer,
And in my Vanbrace put this wither’d brawne,
And meeting him, wil tell him, that my Lady
Was fayer then his Grandame, and as chaffe
As may be in the world : his youth in flood,
Ile pawne this truth with my three drops of blood.

Enf. Now heauens forbid fuch carftite of youth.

Vfif. Amen.

Aga. Faire Lord &Aneas,
Let me touch your hand :
To our Paullion shall I leade you first :
Aciilles haue warne word of this intent,
So shall each Lord of Greece from Tent to Tent:
Your felle shall F east with vs before you goe,
And finde the welcome of a Noble Foe.

Exeunt. Manet Vffif, and Nefor.

Vffif. Nefor.

Nef. What fayes Vffif?

Vffif. I have a young conceptions in my braine,
Be you my time to bring it to fome fhape.

Nef. What is’t?

Vffif. This ‘tis:
Blunt wedges riu hard knots : the seeded Pride
That hath to this maturity blowne vp

if 2 In


Yet go we under our opinion still,
That we have better men. But hit or misse,
Our proiects life this shape of fence affumes,
Achilles imployp'd, pluckes downe Achille Plumes.

Neft. Now Polyttes, I begin to relish thy advice,
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon, go we to him straight :
Two Curtes shall tame each other, pride alone
Must tarre the Matchlesse on, as twere their bone. Exeunt
Enter Aiax, and Therites.

Aia. Therites?
Ther. Agamemnon, how if he had Biles (ful) all our generally.
Aia. Therites?
Ther. And thofe Byles did runne, say fo; did not the General rune, were not that a botchy core?
Aia. Dogge.
Ther. Then there would come some matter from him : I see none now.
Aia. Thou Bitch-Wolfe-Sonne, canst thou not heare? Feele then. Stripes him.
Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee thou Mongrel beast-witted Lord.
Aia. Speake then you whindaft leauen speake, I will beate thee into handfomnesse.
Ther. I shall sooner yeale thee into wit and holiness: but I thinke thy Horfe wil foone con an Oration, then I learn a prayer without booke : Thou canft strike, canst thou? A red Murren o'th thy lades tricks.
Aia. To ada foleo, learn me the Proclamation.
Ther. None doth thou thinke I have no fence thou art I. The Proclamation. (me thus?)
Aia. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I thinke.
Aia. Do not Purpentine, do not; my fingers itch.
Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee, I would make thee the lothomf' feat in Greece.
Aia. I say the Proclamation.
Ther. Thou grumbleft & raleft every hour on Achilles, and thou art as ful of enuy at his greatnes, as Cercberas is at Proserpina's beauty. I, that thou barkft at him.
Aia. Mistrefle Therites.
Ther. Thou shoul'dft strike him.
Aia. Coblofe.
Ther. He would punt thee into fluiers with his fift, as a Sailer breaks a bisket.
Aia. Thou foole for a Witch.
Ther. I, do, do, thou sodden-witted Lord : thou haft no more braine then I haue in mine elbows. A Nefcico may tutor thee. Thou scurvy valiant Affe, thou art heere but to thresh Troyans, and thou art bought and folde ammong thofe of any wit, like a Barbarian flane. If thou vfe to beat me, I will begin at thy heele, and tel what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou.
Aia. You dogge.
Ther. Thou scurvy Lord.
Aia. You Curre.

Achil. Why how now Aiax? wherefore do you this?
How now Therites? what's the matter man?
Ther. You see him there, do you?
Achil. I, what's the matter?
Ther. Nay looke upon him.
Achil. So I do : what's the matter?

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Troylus and Cressida.

Tber. Nay but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Tber. But yet you looke not well vpon him: for who some euer you take him to be, he is Achil.

Achil. I know that foole.

Tber. I, but that foole knowes not himselfe.

Achil. Therefore I beate thee.

Tber. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what medicums of wit he vterts: his eunions have eares thus long. I haue bobb'd his Braine more then he has beate my bones: I will buy nine Sparrowes for a penny, and his Pianmater is not worth the ninth part of a Sparrow. This Lord (Achilles) Achil who wears his wit in his belly, and his gutes in his head, Ile tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Tber. I say this Achil

Achil. Nay good Achil.

Tber. Has not so much wit.

Achil. Nay, I will hold you.

Tber. As will I flop the eye of Helen's Needle, for whom becomes to fight.

Achil. Peace foole.

Tber. I would have peace and quietnes, but the foole will not: he there, that he, looke you there.

Achil. O thou damn'd Curre, I shall

Achil. Will you set your wit to a Foole.

Tber. No I warrant you, for a foole will shame it.

Pat. Good words Tberfites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Achil. I bad thee vile Owle, goe learne me the tenure of the Proclamation, and he raves upon me.

Tber. I ferue thee not.

Achil. Well, go on.

Tber. I ferue heere voluntary.

Achil. Your latesgreece was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary: Achil was heere the voluntary, and you as vnder an Impresse.

Tber. E'nefo, a great deal of your wit too lies in your finnesews, or else there be Lisars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knocke out either of your brains, he were as good cracke a fufette with no kernen.

Achil. What with me to Tberfites?

Tber. There's Flyisses, and old Neffor, whole Wit was moudly ere their Grandfires had nails on their toes,yoke you like draft-Oxen, and make you plough vp the warre.


Tber. Yes good to, to Achilles, to Achil, to

Achil. I shall cut out your tongue.

Tber. 'Tis no matter, I shall speake as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more words Tberfites.

Tber. I will hold my peace when Achilles Brooch bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you Patroclus.

Tber. I wi' fee you hang'd like Clotpoles ere I come any more to your Tents; I will keepe where there is wit fflirring, and leave the faction of foole.

Pat. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this Sir is proclaim'd through all our hoff, that Hector by the fift houre of the Sunne, Will with a Trumpet, 'twist our Tents and Troy To morrow morning call some Knight to Armes, That hath a romacke, and such a one that dare Maintaine I know not what: 'tis trah. Farewell.


Heknew his man.

Achil. O meaning you, I wil goe learnre more of it. Exit.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troylus, Paris and Helenus.

Pri. After to many hours, liues, speeches spent, Thus once againe fayes Nefor from the Greckes, Deluer Helen, and all damage elfe

(As honour, loffe of time, trauail, expence, Wounds, friends, and what els deere that is confum'd In hot digestion of this comorant Warre.)

Shall be brooke off. Hector, what fay you too't.

Hel. Though no man leffer feares the Greeks then I, As farre as touches my particular: yet dread Priam, There is no Lady of more softer bowels, More fpunge, to fuckle in the f彭e of fearre,

More ready to cry out, who knowes what follows Then Hector is: the wound of peace is furety, Surety secure: but moderate Doubt is cal'd

The Beacon of the wife: the tent that searches To' thbottome of the world. Let Helen go,

Since the firft word was drawne aboute this queftion, Every rythe foule mongt many thousand difines,

Hath bin as deere as Helen: I meane of ours:

If we have loft fo many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to vs
(Had it our name) the vale of one ten;
What merit's in that reafon which denies
The yeelding of her vp.

Troy. Fie, fie, my Brother;

Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
(So great as our dread Father) in a Scale
Of common Ounces? Wil you with Counters fumme
The paff proportion of his infinite,

Anderbucke in a wafe moft fathomlefe,
With fpannes and inches to diminutive,
As feares and reafons? Fie for godly flame?

Hel. No maruel though you bite fo sharp at reafons,
You are fo empty of them, should not our Father
Beare the great fway of his affayres with reafons;
Because your speech hath none that tells him fo.

Troy. You are fo dreames & flumbars brother Prieft
You furre your glues with reafon: here are your reafons
You know an enemy intends you harme,
You know, a fword impoy'd is perilous,
And reafon flies the obiect of all harme.

Who maruels then when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his fword, if he do fet
The very wings of reafon to his heele:
Or like a Starrre diforb'd. Nay, if we talke of Reafon,
And flye like chidden Merycurie from Jouve,
Let's flut our gates and sleepe: Manhood and Honor
Should have hard hearts, wold they but fat their thoughts
With this cram'd reafon: reafon and repect,
Makes Liuers pale, and luftiyhood deiect.

Hel. Brother, the is not worth
What the doth ccof the holding.

Troy. What's aught, but as 'tis valew'd?

Hel. But value dwells not in particular will,
It holds his egffame and dignite.
As well, wherein 'tis precious of if felfe,

As in the prizer: 'Tis made Idolatrie,
To make the fervice greater then the God,
The wall dothes that is inclinabile
To what infectiously it felfe afect.

Without some image of th'affecte merit.

Troy. I take to day a Wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduett of my Will;
My Will enkindled by mine eyes and eares,  
'Two traded Pylots twixt the dangerous shores  
Of Will, and Judgement. How may I auoyde  
(Although my will did daffite what it elec't)  
The Wife I chose, th' she can be no euer  
To blemish from this, and to stand firme by honour.  
We turne not backe the Silkes upon the Merchant  
When we have spoil'd them, nor the remainder Viands  
We do not throw in vremarkfuple fame,  
Because we now are full. It was thought meeete  
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greekes;  
Your breath of full content bellied his Sailes,  
The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) tooke a Truce,  
And did him feruice; he touch't the Pors defir'd,  
And for an old Aunt whom the Greekes held Captive,  
He brought a Grecean Queen, whose youth & frethneffe  
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes flate the morning.  
Why keepe we here the Grecians keepe our Aunt:  
Is the worth keeping? Why she is a Pearle,  
Whose price hath launch'd aboue a thousand Ships,  
And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants.  
If you'luoach, 'twas wifedome Paris went,  
(As you must needs, for you all cride, Go, go:)  
If you confesse, he brought home Noble prize,  
(As you must needs) for you all clapt your hands,  
And cride ineftable; why do you now  
The iffe of your proper Wifedomes rate,  
And do a deed that Fortune neuer did?  
Begger the effimation which you priz'd;  
Richer then Sea and Land? O'Theft moft bafe!  
That we have flonde what we feare to keepe.  
But Theuses unworthy of a thing fo flane,  
That in their Country did them that difgrace,  
We fearre to warrant in our Natuc place.

Enter Caftandra with her baire about her eares.

Caf. Cry Troyans, cry.
Priam. What noyle? what shreekes is this?  
Troy. 'Tis our mad sifter, I do know her voyce.
Caf. Cry Troyans.
He ft. It is Caftandra.  
Caf. Cry Troyans cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,  
And I will fill them with Propheticke teares.  
He ft. For your sifter, peace.
Caf. Virgins, and Boyes; mid-age & wrinckled old,  
Soft infancie, that nothing can but cry,  
Add to my clauour: let vs pay betimes  
A moity of that maffe of moane to come.  
Cry Troyans cry, prafile your eyes with teares,  
Troy must not be, nor goody Lillon fland,  
Our fire-brand Brother Paris burns vs all.  
Cry Troyans cry, a Helen and a woe;  
Cry, cry, Troy burns, or elle let Helen goe.  
Exit.

He ft. Now youthfull Troylus, do not thefe hee trains  
Of diuination in our Sister,worke  
Some touches of remorfe? Or is your blood  
So madly hot, that no discourse of reaon,  
Nor feare of bad successe in a bad caufe,  
Can qualifie the fame?  
Troy. Why Brother Hector,  
We may not thinke the lustneffe of each aete  
Such, and no other then event doth forme it,  
Nor once deceipt the courage of our mindes;  
Because Caftandra's mad, her brainficke raptures  
Cannot daffe the goodneffe of a quarrell,
Troylus and Cressida.

Is this in way of truth: yet nere the lefle,
My frifirt brethren, I propend to you
In refolution to keepe Helen still;
For 'tis a caufe that hath no meane depeendance,
Vpon our loynt and feueraall dignities.

Troy. Why? there you toucht the life of our defigne:
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Then the performance of our heaving spleenes,
I would not with a drop of Trojan blood,
Spent more in her defence. But worthy Helen,
She is a theame of honour and renowne,
A fplure to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose prefent courage may beate downe our foes,
And fame in time to come canone vs.

For I prefume brave Helen would not loofe
So right advantage of a promif'd glory,
As smiles vpon the fore-head of this action,
For the wide worlds reuenew.

Hefte. I am yours,
You valiant off-spring of great Priamus,
I have a roiling challenge lent among it
The dull and factious nobles of the Grecianes,
Will strike amazement to their drowifie spirits,
I was aduerse'd, their Great generall feipt,
Whilft emulation in the armie crept:
This I prefume will wake him.

Exeunt.
Here comes Patroclus.

Nef. No Achilles with him?

Vijf. The Elephant hath voyants, but none for curteis:

His legge are legs for necessifie, not for flight.

Patro. Achilles bids me say he is much forry:

If any thing more then your sport and pleasure,
Did moue your greatnesse, and this noble State,
To call vpon him; he hopes it is no other,
But for your health, and your digestion fake;
An after Dinners breath.

Aga. Hear ye Patroclus:
We are too well acquainted with these anwers:
But his euacon winged thus swift with fcorne,
Cannot outflye our apprehensions.

Much attribute he hath, and much the reason,
Why we ascribe it to him, yet all his vertues,
Not vertuously of his owne part beheld,

Doe in our eyes, begin to loose their gloffe;

Yes, and like faire Fruit in an vnholdome dish,
Are like to rot vntafted: goe and tell him,
We came to speake with him; and you shall not finne,
If you doe not, we will take him over proud,
And vnder honeste; in felfe-assumption greater
Then in the note of judgement: & worthier then himselfe
Here tends the sauge strangenege he puts on,
Disguife the holy strength of their command:
And vnder write in an obfuring kinde
His humorous predominance, yea watch
His pettift lines, his efs, his flows, as if
The passafe and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and adde,
That if he ouerhold his price fo much,
Weele none of him; but let him, like an Engin
Not portable, lye vnder this report.
Bring aacion hither, this cannot goe to warre:
A stirring Dwarfe, we doe allowance glue,
Before a sleeping Gyant: tell him fo.

Pat. I shall, and bring his anwers preffently.

Aga. In second voyce weele not be satisfied,
We come to speake with him, Vliffes enter you.

Exit Vliffes.

Aiax. What is he more then another?

Aga. No more then what he thinkes he is.

Aiax. Is he so much, doe you not thinke, he thinkes himselfe a better man then I am?

Aga. No question.

Aiax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Aga. No, Noble Aiax, you are as strong, as valiant, as wife, no leffe noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractive.

Aiax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your minde is the clearer Aiax, and your vertues the fairest; he that is proud, eates vp himselfe; Pride is his owne Gloffe, his owne trumpet, his owne Chronicle, and what euer praifes it fille but in the deede, devoures the deede in the praife.

Enter Ulysses.

Aiax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the ingendring of Toades.

Nef. Yet he loues himselfe's is't not strange?

Vijf. Achilles will not in the field to morrow.

Aga. What's his excuse?

Vijf. He doth relye on none,
But carries on the freame of his dispoze,
Without obseruation or respect of any,

In will peculiar, and in felfe admission.

Aga. Why, will he not vpon our faire request,
Ventent his perfon, and thare the ayre with vs?

Vijf. Things small as nothing, for requests sake onely
He makes important; polleff he is with greatnesse,
And speakes not to himfelfe, but with a pride
That quarter at felfe-breath. Imagin'd wroth
Holds in his blood fuch wilone and hot discourse,
That twist his mentall and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters gainst it fille; what should I say?
He is fo playu proud, that the death tokens of it,
Cry no recover.

Aga. Let Aiax goe to him,
Deare Lord, goe you and greeete him in his Tent;
'Tis faid he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himfelfe.

Vijf. O Agrimenmon, let it not be fo.

Weele confecrate the steps that Aiax makes,
When they goe from Achilles shall the proud Lord,
That bathes his arroganace with his owne fame,
And neuer sufferers matter of the world.
Enter his thoughts: fuee such as doe revolve
And ruminat himselfe. Shall he be worship'd,
Of that we hold an Idol, more then hee?

No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,
Must not fo flaue his Palme, nobly acquir'd,
Nor by my will affubluge his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is: by going to Achilles,
That were to enlard his fat already, pride,
And adde more Coles to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hipieron.

This L. goe to him! Iapeter forbid,
And fay in thunders, Achilles goe to him.

Nef. O this is well, he rules the veine of him.

Dis. And how his silence drinke vp this applauze.

Aiax. If I goe to him, with my armed fit, Ile paue him
ore the face.

Aga. O no, you shall not goe.

Aiax. And a be proud with me, Ile pheue his pride: let me goe to him.

Vijf. Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrel.

Aiax. A pultry infolent fellow.

Nef. How he describès himfelfe.

Aiax. Can he not be fociable?

Vijf. The Rauen chides blackneffe.

Aiax. Ile let his humours bloud.

Aga. He will be the Phytian that should be the paient.

Aiax. And all men were a my minde.

Vijf. Wit would be out of fashion.

Aiax. A should not beare it fo, a should eate Swords
first: shall pride carry it?

Nef. And 'twould, you'd carry halfe.

Vijf. A would haue ten shares.

Aiax. I will kneede him, Ile make him supple, hee's not yet through warme.

Nef. Force him with praifes, pour in, pour in his ambition is dry.

Vijf. My L. you fee thee too much on this dislike.

Nef. Our noble Generall, doe not doe fo.

Dom. You must purge to fight without Achilles.

Vijf. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harme.
Here is a man, but 'tis before his face,
I will be filent.

Nef. Wherefore should you fo?
Troylus and Cressida.

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

VII. 'Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

‘As. A honest dog, that shall palter thus with vs, would he were a Trojan.

Nef. What a vice were it in Aias now——

VII. If he were proud.

Dis. Or courteous of praise.

VII. ‘I, or furlay borne.

Dis. Or strange, or false affected.

P. Thank the heavens I, in this art of sweet compofure; Praise him that get thee, the that gave thee fucce:
Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice fam’d beyond, beyond all xedution;
But he that disciplin’d thy armes to fight,
Let Mars deuide Eternity in twaine,
And give him half, and for thy vigior,
Bull-bearing Mies: his addition yeelds.

To finnowie Aias: I will not praise thy wildeome,
Which like a bourn, a pale, a thre conclines
Thy fpacious and dilated parts; here’s Nefior
Instructed from the Antiquary times;
He must he, is, he cannot but be wise.
But pardon Father Nefior, were your days
As greeue as Aias, and your brains fo temper’d,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Aias.

‘As. Shall I call you Father?

VII. I my good Sonne.

Dis. Be ruled by him Lord Aias.

VII. There is no tarrying here, the Hart Achilles
Keeps thicket: pleafe it our Generall,
To call togethder all his flate of warre
Frensh Kings are come to Troy; to morrow
We must with all our maine of power fland falt:
And here’s a Lord, come Knights from Eafit to Weft,
And call their flowre, Aias shall cope the beft.

Ag. Goe we to Counceile, let Achilles fliepe;
Light Botes may faile swift, though greater bulkes draw
Deepe. Exeunt. Musicke sounds within.

Enter Pandaruns and a Servant.

Pan. Friend, you, pray you a word: Doe not you follow the yong Lord Paris?

Ser. I sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend vpon him I mean?

Ser. Sir, I doe depend vpon the Lord.

Pan. You depend vpon a noble Gentleman: I must needs praiie him.

Ser. The Lord be praiied.

Pan. You know me, doe you not?

Ser. Faith sir, superciliously.

Pa. Friend know me better, I am the Lord Pandaruns.

Ser. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pa. I doe defire it.

Ser. You are in the flate of Grace?

Pa. Grace, not fo friend, honor and Lordship are my title: What Musique is this?

Ser. I doe but partly know sir: it is Musicke in parts.

Pa. Know you the Mufitians.

Ser. Wholly sir.

Pa. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers sir.

Pa. At whom pleasure friend?

Ser. At mine sir, and theirs that loue Musick.


Ser. Who shall I command sir?

Pa. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request doe these men play?

Ser. That’s too’t indeede sir: marry sir, at the request of Paris my L. who’s there in person; with him the mortall Venus, the heart blood of beauty, loues infinissible foule.


Ser. No sir, Helen, could you not finde out that by her attributes?

Pa. It should feme fellow, that thou haft not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speake with Paris from the Prince Troylus: I will make a complementall assault vpon him, for my busineffe fteeth.

Ser. Sudden busineffe, there’s a fewed phrafe indeede.

Enter Paris and Helena.

Pan. Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire company: faire defires in all faire meafure fairly guide them, especially to you faire Queene, faire thoughts be your faire pillow.

Hel. Doce L. you are full of faire words.

Pan. You speake your faire pleafure faire Queene: faire Prince, here is good broken Musicke.

Pa. You haue broke it cozen: and by my life you shal make it whole againe, you shall pece it out with a pece of your performance. Nel, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truely Lady no.

Hel. O sir.

Pan. Rude in tooth, in good tooth very rude.

Paris. Well faid my Lord: well, you fay fo in fits.

Pan. I haue buiniffes to my Lord, deere Queene: my Lord will you vouchsafe me a word.

Hel. Nay, this shal not hedge vs out, weele heare you fing certainly.

Pan. Well faire Queene you are pleafant with me, but, marry thus my Lord, my deere Lord, and moft efteeemed friend your brother Troylus.

Hel. My Lord Pandarus, yonne faire Queene.

Pan. Go too faire Queene, goe to.

Commends himfelf most affectionately to you.

Hel. You shall not bob vs out of our melody:
If you doe, our melancholy upon your head.

Pan. Screte Queene, srete Queene, that’s a screte Queene faith——

Hel. And to make a sreete Lady far, is a fower offence.

Pan. Nay, that shal not feeve your turne, that shall it not in truth la. Nay, I care not for fuch words, no, no.

And my Lord he defires you, that if the King call for him at Supper, you will make his excufe.

Hel. My Lord Pandarus?

Pan. What sraie my faire Queene, my very, very faire Queene?

Par. What exploit’s in hand, where fups he to night?

Hel. Nay but my Lord?

Pan. What sraie my sree Queene? my cozen will fall out with you.

Hel. You must not know where he fups.

Par. With my difpofer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, I care not for fuch matter; you are wide, come your difpofer is ficke.

Par. Well, Ile make excufe.

Pan. I good my Lord: why should you say Cressida?

Par. I fpeake.

Pan. You
Enter Pandarus and Troylus.  

Pan. How now, wheres thy Maister, at my Couzen Crefidia?  

Man. No sir, he stayes for you to conduct him thither.  

Enter Troylus.  

Pan. O here he comes: How now, how now?  

Troy. Sirra walke off.  

Pan. Haue you seene my Cousin?  

Troy. No Pandarus: I walke about her doore  

Like a strange soule upon the Stigeian bankes  

Staying for waftage. O be thou my Charos,  

And give me swift transportance to those fields,  

Where I may wallow in the Liddy beds  

Propos’d for the deferrer. O gentle Pandarus,  

From Capids shoulder plucke his painted wings,  

And flye with me to Crefid.  

Pan. Walke here ict’h’Orchard, Ile bring her straight.  

Exit Pandarus.  

Troy. I am giddy; expectation whirles me round,  

Th’imaginable relish is so sweete,  

That it enchantes my sense: what will it be  

When that the watry pallats taste his deede  

Loues thricre reputed Nefar? Death I fear me  

Sounding disputation, or some toy too fine,  

Too subtle, potent, and too sharpe in sweetnesse,  

For the capacitie of my ruder powers;  

I fear it much, and I doe fear besides,  

That I shall loose distillation in my loyes,  

As doth a battaille, when they charge on heapes  

The enemy flying.  

Enter Pandarus.  

Pan. Shee’s making her ready, sheele come straight: you must be wity now, she doth so bluth, & fetches her winde so short, as if she were fraid with a sprite: Ile fetch her; it is the prettie villaine, she fetches her breath so short as a newtane Sparrow.  

Exit Pand.  

Troy. Euen such a passion doth imbarte my bosome:  

My heart beates thicker then a feaurous pule  

And all my powers doe their befowing loofe,  

Like vallage at vnvaeres encountering  

The eye of Maiestie.  

Enter Pandarus and Crefida.  

Pan. Come, come, what neede you bluth?  

Shames a babie; here she is now, swear the oaths now to her, that you haue tworne to me. What are you gone a-gaine, you must be watchte ere you be made tame, must you? come your waies, come your waies, and you draw backward weele: put you ’t hils: why doe you not speake to her? Come draw this curtaigne, & let’s see your picture.  

Alaste the day, how loath are you to offend day light? and  

’twere darke you’d clofe soonner; So, fo, rub on, and kiffe the misreftre; how now, a kiffe in fee-farme: build there  

Carpenter, the ayre is sweete. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The Faulcon, as the Tercell, for all the Ducks ith Riuier: go too, go too.  

Troy. You haue bereft me of all words Lady.  

Pan. Words pay no debts; give her deedes: but sheele bereau you ’oth’ deede too, if thee call your actiuitie in question what billing a-gaine? here’s in witnesse whereof- of the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, Ile go a fire?  

Cref. Will you walke in my Lord?  

Troy. O Crefida, how often haue I wisht me thus?  

Cref. What my Lord? the gods grant? O my Lord.  

Troy. What shoulde they grant? what makes this pretty abstraction? what too curious dreg cfiyes my sweete Laday in the fountain of our loue?  

Cref. More
Troilus and Cressida.

Cref. More dregs then water, if my teares have eyes.
'Troy. Feares make diuels of Cherubins, they never see truly.
Cref. Blinde feare, that seeing reason leads, finds safe footing, then blinde reason, stumbling without feare: to feare the worfe, oft cures the worfe.
'Troy. Oh let my Lady apprehend no feare, In all Captaine Pageant there is pretended no monfter.
Cref. Not nothing monftrons neither?
'Troy. Nothing but our undertakings, when we vowe to weepe sease,lie in fire, eate rockes, tame Tygers thincking it harder for our Miles treffe to deuile imposition inough, then for vs to vndergoe any difficulties imposéd. This is the monftruous in lowe Lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the defire is boundleffe, and the a\[c]t a flue to limit.
Cref. They say all Louers sweare more performance then they are able, and yet referue an ability that they never performes vowing more then the perfection of ten; and discharging leafe then the tenth part of one. They that haue the voyce of Lyons, and the a\[c]t of Hares: are they not Monfters?
'Troy. Are there fuch? fuch are not we: Praife vs as we are ta\[t]ed, allow vs as we pro\[e]ue: our head shall goe bare till merit crowne it: no perfection in reuerion shall haue a praife in prefent: wee will not name defert before his birth, and being borne his addition shall be humble: few words to faire fa\[i]th. Troilus shall be fuch to Cressid, as what enuie can say wor\[f]rt, shall be a mocke for his truth; and what truth can speake tru\[e], not truer then Troy\[u]s.
Cref. Will you walke in my Lord?
Enter Pandaros.
Pan. What blushing ftil? have you not done talking yet?
Cref. Well Vnclle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.
Pan. I thanke you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of you, youe giue him me: be true to my Lord, if he flinch, chide me for it.
'Troy. You know now your hostages your Vnckles word and my firme faith.
Pan. Nay, Ie giue my word for her too: our kindred though they be long ere they are wooed, they are con\[f]ant being wone: they are Burres I can tell you, they're flicke where they are throwne.
Cref. Boldneffe comes to mee now, and brings mee heart: Prince Troilus, I haue lou'd you night and day, for many weary moneths.
'Troy. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win? Cref. Hard to feeme won: but I was won my Lord With the first glance; that euer pardon me, If I confesse much you will play the tyrant: I loue you now, but not till now so much But I might maifter it; infa\[i]th I ly:
My thoughts were like vnbrided children grow Too head-strong for their mother: fee we fooles, Why haue I blab'd; who shall be true to vs When we are fo vn\[f]cret to our felues? But though I lou'd you well, I woe you not, And yet good faith I vish my selfe a man; Or that we women had mens pruilledges Of speaking firft. Swete, bid me hold my tongue, For in this rapture I shall fully speake The thing I shall repent: fee, fee, your silence Comming in dumbneffe, from my weake\[n]effe drawes
My foule of counsell from me. Stop my mouth.
Cref. My Lord, I doe be\[f]eech you pardon me, 'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a knife: I am asham'd: O Heauens, what haue I done! For this time will I take my leave my Lord. 'Troy. Your leave sweetes Cressid? Pan. Leave: and you take leave till to morrow morning.
Cref. Pray you content you.
'Troy. What offends you Lady?
Cref. Sir, mine owne company.
'Troy. You cannot thin your selfe. Cref. Let me goe and try:
I haue a kind of selfe recides with you: But an vnkinde selfe, that it selfe will leave,
To be anotheres foole. Where is my wife? I would be gone: I speake I know not what. 'Troy. Well know they what they speake, that speakes fo freely.
Cref. Perchance my Lord, I shew more craft then loue, And fell fro roundly to a large condicion, To Angle for your thoughts: but you are wife, Or else you loue not: for to be wife and loue, Exceedes mans might; that dwells with gods above. 'Troy. O that I thought it could be in a woman: As if it can, I will pre\[f]ume in you, To fee\[d]e for aye her lampe and flames of loue. To keepe her confiance in plught and youth, Out-liuing beauties outward, with a minde That doth newe twitter then blood decays: Or that perfimation could but thus conuince me, That my integrall and truth to you, Might be affronted with the match and wa\[i]ght Of such a winnowd puritie in loue:
How were I then vp-lifted but alas,
I am as true, as truths simplicitie, And simpler then the infaffic of truth. Cr. In that Ie warre with you.
'Troy. O vertuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be moft right:
True swaines in loue, shall in the world to come Approve their truths by Troilus, when their rimes,
Full of protreff, of oath and big compare:
Wants similes, truth tir'd with iteration,
As true as f\[f]eele, as plantage to the Moone:
As Sunne to day: as Turtle to her mate:
As Iron to Adaman: as Earth to th'Center:
Yet after all comparions of truth,
(As truths authentick author to be cited) As true as Troilus, shall crowne vp the Verfe,
And fanctifie the numbers.
Cref. Prophet may you be:
If I be falle, o f\[f]erve a haire from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot it falle:
When water drops haue worne the Stones of Troy;
And blinde oblivion swallow'd Cities vp;
And mightie States chara\[c]terieffe are grated
To duffie nothing; yet let memory,
From falle to falle, among falle Maides in loue,
Vpbraid my falsehood, when they'ae faid as falle,
As Aire, as Water, as Winde, as wantie earth;
As Foxe to Lambe; as Wolfe to Hei\[f]ers Cafle;
Pard to the Hinde, or Step dame to her Sonne;
Yea, let them say, to flique the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressida.

Pand. Go too, a bargain made: seale it, seale it. Ile be the witnesse here I hold your hand: here my Cousins, if ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such paines to bring you together, let all pitifull goers betweene be call'd to the worlds end after my name: call them all Panders; let all constant men be Troyluss, all false women Cressid, and all brokers betweene, Panders:

fay, Amen.

Troy. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen.

Whereupon I will shew you a Chamber, which bed, becaufe it shall not speake of your prettie encounters, preffe it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all'tong-tide Maidens heere,

Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to prouide this geere. Exeunt.

Enter Vlys, Diomedes, Nefor, Agamemnon, Menelaus and Chalke. Florid.

Cal. Now Princes for the seruice I haue done you, Th'advantage of the time prompts me aloud, To call for recompence: appeare it to your minde, That through the fight I bear in things to love, I haue abandon'd Troy, left my poffeision,

Incur'd a Traitors name, expell'd my felfe,

From certaine and pollifte conuences,

To doubtfull fortunes, fequiring from me all That time, acquaintance, cuftome and condition, Made tame, and most familar to my nature:

And here to doe you feruice am become,

As new into the world, strange, vnacquainted.

I doe beseech you, as in way of taffe,

To give me now a little benefit:

Out of those many registred in promife,

Which you say, lieue to come in my behalfe.

Agam. What would'th thou of vs Trojan? make demand?

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, cal'd Antenor, Yesterday tooke: Troy holds him very deere.

Oft haue you (often haue you, thankes therefore) Deft'd my Cressid in right great exchange.

Whom Troy hath still den'd; but this Antenor, I know is such a wretch in his affairs;

That their negotiations all must flacke,

Wanting his manage: and they will almoft,

Gue vs a Prince of blood, a Sonne of Priam,

In change of him. Let him be sent great Princes,

And he shall buy my Daughter: and her prefence,

Shall quite strike off all feruice I haue done,

In most accepted paine.

Aga. Let Diomedes bear him,

And bring vs Cressid hither: Calcas shall haue What he requets of vs: good Diomed

Furnish you fairely for this enterchange;

Withball bring word, if Heitor will to morrow Be anfwerd in his challenge. Aiax is ready.

Dio. This shall I vndertake, and 'tis a burthen

Which I am proud to bear.

Exit.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus in their Tent.

Vlys. Achilles stands i'th entrance of his Tent; Pleafe it our Generall to passe strangely by him,

As if he were forgot: and Princes all,

Lay negligent and loose regard vpon him;

I will come laft, 'tis like heele question me,
Salutes each other with each others forme.
For speculation turns not to it selfe,
Till it hath travaile’d, and is married there
Where it may see it selfe: this is not strange at all.

Vil. I doe not straine it at the position,
It is familiar; but at the Authors drift,
Who in his circumstance, expressly proves
That no may is the Lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there is much confuting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himselfe know them for ought,
Till he behold them formed in the applause,
Where they are extended: who like an arch reuerb’rate
The voyce againe; or like a gate of steel,
Fronting the Sunne, receiues and renders backe
His figure, and his heate. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately:
The vnknowne Aiax;
Heauen’s what a man is there? a very Horfe,
That has he knowes not what. Nature, what things there
Moit abieft in regard, and deare in vie.
What things againe moit deere in the esteeme,
And poore in worth: now shal we fee to morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw vpon him.
Aiax renown’d? O heauen, what some fome deoe,
While some men leue to doe!
How some men creepe in skittifh fortunes hall,
While others play the Idects in her eyes:
How one man eates to anothers pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonnefse
To see these Grecian Lords; why, even already,
They clap the luber Aiax on the shoulder,
As if his foote were on braye Heftors brefe,
And great Troy shrinking.

Abil. I doe beleue it:
For they paft by me, as myfers doe by beggars,
Neither gae to me good word, nor looke:
What are my deedes forgot?

Vil. Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his backe,
Wherein he puts almes for obliuion;
A great fix’d monfter of ingratiatges:
Those scraps are good deedes paft,
Which are deour’d as faft as they are made,
Forgot as foone as done: perfeuerance, deere my Lord,
Keeps honor bright, to haue done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a ruffie male,
In monuments mockrie: take the infant way,
For honour travels in a fraught fo narrow,
Where one but goes a breaft, keepe then the path:
For emulation hath a thousand Sonnes,
That one by one purifie; if you glue way,
Or hedge ahide from the direc’d forth right;
Like to an entred Tyde, they all ruffe by,
And leave you hindmoft:
Or like a gallant Horfe falne in fift ranke,
Lye there for paument to the abieft, neere
Ore-run and trampled on: then what they doe in prefent,
Though lefe then yours in past, mutt ore-top yours:
For time is like a fashionable Hofte,
That lightly shakes his parting Gueft by th’hand;
And with his arms out-stretch’t, as he would flye,
Graifes in the commer: the welcome euer smilies,
And farewells goes out fighting: O let not vertue leafe
Remuneration for the thing it was: for beaute, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, defert in fortune,
Loure, friendlyh, charitie, are fubiefts all
To enuius and calumniating time:
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin:
That all with one conflent praiife new borne gades,
Though they are made and moulded of things paft,
And goe to duft, that is a little guilt,
More laud then guilt oredussed.
The prefent eye praiifes the pref nt obieft:
Then maruell not thou great and compleat man,
That all the Greekes begin to worship Aiax;
Since things in motion begin to catch the eye,
Then what not flies: the cry went out on thee,
And fill it might, and yet it may againe,
If thou woulde not entombe thy felle alue,
And caste thy reputation in thy Tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous misfions ‘mongt the gods themfelves,
And draue great Mars to faction.

Abil. Of this my priuacie,
I haue strong reasons.

Vil. But ’gainft your priuacie
The reafons are more potent and heroicall:
’Tis knowne Achilles, that you are in loue
With one of Priamus daughters.

Abil. Ha! knowne?

Vil. Is that a wonder?
The proudnes that’s in a watchfull State,
Knowes almost every graine of Plutoes gold;
Findes botome in thevcn comprehenfifue deepes;
Keepes place with thought: and almost like the gods,
Doe thoughts vnaile in their dumbe cradles:
There is a mysterie (with whom relation
Durft neuer meddle) in the foule of State;
Which hath an operation more diuine,
Then breath or pen can glue expreffure to:
All the commerle that you have had with Troy,
As perfeectly is ours, as yours, my Lord,
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw downe Heftor then Telefena.
But it muft grieue yong Tirbus now at home,
When fame shall in her Jand found her trumpe; and
And all the Grecian Girls shall tripping fing,
Great Heftors fifer did Achilles winne;
But our great Aiax brauely beate downe him.
Farewell my Lord: I as your louver speake;
The foole flies ore the Ice that you should breake.

Patr. To this effeét Achilles haue I mou’d you;
A woman impudent and manfull growne,
Is not more locht, then an effeminate man,
In time of action: I stand condemne’d for this;
They thinke my little Homacke to the warre,
And your great loue to me, reftraines you thus:
Sweete, roufe your felfe; and the weake wanton Cepho
Shall from your yoke vnloafe his amorous foule,
And like a dew drop from the Lyons mane,
Be shooke to ayrie ayre.

Abil. Shall Aiax fight with Heftor?

Patr. 1, and perhaps receive much honor by him.

Abil. I fee my reputation is at flake,
My fame is howdly gored.

Patr. O then beware:
Those wounds heal lill, that men doe glue them felves:
Ommifion to doe what is neceffary
Seales a conftitution to a blanke of danger,
And danger like an argue subtly taints
Even then when we fit idely in the funne.

Abil. Goe call Therfites hithe Sweet Patroclus,
Troylus and Cressida.

He fend the foole to Ajax, and desire him
To inveite the Trojan Lords after the Combat
To see vs here vnarm'd: I have a womans longings.
An appetite that I am fiche withall,
To fee great Hector in his weedes of peace; Enter Tber:
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Euen to my full of view. A labour fau'd.

Tber. A wonder.

Achil. What?

Tber. Achil goes vp and downe the field, asking for himselfe.

Achil. How fo?

Tber. Hee muft fight fingly to morrow with Hector,
And is fo prophetically proud of an heroicall cudgelling,
that he raues in faying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Tber. Why he talkes vp and downe like a Peacock, a
fride and a fland: ruminates like an hoffeffe, that hath no
Arithmatique but her braine to fet downe her reckoning:
bites his lip with a politique regard, as who should say,
there were wit in his head and two'd out; and fo there is: but it ies as coldly in him, as fire in a flint,
which will not fire though he be ftruck without knocking. The mans undone for ever: for if Hector break not his necke i'th'comb,
heele break't himfelfe in vaine-glory. He knowes
not mee: I faid, good morrow Ajax; And he replies,
thankes Agamemnon. What thinke you of this man,
that takes me for the Generall? Hee's grown a very
land-fish, languagelefe, a monster: a plague of o-
pinion, a man may wearie it on both fides like a leather
Jerkin.

Achil. Thou muft be my Ambassador to him Tberfites.

Tber. Who, I: why heele anfwre no body: he pro-
feffes notanfwerring; speaking is for beggers: he weares
his tongue in'armes: I will put on his prefence; let Pat-
roclus make his demands to me, you shall fee the Page-
ant of Ajax.

Achil. To him Patroclus; tell him, I humbly desire the valiant
Ajax, to invade the moft valorous Hector, to come vnarm'd to my Tent, and to procure safe conduct for his
perfon, of the magnuminos and moft illufrious, fife or
feauen times honourd Captain, Generall of the Grecian
Armie Agamemnon, &c. doe this.

Patro. Tere bleffe great Ajax.

Tber. Hum.

Patro. I come from the worthy Aeibilhes.

Tber. Ha?

Patro. Who moft humbly desires you to inveite Hector
to his Tent.

Tber. Hum.

Patro. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemmon.

Tber. Agamemmon?

Patro. I my Lord.

Tber. Ha?

Patro. What fay you too't.

Tber. God buy you with all my heart.

Patro. Your anfwer fir.

Tber. If to morrow be a faire day, by euen a clocke
it will goe one way or other; howfoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patro. Your anfwer fir.

Tber. Fare you well with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Achil. No, but he's out a tune thus: what mufcke will
be in him when Hecater has knockt out his braines, I know
not: but I am sure none, vnleefe the Fidler Apollo get his
newes to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou fhalt bear a Letter to him
straight.

Tber. Let me carry another to his Horfe; for that's the
more capable creature.

Achil. My minde is troubled like a Fountaine flir'd,
And my felle fee not the bottome of it.

Tber. Would the Fountaine of your minde were cleere
againe, that I might water an Afle at it: I had rather be a
Ticke in a Sheepe, then fuch a valiant ignorance.

Enter at one doore Aneas with a Torch, at another
Paris, Diaphæbus, Antenor, Dismid the
Grecian, with Torches.

Par. See hoa, who is that there?

Diaph. It is the Lord Aneas.

Aneas. Is the Prince there in person?

Hadhad I to good occasion to lye long
As you Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly businesse,
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dismid. That's my minde too: good morrow Lord
Aneas.

Par. A valiant Grecian Aneas, take his hand,
Witness the proffee of your speech within;
You told how Dismid in a whole weeke by dayes
Did haunt you in the Field.

Aneas. Health to you valiant fir,
During all queftion of the gentle truce:
But when I meete you arm'd, as blacke defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dismid. The one and other Dismid embraces,
Our blouds are now in calme; and fo long health:
But when contention, and occasion meetes,
By Ione, Ile play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, purfuite and pollicy.

Aneas. And thou shalt hunt a Lyon that will fye
With his face backward, in humane gentlennesse:
Welcome to Troy; now by Anchises life,
Welcome indeede: by Venus hand I fware,
No man allue can loue in fuch a sort,
The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.

Dismid. We sympathize. Ione let Aneas lye
(If to my sword his fate be not the glory)
A thousand compleat coursees of the Sunne,
But in mine emulous honor let him dye:
With every loynt a wound, and that to morrow.

Aneas. We know each other well.

Dismid. We doe, and long to know each other worfe.

This is the moft, delightful gentile greeting;
The nobleft hatefull love, that ere I heared of.

What businesse Lord so early?

Aneas. I was fent for to the Kingbut why, I know not.

Par. His purfice meets you; it was to bring this Greek
To Caleb's houfe; and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the faire Cressid:
Lers have your company; or if you pleafe,
Hafte there before vs. I contantly doe thinke
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)
My brother Troylus lodges there to night.

Par. Roufe him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof, I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.

Aneas. That I affure you. Troylus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Then Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There
Par. There is no helpe: The bitter disposition of the time will have it so.
On Lord, weele follow you.

Æne. Good morrow all. Exit Æneas

Par. And tell me noble Ænomus; faith tell me true,
Euen in the foule of found good fellow ship,
Who in your thoughts merits faire Helen moit?
My selfe, or Memenous?

Dism. Both alike.
He merits well to have her, that doth sckeke her,
Not making any scruple of her soyure,
With such a hell of paine, and world of charge.
And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,
Not pallating the tast of her dishonour,
With such a costly lose of wealth and friends:
He like a pulling Cuckold, would drinke vp
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed peece:
You like a letter, out of whorish loynes,
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pay'd, each weighs no leffe nor more,
But he as he which heauuer for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Dis. Shee's bitter to her countrye: heare me Parke,
For every false drop in her bauy veines,
A Grecians life hath funke: for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath beene flaine. Since she could speake,
She hath not gien so many good words breath,
As for her, Greekes and Troianes suffred death.

Par. Faire Ænomed, you doe as chapmen doe,
Dif praise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this vertue well;
Weele not commend, what we intend to sell.
Here iewes our way.

Enter Troyles and Cressida.

Troy. Deere trouble not your selue: the morne is cold.

Cref. Then sweet my Lord, Ile call mine Vnckle down;
He shall vnbolt the Gates.

Troy. Trouble him not:
To bed, to bed: sleepe kill those pritty eyes,
And glue as soft attachment to thy fences,
As Infants empty of all thought.

Cref. Good morrow then.

Troy. I prithee now to bed.
Cref. Are you a weare of me?

Troy. O Cressida but that the buise day
Wak't by the Larke, hath rous'd the ribauld Crows,
And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer:
I would not from thee.

Cref. Night hath beene too briefe.

Troy. Behere the witch! with venemous wights she
As hiddiously as hell; but flies the grapes of love,
With wings more momentary, swift then thought
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cref. Prithee tarry, you men will never tarry;
O foolish Cressida, I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarryed. Harke, ther's one vp?
Pand. within. What's all the doores open here?

Troy. It is your Vnckle. Enter Pandarus.

Cref. A peffilence on him: now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life.

Pan. How now, how now? how goe maiden-heads?
Heare you Maide: wher's my cozyn Cressida?

Cref. Go hang your self, you naughty mocking Vnckle:
You bring me to doo--and then you floute me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her say what:
What haue I brought you to doe?

Cref. Come, come, beathrew your heart: youle nere be
good, nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha: alas poore wretch: a poore Chippakie, haft
not slept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let it
Sleepe: a bug, beast take him.

One knockes.

Cref. Did not I tell you? would he were knockt ith'
head. Who's that at doore? good Vnckle goe and fee.

My Lord, come you againe into my Chamber:
You smile and mocke me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troy. Ha, ha.

Cref. Come you are deceu'd, I thinke of no such thing.
How earnely they knocke: pray you come in.

Knocke. I would not for halfe Troy hauue youe seene here. Exit

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beate
downe the doore? How now, what's the matter?

Æne. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there my Lord Æneas? by my troth I
knew you not; what newes with you so early?

Æne. Is not Prince Troyles here?

Pan. Here? what should he doe here?

Æne. Come he is here, my Lord, doe not deny him:
It doth import him much to speake with me.

Pan. Is he here say you? 'tis more then I know, Ile be
sworne: For my owne, part I came in late: what shoulde
he doe here?

Æne. Who, nay then: Come, come, youle doe him
wrong, ere y'are ware: youle be fo true to him, to be
faile to him: Doe not you know of him, but yet goe fetch
him hither, goe.

Enter Troyles.

Troy. How now, what's the matter?

Æne. My Lord, I'carme hauue leasure to salue you,
My matter is so rath: there is at hand,
Parke your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Ænomes, and our Antenor
Deliber'd to vs, and for him forth-with,
Ere the firft sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give vp to Ænomeds hand

The Lady Cressida.

Troy. Is it concluded fo?
Æne. By Priam, and the generall state of Troy,
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troy. How my sthilements mocke me;
I will goe meete them: and my Lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not finde me here.

Æne. Good, good, my Lord, the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in tacturnitie.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Is't poiffible? no sooner got but loft: the diuell
take Antenor; the yong Prince will goe mad: a plague
upon Antenor; I would they had brok'ne necke.

Cref. How now? what's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ha!

Cref. Why sigh you so profoundly? wher's my Lord gone? tell me sweet Vnckle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above.

Cref. O the gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Prithee get thee in: would thou had'ft nere beene
borne; I knew thou woulde'ft be his death. O poore Gent-
leman: a plague vpon Antenor.

Cref. Good
Troylus and Cressida.

Cref. Good Vncle I befeech you, on my knees, I be-
seech you what's the matter?
Pan. Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone;
thou art chang'd for Antenor: thou must to thy Father,
and be gone from Troylus: 'twill be his death: 'twill be
his bane, he cannot bear it.
Cref. O you immortall gods! I will not goe.
Pan. Thou must, Cref. I will not Vnacle: I have forgot my Father:
I know no touch of confanguinitie:
No kin, no love, no blood, no foule, so neere me,
As the sweet Troylus: O you gods divine!
Make Crefilds name the very crowne of failhood!
If ever the leave Troylus: time, once and death,
Do to this body what extremitie you can;
But the strong bafe and building of my loue,
Is as the very Center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. I will goe in and wepe.
Pan. Doe doe.
Cref. Teare my bright heire, and scratch my praied
cheekes,
Cracke my cleere voice with sobs, and breake my heart
With founding Troylus. I will not goe from Troy.Exeunt.

Enter Paris, Troylus, Anteus, Delihebus, An-
thenor and Dionades.

Par. It is great morning, and the houre prefixt
Of her deliuerie to this valiant Greeke
Comes saft vp: good my brother Troylus,
Tell you the Lady what she is to doe,
And haft her to the purpofe.
Troy. Walke into her house:
Ile bring her to the Grecian prefently;
And to his hand, when I deliuer her,
Think it an Altar, and thy brother Troylus
A Prieff, there offering to it his heart.
Par. I know what 'tis to loue,
And would, as I shal lattie, I could helpe.
Please you walke in, my Lords. Exeunt.

Enter Pandarus and Crefild.
Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.
Cref. Why tell you me of moderation?
The griefe is fine, full perfect that I taste,
And no leffe in a fenne as strong
As that which caufeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporifie with my affection,
Or brew it to a weake and colder pallat,
The like alaiment could I grieue my loue:
My loue admits no qualifying croffe;
My loue is Troylus.
No more my griefe, in such a precious loffe.
Pan. Here, here, here, he comes, a sweet ducce.
Cref. O Troylus, Troylus!
Pan. What a pairre of spectacles is here? let me em-
brace too: oh hart, as the godly saying is: O heart, hea-
ule heart, why sigheft thou without breaking? where he
answers againe; because thou canst not eafe thy braine by
friendship, nor by speaking: there was neuer a truer time;
let vs caft away nothing, for we may lye to have neede
of such a Verfe: we fee it, we fee it: how now Lambs?
'Troy. Crefild? I love thee in io strangue a puritie;
That the bleft gods, as angry with my fancie,
More bright in zeale, then the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their Deities: take thee from me.
Cref. Haue the gods enuie?
Troylus and Cressida.

To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell that in each grace of these,
There lurks a still and dumb-discoeurfue diuell,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.
Cref. Doe you thinke I will:
Troy. No, but something may be done that we wil not:
And sometymes we are diuels to our felues,
When we will tempt the frailtie of our powers,
Prefuming on their changefull potencie.
Enters within. Nay, good my Lord?
Troy. Come kiffe, and let vs part.
Parli within. Brother Troylus:
Troy. Good brother come you hither,
And bring Caman and the Grecian with you.
Cref. My Lord, will you be true?
Exit.
Troy. Who I? alas it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I, with great truth, catch meere simplicitie;
Whil't some with cunning gild their copper crownes,
With truth and plainneffe I doe weare mine bare:

Enter the Grecs.
Fear not my truth: the malice of my wit
Is praine and true, ther's all the reach of it.
Welcome sir Diomed, here is the Lady
Which for Antenor, we deliver you.
At the port (Lord) Ie glue her to thy hand,
And by the way possifie thee what she is.
Entreate her faire; and by my foule,faire Greece,
If ere thou stand at mercy of my Sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as faire
As Priam in Iliion ?
Diomed. Faire Lady Cressid,
So please you faueth thanks this Prince expexts:
The lufrre in your eye, heauen in your cheeke,
Pleades your faire visage, and to Diomed
You shall be mistrefse, and command him wholly.
Troy. Grecian, thou do't not vle me curteously,
To shame the feale of my petition towards,
I praiing her. I tell thee Lord of Greece:
Shee is as farre high saier o're thy praifles,
As thou vnworthy to be cal'd her fervant:
I charge thee vle her well, even for my charge:
For by the dreadfull Pluto, if thou do't not,
(Though the great bulke Achilles be thy guard)
Ie cut thy throte.

Diomed. Oh be not mou'd Prince Troylus;
Let me be pruiledged by my place and meffage,
To be a speaker free? when I am hence,
Ile anfwer to my luff: and know my Lord;
Ile nothing doe on charge: to her owne worth
She shall be priz'd: but that you fay, be't fo;
Ile speake it in my spirit and honor, no.
Troy. Come to the Port. Ie tell thee Diomed,
This braue, shall oft make thee to hide thy head:
Lady, glue me your hand, and as we walke,
To our owne felues bend we our needefull talke.
Sound Trumpet.
Par. Harke, Hectors Trumpet.
Cref. How haue we spent this morning
The Prince must thinke me tardy and remiffe,
That fvore to ride before him in the field.
Par. *Tis Troylus fault: come, come, to field with him.

Dio. Let vs make ready fright.
Cref. Yea, with a Bridegromes freth alacrity

Let vs address to tend on Hector beales:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lyce
On his faire worth, and fingle Chialrie,

Enter Achilles armed, Aegamnom, Menelaus, Patroclus, Calcas, &c.

Ag. Here art thou in appointment freth and faire,
Anticipating time. With flarting courage,
Glue with thy Trumpet a loud note to Troy
Thou dreadfull Achilles, that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great Combant,
And hale him hither.
Asia. Thou, Trumpet, ther's my purs:
Now cracke thy lungs, and fplit thy brafen pipe:
Blow villainy, till thy fphered Bias chekke
Out-fwell the collïke of puft Aquilone:
Come, streight thy cheeff, and let thy eyes spout bloud:
Thou blowest for Hector.
Vij. No Trumpet anfwers.
Aeg. *Tis but early dayes.
Ag. Is not yong Diomed with Calcas daughter?
Vij. *Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,
He rites on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifa him from the earth.
Ag. Is this the Lady Cressid?
Dio. Even she.
Ag. Moft deereely welcome to the Greeks, sweete Lady.
Nef. Our Generall doth salute you with a kiffe.
Vij. Yet is the kindenffe but particular: 'twere better
She were kiff in general.
Nef. And very courtly confell: Ie begin. So much
For Nefet.
Aeg. Ile take that winter from your lips faire Lady
Achilles bids you welcome.
Mene. I had good argument for kiffling once.
Patro. But that's no argument for kiffling now;
For thus pop't Paris in his hardiment.
Vij. Oh deadly gall, and theame of all our scornes,
For which we lose our heads, to gild his hornes.
Patro. The first was Menelaus kiffe, this mine:
Patroclus kiffls you.
Mene. Oh this is trim.
Mene. Ile have my kiffe fir: I Lady by your leave.
Cref. In kiffling doe you render, or receive.
Patro. Both take and glue.
Cref. Ile make my match to live,
The kiffe you take is better then you gue: therefore no kiffe.
Mene. Ile gue you boote, Ile gue you three for one.
Cref. You are an odd man, gue eu'n, or gue none.
Mene. An odd man Lady, euery man is odd.
Cref. No, Paris is not: for you know 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is eu'en with you.
Mene. You filip me a th' head.
Cref. No, Ile be sworne.
Vij. If there was no match, your naile against his horn:
May I sweete Lady beg a kiffe of you?
Cref. You may.
Vij. I do desire it.
Cref. Why begge then?
Vij. Why then for Venus sake, give me a kiffe :
Then dost thou in mee.
Cref. I am your debtor, claine it when 'tis due.

Vij. Neuer's
Troylus and Cressida.

Ulfs. Neuer's my day, and then a kiss of you. 
Diem. Lady a word, Ile bring you to your Father. 
Nef. A woman of quickke fence. 
Vilis. Fie, fie,ypon her : 
Ther's a language in her eye, her cheekke, her lip; 
May, her foote spakes, her wanton spirits looke out 
At evry joynt, and motyie of her body ; 
Oh these encounterers so glib of tongue, 
That give a coafting welcome ete it comes ; 
And wide vnclaffe the tables of their thoughts, 
To evry tickling reader : fet them downe, 
For fluttish spoiles of opportunity; 
And daughters of the game. 

Enter all of Troy, Hector, Paris, Eneas, Helena and Attendants. Florib. 

All. The Troians Trumpet. 
Aga. Yonder comes the troope. 
Eneas. Halle all you flate of Greece : what shalbe done 
To him that vict'ry commands? or do you purpose, 
A victor shall be knowne : will you the Knights 
Shall to the edge of all extremevite 
Purse each other; or shall be diuided 
By any voyce; or order of the field: Hector bad ask? 
Aga. Which way would Hector have it? 
Eneas. He cares not, heele obey conditions. 
Aga. 'Tis done like Hector, but securely done, 
A little proudly, and great deale disprizing 
The Knight oppos'd. 
Eneas. If not Achilles for, what is your name? 
Arib. If not Achilles, nothing. 
Eneas. Therefore Achilles: but what ere, know this, 
In the extent of great and little: 
Valour and pride excell themselves in Hector; 
The one almoft as infinite as all; 
The other blanke as nothing: weigh him well: 
And that which lookes like pride, is curtefe: 
This Ajax is halfe made of Hector's blood; 
In loue whereof, halfe Hector staines at home: 
Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe Hector, comes to seeke 
This blended Knight, halfe Trojan, and halfe Greece. 
Arib. A maidens battell then? O I perceiue you. 
Aga. Here is fir, Diomed: goe gentle Knight, 
Stand by our Ajax : as you and Lord Eneas 
Confent upon the order of their fight, 
So be it: either to the wittermed, 
Or else a breach: the Combattants being kin, 
Halfe flints their stiffe, before their strokes begin. 
Vilis. They are oppos'd already. 
Aga. What Trojan is that fame that looks so heavy? 
Vilis. The younge Sonne of Priam. 
A true Knight; they call him Troylus; 
Not yet mature, yet matchlesse, firm of word, 
Speaking in deedes, and deedlesse in his tongue; 
Not soone prouek't, nor being prouek't,foone calm'd; 
His heart and hand both open, and both free: 
For what he has, he giues; what thinks, he shewes; 
Yet giues he not till judgement guide his bounty, 
Nor dignifies an impaire thought with breath: 
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous; 
For Hector in his blaze of wrath subcribes 
To tender obiecks; but he, in heats of action, 
Is more vindecatue then jealous loue. 
They call him Troylus; and on him eret, 
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector. 
Thys faies Eneas, one that knowes the youth, 
Even to his inches: and with private foule, 
Did in great Illion thus translate him to me. 

Alarum. 
Aga. They are in action. 
Nef. Now Ajax hold thine owne. 
Troy. Hector, thou sleepe't, awake thee. 
Aga. His blows are end, dispose'd there Ajax. 

Trumpe. 
Sim. You muft no more. 
Anea. Princes enough, so pleace you. 
Ala. I am not warne yet, let vs fight againe. 

Diam. As Hector pleases. 

Hec. Why then will I no more: 
Thou art great Lord, my Fathers sisters Sonne; 
A confen german to great Priams feede: 
The obligation of our blood forbids 
A gorie emulation 'twixt vs twaine: 
Were they commixion, Greeke and Troian fo, 
That thou could'ft say, this hand is Grecian all, 
And this is Troian: the finewes of this Legge, 
All Greeke, and this all Troy: my Mothers bloud 
Runs on the dexter cheekke, and this finiter 
Bounds in my fathers : by love multipotent, 
Thou shou'dst not beare from me a Greekifh member 
Wherein my sword had not impreffure made, 
Of our ranke feud: but the iuft gods gainfay, 
That any drop thou borrow'd from thy mother, 
My facred Aunt, shou'd by my mortall Sword 
Be draine. Let me embrace thee Ajax: 
By him that thunders, thou haft luftie Armes; 
Hector would have them fall upon him thus. 
Cozen, all honor to thee. 
Ala. I thanke thee Hector: 
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man: 
I came to kill thee Cozen, and beare hence 
A great addition, earned in thy death. 
Hec. Not Neoptolomyus fo mirable, 
On whose bright creft, fame with her low'd (O yes) 
Cries,This is he; cou'd'ft promise to himselfe, 
A thought of added honor, torne from Hector. 
Eneas. There is expectation here from both the fides, 
What further you will doe? 
Hec. Weele anfwer it. 

The ifue is embracement: Ajax, farewell. 
Ala. If I might in entreaties finde successe, 
As fel'd I haue the chance; I would define 
My famous Cousin to our Grecian Tents. 
Diam. 'Tis Agamemnon with, and great Achilles 
Both long to fee warm'd the valiant Hector. 
Hec. Eneas, call my brother Troylus to me: 
And signifie this louing interviewe 
To the expecters of our Trojan part: 
Desire them home. Gie me thy hand, my Cousin: 
I will goe eate with thee, and fee your Knights. 


Enter Agamemnon and the rest. 
Ala. Great Agamemnon comes to meete vs here. 
Hec. The worthei of them, tell me name by name: 
But for Achilles, mine owne fering eyes 
Shall finde him by his large and portly fize. 
Aga. Worthy of Armes: as welcome as to one: 
That would be rid of fuch an enemie. 
But that's no welcome: vnderhand more cleere 
What's paft, and what's to come, is frew'd with huskes; 
And formelesse ruine of oblition: 
But in this extant moment, faith and troth, 
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing: 
Bids they with moft diuine integrste, 
From heart of very heart, great Hector welcome. 

Hec. I thanke thee moft imperious Agamemnon. 

Aga. My 

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Aga. My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no lefe to you,
Men. Let me conferre my Princely brothers greeting,
You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.
Heft. Who muft we anfwer?

Ene. The Noble Menelaus,
Heft. O, you my Lord, by Mars his gauntlet thanks,
Mockenot, that I affeét th'vantraded Oath,
Your quondam wife fweares still by Venos Glowe
She's well, but bad me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now fir, she's a deadly Theame.
Heft. O pardon, I offend.

Neft. I have (thou gallant Troyan) fene thee oft
Labouring for deftiny, make cruel way
Through rankes of Greeke all youth: and I have feen thee
As hot as Perjens, fipre thy Phrygian Steed,
And fhene thee confcorning fcorfuls and fubdumens,
When thou haft hung thy advanced sword i' th'ayre,
Not letting it decline, on the declining:
That I have fald vnto my fandiers by,
Loe Jupiter's yonder, dealing life.
And I have fene thee pawle, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greekes haue hem'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wreftling. This haue I fene,
But this thy countenance (fihlockt in feele)
I never faw till now. I knew thy Grandire,
And once fought with him; he was a Souldier good,
But by great Mars, the Captaine of vs all,
Neuer like thee. Let an oldman embrace thee,
And (worthy Warriour) welcome to our Tents.

Ene. 'Tis the old Neftor.

Heft. Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,
That haft fo long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Moft reuerend Neftor, I am glad to claffe thee.
Ne. I would my armes could match thee in contention
As they contend with thee in courtezie.

Heft. I would they could.

Neft. Ha! by this white beard I'd fight with thee to morrow. Well, welcom, welcome: I have feen the time.
Vlyf. I wonder now, now yonder City flands,
When we haue heere her Bafe and pillar by va.

Heft. I know your favour Lord Vlyfes well.
Ah fir, there's many a Greeke and Troyan dead,
Since firft I faw your felle, and Diomed
In Illion, on your Greekeifh Embaffie.
Vlyf. Sir, I foretold you then what would enufe,
My prophefie is but halfe his journey yet;
For yonder wals that perily front your Towne,
Yond Towers, whose wandon tops do buffe the clouds,
Mufh kiffe their owne feet.

Heft. I muft not beleue you:
There they fland yet: and modelfly I thinkke,
The fall of euery Phrygian ftone will cofl
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crownes all,
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Vlyf. So to him we leave it.
Moft gentle, and molt valiant Heftor, welcome;
After the Generall, I befeech you next,
To feaft with me, and fee me at my Tent.

Ae. I hall forefall thee Lord Vlyfes, thou:
Now Heftor I haue fed mine eyes on thee,
I haue with exact view perus'd thee Heftor,
And quoted thyne eyes by eye.
Heft. Is this this Ae.? 

Ae. Ne. I am Ae.

Heft. Stand faire I prythee, let me looke on thee.

Ae. Behold thy fill.

Heft. Nay, I haue done already.

Ae. Thou art to breefe, I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limbe by limbe.

Heft. O like a Book of sport thou'lt reade me ore:
But there's more in me then thou understand'st.
Why doeft thou fo opprefse me with thine eye?

Ae. Tell me you Heauens, in which part of his body
Shall I deftroy him? Whether there, or there, or there,
That I may glie the locall wound a name,
And make diffeft the very breach, where-out

Heftor's great Spirit fl-itt. Anwer me heauen's.

Heft. It would difcred the bleft Gods, proud man,
To anfwer fuch a queftion: Stand againe;
Think'rt thou to catch my life fo pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conciefeure
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Ae. I tell thee yea.

Heft. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me fo,
I'd not beleue thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For Ile not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
But by the forge that fhithyled Mars his helme,
Ile kill thee evey where, yea, ore and ore.

You wildef Grecians, pardon me this bragg,
His infolence draws folly from my lipes.
But Ile endeavoure deeds to match these words,
Or may I neuer——

Aeux. Do not chafe thee Coifin:
And you Ae., let thofe threats alone
Till accident, or purpofe bring you too't.
You may evey day enough of Heftor
If you haue fhomacke. The generallffe I feare,
Can Icarfe intreat you to be odde with him.
Heft. I pray you let vs fee you in the field,
We haue had pelting Warres since you refus'd
The Grecians caufe.

Ae. Doft thou intreat me Heftor?
To morrow do I meete thee fell as death,
To night, all Friends.

Heft. Thy hand vpon that match.

Aga. Firft, all you Peeres of Greece go to my Tent,
There in the full conuiue you: Afterwards,
As Heftor lefuryre, and your bounties fhall
Concurre together, feuerally intreat him.

Beate lowd the Taborins, let the Trumpets blow,
That this great Souldier may his welcome know.

Exeunt Troy. My Lord Vlyfes, tell me I befeech you,
In what place of the Field doth Calchas keepe?

Vlyf. At Menelaus Tent, moft Princely Troylus,
There Diomed doth fraft with him to night,
Who neither lookes on heauen, nor on earth,
But giues all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the faire Greffida.

Troy. Shall I (sweet Lord) be bound to thee fo much,
After we part from Agamemnon Tent,
To bring me thither?

Vlyf. You shall command me fir:
As gentle tell me, of what Honour was
This Greffida in Troy, had the no Lower there
That waileth her abfence?

Troy. O fir, to fuch as boafting fiew their scarres,
A mocke is due: will you walke on my Lord?
She was belou'd, the lou'd; the is, and dooth;
But still sweet Loue is food for Fortunes tooth.

Exeunt Enter Ae. and Patroclus.

Ae. Ile heat his blood with Greekeifh wine to night.
Troylus and Creßida.

Which with my Cemitar Ile coole to morrow:
Patroulus, let vs Feast him to the light.
Pat. Heere comes Tberis. Enter Tberis.
Achil. How now, thou core of Envy?
Thou crufty batch of Nature, what's the newes?
Achil. From wenence, Fragment?
Tber. Why thou full dill of Fools, from Troy.
Pat. Who keeps the Tent now?
Tber. The Surgeons boy, or the Patients wound.
Patr. Well fald adbursity, and what need those tricks?
Tber. Pyrthye be slient boy, I profet not by thy talke, thou art thought to be Achilles male Varlot.
Patro. Male Varlot you Rogue? What's that?
Tber. Why his maculine Whore. Now the rotten diseasfe of the South, guts-graping Ruptures, Catarres, Loads a gruell l'fh'backe, Lethargies, cold Palfies, and the like, take and take againe, such prefrous faultes.
Pat. Why thou damnable box of emoy thou, what mean'tst thou to curfe thus?
Tber. Do I curfe thee?
Patr. When thou, you ruinous But, you whorson indignifable Curr.
Tber. No? why art thou then exaferate, thou idle, immaterial skiene of Sleyd filke; thou greene Sarcenet flap for a fore eye, thou taffell of a Prodigals purfe thou: Ah how the poore world is pefted with such water-flyes, diminutyes of Nature.
Pat. Out gall.
Tber. Finch Egge.
Aeb. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpofe in to morrowes battell: Heere is a Letter from Queene Helcuba,
A Token from her daughter, my faire Loue,
Both taking me, and gaging me to keepe
An Oath that I have Iworne. I will not breake it,
Fall Greekes, faile Fame, Honor or go, or stay,
My maior vow lyes heere; this Ile obey:
Come,come Tberis, helpe to trim my Tent,
This night in banquetting muft all be spent.
Away Patroclus.
Exit.
Tber. With too much blood,and too little Brain, these two may run mad: but if with too much braine, and too little blood, they do, Ile be a curer of madmen. Heere's Agamennon, an honfet fellow enough, and one that loues Quiales, but he has not so much Braine as care-wax ; and the goodly transformation of Iupiter there his Brother, the Bull, the primatque Statue, and oblique memoriali of Cuckolds, a thinfing-horne in a chaine, hanging at his Brothers legge, to what forme but that he is, thold wit larded with mallice, and mallice forced with wit, turne him to: as Afse were nothing; hee is both Afse and Ox; to an Ox were nothing, hee is both Ox and Afse: to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toade, a Liward, an Owle, a Puttoccke, or a Herreing without a Roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus, I would confpire against Deftiny. Ask me not what I would be,if I were not Tberis: for I care not to bee the lowfe of a Lazarr, fo I were not Menelaus. Hoy-dayes, spirits and fires.
Enter Hecelles.
Aeb. We goe wrong, we go wrong.
Aeix. No yonder tis, there where we fee the light.
Hec. I trouble you.

Aeix. No, not a whit.
Enter Achilles.
Vliff. Heere comes himselfe to guide you?
Achil. Welcome braue Hecelles, welcome Princes all.
Agam. So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight,
Aeix commands the guard to tend on you.
Hec. Thanks, and goodnight to the Greeks general.
Men. Goodnight my Lord.
Hec. Goodnight sweet Lord Menelaus.
Aeix. Sweet draught: sweet quoth-a? sweet finke, sweet sure.
Achil. Goodnight and welcome, both at once, to those that go, or tarry.
Ag. Goodnight.
Achil. Old Nefter tarries, and you too Diomed,
Kenpe Hector company an houre, or two.
Dio. I cannot Lord, I have important bufinesse,
The tide whereof is now, goodnight great Heceltr.
Hec. Give me your hand.
Vliff. Follow him Torch, he goes to Chalcas Tent,
Ile keepe you company.

Troy. Sweet fir, you honour me,
Hec. And fo good night.
Achil. Come,come, enter my Tent.
Exeunt.
Tber. That fame Diomed a false-hearted Rogue, a moft vnuit Knave; I will no more truft him when hee leeres, then I will a Serpent when he hifles: he will spend his mouth & promife, like Brabler the Hound; but when he perfomes, Astronomers foretell it, that it is prodigious, there will come some change: the Sunne borrowes of the Moone when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leaue to fee Hecelles, then not to dogge him:they fay, he keeps a Troyan Drab, and vff the Traitor Chalcas his Tent. Ile after——Nothing but Letcherie? All incontinent Variets.

Enter Diomed.

Dio. What are you vp here ho? speake?
Chal. Who calls?
Dio. Diomed, Chalcas(I thinke) wher's you Daughter?
Chal. She comes to you.

Enter Troylus and Vliffes.

Vliff. Stand where the Torch may not diffouer vs.
Enter Creßida.

Troy. Creßid comes forth to him.
Dio. How now my charge?
Creß. Now my sweet gardian: harke a word with you. Troy. Yes, fo familiar?
Vliff. She will finge any man at firft figh.
Tber. And any man may finde her, if he can take her life: she's noted.
Dio. Will you remember?
Cal. Remember? yes.
Dio. Nay, but doe then; and let your minde be coupled with your words.

Troy. What shalfe she remember?
Vliff. Lift?
Creß. Sweete hony Greek, tempt me more to folly.
Tber. Roguery.
Dio. Nay then.
Creß. Ile tell you what.
Dio. Fo,fo, come tell a pin, you are a forsworne.---
Creß. In faith I cannot: what would you haue me do?
Tber. A lugging tricke, to be secretly open.
Dio. What did you swear ye would bethow on me?
Creß. I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,
Bid me doe not any thing but that sweete Greekke.

Dio. Good
Dio. Good night.
Troy. Hold, patience.
Ulf. How now Trojan?
Cref. Diomed.
Dio. No, no, good night: Ile be your foole no more.
Troy. Thy better muft.
Cref. Harke one word in your ear.
Troy. O plague and madneffe!
Ulf. You are moused Prince, let vs depart I pray you,
Left your displeasure should enlarge it selfe.
To wrathfull tearmes: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I befeech you goe.
Troy. Behold, I pray you.
Ulf. Nay, good my Lord goe off:
You flow to great distraction: come my Lord?
Troy. I pray thee stay?
Ulf. You haue not patience, come.
Troy. I pray you stay? by hell and hell tormentes,
I will not speake a word.
Dio. And so good night.
Cref. Nay, but you part in anger.
Troy. Doth that griev thee? O witheruth truth!
Ulf. Why, how now Lord?
Troy. By Jove I will be patient.
Cref. Gardian? why Grecke?
Dio. Fo, fo, adew, you palter.
Cref. In faith I do not: come hither once againe.
Ulf. You speake my Lord at something; will you goe?
you will break out.
Troy. She staketh his chekke.
Ulf. Come, come.
Troy. Nay stay, by Jove I will not speake a word.
There is betweene my will, and all offences,
A guard of patience; stay a little while.
Tber. How the diuell Luxury with his fat rumpe and
potato finger, tickles thefe together: frye lechery, frye.
Dio. But will you then?
Cref. In faith I will lo; never trust me else.
Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cref. Ile fetch you one.
Ulf. You haue sworn patience.
Troy. Fearn me not sweete Lord.
I will not be my felle, nor haue cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.
Enter Crefid.
Tber. Now the pledge, now, now, now.
Cref. Here Diomed, keepe this Slecue.
Troy. O beautie! where is thy Faith?
Ulf. My Lord.
Troy. I will be patient, outwardly I will.
Cref. You looke vpone that Slecue? behold it well:
He lou’d me: O felle wench: gue’t me againe,
Dio. Whose was’t?
Cref. It is no matter now I haue’t againe.
I will not meete with you to morrow night:
I prythee Diomed vilifie me no more.
Tber. Now the sharpenes: well faid Whetstone.
Dio. I shall haue it.
Cref. What, this?
Dio. I that.
Cref. O all you gods! O prettie, prettie pledge;
Thy Mafter now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and fighes, and takes my Gloue,
And gues memoriai dainty kiffes to it;
As I kiffe thee.
Dio. Nav, doe not snatch it from me.
Cref. He that takes that, takes my heart withall.

Dio. I had your heart before, this followes it.
Troy. I did fware patience.
Cref. You shall not haue it Diomed; faith you shall not:
Ile gue you something else.
Dio. I will haue this: whose was it?
Cref. It is no matter.
Dio. Come tell me whofe it was?
Cref. ’Twas one that lou’d me better then you will,
But now you haue it, take it.
Dio. Whofe was it?
Cref. By all Diomadas waiting women yond:
And by her felfe, I will not tell you whofe.
Dio. To morrow will I ware it on my Helme,
And grieue his spirit that dares not challenge it.
Troy. Wrt thu the diuell, and won’t it on thy horne,
It shou’d be challeng’d.
Cref. Well, well, ’tis done, ’tis past; and yet it is not:
I will not keepe my word.
Dio. Why then farewell,
Thou neuer shalt mocke Diomed againe.
Cref. You shall not goe: one cannot speake a word,
But it strayt starts you.
Dio. I doe not like this fooling.
Tber. Nor I by Plutus: but that that likes not me, plea-
es me best.
Dio. What shall I come the hour?
Cref. I, come: O Jove! doe, come: I shall be plag’d.
Dio. Farewell till then.
Cref. Good night: I prythee come:
Troylus farewell: one eye yet lookes on thee;
But with my heart, the other eye, doth fee.
Ah poore our fexe: this fault in vs I finde:
The errore of our eye,direc’ts our minde.
What errore leads, muft erre: O then conclude,
Mindes swa’lld by eyes, are full of turpitude.
Tber. A proofe of strengh the could not pufhish more;
Vnleffe the fay, my minde is now turn’d whore,
Ulf. Al’s done my Lord.
Troy. It is.
Ulf. Why fay we then?
Troy. To make a recordation to my foule
Of every syllable that here was fpoke:
But if I tell how these two did coact;
Shall I not lye, in publishings a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart:
An esperance fo obstinately strong,
That doth inuer the teft of eyes and eares:
As if those oyers had deceptious functions,
Created onely to calumniate.

Was Crefid here?
Ulf. I cannot conjure Trojan.
Troy. She was not fure.
Vliff. Moft fure she was.
Troy. Why my negation hath no taste of madness?
Ulf. Nor mine my Lord: Crefid was here but now.
Troy. Let it not be beleev’d for womanhood:
Thinke we had mothers; doe not guie advantage
To stubborne Criticks,ap’t without a theme
For deprauation, to squire the generall sex
By Crefid’s rule. Rather think this not Crefid.
Ulf. What hath the done Prince, that can foyle our
mothers?
Troy. Nothing at all, vnleffe that this were she.
Tber. Will he swagger himfelfe out on’s owne eyes?
Troy. This she? no, this is Diomidas Crefida:
If beautie haue a foule, this is not the:

If
If foules guide vows; if vows are fanétimonie;
If fanétimonie be the gods delight:
If there be rule in vnite it selfe,
This is not the 0 madneffe of discouer!
That caufe fets vp, with, and againft thy felfe
By foule authoritie: where reafon can reuolt
Without perdition, and loffe affume all reafon,
Without reuolt. This is, and is not Creffid:
Within my foule, there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange foule, that a thing infeperate,
Divides more within the skie and earth:
And yet the fpacious breath of this diuifton,
Admits no Orifex for a point as subtle,
As Ariaémes broken woole to enter:
Infance, O infance! strong as Phoetes gates:
Creffid is mine, tied with the bonds of heauen;
Infance, O infance, strong as heauen it felfe:
The bonds of heauen are flipt, difflou'd, and loot'd,
And with another knot fliue finger tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her loue:
The fragments, fcrapes, the bits, and greazie reliques,
Of her ore-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed
Vli. May worthy Troylus be halfe attached
With that which here his passion doth expreffe?
Troy. I Greecke: and that shall be divulged well
In Characters, as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did yong man fancy
With fo eternal, and fo fixt a foule.
Harke Greek: as much I doe Creffida loue;
So much by weight, hate I Diomed.
That Sleeve is mine, that heele bear in his Helme:
Were it a Caske compos'd by Volcan's skill,
My Sword should bite it: Not the dreadful fpout,
Which Shipmen doe the Hurricane call,
Confront'd in maffe by the almighty Fenne,
Shall dizzie with more clamour Neptunes ear
In his difcent; then shall my prompted swords,
Falling on Diomed.
Ther. Heele tickle it for his concupize.
Troy. O Creffid! Of falfe Creffid falfe, falfe, falfe:
Let all vntruths hand by thy flained name,
And theye feme glorious.
Vli. O containe your felle:
Your passion draws eares faireither.

Enter Aéneas. Aéneas.
I have beene feeing you this houre my Lord:
Heftor by this is arming him in Troy.
A sia you Guard, staines to conduct you home.
Troy. Haue with you Prince: my curteous Lord adevs:
Farewell reuoluted faire: and Diomed,
Stand fast, and weare a Caffe on thy head.
Vli. Ile bring you to the Gates.
Troy. Accept diftracted thankes.

Exeunt Troylus,Aéneas, and Vlijjes.

Ther. Would I could meege that roague Diomed, I
would eate like a Rauen: I would bode, I would bode:
Petrolus will giue me any thing for the intelligence
of his whore: the Parrot will not doe more for an Almond,
then he for a commodious drab: Lecchery, lechery, still
warres and lechery, nothing else holds fation. A burning
duell take them.

Enter Heftor and Andromache.

And. When was my Lord fo much vngently temper'd,
To stop his eares againft admonifhment?
Vnarme, vnarme, and doe not fight to day.
Heftor. You traine me to offend you: get you gone.

By the everlasting gods, He goe.

And. My dreams will furc proce ominous to the day.
Heftor. No more I fay.

Enter Caffandra.

Caff. Where is my brother Heftor?
And. Here fafter, arm'd, and boldy in intent:
Confort me with in loud and deere petition:
Purse we him on knees: for I have dreamp't
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing beene but shapes, and formes of slaughter.
Caff. O, 'tis true.

Heftor. Ho! bid my Trumpet found.

Caff. No notes of fallie, for the heauens, sweet brother.
Heftor. Begun I fay: the gods have heard me fware.
Caff. The gods are deafe to hot and peeuilh vowes;
They are polluted offings, more abhor.

Then spottet Luiers in the facrice.

And. O be perfwaded, doe not count it holy,
To hurt by being luft: it is as lawfull:
For we would count give much to as violent thefts,
And rob in the behalfe of charitie.

Caff. It is the purpofe that makes frong the vowed;
But vowes to every purpofe muft not hold:
Vnarme sweete Heftor.

Heftor. Hold you fill I fay;

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds deere, but the deere man
Holds honor farre more precious, deere, then life.

Enter Troylus.

How now yong man? mean'thou to fight to day?
And. Caffandra, call my father to perwade.

Exit Caffandra.

Heftor. No faith yong Troylus; doe thy harnesse youth:
I am to day ith'vaine of Chiaurie:
Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be frong;
And tempt not yet the brushes of the warre.
Vnarme thee, goe; and doubt thou not brave boy,
Ie fland to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.
Troy. Brother, you haue a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a Lyon, then a man.
Heftor. What vice is that? good Troylus chide me for it.
Troy. When many times the captive Grecian fails,
Even in the fanne and windes of your faire Sword:
You bid them rife, and live.

Heftor. O 'tis faire play.

Troy. Fools play, by heauen Heftor.
Heftor. How now? how now?

Troy. For th'lofe of all the gods
Let's leaue the Hermit Pitty with our Mothers;
And when we have our Armors buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride vpon our fwords,
Spur them to ruthfull worke, reine them from ruth.

Heftor. Fie fauge, fie.
Troy. Heftor, then 'tis warres.
Heftor. Troylus, I would not haue you fight to day.

Troy. Who shoud with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars,
Beckning with firle truchimon my retire;
Not Priamus, and Hector on knees;
Their eyes o'er-galled with recourse of teares;
Nor you my brother, with your true fword drawne
Oppo'd to hinder me, should ftop my way:
But by my rulce.

Enter Priam and Caffandra.

Caff. Lay hold vpon him Priam, hold him falt.
He is thy cruch; now if thou loofe thy flay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Priam. Come Hector, come, goe backe:
Thy wife hath dreampt: thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I my selfe,
Am like a Prophet suddenly enaught,
to tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come backe.

Hec. Enter Andromache.

And I do stand engag'd to many Greekes,
Even in the faith of valour, to appeare
This morning to them.

Priam. I, but thou shalt not goe,
Hec. I must not breake my faith:
You know me dutifull, therefore deare Sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you doe here forbid me, Royall Priam.

Cass. O Priam, yeeld not to him.

And. Doe not deere father.

Hec. Andromache I am offended with you:
Upon the loue you bare me, get you in.

Exit Andromache.

Troj. This foolish, dreaming, superfidious girl,
Makes all these bodements.

Cass. O farewell, deere Hector:
Looke how thou diest; looke how thy eye turns pale:
Looke how thy wounds doth bleede at many vents:
Harke how Troy roares; how Hecuba cries out;
How poore Andromache shrills her soule forth:
Behold diſtraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witleffe Antickes one another meete,
And all cry Hector, Hector's dead: O Hector!

Troj. Away, away.

Cass. Farewell: yes, soft: Hector I take my leave;
Those doe not thy felo, and all our Troy deceive.

Exit. Hector. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclame:
Goe in and cheere the Towne, weeke forth and fight:
Doe deedes of praire, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewell: the gods with safetie fland about thee.

Alarum. Troy. They are at it, harke: proud Diomed, beleeue
I come to looke my arme, or winne my sleeue.

Enter Pandar.

Pand. Do ye hear my Lord? do ye hear?

Troj. What now?

Pand. Here's a Letter come from yond poore girlie.

Troj. Let me reade.

Pand. A whorson tiscke, a whorson raftally tiscke,
so troubles me; and the foolish fortune of this girlie,
and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one
oth'rs dayes: and I haue a rheume in mine eyes too;
and such an ache in my bones; that vnleffe a man were curft,
I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What fayes shee there?

Troj. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;
Th' effect doth operate another way.
Goe winde to winde; ther turne and change together:
My loue with words and errors fill shee feedes;
But edifies another with her deedes.

Pand. Why, but heare you?

Troj. Hence brother lacke; ignomie and shame
Purifie thy life, and like aye with thy name.

Alarum. Exeunt.
Before the belching Whale; then is he yonder,
And there the thraeting Greekes, ripe for his edge,
Fall downe before him, like the mowers swath;
Here, there, and every where, he leues and takes;
Dexterity so obaying appetite,
That what he will, he does, and so much doth,
That proofe is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. Oh, courage, courage Princes: great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus wounds have roze’d his drowzie blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noiselle, handleste, hackt and chipt, come to him;
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath left a friend,
And foames at mouth, and he is arm’d, and at i:
Roaring for Troylus; who hath done to day,
Mad and fantafick execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himselfe,
With such a carelesse force, and forcelesse care,
As if that luck in very sight of cunning, bad him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Aia. Troylus, thou coward Troylus.

Dis. I, there, there.

Neft. So, so, we draw together.

Enter Achilles.

Achilles. Where is this Hector?

Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew thy face:
Know what it is to meete Achilles angry.
Hector, wher’s Hector? I will none but Hector.

Enter Ajax.

Aia. Troylus, thou coward Troylus, shew thy head.

Enter Diomed.

Diom. Troylus, I say, wher’s Troylus?

Aia. What would’st thou?

Diom. I would correch him.

Aia. Were I the Generall,
Thou shoul’dst have my office,
Ere that correction: Troylus I say, what Troylus?

Enter Troylus.

Troylus. Oh traitour Diomed!

Turne thy false face thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.

Dis. Ha, art thou there?

Aia. Ile fight with him alone, stand Diomed.

Dis. He is my prize, I will not looke vpon.

Troylus. Come both you cegis Greekes, have at you both.

Enter Hector.

Heclor. Yea Troylus? O well fought my yongest brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achilles. Now doe I fee thee; haue at thee Hector.

Heclor. Paufe if thou wilt.

Achilles. I doe disclaime thy curtefe, proud Trojan;
Be happy that my armes are out of vie:
My reit and negligence befriends thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me againe:
Till when, goe fecke thy fortune.

Heclor. Fare thee well;

I would have bene much more a frether man,
Had I expected thee: how now, my Brother?

Enter Troylus.

Troylus. Aiax hath tane Aeneas; shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heauen,
He shall not carry him: Ile be tane too,
Or bring him off: Fate heare me what I say;

I weake not, though thou end my life to day.

Enter one in Armour.

Heclor. Stand, stand, thou Greeke.

Thou art a goodly marke:
No wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,
Ile frut it, and vnlocke the ricets all,
But Ile be maither of it: wilt thou not beast abide?
Why then flye on, Ile hunt thee for thy hide.

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achilles. Come here aboute me you my Myrmidons:
Marke what I say; attend me where I wheele:
Strike not a stroake, but keepe your felues in breath;
And when I have the bloudy Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about:
In fellet manner execute your armes.
Follow me first, and my proceedings eye:
It is decreed, Hector the great musc dye.

Enter Thersites, Menelaus, and Paris.

Ters. The Cuckold and the Cuckold maker are at it:
now bull, now dogge, lowe: Paris lowe; now my doubl
hen’d sparrow. Iowe Paris, I owe; the bull has the game:
ware hornes ho?

Exit Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Bafard.

Bafard. Turne flace and fight.

Ters. What art thou?

Bafard. A Bafard Sonne of Priama.

Ters. I am a Bafard too, I love Bafards, I am a Bafard begot,
Bafard infructed, Bafard in minde, Bafard in valour, in every thing illegitimate: one Beare will not bite another, and wherefore should one Bafard take heede, the quarrel’s most ominous to us: if the Sonne of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgement: farewell Bafard.

Bafard. The diuell take thee coward.

Exeunt.

Enter Hector.

Hec. Moft purfified core fo faire without:
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my daies worke done; Ile take good breath:
Reft Sword, thou haft thy fill of blood and death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achilles. Looke Hector how the Sunne begins to set;
How vgly night comes breathing at his heele,
Euen with the vaille and darkling of the Sunne.
To close the day vp, Hector life is done.

Hec. I am vnarm’d, foregoe this vantage Cresse.

Achilles. Strike fellows, strike, this is the man I fecke.
So Illion full thou: now Troy finke downe:
Here lyes thy heart, thy finewes, and thy bone.

On Myrmidons, cry you all a maine,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slaine.

Retreat.

Harke, a retreat vpon our Grecian part.

Gree. The Trojan Trumpets sounds the like my Lord.

Achilles. The dragon wing of night ore-spreeds the earth
And stickler-like the Armies seprates
My halfe tupt Sword, that frankly would haue fed,
Pleas’d with this dainty bed; thus goes to bed.
Come, tye his body to my horfes tayle;
Along the field, I will the Trojan tralie.

Exeunt.

Sound Retreat. About.

Enter Agamemnon, Aiax, Menelaus, Neptun,
Diomed, and the rest marching.

Age. Harke, harke, what shott is that?

Neptun. Peace Drums.

Sol. Achilles.
Stay yet; you vile abominable Tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plaines:
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
Ile through, and through you; & thou great fis'd coward:
No space of Earth shall funder our two hates,
Ile haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenfies thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort go;
Hope of revenge, shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandaros.

Pand. But heare you? heare you?
Troy. Hence broker, lackie, ignomy, and shame
Purse thy life, and liue with thy name. 

Exeunt.

Pan. A goodly medicine for mine akingbones: oh world,
world, world! thus is the poore agent dispiise: Oh trai-
tours and bawdes; how earnestly are you fet aworke, and
how ill required? why should our indeuour be so defir'd,
and the performance so loath'd? What Verfe for it? what
inftance for it? let me fee.

Full merrily the humble Bee doth sing,
Till he hath loft his hony, and his fling.
And being once subdu'd in armed tale,
Sweete hony, and sweete notes together faile.

Good traders in the fleth, fet this in your painted cloathes;
As many as be here of Panders halle,
Your eyes halfe out, weep out at Pandar's fall:
Or if you cannot weep,yet glie some grones;
Though not for me,yet for your akingbones:
Brethren and fifters of the hold-dore trade,
Some two months hence, my will shall here be made:
It shou'd be now, but that my feare is this:
Some galled Goofe of Winchester would hifle:
Till then, Ile sweate, and feekes about for eales;
And at that time bequeath you my difeates.

Exeunt.

FINIS.
The Tragedy of Coriolanus:

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other weapons.

1. Citizen. Before we proceed any further, hear me speake. All. Speake, speake. 1. Cit. You are all resolu'd rather to dy then to famish? All. Refolu'd, refolu'd. 1. Cit. First you know, Caius Martius is chiefe enemy to the people. All. We know't, we know't. 1. Cit. Let vs kill him, and we'll have Corne at our own price. Is't a Verdict? All. No more talking on't; Let it be done, away, away. 2. Cit. One word, good Citizens. 1. Cit. We are accounted poore Citizens, the Patri- cians good: what Authority furnets one, would releue vs. If they would yeeld vs but the superfluities it were wholesome, wee might gueffe they releu'd vs manely: But they thinke we are too deere, the leannesse that afflicts vs, the object of our misery, is as an inuenty- ry to particularize their abundance, our sufferance is a gaine to them. Let vs reuenge this with our Pikes, ere we become Rakes. For the Gods know, I speake this in hunger for Bread, not in thirst for Reuenge. 2. Cit. Would you proceede espescially against Caius Martius. 1. Cit. Against him first: He's a very dog to the Com- monalty. 2. Cit. Consider you what Services he ha's done for his Country? 1. Cit. Very well, and could bee content to give him good report for't, but that hee payes himselfe with bee- ing proud. All. Nay, but speake not maliciously. 1. Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done Famoufie, he did it to that end: though soft conscience'd men can be content to say it was for his Country, he did it to pleafe his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his vertue. 2. Cit. What he cannot helpe in his Nature, you ac- count a Vice in him: You must in no way fay he is co- uetous. 1. Cit. If I must not, I neede not be barren of Accu- mulations he hath faults (with surplus) to tyre in repetition. Showts within.

What shou'ts are thefe? The other side af' th City is rifen: why fay we prating here? To th'Capitoll. All. Come, come.

1 Cit. Soft, who comes heere? Enter Menenius Agrippa. 2 Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa, one that hath al- ways lou'd the people. 1 Cit. He's one honest enough, wold al the refl wer fo. Men. What work's my Countrimen in hand? Where go you with Bats and Clubs? The matter Speake I pray you. 2 Cit. Our busines is not vknoune to th'Senat, they haue had inklings this fortnight what we intend to do, w now wee'll fiew em in deeds: they fay poore Suters haue strong breaths, they thinke we haue strong arms too. Menen. Why Matters, my good Friends, mine honest Neighbours, will you vndo your felues? 2 Cit. We cannot Sir, we are vndone already. Men. I tell you Friends, moft charitable care Haue the Patricians of you for your wants. Your suffering in this deathe, you may as well Strike at the Heauen with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman State, whose courfe will on The way it takes: cracking ten thousand Curbes Of more strong linke affunder, then can ever Appeare in your impediment. For the Dearth, The Gods, not the Patricians make it, and Your knees to them (not arms) muft helpes. Alacke, You are tranport'd by Calamity Then, where more attends you, and you flander The Helmes o' th State; who care for you like Fathers, When you curse them, as Enemies. 2 Cit. Care for vs? True indeed, they are care'd for vs yet. Suffer vs to famish, and their Store-houfes crammd' with Graine: Make Edicts for Vfurie, to support Vfur- ers; repeale daily any wholsome Act established against the rich, and prouide more piercing Statutes daily, to chaine vp and restraine the poore. If the Warres eate vs not vppe, they will; and there's allthe loue they beare vs. Menen. Either you muft Confeffe your felues wondrous Malicious, Or be accus'd of Folly. I shall tell you A pretty Tale, it may be you haue heard it, But fince it ferves my purpose, I will venture To scale't a little more. 2Citizen. Well, Ile hear it Sir: yet you muft not thinke To fobbe off our disgrace with a tale: But and't please you deliver. Men. There was a time, when all the bodies members Rebelled against the Belly; thus accus'd it: That onely like a Gulfe it did remaine a a 1' th
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

1. In mild'd a th'body, idle and vacant,
Still cubbbing the Vlnd, neuer bearing
Like labour with the reft, where th'other Instruments
Did fea, and heare, defults, infruct, walke,feele,
And mutually participate, did minifter
Vnto the appetite; and affefion common
Of the whole body, the Belly answe'd.

2. Cit. Well sir, what anſwer made the Belly.
Men. Sir, I shall tell you with a kindne of Smile,
Which ne're came from the Lungs, but even thus:
For looke you I may make the belly Smile,
As well as speke, it taintingly replied
To the'ldiscontented Members, the mutinous parts
That eiused his receite: euen fo moft fitly,
As you maligne our Senators, for that
They are not fuch as you.

2. Cit. Your Bellies answe: What
The Kingly crown'd head, the vigilant eye,
The Counfailes Heart, the Arme our Souldeir,
Our Steed the Legge, the Tongue our Trumpeter,
With other Muniments and petty helples
In this our Fabricke, if that they—

Men. What then? Foreme, this Fellow speakes.
What then? What then?

2. Cit. Should by the Cormorant belly be refrain'd,
Who is the finke a th'body,
Men. Well, what then?

2. Cit. Body: Agents, if they did complaine,
What could the Belly answe?
Men. I will tell you,
If you'll beftow a small (of what you haue little)
Patience awhile; you'll haue the Bellies anſwer.

2. Cit. Y'are long about it.

Men. Note me this good Friend;
Your moft graue Belly was deliberat
Not raſh like his Accusers, and thus anſwered.
True is it my Incorporate Friends (quoth he)
That I receiv the general Bood at firft
Which you do liue vpon: and fit it is,
Because I am the Store-houfe, and the Shop
Of the whole Body. But, if you do remember,
I fend it through the Rivers of your blood
Even to the Court, the Heart, to th'efe o'th'Braine,
And through the Crankes and Offices of man,
The strongest Nerues, and fmall inferior Veines
From me receiv that naturall competence
Whereby they liue. And though that all at once
(You my good Friends, this fayes the Belly) marke me.

2. Cit. I fir, well, well.

Men. Though all at once, cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my Awdit vp, that all
From me do backe receiv the Flowers of all,
And leave me but the Bran. What fay you too't?

2. Cit. It was an anſwer, how apply you this
Men. The Senators of Rome, are this good Belly,
And you the mutinous Members: For examine
Their Counfailes, and their Caresafifted things rightly,
Touching the Weale a'st Common, you shall finde
No pullique benefit which you receuie
But it proceeds, or comes from them to you,
And no way from your felves. What do you thinke?
You, the great Toe of this Assembly?

2. Cit. I the great Toe? Why the great Toe?
Men. For that being one o'th lowest, balfeft, pooreft
Of this moft wife Rebellion, thou goest format:

Thou Rascall, that art worft in blood to run,
Lead'st firft to win some advantage.
But make you ready your fifte hats and clubs,
Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of battell,
The one fide muft haue baile.

Enter Caius Martius.

Hayle, Noble Martius,
Mar. Thanks. What's the matter you difsentious rogue
That rubbing the poore Itch of your Opinion,
Make your felues Scabs.

2. Cit. We haue euer your good word.

Mar. He that will glue good words to thee, wil flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you haue, you Curses,
That like nor Peace, nor Warre? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that truts to you,
Where he should finde you Lyons, finds you Hares:
Where Foxes, Geese you are: No surer, no,
Then is the coale of fire vpon the Ice,
Or Hallifone in the Sun. Your Vertue is,
To make him worthy, whole offence subdues him,
And curb that Juflice did it. Who defeuer Greatnes,
Deferves your Hate: and your Affections are
A fickmans Appetite; who defires moft that
Which would encreafe his euill. He that depends
Vpon your favours, swimmes with finnes of Leade,
And heues downe Oakes, with rufhes. Hang ye truuffe ye?
With every Minute you do change a Minde,
And call him Noble, that was now your Hate,
Him vilde, that was your Garland. What's the matter,
That in these feuerall pieces of the Citie,
You cry againft the Noble Senator, who
(Under the Gods) keepes you in awe, which else
Would feede on another? What's their feeking?

Men. For Corne at their owne rates, wherof they say
The Citie is well for'd.

Mar. Hang 'em: They fay?
They'll fit by th'fire, and prefume to know
What's done i'th Capitol: Who's like to rife,
Who thrues, & who declines: Side factions, & giue out
Conie& Quarrell Marriages, making partes strong,
And felling such an end, and not in their liking,
Below their cobled Shooes. They fay ther's grain enough?
Would the Nobility lay affide their ruth,
And let me fve my Sword, I'de make a Quarrie
With thousands of chefe quarter'd faues, as high
As I could picke my Lance.

Menen. Nay there be almost thoroughly perfwaded:
For though abundantly they lacke dilcretion
Yet are they pafing Cowardly. But I befeech you,
What fayes the other Troope?

Mar. They are diffloud: Hang' em;
They feld they were an hungry, figh'd forth Proverbes
That Hunger-broke stone wals: that dogges muft eate
That meate was made for mouths. That the gods fent not
Corne for the Richmen only: With thefe therds
They vented their Complainings, which being anſwer'd
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
To breake the heart of generofity,
And make bold power looke pale, they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns a'st Moone,
Shooting their Emulation.

Menen. What is graunted them?

Mar. Five Tribunes to defend their vulgar widoms
Of their owne choice. One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Veilus, and I know not. Sdeath,
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

The rabble should have first vnroo'ft the City
Ere fo preuayl'd with me; it will in time
Win vpon power, and throw forth greater Thamines
For Infurrections arguimg.

Men. This is strange.
Mar. Go get you home you Fragments.
Enter a Messenger bafily.

Myl. Where's Caius Marius?"Caius Marius:._
Mar. Hiero: where's the matter?"Hiero: where's the matter?
Myl. The news is fit, the Volces are in Armes.
Mar. I am glad on't, then we shall ha meanes to vent
Our muttie superfluity. See our best Elders.

Enter Scinius Velutus, Annius Brutus Cominius, Titus Larrius, with other Senatours.

1. Sen. Marius 'tis true, that you have lately told vs, how the Volces are in Armes.
Mar. They have a Leader,
Tullus Auffidius, that will put you too't: I finne in envying his Nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am, I would with me oneys.
Com. You have fought together?
Mar. Were halfe to halfe the world by th'eare, & he vpon my partie, I'd reuolt to make
Oneys my warres with him. He is a Lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1. Sen. Then worthy Marius,
Attend vpon Cominius to thefe Warres.
Com. It is your former promise.
Mar. Sir it is, and I am confant: Titus Lucius, thou
Shalt fee me once more strike at Tullus face.
What art thou blinde? Stay'dst thou?
Tit. No Caius Marius,
Ile leane vpon one Crutch, and fight with tother,
Ere they behind this Businesse.
Men. Oh true bred.
Sen. Your Company to th' Capitoll, where I know
Our greatst Friends attend vs.

Tit. Lead you on: Follow Cominius, we must followe
you, right worthy you Priority.
Com. Noble Marius.
Sen. Hence to your homes, be gone.
Mar. Nay let them follow,
The Volces have much Corne; take these Rats thither,
To gnaw their Garners. Worshipfull Mutiners,
Your valuer puts well forth: Pray follow.


Scin. Was ever man so proud as this Marius?
Bru. He has no equal.
Scin. When were we chosen Tribunes for the people?
Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes.
Scin. Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being mou'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods.
Scin. Bemocke the modest Moone.
Bru. The preuent Warres deoure him, he is growne
Too proud to be fo valiant.

Scin. Such a Nature, tickled with good successe, diff
daines the shadow which he treads on at noone, but I do wonder, his inuolence can brooke to be commanded vn
det Cominius?
Bru. Fame, at the which he aymes,
In whom already he's well grae'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attaing then by

A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the Generals fault, though he perforrne
To th' vmoft of a man, and giddy cenfure
Will then cry out of Marius: Oh, If he
Had borne the bufineffe.

Scin. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion that fo thicknes on Marius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come: halfe all Cominius Honors are to Marius
Though Marius earn'd them not: and all his faults
to Marius shall be Honors, though indeed
In ought he merit not.

Sen. Let's hence, and heare
How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion
More then his singularity, he goes
Vpon this present Action.

Bru. Let's along.

Enter Tullus Auffidius with Senators of Coriolus.

1. Sen. So, your opinion is Auffidius,
That they of Rome are entred in our Counsailles,
And know how we procedee,

Auff. Is it not yours?

What euer have bin thought one in this State
That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome
Had circumuention: 'tis not foure days gone
Since I heard thence, these are the words, I thinke
I haue the Letter heere: yes, heere it is;
They haue preft a Power, but it is not knowne
Whether for East or West: the Earth is great,
The people Mutinous: And it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marius your old Enemy
(Who is of Rome worfe hated then of you)
And Titus Larrius, a most valliant Roman,
These three leade on this Preparation
Whether 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.

1. Sen. Our Armie's in the Field:
We neuer yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answere vs.

Auff. Nor did you thinke it folly,
To keepe your great pretences vayl'd, till when
They needs must shew themselues, which in the hatching
It feem'd appear'd to Rome. By the discouery,
We shalbe shortned in our ayme, which was
To take in many Townes, ere (almoft) Rome
Should know we were a foot.

2. Sen. Noble Auffidius,
Take your Commission, bye you to your Bands,
Let vs alone to guard Coriolas
If they set downe before's: for the remoue
Bring vp your Army: but (I thinke) you'll finde
Th' haue not prepar'd for vs.

Auff. O doubt not that, I speak from Certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their Power are forth already,
And oneely hitherward. I leave your Honors.
If we, and Caius Marius chance to meete,
'Tis bewteenne vs, we shall euer strike
Till one of them can do no more.

All. The Gods asift you.

Auff. And keepe your Honors safe.

All. Farewell.

a a 2 Exeunt omnes.

Enter.
Enter **Volumnia and Virgilia, mother and wife to Martius**.  
They set them downe on two lowe floores and some.  

**Volumnia**. I pray you daughter fing, or exprisse your felpe in a more comfortable fort : If my Sonne were my Hub-  
band, I should freeler rejoyce in that absence wherein he wonne Honor, then in the embracements of his Bed,  
where he would shew most louse. When yet hee was but  
tender-bodied, and the onely Sonne of my wombe; when  
youth with comelinesse pluck'd all gaze his way; when  
for a day of Kings entreaties, a Mother should not fel him  
an houre from her beholding; I considering how Honour  
would become such a perfon, that it was no better then  
Picture-like to hang by th' wall. If renowne made it not  
flirre, was pleas'd to let him feele danger, where he was  
like to finde fame : To a cruell Warre I fent him, from  
whence he return'd, his bowes bound with Oakes. I tell  
thee Daughter, I sprang not more in joy at firft hearing  
he was a Man-child, then now in firft feeing he had pro-  
ceed himselfe a man.  

**Virgilia**. But had he died in the Busineffe Madame, how  
then?  

**Volumnia**. Then his good report should have beene my  
Sonne, I therein would have found ifue. Heare me pro-  
fefle fincerely, had I a dozen fons each in my loue alike,  
and none leffe deere then thine, and my good **Martius**,  
I had rather have eleuen dye Nobly for their Countryn, then  
one voluptuousely furfet from of Action.  

Enter a *Gentlewoman*.  

**Gentlewoman**. The Lady **Valeria** is come to visit you.  

**Virgilia**. Before you give me leaue to retife my felpe.  

**Volumnia**. Indeed you fhall not :  
Me thinkes, I heare hithe your Husbands Drumme :  
See him plucke **Auffidius** downe by th'haire:  
(As children from a Beare) the **Volces** thunning him :  
Me thinkes I fee him flampe thus, and call thus,  
Come on you Cowards, you were in feats feare  
Though you were borne in Rome ; his bloody bow  
With his mail'd hand, then wipping, forth he goes  
Like to a Harneft man, that task'd to move  
Or all, or leaffe his hyre.  

**Virgilia**. His bloody Bow ? Oh Jupiter, no blood.  

**Volumnia**. Away you Poole, it more becomes a man  
Then glit his Trofe. The breaths of Heabea  
When she did fuckle Heftar, look'd not louelie  
Then Heftors forhead, when it fpit forth blood  
At Grecian fword. **Contemning**, tell **Valeria**  
We are fit to bid her welcome.  

**Exit Gent.**  

**Uriah.** Heauen bleffe my Lord from fell **Auffidius**.  

**Uol.** Hee let beat **Auffidius** head below his knee,  
And treate upon his necke.  

Enter **Valeria with an Vffer, and a Gentlewoman**.  

**Valeria**. My Ladies both good day to you.]  

**Vol.** Sweet Madam.  

**Uriah.** I am glad to fee your Ladyship.  

**Valeria**. How do you both ? You are mankind house-kee-  
pers. What are you fawing here ? A fine spotte in good  
faith. How does your little Sonne ?  

**Virgilia.** I thank ye your Lady-ship : Well good Madam.  

**Valeria.** He had rather fee the fwords, and hear a Drum,  
then looke upon his Schoolmater.  

**Valeria.** A my word the Fathers Sonne : Hee fware 'tis a  
very pretty boy. A my troth, I look'd vpon him a Wenz-  
day halfe an houre together : ha's fuch a confirm'd coun- 

**Volumnia.** I saw him run after a gilded Butterflie, & when  
he caught it, he let it go againe, and after it againe, and o-  
uer and over he comes; and vp againe : catcht it againe i:  
whether his fall enrag'd him, or how twas, hee did fo fet  
his teeth, and tear it. Oh, I warrant how he mammockt  
it.  

Vol. One on's Fathers moods.  

**Valeria.** Indeed la, tis a Noble childé.  

**Virgilia.** A Cracke Madam.  

**Valeria.** Come, lay a fide your fitchery, I must haue you  
play the idle Huwife with me this afternoone.  

**Virgilia.** No (good Madam)  
I will not out of doores.  

**Valeria.** Not out of doores?  

**Volumnia.** She fhall, the fhall.  

**Virgilia.** Indeed no, by your patience ; Ie not over the  
threshold, till my Lord returne from the Warres.  

**Valeria.** Eye, you confine your felpe moft unreasonably :  
Come, you must go vift the good Lady that lies in.  

**Virgilia.** I will with her speedily strength, and vifite her  
with my prayers : but I cannot go thither.  

**Volumnia.** Why I pray you.  

**Plug.** 'Tis not to faue labour, nor that I want loue.  

**Valeria.** You would be another *Pentelejone* ; yet they lay,  
all the yeanne the fpun in *Pfifius* abfence, did but fill *Abica*  
full of Mothes. Come, I would your Cambrick were fel-  
fible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for  
plite. Come you fhall go with vs.  

**Virgilia.** No good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not  
forth.  

**Valeria.** In truth la go with me, and Ile tell you excellent  
newes of your Husband.  

**Virgilia.** Oh good Madam,there can be none yet.  

**Valeria.** Verily I do not left with you; there came newes  
from him laft night.  

**Uriah.** Indeed Madam.  

**Valeria.** In earneft it's true ; I heard a Senatour fpake it,  
Thus it is: the Volces have an Army forth, againt who  
*Cominius* the Generall is gone, with one part of our Ro-  
manc power. Your Lord, and *Titus Lartius*, are fet down  
before their City *Carolets*, they nothing doubt preual-  
ings, and to make it breve Warres. This is true on mine  
Honor, and fo I praye go with vs.  

**Virgilia.** Give me excuse good Madame, I will obe you  
in every thing hereafter.  

**Valeria.** Let her alone Ladie, as she is now :  
She will but difeafe our better mirth.  

**Valeria.** In troth I thinkke she would :  
Fare you well then. Come good sweet Ladie.  

**Virgilia.** Prythee **Virgilia** turne thy feemeneffe out a doore,  
And go along with vs.  

**Virgilia.** No  

**Valeria.** At a word Madam; Indeed I must not,  
I wish you much mirth.  

**Valeria.** Well then farewel.  

*Exeunt Ladies*  

Enter **Martius, Titus Lartius, with Drumme and Co- 
lour**, with Captaines and Soldiers, as  
before the City *Cerialus* : to them  
a Messenger.  

**Martius.** Yonder comes Newes :  
A Wager they have met.  

**Ladie.** My horfe to yours, no.  

**March.** Tis done.  

**Ladie.** Agreed.  

*Mar.*
Enter the Army of the Voles.

Mar. They fear vs not, but ifuse forth their Citie.
Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight With hearts more profufe then Shields.
Advance brave Titus,
They do disdain vs much beyond our Thoughts, which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on my fellows He that retires, Ile take him for a Vole,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, the Romans are beat back to their Trenches Enter Martius Curtling.

Mar. All the contagion of the South, light on you, You Shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues Plaister you o're, that you may be abhor'd Farther then seene, and one infect another Against the Winde a mile: you soules of Geese, That beare the shapes of men, how hauie you run From Slaves, that Apes would beate: Pluto and Hell, All hurt behind, backes red, and faces pale With flight and agued fear, mend and charge home, Or by the fires of heauen, Ile leave the Foe, And make my Warres on you: Lookce too't: Come on, If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their Wives, As they vs to our Trenches followes.

Another Alarum, and Martius follows them to gates, and is shot in.

So, now the gates are ope: now proue good Seconds, 'Tis for the followers Fortune, widens them, Not for the flyers: Mark me, and do the like.

Enter the Gait.

1.Sol. Foole-hardiness, not I.  
2.Sol. Nor I.  
All. To th'pot I warrant him. Enter Titus Lartius Tit. What is become of Martius?  
All. Slaine (Sir) doubleste.  
1.Sol. Following the Flyers at the very heelees, With them he enters: who upon the foadine Clapt to their Gates, he is himselxe alone, To anfwere all the City.

Lar. Oh Noble Fellow!  
Who fensibly out-dares his fencetelle Sword, And when it bowes, and't vp: Thou art left Martius, A Carbuncle intire: as big as thou art Weare not fo rich a Jewell. Thou was a Souldier Euen to Calus with, not fierce and terrible Onely in brokes, but with thy grim lookes,and The Thunder-like percussion of thy founds Thou mad'nt: thine enemies shake, as if the World Were Feaourous, and did tremble.

Enter Martius bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

1.Sol. Lookie Sir.  
Lar. O'tis Martius.  
Let's fetch him off, or make remaine alike.

1.Rom. This will I carry to Rome.  
2.Rom. And I this.  
3.Rom. A Murrain on't, I tooke this for Siluer. exeqnt.  
Enter Martius, and Titus with a Trumpet.

Mar. See here these mones, that do prize their hours At a crack'd Drachme: Cuffions, Leaden Spoones, Irons of a Doit, Dublets that Hangmen would Bury with thofe that were them. These bafe flaues, Ere yet the fight be done, packe vp, downe with them. And harkce, what noyfe the Generall makes: To him There is the man of my foules hate, Auffidious, Piercing our Romanes: Then Valiant Titus take Convenient Numbers to make good the City, Whil'it I with tho'ese that hauie the sprit, wil hafte To helpe Cominius.

Lar. Worthy Sir, thou blest?' Thy exercize hath bin too violent, For a second cours of Fight.

Mar. Sir, prafie me not: My worke hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well: The blood I drop, is rather Physicall Then dangerous to me: To Auffidious thus, I will appear Lart. Now the faire Goddefe Fortune, (and fight. Fall depee in love with thee, and her great charmes Misguide thy Oppofers swords, Bold Gentleman: Prosperity be thy Page.

Mar. Thy Friend no leffe,
Then thofe the placeth highete: So farewell.
Lart. Thou worthieft Martius,
Go found thy Trumpet in the Market place,
Call thither all the Officers a'th' Tounwe, Where they shall know our minde. Away. Exeunt
Enter Cominius as it were in retire, with soldiers.

Com. Breath you my friends, we lought, we are come Like Romans, neither foolifh in our fands, (off,
Nor Cowardly in retyre: Beleeue me Sirs, We shall be charg'd againe. While we hauie stroke By Interims and conueying guils, we hauie heard The Charges of our Friends. The Roman Gods, Leade their furceffes, as we with our owne, Than both our powers, with fmling Fronts encountering, May gue you thankfull Sacrifice. Thy Newes?

Enter a Meflenger.

Meffd. The Citzizens of Cioioles have yeffied, And gien to Lartius and to Martius Battaile:

a a 3  
I faw
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

I saw our party to their Trenches driven,
And then I came away.
Com. Though thou speakest truth,
Me thinkes thou speake't not well. How long is't since?
Mef. Aboue an hour, my Lord.
Com. Tis not a mile: Briefely we heard their drummes.
How could't thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy Newses so late?
Mef. Spies of the Ultes
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel.
Three or foure miles about, else had I for halfe an hour since brought my report.

Enter Martius.
Com. Whose yonder,
That doe's appear as he were Flead? O Gods,
He has the flame of Martius, and I haue.
Before time feene him thus.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. The Shepherd knowes not Thunder fro a Taber,
More then I know the found of Martius Tongue.
From every meaneer man,
Martius, Come I too late?
Com. I, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your owne.
Mort. Oh! let me clip ye.
In Armes as found, as when I woo'd in heart;
As merry, as when our Nuptiall day was done,
And Tapers burnt to Bedward.
Com. Flower of Warriors, how is't with Titus Lartius?
Mar. As with a man bufied about Decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
Ranfoming him, or pitying, threatening th'other;
Holding Corioldes in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leash,
To let him flip at will.
Com. Where is that Slaue
Which told me they had beate you to your Trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone,
He did informe the truth: but for our Gentlemen,
The common file,(a plague-tribunes for them)
The Moufe ne're huntnd the Cat, as they did budge
From Rascals worfe then they.
Com. But how preuail'd you?
Mar. Will the time ferue to tell, I do not thinke:
Where is the enemy? Are you Lords a' th Field?
If not, why ceafe you till you are so?
Com. Martius, we have at disaduantage fought,
And did retyre to win our purpose.
Mar. How lies their Battell? Know you on w side
They haue plac'd their men of truft?
Com. As I guesse Martius,
Their Bands I' th Vaward are the Antients
Of their best truft: O're them Auffidius,
Their very heart of Hope.
Mar. I do befeech you,
By all the Battales wherein we haue fought,
By th'Blood we haue shed together,
By th'Vowes we haue made
To endure Friends, that you directly let me
Against Auffidius, and his Antients,
And that you not delay the preuent (but
Filling the aire with Swords aduanee'd) and Darts,
We prove this very hour.
Com. Though I could wish,

You were conducted to a gentle Bath,
And Balmes applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking, take your choice of thofe
That beft can ayde your action.
Mar. These are they
That moft are willing; if any such be heere,
(As it were finne to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you fee me finer'd, if any fear
Letten his hert, then am Ill report:
If any thinke, brave death out-weighes bad life,
And that his Countries deere then himselfe,
Let him alone: Or so many so minded,
Wau this thus to express his disposition,
And follow Martius.
They all shout and waue their swords, take him up in their Armes, and caft up their Caps.
Oh me alone, make you a sword of me:
If these shewes be not outward, which of you
But is foure Volces? None of you, but is
Able to beare against the great Auffidius
A Shield, as hard as his. A certaine number
(Though thankes to all) must I feele from all:
The reft shall bear the base in some other fight
(As caufe will be obey'd) please you to March,
And foure shall quickly draw out my Command,
Which men are best inclin'd.
Com. March on my Fellowes:
Make good this ointment, and you shall
Divide in all, with vs.
Exeunt

Titus Lartius, bazing let a guard upon Coriodes, going with
Drama and Trumpet toward Cominius, and Caio Mar-
tius, Enters with a Lieutenant, other Soulsours, and a
Scout.

Lar. So,let the Ports be guarded; keep your Duties
As I have set them downe. If I do send, dispatch
Those Centuries to our aye, the reft will ferue
For a short holding, if we loose the Field,
We cannot keepe the Towne.
Lieu. Fears are not our care Sir.
Lart. Hence; and shut your gates upon's:
Our Guider come, to th'Roman Campe conduct vs. Exit

Enter Martius and Auffidius at several doores.
Mar. Ile fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worfe then a Promife-breaker.
Auffid. We hate alike:
Not Affricke owne a Serpent I abhorre
More then thy Fame and Enuy: Fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the first Budger dye the others Slaue,
And the Gods doeume him after.
Auff. If I flye Martius, hollow me like a Hare.
Mar. Within these three hours Tullus
Alone I fought in your Coriodes walles,
And made what worke I please'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd, for thy Revenge
Wrench vp thy power to th'higheft.
Auff. Wer't thou the HECTOR,
That was the whip of your brag'd Progeny,
Thou shoul'dst not leave me heere.
Here they fight, and certaine Volces come in the aye
do Auffi. Martius fights with they be driven in breathes.
Officious and not valliant, you haue sham'd me
In your condemned Seconds.
Flourish. Alarum. A Retreat is founded. Enter at one Doore Cinius, with the Romanes: At another Doore Martius, with his Arme in a Scarfe.

Com. If I should tell thee o’re this thy daies Worke, Thou’st not beleue thy deeds: but Ie report it, Where Senators shall mingle tears with smilies, Where great Patricians shall attend, and shrugs, I’th’end admire: where Ladies shall be frighted, And gladly quak’d, heare more: where the dull Tribunes, That with the fullie Plebeians, hate thine Honors, Shall lay against their hearts, We thank the Gods Our Rome hath fuch a Soulard. Yet can’t thou to a Mortell of this Feaft, Hauing fully din’d before.

Enter Titus with bis Power, from the Pursuit.

Titus Lartius. Oh General: Here is the Steed, wee the Caparison: Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: My Mother, who’s a Charter to extoll her Bloud, When she do’s prayfe me, grieues me: I have done as you have done, that’s what I can, Induc’d as you have beene, that’s for my Country: He that ha’s but effect’d his good will, Hath ouerta’ne mine Aft.

Com. You shall not be the Graue of your deferving, Rome must know the value of her owne: ‘Twere a Concealement worse then a Theft, No leffe then a Traducement, To hide your doings, and to silence that, Which to the fpire, and top of praiyes wouch’d, Would feeme but modest: therefore I befeech you, In figne of what you are, not to reward What you have done, before our Armie heare me. 

Mar. I have some Wounds upon me, and they smart To heare themselves remembred.

Com. Should they not: Well might they felter ‘gainft Ingratitude, And tent themfelves with death: of all the Horfes, Whereof we haue ta’ne good, and good flore of all, The Treafure in this field archeued, and Cittie, We render you the Tenth, to be ta’ne forth, Before the common-distribution,

At your onely choyfe. 

Mar. I thanke you General: But cannot make my heart content to take A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I doe refuse it, And stand upon my common part with thofe, That haue beheld the doing.

A long flourifh. They all cry, Martius, Martius, cast up their Cups and Lances: Cominius and Lartius fland bare.

Mar. May these fame Infruments, which you prophane, Never found more: when Drums and Trumpets shall I’th'field prove flatterers, let Courts and Cities be Made all of falfe-fac’d fothing: When Steele grows soft, as the Parafites Silke, Let him be made an Overture for th’Warres: No more I say, for that I have not waz’d

My Nofe that bled, or fowl’d some debile Wretch, Which without note, here’s many elfe have done, You shot me forth in acclamations hyperbolical, As if I lou’d my little fhou’d be dieted In praiyes, fawc’t with Lyes.

Com. Too modeft are you: More cruel to your good report, then gratefull To vs, that glue you truly: by your patience, It’s gain’d your felle you be incens’d, we’e le put you (Like one that means his proper harme) in Manacles, Then reafon faiwe with you: Therefore be it knowne, As to vs, to all the World, That Caius Martius Weares this Warres Garland: in token of the which, My Noble Steed, knowne to the Campe, I give him, With all his trim belonging; and from this time, For what he did before Coriolo’s, call him, With all th’applaufe and Clamor of the Hoaft, Marcus Caius Corioloanus. Beare th’addition Nobly ever!

Flourifh. Trumpets founds, and Drums. Omnes. Marcus Caius Corioloanus, Martius. I will goe with you: And when my Face is faire, you fhall perceive Whether I blufh, or no: howbeit, I thank you, I mean to ftride your Steed, and at all times To vnder-creft your good Addition, To th’applaufe of my powr.

Com. So, to our Ten.

Where ere we doe reprofe vs, we will write To Rome of our successe: you Titus Lartius Muft to Coriolo’s bacces, fend vs to Rome The belft, with whom we may articulate, For their owne good, and ours. Lartius. I fhall, my Lord. 

Mar. The Gods begin to mocke me: I that now refus’d most Princely gifts, Am bound to begge of my Lord General, Com. Tak’t; ’tis yours: what is’t?

Mar. I sometime lay here in Coriolo’s, At a poore mans houfe: he vs’d me kindly, He cry’d to me: I faw him Prifoner: But then Auffidius was within my view, And Wrath o’re-whelm’d my pittie: I requerf you To glue my poore Hoft freedome.

Com. Oh well begg’d; Were he the Butcher of my Sonne, he fhould Be free, as is the Wind: deliuer him, Titus. Lartius. Martius, his Name. 

Mar. By Jupiter forgot: I am weare, yea, my memorie is tyr’d: Haue we no Wine here?

Com. Goe we to our Tent: The bloud vpon your Vifage dryes, ’tis time It fhould be lookt too: come.

Exeunt.

A flourifh. Cornets. Enter Tullius Auffidius bloudy, with two or three Soulards.

Auff. The Towne is ta’ne.

Sould. ’Twill be deliuer’d backe on good Condition.

Auffid. Condition? I would I were a Roman, for I cannot, Being a Velec, be that I am. Condition? What good Condition can a Treatie finde I’th’part that is at mercy? five times, Martius, I have fought with thee; I often haft thou beat me: And would it doe fo, I thinke, shou’d we encounter
Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius & Brutus.

Men. The Agurer tells me, we shall have Newes to night.

Brut. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they loye not Martius.

Sicinius. Nature teaches Beasts to know their Friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolfe love?

Sicinius. The Lambe.

Men. I, to deuour him, as the hungry Plebeians would the Noble Martius.

Brutus. He’s a Lambe indeed, that baes like a Beare.

Men. Hee’s a Beare indeed, that lyes like a Lambe.

You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Bob. Well sir.

Men. In what enormity is Martius poore in, that you two haue not in abundance?

Brutus. He’s poore in no one fault, but for’d withall.

Sicinius. Especiallly in Pride.

Brutus. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know, how you are cenfured here in the City, I mean of vs a’th’right hand File, do you?

Bob. Why? ho ware we cenfur’d?

Men. Because you talk of Pride now, will you not be angry.

Bob. Well, well sir, well.

Men. Why’tis no great matter: for a very little thefe of Occasion, will rob you of a great deale of Patience:

Give your dispositions the reines, and bee angry at your pleasures (at the least)! if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so: you blame Martius for being proud.

Brutus. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can doe very little alone, for your helps are many, or else your actions would growe wondrous fingle: your abilities are to infant-like, for doing much alone. You talke of Pride: Oh, that you could turn your eyes toward the Napes of your neckes, and make but an interiour surveye of your good felues. Oh that you could.

Bob. What then sir?

Men. Why then you should discover a brace of vnmeriting, proud, violent, tefifie Magistrates (alias Poole) as any in Rome.

Sicinius. Menenius, you are knowne well enough too.

Men. I am knowne to be a humorous Patrian, and one that loves a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of alaynig Tiber in’t: Said, to be something imperfect in favourable the first complaint, hafty and Tinder-like vppon, to trivial motion: One, that counterfeites more with the Buttockes of the night, then with the forehead of the morn. What I think, I vter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such Weales men as you are (I cannot call you Lycargylas) if the drinke you give me, touch my Pa- lat aduery, I make a crooked face at it, I can fay, your Worthies haue deliever’d the matter well, when I finde the Asse in compound, with the Maior part of your yalla- bles. And though I must be content to bare with those, that say you are reuerend graue men, yet they lye deadly, that tell you have good faces, if you see this in the Map of my Microcume, followes it that I am knowne well enou- nough too! What harme can your beeme Confedciu- ties gleane out of this Charrafer, if I be knowne well e- nough too.

Brutus. Come sir come, we know you well enough.

Menenius. You know neither mee, your felues, nor any thing: you are ambitious, for poore knaues cappe and legges: you weare out a good wholesome Forenoone, in hearing a caufe betweene an Orendge wife, and a Forfeit- feller, and then reissue the Controversie of three-pence to a second day of Audience. When you are hearing a matter betweene party and party, if you chauce to bee pinch’d with the Collickes, you make faces like Mum- mers, fet vp the bloodie Flagge against al Patience, and in roaring for a Chamber-pot, dilimize the Controversie breeding, the more intangled by your hearing: All the peace you make in their Cause, is calling both the parties Knaues. You are a payre of strange ones.

Brutus. Come, come, you are well vnderfoot to bee a perfechter gyber for the Table, then a necessarie Benchere in the Capitoll.

Men. Our very Priefes must become Mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous Subiects as you are, when you speake beft vnto the purpose. It is not woorth the waggyn of your Beards, and your Beards desere not no honourable a graue, as to stuffle a Bohchers Cushion, or to be intomb’d in an Asse Packe-saddle; yet you must bee sayning, Martius is proud: who in a cheapen estimation, is worth all your predeceffors, since Deneaus, though per- adventure some of the best’em were hereditary hang- men. Golden to your Worthies, more of your commen- fation would infect my Braine, being the Hearofmen of the Beafly Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leaue of you.

Brutus and Sicinius.

Aside. Enter.
Enter Volumina, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now (my as faire as Noble) Ladies, and the Moone were shee Earthly, no Nobler; whither doe you follow your Eyes at last?

Volum. Honorable Menenius, my Boy Martius approaches for the loyce of Iuno let's goe.

Menen. Ha! Martius comming home?

Volum. I, worthy Menenius, and with most prosperous approbation.

Menen. Take my Cappe Jupiter, and I thanke thee; hoo, Martius comming home?


Volum. Look, here's a Letter from him, the State hath another, his Wife another, and (I think) there's one at home for you.

Menen. I will make my very house reele to night:

A Letter for me?

Virgil. Yes certaine, there's a Letter for you, I saw't.

Menen. A Letter for me? it gives me an Estate of seven yeares health; in which time, I will make a Lippe at the Physician: The most soueraigne Precept: and this Preservative, of no better report then a Horfe-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded?

Virgil. Oh no, no, no.

Volum. Oh, he is wounded, I thanke the Gods for't.

Menen. So doe I too, if it be not too much: brings a Victorie in his Pocket? the wounds become him.

Volum. On's Brows: Menenius, hee comes the third time home with the Oaken Garland.

Menen. Ha's he disciplin'd Auffidius foundly?

Volum. Titus Lartius Writs, they fought together, but Auffidius got off.

Menen. And 'twas time for him too, Ile warrant him that: and he had fly'd by him, I would not have been so fidious'd, for all the Chefs in Carioles, and the Gold that's in him. Is the Senate poss'd of this?

Volum. Good Ladies let's goe. Yes, yes, yes: The Senate ha's Letters from the Generall, wherein hee gives my Sonne the whole Name of the Warre: he hath in this action out-done his former deeds doubly.

Valer. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Menen. Wondrous: I, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Virgil. The Gods graunt them true.

Volum. True? pow waw.

Men. True? Ile be frowne they are true: where is hee wounded, God fauce your good Worships? Martius is comming home: hee ha's more caufe to be proud: where is he wounded?

Volum. Ith' Shoulder, and Ith' left Arme: there will be large Cicatrices to shew the People, when hee shall stand for his place: he received in the repulfe of Tarquin Iueen hurts ith' Body.

Men. One ith' Neck, and two ith' Thigh, there's nine that I know.

Volum. Hee had, before this last Expedition, twentie five Wounds vpon him.

Men. Now it's twentie Iueen; every gash was an Enemies Graue. Hearke, the Trumpets.

A sound, and flourish.

Volum. These are the Vithers of Martius:

Before him, hee carres Noyfe; And behinde him, hee leaes Teares:

Death, that darke Spirit, in's nerue Arme doth lye, Which being aduanc'd, declines, and then men dye.

A Sonnet.

Enter Cominius the Generall, and Titus Lartius: between them Coriolanus, crownd with an Oaken Garland, with Captains and Soulers, and a Herald.

Herald. Know Rome, that all alone Martius did fight Within Corioles Gates: where he hath wonne, With Fame, a Name to Martius Cajus: These in honor followes Martius Cajus Coriolanus. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus.

Sound. Flourish.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus. Coriol. No more of this, it does offend my heart: pray now no more.

Com. Look, Sir, your Mother.

Coriol. Oh! you haue, I know, petition'd all the Gods for thy prosperitie. Kneels.

Volum. Nay, my good Souldier, wp:

My gentle Martius, worthy Cajus,

And by deed-atchieuing Honor newly nam'd,

What is it (Coriolanus) must I call thee?

But oh, thy Wife.

Corio. My gracious silence, hayle:

Would 't thou haue laug'd, had I come Coffin's home,

That weep't to fee me triumph? Ah my deare,

Such eyes the Widowes in Carioles were,

And Mothers that lacke Sonnes.

Mene. Now the Gods Crowne thee.

Com. And lie you yet? Oh my sweet Lady, pardon.

Volum. I know not where to tume.

Oh welcome home, and welcome Generall,

And y'are welcome all.

Mene. A hundred thousand Welcomes:

I could wepe, and I could laugh,

I am light, and heauie; welcome:

A Curfe begin at very root on's heart,

That is not glad to fee thee.

Yon are three, that Rome should dote on:

Yet by the faith of men, we haue

Some old Crab-trees here at home,

That will not be grafted to your Railiff.

Yet welcome Warriors:

Wes call a Nettle, but a Nettle;

And the faults of fooles, but folly.

Com. Euer right.

Cor. Menenius, euer, euer.

Herald. Gieue way there, and goe on.

Cor. Your Hand, and yours?

Ere in our owne houfe I doe shade my Head,

The good Patricians must be visit'd,

From whom I haue receiv'd not onely greetings,

But with them, change of Honors.

Volum. I haue liued,

To fee inherited my very Wishes,

And the Buildings of my Fancie:

Onely there's one thing wanting,

Which (I doubt not) but our Rome

Will cafe vpon thee.

Cor. Know, good Mother,

I had rather be their fervant in my way,

Then sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol.

Flourish. Cornets.

Extant in State, as before.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Enter Brutus and Scipio.

Brutus. All tongues speake of him, and the bleared fights
Are speculac'd to fee him. Your prating Nurfe
Into a rapture lets her Baby cry,
While she chats him: the Kitchin Mallkin pinnes
Her richet Lockram'bout her reechie necke,
Clambrong the Walls to eye him:
Stalls, Bulkes, Windows, are another'd vp,
Leades fill'd, and Ridges hon'd
With variable Complexions; all agreeing
In earneftness to fee him: feld-showne Flaminos
Doe prefse among the popular Thronges, and pufse
To winne a vulgar station: our veyl'd Dames
Commit the Warre of White and Damaske
In their nicely gawded Cheekeks, toth' wanton spoyle
Of Phæbus burning Kisses: fuch a poacher,
As if that whatfoever God, who leads him,
Were flyly crept into his humane powers,
And gave him gracefull posture.

Seicin. On the fuddaine, I warrant him Conful.

Brutus. Then our Office may, during his power, goe sleepe.

Seicin. He cannot temp'ratly transport his Honors,
From where he should begin, and end, but will
Lose thofe he hath wonne.

Brutus. In that there's comfort.

Seicin. Doubt not,
The Commons, for whom we ftand, but they
Vpon their ancient mallice, will forget
With the leaft caufe, thefe his new Honors,
Which that he will give them, make 1 as little queftion,
As he is proud to doo't.

Brutus. I heard him sware,
Were he to ftand for Conful, never would he
Appeare i'th'Market place, nor on him put
The Naples Venture of Humilitie,
Nor fhewing(as the manner is)his Wounds
Toth' People, begge their flinking Breaths.

Seicin. 'Tis right.

Brutus. It was his word:
Oh he would misfe it, rather then carry it,
But by the fuite of the Gentry to him,
And the defire of the Nobles.

Seicin. I with no better, then haue him hold that purpofe,
and to put it in execution.

Brutus. 'Tis moft like he will.

Seicin. It fhall be to him then, as our good wills; a
fure deftruction.

Brutus. So it must fall out
To him, or our Authorities, for an end.
We must fugget the People, in what hatred
He flill hath held them: that to's power he would
Haue made them Mules, flenc'd their Pleaders,
And disproportioned their Freedomes; holding them,
In humane Aflion, and Capacitie,
Of no more Soule, nor fittneffe for the World,
Then Cammels in their Warre, who have their Pround
Onely for bearing Burtens, and fcor blowes
For finking vnder them.

Seicin. This (as you ray) fuggefted,
At fome time, when his fearing Infolence
Shall teach the People, which time fhall not want,
If he be put vpno't, and that's as eafie,
As to fet Dogges on Sheepe, will be his fire

To kindle their dry Stubble: and their Blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. What's the matter?

Mess. You are fent for to the Capitoll:
'Tis thought, that your Maffin shall be a Conful:
I have feene the dummy men afraid to fee him,
And the blind to heare him (speake)Matrons flong Gloues,
Ladies and Maids their Scartfles, and Handkerchers,
Vpon him as he paft'd: the Nobles bended
As to Iouet Statue, and the Commons made
A Shower, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Showts:
I never faw the like.

Brutus. Let's to the Capitoll,
And carry with vs Eares and Eyes for th'time,
But Hearts for the event.

Seicin. Haue with you.

Exeunt.
To gratifie his Noble service, that hath
Thus fled for his Country. Therefore please you,
Moft reverend and graue Elders, to defer
The preuent Consull, and left Generall,
In our well-found Successe, to report
A little of that worthy Worke, perform'd
By Martius Cneo Coriolanus: whom
We met here, both to thank, and to remember,
With Honors like himselfe.

1.Sen. Speake, good Corinianus:
Leave nothing out for length, and make vs thinke
 Rather our fates defectiue for requitall,
 Then we to stretch it out. Matters a'th'People,
 We doe request your kinder cares: and after
 Your louing motion toward the common Body,
 To yeld what paffes here.

Scin. We are conuented vpon a pleasing Treatie,
And haue hearts inable to honor and advance the Thame
of our Affembly.

Brutus. Which the rather wee shall be bleft to doe, if
he remember a kinder value of the People, then he hath
hereto priz'd them at.

Menen. That's off, that's off: I would you rather had
been silent: Pleafe you to heare Cominianus speake?

Brutus. Moft willingly: but yet my Caution was
more pertinent then the rebuke you give it.

Menen. He loues your People, but tye him not to be
their Bed-fellow: Worthie Cominianus speake,
Coriolanus rifes, and offers to goe away.

Nay, keepe your place.

Senat. Sit Coriolanus: neuer shame to heare
What you have Nobly done.

Coriol. Your Honors pardon:
I had rather haue my Wounds to heale againe,
Then heare fay how I got them.

Brutus. Sir, I hope my words dis-bench'd you not?

Coriol. No Sir: yet off,
When blowes haue made me flay, I fled from words.
You footh'd not, therefore hurt not: but your People,
I loue them as they weigh—

Menen. Pray now fit downe.

Coriol. I had rather haue one scratch my Head i'th'Sun,
When the Alarum were fruick, then idly fit
To heare my Nothings monfer'd.

Menen. Maffers of the People,
Your multiplying Sorrow, how can he flatter?
That's thound to one good one, when you now fee
He had rather venture all his Limbs for Honor,
Then on ones Eares to heare it. Proceed Cominianus.

Com. I shall lacke voyce: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be vter'd feebly: it is held,
That Valour is the chiefest Vertue,
And most dignifies the hauer: if it be,
The man I speake of, cannot in the World
Be fingly counter-poes'd. At fixteen yeeres,
When Tarquin made a Head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the marke of others: our then Dictator,
Whom with all prayse I point at, faw him fight,
When with his Amazonian Shirne he drowe
The brizled Lippes before him: he bestrid
An o're-prect Roman, and i'th'Consuls view
Slew three Oppoers: Tarquins felte he met,
And strucke him on his Knee: in that dayes feats,
When he might dte the Woman in the Scene,
He prou'd bett man i'th'field, and for his meed
Was Brow-bound with the Oake. His Pupill age

Man-entred thus, he waxed like a Sea,
And in the brunt of feventeen Battales since,
He hurc'h all Swords of the Garland: for this laft,
Before, and in Corioles, let me fay
I cannot speake him home: he flot the flyers,
And by his rare example made the Coward
Tuffer terror into sport: as Weeds before
A Veefell vnder fayle, fo men obey'd,
And fell below his Stem: his Sword, Deaths flampe,
Where it did marke, it tooke from face to foot:
He was a thing of Blood, whole every motion
Was tim'd with dying Cryes: alone he entred
The mortall Gate of th'Cite, which he painted
With finleffe deftinie: aydeffe came off,
And with a sudden re-inforcement fruick
Carioles like a Planet: now all's his,
When by and by the dinne of Warre gan pierce
His readie fince: then fhraight his doubled spirit
Requicken'd what in fief was fatigate;
And to the Battale came he, where he did
Runne reeking o're the lines of men, as if 'twere
A perpetuall fpoyle: and till we call'd
Both Field and Cite ours, he neuer ftood
To eafe his Breft with pantiing.

Menen. Worthy man.

Senat. He cannot but with meafeure fit the Honors
which we deuife him.

Com. Our fpoyles he kick'd at,
And look'd vpon things preou's, as they were
The common Muck of the World: he couets leffe
Then Miferie it felfe would give, rewards his deeds
With doing them, and is content
To fpend the time, to end it.

Menen. He's right Noble, let him be call'd for.

Senat. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Enter Coriolanus.

Menen. The Senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd to make
thee Consull.
Coriol. I doe owe them flill my Life, and Serviues.

Menen. It then remains, that you doe speake to the People.

Coriol. I doe befeech you,

Let me o're-leape that cuftome: for I cannot
Put on the Gowne, fend naked, and entreat them
For my Wounds fake, to give their fuffrage:
Pleafe you that I may paffe this doing.

Scin. Sir, the People muft haue their Voyces,
Neyther will they bate one iot of Ceremonie.

Menen. Put them not too:
Pray you goe fit you to the Cuftome,
And take to you, as your Predecessors haue,
Your Honor with your forme.

Coriol. It is a part that I fhall blufh in aeting,
And might well be taken from the People.

Brutus. Marke you that.

Coriol. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus
Shew them th'warnaking Skarres, which I fhou'd hide,
As if I had receiu'd them for the hyre
Of their breath onely.

Menen. Doe not fland vpon't:
We recommend to you Tribunes of the People
Our purpose to them, and to our Noble Consull
With we all Joy, and Honor.

Senat. To
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Senat. To Coriolanus come all joy and Honor.
Fowrth Cornets.
Then Execut. Manet Sicinius and Brutus.
Bru. You see how he intends to vse the people.
Seicin. May they perceive his intent: he will require them
As if he did contemne what he requested,
Should be in them to giue.
Bru. Come, we'll informe them
Of our proceedings heere on th'Market place,
I know they do attend vs.
Enter feauon or eight Citizens.
1.Cit. Once if he do require our voyces, wee ought not to deny him.
2.Cit. We may Sir if we will.
3.Cit. We have power in our felues to do it, but it is
a power that we have no power to do: For, if hee shew vs
his wounds, and tell vs his deeds, we are to put our tongues
into thofe wounds, and speake for them: So if he tel
vs his Noble deeds, we must alfo tell him our Noble accep-
tance of them. Ingratitude is monfruous, and for the
multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a Monifer of
the multitude; of which we, beingmembers, should
bring our felues to be monfruous members.
1.Cit. And to make vs no better thought of a little
helpe will serve: for once we flood vp about the Corne,
he himselfe stucke not to call vs the many-headed Multife-
tude.
3.Cit. We have beene call'd fo of many, not that our
heads are some browne, some blacke, some Abram, some
bald; but that our wits are fo diversely Coulord; and true-
ly I thinke, if all our wittes were to iiffe out of one Scull,
they would flye East, West, North, South, and their con-
fent of one direct way, should be at once to all the points
a'th Compaiffe.
2.Cit. Thinke you fo? Which way do you judge my
wit would flye.
3.Cit. Nay your wit will not fo soone out as another
mans will, 'tis strangely wadg'd vp in a blocke-head : but
if it were at liberty, w'ould flye Southward.
2.Cit. Why that way?
3 Cit. To loose it selfe in a Fogge, where being three
parts melted away with rotten Dewes, the fourth would
returne for Confience fake, to helpe to get thee a Wife.
2.Cit. You are neuer without your trickes, you may,
you may.
3.Cit. Are you all resolu'd to giue your voyces? But
that's no matter, the greater part carries it, I say. If hee
would incline to the people, there was neuer a worther man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gowne of Humility, with
Mencenus.

Heere he comes, and in the Gowne of humility, marke
his behavour: we are not to stay altogether, but to come
by him where he stands, by ones, by twoes, & by threes.
He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein euery
one of vs ha's a fingle Honor, in giuing him our own voy-
ces with our owne tongues,therefore follow me, and Ile
direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.
Men. Oh Sir,you are not righthaue you not knowne
The worthless men have don't.
Corio. What must I say, I pray Sir?
Plague vpon't, I cannot bring
My touge to such a pace. Looke Sir, my wounds,
I got them in my Countries Seruice, when
Some certaine of your Brethren roar'd, and ranne

From th'noife of our owne Drummes.
Men. Oh me the Gods, you must not speak of that,
You must defire them to thinke vpon you.
Corio. Thinke vpon me? Hang 'em,
I would they would forget me, like the Vertues
Which our Diuines solde by em.
Men. You'll marre all,
I'lle leave you: Pray you speake to em, I pray you
In whollsome manner.

Exit

Enter three of the Citizens.
Corio. Bid them waft their Faces,
And keepe their teeth cleane: So, heere comes a brace,
You know the cause (Sir) of my standing heere.
3.Cit. We do Sir, tell vs what hath brought you too't.
Corio. Mine owne defect.
2.Cit. Your owne defect.
Corio. I, but mine owne desire.
3.Cit. How not your owne desire?
Corio. No Sir, twas neuer my desire yet to trouble the
poore with beggins.
3.Cit. You must thinke if we giue you any thing, we
hope to gaine by you.
Corio. Well then I pray your price a'th'Confulship.
1.Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.
Corio. Kindly Sir, I pray let me ha't: I have wounds to
shew you, which shall bee yours in priuate: your good
voice Sir, what say you?
2.Cit. You shall ha't worthy Sir.
Corio. A match Sir, there's in all two worthie voyces
begg'd: I have your Almes, Adieu.
3.Cit. But this is somthing odde.
2.Cit. And 'twere to giue againe: but 'tis no matter.
Exeunt. Enter two other Citizens.
Corio. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune
of your voyces, that I may bee Conful, I haue heere the
Customarie Gowne.
1. You have deferred Nobly of your Countrey, and
you have not deferred Nobly.
Corio. Your Enigma,
1. You have bin a fource to her enemies, you have
bin a Rod to her Friends, you haue not indeede loued the
Common people.
Corio. You should account mee the more Vertuous,
that I have not bin common in my Loue, I will fir flatter
my wvorne Brother the people to earne a deere estima-
tion of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: & since
the wifedeme of their choice, is rather to haue my Hat,
then my Heart, I will practive the infuriating nod, and be
off to them moft counterfetly, that is fir, I will counter-
fer the bewitchment of some popular mam, and giue it
bountifull to the defirers: Therefore befeech you, I may
be Conful:
2. Woe hope to finde you our friend: and therefore
giue you our voices heartily.
1. You have receyued many wounds for your Coun-
trey.
Corio. I wil not Seale your knowledge with shewing
them. I will make much of your voyces, and fo trouble
you no farther.
Both. The Gods giue you joy Sir heartily.
Corio. Moft sweet Voyces.
Better it is to dye, better to flerne,
Then craue the higher, which firft we do defere.
Why in this Woolfoung thougl shoul I stand heere,
To begge of Hob and Dicke, that does appeare
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Thei needlese Vouches: Custome calls me too't.  
What Custome wills in all things, should we do't?  
The Custume on antique Time would ye vnswep't,  
And mountainous Error be too highly hearted,  
For Truth to o're-peere. Rather then fool'd it so,  
Let the high Office and the Honor go  
To one that would doe thus. I am halfe through,  
The one part suffer'd, the other will I doe.  
Enter three Citizens more.  

Here come mee Voyces.  
Your Voyces? for your Voyces I have sought,  
Watcht for your Voyces: for your Voyces, bear  
Of Wounds, two dozen odde: Battalies thrice six  
I have seen, and heard of: for your Voyces,  
Have done many things, some little, some more:  
Your Voyces? Indeed I would be Consull.  
1.Cit. Hee ha's done Noble, and cannot goe without  
any honest mans Voyce.  
2.Cit. Therefore let him be Consull: the Gods give  
him joy, and make him good friend to the People.  
All. Amen, Amen, God faue thee, Noble Consull.  
Corio. Worthy Voyces.  

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Scincinius.  

Mene. You haue stood your Limation:  
And the Tribunes endue you with the Peoples Voyces,  
Remaines, that in th'Officiall Markes inueted,  
You anon doe meet the Senate.  
Corio. Is this done?  
Scicin. The Custume of Request you haue discharg'd:  
The People doe admit you, and are summmon'd  
To meet anon, vpon your approbation.  
Corio. Where? at the Senate-houfe?  
Scicin. There, Coriolanus.  
Corio. May I change these Garments?  
Scicin. You may, Sir.  
Corio. That Ie straight do: and knowing my selfe again,  
Repayre toth Senate-houfe.  
Mene. I le keepe you company. Will you along?  
Brut. We lay here for the People.  
Scicin. Fare you well.  

Exeunt Corio. and Mene.  

He's ha't now: and by his Lookes, me thinkes,  
'Tis warme at's heart.  
Brut. With a proud heart he wore his humble Weeds:  
Will you difie the People?  
Enter the Plebeians.  
Scicin. How now, my Masters, haue you chose this man?  
1.Cit. Hee ha's our Voyces, Sir.  
Brut. We praye the Gods, he may defeuer your loues.  
2.Cit. Amen, Sir; to my poore vnworthy notice,  
He mock'd vs, when he begg'd our Voyces.  
3.Cit. Certainely, he flowted vs downe-right.  
1.Cit. No'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock vs.  
2.Cit. Not one amongst vs, saue your selfe, but fayes  
He vs'd vs scornfully: he should have shew'd vs  
His Marks of Merit, Wounds receu'd for Country,  
Scicin. Why fo he did, I am sure.  
All. No, no no man saue 'em.  
3.Cit. Hee said hee had Wounds,  
Which he could shew in priuate:  
And with his Hat, thus wauing it in fcorne,  
I would be Consull, fayes he: aged Custome,  
But by your Voyces, will not so permit me.  
Your Voyces therefore: when we granted that,  
Here was, I thank you for your Voyces, thank you  
Your most sweet Voyces: now you haue left your Voyces,  
I have no further with you. Was not this mockerie?  
Scicin. Why eyther were you ignorant to see't?  
Or seeing it, of such Childish friendliness,  
To yeeld your Voyces?  
Brut. Could you not haue told him,  
As you were Jeoff'nd: When he had no Power,  
But was a petitie servant to the State,  
He was your Enemie, euuer fpake against  
Your Liberties, and the Charters that you beare  
I' th'Body of the Weale: and now arraunging  
A place of Potencie, and sway o'th'State,  
If he should still malignantly remaine  
Fait Foe toth' Plebeij, your Voyces might  
Be Curfes to your felues. You should haue saied,  
That as his worthy deeds did clayne no leffe  
Then what he stood for: fo his gracious nature  
Would thinke vpon you, for your Voyces,  
And translate his Malice towards you, into Loue,  
Standing your friendly Lord.  
Scicin. Thus to have saied,  
As you were fore-aduie'd, had toucht his Spirit,  
And try'd his Inclination: from him pluckt  
Eyther his gracious Promife, which you might  
As caufe had call'd you vp, haue held him to;  
Or elie it would haue gall'd his furry nature,  
Which eafeily endures not Article,  
Tying him to ought, fo putting him to Rage,  
You should haue ta'ne th'advantage of his Choller,  
And pafs'd him vnelected.  
Brut. Did you perceiue,  
He did dilliciote you in free Contempt,  
When he did need your Loues: and doe you thinke,  
That his Contempt shall not be bruizing to you,  
When he hath power to cruft? Why, had your Bodyes  
No Heart among you? Or had you Tongues, to cry  
Against the Reeftorhip of Judgement?  
Scicin. Haue you, ere now, deny'd the asker:  
And now againe, of him that did not aske, but mock,  
Befow't your fa'd—for Tongues?  
3.Cit. Hee's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.  
2.Cit. And will deny him:  
He haue five hundred Voyces of that found,  
1.Cit.I twice five hundred, & their friends, to piece 'em.  
Brut. Get you hence infantly, and tell those friends,  
They haue chose a Contell, that will from them take  
Their Liberties, make them of no more Voyce  
Then Dogges, that are as often beat for barking,  
As therefore kept to doe so.  
Scic.Let them affembles under a faier Judgement,  
All reouke your ignorant election: Enforce his Pride,  
And his old Hate vnto you: besides, forget not  
With what Contempt he wore the humble Weed,  
How in his Suit he scorn'd you: but your Loues,  
Thinking vpon his Serulices, tooke from you  
Th'approhension of his preuent partance,  
Which moft glibly, vgrauely, he did fashion  
After the inueterate Hate he beares you.  
Brut. Lay a fault on vs, your Tribunes,  
That we labour'd (no impediment betweene)  
But that you must caue your Election on him.  
Scic.Lay you chose him, more after our commandment,  
Then as guided by your owne true affections, and that  
Your Minds pre-occupy'd with what you rather muft do,  
Then what you shou'd, made you against the graine  
To Voyce him Consull. Lay the fault on vs.

Brut. 1,
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Actus Tertius.

Corinæi. Enter Corinæuus, Mænænius, all the Gentry, Cominius, Titus Latinus, and other Senators.

Corio. Tellus Auffidius then had made new head.

Latinus. He had, my Lord, and that it was which caus'd our swifter Composition.

Corio. So then the Voices stand but as at first, Readie when time shall prompt them, to make roade Upon's againe,

Com. They are worn (Lord Conful) fo,
That we shall hardly in our ages fee Their Banners waue againe.

Corio. Saw you Auffidius?

Latinus. On safegard he came to me, and did curfe Against the Voices, for they had so wildly Yielded the Towne: he is retiryed to Antium.

Corio. Speoke he of me?

Latinus. He did, my Lord.

Corio. How? what?

Latinus. How often he had met you Sword to Sword: That of all things vpon the Earth, he hated Your person moit: That he would powne his fortunes To hopefull restitution, so he might Be call'd your Vanquisher.

Corio. At Antium lies he?

Latinus. At Antium.

Corio. I wish I had a caufe to seeke him there, To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter Scincinius and Brutus.

Behold, these are the Tribunes of the People, The Tongues o'th Common Mouth. I do deffeipe them:

For they doe pranke them in Authoritie, Against all Noble sufferance.

Scincinius. Paffe no further.

Corio. Hah! what is that?

Brutus. It will be dangerous to goe on--No further.

Corio. What makes this change?

Mene. The matter?

Com. Hath he not paft'd the Noble, and the Common?

Brutus. Cominius, no.

Corio. Haue I had Childrens Voyces?

Senat. Tribunes give way, he shall tooth'Market place.

Brutus. The People are incens'd against him.

Scincinius. Stop, or all will fall in broyle.

Corio. Are thefe your Hear'd?

Muft thefe have Voyces, that can yeld them now, And straighte diclaime their tongues? what are your Offices? You being their Mouthes, why rule you not their Teeth? Haue you not fet them on?

Mene. Be calm, be calm.

Corio. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by Plot, To curbe the will of the Nobilitie:

Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule, Nor ever will be ruled.

Brutus. Call'd not a Plot:
The People cry you mockt them: and of late, When Corne was given them grant, you repin'd, Scandal'd the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to Noblenesse.

Corio. Why this was knowne before.

Brutus. Not to them all.

Corio. Haue you inform'd them fittence?

Brutus. How? I informe them?

Com. You are like to doe such businesse.

Brutus. Not unlike each way to better yours.

Corio. Why then should I be Conful? by yon'd Clouds Let me deferve fo ill as you, and make me Your fellow Tribune.

Scincinius. You fliew too much of that,
For which the People firre: if you will paffe To where you are bound, you must enquire your way, Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,
Or neuer be so Noble as a Conful,
Nor yoyke with him for Tribune.

Mene. Let's be calm.

Com. The People are abus'd: fet on, this paltring Becomes not Rome: nor ha's Coriolanus Defer'd this fo dihonor Rub, laid falsely I'th' plaine Way of his Merit.

Corio. Tell me of Corne: this was my speech,
And I will speake't again.

Mene. Not now, not now.

Senat. Not in this heat, Sir, now.

Corio. Now as I lie, I will.

My nobler friends, I craue their pardons:
For the mutable ranke-sentenced Meinie,
Let them regard me, as I doe not flatter,
And therein behold themselues: I say againe, In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our Senate The Cockle of Rebellion, Infolence, Sedition, Which we our felues have ploved for, low'd, & scatter'd,
By mingling them with vs, the honor'd Number, Who lack not Vertue, nor, nor Power, but that Which they have gien to Beggars.

Mene. Well, no more

Senat. No more words, we beseech you.

Corio. How? no more?
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

As for my Country, I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force; so shall my Lungs
Coinc words till their decay, against those Meazels
Which we disdaine should Tetter vs, yet fought
The very way to catch them.

Brut. You speake a' th'people, as if you were a God,
To punish, Not a man, of their Infirnity.
Sicin. \Twere well we let the people know'n.

Menc. What, what? His Choller?
Cor. Choller? Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Ioue, twould be my minde.

Sicin. It is a minde that shall remain a poison
Where it is; not poyson any further,
Coro. Shall remaine?

Heare you this Triton of the Minnowes? Marke you
His abolute Shall?
Com. 'Twas from the Cannon.
Cor. Shall? O God! but most vnwise Patricians; why
You grave, but weakllefe Senators, have you thus
Quen Hidra here to choope an Officer,
That with his peremptory Shall, being but
The horne, and noife o' th'Monfiers, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your Current in a ditch,
And make your Channell his? If he haue power,
Then vale your Ignorance: If none, awake
Your dangerous Lenity: If you are Learn'd,
Be not as common Fools; if you are not,
Let them haue Cufhions by you. You are Plebeians,
If they be Senators; and they are no lesse,
When both your voices blended, the great't taste
Moff pallets theirs. They choose their Magistratce,
And such a one as he, who puts his Shall,
His popular Shall, against a grauer Bench
Then ever frownd in Greece. By Ioue himselfe,
It makes the Conflus base; and my Soule akes
To know, when two Authorities are vp,
Neither Supremae; How foone Confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take
The one by th'other.

Com. Well, on to'th'Market place.
Corio. Who ever gaue that Counfell, to giue forth
The Corne a' th'Store-house gratis, as 'twas vs'd
Sometime in Greece.

Menc. Well, well, no more of that.
Corio. Thoughe there the people had more absolute powre
I say they norife dibidence: fed, the ruin of the State.

Brut. Why shal the people giue
One that speakes thus, their voyce?
Corio. Ile giue my Rea ons,
More worthier then their Voyces. They know the Corne
Was not our recumpence, refiting well affur'd
They ne're did feruice fort; being pref to'th'Warre,
Even when the Nauell of the State was touch'd,
They would not thred the Gates; This kinde of Seruice
Did not deferve Corne gratis. Being 'tith'Warre,
There Mutinies and Reuolts, wherein they shew'd
Most Valour, spoke not for them. Th'Accufation
Which they have often made against the Senate,
All caufe vnborne, could never be the Natuir
Of our fo franke Donation. Well, what then?
How shal this Bofome-multiplied, digeft
The Senates Courtefe? Let deeds expresse
What's like to be their words, We did request it,
We are the greater pole, and in true feare
They gaue vs our demands. Thus we debafe
The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble

Call our Cares, Feares; which will in time
Break e ope the Lockes a' th'Senate, and bring in
The Crowes to pecke the Eagles.

Menc. Come enough.

Brut. Enough, with ouer meafeure.

Cor. No, take more.

What may be sworne by, both Diuinie and Humane,
Seale what I end withall. This double worship,
Whereon part do's disdaine with caufce, the other
Inuftall with out all reafon: where Gentry, Title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of generall Ignorance, it muft omit
Reall Neceffities, and giue way the while
To vnfaftble Slightneffe. Purpoze fo barr'd, it followes,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore befeech you,
You that will be lesse fearfull, then discreet,
That loue the Fundamentall part of State
More then you doubt the change on't: That preferre
A Noble life, before a Long, and Wifh,
To iumphe a Body with a dangerous Phyfick,
That's fure of death without it: at once plucked out
The Multitudinous Tongue, let them not licke
The sweet which is their poyson. Your diñ honor
Manges true judgement, and bereaues the State
Of that Integrity which shou'd becom't:
Not hauing the power to do the good it would
For th'il which doth controul't.

Brut. Has faid enough.

Sicin. Ha's fpoken like a Traitor, and shall answer
As Traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch, defpfight ore-whelme thee:
What should the people do with these bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience failes
To'th'greater Bench, in a Rebellion:
When what's not meet, but what muft be, was Law,
Then were they choisen: in a better houre,
Let what is meet, be faide it muft be meet,
And throw their power i'th'duift.

Brut. Manifeft Treafon.
Sicin. This a Confiull? No.

Enter an ædile.

Brut. The Ediles hoe: Let him be apprehended:
Sicin. Go call the people, in whose name my Selfe
Attach thee as a Traitorous Innouator:
A Foe to'th'publike Weale. Obey I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Coro. Hence old Goat.
All. We'l Surerly him.

Com. Ag'd fir, hands off.
Coro. Hence rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy Garments.

Sicin, Helpe ye Citizens.

Enter a rabble of Plebeians with the ædiles.

Menc. On both fides more refpeft.

Sicin. Here's hee, that would take from you all your power.

Brut. Seize him ædiles.

All. Downe with him, downe with him.

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons:
They all busle about Coriolanus.

Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what ho:

Sicin. Brutus, Coriolanus, Citizens.

All. Peace, peace, peace, fray, hold, peace.

Menc. What is about to be? I am out of Breath,
Confusions neere, I cannot speake. You, Tribunes
To'th people: Coriolanus, patience: Speak good Sicin.
Sci. Heare me, People peace.
All. Let's here our Tribune : peace, speake, speake, speake.
Sci. You are at point to lose your Liberties :
Martius would have all from you; Martius,
Whom late you have nam'd for Conful.
Mene. Fie, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to quench.
Sena. To unbuild the Cite, and to lay all flat.
Sci. What is the Cite, but the People?
All. True, the People are the Cite.
Brut. By the conferent of all, we were establisht'd the Peoples Magistrates.
All. You fo remaine.
Mene. And fo are like to doe.
Com. That is the way to lay the Cite flat,
To bring the Roofe to the Foundation,
And burie all, which yet distinfitly raungeth
In heapes, and piles of Ruine.
Sci. This defures Death.
Brut. Or let vs stand by our Authoritie,
And let vs raise it: we do here pronounce,
Vpon the part o'th People, in whose power
We were electted theirs,Martius is worthy
Of present Death.
Sci. Therefore lay hold of him:
Beare him toth Rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destrucion caft him.
Brut. AEdiles feize him.
All Ple. Yeald Martius, yeald.
Mene. Heare me one word, 'befeech you Tribunes,
Heare me but a word.
AEdiles. Peace, peace.
Mene. Be that you feeme, truly your Countries friend,
And tempitately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redresse.
Brut. Sir, thofe cold wayes,
That feeme like prudent helpers, are very poyfonous,
Where the Difeafe is violent. Lay hands vpon him,
And bear him to the Rock. Corio. drawes bis Sword.
Corio. No, Ile die here :
There's fome among you have haue me fighting,
Come trie vpon your felues, what you haue feene me.
Mene. Downe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw a while.
Brut. Lay hands vpon him.
Mene. Helpe Martius, helpe : you that be noble, helpe him young and old.
All. Downe with him, downe with him. Exeunt.
In this Matinus, the Tribunes, the AEdiles, and the People are beat in.
Mene. Go, get you to our Houfe: be gone, away,
All will be naught elfe.
2. Sena. Get you gone.
Com. Stand fakst, we haue as many friends as enemies.
Mene. Shall it be put to that?
Sena. The Gods forbid :
I praythee noble friend, home to thy Houfe,
Leave vs to cure this Caufe.
Mene. For 'tis a Sore vpon vs,
You cannot Tent your felfe be gone, 'befeech you.
Corio. Ye, Sir, along with vs.
Mene. I would they were Barbarians, as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd: not Romans, as they are not,
Though call'd i'th Porch o'th Capitoll :
Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,
One time will owe another.
Corio. On faire ground, I could beat fortie of them.
Mene. I could my felfe take vp a Brace o'th beft of them, yea, the two Tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis oddes beyond Arithmetick,
And Manhood is call'd Foolerie, when it stands
Against a felling Fabrick. Will you hence, before the Tagge returnes? whofe Rage doth rend
Like interrupted Waters, and o're-beare
What they are vs'd to beare.
Mene. Pray you be gone:
Ile trie whether my old Wit be in requeft
With thofe that haue but little: this muft be patcht
With Cloth of any Colour.
Com. Nay, come away. 

Patri. This man ha's marr'd his fortune.
Mene. His nature is too noble for the World:
He would not flatter Neptune for his Trident,
Or Jove, for power to Thunder: his Heart's his Mouth :
What his Breft forges, that his Tongue muft vent,
And being angry, doe forget: that ever
He heard the Name of Death. A Noise within.
Here's goodly worke.
Patri. I would they were a bed.
Mene. I would they were in Tyber.
What the vengeance, could he not speake 'em faire?
Enter Brutus and Sicinius with the rabbage again.
Sicin. Where is this Viper,
That would depopulate the city, & be every man himself?
Mene. You worthy Tribunes.
Sicin. He shall be throwne downe the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath refifted Law,
And therefore Law shall forme him further Triall
Then the feverity of the publicke Power,
Whiri he fo fets at naught.
1 Cit. He shall well know the Noble Tribunes are
The peoples mouths, and we their hands.
All. He shall fure ou't.
Mr. Do not cry haucke, where you fhood but hunt
With modeft warrant.
Sicin. Sir, how com't that you haue holpe
To make this rescue?
Mene. Heere me speake? As I do know
The Confils worthinesse, fo can I name his Faults.
Sicin. Confull what Confull?
Mene. The Confull Coriolanus.
Brut. He Confull.
All. No, no, no, no, no.
Mene. If by the Tribunes leau'e,
And yours good people,
I may be heard, I would craue a word or two,
The which shall turne you to no further harme,
Then fo much loffe of time.
Sic. Speake briefly then,
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This Viporous Traitor: to eiec't him hence
Were but one danger, and to keepe him heere
Our certaine death therefore it is decreed,
He dyes to night.
Mene. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose grateuflue
Towards her deferved Children, is enrolld
In Ioues owne Booke, like an vvnaturall Dam
Should now eate vp her owne.

Sicin. 614
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Sicin. He's a Diseafe that must be cut away.

Men. Oh he's a Limbe, that ha's but a Diseafe
Mortal, to cut it off: to cure it, eafe.
What ha's he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our Enemies, the blood he hath loit
(Which I dare vouch, is more then he hath
By many an Ounce) he dropp'd it for his Country:
And what is left, to loose it by his Country,
Were to vs all that doo't, and suffer it
A brand to th'end a'th World.

Sicin. This is cleane kamme.

Brut. Merely a way:
When he did loue his Country, it honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foote
Being once gangren'd, is not then repected
For what before it was.

Brut. Wee'l hear no more:
Peruse him to his house, and plucke him thence,
Leafe his infection being of catching nature,
Speed further.

Men. One word more, one word:
This Tiger-footed-rage, when it shall find
The harne of vs'nkan'd swiftneffe, will (too late)
Tye Leaden pounds too's heeles. Proceed by Proceffe,
Leafe parties (as he is belou'd) breake out,
And facke great Rome with Romanes.

Brut. If it were so?

Sicin. What do ye talke?
Haue we not had a taste of his Obedience?
Our Edilles thin: our felues refiht: come.

Men. Consider this: He ha's bin bred i'th'Warres
Since a coul'd draw a Sword, and is ill-school'd
In boulted Language: Meale and Bran together
He throwes without difiinition. Give me leave,
Ile go to him, and undertake to bring him in peace,
Where he shall anfwer by a lawfull Forme
(Inc peace) to vtsmost perill.

1 Sen. Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will proue to bloody: and the end of it,
Unknowne to the Beginning.

Sic. Noble Meneinus, be you then as the peoples officer
Matters, lay downe your Weapons.

Brut. Go not home.

Sen. Meet on the Market place: wee'l attend you there:
Where if you bring not Martino, wee'll proceede
In our firft way.

Men. Ile bring him to you.
Let me defire your company: he mu't come,
Or what is worft will follow.

Sen. Pray you let's to him. 

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.

Corio. Let them pull all about mine ears, prefent me
Death on the Wheelie, or at wilde Horfes heeles,
Or pile ten hilles on the Tarpeian Rocke,
That the precipitation might dwayne stretch
Below the beame of fight: yet will I fill
Be thus to them. 

Enter Volumnia.

Noble. You do the Noble.

Corio. I mufe my Mother
Do's not approve me further, who was wont
to call them Wollen Vaffailes, things created
To buy and fell with Groats, to fwayne bare heads
In Congregations, to yawne, be fill: and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance ftood vp

To speake of Peace, or Warre, I talke of you,
Why did you with me milder? Would you haue me
Falfe to my Nature? Rather fay, I play
The man I am.

Volum. Oh fir, fir, fir,
I would haue you put your power well on
Before you had wonne it out.

Corio. Let go.

Vt. You might haue beene enough the man you are,
With ftringing leffe to be fo: Leffer had bin
The things of your difpositions, if
You had not fhow'd them how ye were disposed
Ere they lack'd power to croffe you.

Corio. Let them hang,

Volumn. 1, and burne too.

Enter Meneinus with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you haue bin too rough, somthing
too rough you muft returne, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy,
Vnlee by not fo doing, our good Citie
Cleaze in the midd't, and perill.

Volumn. Pray be couena'll:
I haue a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a braine, that leads my vfe of Anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well faid, Noble woman:
Before he fhould thus fupe fo'th'heart, but that
The violent fit a'th'time crues it as Phyficke
For the whole State; I would put mine Armour on,
Which I can fearfully beare.

Corio. What muft I do?

Men. Returne to th'tribunes.

Corio. Well, what then?what then?

Men. Repent, what you have fpoke.

Corio. For them, I cannot do it to the Gods,
Muft I then dou't to them?

Volumn. You are too absolute,
Though therein you can never be too Noble,
But when extremeties fpeake. I haue heard you fay,
Honor and Policy, like vnfeuer'd Friends,
I'th'Warre do grow together: Grant that, and tell me
In Peace, what each of them by th'other loofe,
That they combine not there?

Corio. Thuf, thuf.

Men. A good demand.

Volumn. If it be Honoure in your Warres, to feme
The fame you are not, which for your beft ends
You adopt your policy: How is it leffe or worfe
That it fhall hold Companionhip in Peace
With Honour, as in Warre; since that to both
It flands in like requet.

Corio. Why force you this?

Volumn. Bcaufe, that
Now it lyes you on to fpeake to th'people:
Not by your owne instruction, nor by'th'matter
Which your heart promts you, but with fuch words
That are but rooted in your Tongue;
Though but Baffards, and Syllables
Of no allowance, to your bofomes truth.
Now, this no more difhones you at all,
Then to take in a Towne with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.
I would difemble with my Nature, where
My Fortunes and my Friends at flake, requir'd
I should do fo in Honor. I am in this
Your Wife, your Sonne: These Senators, the Nobles, And you, will rather shew our general Lawes, How you can frowne, then spend a fawne upon 'em, For the inheritance of their louses, and safegard Of what that want might ruine.

Menen. Noble Lady, 
Come goe with vs, speake faire: you may faile to, Not what is dangerous prefent, but the loffe Of what is past.

Volum. I pray thee now, my Sonne, 
Goe to them, with this Bonnet in thy hand, And thus faire hauing fretch it (here be with them) Thy Knives buffing the ftones: for in fuch businesse Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th'ignorant More learned then the cares, waving thy head, Which often thus correcting thy Stout heart, Now humble as the ripet Mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: or fay to them,
Thou art therir Souldier, and being bred in broyles, Haft not the foft way, which thou doft confesse
Were fit for thee to vfe, as they to clayme, In asking their good lotions, but thou wilt frame Thy felfe (forfich) hereafter theirs fo faire,
As thou haft power and perfon.

Menen. This but done, 
Euen as she speakes, why their hearts were yours: 
For they have Pardons, being ask'd, as free, 
As words to little purpofe.

Volum. Prythee now, 
Goe, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadft rather
Follow thine Enemy in a ferie Gulfe,
Then flatter him in a Bower. 

Here is Cominius.

Com. I have beene i'th Market place: and Sir 'tis fit
You make strong partie, or defend your felve
By calmenefle, or by abfence all's in anger.

Menen. Only faire speach.

Com. I thinke 'twill feruce, if he can thereto frame his spirit.

Volum. He muft, and will: 
Prythee now fay you will, and goe about it.

Corio. Muft I goe fhev them my vnbarb'd Scone? 
Muft I with my bafe Tongue give to my Noble Heart 
A Lye, that it muft beare well? I will do't
Yet were there but this fingle Plot, to loose
This Mould of Martris, they to duff fhould grinde it, 
And throo' ait againft the Winde. Toth' Market place: 
You haue put me now to fuch a part, which neuer
I fhall difcharge toth' Life.

Com. Come, come, wee le prompt you.

Volum. I prythee now sweet Son, as thou haft faid
My praife made thee firft a Souldier; fo
To haue my praife for this, perfome a part
Thou haft not done before.

Corio. Well, I muft do't:
Away my dispoifion, and poiffe me
Some Harlots spirit: my throat of Warre be turn'd,
Which quier'd with my Drumme into a Pipe,
Small as an Eunuch, or the Virginia voyce
That Babies lull a-fleepe: the fmites of Knaues
Tent in my cheeckes, and Schoole-boy's Teares take vp
The Glazes of my fight: A Beggars Tongue
Make move on through my Lipps, and my Arm'd knees
Who bow'd but in my Stirrup, bend like his
That hath receu'd an Almes. I will not do't,
Leafe I furceafe to honor mine owne truth,

And by my Bodies action, teach my Minde
A moft inherent Bafenefe.

Volum. At thy choice then:
To begge of thee, it is my more dif-honor,
Then thou of them. Come all to ruine, let
Thy Mother rather feele thy Pride, then feare
Thy dangerous Stoutneffe: for I mocke at death
With as bigge heart as thou. Do as thou lift;
Thy Valiantneffe was mine, thou fuck'd it from me:
But owle thy Pride thy felve.

Corio. Pray be content:
Mother, I am going to the Market place:
Chide me no more. Ile Mountebanke their Loues,
Cogg their Hearts from them, and come home belou'd
Of all the Trades in Rome. Looke, I am going:
Commend me to my Wife, Ile returne Confuill,
Or neuer trut to what my Tongue can do
I'th way of Flattery further.

Volum. Do your will.

Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm your self
To answer mildely: for they are prepar'd
With Accusation, but you dare more strong
Then are vpon you yet.

Corio. The word is, Mildely. Pray you let vs go,
Let them accuse me by inuention: I
Will anfwer in mine Honor.

Menen. I, but mildely.

Corio. Well mildely be it then, Mildely. Exeunt

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Brut., In this point charge him home, that he affets
Tyrannicall power: If he euade vs there,
Inforce him with his enuy to the people,
And that the Spoile got on the Antias
Was ne're distributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Edile.

Edile. Hee's comming.

Brut. How accompanied?

Edile. With old Memenius, and thofe Senators
That alwaies fauour'd him.

Sic. I have you a Catalogue

Of all the Voices that we haue procur'd, fet downe by th' 

Sic. Haue you collected them by Tribes?

Edile. I haue.

Sic. Affemble prefently the people hither:
And when they hear me faie, it fhall be so,
I'th right and strength a'th Commons: be it either
For death, for fine, or Banifhment, then let them
If I faie Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death,
Insifting on the olde prerogative
And power i'th Truth a'th Caufe,

Edile. I fhall informe them.

Brut. And when fuch time they have begun to cry,
Let them not ceafe, but with a daine confus'd
Inforce the prefent Execution
Of what we chance to Sentence.

Edile. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint
When we fhall hap to giu't them.

Brut. Go about it.

Put him to Choller flarie, he hath bene va'd
Euer to conquer, and to haue his worth
Of contradiction. Being once chaft, he cannot
Be rein'd againe to Temperance, then he speakes

What's
What's in his heart, and that is there which lookes
With vs to breake his necke.

Enter Corioli,us, Menenius, and Cominio, with others.

Sici. Well, heere he comes.

Mene. Calmely, I do beeche you.

Corio. I, as an Hoftler, that fourth poorest peece
Will bear the Knaue by'th Volume:

Th'honord Goddes
Kepe Rome in safety, and the Chaires of Justice
Supplied with worthy men, plant love amoues
Through our large Temples with fhewes of peace
And not our streets with Warre.

1 Sen. Amen, Amen.

Mene. A Noble with.

Enter the Edile with the Plebeians.

Edile. Lift to your Tribunes. Audience:

Peace I say.

Corio. First hear me speake.

Bob Tri. Well, say: Peace hoo.

Corio. Shall I be charg'd no further then this present?

Must all determine hears?

Sici. I do demand,

If you submit you to the peoples voices,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To suffer lawfull Censure for such faults
As shall be proud upon you.

Corio. I am Content.

Mene. Lo Citizens, he fayes he is Content.
The warlike Service he ha's done, consider: Thinke
Vpon the wounds his body beares, which fhew
Like Graues i'th holy Church-yard.

Corio. Scratches with Briars, scarres to move
Laughter onely.

Mene. Consider further:

That when he speakes not like a Citizen,
You finde him like a Soldier: do not take
His rauower Actions for malicious sounds:
But as I say, such as become a Soldier,
Rather then envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Corio. What is the matter,
That being past for Consull with full voyce:
I am so dihonour'd, that the very houre
You take it off againe.

Sici. Answer to vs.

Corio. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so

Sici. We charge you, that you haue contrib'd to take
From Rome all season'd Office, and to winde
Your selfe into a power tyrannical,
For which you are a Traitor to the people.

Corio. How? Traytor?


Corio. The fires i'th'lowest hell. Fould in the people:
Call me their Traitor, thou injurious Tribune.
Within thine eyes feate twenty thousand deaths
In thys hands clutcht: as many Millions in
Thy lying tongue, both numbers. I would say
Thou lyest vnto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do praye the Gods.

Sici. Marke you this people?

All. To'th'Rockey, to'th'Rockey with him.

Sici. Peace:

We neede not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seene him do, and heard him speake:

Beating your Officers, cursing your felues,
Opposing Lawes with strokes, and heere defying
Those whose great power must try him.

Euen this so criminally, and in such capital kinde
Defeues th'extreamest death.

Bru. But since he hath feru'd well for Rome.

Corio. What do you prate of Seruice.

Bru. I talke of that, that know it.

Corio. You?

Mene. Is this the promise that you made your mother.

Com. Know, I pray you.

Corio. Ile know no further:

Let them pronounce the fierce Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exiling, Pleaing, pent to linger
But with a graine a day, I would not buy
Their mercie, at the price of one faire word,
Nor cheeke my Courage for what they can glue,

To haue't with faying, Good morrow.

Sici. For that he ha's

(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Emul' against the people: seeking meanes
To plucke away their power: as now at last,
Guen Hoftile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded Justice, but on the Minifters
That doth distribute it. In the name a'th'people,
And in the power of vs the Tribunes, vee
(Ex'n from this infant) banish him our Citie
In peril of precipitation
From off the Rocke Tarpeian, neuer more
To enter our Rome gates. I'th'Peoples name,
I say it shall bee fo.

All. It shall be fo, it shall be fo: let him away:

Hee's banish'd, and it shall be fo.

Com. Hear me my Matters, and my common friends.

Sici. He's sentenc'd: No more hearing.

Com. Let me speake:

I haue bene Confull, and can shew from Rome
Her Enemies markes vpon me. I do loue
My Countires good, with a respect'more tender,
More holy, and profound, then mine owne life,
My deere Wives effiminate, her wombes creafare,
And treasur of my Loynes: then if I would
Speake that.

Sici. We know your drift Speake what?

Bru. There's no more to be fald, but he is banish'd

As Enemy to the people, and his Country.

It shall bee fo.

All. It shall be fo, it shall be fo.

Corio. You common cry of Curs, whose breath I hate,
As recke a'th'rotten Pennes: whose Loues I prize,
As the dead Carkaffes of vnburied men,
That do corrupt my Ayre: I banish you,
And heere remaine with your uncertainitie.
Let every feeble Rumor shake your hearts:
Your Enemies,with nodding of their Plumes
Fan you into dispaire: Haue the power hill
To banish your Defenders, till at length
Your ignorance (which findes not till it feeles,
Making but referuation of your foules,
Still your owne Poes) deliuer you
As moft abated Captives, to some Nation
That wonne you without blowes, despising
For you the City. Thus I turne my backe;
There is a world elsewhere.

Exeunt Corioli,us, Cominius, with Cumals.

They all fsto, and throw up their Caps.

Edile.
Of the warres surfetis, to goe rouse with one
That's yet vnbruis'd : bring me but out at gate.
Come my sweet wife, my dearest Mother, and
My Friends of Noble touch : when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and finifie. I pray you come:
While I remaine above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still, and newer of me ought
But what is like me formerly.

MENEN. That's worthily
As any care can heare. Come, let's not weepe,
If I could shake off but one yeuer yeares
From these old armes and legges, by the good Gods
I'd with thee, euyer foot.

Corio. Give me thy hand, come.

Exit the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus,
with the Edile.

SICIN. Bid them all home, he's gone; we'll no further,
The Nobility are vexed, whom we fee haue fided
In his behalf.

BRUT. Now we haue shewne our power,
Let vs feeeme humbler after it is done,
Then when it was a doing.

SICIN. Bid them home: say their great enemy is gone,
And they, stand in their ancient strength.

BRUT. Dizimifie them home. Here comes his Mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

SICIN. Let's not see her.

BRUT. Why?

SICIN. They say she's mad.

BRUT. They have tane note of vs: keep e in your way.

VOLUM. Oh y'are well met:
Th'hoorded plague a'th'Gods requit your love.

MENEN. Peace, peace, be not so loud.

VOLUM. If that I could for weeping, you shoud hear,
Nay, and you shold hear some. Will you be gone?

VIRG. You shall stay too: I would I had the power
To lay fo to my Husband.

SICIN. Are you mankinde?

VOLUM. I foole, is that a shame. Note but this Foole,
Was not a man my Father? Had't thou Foxhip
To banish him that strooke more blowes for Rome
Then thou haue spoken words.

SICIN. Oh bleseed Heauens!

VOLUM. Moe Noble blowes, then euery word of wife words.
And for Rome good, Ile tell thee what: yet goe:
Nay but thou shalt stay too: I would my Sonne
Were in Arabia, and thy Tribe before him,
His good Sword in his hand.

SICIN. What then?

VIRG. What then? Hee'd make an end of thy potestity

VOLUM. Baffarts, and all.

Good man, the Wounds that he does beare for Rome!

MENEN. Come, come, peace.

SICIN. I would he had continued to his Country
As he began, and not vnknit himself.

The Noble knot he made.

BRUT. I would he had.

VOLUM. I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the rable.

CATS, that can judge as tely of his worth,
As I can of those Mysterles which heauen
Will not haue earth to know.

BRUT. Pray let's go.

VOLUM. Now pray sir get you gone.

You have done a brave deed: Ere you go, heare this:
As farre as doth the Capitoll exceede
The meanest house in Rome; so farre my Sonne
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

This Ladies Husband hearc; this (do you fice) Whom you have banish’d, does exceed you all. 

"Brue. Well, well, wee’ll leave you. 
Sicin. Why flay we to be baited
With one that wants her Wits. 
Volumn. Take my Prayers with you. 
I would the Gods had nothing else to do, 
But to confirm my Curses. Could I meete ‘em 
But once a day, it would vnclogge my heart 
Of what lyes heavy too’t. 
Mene. You have told them home, 
And by my troth you have caufe: you’ll Sup with me. 
Volumn. Angers my Meate: I fappe upon my felfe, 
And fo flall fteer with Feeding: Come, let’s go, 
Leave this faint-puling, and lament as I do, 
In Anger, lams-like: Come, come, come. 
Mene. Fie, fie, fie. 
Exit. 
Enter a Roman, and a Voice. 

Rom. I know you well sir, and you know mee: your name I thinkes is Adrian. 
Voice. It is fofir, truly I have forgot you. 
Rom. I am a Roman, and my Service are as you are, 
against’em. Know you me yet. 
Rom. The fame fir. 
Voice. You had more Beard when I left faue you, 
but your Faour is well appear’d by your Tongue. 
This is the Newes in Rome: I have a Note from the Volcean fawe to finde you out there. 
You have well faued mee a dayes Journey. 
Rom. There hath beene in Rome itraunge Inffections: The people, againft the Senators, Patricians, and Nobles. 
Vol. Hath bin; is it ended then? Our State thinkes not fo, they are in a moft warlike preparation, & hope to come upon them, in the heat of their diuision. 
Rom. The maine blaze of it is past, but a fmall thing would make it flame againe. For the Nobles receyve fo to heart, the Banifhment of that worthy Corioli, that they are in a ripe aptneffe, to take al power from the people, and to plucke from them their Tribunes for ever. This lyes glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out. 
Vol. Coriolius Banifh’d? 
Rom. Banifh’d fir. 
Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence Nicanor. 
Rom. The day ferves well for them now. I have heard it faide, the fittest time to corrupt a mans Wife, is when fhee’s faue out with her Husband. Your Noble Tullius Aufidius well appear well in these Warres, his great Oppofer Coriolius being now in no request of his country. 
Voice. He cannot choose: I am moft fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my Busineffe, and I will merrily accompany you home. 
Rom. I shall betweene this and Supper, tell you moft strange things from Rome: all tending to the good of their Adueraries. Have you an Army ready fay you? 
Vol. A moft Royall one: The Centurions, and their charges distinctly billetted already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hours warning. 
Rom. I am joyfull to heare of their readiness, and am the man I thinkes, that fhall fet them in preuent Action. So fir, heartily well met, and moft glad of your Company. 
Voice. You take my part from me fir, Ihave the moft caufe to be glad of yours. 
Rom. Well, let vs go together. Exeunt. 
Enter Coriozianus in meane Apparell, Diff- 
guift, and muffed. 
Corio. A goodly City is this Antium. Cityy, 
’Tis I that made thy Widdowes: Many an heyre Of thefe faire Edifices lore my Warres 
Haue I heard groane, and drop: Then know me not, 
Leaf that thy Wives with Spins, and Boyes with flones 
In puny Battell flay me. Save you fir. 
Enter a Citizen. 
Cit. And you. 
Corio. Direc’t me, if it be your will, where great Auffi- 
fidius lyes: Is he in Antium? 
Cit. He is, and Feasts the Nobles of the State, at his houfe this night. 
Corio. Which is his houfe, befeech you? 
Cit. This here be fore you. 
Corio. Thanneke you fir, farewell. Exit Citizen. 
Oh World, they flippery turns! Friends now falt worn, 
Whofe double bonomes frames to weare one heart, 
Whofe Houres, whose Bed, whose Mefale and Exercife 
Are fitt together: who Twin (as twere)in Loue, 
Unfeparables, shall within this houre, 
On a defention of a Doit, breake out 
To bittere Enmity: So fellefe Foes, 
Whofe Paffions, and whofe Plots have broke their flEEP 
To take the one the other, by fome chance, 
Some tricke not worth an Egge, shall grow deere friends 
And inter-lyne their yffues. So with me, 
My Birth-place haue I, and my loues upon 
This Enemie Towne: Ile enter, ifhe flay me 
He does faire Iuflice: ifhe give me way, 
Ile do his Country Service. Exit. 
Musicke plays. Enter a Servifaman. 

Enter another Servifaman. 

Enter Coriolanus. 
Corio. A goodly Hous: 
The Feast fitnes well: but I appearr not like a Guett. 
Enter the first Servifaman. 

1 Ser. What would you haue Friend? whence are you? Here’s no place for you: Pray go to the doore? 
Exit Corio. I haue deferued no better entertainment, in being Coriolius. 
Enter second Servant. 

2 Ser. Whence are you fir? Ha’s the Porter his eyes in his head, that he gues entrance to fuch Companions? Pray get you out. 
Corio. Away. 

2 Ser. Away? Get you away. 
Corio. Now th’art troublesome. 

2 Ser. Are you to braue: Ile haue you talkt with anon 
Enter 3 Servifaman, the 1 meets him. 

3 What Fellowes this? 

1 A strange one as euere I look’d on: I cannot get him out o’th’houfe: Prythee call me my Master to him. 
3 What have you to do here fellow? Pray you avoid the houfe. 
Corio. Let me but fland, I will not hurt your Harth. 
3 What are you? 
Corio. A Gentleman. 

3 A marvellous poore one. 
Corio. True,yo I am. 
3 Pray you poore Gentleman, take vp some other Sta- tion,
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

1. Here's a strange alteration?

2. By my hand, I had thought to have spoken him with a cudgel, and yet my minde gave me, his cloathes made a false report of him.

1. What an Arme he has, he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set vp a Top.

2. Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-thing in him. He had fi, a kind of face me thought, I cannot tell

Th'art ty'd, then in a word, I alfo am
Longer to liue moft wareis: and pretent
My throat to thee, and to thy Ancient Malice:
Which not to cut, would shew thee but a Foole,
Sinfull I have ever followed thee with hate,
Drawne Tunnels of Blood out of thy Countries breth,
And cannot liue but to thy flame, vnlffe
It be to do thee seruice.

A. Oh Martiius, Martius;
Each word thou haft spoke, thou hast weed from my heart
A roote of Ancient Envy. If Jupiter
Should from yond clowd speake diuine things,
And say 'tis true; I do not beleue them more
Then thee all-Noble Martius. Let me twine
Mine armes about that body, where against
My grated Ash an hundred times hath broke,
And can't the Moone with splineters: heere I sleep
The Anuile of my Sword, and do conteile
As hotly, and as Nobly with thy Lone,
As euer in Ambitious strength, I did
Contend against thy Valour. Know thou firft,
I lou'd the Maid I married: newer man
Sigh'd truer breath. But that I fee thee heere
Thou Noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
Then when I firft my wedded Miftris saw
Bestride my Throhhold. Why, thou Mars I tell thee,
We haue a Power on foote: and I had purpofe
Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawne,
Or loafe mine Arme for't: Thou haft beate mee out
Twelve feueral times, and I haue nightly since
Dreadt of encounters 'twixt thy felle and me:
We haue beene downe together in my deep,
Vnbuckling Helmes, fitting each others Throat,
And wak'd halfe dead with nothing. Worthy Martius,
Had we no other querrall els to Rome, but that
Thoy art thence Banifh'd, we would mutter all
From twelue, to feuentie: and powring Warre
Into the bowels of vngrateful Rome,
Like a bold Flood o're-beate. Oh come, go in,
And take our Friendly Senators by'th'hands
Who now are fleere, taking their leaues of mee,
Who am prepar'd against your Territories,
Though not for Rome it felle.

C. You bleffe me Gods.

A. Therefore make up, Sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine owne Reuenges, take
Th'halfe of my Commißion, and fet downe
As beft thou art experience'd, fince thou know'ft
Thy Countries strength and weakneffe, thine owne waies
Whether to knocke against the Gates of Rome,
Or rudeely viſit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere defroy. But come in,
Let me commend thee firft, to thofe that fhall
Say yea to thy defires. A thousand welcomes,
And more a Friend, then ere an Enemy,
Yet Martius that was much. Your hand: moft welcome.

Enter two of the Seruings.

Exit two of the Seruings.

1. Here's no place for you, pray you avoid: Come.

C. Follow your Function, go, and batten on colde
bits. Pufhes him away from him.

3. What you will not? Prythee tell me Master what
a strange Guest he is here.

2. And I shall enter. Exit second Seruingsman.

3. Where dwel'ft thou?

C. Under the Canopy.

3. Vnder the Canopy?

C. I.

3. Where's that?

C. 1th City of Kites and Crowes.

1. I'th City of Kites and Crowes? What an Affe it is,
then thou dwel'ft with Dawes too?

C. No, I ferue not thy Master.

3. How fir? Do you meddle with my Master?

C. I, tis an honefter curie, then to meddle with
thy Miftris: Thou prat'R, and prat'R, ferue with thy tren-
cher: Hence, Beats him away.

Enter Auffidius with the Seruingsman.

A. Where is this Fellow?

3. Here fir, I haue beaten him like a dogge, but for
disturbing the Lords within.

A. Whence com'ft thou? What wouldst? Thy name?
Why Speak'ft not? Speake man: What's thy name?

C. If Tailius not yet thou know'ft me, and seeing
me, doft not thinke for the man I am, necceffitie com-
mands me name my felfe.

A. What is thy name?

C. A name vnumuscall to the Volcians eares,
And harf in found to thine.

A. What is thy name?

C. Thou haft a Grim appearance, and thy Face
Beares a Command in't: Though thy Tackles torne,
Thou fhw'ft a Noble Veffell: What's thy name?

C. Prepare thy brow to frowne,know'ft ye me yet?

A. I know thee not? Thy Name?

C. My name is Caius Martius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces
Great hurt and Mifchief: thereto witnesse may
My Surname Coriolanus. The painfull Seruice,
The extreme Dangers, and the droppes of Blood
Shed for thy thanklesse Country, are requited:
But with that Surname, a good memorie
And witneffes of the Malice and DispleASURE
Which thou should'ft heare me, only that name remains.
The Cruelty and Enuy of the people,
Permitted by our daffard Nobles, who
Have all farreooke me, hath dewour'd the reft:
And suffer'd me by th'voyage of Slaves to be
Ho'od out of Rome. Now this extremity,
Hath brought me to thy Harth, not out of Hope
(Mitake me not) to faue my life: for if
I had fear'd death, of all the Men I'be'World
I would have volded thee. But in meere fighnt
To be full quit of thofe my Banilhers,
Stand I before thee heere: Then if thou haft
A heart of wreake in thee, that wilt reuenge
Thine owne particular wrongs, and stop thofe maimes
Of thame scene through thy Country, fpeed thee fraught
And make my misfery fure thy turne: So vfe it,
That my reuengefull Seruices may proue
As Benefits to thee. For I will fight
Against my Cankred Country, with the Spleene
Of all the vnder Fiends. But if fo be,
Thou dar'ft not this, and that to proue more Fortunes
tell how to tearme.
1 He had so looking as it were, would I were hang'd
but I thought there was more in him, then I could think.
2 So did I, I'll be sworne: He is simply the rarest man
i' th' world.
1 I think he is: but a greater soldier then he,
You wot one.
2 Who my Master?
1 Nay, it's no matter for that.
2 Worth fix on him.
1 Nay not so neither: but I take him to be the greater
Souldier.
2 Faith looke you, one cannot tell how to say that for
the Defence of a Towne, our General is excellent.
1 I, and for an assault too.

Enter the third Servant man.
3 Oh Slaves, I can tell you Newes, News you Rafcals
3 I would not be a Roman of all Nations; I had as
lieue be a condemm'd man.
Both. Wherefore? Wherefore?
3 Why here's he that was wont to thwacke our Gen-
eral, Caius Martius.
1 Why do you say, thwacke our Generall?
3 I do not say thwacke our Generall, but he was al-
ways good enough for him
2 Come we are fellows and friends; he was euer too
hard for him, I have heare him say so himselfe.
1 He was too hard for him directly, to say the Throth
'nt before Corioles, he scotch't him, and notcht him like a
Carabinado,
2 And hee had bin Cannibly gien, hee might have
boyld and eaten him too.
1 But more of thy Newes.
3 Why he is so made on heere within, as if hee were
Son and Heire to Mars, set at vpper end o' th' Table: No
quall askt him by any of the Senators, but they stand
bald before him. Our General himselfe makes a Misfris
of him, Sanctifies himselfe with's hand, and turns vp the
white o' th' eye to his Discouer. But the bottome of the
Newes is, our Generall is cut i' th'middle, & but one halfe
of what he was yesterday. For the other ha's halfe, by
the intreaty and graunt of the whole Table. He'll go he
fayes, and folle the Porter of Rome Gates by th'eares. He
will move all downe before him, and leave his puffage
pou'd.
2 And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.
3 Doo't? he will doo't: for look you sir, he has as ma-
ny Friends as Enemies: which Friends fir as it were, durft
not (look ye fir) shew themselues (as we terme it) his
Friends, whilst he's in Direcitude.
1 Direcitude? What's that?
3 But when they shall see fir, his Creft vp againe, and
the man in blood, they will out of their Burroughes (like
Conies after Raine) and reunel all with him.
1 But when goes this forward:
3 To morrow, to day, prefently, you shall have the
Drum frook vp this afternoone: 'Tis as it were a parcel
of their Frayt, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.
2 Why then wee shall have a flirling World againe:
This peace is nothing, but to ruft Iron, encreas Taylors,
and breed Ballad-makers.
1 Let me haue Warre say I, it excedes peace as farre
as day do's: night: It's sprightly walking, audible, and full
of Vent. Peace, is a very Apoplexy, Lethargie, mull'd,
deafe, sleep'y, infensible, a getter of more bafurd Chil-
dren, then wares a defroyer of men.
2 'Tis fo, and as wares in some fort may be faide to
be a Rauisher, fo it cannot be denied, but peace is a great
maker of Cuckolds.
1 I, and it makes men hate one another.
3 Reaeon, because they then leffe needle one another:
The Warres for my money. I hope to see Romanes as
cheape as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.
Both. In, in, in, in. Exeunt

Sicin. We heare not of him, neither need we fear him,
His remedies are tame, the present peace,
And quietnesse of the people, which before
Were in wilde hury. Heere do we make his Friends
Blufh, that the world goes well: who rather had,
Though they themselfes did suffer by't, behold
Diffentent numbers pestring streets, then fee
Our Trade'men finging in their shops, and going
About their Functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We flood too't in good time. Is this Menenius?
Sicin. 'Tis he, 'tis he, & he is grown moft kind of late:
Haile Sir.
Mene. Haile to you both.

Sicin. Your Coriolanus is not much mist, but with his
Friends: the Commonwealth doth stand, and so would
do, were he more angry at it.
Mene. All's well, and might have bene much better,
if he could haue temperiz'd.
Sicin. Where is he, heare you?
Mene. Nay I heare nothing:
His Mother and his wife, heare nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The Gods preferue you both.
Sicin. Gooden our Neighbours.
Bru. Gooden to you all, gooden to you all.
1 Our selues, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.
Sicin. Lieue, and thraue.
Bru. Farewell kinde Neighbours:
We wiht Coriolanus had lou'd us as we did.
All. Now the Gods kepe you.
Beth Tri. Farewell, farewell.
Sicin. This is a happier and more comely time,
Then when these Fellowes ran about the streets,
Crying Confussion.
Bru. Caius Martius was
A worthy Officer i' th' Warre, but Infolent,
O'recome with Pride, Ambitious,paft all thinking
Selfe-louing;
Sicin. And affecting one fol Previous Throne, without affect
Mene. I think not so.
Sicin. We shold by this, to all our Lamention,
If he had gone forth Conful, found it fo.
Bru. The Gods haue well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still, without him.

Enter an Edile.
Edile. Worthy Tribunes,
There is a Slave whom we have put in prizon,
Reports the Voles with two feuerall Powers
Are entred in the Roman Territories,
And with the deepest malice of the Warre,
Defroy, what lies before em.
Mene. 'Tis Auffidius,
Who hearing of our Martius Banishment,
Thrufts forth his horses againe into the world
Which were In-sell'd, when Martius flood for Rome,
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

The breath of Garlick-eaters.
Com. Hee'll shake your Rome about your eares.
Mene. As Hercules did shake downe Mellow Fruite:
You have made faire worke.
Bru. But is this true sir?
Com, I, and you'll looke pale
Before you finde it other. All the Regions
Do smilingly Reuolt, and who refuits
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perhps conftant Foolies: who is't can blame him?
Your Enemies and his, finde something in him.
Mene. We are all vndone, vnleffe
The Noble man haue mercy.
Com. Who shall ask it?
The Tribunes cannot doot for flame ; the people
Deferue such pitty of him, as the Wolfe
Doe's of the Shepheards: For his beft Friends, if they
Should say be good to Rome, they charg'd him, even
As tho' should do that had deferu'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like Enemies.
Mr. Tis true, if he were putting to my houfe, the brand
That should consume it, I haue not the face
To say, befeech you caefe. You have made faire hands,
You and your Crafts, you have crafted faire.
Com. You have brought
A Trembling upon Rome, such as was never
S'incapeable of helpe.
Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Mene. How? Was't we? We lou'd him,
But like Beasts, and Cowardly Nobles,
Gauce way vnto your Clutteres, who diho hoote
Him out o'th'Citty.
Com. But I feare
They'll roare him in againe. Tullus Auffidius,
The second name of men, obayes his points
As if he were his Officer : Diferation,
Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence
That Rome can make against them.
Enter a Troope of Citizens.
Mene. Heere come the Clutteres.
And is Auffidius with him? You are they
That made the Ayre vnwholome, when you caft
Your flinking, greafe Caps, in hooting
At Coriolanus Exile. Now he's comming,]
And not a hair upon a Souldiers head
Which will not proue a whip : As many Coxcombes
As you throw Caps vp, will he tumble downe,
And pay you for your voyces. "Tis no matter,
If he could burne vs all into oue coale,
We haue deferu'd it.
Omnes. Faith, we haue fearfull Newes.
1 Cit. For mine owne part,
When I said banish him, I said 'twas pitty.
2. And fo did I.
3 And fo did I: and to say the truth, 
so did very ma-
ny of vs, that we did di one for the beft, and though wee
willingly confused to his Banishment, yet it was against
our will.
Com. Y'are goodly things, you Voyces.
Mene. You haue made good worke
You and your cry. Shal's to the Capittol?
Com. Oh! what clfe?
Sicin. Go Maffers get you home, be not dismaid,
These are a Side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they feeme to feare. Go home,
And shew no signe of Feare.
1 Cit.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Come let's away: when Caius Rome is thine, Thou art poor'rt of all; then shortly art thou mine.\textit{Exeunt}

\textbf{Actus Quintus.}

\textit{Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, the two Tribunes, with others.}

\textbf{Menen.} No, Ile not go: you heare what he hath said Which was sometime his General: who loved him In a most deere particular. He call'd me Father: But what o' that? Go you that banish'd him A Mile before his Tent, fall downe, and kneel The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd To heare Cominius speake, Ile keepe at home. 

\textbf{Com.} He would not feeme to knowe me. 

\textbf{Menen.} Do you heare that? 

\textbf{Com.} Yet one time he did call me by my name: I vrg'd our old acquittance, and the drops That we haue bled together. \textit{Coriolanus} He would not answr too: Forbad all Names, He was a kinde of Nothing, Titleleffe, Till he had forg'd himselfe a name a'th'fire Of burning Rome. 


\textbf{Com.} I minded him, how Royall 'twas to pardon When it was leffe expected. He replied It was a bare petition of a State To one whom they had punish'd. 

\textbf{Menen.} Very well, could he say leffe. 

\textbf{Com.} I offered to awaken his regard For's private Friends. His answr to me was He could not flay to picke them, in a pile Of noyfome mufly Chaffe. He said, 'twas folly For one poore graine or two, to leave vnburnt And flill to nofe th'offence. 

\textbf{Menen.} For one poore graine or two? I am one of thofe: his Mother, Wife, his Childe, And this brave Fellow too: we are the Graines, You are the mufly Chaffe, and you are flmelt Above the Moone. We must be burnt for you. 

\textbf{Sicini.} Nay, pray be patient: If you refuse your ayde In this so neuer-needed helpe, yet do not Vpbraid's with our diftreffe. But sure if you Would be your Countries Pleader, your good tongue More then the inftant Armic we can make Might ftrop our Couthryman. 

\textbf{Men.} No: Ile not meddle. 

\textbf{Sicini.} Pray you go to him. 

\textbf{Men.} What fhould I do? 

\textbf{Brau.} Onely make triall what your Loue can do, For Rome, towards \textit{Martius}. 

\textbf{Men.} Well, and way that \textit{Martius} returne mee, As \textit{Cominius} is return'd, vnheard: what then? But as a difcontented Friend, greefe-shot With his vnkindneffe. Say't be fo? 

\textbf{Sicini.} Yet your good will Muft haue that thankes from Rome, after the meafure As you intended well. 

\textbf{Men.} Ile vnderfak't: 

I thinke he'll heare me. Yet to bite his lip, And humme at good \textit{Cominius,} much vnhearts mee.
Sirra, thou Exeunt. Nay, but From thee. To glue or to forgive, but when we have stuff Thee Pipes, and thee Conveyances of our blood With Wine and Feeding, we have supped Soles Then in our Priest-like Fasts: therefore Ile watch him Till he be dieted to my request, And then Ile set upon him. 

Brus. You know the very rode into his kindnesse, And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith Ile prove him, Speed how it will. I shall ere long, haue knowledge Of my successe. Exit. 

Com. Hee'le neuer heare him. 

Stein. Not. 

Com. I tell you, he doe's fit in Gold, his eye Red as 'twould burne Rome: and his Injur[y The Gaoler to his pitty. I kneel'd before him, 'Twas very faintly he said Rife: dilumine me Thus with his speechlesse hand. What he would do He fent in writing after me: what he would not, Bind with an Oath to yeeld to his conditions: So that all hope is vaine, unlesse his Noble Mother, And his Wife, who (as I heare) meanes to sollicite him For mercy to his Country: therefore let's hence, And with our faire intreaties haft them on. 

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard. 

1. Wat. Stay: whence are you. 

2. Wat. Stand, and go backe. 

Me. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leave, I am an Officer of State, & come to speake with Coriolanus. 


1. You may not passe, you must returne: our Generall will no more haere from thence. 

2. You'll fee your Rome embrac'd with fire, before You'll speake with Coriolanus. 

Men. Good my Friends, If you have heard your Generall talke of Rome, And of his Friends there, it is Lots to Blanke, My name hath touch't your ears: it is Menenius. 

1. Be it fo, go back: the vertue of your name, Is not here to paifie. 

Me. I tell thee Fellow, Thy Generall is my Lourer: I haue beene The book of his good Acts, whence men haue read His Fame vnparallell'd, happily amplifie; For I haue euer verified my Friends, (Of whom hee's cheefe) with all the fize that vertity Would without laping suffere: Nay, sometymes, Like to a Bowle vpon a suble ground I haue tumbled past the throw: and in his praffe Haue (almoft) flampt the Leaping. Therefore Fellow, I muft haue leave to passe. 

1. Faith Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalfe, as you haue vterted words in your owne, you shou'd not passe here: no, though it were as vertuous to lyse, as to live chafily. Therefore go backe. 

Men. Prythee fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always faide amister on the party of your Generall. 

2. Howfoever you haue bin his Lier, as you say you haue, I am one that telling true vnder him, muft say you cannot passe. Therefore go backe. 

Men. Ha's he din'd can't thou tell? For I would not speake with him, till after dinner. 

1. You are a Roman, are you? 

Men. I am as thy Generall is. 

1. Then you should hate Rome, as he do's. Can you, when you haue puft out your gates, the very Defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, giv'en your enemy your shield, thinke to front his reunions with the easie groanes of old women, the Virginall Palms of your daughters, or with the pasled interfichion of such a decay'd Dotant as you seems to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire, your City is ready to flame in, with such weake breath as this? No, you are deceu'd, therefore backe to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our Generall has sworne you out of reprieve and pardon. 

Men. Sirra, if thy Captaine knew I were heere, He would vie me with extimation. 

1. Come, my Captaine knowes you not. 

Men. I meane thy Generall. 


Men. Nay but Fellow, Fellow. 

Enter Coriolanus with Auffidius. 

Corio. What's the matter? 

Men. Now you Companion: Ile say an arrant for you: you shall know now that I am in extimation: you shall perceiue, that a Jacke gardant cannot office me from my Son Coriolanus, gueffe but my entertainment with him: if thou stand't not 'tis flate of hanging, or of some death more long in Speculorthip, and crueler in suffering, behold now prefently, and fwoond for what's to come vpon thee. The glorious Gods fit in hourly Synod about thy particular prosperiti, and loue thee no worfe then thy old Father Menenius do's. O my Son, my Son! thou art preparing fire for us: looke thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moused to come to thee: but being affuured none but my selfe could moue thee, I haue bene blowne out of your Gates with fighes: and coniure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary Countrimen. The good Gods affwage thy wrath, and turne the dregs of it, vpon this Varlet here: This who like a blocke hath denied my acceffe to thee. 

Corio. Away. 

Men. How? Away? 

Corio. Wife, Mother, Child, I know not. My affaires Are Seruanted to others: Though I owe My Reuenge properly, my remil lions lie In Volcan breeds. That we have bene familiar, In grate forgetfulness shall poison rather Then pitty: Note how much, therefore be gone. Mine care against your sutes, are stronger then Your gates against my force. Yet for I loved thee, Take this along, I write it for thy sake, And would haue sent it. Another word Menenius, I will not heare thee speake. This man Auffidius Was my belou'd in Rome: yet thou behold it. 

Auffid. You keepe a contant temper. 

Men. you keep the Guard and Menenius. 

1. Now sir, is your name Menenius? 

2. 'Tis a spell you fee of much power: You know the way home again. 

1. Do you heare how wee are fent for keeping your greatness backe? 

2. What caufe do you thinke I haue to fwoond? 

Menen. I neither care for th'world, nor your Generall: for such things as you, I can scarce thinke ther's any,y'are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himselfe, feares it not.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

not from another: Let your Generall do his wort. For you, bee that you are, long; and your mylery encreafe
with your age. I say to you, as I was faid to, Away. Exit.
1 A Noble Fellow I warrant him.
2 The worthy Fellow is our General. He’s the Rock,
The Oak not to be winde-shaken. Exit Watch.

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Corio. We will before the walls of Rome to morrow
Set downe our Hoaft. My partner in this Action,
You must report to th’Volcan Lords, how plainly
I have borne this Bufeinesse.

AUF. Onely their ends you have respect’d,
Stop your eares against the general fuite of Rome.
Never admitted a priuat whisper, no not with fuch frends
That thought them sure of you.

Corio. This laft old man,
Whom with a crack’d heart I have fent to Rome,
Lou’d me, aboue the meafure of a Father,
Nay godded me indeed. Their late refuge
Was to fend him: for whom old Loue I haue
(Though I fhew’d fowrely to him) once more off’red
The firft Conditions which they fhould refufe,
And cannot now accept, to grace him onely,
That thought he could do more: A very little
I have yeeded too, Freth Embaffes, and Suftes,
Nor from the State, nor priuate friends hereafter
Will I lend ear to. Ha! what fhout is this? Shut within
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the fame time ’tis made: I will not.

Enter Virgill. Volusnia, Valeria, Yong Martius,
with Attendants.

My wife comes form’d, then the honour’d mould
Wherein this Trunk was fram’d, and in her hand
The Grandchild to her blood. But out affeftion,
All bond and priuilege of Nature breakt;
Let it be Vertuous to be Obflinate.
What is that Curt’fie worth? Or thofe Doues eyes,
Which can make Gods forforne? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth then others: my Mother bowes,
As if Olympus to a Mole-hill fhow’d
In Supplication No’d: and my yong Boy
Hath an Afpeft of interceffion, which
Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Voices
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy, Ile neuer
Be fuch a Golling to obey infinquit; but fland
As if a man were Author of himfelf, & knew no other kin
Virgil. My Lord and Husband.

These efe are not the fame I wore in Rome.

Virg. The sorrow that deliverus vs thang’d,
Makes you thinke fo.

Corio. Like a dull Actor now, I have forgot my part,
And I am out, even to a full Diigrace. Beft of my Flesh,
Forgive my Tyranny: but do not fay,
For that forgive our Romanes. O a kiffe
Long as my Exile, sweet as my Reuenge!
Now by the jealous Queene of Heauen, that kiffe
I caried from thee deare; and my true Lippe
Hath Virg’nd it ere fine. You Gods, I pray,
And the moft noble Mother of the world
Leave vnfaluted: Sinkde my knee I th’earth,
Of thy deepes duty, more impreffion fwear,
Then that of common Sonnes.

Volum. Oh fland vp bleft!
Whilft with no softer Cufhion then the Flint
I kneele before thee, and vnproperly
Shew duty as mitaken, all this while,

Betweene the Childe, and Parent.

Corio. What’s this? your knees to me?

To your Corrected Sonne?
Then let the Pibbles on the hungry beach
Fillop the Starres: Then, let the mutinous winde
Strike the proud Cедars ’gainft the fiery Sun:
Murd’ring Impoffibility, to make
What cannot be, flight worke.

Volum. Thou art my Warriour, I hope to frame thee
Do you know this Lady?

Corio. The Noble Sifter of Publilcola;
The Moone of Rome: Chaffe as the 16icle
That’s curdied by the Froft, from pureft Snow,
And hangs on Dians Temple: Deere Valeria.

Volum. This is a poore Epitome of yours,
Which by th’interpretation of full time,
May fhew like all your felfe.

Corio. The God of Soul’diers:
With the confent of supremee Ioue, informe
Thy thoughts with Noblenesse, that thou mayft proue
To flame vnvulnerable, and flicke i’th Warres
Like a great Sea-marke fhanding every flaw,
And faining those that eye thee.

Volum. Your knee, Sirrah.
Corio. That’s my brave Boy.

Volum. Euen he, your wife, this Ladie, and my felfe,
Are Sutors to you.

Corio. I bheeche you peace:
Or if you’d ask, remember this before;
The thing I have forworne to grant, may neuer
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Difmiife my Soldiers, or capitulate
Againe, with Rome’s Mechanickes. Tell me not
Wherein I feeme vnnatural: Defire not t’alay
My Rages and Reuenges, with your colder reafons.

Volum. Oh no more, no more:
You haue faid you will not grant vs any thing:
For we haue nothing elfe to ask, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will ask,
That if you faile in our requeft, the blame
May hang vpon your hardneffe, therefore heare vs.

Corio. Auffi diuis, and you Volces marke, for wee’l
Heare nought from Rome in priuate. Your requêt?

Volum. Should we be filent & not fpake, our Raiment
And flate of Bodies would bewraye what life.
We have led fince thy Exile. Thine with thy felfe,
How more vnfortunate then all liuing women
Are we come hither; fince that thy fight, which fhould
Make our eies flow with joy, harts dance with comforts,
Contraines them wepe, and shake with feare & forow,
Making the Mother, wife, and Childe to fee,
The Sonne, the Husband, and the Father tearing
His Countries Bowels out; and to poore we
Thine enmities moft capitall: Thou barr’lt vs
Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. For how can we?
Alas! how can we, for our Country pray?
Whereo we are bound, together with thy victorie;
Whereo we are bound: Alacke, or we must loofe
The Countrie our deere Nurfe, or elfe thy perfon
Our comfort in the Country. We must finde
An euident Calamy, though we had
Our wish, which fide fhould win. For either thou
Muft as a ForraineRecreant be led
With Manacles through our streets, or elfe
Triumphantly trede on thy Countries ruine,
And bear the Palme, for hauing bruely shed
Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my selfe, Sonne,
I purpose not to waite on Fortune, till
These warres determine: If I cannot perswade thee,
Rather to shew a Noble grace to both parts,
Then seekes the end of one: thou shalt be sooner
March to assault thy Country, then to treaude
(Truft too's, thou shalt not) on thy Mothers wombe
That brought thee to this world.

Virg. I, and mine, that brought you forth this boy,
To keepe your name iluing to time.

Boy. A shall not tread on me: Ile run away
Till I am bigger, but then Ile fight.

Corio. Not of a womens tenderneffe to be,
Requires nor Childe, nor womans face to fee:
I haue faste too long.

Volum. Nay, go not from vs thus:
If it were so, that our request did tend
To face the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you ferue, you might condemme vs
As paysonous of your Honour. No, our suitte
Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces
May fly, this mercy we haue shewed: the Romanes,
This we receu'd, and each in either side
Glu'e the Al-hallie to thee, and cry be Blefe
For making vp this peace. Thou know'st (great Sonne)
The end of Warres vncertaine: but this certaine,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reape, is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curles:
Whose Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,
But with his left Attempt, he vp'd it out:
Defroy'd his Country, and his name remains
To th'inuing Age, abhor'd. Speake to me Son:
Thou haft affected the fie frawnes of Honor,
To imitate the graces of the Gods.
To teere with Thunder the wide Cheakses a'th' Ayre,
And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Boulte
That shoul'd but rie an Oake. Why do't not speake?
Think't thou it Honourable for a Nobleman
Still to remember wrongs / Daughter, speake you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,
Perhaps thy childlifneffe will move him more
Then can our Reafons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's Mother, yet heere he let's me prate
Like one that can not live in thy life, thyly
Shew'd thy deere Mother any courteffe,
When she (poore Hen) fund of no second brood,
Ha's clock'd thee to the Warren: and safelie home
Lozen with Honor. Say my Reque'ts vniu't,
And fparne me bacce: But, if it be not so
Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee
That thou refrain't from me the Duty, which
To a Mothers part belongs. He turns away:
Down Ladies: let vs flame him with him without knees
To his fur-name Coriolanus longes more pride
Then pitty to our Prayers. Downe: an end,
This is the latt. So, we will home to Rome
And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behal'dvs,
This Boy that cannot tell what he would haue,
But kneelees, and holds vp bands for fellowship,
Doc's reafon our Petition with more strength
Then thou haft to deny't. Come, let vago:
This Fellow had a Volcan to his Mother:
His Wife is in Coriules, and his Childe
Like him by chance: yet give vs our dispatch:

I am hauft vntill our City be afrre, & then Ile speake a little
Holds her by the band flent.

Corio. O Mother, Mother!
What haue you done? Behold, the Heauens do ope,
The Gods looke downe, and this vnnaturall Scene
They laugh at: Oh no, Mother, Mother! Oh!
You haue wonne a happy Victory to Rome.
But for your Sonne, beleuie it: Oh beleuie it,
Moft dangerously you haue with him preuaile'd,
If not moft mortall to him. But let it come:
Auffidius, though I cannot make true Warres,
Ile frame conuenient peace. Now good Auffidius,
Were you in my fecd, would you haue heard
A Mother leffel or granted leffe Auffidius?
Auff. I was mou'd withall.

Corio. I dare be sworne you were:
And fir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compaifion. But (good fir)
What peace you'll make, aduife me: For my part,
Ile not to Rome, Ile backe with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this caufe. Oh Mother! Wife!
Auff. I am glad thou haft fet thy mercy, & thy Honor
At difference in thee: Out of that Ile worke
My felfe a former Fortune.

Corio. I by and by: But we will drinke together:
And you shall bearre
A better witneffe backe then words, which we
On like conditions, will haue Counter-feal'd.
Come enter with vs: Ladies you defire
To have a Temple built you: All the Swords
In Italy, and her Confederate Armies
Could not have made this peace.

Extent. Enter Memenius and Sicinius. 
Sicin. What is done?
Mene. See you won'd Coin a'th Capitol, you'd corner
Sicini. Why what of that?
Mene. If it be poiffible for you to displace it with your
little finger, there is some hope the Ladies of Rome,espe-
cially his Mother, may preuaile with him. But I say,there
is no hope in't, our throats are tentenc'd, & flay vp
pon execution.

Sicin. Is't poiffible, that so short a time can alter the
condition of a man.
Mene. There is difference between a Grub & a But-
terfly, yet your Butterfly was a Grub: this Martius,
is growne from Man to Dragon: He has wings, he's more
then a creeping thing.

Sicin. He lou'd his Mother deereely.
Mene. So did he mee: and he no more remembers his
Mother now,then an eight yeares old horfe. The tartnesse
of his face,fowres ripe Grapes. When he walkes, he mouses
like an Engine, and the ground shrinke before his Tre-
ading. He is able to pierce a Corflet with his eye: Talks
like a knell, and his hum is a Battery. He fits in his State,
as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids bee done,is
finift in his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but
Eternity, and a Heuen to Throne in.
Sicin. Yes, mercy,if you report him truly.
Mene. I paint him in the Charaeter. Mark what mer-
cy his Mother shall bring from him: There is no more
that peace you'll make in him. He is in a male Tyger, that
shall our poor City finde: and all this is long of you.
Sicin. The Gods be good vnto vs.
Mene. No, in such a cafe the Gods will not bee good
unto vs. When we banish'd him, we refpeeted not them:
and he returning to breake our neckes, they refpeect not vs.

Enter a Messinger.

Meff.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Ms. Sir, if you'd faue your life, flye to your Houfe,
The Plebeians have got your Fellow Tribune,
And hale him vp and downe ; all swearing, if
The Roman Ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll gie him death by Inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sicin. What's the News ?

Ms. What's the News ? (preuay'd,)
Ms. Good News, good news, the Ladies have
The Volcans are dilfed, and Martius gone :
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulſion of the Tarquins.
Sicin. Friend, art thou certaine this is true ?
It's most certaine.

Ms. As certaine as I know the Sun is fire :
Where have you lurk'd that you make doubt of it :
Ne're through an Arch fo hurried the bloune Tide,
As the recomforted through th'gates. Why harke you :
Trumpets, Hoboyes, Drums beare, altogether.
The Trumpets, Sack-buts, Palfriers, and Fifes,
Tabors, and Symboles, and the howling Romans;
Make the Sunne dance. Hearke you. A flout within
Mene. This is good News:
I will go meete the Ladies. This Volumia,
Is worth of Confuls, Senators, Patricians,
A City full : Of Tribunes such as you,
A Sea and Land full : you have pray'd well to day :
This Morning, for ten thousand of your throates,
I'd not have given a doit. Harke, how they joy.

Sound still with the Shouts.

Sicin. First, the Gods bleffe you for your tydings :
Next, accept my thankefulneffe.

Ms. Sir, we haue all great caufe to give great thanks.
Sicin. They are neere the City.
Ms. Almost at point to enter.
Sicin. We'll meet them, and helpe the joy. Exeunt.

Enter two Senators, with Ladies, passing over
the Stage, with other Lords.

Sen. Behold our Patronneffe, the life of Rome :
Call all your Tribes together, praife the Gods,
And make triumphant fires, flrew Flowers before them :
Vnfhoot the noife that Banifh'd Martius
Repeale him, with the welcome of his Mother :
Cry welcome Ladies, welcome.
All. Welcome Ladies, welcome.
A Flourifh with Drums & Trumpets.

Enter Tuflus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the Lords a'th'City, I am heere:
Delier them this Paper : having read it,
Bid them repayre to th'Market place, where I
Euen in theirs, and in the Commons cares
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accufe :
The City Ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t'appare before the People, hoping
To purge himfelfe with words. Dispatche.

Enter 3 or 4 Confirator of Aufidius Faction.
Moft Welcome.

1. Con. How is it with our Generall ?
Auf. Euen fo, as with a man by his owne Almes im-
poyson'd, and with his Charity blame.
2. Con. Moft Noble Sir, if you do hold the fame intent
Wherein you wilht vs parties : We'll deliuer you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell,

We must proceed as we do finde the People.

3. Con. The People will remaine uncertaine, whil's
' Twixt you there's difference : but the fall of either
Makes the Suruior heure of all.

Auf. I know it :
And my pretext to strike at him, admits
A good conftru&ion. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine Honor for his truth : who being fo heighten'd,
He watered his new Plants with dewes of Flatterey,
Seducing fo my Friends : and to this end,
He bow'd his Nature, neuer knowne before,
But to be rough, vnwayable, and free.

3. Conf. Sir, his floutneffe
When he did stand for Confull, which he loft
By lacke of flooping.

Auf. That I would haue spok'en of:
Being banift' for't, he came vnto my Harth,
Preented to my knife his Throat : I took him,
Made him loynt-feruant with me : Gave him way
In all his owne defires : Nay, let him chooſe
Out of my Files, his projekte, to accompliſh
My boft and freftheft men, feru'd his deſignements
In mine owne perfon : helpe to reape the fame
Which he did end all his ; and tooke some pride
To do my felle this wrong : Till at the laft
I feem'd his Follower, not Partner; and
He wadg'd me with his Countenance, as if
I had bin Mercenary.

1. Con. So he did my Lord :
The Army marueyl'd at it, and in the laft,
When he had carrie Rome, and that we look'd
For no leffe Spolie, then Glory.

Auf. There was it :
For which my finewes shall be fretcht vpon him,
At a few drops of Womens rheume, which are
As cheape as Lyes; he fold the Blood and Labour
Of our great Aktion; therefore shall he dye,
And Ie renewe me in his fall. But hearke,

Drummes and Trumpets sound, with great
founds of the people.

1. Con. Your Natiue Towne you enter'd like a Poite,
And had no welcomes home, but he returns
Splitting the Ayre with noyfe.

2. Con. And patient Foole,
Whole children he hath flaine, their bafe throats teare
With giving him glory.

3. Con. Therefore at your vantage,
Ere he expreffe himfelfe, or move the people
With what he would fay, let him feele your Sword:
Which we will fecond, when he lies alonę
After your way. His Tale pronounc'd, shall bury
His Reaſons, with his Body.

Auf. Say no more. Heree come the Lords,

All Lords. You are moft welcome home.

Auf. I haue not deferued it.
But worthy Lords, haue you with heed perufed
What I have written to you?

All. We haue.

1. Lord. And greeue to heare's:
What faults he made before the laft, I thinkke
Might haue found easie Fines : But there to end
Where he was to begin, and glue away
The benefit of our Leuies, anwering vs
With our owne charge : making a Treate, where
There was a yeelding; this admits no excufe.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

*Auf.* He approaches, you shall heare him.
Enter Coriolanus marching with Drumme, and Colours. The Commoners being with him.

*Corio.* Haile Lords, I am return'd your Soultier: No more infcited with my Countre receiv'd. Then when I parted hence: but still fulfilling your great Command. You are to know, That prosperously I have attempted, and with bloody passage led your Warres, even to the gates of Rome: Our spoiles we have brought home. Doth more then counterpoize a full third part of the charges of the Action. We have made peace. With no leffe Honor to the Antiates. Then flame to th'Romaines. And we heere deliver SUBCRIB'd by 'th'Confuls, and Patricians, Together with the Seale a'th Senate, what we have compounded on.

*Auf.* Read it not Noble Lords, But tell the Traitor in the highest degree. He hath absu'd your Powers. *Corio.* I Traitor, Martius. *Corio.* Martius? *Auf.* I Martius, Caius Martius: Do'th thou thinke Ie grace thee with that Robbery, thy stolne name. Coriolanus in Coriules? You Lords and Heads a'th State, persifidiously He ha's betray'd your businesse, and given vp the Halfe of rotten Silke, neuer admittting COUNFAILE a'th warre: But at his Nurfe tears He wthin'd and ruad away your Victory, That Pages bluth'd at him, and men of heart. Look'd wond'ring each at others.

*Corio.* Hearst thou Mars? *Auf.* Name not the God, thou boy of Treas. *Corio.* Ha? *Aufd.* No more. *Corio.* Mesureclleff Lyar, thou haft made my heart Too great for what contains it. Boy? Oh Slaue, Pardon me Lords, 'tis the first time that euer I was forc'd to scoul'd. Your judgments my graue Lords Must glue this Curre the Lyce: and his owne Notion, Who weares my fripes impref on him, that Must beare my beating to his Graue, saile joyne To thurf the Lye vnto him.

*1 Lord.* Peace both, and heare me speake. *Corio.* Cut me to peeces Volces men and Lads, Staine all your edges on me. Boy, false Hound: If you have writ your Annales true, 'tis there, That like an Eagle in a Doue-coat, I Flatter'd your Volcians in Coriules.

Alone I did it, Boy.

*Auf.* Why Noble Lords, Will you be put in minde of his blinde Fortune, Which was your shame, by this vnholo Braggart? 'Fore your owne eyes, and eares?

*All Conf*.* Let him dye for't.

*All People.* Teare him to peeces, do it presently: He kill'd my Sonne, my daughter, he kill'd my Cofine Marcus, he kill'd my Father.

*2 Lord.* Peace hoe: no outrage, peace: The man is Noble, and his Fame folds in This Orbe o'th'earth: His laft offences to vs Shall haue Judicious hearing. Stand Auffidius, And trouble not the peace.

*Corio.* O that I had him, with fix Auffidiuss, or more: His Tribe, to vfe my lawfull Sword.

*Auf.* Insolent Villaine.

*All Conf.* Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him. Draw bat the Conspirators, and kills Martius, who failes, Auffidius stands on him.


*3 Lord.* Tread not vpon him Maffers, all be quiet, Put vp your Swords.

*Auf.* My Lords, When you shall know (as in this Rage Prouok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger Which this mans life diu owye you, you'll reioyce That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours To call me to your Senate, Ie deliver My saile your loyall Servant, or endure Your heauieft Cenfure.

*1 Lord.* Beare from hence his body, And mourn e for him. Let him be regarded As the moft Noble Coarse, that euer Herald Did follow to his Vrne.

*2 Lord.* His owne impatience, Takes from Auffidius a great part of blame: Let's make the Beft of it.

*Auf.* My Rage is gone, And I am frucke with forrow. Take him vp: Helpe three a'th'cheefeft Soultiers, Ile be one. Beate thou the Drumme that it speake mournfully: Traile your steele Pikes. Though in this City hee Hath widowed, and vnchilded many a one, Which to this houre bewaile the Injury, Yet he shall have a Noble Memory. Affift.

Exeunt bearing the Body of Martius, A dead March sounded.

FINIS.
The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

**Actus Primus. Scene Prima.**

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft And then enter Saturninus and his Followers at one door, and Baisianus and his Followers at the other, with Drum & Colours.

Saturninus, Oble Patricians, Patrons of my right, Defend the justice of my Cause with Arms. And Country-men, my loving Followers, Please my Successful Title with your Swords. I was the first borne Sonne, that was the last That wore the Imperial Diadem of Rome: Then let my Fathers Honours live in me, Nor wrong mine Age with this indignitie. Baisianus. Romaines, Friends, Followers, Fauourers of my Right: If ever Baisianus, Cafarts Sonne, Were gracious in the eyes of Royall Rome, Keep then this passage to the Capitol: And suffer not Dihonour to approach Th'Imperial Seat to Vertue: consecrate To Justice, Continence, and Nobility: But let Defert in pure Election shine; And Romanes, fight for Freedome in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crownes. Princes, that strive by Factions, and by Friends, Ambitiously for Rule and Empery: Know, that the people of Rome for whom we stand A speciall Party, have by Common voyce In Election for the Romane Emperie, Chosen Andronicus, Sur-named Vivos, For many good and great deferts to Rome. A Nobler man, a brauer Warriour, Lises not this day within the City Walles. He by the Senate is accited home, From weary Warres against the barbarous Gothes, That with his Sonnes (a terror to our Foes) Hath yeeld'd a Nation strong, train'd vp in Armes. Ten yeares are spent, since first he vndertook This Cause of Rome, and chastified with Armes Our Enemies pride. Fife times he hath return'd Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes In Coffins from the Field. And now at laft, laden with Honours Spoyles, Returns the good Andronicus to Rome, Renowned Titus, flourishing in Armes.

Let vs intreat, by Honour of his Name, Whom (worthily) you would have now succeede, And in the Capitol and Senates right, Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore, That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength, Dismisse your Followers, and as Suters should, Please your Deferts in Peace and Humblenesse. Saturnine. How fayre the Tribune speakes, To calm my thoughts. Bajia. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affe In thy yghtneth and Integrity: And I loue and Honor thee, and thine, Thy Noble Brother Titus, and his Sonnes, And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all) Gracious Lauinia, Romes rich Ornament, That I will heere dismisfe my louing Friends: And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Fauour, Commit my Caufe in ballance to be weigh'd. 

Exit Souldiers.

Saturnine. Friends, that have beene Thus forward in my Right, I thank you all, and heere Dismisse you all, And to the Loue and Fauour of my Countrie, Commit my Selfe, my Perfon, and the Caufe: Rome, be as iuft and gracius vnto me, As I am confident and kinde to thee. Open the Gates, and let me in. Bajia. Tribunes, and me, a poore Competitor. Flourish. They go vp into the Senat houfe.

Enter a Captaine. Cap. Romanes make way: the good Andronicus, Patron of Vertue, Romes best Champion, Successeful in the Battales that he fights, With Honour and with Fortune is return'd, From whence he circumscrib'd with his Sword, And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome.

Sound Drummes and Trumpets. And then enter two of Titus Sonnes; After them, two men bearing a Coffin couered with black, then two other Sonnes. After them, Titus Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queene of Gothes, & her two Sonnes Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moore, and others, as many as can bee: They set downe the Coffins, and Titus speaks.

Andronicus. Halle Rome: Victorious in thy Mourning Weedes:

Loc, 659
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Loe as the Barke that hath dischag'd his fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the Bay,
From whence at first the weigh'd her Anchorage:
Commeth Andronicus bound with Lawrell bowes,
To refalute his Country with his teares,
Tears of true joy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend.
Romaines, of slue and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Hafe of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poore remains aliue and dead!
These that Suruine, let Rome reward with Loue:
These that I bring vnto their latter home,
With buriall amongst their Auncelors.

Heere Gothes have given me leave to sheath my Sword:
Titus vnkinde, and careless of thine owne,
Why suffer'st thou thy Sonnes vnburied yet,
To houer on the dreadful shore of Stix?
Make way to lay them by their Bretheren.

They open the Tombe.
There greete in silence as the dead are wont,
And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres:
O sacred receptacle of my loyes,
Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobilitie,
How many Sonnes of mine haft thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Glie vs the proudest prisoner of the Gothes,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manus fratrum, sacrifice his life:
Before this earthly prifon of their bones,
That fo the shadowes be not vnappeada,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I glie him you, the Noblest that Suriuues,
The eldrest Son of this diffirred Queene.

Rom. Stay Romaine Bretheren, gracious Conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the teares I shed,
A Mothers teares in passion for her fonne:
And if thy Sonnes were euer deere to thee,
Oh thinke my fonnes to be as deere to mee.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome
To ablaze thy Triumphs, and returne
Captuie to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake,
But muft my Sonnes be slaughtred in the fireets,
For Valiant doings in their Countries caufe?
O! If for King and common-ewe,
Were piety in thine, it is in these:
Andronicus, slaine not thy Tombe with blood.
Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?
Draw neere them then in being mercifull.
Sweet mercy is Nobilitie true badge,
Thrice Noble Titus, spare my first born sonne.

Tit. Patient your selfe Madam, and pardon me.
These are the Brether, whom you Gothes beheld
Aliue and dead, and for their Bretheren slaine,
Religiously aske a sacrifice:
To this your sonne is markt, and die he muft,
T'appeale their groaning shadowes that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight,
And with our swords vpon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean confum'd.

Exit Sonnes with Alarbus.

Tamo. O cruell irreligious piety.
Chi. Was euer Scythia halfe so barbarous?
Dem. Oppose me Scythia to ambitious Rome,

Alarbus goes to rest, and we furuise,
To tremble vnder Titus threatening lookes,
Then Madam fland resolu'd, but hope withall,
The felfe fame Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy
With opportunitie of sharpe revenge.

Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May fauour Tamora the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and Tamora was Queene)
To quit the bloody woes vpon her foes.

Enter the Sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Luc. See Lord and Father, how we have perform'd
Our Romaine rightes, Alarbus limbs are loppt,
And intrans feed the sacrificing fire,
Whole smoke like in censie doth perfume the skie.
Remaineth nought but to interre our Brethren,
And with lowd Larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his lastest farewell to their soules.

Fliouris.

Then Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tombe.
In peace and Honour reft you heere my Sonnes,
Romes readiest Champions, repose you heere in reft,
Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps:
Heere lurks no Treason, heere no enuiu swels,
Heere grow no damned grudges, heere are no stormes,
No noyse, but slence and Eternall sleepe,
In peace and Honour reft you heere my Sonnes.

Enter Lavinia.

Lau. In peace and Honour, live Lord Titus long,
My Noble Lord and Father, live in Fame:
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my Bretherens Obsequies:
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of joy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.
O bleffe me heere with thy victorious hand,
Whole Fortune Romes beft Citizens applau'd.

Tit. Kind Rome,
That haft thus louingly refer'd
The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lavinia live, out-live thy Fathers dayes:
And Fames eternall date for vertues praiue.

Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious Triumpfer in the eyes of Rome.

Tit. Thankes Gentle Tribune,
Noble brother Marcus.

Marc. Welcome! Nephews from succefull wars,
You that furuise and you that sleepe in Fame:
Faire Lords your Fortunes are all alike in all,
That in your Countries service drew your Swords.
But fafer Triumph is this Funerall Pompe,
That hath apir'd to Solons Happines,
And Triumphs ouer chance in honours bed.

Tit. Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whole friend in iustice thou haft euer bene,
Send thee by me their Tribune and their truft,
This Palliament of white and spotlesse Hue,
And name thee in Eleccion for the Empire,
With thee our late deceased Emperours Sonnes:
Be Candidatus then, and put it on,
And helpe to set a head on headlesse Rome.

Tit. A better head her Glorious body fits,
Then his that shaketh for age and feeblenesse:

What
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

What should I  do this Robe and trouble you,
Be chosen with proclamations to day,
To morrow yield vp rul, resigne my life,
And let abroad new buffinice for you all.
Rome I have bene thy Souldier forty yeares,
And led my Countres strength succeefullly,
And buried one and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Knighted in Field, flaine manfully in Armes,
In right and Seruice of their Noble Countrie:
Give me a flaffe of Honour for mine age,
But not a Scepter to controule the world,
Vpright he held it Lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtaine and ask the Emperie.
Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune can't thou tell?
Titus. Patience Prince Saturnius.
Sat. Romanies do me right.

Patricians draw your Swords, andsheath them not
Till Saturnius be Romes Emperour:
Andronicus would thou wert flipp'd to hell,
Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.
Luc. Proud Saturnius, interrupter of the good
That Noble minded Titus meanes to thee.

Tit. Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee
The peoples harts, and weane them from themselues.
Bafs. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee
But Honour thee, and will doe till I die:
My Faction if thou strengthen with thy Friend?
I will most thankefull be, and thankes to men
Of Noble minde, is Honourable Meede.

Tit. People of Rome, and Noble Tribune sheere,
I aske your voyces and your Suffrages,
Will you beare them friendly on Andronicus?
Tribune. To gratifie the good Andronicus,
And Gratulate his safe returne to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes I thank you, and this fare I make,
That you Create your Emperours eldeft fonne,
Lord Saturnine, whose Vertues will I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Tytans Rayes on earth,
And ripen Iuifce in this Common-weale:
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crowne him, and say: Long live our Emperour.

Mar. An. With Voyces and applauce of every fort,
Patricians and Plebeans we Create
Lord Saturnine Rome's Great Emperour.
And say, Long live our Emperour Saturnine.
Along Favouris till they came downe.

Satu. Titus Andronicus, for thy Favours done,
To vs in our Election this day,
I give thee thankes in part of thy Deoffs,
And will with Deeds requite thy gentleffe:
And for an Onfet Titus to advance
Thy Name, and Honorable Familie,
Launia will I make my Emprefle,
Rome's Royall Miftris, Miftris of my hart
And in the Sacred Potban her epoufe:
Tell me Andronicus doth this motion pleafe thee?

Tit. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
I hold me Highly Honoured of your Grace,
And heere in fight of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and Commander of our Common-weale,
The Wide-worlds Emperour, do I Confercate,
My Sword, my Charit, and my Prisoners,
Preffents well Worthy Romes Imperiall Lord:
Receive them then, the Tribute that I owe,
Mine Honours Ensignes humbled at my feete.

Satu. Thankes Noble Titus, Father of my life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts
Rome shall record, and when I do forget
The leaf of these vnspakeable Deoffs,
Romans forget your Feadtie to me.

Tit. Now Madam are you prifoner to an Emperour,
To him that for you Honour and your State,
Will vie you Nobly and your followers.

Satu. A goodly Lady, trust me of the Huc
That I would choose, were I to choose a new:
Clere vp Faire Queene that cloudly countenance,
Though chance of warre
Hath wrought this change of cheere,
 Thou com't not to be made a forne in Rome:
Princeall shall be thy viage every way.
Reft on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam he comforts you,
Can make your Greater then the Queene of Gothes?
Lauinia you are not displeat'd with this?

Lau. Not I my Lord, 6th true Nobilitie,
Warrants these words in Princely curtefie.

Sat. Thankes sweete Lauinia, Romans let vs goe:
Ransomflee heere we fet our Prifoners free,
Proclaime our Honors Lords with Trumpe and Drum.
Bafs. Lord Titus by your leave, this Maid is mine.
Tit. How sir? Are you in earneft then my Lord?
Bafs. I Noble Titus, and refolu'd withall,
To doe my felfe this reafon, and this right.

Marc. Suum cuiqueum, is our Romane Iuifce,
This Prince in Iuifce cazebeth but his owne.

Luc. And that he will and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traytors auaunt, where is the Emperours Guard?
Trafon my Lord, Lauinia is fuprif'd.

Sat. Supriff'd, by whom?
Bafs. By him thatJuftly may
Beare his Betroth'd, from all the world away.

Muti. Brothers helpe to conuey her hence away,
And with my Sword Ile keepe this doore fafe.

Tit. Follow my Lord, and Ile foonne bring her backe.
Muf. My Lord you paffe not heere.

Tit. What villain Boy, bar'ft me my way in Rome?

Luc. My Lord you are vnleat, and more then fo,
In wrongfull quarrell, you have flaine your fon,
Nor thus Rites nor he are any fannes of mine,
My fannes would neuer fo dishonour me,
Traytor reftore Lauinia to the Emperour.

Luc. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is anotherz lawfull promif Loue.

Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamara and her two
fonnes, and Aaron the Moore.

Empe. No Titus, no, the Emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy flocke:
Ile truft by Leifure him that mocks me once.
Thee neuer: nor thy Traytorous naughty fannes,
Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a fale
But Saturnine? Full well Andronicus
Agree thefe Deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,
That faid't, I beg'd the Empire at thy hands.

Tit. O moniftrous, what reproachfull words are thefe?

Sat. But goe thy wayes, goe give that changing peace,
To him that flourifht for her with his Sword:
A Valiant fonne in-law thou fhai enlyk:
One,fit to bandy with thy lawleff Sonnes,

To
To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.

\[ T m \]. These words are Razors to my wounded hart.

\[ Sat. \] And therefore loely Tamora Queene of Gothes, That like the flately Thebe mong't her Nimphants Doth over-shine the Gallant't Dames of R ome, If thou be pleafe'd with this my fadaine choyfe, Behold I choofe thee Tamora for my Bride, And will Create thee Empresse of Rome.

Speak Queene, of Gothes doth the Nation all my choyfe? And heere I fware by all the Romaine Gods, Sith Priests and Holy-water are so neere, And Tapers burne fo bright, and every thing In readines for Hymenous fand, I will not refolute the streets of Rome, Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place, I leade efou'd my Bride along with me, 

\[ Tam. \] And heere in fight of heaven to Rome I fware, If Saturnine advance the Queene of Gothes, Shee will a Hand-maid be to his defires, A louing Nurse, a Mother to his youth. 

\[ Saturn. \] Afend Faire Queene, Pantheone Lords, Your Noble Emperour and his louely Bride, Sent by the heacunes for Prince Saturnine, Whose wifedome hath her Fortune Conquered, There shall we Conflame our Spoufbl rites.

Exeunt omnes.

\[ Tm. \] I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride:

**Titus when wer't thou wont to walke alone, Difhonoured thus and Challenged of wrongs?**

Enter Marcus and Titus Sonnes.

\[ Mar. \] O Titus see! O see what thou haft done! In a bad quarrell, flaine a Vertuous fonne. 

\[ Tit. \] No foolifh Tribune, no: No fonne of mine, Nor thou, nor thofe Confidrates in the deed, That hath difhonoured all our Family, Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy Sonnes. 

\[ Luci. \] But let vs glue him buriaall as becomes: Glue eMutiua buriall with our Bretheren. 

\[ Tit. \] Traytors away, he ref't not in this Tombe: This Monument fume hundred yeares hath flood, Which I have Sumptouously re-edified: Heere none but Souldiers, and R omes Seruitors, Repofe in Fame: None safely flaine in bruelles, Bury him where you can, he comes not heere. 

\[ Mar. \] My Lord this is impietie in you, My Nephew eMutiua deeds do plead for him, He must be buried with his brethren. 

**Titus two Sonnes speakes.**

And shall, or him we will accompany. 

\[ Ti. \] And shall! What villaine was it fpake that word? Titus fones speakes. He that would vouch'd it in any place but heere. 

\[ Tit. \] What would you bury him in my defpight? 

\[ Mar. \] No Noble Titus, but intereat of thee, To pardon Mutius, and to bury him. 

\[ Tit. \] Marcus, Euen thou haft stroke vpon my Creft, And with thefe Boyes mine Honour thou haft wounded, My foes I doe repete you everie one. 

So trouble me no more, but get you gone.


2. Sonne. Not I tell Mutius bones be buried. 

\[ Mar. \] Brother, for in that name doth nature plea'd.

\[ 2. Sonne. \] Father, and in that name doth nature speak. 

\[ Tit. \] Speak thou no more if all the reft will speed. 

\[ Mar. \] Renowned Titus more then halfe my foule. 

Luc. Deare Father, foule and fubfance of vs all, 

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to interre 

His Noble Nephew heere in vertues neft, That died in Honour and Launine's caufe. 

Thou art a Romaine, be not barbarous: 

The Grecian's word, if life did bury Aemus, That flew himfelfe: And Laertes fonne, Did graciously plead for his Funeralls: 

Let not young Mutius then that was thy joy, Be bar'd his entrance heere. 

\[ Tit. \] Rife Marcus,rife, 

The difmal'ft day is this that ere I faw, To be difhonored by my Sonnes in Rome: Well,bury him,and bury me the next. 

**They put him in the Tombe.**

Luc. There lie thy bones sweet Mutius with thy 

Till we with Trophies do adorn this Tombe. (friends 

They all kneele and say.

No man fheat tears for Noble Mutius, 

He liues in Fame, that di'd in vertues caufe. 

Exit.

Mar. My Lord to flep out of these fudden dumps, How comes it that the subtle Queene of Gothes, Is of a fadaine thus aduan'd in Rome? 

\[ Ti. \] I know not Marcus : but I know it is, (Whether by deuife or no) the heacuns can tell, Is she not then beholding to the man, That brought her for this high good turne fo farre? Yes, and will Nobly him remunerate.

**Flourishs.**

Enter the Emperor, Tamora, and her two fons, with the More at one doore. Enter at the other doore Bafianus and Launine with others.

Sat. So Bafianus,youe haue plaid your prize, God gie you joy fir of your Gallant Bride. 

Baf. And you of yours my Lord: I fay no more, Nor with no lefle, and fo I take my leave. 

Sat. Traytor,if Rome haue lawe, or we haue power, Thou and thy Faction flall repent this Rape. 

Baf. Rape call you it my Lord, to ceafe my owne, My true betrothed Loue, and now my wife? But let the lawes of Rome determine all, Meane while I am poifaid of that mine. 

Sat. 'Tis good fir : you are very short with vs, But if we live, weele be as sharpe with you. 

Baf. My Lord, what I haue done as beft I may, Answere I muft, and shall do with my life, Oney thus much I gie your Grace to know, By all the duties that I owe to Rome, This Noble Gentleman Lord Titus heere, Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd, That in the refuge of Launine, With his owne hand did flay his youngeft Son, In zeale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath. 

To be controll'd in that he frankly gaue: Receive him then to fauour Saturnine, That hath expr'ft himselfe in all his deeds, A Father and a friend to thee, and Rome. 

\[ Tit. \] Prince Bafianus leve to pleate my Deeds, *Tit. Thou and thofe, that haue contrefourd me, Rome and the righteous heauens be my judge, How I haue lou'd and Honour'd Saturnine. 

Tam. My worthy Lord if euer Tamora,
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Were gracious in thofe Princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speake indifferently for all:
And at my fute (Iweet) pardon what is paff.
Sasu. What Madam, be dinhonoured openly,
And safely put it vp without requenge?
Tam. Not fo my Lord,
The Gods of Rome for-fend,
I fhould be Authour to dinhonour you,
But on mine honour dare, I vndertake
For good Lord Titus innocence in all:
Whofe fury not diemblshed speakes his griefs:
Then at my fute looke graciously on him,
Loose not fo noble a friend on vaine suppose,
Nor with fowre looke afflict his gentle heart.
My Lord, be rul'd by me, be wonne at laft,
Diffemble all your griefs and difcontents,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Leafe then the people, and Patricians too,
Vpon a fuit furely take Titus part,
And fo fupplicant vs for ingratitude,
Which Rome repues to be a hainous finne.
Yeeld at intreats, and then let me alone:
Ile finde a day to mallice them all,
And race their faction, and their familie,
The cruelle Father, and his tray'r'rous fonnes,
To whom I fued for my deare fonnes life,
And make them know what 'tis to let a Queene,
Kneelee in the firecees, and beg for grace in vaine.
Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come Andronicus)
Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,
That dies in tempeft of thy angry growne.
King. Rife Titus, rife,
My Empeffie hath presaill'd.
Titus. I thank you Maieftie,
And her my Lord.
Thefe words, thefe lookees,
Infufe new life in me.
Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily.
And must aduife the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die Andronicus,
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you Prince Bajfianus, I have paft
My word and promife to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and truchable.
And fear not Lords:
And you Lauinia,
By my aduife all humbled on your knees,
You shall aske pardon of his Maieftie.
Sen. We doe,
And vow to heauen, and to his Highnes,
That what we did, was mildely, as we might,
Tending our fitters honour and our owne.
Mar. That on mine honour heere I do protest.
King. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.
Tamora. Nay, nay,
Sweet Emperour, we muft all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back.
King. Marcus,
For thy fake and thy brothers heere,
And at my louely Tamora's intreats,
I doe remit thefe young mens haynous faults.
Stand vp: Lauinia, though you left me like a churle,
I found a friend, and fure as death I fware.

I would not part a Batchellour from the right, Come, if the Emperours Court can feate two Brides, You are my guest Lauinia, and your friends: This day shall be a Loue-day Tamora.
Tit. To morrow and it pleafe your Maiestie, To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me, With hone and Hound,
Weele glue your Grace Ben jour.

Actus Secunda.

Fleurifb. Enter Aaron alone.

Aren. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus toppe, Safe out of Fortunes shot, and fits aloft, Secure of Thunders crakke or lightning flash, Aduanct'd about pale waves in threatenning reach: As when the goldenSunne faules the morne, And hauing gitt the Ocean with his beames, Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistering Coach, And ouer-lookes the highest piering hills:
So, Tamora
Upon her wit doth earthly honour waite, And vertue floopes and trembles at her frowne.
Then Aaron arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts, To mount aloft with thy Emperialis Misfris, And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long Haift prisoner held, fettered in amorous chaines, And fitter bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Then is Prometheu at tide to Caucasus.
Away with flauifh weecies, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and shine in Pearle and Gold, To waite vpon this new made Empreffe.
To waite faid I? To wanton with this Queene, This Goddeffe, this Semerimio, this Queene, This Syren, that will charm Romes Saturnine, And fee his shipwracke, and his Common weales.
Hollo, what forne is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetris brasning.

Dem. Chiron thy yeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intru'd where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou know'st affected be.
Chi. Demetris, thou don't ouer-weene in all,
And fo in this, to beare mettowne with braues,
'Tis not the difference of a yeere or two.
Makes me leffe gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To ferve, and to deferue my Misfris grace,
And that my fword vpon thee shall approue,
And plead my paffions for Lauinia's loue.
Aron, Club, clubs, thefe louers will not keep the peace.
Dem. Why Boy, although our mother (vnaduifed)
Gawe you a daunsing Rapier by your fide,
Are you fo delicate growne to threat your friends?
Goe too: have your Lath glued within your feath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Meane while fir, with the little skill I have,
Full well fhall thou perceiue how much I dare.
Deme. I Boy, grow ye fo braue?
They drawe.
Aron. Why how now Lords?
So nere the Emperours Palace dare you draw,
And maintaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge,
I would not for a million of Gold,
The caufe were knowne to them it most concerns.
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome:
For shame put vp.

Deme. Not I, till I have meat'd
My rapier in his bosome, and withall
Thrust thefe reproochfull speecches downe his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonnour here.

Chi. For that I am prepare'd, and full resolv'd,
Foule spoken Coward;
That thundrlefhy with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'n performe.

Aron. A way I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore,
This pretty brabble will vndoo vs all:
Why Lords, and think ye not how dangerous
It is to set vp a Princes right?
What is Launia then become so loofe,
Or Bajianus so degenerate,
That for her like such quarrells may be broach't,
Without controullement, Luficke, or revenge?
Young Lords beware, and shoulde the Empresse know,
This diſcord ground, the muficke would not pleafe.

Chi. I care not I, knew she and all the world,
I loue Launia more then all the world.

Deme. Youngling,
Learne thou to make some meaner choife,
Launia is thine elder brothers hope.

Aron. Why are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke Competitors in loue?
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,
By this deuile.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propofe,
To acchiewe her whom I do loue.

Aron. To acchieue her, how?

Deme. We may make her do as she do fore strange?
Sche is a woman, therefore may be woold,
Sche is a woman, therefore may be wonne,
Sche is Launia therefore must be lou'd.
What man, more water gliadeth by the Mill
Then wots the Miller of, and easie it is
Of a cut loafe to feale a fhie we know:
Though Bajianus be the Emperours brother,
Better then he have worne Pulcan badge.

Aron. I, and as good as Saturnius may.

Deme. Then why should he dispaire that knowes to
With words, faire lookees, and liberalitie:
(court it
What hate not thou full often strucke a Doe,
And borne her clean? by the Keepers note?

Aron. Why then it feemes some certaine snatch or fo
Would ferue your turnes.

Chi. I fo the turne were ferued.

Aron. Thou haft hit it.

Aron. Would you had hit it too,
Then shoulde not we be tir'd with this adoo:
Why harke yee, harke yee, sud are you fuch fooles,
To square for this? Would it offend you then?

Chi. Faith not me.

Deme. Nor me, fo I were one.

Aron. For thame be friends, & ioyne for that you iar:
"Tis pollicle, and thatageme must dooe
That you affect, and fo must you refolue,
That what you cannot as you would atchieue,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, Lucaee was not more chaft
Then this Launia, Bajianus love,
A speedier courfe this lingring languishment
Must we purse, and I have found the path:
My Lords, a solemn hunting is in hand,
There will the lowly Roman Ladies troope:
The Forrest walks are wide and fpacious,
And many vnrequited plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villainie:
Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
And flrike her home by force, if not by words:
This way or not at all, tran you in hope.
Come, come, our Empresse with her sacred wit
To villainie and vengeance confecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And the hall file our engines with aduife,
That will not suffer you to square your felues,
But to your wishes height advance you both.
The Emperours Court is like the house of Fame,
The pallece full of tongues, of eyes, of eares:
The Woods are ruthlefle, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
There speake, and flrike braue Boys, & take your turnes.
There ferue your lufts, shadow'd from heavens eye,
And't resuell in Launia's Treasur.

Chi. Thy counfell Lauds smells of no cowardife.

Deme. Say faue not, till I finde the flame,
To coole this heat, a Charme to calme their fits,
Per Stigia per manes Vebor.

Exeunt.

Enter Titus Andronicus and bis three sones, making a noyse
with bounds and bornes, and Marcus.

Th. The hunt is vp, the morn is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the Woods are greene,
Vncouple heere, and let vs make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his louelie Bride,
And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunters peale,
That all the Court may croo with the noyse.
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours perfon carefully:
I haue bene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspier'd.

Winde Harues.
Here a cry of boundes, and windes bornes in a peales, then
Enter Saturnius, Tamora, Bajianus, Launia, Chiron, De-
merius, and their Attendants.

Th. Many good morrowes to your Maieftie,
I promis'd your Grace, a Hunters peale.
Sat. And you have rung it truly my Lords,
Somewhat to early for new married Ladies.
Bajt. Launia, how say you?
Lau. I say no:
I haue bene awake two houres and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and Chariots letvs haue,
And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,
Our Romaine hunting.

Mar. I haue dogges my Lord,
Will rouze the proudeft Panther in the Chafe,
And clime the highest Pnomanty top.

Th. And I haue horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes likes Swallowes ore. the plain

Deme. Chiron

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Dem. Chiron we hunt not we, with Horfe nor Hound
But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground. Exeunt
Enter Aaron alone.

Ar. He that had wit, would thinke that I had none,
To bury so much Gold under a Tree,
And never afer to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me to abate it,
Know that this Gold must come a stratageme,
Which cunningly effectted, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany,
And to repose sweet Gold for their vnreft.
That hauie their Almes out of the Empresse Cheff.
Enter Tamora to the Moore.

Tam. My louely Aaron,
Wherefore look't thou sad,
When everie thing doth make a Gleefull boaste?
The Birds chaunt melody on every bough,
The Snake lies rolled in the chearefull Sunne,
The greene leaves quier, with the cooling winde,
And make a cheker'd shadow on the ground:
Vnder their sweete shade, Aaron let vs sit,
And whil't the babling Eccho mock's the Hounds,
Replying thrilly to the well tun'd Horses,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let vs fit downe, and mark theyr yelping noyfe:
And after conflict, such as was suppos'd,
The wandering Prince and Dido once enioy'd,
When with a happy forme they were supris'd,
And Curtaing'd with a Cown ailke-keeping Cae,
We may each wreathed in the others armes,
(Our pastimes done) poseff a Golden flumber,
Whiles Hounds and Horses, and sweete Melodious Birds
Be vs to vs, as is a Nurles Song
Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe asleepe.

Ar. Madame,
Though Venus gouerne your desire,
Saturne is Dominator over mine:
What signifieth my callous flandering eye,
My silence, and my Cloudy Melancholie,
My fleece of Woolly haire, that now vncurles,
Even as an Adder when she doth vnrowle
To do some fatal execution?
No Madam, these are no Veneriall signes,
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood, and reuenge, are Hammering in my head.
Harke Tamora, the Empresse of my Soule,
Which neuer hopes more heauen, then refts in thee,
This is the day of Doome for Bajfanus;
His Shakond mutt loose her tongue to day,
Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chaffity,
And wash their hands in Bajfanus blood.
Seft thou this Letter, take it vp I pray thee,
And give the King this fatall plotted Scrowle,
Now question me no more, we are ephi'd,
Here comes a parcel of our hopefull Booty,
Which dreads not yet their liues destruction.

Enter Bajfanus and Lauinia.

Tam. Ah my sweet Moore:
Sweeter to me then life.
Ar. No more great Empresse, Bajfanus comes,
Be croffe with him, and Ile goe fetch thy Sonnes
To backe thy quarrell what so e're they be.
Baj. Whom haue we here?
Romes Royall Empresse,
Vn furnisht of our well beeming troope?
Or is it Diaon habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groues,
To see the generall Huntting in this Forrest?
Tam. Sawcie controoler of our proue steps:
Had I the power, that some say Diaon had,
Thy Temples should be planted prentely.
With Hornes, as was Acteon, and the Hounds
Should drive vp his new transformed limbes,
Vnamnerly Intruder as thou art.
Lau. Vnder your patience gentle Empresse,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in Horning,
And to be doubted, that your Moore and you
Are angled forth to try experiments:
June theild your husband from his Hounds to day,
'Tis pitty they should take him for a Stag.
Bajf. Beleeue me Queen, your swarth Cymeron,
Doth make your Honour of his bodies Hue,
Spotted, deteeted, and abominable.
Why are you fequeefred from all your traine?
Dilmounted from your Snow-white goodly Steed,
And wandred hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moore,
If soule defire had not conduc'ted you?
Lau. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reaon that my Noble Lord, be rated
For Saucinnesse, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her ioy her Rauen coloured loue,
This valley fits the purpose paffing well.
Bajf. The King my Brother shal have notice of this.
Lau. I, for these sipes have made him noted long,
Good King, to be fo mightily abused.
Tamora. Why I haue patience to endure all this?
Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now deere Soueraigne
And our gracious Mother,
Why doth your Highnesse looke so pale and wan?
Tam. Haue I not reaon thinke you to looke pale.
These two haue tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren, deteeted vale you see it is.
The Trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and lean,
Ore come with Mofle, and balefull Mifelto.
Heere neuer shines the Sunne, heere nothing breeds,
Vnleffe the nightly Owle, or fatall Rauen:
And when they fheat us this abhorred pit,
They told me heere at dead time of the night,
A thousand Fiends, a thousand hiling Snakes,
Ten thousand swelling Toades, as many Vrchins,
Would make such fearefull and confudted cries,
As any mortall body bearing it,
Should fstrate fall mad, or elfe die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But fstrate they told me they would binde me heere,
Vnto the body of a difmall yew,
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they call'd me foule Adulteresse,
Lafciuous Goth, and all the bitterest tarmes
That ever earie did heare to fuch effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengence on me had they executed:
Reuenge it, as you love your Mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my Children.

Dem. This is a witnesse that I am thy Sonne. ftab bim.
Chi. And this for me,
Strock home to fiew my strength.
Lau. I come Semeramis, nay Barbarous Tamora.

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For
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.
Tam. Glie me thy poyndary, you shal know my boyes
Your Mothers hand shall right your Mothers wrong.

Deme. Stay Madam herre is more belongs to her,
First thrash the Corne, then after burne the straw:
This Minion flood upon her chafity,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyalty.
And with that painting hope,brues your Mighntiness,
And shal the carry this varto her grave?

Chi. And if she doe,
I would I were an Eunuch,
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead Trunke-Pillow to our luft.
Tam. But when ye haue the hony we desire,
Let not this Wafe out-lie vs both to stinge.

Chir. I warrant you Madam we will make that sure:
Come Misfris, now perfore we will enjoy,
That nice-prefered honesty of yours.

Laui. Oh Tamora, thou bear'st a woman face.
Tam. I will not heare her speake, away with her.

Laui. Sweet Lords interst,her haue me but a word.

Deme. Litten faire Madam,let it be your glory
To see her teares, but your hart to them,
As vrelentling flint to drops of raine.

Laui. When did the Tigers young-ones teach the dam?
O doe not learne her wrath, she taught it thee,
The milke thon suck'ft from her did turne to Marble,
Euen at thy Teat thou had'ft thy Tyranny,
Yet every Mother breeds not Sonnes alike,
Do thou intreat her sheu a woman pity.

Chiro. What,
Would'thou haue me proue my selfe a bafard?
Laui. 'Tis true,
The Rauen doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet have I heard,Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion mou'd with pitty, dill indure
To have his Princely paws par'd all away.
Some fay, that Rauens foste forlorne children,
The whil't their owne birds famish in their nefts:
Oh be to me though thy hard hart fay no,
Nothing fo kind but something pitifull.

Tam. I know not what it means,away with her.
Laui. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers sake,
That gauze thee life when well he might have flaine thee:
Be not obdurate,open thy dese eares.

Tam. Had'thou in perion wore offended me.
Euen for his sake am I pittileffe;
Remember Boyes I pourd'forth teares in vaine,
To gue your brother from the facrefice,
But fierce Andronicus would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vfe her as you will,
The worfe to her, the better lou'd of me.

Laui. Oh Tamora,
Be call'd a gentile Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For 'tis not life that I haue beg'd fo long,
Poore I was flaine, when Baffianus dy'd.

Tam. What beg'lt thou then ? fond woman let me go?

Laui. 'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
Oh keep me from their worie then killing luft,
And tumb me into some loathsome pit,
Where neuer mans eye may behold my body,
Doe this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet Sonnes of their fee,
No let them sattifie their luft on thee.
Enter the Empeour, Aaron the Moore.

Sat. Along with me, Ile fee what hole is heere, And what he is that is now leapt into it. Say, who art thou that lately didst defend, Into this gaping hollow of the eart? Mar. The whippof fonne of old Andronicus, Brought hither in a most valuable house, To finde thy brother Boffianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead! I know thou dost but left, He and his Lady both are at the Lodge, Upon the North-side of this pleasant Chafe, 'Tis not an house since I left him there.

Mar. We know not where you left him all aline, But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my Lord the King? King. Heere Tamora, though griec'd with killing griefe, Wilt thou see thy brother Boffianus? King. Now to the bottome thou shalt search my wound, Poor Boffianus heere lies murthered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatall writ, The complot of this timelesse Tragedie, And wonder greatly that mans face can fold, In pleading smilies such murderous Tyrannie.

She giee'th Saturnine a Letter.

Saturninus reads the Letter. And if we mieue to meete him banstomely, Sweet huntman, Boffianus'tis we meant, Doe thou so much as dig the grave for him, Thou know'rt our meaning, looke for thy reward Among the Nettles at the East end of the grave, Which over-flodes the mouth of that lame pit: Where we decreed to bury Boffianus, Doe this and purchaze vs thy laffing friends.

King. Oh Tamora, was ever heard the like? This is the pit, and this the Elder tree, Looke first, if you can finde the huntman out, That should have murthered Boffianus heere. Aron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold. King. Two of thy whelpeis, fell Curs of bloody kind Haue heere bereft my brother of his life: Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the prizon, Thiere let them bide vntill we have deu'd Some newer heard-of torteringe paine for them. Tam. What are they in this pit, Oh wondrous thing! How easiely murder is discouered?

Tit. High Empeour, vpon my feeble knee, Ibeg this boone, with tears, not lightly shed, That this fell fault of my accursed Sonnes, Accurfed, if the faults be proud in them. King. If it be proud? you see it is apparrant,
That could have better fowed then Pblolm.
Oh had the monster scene those Lilly hands,
Tremble like Aspf leaves uppon a Lute,
And make the silken frings delight to kiss them,
He would not then hauce toucht them for his life.
Or had he heard the heavenly Harmony,
Whic h that sweet tongwe hath made :
He would hauce drop his knife and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian Poets feet.
Come, let us goe, and make thy father blinde,
For such a sight will blinde a fathers eye.
One hours flurne will drownne the fragrant meades,
What, will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?
Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee:
Oh could our mourning safe thy mischief.  Exeunt

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Judges and Senators with Titus two fones bound,
passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going
before pleading.

Ti. Heare me graue fathers, noble Tribunes stay,
For pitty of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous warres, whilst you securely slept:
For all my blood in Rome a great quarrell fled,
For all the frothy nights that I have watcht,
And for these bitter teares, which now you fee,
Filling the aged wrinkes in my checkes,
Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,
Whole soules is not corrupted as 'tis thought :
For two and twenty fones I never wept,
Because they died in honoura lyfet bed.

Andronicus lyeth downe, and the Judges passe by him.

Exeunt

For thefe, Tribunes, in the duft I write
My harts depe langour, and my fouses fad teares :
Let my teares flanch the earths drie appetite.
My fones sweet blood, will make it flame and bluthe:
O earth! I will be friend thee more with raine
That shall dillit from these two ancient ruines,
Then youthfull April flall with all his showres
In fummers drought; Ile drop vpone thee still,
In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow,
And keepe eternall fpire time on thy face,
So thou refufe to drinke my deare fones blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawn.

Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
Vnbinde my fones, reuerce the doome of death,
And let me say that never wept before
My teares are now preualing Oratours.

Lu. Oh noble father, you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes heare not, no man is by,
And you recount your forrowes to a fone.

Ti. Ah Lucius for thy brothers let me plead,
Graue Tribunes, once more I intreat of you.

Lu. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speake.

Ti. Why 'tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me, oh if they did heare
They would not pitty me.
Therefore I tell my forrowes bottes to the stones.

Who though they cannot answere my diffreffe,
Yet in some fort they are better then the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale;
When I doe wepe, they humbly at my feete
Receive my teares and leeme to wepe with me,
And were they but attired in graue weedes,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to thefe.
A fone is as fott waxe,
Tribunes more hard then ftones:
Afone is filent, and offended not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.
But wherefore stand't thou with thy weapon drawn?

Lu. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Judges haue pronounced
My everlafting doome of banifhment.

Ti. O happy man, they have befriended thee:
Why foolifh Lucius, doft thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wildernes of Tigers?
Tigers muft pray, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
From these deweouters to be banished?
But who comes with our brother Marcus heere?

Enter Marcus and Lauinia.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to wepe,
Or if not so, thy noble heart to breake:
I bring consumifg forrow to thine age.

Ti. Will it confume me? Let me fee it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Ti. Why Marcus to the is.

Luc. Aye me this obiect kills me.

Ti. Faint-harted boy, arise and looke vpon her,
Speake Lauinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handleffe in thy Fathers fight?
What foole hath added water to the Sea?
Or bought a fagget to bright burning Troy?
My griefe was at the height before thou camst,
And now like Nyphus it dids aethounds begin:
Give me a fword, Ile chop off my hands too,
For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine:
And they haue nur't this woe,
In feeding life:
In booteleffe prayer haue they bene held vp,
And they have feru'd me to effectleffe vie.
Now all the feruice I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other:
'Tis well Lauinia, that thou haft no hands,
For hands to do Rome feruice, is but vaine.

Luc. Speake gentle fider, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with fuch pleasing eloquence,
Is torne from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a sweet melodious bird it sung,
Sweat varied notes inchanting every ear.

Luci. Oh lay thou for her,
Who hath done this deed?

Marc. Oh thus I found her fraying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide herelfe as doth the Deare
That hath receiued some vnreuring wound.

Ti. It was my Deare,
And he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, then had he kild me dead:
For now I fland as one vpon a Rocke,
Inuiron'd with a wilderneffe of Sea.
Who marks the waxing tide,
Grow waue by waue,
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Exeunt. My Lord the Emperour, Send thee this word, that if thou loue thy fonne, Let Marcus, Lucius, or thy felle old Titus, Or any one of you, chop off your hand, And fend it to the King: he for the fame, Will fend thee hither both thy fonnen alie, And that shall be the ranfome for their fault.

Tit. Oh gracious Empereour, oh gentle Aaron. Did euer Rauen finge fo like a Larke, That ghes fweet tydings of the Sunnes vprie? With all my heart, Ile fend the Empereour my hand, Good Aton wilt thou help to chop it off? Lu. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine, That hath throwne downe fo many enemies, Shall not be fent: my hand will ferue the turne, My youth can better fpare my blood then you, And therefore mine flall faue my brothers lues. Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome, And reard aloft the bloody Batlleaxe, Writing destrucion on the enemies Cattle? Oh none of both but are of high defert: My hand hath bin but idle, let it ferue To ranfome my two nephews from their death, Then haue I kept it to a worthy end. Moore. Nay come agree, whole hand shallgoe along For feare they die before their pardon come. Mar. My hand shall goe. Lu. By heauen it shall not goe. Ti. Sirs ftrive no more, fuch whithered hearbs as these Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine. Lu. Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy fonne, Let me redeeme my brothers both from death. Mar. And for our fathers fakes, and mothers care, Now let me fwhel a brothers loue to thee. Ti. Agree betweene you, I will fare my hand. Lu. Then Ile goe fetch an Axe. Mar. But I will vfe the Axe. Exeunt Ti. Come hither Aaron, Ile deceuie them both, Lend me thy hand, and I will guie thee mine, Moore. If that be cal d deceit, I will be honett, And never whil I live deceuie men fo: But Ile deceuie you in another fort, And that you lye ere halfe an houre passe.

He cuts off Titus hand.

Enter Lucius and Marcus again.

Tit. Now say you frieke, what shall be, is difpatched: Good Aton give his Maielie me hand, Tell him, it was a hand that warded him From thouthand dangers: bid him bury it: More hath it merited: That let it haue, As for for my fonnen, fay I account of them, As jewels purchaft at an eafe price, And yet deere too, because I bought mine owne, Aton. I goe Andronicus, and for thy hand, Looke by and by to haue thy fonnen with thee: Their heads I meane: Oh how this villaney Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it. Let fooles do good, and faire men call for grace, Aton will haue his foule blace like his face. Exit. Ti. O heere I lift this one hand vp to heauen, And bow this feele ruine to the earth, If any power pittis wretched teares, To that I call: what wilt thou kneele with me? Doe then deare heart, for heauen shall heare our prayers, Or with our fighs weele breath the welkin dimme, And flaine the Sun with fogge as fometime cloudes, When they do hug him in their melting bowmes. *Mar. Oh brother speake with poftibilities, And do not breake into thefe deepe extrematnes.

Ti. Is not my forrow deeppe, having no bottome? Then
Then be my passions bottomelesse with them,

Mar. But yet let reason governo thy lament.

Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I binde my woes:

When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth oreflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the Sea wax mad,
Threatening the welkin with his big-fwolne face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this cole?
I am the Sea. Harke how her fighes doe flow:
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my Sea be moned with her fighes,
Then must my earth with her continual tears,
Become a deluge : overfow'd and drown'd:
For why, my bowsels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard mist I vomit them:
Then give me leaue, for looers will have leaue,
To cafe their flamackes with their bitter tongues,

Enter a miffenger with two beads and a band.

Meff. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou lentst the Emperor:
Heere are the heads of thy two noble fonnen.
And heere thy hand in come to thee fant backe:
Thy griefes, their spoers: Thy resolution mockt,
That woe is me to thinke upon thy woes,
More then remembrance of my fathers death.

Marc. Now let hot Aetna coole in Cicilie,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell:
These miseries are more then may be borne:
But sorrow flouted at, is double death.
Luc. Ah that this figh should make so deep a wound,
And yet detehe life not shrinke thereat:
That ever death should let life beare his name,
Where life hath no more interet but to breath.
Marc. Alas poore hart that kiffe is comfortlefe,
As frozen water to a flared snake.
Titus. When will this fearefull fliumber have an end?
Marc. Now farwell flatterie, die Andronicus,
Thou doft not flumber, see thy two sons heads,
Thy warlike hands, thy mangled daughter here:
Thy other baništ fonnen with this deere figh,
Strucke pale and bloodlefe, and thy brother,
Euen like a flone Image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,
Rent of thy fluer haire, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall figh.
The cloing vp of our moift wretched eyes:
Now is a time to florne, why art thou fill?

Titus. Ha, ha, ha.
Marc. Why doft thou laugh? it fits not with this hour,
Ti. Why I have not another teare to fhed:
Befides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would vfurpe vpon my watry eyes,
And make them blinde with tributarie teares.
Then which way shall I finde Reuenges Caue?
For these two heads doe feeme to speake to me,
And threat me, I shall never come to bliffe,
Till all these milchlefe be returned againe,
Euen in their throats that haue committed them.
Come let me fee what taske I haue to doe,
You banie people, circle me about,
That I may turne me to each one of you,
And sweare vnto my soule to right your wrongs.
The vow is made, come Brother take a head,

And in this hand the other will I beare.
And Lauinia thou shalt be employd in these things:
Bear eu thine hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth:
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my right,
Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
Hie to the Gothes, and raife an army there,
And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,
Let's kiffe and part, for we haue much to doe.

Exit Titus.

Manet Lucius.

Luc. Farewell Andronicus my noble Father:
The wofull man that euer liud in Rome;
Farewell proud Rome, til Lucius come againe,
Heloues his pledges deare then his life:
Farewell Lauinia my noble fitter,
O would thou wert as thou to fare haft beene,
But now, nor Lucius nor Lauinia lies
But in obliuion and hatefull grievances:
If Lucius lye, he will requit your wrongs,
And make proud Saturnine and his Empresse
Beg at the gates lies Tarquin and his Queene.
Now will I to the Gothes and raife a power,
To be reueng'd on Rome and Saturnine.

Exit Lucius

A Break.

Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Lauinia, and the Bey.

An. So, so, now fit, and looke you cate no more
Then will preferue luft fo much strength in vs
As will reuenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus vnknit that forrow-wresthen knot:
Thy Neece and I (poore Creatures) want our hands
And cannot paffionate our tenfold griefe,
With foulded Armes. This poore right hand of mine,
Is left to tirannize vpon my breath.
Who when my hart all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prifon of my flesh,
Then thus I thumpe it downe.
Thou Map of woe, that thus doft talk in figures,
When thy poore hart beats without ragius beating,
Thou canft not Arike it thus to make it still?
Wound it with firing girle, kil it with grones:
Or get some little knife betweene thy teeth,
And Iuft againft thy hart make thou a hole,
That all the teares that thy poore eyes let fall
May run into that finke, and foaking in,
Drowne the lamenting foole, in Sea faft teares.

Mar. Ty brother fy, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands vpon her tender life.

An. How now! Has forrow made thee doate already?

Why Marcus, no man should be mad but I:
What violent hands can she lay on her life:
Ah, wherefore doft thou vrghe the name of hands,
To bid Anecus tell the tale twice ore

How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O handle not the theame, to talke of hands,
Leaft we remember still that we have none,
Fie, fie, how Frantiquely I square my talke
As if we should forget we had no hands:
If Marcus did not name the word of hands,
Come, lets fall to, and gentle girle eate this,
Here is no drinke? Harke Marcus what the fiales,
I can interpret all her martir'd fignes,
She fiales, the drincke no other drinke but teares
Brew'd with her forrow: meth'd vpon her cheeckes,

Speech-
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Vnclefle complaynet, I will lerne thy thought:
In thy dumb action, will I be as perfect
As bagging Hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou shalt not fighte nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor winke, nor nod, nor kneele, nor make a signe,
But I (of these) will wret a Alphabet,
And by still practice, lerne to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandfier leue these bitter deepse lament,
Make my Aunt merry, with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy in passion mou’d,
Doth wepe to fee his grandfiers heauenffe.

An. Peace tender Sapling, thou art made of teares,
And teares will quickly melt thy life away,

Marcus strikes the dph with a knife.

What doest thou frike at Marcus with knife.

Mar. At that that I haue kild my Lord, a Flys
An. Out on the murderers: thou killest my hart,
Mine eyes clo’d with view of Tirranie:
A deed of death done on the Innocent
Becoms not Titus broher: get thee gone,
I fee thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas (my Lord) I haue but kild a file.

An. But? How: if that Flied had a father and mother?
How would he hang his flender glided wings
And buzz lamenting doings in the ayer,
Poore harmless Fly.

That with his pretty buzzy melody,
Came heere to make vs merry,
And thou haft kild him.

Mar. Pardon me sir,
it was a blacke illavoure’d Fly,
Like to the Empresse Moore, therefore I kilm him.

An. Oo oo,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou haft done a Charitable deed:
Glue me thy knife, I will infrunt on him,
Flattering my selues, as if it were the Moore.
Come hither purpofely to poyson me.

There’s for thy felle, and thats for Samira: Ah Sirra,
Yet I think ye are not brought fo low,
But that betweene vs, we can kill a Fly.
That comes in likenesse of a Cole-blacke Moore.

Mar. Alas poore man, grieue ha’s fo wrought on him,
He takes falle shadowes, for true subfiances.

An. Come, take away: Lauinia, goe with me,
Ile to thy cloffet, and goe read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.
Come boy, and goe with me, thy figh is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begin to dazell. Exeunt

Actus Quartus.

Enter young Lucius and Lauinia running after him, and
the Boy flies from her with his books under his arme.

Enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Helpe Grandfier helpe, my Aunt Lauinia,
Followes me every where I know not why.

Good VnCLE Marcus fee how swift the comes,
Alas sweet Aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me Lucius, doe not feare thy Aunt.

Titus. She loues thee boy too well to doe thee harme
Boy. I when my father was in Rome the did.

Mar. What means my Neece Lauinia by thefe signes?

Ti. Fear not Lucius, somewhat doth the meane:
See Lucius fee, how much she makes of thee:
Some whether would the haue thee goe with her.
Ab boy, Cerialia neuer with more care
Read to her fonnes, then she hath read to thee,
Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Orator:
Canst thou not gesse wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My Lord I know not I, nor can I gesse,

Vnffe some fit or frenzie do poifffe her:
For I have heard my Grandfier say full oft,
Extreme of griefes would make men mad.
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy,
Ran mad through forrow, that made me to feare,
Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,
Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,
And would not but in fury frit my youth,
Which made me downe to throw my booke, and file
Caffles perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,
And Madam, if my VnCLE Marcus goe,
I will mofst willingly attend your Ladyhip.

Mar. Lucius I will.

Ti. How now Lauinia, Marcus what means this?

Some booke there is that she defires to fee,
Which is it grife of the? Open them boy,
But thou art deeper read and better skild,
Come and take choyfe of all my Library,
And fo beguile thy forrow, till the heauen
Reueale the dam’d contriver of this deed.
What booke?

Why lift he vp her armes in sequence thus?

Mar. I thinke she means that ther was more then one
Confedurate in the faft, I more there was:
Or elfe to heuen he haues them to revenge.

Ti. Lucius what booke is that she tooffeth fo?

Boy. Grandfier ’ts Oulds Metamorphos,

My mother gave me it.

Mar. For loue of her that’s gone,
Perhaps the did it from hearing therift.

Ti. Soft, fo buily the turnes the leaues,
Helpes her, what would she finde? Lauinia shall I read?

This is the tragicke tale of Philomen

And treates of Terus trefon and his rape,
And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.

Mar. See brother fee, note how she quotes the leaues

Ti. Lauinia, wert thou thus furpris’d sweet grife,
Raufhit and wrong’d as Philomena was?

Forc’d in the ruthless, vait, and gloomy woods?

See, fee, I fuch a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)

Patern’d by that the Poet heere desribes,

By nature made for murtherers and for rapes.

Mar. O why should nature build so foule a den,

Vnffe the Gods delight in tragedies?

Ti. Gius signes sweet grife, for here is none but friends
What Romaine Lord it was durft do the deed?
Or funke not Saturnes, as Targuin erits,

That left the Campe to finne in Lucerce bed.

Mar. Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe by me,

Apollo, Pallas, Iove, or Mercury,

Inpire me that I may this treston finde.
My Lord looke heere, looke heere Lauinia.

He writes his Name with his flaffe, and guides it

with feste and mouth.

This fandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canst

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This after me, I have wrote my name, 
Without the helpe of any hand at all. 
Curst be that hart that forsc'ft vs to that shift : 
Write thou good Neece, and heere display at laft, 
What God will have discouered for reuenge, 
Hearne guide thy pen to print thy forrowes plaine, 
That we may know the Traytors and the truth.

See takes the sliaffe in her mouth, and guides it with her 
flumps and writes. 

Tis. Oh doe ye read my Lord what she hath writs ?

Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what, the lustfull sonnes of Tamar.

Performers of this hainous bloody deed? 

Ti. Magni Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audit seclera, tam lentus videt ?

Mar. Oh calme thee, gentle Lord : Although I know

There is enough written vpon this earth,
To stirre a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arme the minds of infants to exclame.

My Lord kneele downe with me! Launia kneele, 
And kneele sweet boy, the Romaine Hectors hope, 
And fware with me, as with the wofull Feere 
And father of that charful broome, 
Lord Ianius Brutus fware for Lucerce rape,
That we will proconfute (by good adulit)
Mortall reuenge vpon these tratoruous Gothes, 
And fee their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tis. Tis fure enough, and you know how.

But if you hunt these Beare-whelpes, then beware 
The Dam will wake, and if the winde you once,
Shee's with the Lyon deeply still in league.
And lulls him whilst the palyeth on her backe, 
And when he sleepeis will she do what she lift,
You are a young huntman Marcus, let it alone:
And come, I will goe get a leafe of brasse, 
And with a Gad of fleeele will write these words, 
And lay it by: the angry Northern winde
Will blow these fands like Sibels leaves abroad,
And wheres your lesson then. Boy what fay you ?

Boy. I fay my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoake of Rome.

Mar. I that's my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngrateful full country done the like.

Boy. And Vnclle fo well, and if I liue,

Tis. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ile fitt thee, and withall, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empreffes sonnes,
Prelents that I intend to fend them both,
Come, come, thou'll do thy maffege, wilt thou not? 

Boy. I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandfire: 

Ti. No boy not fo, ile teach thee another course,
Launia come, Marcus looke to my house,
Lucius and Ile goe braue it at the Court,
I marry will we fir,and weele be waited on. 

Exeunt.

Mar. O heauens! Can you heare a good man gone
And not relent, or not compaign him?

Marcus attend him in his extasie,
That hath more fears of forrow in his heart,
Then foe-men markes vpon his batters shield,
But yet fo luff, that he will not reuenge,
Reuenge the heauens for old Andronius. 

Enter Aron, Chiron and Demetrius at one door and at another
dore young Lucius and another, with a bundle of
weapons, and verses writ vpon them.

Chb. Demetrius heereth the sonne of Lucius, 
He hath some meffage to deliuer vs.

Aron. I some mad meffage from his mad Grandfather.

Boy. My Lords, with all the humblleneffe I may,
I greece your honours from Andronius,
And pray the Rame Gods confound you both.

Dem. Grameicle louely Lucius, what's the newest? 
For villainie's marke with rape. May it pleafe you,
My Grandfire well adul'd hath fent by me,
The goodliest weapons of his adorzie,
To gratifie your honourable youth.

The hope of Rome, for so he bad me say :
And fo I do and with his gifts prefent
Your Lordships, when euer you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leave you both: like bloody villaines. 

Exit Dem. What's heere? a scrolle, & written round about ?

Let's fee.

Integer vitae sejleriqve purus, non egit maury iaculis nec ar-
cus.

Chb. O'tis a verie in Horace, I know it well.
I read it in the Grammer long agoe.

Moore. I luff, a verie in Horace right, you haue it,

Now what a thing is that of a paffe?

Heer's no found left, the old man hath found their guilt,
And fends the weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound beyound their feeling to the quick :
But were our wity EMPrefse well a foot,
She would applaude Andronius conceit.
But let her reft, in her unrest a while.

And now young Lords, wa's tonot a happy farrre
Led vs to Rome strangers, and more then fo;
Captuvs, to be aduanced to this height?
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
To braue the Tribune in his brothers hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to fee fo great a Lord
Bafely infinuate, and lend vs gifts.

Moore. Had he not reafon Lord Demetrius?
Did you not vfe his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thoundand Rame Dames 
At such a bay, by ture to fere our luff.

Chb. A charitable wish, and full of loue.

Moore. Heere lack's but you mother for to fay, Amen.

Chb. And that would the for twenty thoufand more.

Dem. Come, let vs go, and praty to all the Gods

For our beloved mother in her paines.

Moore. Pray to the deuils, the gods haue gien vs ouer.

Flourish.

Dem. Why do the Emperors trumpets flourifh thus?

Chb. Belike for joy the Emperour hath a fonne.

Dem. Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Nurfe with a blacke a Moore child.

Nur. Good morrow Lords:
O tell me, did you fee Aaron the Moore?

Aron. Well, more or leffe, or nere a whit at all,

Heere Aaron is, and what with Aaron now?

Nurfe. Oh gentle Aaron, we are all vndone,
Now helpe, or woe bethide thee euermore.

Aron. Why, what a catterwalling doft thou keeppe ?

What doft thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?

Nurfe. O that which I would hide from heauens eye,
Our Empreffes flame, andlatly Rumes digrace,
She is deliuered Lords, she is deliuered.

Aron To whom ?

Nurfe. I meane she is brought a bed ?

Aron. Wel God gie she her good reft,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:
Sawe thou the child, so we may all be safe.

_Aron._ Then fit we downe and let vs all consult.
My sonne and I will have the winde of you:
Keepe there, now talke at pleasure of your safety.

_Deme._ How many women saw this childe of his?

_Aron._ Why so braue Lords, when we loyne in league
I am a Lambe: but if you braue the _Moore_,
The chafed Bore, the mountainie Lyonelle,
The Ocean swells not so as _Aaron_ rormes:
But fay againe, how many faw the childe?

_Nurfe._ Cornelius, the midwife, and my felle,
And none else but the deliuered Emprefs.

_Aron._ The Empresse, the Midwife, and your felle,
Two may keepe counsell, when the the third's away:
Goe to the Empresse, tell her this I said,
He kills her Weake, weake, lo cries a Pigge prepared to th'ipit.

_Deme._ What mean'ft thou _Aaron_?

Wherefore didn't thou this?

_Aron._ O Lord Sir, 'tis a deed of pollicie
Shall the fume to betray this guilt of our's:
A long tongu'd babling Gooffy! No Lords no:
And now be it knowne to you my full intent.
Not farre, _Aron_ my Country-man,
His wife but yeer night was brought to bed,
His childe is like to her, faire as you are:
Goe packe with him, and glue the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their Childes shall be adaunc'd,
And be receuied for the Emperours heyre,
And subtrubted in the place of mine,
To calme this tempeft whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.
Harke ye Lords, ye fee I haue guen her phyficke,
And you must needs beflow her feruall,
The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:
This done, fee that you take no longer daies
But send the Midwife presently to me.
The Midwife and the Nurfe well made away,
Then let the Ladies tattle what they pleafe.

_Chi._ _Aaron_ I fee thou wilt not tuff the ayre with fe
_Deme._ For this care of _Tamara_, (crets.
_Her felle, and hers are highly bound to thee._

_Exeunt._

_Aron._ Now to the Gothes, as swift as Swallow flies,
There to dipofe this treafure in mine armes,
And secretly to greete the Empreffes friends:
Come on you thick-lipt-flaue, Ile beare you hence,
For it is that you put vs to our thifts:
Ile make you feed on berries, and on rootes,
And feed on curds and whay, and fuckle the Goate,
And cabbin in a Cave, and bring you vp
To be a warriour, and command a Campe.

_Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius_,
_and other gentlemen
_with bones, and Titus beares the arrows with
_Letters on the end of them._

_Tit._ Come _Marcus_, come, kinmen this is the way.
Sir Boy let me fee your Archerie,
Looke yee draw home enough, and 'tis there fraught:
_Terras Afras religius_, be you remembred Marcus.
She's pure, she's frit, firs take you to your tooles,
You Cofens shall goe found the Ocean:
And caft your nets, haply you may find her in the Sea,
Yet ther's as little iutice as at Land:
No _Publius_ and _Sempronius_, you muft doe it,
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

'Tis you must dig with Mattocke, and with Spade, And pierce the inmost Center of the earth: Then when you come to Plutos Region, I pray you deliver him this petition, Tell him it is for Justice, and for Aide, And that it comes from old Andronicus, Shaken with Forrowes in Gratefull Rome. Ah Rome! Well, well, I made thee miserable, What time I threw the peoples suffrages On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me: Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all, And leave you not a man of warre vnsearcht, This wicked Emperor may have shipt her hence, And kinmen then we may goe pipe for Justice. Marcus O'Publius is not this a heauie sake To fee thy Noble Vnkcle thus distract? Publi. Therefore my Lords it highly vs concernes, By day and night t'attend him carefully: And reede his humour kindly as we may, Till time beget some carefull remedie. Marcus Kinmen, his forrowes are past remedie. Ioyne with the Gothes, and with revolvingall warre, Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude, And vengeance on the Traytor Saturnine. Tit. Publius how now? how now my Maisters? What haue you met with her? Publi. No my good Lord, but Pluto sends you word, If you will haue reuenge from hell you shall, Marrie for Justice he is so impol'd, He thinkes with loue in heauen, or some where else: So that perforce you must needs flay a time. Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays, He diue into the burning Lake below, And pull out her of Acaron by the heales. Marcus we are but shrubs, no Cedars we, No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops fize, But mettall Marcus, s Steele to the very backe, Yet wrung with wrongs more then our bace can beare: And fith there's no Justice in earth nor hell, We will follicte heauen, and moue the Gods. To send downe Justice for to wreake our wrongs: Come to this geare, you are a good Archer Marcus. He gies them the Arrows. Ad Ioan, that's for you: here ad Appollem, Ad Martem, that's for my selfe, Heere Boy to Pallas, here to Mercurie, To Saturnine, to Caius, not to Saturnine, You were as good to shoote against the winde. Too it Boy, Marcus lofe when I bid: Of my word, I have written to effect, Their's not a God left vnfollicited. Marcus Kinmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court, We will affliet the Emperor in his pride. Tit. Now Maisters draw, oh well said Lucius: Good Boy in Virgoes lap, give it Pallas. Marcus. My Lord, I aime a Mile beyond the Moone, Your letter is with Iupiter by this. Tit. Ha, ha, Publius, Publius, what hast thou done? See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus hornes. Marcus. This was the sport my Lord, when Publius shot, The Bull being gal'd, gave Aries such a knocke, That downe fell both the Rams horns in the Court, And who should finde them but the Empresse villaines: She laughd, and told the Moore he should not chooese But give them to his Maister for a present. Tit. Why there it goes, God give your Lordship ioie. Enter the Clowne with a basket and two Pigeons in it. Titus. News, news, from heauen, Marcus the poat is come. Sirrah, what tidings? haue you any letters? Shall I haue Justice, what sayes Iupiter? Clowne. Ho the Bibetmaker, he sayes that he hath taken them downe againe, for the man must not be hang'd till the next weeke. Tit. But what sayes Iupiter I ask thee? Clowne. Alas sir, I know not Iupiter: I never dranke with him in all my life. Tit. Why villain art not thou the Carrier? Clowne. I of my Pigeons sir, nothing else. Tit. Why, did it thou not come from heauen? Clowne. From heauen, alas sir, I never came there, God forbid I should be so bold, to preffe to heauen in my young dayes. Why I am going with my pigeons to the Tribunall Plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle, betwixt my Vnce, and one of the Empeirals men. Marcus. Why sir, that is as fit as can be ferue for your Oration, and let him deliver the Pigeons to the Empeiror from you. Tit. Tell mee, can you deliver an Oration to the Empeiror with a Grace? Clowne. Nay truely sir, I could never say grace in all my life. Tit. Sirrah come hither, make no more ado, But yee your Pigeons to the Empeiror, By me thou shalt have Justice at his hands. Hold, hold, meane while her's money for thy charges. Glue me pen and inke. Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliver a Supplication? Clown. Sir. Titus. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneele, then kisse his boote, then deliver vp your Pigeons, and then looke for your reward. Ie be at hand sir, fee you do it brauely. Clowne. I warrant you sir, let me alone. Tit. Sirrh haue thou a knife? Come let me see it. Heere Marcus, fold it in the Oration, For thou haft made it like an humble Suppliant: And when thou haft gien it the Empeiror, Knocke at my dore, and tell me what he sayes. Clowne. God be with you sir, I will. Exit. Tit. Come Marcus let vs goe, Publius follow me. Exeunt. Enter Empeiror and Empresse, and her two sons; the Empeiror brings the Arrows in his hand. that Titus shot at him. Satur. Why Lords, What wrongs are these? was euer seene An Empeiror in Rome thus ouerborne, Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the extent Of egall Justice, vs'd in such contempt? My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods, (how euer these disturbers of our peace Buzz in the peoples eares) then ought hath past, But euen with law against the willfull Sonses Of old Andro nicus. And what should it His Forrowes haue to overwhelm'd his wits, Shall we be thus afflickted in his weeds, His fits, his frenzie, and his bitterness? And now he writes to heauen for his redresse. See, heeres to Ioue, and this to Mercurie.
This to Apollo, this to the God of warre:
Sweet favours to flice about the streets of Rome:
What's this but Libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our Injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?
As who should say, in Rome no Injustice were.
But if I live, his fained exaties
Shall be no shelter to thofe outrage:
But he and his fhall know, that Injustice lives
In Saturninus health; ywhom if he fpeepe,
Hee'll fo awake, as he in fury fhall
Cut off the proud'ft Conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious Lord, my lovelye Saturnine,
Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,
Calme thee, and bear the faults of Titus age,
Th'effect of sorrow for his valiant Sonnes,
Whofe loffe hath p'ft'h him deeppe, and fcar'd his heart;
And rather comfort his diffretted plight,
Then profece the meaneft or the fleft.
For thofe contemptes. Why thus it fhall become
High witted Tamora to glowe with all:
But Titus, I have taught thee to the quicke,
Thy life blood out: If Aaron now be wife,
Then is all safe, the Anchor's in the Port.

Enter Clowne.

How now good fellow, would'th thou speake with vs?
Clow. Yea forfooth, and your Mifterhip be Emperorial.
Tam. EmprefTe I am, but yonder fits the Emperor.
Clow. 'Tis he; God & Saint Stephen give you good den;
I haue brought you a Letter, & a couple of Pigion's heere.
He reads the Letter.

Satur. Goe take him away, and hang him prefently.
Clowne. How much money muft I haue?
Tam. Come firrah you muft be hang'd.
Clow. Hang'd? ber Lady, then I haue brought vp a neck
to a faire end.

Satur. Depightfull and intollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monftrous villany?
I know from whence this fame deufe procedes:
May this be borne? As if his traitorous Sonnes,
That dy'd by law for murther of our Brother,
Haue by my meanes beene butcher'd wrongfully?
Goe dragge the villaine hither by the hairre,
Nor Age, nor Honour, shall faire priulidge:
For this proud mocke, Ile be thy fraughter man:
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'ft to make me great,
In hope thy felle should gooerne Rome and me.

Enter Nuntius Emilius.

Satur. What newes with thee Emilius?
Emil. Arme my Lord, Rome never had more caufe,
The Gothes haue gather'd head, and with a power
Of high refolued men, bent to the fpoyle
They hither march amaine, vnder conduct
Of Lucius, Sonne to old Andronicus:
Who threats in courfe of this reuenge to do
As much as euer Cortolanius did.

King. Is warlike Lucius Generall of the Gothes?
These tydings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with froit, or graffe beat downe with fторmes:
I, now begin our fourowes to approach,
'Tis he the common people loue fo much,
My felle hath ofte enoch feeld them fay,
(When I have walked like a private man)
That Lucius banifhement was wrongfully,
And they have wift that Lucius were their Emperor.

Tam. Why should you feare? Is not our City strong?

King. I, but the Citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts Imperious like thy name.
Is the Sunne dim'd, that Gnaus do fkie in it?
The Eagle affures little Birds to finge,
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleafure flint their melodie.
Even fo mayeft thou, the giddy men of Rome,
Then cheare thy spirit, for know thou Emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more fweet, and yet more dangerous
Then baifes to fifh, or hony flabkes to fpeepe,
When as the one is wounded with the baite,
The other rotted with delicious foode.

King. But he will not entreat his Sonne for vs.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will,
For I can smooth and fill his aged eare,
With golden promifles, that were his heart
Almoft impregnable, his old eares deafe,
Yet fhould both eare and heart obey my tongue.
Goe thou before to our Embaffadour,
Say, that the Emperor requests a parly
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

King. Emilius do this meffeage Honourably,
And if he fland in Hofgate for his fafety,
Bid him demand what pledge will pleafe him beft.

Emili. Your bidding fhall I do effectually.

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the Art I haue,
To plucke proud Lucius from the warlike Gothes.
And now fweet Emperor be blithe againe,
And bury all thy feare in my defuies.

Satur. Then goe fucceffantly and plead for him.

Actus Quintus.

Flouris. Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes,
with Drum and Souldiers.

Luc. Approved warriours, and my faithfull Friends,
I haue receiv'd Letters from great Rome,
Which signifie what hate they bear their Emperor,
And how defirous of our fight they are.
Therefore great Lords, be as your Titles witneffe,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any feathe,
Let him make treble fatisfacon.

Goth. Brave flipe, fprung from the Great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits, and honourable Deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt:
Behold in vs, weele follow where thou lead'ft,
Like hinging Bees in hotteft Sommers day,
Led by their Maifer to the flowerd fields,
And be aueng'd on curfed Tamora:
And as he fayth, fo fay we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thanke him, and I thanke you all.
But who comes heere, led by a luyft Goth?

Enter a Goth leading of Aaron with bis child
in bis armes.

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I fрайd,
To gaze upon a ruinous Monafterie,

And
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye
Upon the wafted building, sudainely
I heard a child cry vnderneath a wall:
I made vnto the noyse, when loone I heard,
The crying babe control’d with this discourse:
Peace Tawny faue, halfe me, and halfe thy Dam,
Did not thy Hue bewray whole brat thou art?
Had nature set thee, but thy Mothers looke,
Villaine thou mightst haue bene an Emperour,
But where the Bull and Cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a cole-blacke-Calf:
Peace, villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,
For I muft beare thee to a truthy Goth,
Who when he knowes thou art the Empresse babe,
Will hold thee dearely for thy Mothers fake,
With this, my weapon drawne I ruft my vp him,
Surpriz’d him sudainely, and brought him hither
To vfe, as you think neecedfull of the man.

Luci.  Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate deuill,
That rob’d Andronicus of his good hand:
This is the Pearl that plea’d your Empresse eye,
And beare’s the Baue Fruit of his burning luft.
Say wall-e’y’d faue, whether’st thou convay
This growing Image of thy fiend-like face?
Why doft not speake? what deafe? Not a word?
A halter Souldiers, hang him on this Tree,
And by his fide his Fruite of Bastardie.

Aron. Touch not the Boy, he is of Royall blood.
Luci. Too like the Syre for euer being good.
First hang the Child that he may fee it fprall,
A fight to vexe the Fathers foule withall.

Aron. Get me a Ladder Luciua, faue the Childe,
And beare it from me to the Empresse:
If thou do this, Ile thow thee wondrous things,
That highely may advantage thee to heare;
If thou wilt not, befal what may befal,
Ile speake no more: but vengeance rot you all.

Luci. Say on, and if it pleafe me which thou speake’st,
Thy child shall live, and I will fee it Nourifht.

Aron. And if it pleafe thee? why affure thee Lucius,
’Twill vexe thy foule to heare what I shall speake:
For I muft talke of Murthers, Rapes, and Maftiacres,
Acts of Blace-night, abominable Deeds,
Complots of Milchife, Treafton, Villanies
Ruthfull to heare, yet pitiffouly preform’d,
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Vnleffe thou speare to me my Childe shall live.

Luci. Tell on thy minde,
I say thy Childe shall live.

Luci. Sware that he shall, and then I will begin,
Thou beleueth not God,
That gранted, how can’t thou beleue an oath?
Aron. What if I do not, as indeed I do not,
Yet for I know thou art Religious,
And haft a thing within thee, called Conscience,
With twenty Popish trickes and Ceremonies,
Which I have see frome carefull to obserue:
Therefore I vrg thy oath, for that I know
An Idoet holds his Bauble for a God,
And kepeth his bauble by which by that God he sweares,
To that Ile vrg him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God so erie be it
That thou adoreft, and haft in reuerence,
To faue my Boy, to nourifh and bring him vp,
Ore else I will difcouer nought to thee.

Luci. Euen by my God I sware to to thee I will,
Aron. Frit know thou,
I beget him on the Empresse.

Luci. Oh moft Infatiate luxurious woman!

Aron. Tut Lucius, this was but a deed of Charite,
Toothat which thou haile heare of me anon,
’Twas her two Sonnehs that the Baffianus,
They cut thry Sifers tongue, and rauifh’d her,
And cut her hands off, and trim’d her as thou law’ft.

Luci. Oh detestable villaine!

Call’t thou that Trimming?

Aron. Why she was wafted, and cut, and trim’d,
And ’twas trim’d fport for them that had the doing of it.

Luci. Oh barbarous beaftly villaines like thy felfe!

Aron. Indeede, I was their Tutor to instruct them,
That Codding spirit had they from their Mother,
As fure a Card as euer wonne the Set.
That bloody minde I thinkke they learn’d of me,
As true a Dog as euer fought at head.
Well, let my Deeds be witnesse of my worth:
I trau’n thy Brethren to that guelffall hole,
Where the dead Corps of Baffianus lay:
I wrote the Letter, that thy Father found,
And hid the Gold within the Letter mention’d.
Confedera with the Queene, and her two Sonnes,
And what not done, that thou haue caufe to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of Milchifte in it.

I play’d the Cheater for thy Fathers hand,
And when I had it, drew my fele apart,
And almoft broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pried me through the Creucie of a Wall,
When for his hand, he had his two Sonnes heads,
Beheld his teares, and laughe’d fo hartely,
That both mine eyes were raine like to his:
And when I told the Empresse of this fport,
She founded almoft at my pleafing tale,
And for my tydings, gave me twenty kifles.

God. What canst thou say all this, and never blushe?

Aron. I, like a backe Dogge, as the faying is.

Luci. Art thou not forry for thefe hainous deeds?

Aron. I, that I had not done a thoufand more:
Euen now I curfe the day, and yet I thinke
Fewe come within fewe compaff of my curfe,
Wherein I did not fome Notorious ill,
As kill a man, or elle defufe his death,
Rauifh a Maid, or plot the way to do it,
Accufe fome Innocent, and forfware my felfe,
And what not, that thoy might haue the paffing,
Make poore mens Cartell breake their neckes,
Set fire on Barnes and Haylackes in the night,
And bid the Owners quench them with the teares:
Oft haue I dig’d vp dead men from their graues,
And fet them upright at their deere Friends doore,
Euen when their forrowes almoft was forget,
And on their kinnes, as on the Barke of Trees,
Haue with my knife carued in Romaine Letters,
Let not your forrow die, though I am dead,
Tut, I have done a thoufand dreadfull things
As willingly, as one would kill a Fly,
And nothing greesse me hartily indeede,
But that I cannot doe ten thoufand more.

Luci. Bring downe the diuell, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging prefently.

Aron. If there be diuels, would I were a diuell,
To liue and burne in everlafting fire,
So I might haue your company in hell,

But
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

Luci. Sirs stop his mouth, & let him speake no more.

Enter Emilius.

Goth. My Lord, there is a Messenger from Rome
Defires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come neere.

Welcome Emilius, what the newes from Rome ?

Emi. Lord Luciu, and you Princes of the Gothes,
The Romaine Emperour greets you all by me,
And for he vnderstandes you are in Armes,
He caues a parly at your Fathers house.

Welcome to demand your Hoffages,
And they shall be immediately delvered.

Goth. What faves our General ?

Luc. Emilius, let the Emperour glue his pledges
Vnto my Father, and my Uncle Marcus, 
Flourish.

And we will come : march away.

Enter Tamora, and her two Sons disguised.

Tam. Thus in this strange and sad Habilliament,
I will encounter with Andronicus.

And say, I am Revenge sent from Aelow,
To be with him and right his hainous wrongs:
Knocke at his fudy where they fay he keepes,
To ruminate strange plots of dire Revenge,
Tell him Revenge is come to be with him,
And worke confusion on his Enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his fudy door.

Tit. Who doth molle my Contemplation?

Is it your tricke to make me ope the drear,
That fo my fad decrees may fife away,
And all my fuidy be to no effect?

You are deceiu'd, for what I meane to do,
See heere in bloody lines I have fet done:

And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talke with thee,

Tit. No a word : how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to give it action,
Thou haft the ods of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'ft know me,
Thou would'ft talke with me.

Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enow,
Witnesse this wretched flump,
Witnesse theif crimson lines,
Witnesse theif Trenches made by griefe and care,
Witnesse theif daying, and heauie night,
Witnesse all sorrow, that I know thee well.

For our proud Emprefle, Mighty Tamora :
Is not thy comming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou fad man, I am not Tamora,
She is thy Enemy, and I thy Friend,
I am Revenge sent from th' infernal Kingdom,
To eafe the gnawing Vulture of the mind,
By working weakefull vengeance on my Foes : 
Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
Confere with me of Murder and of Death,
Ther's not a hollow Cause or lurking place,
No Vaft obscurny, or Mifly vale,
Where bloody Murther or deteiled Rape,
Can couche for fear, but I will finde them out,
And in their ears tell them my dreadfull name,
Revenge, which makes the foule offenders quafe.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou bent to me,
To be a torment to mine Enemies?

Tam. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.

Tit. Doe me some seruice ere I come to thee :
Looe bythy fide where Rape and Murder stands,
Now give some furance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or teare them on thy Chariot wheeles,
And then Ile come and be thy Waggoner,
And whirle along with thee about the Globes.

Prouide thee two proper Falfries, as blanke as let,
To hale thy veryfull Waggon swift away,
And finde out Murder in their guilty cares.

And when thy Car is laden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the Waggon wheele,
Trot like a Seruile footeman all day long, 
Even from Eptons rising in the East,

Vntill his very downesfall in the Sea.

And day by day Ile do this heauy task,

So thou destroy Rape and Murder there.

Tam. There are my Minifters, and come with me.

Tit. Are them thy Minifters, what are they call'd ?

Tam. Rape and Murder, therefore called So,

Cause they take vengeance of fuch kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord how like the Empreffes Sons they are,
And you the Empreff : But we worldly men,
Have miserable mad mishaking eyes.

Oh sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,

And if one armes imbracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee in it by and by.

Tam. This cloing with him, fits his Lunacie,

What ere I forge to feeke his braine-ficke fits,
Do you vphold, and maintaine in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge,

And being Credulous in this mad thought,
Ile make him fend for Lucius his Sonne,

And whil'lt I a Banquet hold him fure,
Ile find some cunning prafifie out of hand
To flatter and defperfe the giddle Gothes,
Or at the leafe make them his Enemies :

See heere he comes, and I must play my theame.

Tit. Long haue I bene forborne, and all for thee,

Welcome dread Fury to my woefull house,
Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too,

How like the Empreff and her Sonnes you are,

Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore,

Could not all hell afford you fuch a deuil?

For well I wote the Empreff neuer wags;

But in her company there is a Moore,
And would you repreffent our Queene aright
It were contenuent you had fuch a deuil :

But welcome as you are, what shall we doe ?

Tam. What would'ft thou haue vs doe Andronicus ?

Dem. Shew me a Murtherer, Ile deale with him.

Chu. Shew me a Villain that hath done a Rape,

And I am fent to be reueng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thoundand that have done thee wrong,
And Ile be reuenged on them all.

Tit. Looke round about the wicked streets of Rome,

And when thou fin'd it a man that's like thy felfe,

Good Murder flab him, hee's a Murtherer.

Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To finde another that is like to thee,

Good Rapine flab him, he is a Rapiner.

Go thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,

There is a Queene attended by a Moore,

Well maift thou know her by thy owne proportion,

For vp and downe the doth reemble thee.

I pray thee doe on them fome violent death,

They have bene violent to me and mine.
Tam. Well haft thou lefson'd vs, this shall we do. But would it please thee good Andronicus, To fend for Lucius thy thriche Valiant Sonne, Who leads towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothes, And bid him come and Banquet at thy house. When he is here, even at thy Solemnne Feast, I will bring in the Emprefs and her Sonnes, The Empreuer himfelfe, and all thy Foes, And at thy mercy shall they floop, and kneele, And on them fhall thou eafe, thy angry heart: What fakes Andronicus to this deulfe? 

Enter Marcus.

Tit. Marcus my Brother, 'tis sad Titus calls, Go gentle Marcus to thy Nephew Lucius, Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothes, Bid him repair to me, and bring with him Some of the chiefest Princes of the Gothes, Bid him encampe his Souldiers where they are, Tell him the Emperour, and the Emprefs too, Feasts at my house, and he shall Feast with them, This do thou for my love, and do let him, As he regards his aged Fathers love: 

Mar. This will I do, and where returne againe. 

Tam. Now will I hence about thy businesfe, And take my Minifters along with me. 

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder play with me, Or els Ile call my Brother backe againe, And clreau to no reuenge but Lucius. 

Tam. What say you Boyes, will you bide with him, Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour, How I have gouern'd our determined left? Yeeld to his Humour, smooth and speake him faire, And tarry with him till I turne againe. 

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad, And will ore-reach them in their owne deuifes, A payre of cursed hell-bounds and their Dam. 

Dem. Madam depart at pleafure, leave vs here. 

Tam. Farewell Andronicus, reuenge now goes 

To lay a compot to betray thy Foes. 

Tit. I know thou doo'st, and sweet reuenge farewell. 

Chi. Tell vs old man, how fhall we be imploy'd? 

Tit. Tut, I have worke enough for you to doe, 

Publius come hither, Caius, and Valentine. 

Pub. What is your will? 

Tit. Know you thefe two? 

Pub. The Empreffe Sonnes I take them, Chiron, Demetrius. 

Titus. Fie Publius, fie, thou art too much decke'd, the one is Murder, Rape is the others name, And therefore bind them gentle Publius, Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them, Oft haue you heard me with for such an houser, And now I find it, therefore bind them sure, 

Chi. Villaines forbeare, we are the Empreffe Sonnes. 

Pub. And therefore do we, what we are commanded. Stop clofe their mouthes, let them not speake a word, Is he fure bound, looke that you binde them fait. 

Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lauinia with a Bafon. 

Tit. Come, come Lauinia, looke, thy Foes are bound, Sirs flop their mouthes, let them not speake to me, But let them heare what carefull words I ytter.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

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Hath ordained to an Honourable end,
For Peace, for Loxenfor, for League, and good to Rome:
Please you therefor draw,nice and take your places.
Satur. Marcus will, Hobbes.
A table brought in.
Enter Titus like a Cook, placing the meat on the table, and Launia with a Katie under her face.

Titus. Welcome my gracious Lord,
Welcome Dread Queene,
Welcome ye Warlike Gothes, welcome Lucius,
And welcome all: although the cheere be poore,
'Twill fill your stomacks, please you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attire'd Andronicus?
Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your Highness, and your Empresse.
Tam. We are beholding to you good Andronicus?
Tit. And if your Highness knew my heart, you were:
My Lord the Emperour resolue me this,
Was it well done of rath Virginian,
To flay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enfor't, stain'd, and deflow'd?
Satur. It was Andronicus,
Tit. Your reason,Mighty Lord?
Sat. Because the Gentiel, should not furuine her shame,
And by her presence still renew his forrowes.
Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectuall,
A pattern, preffident, and liuely warrant,
For me (moff wretched) to performe the like:
Die, die, Launia, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame, thy Fathers forrow die.

If kidneys.

Sat. What haif done, vnnaturall and vnkinde?
Tit. Kill'd her for whom my teares have made me blind.
I am as wofull as Virginian was,
And have a thousand times more caufe then he.
Sat. What was the rauifh? tell who did the deed,
Tit. Wilt please you eat,
Wilt please your Highness feed?
Tam. Why haft thou flaine thine only Daughter?
Titus. Not I, 'twas Chiron and Demetrius,
They raufht her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.
Sat. Why there they are both, baked in that Pie,
Whereof their Mother daintly hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'tis true, 'tis true, witnesse my kniues sharpe point.
He slays the Empresse.

Satur. Die frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.
Luc. Can the Sonnes eye, behold his Father bleed?
There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deed.
Mar. You fad fac'd men, people and Sonnes of Rome,
By vprores feu't d like a flight of Fowle,
Scattered by windes and high tempestuous gusts:
Oh let me teach you how, to knit again
This caftted Corn, into one mutual sheafe,
These broken limbs againe into one body.
Goth. Let Rome herfelfe be bane vnto herfelfe,
And she whom mightie kingdome curfew too,
Like a forlorne and desperat caftaway,
Doe shamefull execution on her felfe.
But if my frolic signes and chaps of age,
Graue witnesse of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speake Romes deere friend, as' erfit our Aunclefor,
When with his solenne tongue he did discourse
To lone-ficke Didoes fad attending eares,
The glory of that basefull burning night,
When subtille Greekes surpize'd King Priamus Troy:
Tell vs what bynum hath bewicht our cares,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That givs our Troy, our Rome the cruel wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor fleche,
Nor can I vter all our bitter griefe,
But floods of teares will drowne my Oration,
And break my very vttrance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me moft,
Lending your kind hand Commiseration,
Here is a Captaine, let him tell the tale,
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speake.
Luc. This Noble Auditory, be it knowne to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdred our Emperours Brother,
And they it were that rauifh'd our Sifer,
For their fell faults our Brothers were beheaded,
Our Fathers teares defpif'd, and bafe confus'd,
Of that true hand that fought Romans quarrell out,
And sent her enemies vnto the graue.
Lately, my selfe vnkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg reliefe among Romes Enemies,
Who drownd'd their emnity in my true teares,
And op'd their armes to imbrace me as a Friend:
And I am turned forth, be it knowne to you,
That have preferu'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her bofome took this true Enemies point,
Sheathing the fleche in my aduentorous body.

Alas you know, I am no Vaunter I,
My scars can witnesse, dumbe although they are,
That my report is soft and full of truth:
But soft, me thinkes I do digresse too much,
Cying my worthlesse praise: Oh pardon me,
For when no Friends are by, men prate themselues,
Marc. Now is my turne to speake: Behold this Child,
Of this was Tamora deliuere'd,
The issue of an Irreligious Moore,
Chief Architect and plotter of these woes,
The Villaine is alive in Titus house,
And as he is, to witnesse this true Enemies point,
Now judge what course had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, vnspokeable pat patience,
Or more then any living man could beare,
Now you have heard the truth, what say you Romaines?
Have we done ought amiss? shew us wherein,
And from the place where you behold vs now,
The poore remainder of Andronicus,
Will hand in hand all headlong caft vs downe,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutuall clofure of our house:
Speake Romaines speake, and if you say we shall,
Loe hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.
Emil. Come come, thou reuerent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour for all I know,
The common voyce do cry it shall be so.
Marc. Lucius, all hail Romes Royall Emperour,
Goe, goe into old Titus forrowfull house,
And hither hale that misbelieuing Moore,
To be adiug'd dome direfull slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
Lucius all hail to Romes gracious Gouernour.

Lucius

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The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Luc. Thankes gentle Romanes, may I gowerne so,
To heale Romes harms, and wipe away her woe.
But gentle people, give me ayme a-while,
For Nature puts me to a heaue taske:
Stand all aloofe, but Vnckle drawe you neere,
To shed obsequious teares vpon this Trunke:
Oh take this warme kiffe on thy pale cold lips,
These forrowfull drops vpon thy bloud-flaine face,
The lafte true Duties of thy Noble Sonne.

Mar. Teare for teare, and louing kiffe for kiffe,
Thy Brother Marcus tenders on thy Lips:
O were the summe of these that I should pay
Countleffe, and infinit, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither Boy, come, come, and learne of vs
To melt in howres: thy Grandfire lou’d thee well:
Many a time he danc’d thee on his knee:
Sung thee asleepe, his Louing Breft, thy Pillow:
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Mette, and agreeing with thine Infancie:
In that respect then, like a louing Childe,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender Spring,
Because kinde Nature doth require it so:
Friends, should affociate Friends, in Greefe and Wo.
Bid him farwell, commit him to the Graue,
Do him that kindnesse, and take leaue of him.

Boy. O Grandfire, Grandfire: even with all my heart
Would I were Dead, so you did Lieu againe,
O Lord, I cannot speake to him for weeping,
My teares will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Romans. You had Andronic, have done with woes,
Glue sentence on this execrable Wretch,
That hath beene breeder of these dire euents.

Luc. Set him breft deepe in earth, and famish him:
There let him fland, and raue, and cry for foode:
If any one releues, or pitties him,
For the offence, he dye. This is our doome:
Some flye, to see him faftned in the earth.

Aaron. O why should wrath be mute, & Fury dumbe?
I am no Baby I, that with base Prayers
I should repent the Euils I have done.
Ten thousand worfe, then ever yet I did,
Would I performe if I might haue my will:
If one good Deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very Soule.

Lucius. Some louing Friends conuey the Emp.hence,
And give him buriall in his Fathers graue,
My Father, and Lauinia, shall forthwith
Be cloed in our Houholds Monument:
As for that heynous Tyger Tamora,
No Funerall Rite, nor man in mournfull Weeds:
No mournfull Bell shall ring her Buriall:
But throw her soure to Beasts and Birds of prey:
Her life was Beasts-like, and devoud of pitty,
And being fo, shall have like want of pitty.
See Iustice done on Aaron that damn’d Moore,
From whom, our heaue happes had their beginning:
Then afterwards, to Order well the State,
That like Euent, may ne’re it Ruinate.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.
Enter Sampfon and Gregory, with Swords and Bucklers, of the House of Capulet.

Sampfon.

Regory: A my word wee'lt not carry coales.
Greg: Nor, for then we should be Colliers.
Samp. I mean, if wee be in choller, we'll draw.
Greg. I, While you live, draw your necke out o' th Collar.
Samp. I strike quickly, being mou'd.
Greg. But thou art not quickly mou'd to strike.
Samp. A dogge of the house of Montague, moues me.
Greg. To moue, is to stir: and to be valiant, is to stand.
Therefore, if thou art mou'd, thou runst away.
Samp. A dogge of that house shall moue me to stand.
I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of Montagues.
Greg. That shewes thee a weake slau'e, for the wea-
gest goes to the wall.
Samp. True, and therefore women being the weaker Vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague men from the wall, and thrust his Maides to
the wall.
Greg. The quarrel is betwene our Maisters, and vs.
Samp. 'Tis all one, I will shew my selfe a tyrant: when
I have fought with the men, I will bee ciuill with the
Maids, and cut off their heads.
Greg. The heads of the Maids?
Samp.1, the heads of the Maids, or their Maiden-heads,
Take it in what fence thou wilt.
Greg. They must take it fence, that feele it.
Samp. Me they shall feele while I am able to stand:
And 'tis knowne I am a pretty peece of Reh.
Greg. 'Tis well thou art not Flish: If thou hadst, thou
hadst beene poore John. Draw thy Toole, here comes of
the Houfe of the Montagues.
Enter two other Scouringmen.
Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.
Sam. Fear me not.
Gre. No marrow: I feare thee.
Sam. Let vs take the Law of our sides: let them begin.
Gr. I will frown as I passe by, & let he take it as they lift
Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my Thumb at them,
which is a disgrace to them, if they beare it.
Gre. Do you bite your Thumbe at vs fir?
Sam. I do bite my Thumbe, fir.
Gre. Do you bite your Thumbe at vs, fir?
Sam. Is the Law of our side, if I say I?
Gre. No.
Sam. No fir, I do not bite my Thumbe at you fir: but
I bite my Thumbe fir.
Greg. Do you quarrell fir?
Abra. Quarrell fir? no fir.
Sam. If you do fir, I am for you, I ferue as good a man
Greg. Say better: there comes one of my masters kinsmen.
Samp. Yes, better.
Abra. You Lye.
Samp. Draw if you be men. Gregory, remember thy
washing blow.
They Fight.
Ben. Part Foole, put vp your Swords, you know not
what you do.
Enter Tibalt.
Tyb. What art thou drawne, among these heartleffe
Hindes? Turne thee Benovio, looke upn thy death.
Ben. I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy Sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.
Tyb. What draw, and talke of peace? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Haue at thee Coward.
Fights.
Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs.
Off. Clubs, Bils, and Partitions, strike, beat them down
Downe with the Capuletts, downe with the Montagues.
Enter old Capulet in his Gowne, and his wife.
Cap. What noife is this? Glue me my long Sword ho.
Wife. A crutch, a crutch: why call you for a Sword?
Cap. My Sword I say; Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his Blade in fiptight of me.
Enter old Montague, & his wife.
Mont. Thou villaine Capulet. Hold me not, let me go.
Wife. Thou shalt not fir a foote to seeke a Foe.
Enter Prince & Squale, with his Traine.
Prince. Rebellious Subiects, Enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this Neighbor-staine Steele,
Will they not heare? What hooe, you Men, you Beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious Rage,
With purple Fountaines ifling from your Veines:
On paine of Torture, from thofe bloody hands
Throw your mis temper'd Weapons to the ground,
And heare the Sentence of your moued Prince.
Three cuill Broyles, bred of an Ayery word,
By thee old Capulet and Montague,
Have three disurb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient Citizens
Caf by their Graue befeeming Ornaments,
To wield old Partizans, in hands as old,

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Cankred
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate, If euer you disturbe our streets againe, Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace. For this time all the rest depart away: You Capulet shall goe along with me, And Mountague come you this afternoone, To know our Fathers pleasure in this cafe: To old Free-towne, our common judgement place: Once more on paine of death, all men depart. Exeunt.

Moun. Who let this auncient quarrell new abroach? Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began? Ben. Heere were the servants of your aduersarie, And yours close fighting ere I did approach, I drew to part them, in the infant came The fiery Tribes, with his fword prepar'd, Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares, He fwoon about his head, and cut the windes, Who nothing hurt withall, hit him in fcorne. While we were enterchanging thrfts and blowes, Came more and more, and fought on part and part, Till the Prince came, who parted either part. Wife. O where is Romeo, lau you him to day? Right glad am I, he was not at this fray. Ben. Madam, an hour before the worhipht Sun Peer'd forth the golden window of the East, A troubled mind, that changeable fouthward, Where underneathe the groue of Sycamour, That Well-ward rooteth from this City side: So earely walking did I fee your Sonne: Towards him I made, but he was ware of me, And stole into the couer of the wood, Measuring his affections by my owne, Which then most fought, wher most might not be found: Be one too many by my weary felfe, Purfued my Honour, not purfuing his And gladly fhunnd, who gladly fled from me. Moun. Many a morning hath he there beene fenee, With teares augmenting the fresh mornings dew, Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deep eies, But all fo clofe, and without all fpace, Should in the farthest East begin to draw The fadie Curtaines from Aurora bed, Away from light fteales home my heavy Sonne, And priuate in his Chamber pennes himfelfe, Shuts vp his windows, lockes fairo day-light out, And makes himfelfe an artificiall night: Blanke and portendous muff this humour proue, Vnleffe good counfel may the caufe remove.

Ben. My Noble Vnclc doo you know the caufe? Moun. I neither know it, nor can learn of him. Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means? Moun. Both by my felfe and many others Friends, But he his owne affections counselleth, Is to himfelfe (I will not fay howe) But to himfelfe fo secret and fo clofe, So farr from founding and discouery, As is the bud bit with an enuious worme, Ere he can fpread his sweete leaves to the ayre, Or dedicate his beauty to the fame, Could we but learne from whence his forrowes grow, We would as willingly give cure, as know. Enter Romeo.

Ben. Good morrow Cousin. Rom. Is the day fo young? Ben. But new strooke nine. Rom. Aye me, fad hours seems long: Was that my Father that went henceto falt? Ben. It was: what fadnes lengths Romeos hours? Re. Not hanging that, which hauing, makes them short Ben. In love. Romeo. Out. Ben. Of love. Rom. Out of her favour where I am in love. Ben. Alas that love to gentle in his view, Should be fo tyrannous and rough in proofe. Rom. Alas that love, whose view is muffed still, Should without eyes, fee path-ways to his will: Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was heere? Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all: Heere's much to do with hate, but more with loue: Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate, O any thing, of nothing firft creath: O heaeue lightneffe, ferious vanity, Mifhapen Chaos of walffeing formes, Feather of lead, bright fmoake, cold fire, fickes health, Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is: This loue feele f, that feele no loue in this. Doeft thou not laugh? Ben. No Coze, I rather weepo. Rom. Good heart, at what? Ben. At thy good hearts oppofition. Griefes of mine owne litel heaue in my brift, Which thou wilt propagate to haue it preat With more of thine, this loue that thou haft showne, Both adde more griefe, to too much of mine owne. Loue, is a fmoake made with the fume of fighes, Being purg'd, a fire fparkling in Louers eyes, Being vext, a Sea nourfith with louing teares, With what is elfe? a madneffe, moft difcret, A choking gait, and a preferuing fweet: Farewell my Coze. Ben. Soft I will goe along. And if you leaue me fo, you do me wrong. Rom. Tut I have loft my felfe, I am not here, This is not Rome, hee's fome other where. Ben. Tell me in fadneffe, who is that you loue? Rom. What shall I grone and tell thee? Ben. Grone, why no: but sadly tell me who. Ry. A ficke man in fadneffe makes his will: A word ill vrge'd to one that is fo ill: In fadneffe Cozin, I do loue a woman. Ben. I aym'd fo near, when I fappof'd you lou'd. Rom. A right good marke man, and thee's fairo I loue. Ben. A right fairo marke, sire Coze, is fonned hit. Rom. Well in that hit you miselle, heel not be hit With Cupids arrow, the hath Diana wit: And in frong prooue of chaftity well arm'd: From loues weake childifh Bow, the liues vnchard'm. Shee will not fay the fiece of loueing tearmes, Nor bid th'incounter of affailing eyes. Nor open her lap to Saint's-seduucing Gold: O she is rich in beautie, onely poor, That when she dies, with beautie dies her flore. Ben. Then she hath worned, that she will fill ilue chaft? Rom. She hath, and in that fparing make huge wait? For beauty feru'd with her feuerity, Cuts beauty off from all potteritie.
She is too faire, too wifew: fely too faire,
To merit bliffe by making me dispaire:
She hath forsworne to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.
Rom. O teach me how I shou'd forget to thinke.

Ben. By givin' libertie vnto thine eyes,
Examine her beauties.

Re. Tis the way to cal her (exquit) in quection more,
These happy maskes that kiffe faire Ladies brows,
Being blacke, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:
He that is frooken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-fight loft:
Shew me a Miftrefse that is paffing faire,
What doth her beauty ferue but as a note,
Where I may read who paft that paffing faire.

Farewell thou can't not teach me to forget,

Ben. Ile psy that doctrine, or else die in debt.

Exeunt

Enter Capulet, Countie Parke, and the Clowne.

Cap. Montague is bound as well as I,
In penality alike, and 'tis not hard I thinke,
For men to keep the peace.

Par. Of Honourable reckoning are you both,
And pitie 'tis you liu'd at odds fo long;
But now my Lord, what fay you to my fute?

Cap. But faying ore what I have faid before,
My Child is yet a stranger in the world,
Shee hath not feene the change of fourteen yeares,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.

Par. Younger then she, are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too foone man'd are tho'fo earely made:
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
Shee's the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But wooe her gentle Parke get her heart,
My will to her content, is but a part,
And shee agree, within her scope of choice,
Lyes my content, and faire according voice:
This night I hold an old accustom'd Featt,
Whereeto I have invinted many aGuest,
Such as I oue, and you among the store,
One more, most welcome makes my number more:
At my poor house, looke to behold this night,
Earth-treading starres, that make darke heauen light,
Such comfort as do lufty young men feele,
When well apparel'd Aprill on the heele
Of limping Winter treads, even fuch delight
Among frefh Fenell buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house: heare all, all fee:
And like her moife, whose meritt moife shall be:
Which one more veiw, of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckning none.
Come, goe with me: goe firall trude about,
Through faire Verona, find tho'fe perfons out,
Whoe names are written there, and to them fay,
My houfe and welcome, on their pleafure fay.

Exit.

Ser. Find them out whose names are written. Heere it is written, that the Shoemaker should meddle with his Yard, and the Taylor with his Lat, the Fisher with his Penfill, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am fent to find those perfons whose names are write, & can never find what names the writing perfon hath here writ!(I muft to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benvolio, and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burns out anothers burning,
One paine is lefned by anothers anguish:

Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
One defperate greefe, cures with anothers laughiue:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poyfon of the old wil die.

Rom. Your Plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken thin.

Ben. Why Rome art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:
Shut vp in priuyn, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented: and Godden good fellow,
Ser. Goddigoden, I pray fir can you read?
Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miferie.

Ser. Perhaps you haue learn'd it without booke:
But I pray can you read any thing you fee?

Rom. If, I'll know the Letters and the Language.

Ser. Ye fay honestly, reit you merry.

Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

He reads the Letter.

S Eigneur Martino, and his wife and daughter: County An-
Sjelme and his beautifull fylfers: the Lady widow of Otrut-
Sjelme, Seigneur Placentio, and his lovely Neieces: Mercutio and
his brother Valentine: mine uncle Capulet his wife and daugh-
ters: my faire niece Rosalijne, Luiza Seigneur Valenti, & his
Cajen Tybalt: Lucio and the liney Helma.

A faire assemblie, whither should they come?


Rom. Whither? to fupper?

Ser. To our houfe.

Rom. Whose houfe?

Ser. My Maitfers.

Rom. Indeed I should have askt you that before.

Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking. My maifters is
the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the houfe of
Mountague I pray come and cru a cup, of wine. Reft
you merry.

Ben. At this fame auncient Feast of Capietsus
Sups the faire Rosalijne, whom thou soue loves:
With all the admired Beauties of Verona,
Go thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with fome that I shall show,
And I will make thee thinke thy Swans a Crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintaines fuch felfhood, then turne teares to fire:
And thefe who often drown'd could never die,
Transparet Heretiques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my loue: the all-feeing Sun
Nere faw her match, since fir the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you faw her faire, none else being by,
Herfelfe po'y'd with herfelfe in either eye:
But in that Chriftall feales, let there be waid,
Your Ladies loue againft fome other Maid
That I will show you, fhining at this Featt,
And she fhew flant shell, well, that now theues beft.

Rom. Ile goe along, no fuch fight to be fhowne,
But to rejoyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulet's Wife and Nurse.

Wife Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now by my Maidenhead, at twelve yeares old
I bad her come, what Lamb what Ladi-bird, God forbid,
Where's this Girls? what Iliet?

Enter Iliet.

Iliet. How now, who calls?

Nur. Your Mother.

Iliet. Madam I am heere, what is your will?

Wife. This is the matter: Nurse giue leaue awhile, we

muft
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

must talke in secret. Nurfe come backe againe, I have remembered me, thou'rt heare our counsell. Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurfe. Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.
Wife. Shee's not fourteenne.
Nurfe. Ile lay fourteene of my teeth,
And yet to my teene be it fpoken,
I haue but foure, thec' is not fourteenne.
How long is it now to Lammas tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odduy days.

Nurfe. Even or odd, of all daies in the yeare come Lammas Eue at night shal she be fourteene. Sufian & she, God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well Sufian is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on Lammas Eue at night shal she be fourteenne, that shal the ma-
rie, I remember it well. "Tis since the Earth-quake now eleven yeares, and she was wan'd I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare, vpon that day: for I had then laid Worme-wood to my Dogg fitting in the Sunne vnder the Doucheweall, my Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I doe beare a braine. But as I said, when it did taft the clothe, the niple of my Dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to fee it teacle, and fall out with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Doue-houfe, 'twas no neede I trow to bid mee trudge: and since that time it is a eleuen yeare, for then she could stand alone, bay blit' roode she could haue runne, & walded all shal: for euen the day before the broke her brow, & then my Husband God be with his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the Child, yea quoth hee, doest thou fall vp yon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou haft more wit, wilt thou not Iule? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch lefte crying, & said I: to fee now how a Left shall come about. I warrant, & I shall liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou not Iulet quoth he? and pretty foole it flinted, and said I.

Old La. Nough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurfe. Yes Madam,yet I cannot chufe but laugh, to thinke it shoulde leave crying, & say I: and yet I warrant it had vp it brow, a bmonte as big as a young Cockrels stone? A perilous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fall'ft vp thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou commet to age: wilt thou not Iule? It flintedand said I.

Iule. And flint thou too, I pray thee Nurfe,say I.

Nur. Peace have I done:God marke thee too his grace thou waft the prettieest Babe that ere I nurst, and I might lie to fee thee married once, I haue my will.

Old La. Marry that marry is the very theame
I came to talke of, tell me daughter Iulet,
How stands thy disposition to be Married?

Iuli. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nur. An houre, were not I thine onely Nurfe, I would say thou hadst covert wifedome from thy teat.

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now,yonner then you Heere in Verona, Ladies of effeeme,
Are made already Mothers. By my count
I was your Mother, much vpon these yeares
That you are now a Maide, thus then in briefe: The valiant Paris feakes you for his loue.

Nurfe. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world, is it now to a man of was, or a woman.

Old La. Verona Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurfe. Nay hee's a flower,infaith a very flower.

Old La: What say you, can you loue the Gentleman? This night you shal behold him at our Feast,

Read ore the volume of young Paris face, And find delight, writ there with Beauties pen: Examine every feuerall liniament, And fee how one another lends content: And what obcur'd in this faire volume lies, Find written in the Margent of his eyes. The precious Book of Loue, this vnbond Louer, To Beautifie him, oneely lacks a Couer. The faire liues in the Sea, and 'tis much pride For faire without, the faire within to hide: That Booke in manies eyes doth darke the glory, That in Gold clapes,Lockes in the Golden storie: So shal you sharre all that he doth possesse, By having him, making your felle no lefte.

Nurfe. No lefte,nay bigger:women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of Paris loue?

Iuli. Ile looke to like,if looking liking moue. But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
Then your content giues strength to make fuye.

Enter a Serving man.

Ser. Madam, the guests are come, supper seru'd vp you cal'd, my young Lady askt for, the Nurfe cur't in the Pan-
tery, and every thing in extremity: I must hence to wait, I befeech you follow straight.

Exit. 

Mo. We follow thee, Iulet, the Countie flaries.

Nurfe. Goe Gyrie, fecke happie nights to happy daies.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo,Mercutio,Brezullio,with fies or fexe other Maskers, Torch-bearers.

Rom. What shall this speche be spoke for our excuse? Or shall we on with out Apologie?

Ben. The date is out of such proulixetye, Weele haue no Cupid,hood wintk with a skarfe, Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of lath, Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper. But let them meare vs by what they will. Weele meare them a Meare, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a Torch, I am not for this ambling. Being but heay I will beare the light.

Mer. Nay gentle Rome, we must haue you dance. Rom. Not I beleue me,you haue dancing shoes With nimble soles, I haue a soale of Lead So stakkes me to the ground, I cannot moue. 

Mer. You are a Louer,borrow Cupids wings, And foare with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too forme enpearced with his shaft, To foare with his light feathers,and to bound: I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe, Under loues heauy buthen doe I finke.

Hora. And to finke in it should you barthen loute, Too great oppreccion for a tender thing.

Rom. Is loue a tender thing? It is too rough, Too rude, too boyterous, and it pricks like thorne.

Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue, Prickle loue for pricking, and you beat loue downe, Give me a Cafe to put my vilage in,
A Vifor for a Vifor, what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformitie:
Here are the Beetle-browes shall bluflh for me.

Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no sooner in, But euer man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A Torch for me, let want the light of heart Tickle the fencellefie rubes with their hecles: For I am prouer'd with a Grandier Pharse, Ile be a Candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere so faire, and I am done.

Mer. Tut,
We Cap. Exeunt.

That making gallops Hafelnut, the they plaits another lops ners Breaches, necke, breath Gnat, which is the Fairies and then the dreames of them, when which makes dainty, She He swears that Cornes: am I come neare ye now? Welcome Gentlemen, I have beene the day. That I have worn a Vifor, and could tell A whispering tale in a faire Ladies ear: Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone, You are welcome Gentlemen, come Musitians play: Muficke plaises: and the dance. A Hall, Hall, glue roome, and foote it Girles, More light you knaues, and turne the Tables vp: And quench the fire, the Roome is growne too hot. Ah sirrah, this vanlook for sport comes well: Nay fit, nay fit, good Cosin Capuler, For you and I are past our dauncing dales: How long 'tis now since left your selfe and I Were in a Maske? 2. Capu. Berlady thirty yeares. 1. Capu. What man: 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much, 'Tis since the Nuptiall of Lucrezia, Come Pentycost so quickly as it will, Some fine and twenty yeares, and then we Maskt. 2. Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more, his Sonne is elder sir: His Sonne is thirty. 3. Cap. Will you telle me that? His Sonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe. Rom. What Ladie is that which doth inrich the hand Of yonder Knight? Sir. I know not sir.

Rom. O the doth teach the Torches to burne bright: It seemes she hangs upon the cheeke of night, As a rich Jewel in an Æthiops eare: Beauty too rich for vfe, for earth too deare: So shewes a Snowy Dune troopinc with Crowes, As yonder Lady ore her felowes shewes: The measure done, Ie watch her place of fland, And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart loue till now, forswear it fight,
For I neuer saw true Beauty till this night.

Tib. Therefore by his Heart, shoulde he be a Mountague.
Fetch me my Rapier, Boy, what dares the Flawe.

Come hither couer'd with an antique face,
To seeke and scorne at our Solemnity?

Now by the flocke and Honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a fin.

Cap. Why how now knyfman,
Wherefore scorne you fo?

Tib. Uncle this is a Mountague, our foe:
A Villaine that is hither come in spight,
To scorne at our Solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo is it?

Tib. 'Tis he, that Villaine Romeo.

Cap. Content thee gentle Cos, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the towne,
Here in my house do him dispaagement:
Therfore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou respext,
Shew a faire prefence, and put off thee frownes,
An ill befeeming feemblance for a Fealt.

Tib. It fits when fuch a Villaine is a guest,
Ile not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd.

What goes there, Boy, I fay he shall, go too,
Am I the Maifter here or you? go too,
Youle not endure him, God shall mend my foule,
Youle make a Mutiny among the Guests?
You will fct cocke a hoope, youle be the man.

Tib. Why Uncle, 'tis a thame.

Cap. Go too, go too,
You are a fawcy Boy, 'ftho indeed?
This tricke may chance to fcauth you, I know what,
You must contrary me, marry 'tis time.

Well fald my hearts, you are a Princox, goe,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for thame,
Ile make you quiet. What, chearely my hearts.

Tib. Patience perforce, with wilfull choler meeting,
Makes my fleale fomeble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw, but this intrution fhall
Now freamg fweet, conceal to bitter gall.

Rom. If I prophane with my vnworthie hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle fin is this,
My lips to blushing Pilgrims did ready fand,
To smooth that rough touch, with a tender kifie.

Iul. Good Pilgryme,
You do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly deuotion fhewes in this,
For Saints have hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,
And palme to palme, is holy Palmers kifie.

Rom. Have not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
Iul. I Pilgrim, lips that they muft vfe in prayer.
Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray(grant thou) leafe faith turne to dispaire.

Iul. Saints do not moue,
Though grant for prayers fake.
Rom. Then moue not while my prayers effect I take:
Thus from my lips, by thine my fin is pur'd.

Iul. Then have my lips the fin that they have tooke.
Rom. Sin from my lips? O trefpaftie sweetely vrg'd:
Give me my fin againe.

Iul. You kifie by th'booke.

Nur. Madam your Mother croues a word with you.
Rom. What is her Mother?

Her Mother is the Lady of the houfe,
And a good Lady, and a wife, and Vertuous,
I Nur't her Daughter that you talke withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chincks.

Rom. Is the a Capulet?

O deare account! My life is my foes debt.

Ben. Away, be gone, the sport is at the beft.
Rom. I fo I fear, the more is my vnreit.

Cap. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling foolish Banquet towards:
Is it e'ne fo? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honest Gentlemen, good night:
More Torches here come on, then let's to bed.

Ah sirrah, by my fale it waxes late,
Ile to my reft.

Iuli. Come hither Nurfe,
What is yond Gentleman?

Nur. 'Tis The Sonne and Heire of old Tybervio.
Iuli. What's he that now is going out of doore?

Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young Petruckio.

Iuli. What's he that follows here that would not dance?
Nur. I know not.
Iuli. Go ask his names if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedded bed.

Nur. His name is Romeo and a Mountague,
The onely Sonne of your great Enemie.

Iuli. My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,
Too early fene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of Loue it is to me,
That I must loue a loathed Enemie.

Nur. What's this? what's this?
Iuli. A rime, I learne eu'en now
Of one I dan't withall.

Nur. Anon, anon:
Come let's away, the strangers all are gone.

Exeunt.

Chorus.
Now old defire doth in his death bed lie,
And yong affefion gaps to be his Heire,
That faire, for which Loue gron'd for and would die,
With tender Juliet matcht, is now not faire.

Now Romeo is beloued, and Loues againe,
A like bewitched by the chearfe of lookes:
But to his foe fuppos'd he must complaine,
And he theale Loues sweete baft from fearrefull hooke:
Being held a foe, he may not have aceffe
To breath fuch vozes as Louers vie to fware,
And she as much in Loue, her meanes much leffe,
To meete her new Beloued any where:
But paflion lends them Power, time, meanes to meete,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweete.

Enter Rometo.

Rom. Can I goe forward when my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth, and find thy Center out.

Enter Banuolio, with Mercury.

Ben. Romeo, my Cozen Romeo, Romeo.

Mer. He is wife,
And on my life hath flone him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.

Call good Mercury:
Nay, Ile conjure too.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

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Mer. Romeo, Humours, Madman, Paffion, Louer,
Appeare thou in the likeness of a figh,
Speak to one rime, and I am satisfied:
Cry me but ay me, Prouant, but Loue and day,
Speak to my godchild Venus one faire word,
One Nickname for her purblind Sonne and her,
Young Abraham Capitl he that fto fo true,
When King Capet was lost the beggar Maid,
He heareth not, he fiddleth not, he moanth ot,
The Ape is dead, I must confine him,
I confine thee by Rejafines bright eyes,
By her High forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her Fine foote, Straight leg, and Quiuering thigh,
And the Demeanes, that there Afaidant lie,
That in thy likenefe thou apeare to vs.
Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him, t'would anger him
To raife a fpirit in his Mistrefle circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it fand
Till she had laid it, and confined it downe,
That were some fpirit.
My invocation is faire and honest, & in his Miftris name,
I confine oney but to raife vp him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himfelfe amonge these Trees
To be conforted with the Humerous night:
Blind is his Loue, and beft beats the darke.
Mer. If Loue be blind, Loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he fit vnder a Medler tree,
And with his Miftrifle were that kind of Fruite,
As Maides call Medlers when they laugh alone,
O Romeo that the were, O that the were
An open, or thou a Poprin Peare,
Romeo goodnight, Ie to my Truckle bed,
This Field-bed is to cold for me to sleepe,
Come shall we go?
Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vaine to fceke him here
That meanes not to be found.

Exeunt.

Rom. He leafes at Scarres that neuer felt a wound,
But foft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the Eaf, and Iuliet is the Sunne,
Arife faire Sun and kill the envious Moone,
Who is already ficke and pale with griefe,
That thou her Maid art far more faire then fie:
Be not her Maid since she is envious,
Her Vehil Ily is but ficke and greene,
And none but fools do wearre it, call it off:
It is my Lady, O it is my Loue, O that the knew the were,
She fpeakes, yet the fayes nothing, what of that?
Her eye discouerres, I will anfwer it:
I am too bold 'tis not to me she fpeakes:
Two of the faireft flares in all the Heauen,
Hauing some buneftle do entreat her eyes,
To twinkile in their Spheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightneffe of her chekke would shame those flares,
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eye in heauen,
Would through the ayrie Region fame bright,
That Birds would finge, and thinke it were not night:
See how the heanes her chekke vpon her hand.
O that I were a Glowe vpon that hand,
That I might touch that chekke.

Iul. Ay me.

Rom. She fpeakes.
Oh fpeake againe bright Angell, for thou art
As glorious s this night being ore my head,
As is a winged meffenger of heauen!

Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he befriends the lazie puffing Cloudes,
And falleth vpon the boforme of the ayre.

Iul. O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?
Denie thy Father and refufe thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but tworne my Loue,
And lie no longer be a Capulet.
Rom. Shall I heare more, or shall I fpeake at this?

Iul. 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:
Thou art thy felie, though not a Montague,
What's Montague? it is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme nor face, O be fame other name
Belonging to a man.

What? in a names that which we call a Roce;
By any other word would smell as sweete,
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that name Romeo, doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my felfe.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptiz'd,
Hence forth I neuer will be Romeo.

Iul. What man art thou, that thus befcreen'd in night
So fumbleft on my counfell?

Rom. By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare Saint, is hatefull to my felfe,
Because it is an Enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.

Iul. My ears have yet not drunke a hundred words
Of thy tongues vterting, yet I know the found.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither faire Maid, if either thee dilike.

Iul. How can't thou hither.
Tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place death, confidering who thou art,
If any of my kinmen find thee here,
Rom. With Loues light wings
Did I ore-perch thofe Walls,
For ftony limits cannot hold Loue out,
And what Loue can do, that dares Loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinmen are no flop to me,

Iul. If they do fle thee, they will murther thee.

Rom. Alacke there lies more petril in thine eye,
Then twenty of their Swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am proveed against their enmity.

Iul. I would not for the world they faw thee here.
Rom. I have nights cloaque to hide me from their eyes
And but thou love me, let them finde me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy Loue.

Iul. By whose direction found'th thou out this place?

Rom. By Loue that frift did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me counfell, and I lent him eyes,
I am no Pyiot, yet wrt thou as far
As that vall-threare-waftet with the fartheft Sea,
I should adventure for fuch Marchandife.

Iul. Thou knowest the maske of night is on my face,
Elfe would a Maiden blufh bneat my chekke,
For that which thou haft heard me fpeake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I have fpeake, but farewell Complement,
Doeft thou Loue? I know thou wilt fay 1,
And I will take thy word, yet if thou swear'st,  
Thou maist profal fatte: at Louers perjuries  
They say love laught, oh gentle Romeo,  
If thou dost Loue, pronounce it faithfully:  
Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,  
Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt wone: But else not for the world.  
In true faire Muntague I am too fond:  
And therefore thou maist thinke my behaviour,  
But trust me Gentleman, Ile proue more true,  
Then those that have cosyng to be strange,  
I should have beene more strange, I must confesse,  
But that thou ouer heard't ere I was ware  
My true Loues passion, therefore pardon me,  
And not impute this yeelnding to light Loue,  
Which the darke night hath fo defoudered.  
Rom. Lady, by yonder Moore I vow,  
That dews with filuer all thee Fruite tree tops.  
Iul. O fweare not by the Moore, th'incon cant Moone,  
That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,  
Leaft thou thy Loue proue like wife variable.  
Rom. What shall I fweare by?  
Iul. Do not fweare at all:  
O rith thou wilt fweare by thy gravitious felfe,  
Which is the God of my Idolatry,  
And Ile beleue thee.  
Rom. If my hearts deare loue.  
Iul. Well do not fweare, although I joy in thee:  
I hauo no joy of this contract to night,  
It is too rath, too vnaduis'd: too sudden,  
Too like the lightning which doth ceale to be  
Ere, one can say, it lightens, Sweete good night:  
This bud of Loue by Summers ripening breath,  
May proue a beautious Flower when next we meete:  
Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,  
Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.  
Rom. O wilt thou leave me so vnatisfied?  
Iul. What satisfaction can't thou have to night?  
Ro. Th'exchage of thy Loues faithfull vow for mine.  
Iul. I gaue thee mine before thou diid'n request it:  
And yet I would it were to glue againe.  
Rom. Would'th thou withdrawit,  
For what purpole Loue?  
Iul. But to be franke and glue it thee againe,  
And yet I wish but for the thing I hauo,  
My bounty is as boundifie as the Sea,  
My Loue as deepe, the more I glue to thee  
The more I hauo, for both are Infinite  
I heare some noyse within deare Loue adue:  
Anon good Nurfe, sweet Muntague be true:  
Stay but alitile, I will come againe.  
Rom. O blested bleffed night, I am afeard  
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,  
Too flattering sweet to be subfiantiall.  
Iul. Three words deare Romeo,  
And goodnight indeed,  
If that thy bent of Loue be Honourable,  
Thy purpole marriage, fende me word to morrow,  
By one that Ile procure to come to thee,  
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,  
And all my Fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,  
And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.  
Rom. So trieue my foule.  
Iul. A thousand times goodnight.  
Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light,  
Loue goes toward Loue as school-boyes fro thir books  
But Loue fro Loue, towards schoole with haueie looke.  
Enter Juliet against.  
Iul. Hift Romeo hift: O for a Falkners voice,  
To lure this Tassell gentle bacce again.  
Bondage is hoarfe, and may not speake aloud,  
Elfe would I teare the Caeue where Eecho lies,  
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarfe,then  
With repetition of my Romeo.  
Rom. It is my foule that calls vnpon my name,  
How filuer sweet, found Louers tongues by night,  
Like sofeft Muficke to attending ears.  
Rom. My Neece.  
Iul. What a clock to morrow  
Shall I fend to thee?  
Rom. By the houre of nine.  
Iul. I will not faile, 'tis twenty yeares till then,  
I haue forgot why I did call thee bacce.  
Rom. Let me stand here till thee remember me.  
Iul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,  
Remembering how I Loue thy company.  
Rom. And Ile still play, to have thee still forget,  
Forgetting any other home but this.  
Iul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone,  
And yet no further then a wantons Bird,  
That let's it hop a little from his hand,  
Like a poore prifoner in his twisted Gyues,  
And with a fullen thred plucks it bacce againe,  
So louing Jalous of his liberty.  
Rom. I would I were thy Bird.  
Iul. Sweet so would I,  
Yet I shoule kill thee with much cherishing:  
Good night, good night.  
Rom. Parting is such sweete sorrow,  
That I shall fay goodnight, till it be morrow.  
Iul. Sleepe well vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breth.  
Rom. Would I were sleepe and peace fo sweer to reth,  
The gray ey'd morne finibles on the frowning night,  
Checking the Eaferne Cloudes with streakes of light,  
And darkneffe flecke'd like a dronkard recles,  
From forth daies pathway, made by Titans wheelles.  
Hence will I to my ghosly Fries closse Cell,  
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.  
Exit.  
Enter Friar alone with a basket.  
Fri. The grey ey'd morne finibles on the frowning night,  
Chexcking the Eaferne Cloudes with streakes of light:  
And fleckled darkneffe like a dronkard reles,  
From forth daies path, and Titans burning wheelles:  
Now ere the Sun advance his burning eyne,  
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,  
I must all this Ofer Cage of ours,  
With balefull weedes, and precious lufced flowers,  
The earth that's Natures mother, is her Tombe,  
What is her burying graue that is her wombe:  
And from her wombe children of divers kind
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

We fucking on her natural bosome find:
Many for many vertues excellent:
None but for some, and yet all different.

Omicle is the fullpowerfull grace that lies
In Plants,Hearts,stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile, that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth glue:
Nor ought so good, but itsain'd from that faire vie,
Revolts from true birth,abusing on abuse.

Vertue it felde turns vice being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.
Within the infant rin'd of this weake flower,
Poyson hath residence, and medicin power:
For this being feml, with that part cherches each part,
Being tafted flayes all fences with the heart.

Two such oppossed Kings encampe them full,
In man as well as Hearbes, grace and rude will:
And where the worfer is predominant;
Full soone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.

R. Good morrow Father.

Fri. Benedicte.

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young Sonne, it argues a dislimpered head,
So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed;
Care keepes his watch in every old mans eye,
And where Care lodges, sleepe will never lye:
But where vnbrused youth with vnftuft braine
Doth couch his lims, there.goleen sleepe doth raigne;
Therefore thy earlineffe doth me affure,
Thou art vprou'd with some diftemprature;
Or if not fo, then here I hit it right.

Our Rome hath not beene in bed to night.
R. That laft is true, the sweeter rett was mine.

Fri. God pardon fin:waft thou with Rosaline?
R. With Rosaline, my ghostly Father? No,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.

Fri. That's my good Son, but wher haft thou bin then?
R. Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me ajen:
I haue beene feasting with mine enemie,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded:both our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy philifice lies:
I beare no hatred,blessed mafsfor loe
My interceflion likewise reads my foe.

Fri. Be plaine good Son,ref homely in thy drift,
Riding confeffion,finds but riding thrift.

R. Then plainly know my hearts deare Loue is fet,
On the faire daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on her,fo hers is fet on mine;
And all combin'd,saue what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when and where, and how,
We met, we woed, and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell thee as we paff, but this I pray,
That thou conuent to marrie vs to day.

Fri. Holy S. Francis,what a change is here?
Is Rosaline that thou didst Loue so deare
So soone forfaken? young mens Loue then lies
Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Iefu Maria,what a deal of urine
Hath waft thy fellow cheekes for Rosaline?
How much falt water throwen away in waft,
To feafon Loue that of it doth not call.
The Sun not yet thy fighes,from heavens clearnes,
Thy old grones yet ringing in my auncient cares:
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the flaine doth fit,
Of an olde tearre that is not wafted off yet,
If ere thou waft thy felfe, and these woees thine,
Thou and these woees, were all for Rosaline.

And art thou chang'd?pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for louing Rosaline.

Fri. For doting,not for louing pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'd me bury Loue.

Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to haue.
Rom. I pray thee chide me not,her I Loue now
Doth grace for grace, and Loue for Loue allow:
The other did not fo.

Fri. O the knew well,
Thy Loue did read by rote, that could not spell:
But come young waueler, come goe with me,
In one respect, Ie thy affistant be:
For this alliance may fo happy proue,
To turne your houles tuncor to pure Loue.

Rom. O let vs hence, I stand on fudden haft.

Fri. Wifely and flow, they fumble that run falt.

Exit

Enter Benwilio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the deu le shoulde this Rome be? came he not home to night?

Ben. Not to his Fathers, I spake with his man.

Mer. Why that fame pale hard-harted wench, that Rosaline torments him fo, that he will fure run mad.

Ben. Tibalt, the kinfans to old Capulet, hath sent a Letter to his Fathers houfe.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. Rome will anfwer it.

Mer. Any man that can write, may anfwer a Letter.

Ben. Nay, he will anfwer the Letters Mafter how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas poor Rome, he is already dead fab'd with a white wenchakes blacke eye, runne through the eare with a Loue fong, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blind Bowe-boyes but-foft, and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why what is Tybalt?

Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hee's the Courageous Captaine of Complements: he fights as you fing prickfong, keeps time, dilance, and proportion, he rets his minum, one, two, and the third in your bosom the very butcher of a silk burton, a Dualift, a Dualift: a Gentleman of the very firft houfe of the firft and fcond caufe; ah the immortal Paffado, the Punto reuero, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of fuch antique lifing affiding phanacies, the newers newers of accent: Iefu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing Grandifire, that we should be thus affiliated with these strange flies: these fashion Mongers, thes parde-mee's, who fande fo much on the new form, that they cannot fit at cafe on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Rome.


Mer. Without his Roe, like a dried Heron, O fles, fles, how art thou fhiptied? Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura to his Lady, was a kitchen wench,marrie she had a better Loue to berime her: Didow a dowdie, Clopeatra a Gipie, Hellen and Here, hildings and Harlts: Tisbie a gray eie or fo, but not to the purpose. Signior Rome, Bon tour, there's a French falutation to your ff

French
French flop: you gave vs the the counterfeit fairly last night.

_Romeo._ Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit
did I give you?

_Mer._ The flip fur, the flip, can you not conceive?

_Rom._ Pardon Mercutio, my buxiness was great, and in
such a cafe as mine, a man may freaine curtefe.

_Mer._ That's as much as to fay, such a cafe as yours con-
strains a man to bow in the hams.

_Rom._ Meaning to curfe.

_Mer._ Thou haft moft kindly hit it.

_Rom._ A moft curtefe expedition.

_Mer._ Nay, I am the very pinck of curtefe.

_Rom._ Pinkie for flower.

_Rom._ Right.

_Rom._ Why then is my Pump well flrow'd.

_Mer._ Sure wit, follow me this leaf, now till thou haft
worne out thy Pump, that when the fingle fole of it is
worne, the leaf may remaine after the wearing, foie-
fingular.

_Rom._ O sngle fol'd leaf,

Soly fingular for the singleneffe.

_Mer._ Come betweene vs good Benulio, my wits faints.

_Rom._ Swits and spurs,

Swits and spurs, or Ile crie a match.

_Mer._ Nay, if our wits run the Wild-Goofe chafe, I am
done: For thou haft more of the Wild-Goofe in one of
thy wits, then I am sure I haue in my whole fife. Was
I with you there for the Goofe?

_Rom._ Thou waft neuer with mee for any thing, when
thou waft not there for the Goofe.

_Mer._ I will bite thee by the care for that left.

_Rom._ Nay good Goofe bite not.

_Mer._ Thy wit is a very Bitter-tweeting,
It is a moft harpe fawce.

_Rom._ And is it not well feru'd into a Sweet-Goofe?

_Mer._ Oh here's a wit of Cheurell, that stretches from
an ync narrow, to an eell broad.

_Rom._ I fretch it out for that word, broad, which added
to the Goofe, proues thee farre and wide, abrod Goofe.

_Mer._ Why is not this better now, then groining for
Loue, now art thou fociable, now art thou _Romeo_ now art
thou what thou art, by Art as well as by Nature, for this
driuelling Loue is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling
vp and downe to bid his bable in a hole.

_Ben._ So the Goofe.

_Mer._ Thou defir'ft me to ftop in my tale againft the
Ben. Thou would'ft elfe haue made thy tale large, (hair.

_Rom._ O art thou deceiu'd, I would haue made it short,
or I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant
indeed to occuipie the argument no longer.

_Enter Nurse and her man._

_Rom._ Here's goodly gearre.

_A fayle; a fayle._

_Mer._ Two, two a Shirt and a Smocke.

_Nur._ Peter?

_Peter._ Anon.

_Nur._ My Fan Peter?

_Mer._ Good Peter to hide her face?

For her Fans the fairer face?

_Nur._ God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

_Mer._ God ye gooden faire Gentlemewan.

_Nur._ Is it gooden?

_Mer._ 'Tis no lefte I tell you: for the bawdy hand of the
Dyall is now upon the pricke of Noone.

_Nur._ Out upon yous what a man are you?

_Rom._ One Gentlewoman,

That God hath made, himselfe to mar.

_Nur._ By my troth it is fai'd, for himelfe to, mar qua-
t hat Gentlemen, can any of you tel me where I may find
the youn_ Romeo?_ 

_Romeo._ I can tell you: but young _Romeo_ will be older
when you haue found him, then he was when you sought
him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worfe.

_Nur._ You fay well.

_Mer._ Yeas is the worft well,*

Very well tooke: _I_ faith, wilfully, wisely.

_Nur._ If you be he fir,

I defire some confidence with you?

_Ben._ She will enidine him to some Supper.

_Mer._ A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

_Rom._ What haft thou found?

_Mer._ No Hare fir, vnleffe a Hare fir in a Lenten pie,
thats something stale and hoare ere it be fpent.

An old Hare hoare, and an old Hare hoare is very good
meat in Lent.

But a Hare that is hoare is too much for a score, when it
hoares ere it be fpent,

_Romeo_ will you come to your Fathers? Weele to dinner
thither.

_Rom._ I will follow you.

_Mer._ Farewell auncient Lady:

Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

_Exit._ Mercutio, Benulio.

_Nur._ I pray you fir, what fawcie Merchant was this
that was to full of his roperie?

_Rom._ A Gentleman Nurse, that loues to heare himfelfe
talk, and will fpoke more in a minute, then he will fland
to in a Moneth.

_Nur._ And a speake any thing againft me, Ile take him
downe, & a were lufter then he is, and twenteife such lackes:
and if I cannot, Ile finde thofe that shall: fcruiuie knaue,
I am none of his fturt-gils, I am none of his skaines mates,
and thou muft fland by too and suffer euery knaue to vie
me at his pleafure.

_Pet._ I faw no man fee you at his pleafure: if I had, my
weapon should quickly have beene out, I warrant you,
dare draw affonne as another man, if I fee occaion in
a good quarrell, and the law on my fide.

_Nur._ Now afore God, I am fo vext, that every part about
my quivers, skurvy knaue: pray you fay a word: and as I
told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what
I fhe bid me fay, I will keepe to my felfe: but firft let me
tell ye, if ye should leade her in a fooles paradise, as they
fay, it were a very groffe kind of behavourage, as they fay:
for the Gentlewoman is yong: & therefore, if you should
deale double with her, truely it were an ill thing to be of-
fered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

_Nur._ Nurse commend me to thy Lady and Miftreff, I proftect unto thee.

_Nur._ Good heart, and yet I will tell her as much:

_Lord, Lord_ she will be a loyfull woman.

_Rom._ What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou doeff not
marke me?

_Nur._ I will tell her fir, that you do protest, which as I
take it, is a Gentleman-like offer. (afternoon)

_Rom._ Bid her deuife some means to come to thirft this
And there she fhall at _Frie Lawrence_ Cell
Befhru'd and married: here is for thy paines.

_Nur._ No truly fir not a penny.

_Rom._ Go too, I fay you fhall.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliët.

Nur. This afternoone sir? well she shall be there.
Rô. And stay thou good Nurfe behind the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee Cords made like a tackled faire,
Which to the high top gallant of my joy,
Muff be my conuoy in the secret night.
Farewell, be true and Ie quite thy paines:
Farewell, commend me to thy Miftris.
Nur. Now God in heauen bleffe thee:harke you sir,
Rom. What fhit thou my dear Nurfe?
Nurfe. If your man secret, did you nere heare fay two
may kepe counfell putting one away.
Rô. Warrant thee my man as true as fleele.
Nur. Well sir, my Miftris is the sweeteft Lady, Lord,
Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a No-
ble man in Towne one Paris, that would faine lay knife a-
board: but the good soule had as leeue a fee Toade,a very
Toade as fee him: I anger her fometime, and tell her that
Paris is the proper man, but Ile warrant you, when I fay
fo, thee lookes as pale as any clouit in the verfai world.
Doth not Romefarie and Romeo begin both with a letter?
Rom. I Nurfe, what of that? Both with an R
Nur. A Nurfe, the dogname. R. is for the no,
I know it begins with fome other letters and the hath the
prettieft fententious of it, of you and Romefarie, that it
would do you good to hear it.
Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.
Nur. I a thoufand times, Peter?
Enter Juliët.
Jü. The clocke froke nine, when I did fend the Nurfe,
In halfe an houre she promifeed to returne,
Perchance he cannot meete him:that's not fo:
Oh she is lame, Loues Heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times fatter glides then the Sunnes beames,
Driving backe shadowes over lowring hils.
Therefore do nimble Pinion'd Doues draw Loue,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Capid wings:
Now is the Sun vpon the highmoft hill
Of this daiies journee, and from nine till twelve,
I three long houres, yet fie is not come.
Had the affections and warme youthfull blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my sweete Loue,
And his to me, but old folkes,
Many faine as they were dead,
Vnwindie,flow, heauy, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurfe.
O God he comes, O hony Nurfe what newes?
Haft thou met with him? lend thy man away.

Nur. Peter stay at the gate.
Jü. Now good sweete Nurfe:
O Lord, why lookeft thou fad?
Though newes, be fad, yet tell them merrily.
If good thou flam't the musick of sweete newes,
By playing it to me, with fo fower a face.
Nur. I am a weary, give me leue awhile.
Fie how my bones ake, what a launt haue I had?
Jü. I would thou had't my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee speake,good good Nurfe speake.
Nur. I ef? what ha? can you not fay a while?
Do you not fee that I am out of breath?
Jü. How art thou out of breath, when thou haft breathed
To fay to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou doft make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou doft excuse.
Is thy newes good or bad? anfwere to that,
Say either, and Ile fay the circumsance:
Let me be fatisfi'd, if good or bad?
Nur. Well, you have made a simple choice, you know
not how to chufe a man: Romeo, no not he though his face
be better then any mans, yet his legs excels all mens, and
for a hand, and a foote, and a body, though they be not to be
talkt on, yet they are paff compare: he is not the flower
of curtefe, but Ile warrant him as gentle a Lambe: go thy waies
wench, true God, What have you dint' at home?
Jü. No nobut all this this did I know before
What faiies he of our marriage? what of that?
Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I?
It beates as it would fall in twenty pecce.
My backe a tother fide: to my backe, my backe:
Befhwre your heart for fending me about
To catch my death with ianting vp and downe.
Jü. I faith: I am forrie that thou art fo well.
Sweet iweet, sweet Nurfe, tell me what faiies my Loue?
Nur. Your Loue faiies like an honeft Gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handfome,
And I warrant it vertuous: where is your Mother?
Jü. Where is my Mother?
Why she is within, where shoule she be?
How odly thou rep'rt: it
Your Loue faiies like an honeft Gentleman:
Where is your Mother?
Nur. O Gods Lady deare,
Are you fo hotmarrie come vp I tow,
Is this the Poultis for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your meffages your felfe.
Jü. Here's fuch a coile, come what faiies Romeo?
Nur. Haue you got leue to go to thift to day?
Jü. I haue,
Nur. Then high you hence to Frier Laurence Cell,
There faiies a Husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
The'lle be in Scarlet fhrait at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I muft an other way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue
Muft clime a birds neft Soone when it is darke:
I am the drudge, and toile in your delight:
But you shall beare the burthen foone at night.
Go Ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.
Jü. He to high Fortune, honeft Nurfe, farewell. Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Romeo.
Fri. So fmile the heauen vpon this holy aët,
That after houres, with forrow chide vs not.
Rom. Amen, amen, but come what forrow can,
It cannot counteruaiile the exchange of joy
That one fhort minute gives me in her fight:
Do thou but clofe our hands with holy words,
Then Loue-deouering death do what he dare,
It is inough. I may but call her mine.
Fri. Thife violent delights haue violent endes,
And in their triumphlie like fire and powder,
Which as they kiffe confume. The sweeteft honey
Is loathome in his owne delicioufness,
And in the faffe confoundes the appetite.
Therefore Loue moderatly, long Loue doth fo,
Too swift arrives as tardie as too flow.

Enter Juliët.
Here comes the Lady. Oh fo light a foot
Will vne were out the euerlafting flint,
ff2
A Lover may bestride the Goatsfours, 
That ydes in the wanton Summer ayre, 
And yet not fall, so light is vanity.
  Iul. Good even to my ghostly Confessor. 
  Fri. Romeo shall thanke thee Daugther for vs both. 
  Iul. As much to him,elle in his thanks too much. 
  Fri. Ah Iuliet,if the measure of thy joy 
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more 
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath 
This neighbour ayre, and let rich musickes tongue, 
Vnfold the imagin'd happinesse that both 
Receive in either, by this deare encounter.
  Iul. Conceit more rich in matter then in words, 
Brags of his subsistance,not of Ornament :
They are but beggers that can count their worth, 
But my true Loue is growned to such such excelle, 
I cannot sum vp some of halfe my wealth. 
  Fri.Come,come with me,.& we will make short worke, 
For by your leaves,you shall not stay alone, 
Till holy Church incorporate two in one. 
  Enter Mercutio,Benuolio,and men. 
  Ben. I pray thee good Mercutio let's retire, 
The day is hot, the Capuletts abroad. 
And if we meet, we shall not ecape a brawle,for now these 
hot dayes, is the mad blood stirring.
  Mer. Thou art like one of these fellows,that when he 
enters the confines of a Tauerne,claps me his Sword vpon the 
Table, and fayes, God fend me no need of thee: and by the 
operation of the second cup,drawes him on the Drawer, 
when indeed there is no need. 
  Ben. Am I like such a Fellow ? 
  Mer. Come,come,thou art as hot a Iacke in thy mood, 
as any in Italie : and assioone moued to be moodie, and af- 
foone moodie to be mou'd. 
  Ben. And what too? 
  Mer. Nay, and there were two such, we shoude have 
none shortly,for one would kill the other:thou, why thou 
wilt quarrel with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire 
leffe in his beard,then thou haft:thou wilt quarrel with a 
man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reason, but be- 
cause thou haft haefell eyes: what eye, but such an eye, 
would spie out such a quarrell? thy head is as full of quar- 
rels, as an eggge is full of meat, and yet thy head hath bin 
beaten as addle as an eggge for quarrelling:thou haft quar- 
rell'd with a man for coiffing in the street, because he ha hath 
wakened thy Dog that hath laine aleepe in the Sun:Did'ft thou 
not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doublet before Esfer ? with another,for tying his new shoes 
with old Riban, and yet thou wilt Tutor me from quarrell- 
ing? 
  Ben. And I were fo apt to quarrel as thou art,any man 
should buy the Fee-simplice of my life, for an houre and a 
quarter. 
  Mer. The Fee-simpile ? O simple. 
  Enter Tybalt,Petruchio ,and others. 
  Ben. By my head here comes the Capuletts. 
  Mer. By my heele I care not. 
  Tyb. Follow me clofe,for I will speake to them. 
Gentlemen,Good den,aword with one of you. 
  Mer. And but one word with one of vs:couple it with 
something,make it a word and a blow. 
  Tib. If you find me apt enoough to that fir, and you 
will give me occaion. 
  Mercu. Could you not take some occaion without 
giving? 
  Tib. Mercutio thou confort'ft with Romeo. 
  Mer. Confort what doft thou make vs Minifrels? & 
thou make Minifrels of vs, looke to heare nothing but dif- 
cords:there's my fiddleftick,heere's that shall make you 
dance. Come confort. 
  Ben. We talk here in the publike haunt of men : 
Either withdraw vnto some priuate place, 
Or reft quies call of your greeneaces: 
Or else depart, here all eles gaze on vs. 
  Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze. 
I will not budge for no mans pleature I. 

Enter Romeo. 
  Tib. Well peace be with you fir, here comes my man. 
  Mer. But Ile be hang'd if ir he were my Luery : 
Marry go before to field,beele be your follower, 
Your worship in that fene, may call him man. 
  Tib. Romeo, the loue I heare thee, can afford 
No better terme then this: Thou art a Villaine, 
  Rom. Tibalt; the reafon that I have to loue thee, 
Both much excuse the appertaining rage 
To such a greeeting: Villaine am I none : 
Therefore farewell, I fee thou know'ft me not. 
  Tib. Boy,thishall not excue the injuries 
That thou haft done me,therefore turne and draw. 
  Rom. I do protest I neuer inuir'd thee, 
But lou'd thee better then thou can't deuise : 
Till thou shalt know the reafon of my loue, 
And fo good Capulet, which name I tender 
As dearly as my owne,be satisfied. 
  Mer. O calme,dishonourable, vile submiffion : 
Alla stucabo carries it away. 
  Tybalt, you Rat-catcher,will you walke ? 
  Tib. What woulds thou haue with me ? 
  Mer. Good King of Cats,nothing but one of your nine 
lives,that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shal 
vs me hereafter dry beate the rest of the eight. Will you 
pluck your Sword out of his Pilcher by the eares ? Make 
haft,leat mine be about your eares ere it be out. 
  Tib. I am for you, 
  Rom. Gentle Mercuito,put thy Rapier vp. 
  Mer. Come fir,your Paffado. 
  Rom. Draw Benuolio,beat downe their weapons : 
Gentlemen,for shame forbeare this outrage, 
  Tybalt,Mercuito, the Prince expressly hath 
Forbidden bandyng in Verona streetes. 
Hold Tybalt,good Mercuito, 

Exit Tybalt. 
  Mer. I am hurt. 
A plague a both the Houses, I am sped: 
Is he gone and hath nothing ? 
  Ben. What art thou hurt ? 
  Mer. I,La scratch, a scratch,marry 'tis inough, 
Where is my Page?go Villaine fetch a Surgeon. 
  Rom. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much. 
  Mer. No :'tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a 
Church doore, but 'tis inough, 'twill serue : aske for me to 
morow,and you shall find me a graue man, I am pepper'd 
I warrant for this world : a plague a both your houes. 
What, a Dog, a Rat, a Mouse, a Cat to starcke a man to 
death : a Braggart, a Rogue, a Villaine, that fights by the 
booke of Arithmeticke, why the deu'e came you between vs ? I was hurt for your terme. 
  Rom. I thought all for the bet. 
  Mer. Helpe me into some houe Benuolio, 
Or I shall fainta plague a both your houes. 
They have made wormes meat of me,
The Tragedie of Romeo and Julliet

I have it, and soundly to your Houses. Exit.

Rom. This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie,
My very Friend hath got his mortall hurt
In my behalf, my reputation flain'd
With Tybalt's flander, Tybalt that an houre
Hath beene my Cozin: O Sweet Julliet,
Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate,
And in my temper sofine Valours fleele.

Enter Benwoio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's is dead,
That Gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Cloudes,
Which too vntimely here did fcorne the earth.

Rom. This daies blace Fate, on mo daies doth depend,
This but begins, the wothers must end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the Furious Tybalt backe againe.

Rom. He gon in triumph, and Mercutio finde
Away to heaven restfulie Lutetie,
And fire and Fury, be my conduct now.
Now Tybalt take the Villaine backe againe
That late thou gau't me, for Mercutio foule
Is but a little way aboove our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, must goe withhim.

Tib. Thou wretched Boy that didst confort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

Ben. Rome, away be gone?

The Citizens are up, and Tybalt flaine,
Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will Doome thee death
If thou art takehence, be gone, away.

Rom. O! Iam Fortunes foole.
Ben. Why doft thou stay?

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Which way ran he that kild Mercutio?

Tiibalt that Murtherer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.
Cit. Vp for go with me:

I charge thee in the Princes names obey.

Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their

And all.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this Fray?

Ben. O Noble Prince, I can discouer all

The vnluckie Mannage of this fatal brall:
There lies the man flaine by young Romeo,
That fiew thy kinman braue Mercutio.

Cap. Wi. Tybalt, my Cozin? O my Brothers Child,
O Prince, O Cozin, Husband, O the blood is fpild
Of my deare kinman,Prince as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed bloud of Montague.

O Cozin, Cozin.

Prin. Benwoio, who began this Fray?

Ben. Tybalt here flaine, whom Romeo's hand did flay,
Romeo that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the Quarrell was, and Verg'd withall
Your high displeasure: all this vttred.

With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bow'd
Could not take truce with the vnruyloe fpleene
Of Tybalt's desie to peace, but that he Tilted
With Peircing fleele at bold Mercutio's breast,
Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,
And with a Martiall fcorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aside, and with the other fends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity

Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold Friends, Friends part, and twixt his tongue,
His aged arme,beats downe their fatal points,
And twitt them rufhes, vnderneath whose arme,
An enious thrift from Tybalt the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled.

But by and by comes backe to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertained Reuenge;
And too't they goe like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt flaine:
And as he fell, did Romeo turne and flies:
This is the trut,h or let Benwoio die.

Cap. Wi. He is a kinman to the Montague,
Affection makes him fall, he speakes not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this blacke strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for lufftice, which thou Prince must give:
Romeo flew Tybalt, Romeo must not line.

Prin. Romeo saw him, he flew Mercutio,
Who now the price of his deare blood doth owe.

Cap. Not Romeo Prince, he was Mercutio Friend,
His fault concludes, but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we doe exile him hence:
I have an interrest in your hearts proceeding:
My blood for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But Ie Amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
It will be deafe to pleading and excesses,
Nor tears, nor prayers shall purchase our abuses.
Therefore vse none, let Romeo hence in haft,
Else when he is found, that house is his left.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy not Murders, pardoning those that kill.

Enter Iuliet alone.

Iul. Gallop space, you fiery footed freedes,
Towards Phoebus lodging, such a Wagoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the weft,
And bring in Cloudie night immediately.

Sprd thy clofe Curtaine Love-performing night,
That run-awayes eyes may wincke, and Romeo
Leape to these arms, vntalkt of and vnscene,
Lovers can fee to doe their Amorous rights,
And by their owne Beauties: or if Loue be blind,
It belt agrees with night: come ciuill night,
Thou fober futed Marron all in blacke,
And leanne me how to looze a winning match,
Plaid for a paire of finlefe Maidenhoods,
Hood my vnman'd blood baying in my Cheekes;
With thy Blacke mantle, till strange Loue grow bold,
Think e true Loue acted fimple modell:
Come night, come Romeo, come thou day in day,
For thou wilt lie upn the wings of night
Whiter then new Snow upon a Rauens backe:
Come gentle night, come louing blacke brow'd night.
Give me my Romeo, and when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little ifares,
And he will make the Face of heauen fo fine,
That all the world will be in Loue with night,
And pay no worship to the Garish Sun.
O I haue bought the Mansion of a Loue,
Butnot poiffit it, and though I am fould,
Not yet enjoy'd, fo tedious is this day,
As is the night before some Feithfull.
Ah where's my man? give me some Aqua-vitæ?
Th ese griefes, these woees, these forrowes make me old:
Shame come to Romeo.

Iul. Bliffter'd be thy tongue
For such a wilde, he was not borne to shame:
Vpon his brow flame is ahain'd to fit;
For 'tis a throne where Honour may be Crown'd
Sole Monarch of the vnierenfull earth:
O what a beast was I to childe him?

Nur. Will you speake well of him,
That kill'd your Cozen?

Iul. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poore my Lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I thy three hours wife have mangled it.
But wherefore Villaine didn't thou kill my Cozin?
That Villaine Cozin would haue kill'd my husband:
Backe foolish tears, backe to thy natuere spring,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,
Which you miftaking offer up to ioy:
My husband lues that Tybalt would haue flame,
And Tybalt dead that would haue flame my husband:
All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then?
Some words the deader Tybalt doth wondre then Tybalt's death
That murdered me, I would forget it feine,
But oh, it prestes to my memory,
Like damnd guilty deedes to finner's minds,
Tybalt is dead and Rome banished:
That banished, that one word banished,
Hath flame ten thousand Tybalt's Tybalt's death
Was woe inough if it had ended there:
Or if wower woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rankt with other griefes,
Why followed not when she said Tybalt dead,
Thy Father or thy Mother, nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might haue mou'd.
But which a rare-ward following Tybalt's death
Rome is banished to speake that word,
Is Father, Mother, Tybalt, Rome, Iuliet,
All flame, all dead: Rome is banished,
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe found.
Where is my Father and my Mother Nurfe?

Nur. Weeping and wannouring Tybalt Coarse,
Will you go to them? I will bring you thether.

Iul. Waish they his wounds with tears:mine shal be spent
When theirs are drie for Romeo's banishment.

Vpt take those Cordes, poor ropes you are beguill'd,
Both you and I for Romeo is exild:
He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I a Maid, die Maiden widowed.
Come Cord, come Nurfe, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death not Romeo; take my Maiden head.

Nur. He to your Chamber, Ile find Romeo
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:
Harke ye your Romeo will be heere at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at Lawrence Cell.

Iul. O find him, fieue this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his left farewell.

Enter Friar and Romeee.

Fri. Romeo come forth,
Come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie.

Rom. Father what newes?
Then mightest thou speake,
Thou mightest thou teare thy hayre,
And fall upon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an vmade graue.

Enter Nurfe, and knockes.

Fri. Arife one knockes,
Good Romeo hide thy felfe.

Rom. Not I,
Vnnieffe the breath of Hartficke groanes
Mift-like infold me from the fearch of eyes.

Fri. Knocke.

Run to my fluyd: by and by, Gods will
What fimpfleffe is this: I come, I come.

Who knockes fo hard?
Whence come you? what's your will?

Enter Nurfe.

Nur. Let me come in,
And you shall know my errand:
I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Nur. O holy Friar, O tell me holy Friar,
Where's my Ladies Lord? where's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.

Nur. O he is eu'en in my Miftrefle cafe,
Inuft in her cafe. O wooffull fimpathy:
Pittious predicament, even fo lies she,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbringe,
Stand vp, ftand vp, and you be a man,
For Juliet's fake, for her fake rife and ftand:
Why shold you fall into fo deepe an O.

Rom. Nurfe.

Nur. Ah fir, ah fir, deaths end of all.

Rom. Speak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth not the thinke me an old Murtherer,
Now I haue flain'd the Childhood of our Ioy,
With blood remoued, but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what fayes
My concealf Lord to our concealf Loue?

Nur. Oh she fayes nothing fir, but weeps and weeps,
And now fals on her bed, and then farts vp,
And Tybalt calls, and then on Romeo cries,
And then downe falls again.

Ro. As if that name fholt from the dead leuell of a Gun,
Did murder her, as that names curfed hand
Mundred her kinman. Oh tell me Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatome
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may facke
The hateful Manion.

Fri. Hold thy deperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts denote
The vnreasonable Furie of a beaft.
Vnfeemely woman, in a feeming man,
And ill befeeming beaft in feeming both,
Thou haft amazed me. By my holy order,
I thought thy dispoftion better temper'd.
Haft thou flaine Tybalt? wilt thou flay thy felfe?
And flay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing dammed hate upon thy felfe?

Why rayl'ft thou on thy birth? the heaven and earth?

The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.
Since birth, and heaven and earth, all three do meete
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst looke.
Fie, fie, thou ham't thy shape, thy louse, thy wit,
Which like a Viser upon'd in all:
And v'lt none in that true vie indeed,
Which should bedecke thy shape, thy louse, thy wit:
Thy Noble shape, is but a forme of waxe,
Digressing from the Valour of a man,
Thy deare Loue fworne but hollow periurie,
Killing that Loue which thou hait vow'd to cherish.
Thy wit, that Ornament, to shape and Loue,
Mishapen in the condicion of them both:
Like powder in a skilleffe Soulshiers flake,
Is set a fire by thine owne ignorance,
And thou didstembreth with thine owne defence.
What, rowse thee man, thy Juliet is alie,
For whose deare fake thou waft but lately dead.
There art thou happy, Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou didst never Tybalt, there art thou happie.
The law that threatened death became thy Friend,
And turn'd it to exile, there art thou happy.
A packe or bleeding light vpon thy backe,
Hapinesse Courts thee in her beat array,
But like a misshapen and fallen witch,
Thou puttest vp thy Fortune and thy Loue:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,
Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou day not till the watch be fet,
For then thou canst not passe to Mantua,
Where thou shalt liue till we can finde a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your Friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thoufand times more joy
Then thou went'rt forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haften all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt vnto
Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue staid here all night,
To heare good counsell:oh what learning is!
My Lord Ile tell my Lady you will come.
Rom. Do fo, and bid my Sweete prepare to chide.
Nur. Heere fir, a King the bid me give you fir:
Hie you, make haft, for it growes very late.
Rom. How well my comfort is reu'd by this.
Fri. Go hence,
Goodnight, and here stands all your fiate:
Either be gone before the watch be fet,
Or by the breath of day dilig'd from hence,
Soloure in Mantua, Ile find out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time.
Every good hap to you, that chances heere:
Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight.
Rom. But that a joy paft joy, calls out on me,
It were a griefe, so brieve to part with thee: Farewell,

Exeunt.

Enter old Capulet, his Wife and Paris.

Cap. Things haue faile out fir so vnluckily,
That we have had no time to moue our Daughter:
Looke you, the Lou'd her kinman Tybalt dearely,
And fo did I. Well, we were borne to die:
'Tis very late, she'll not come downe to night:
I promife you, but for your company.
I would haue bin a bed an houre agoe.

Par. These times of wo, afford no times to wooe:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter.
Lady. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night, she is mewed vp to her heauinifie.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my Childes lousie: I thinke she will be rul'd
In all refpects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
 Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here, of my Sonne Paris Loue,
And bid her,marke you me, on Wendiday next,
But soft, what day is this?

Par. Monday my Lord.

Cap. Monday, ha ha: well Wendiday is too soone,
A Thursday let it bee: Thursday tell her,
She shall be married to this Noble Earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this haft?
Weele keepe no great adoe, a Friend or two,
For harke you, Tybalt being faile fo late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinman, if we require much:
Therefore weele have some halfe a dozen Friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Paris. My Lord,
I would that Thursday were to morrow.
Cap. Well, get you gone, a Thursday, be it then:
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my Chamber hoa,
Afore me, it is fo late, that we may call ir early by and by,
Goodnight.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo and Juliets aloft.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neere day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pier'd the fearfull hollow of thine ear,
Nightly the fings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Bleeue me Loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke the Herauld of the Morn:
No Nightingale, looke you Loue what envious fivre.
Do lace the feuering Cloudes in yonder Eaft:
Nights Candles are burnt out, and Icond day
Stands tipto on the middle Mountains tops,
I must be gone, and live, or flay and die.

Jul. Yond light is not daylight, I know it I:
It is some Meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua.
Therefore fay thou, yet thou need'st not to be gone,
Rom. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, fo thou wilt have it fo.
Ile fay you gray is not the mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflexe of Cynthis brow.
Nor that is not Larke whose noates do beate
The vauity heauen fo high aboute our heads,
I haue more care to flay,then will to go:
Come death and welcome, Juliet wills it fo.
How if my foule, let talke, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hee hence be gone away:
It is the Larke that fings fo out of tune,
Straining harsh Difords, and vnplesing Sharpe's.
Some fay the Larke makes Wheate Diuision;
This doth not fo: for the diuideth vs.
Some fay, the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voyces too:

Since
Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thence hence, with Hunt f-vp to the day,
O now be gone, more light and itli ght growes.
Rom. More light & light, more darke & darke our woes.

Enter Madam and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.

Iul. Nurse.

Nur. Your Lady Mother is comming to your chamber.
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.
Iul. Then window let day in, and let life out.
Rom. Farewell, farewell, one kiffe and lile defend.
Iul. Art thou gone for Loue, Lord, ay Husband, Friend,
I muft heare from thee every day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes,
O by this count I shall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell:
I will omit no opportunitie,
That may consey my greetings Loue, to thee.
Iul. O thinketh thou we shall ever meet againe?
Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall ferue
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Iuliet. O God! I haue an ill Diuining foule,
Me thinkes I fee thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe,
Either my eye-fight faileth, or thou look't pale.
Rom. And trust me Loue, in my eye so do you:
Drie forrowes, thinkes our blood. Adue, adue.

Exit.

Iul. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what doft thou with him
That is renound for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him backe.

Enter Mother.

Lad. Ho Daughter, are you vp?
Iul. Who lift that calls? Is it my Lady Mother.
Is the not downe so late, or vp so early?
What vnaccusom'd caufe procurers her hither?

Lad. Why how now Iuliet?
Iul. Madam I am not well.
Lad. Faine meeting for your Cozins death
What wilt thou wath him from his graue with teares?
And if thou coul'd, thou coul'd not make him line:
Therefore have done, some griefe shewes much of Loue,
But much of griefe, shewes still some want of wit.
Iul. Yet let me weape, for such a feeling loffe.

Lad. So shall you feel the loffe, but not the Friend
Which you wepe for.

Iul. Feeling to the loffe,
I cannot chufe but euer weape the Friend.
La. Well Girle, thou weepest not so much for his death,
As that the Villaine liues which slaughter'd him.
Iul. What Villaine, Madam?

Lad. That fame Villaine Romeo.

Iul. Villaine and he, be many Miles affunder:
God pardon, I doe with all my heart:
And yet no man like he,doth griewe my heart.

Lad. That is because the Traitor liues.

Iul. I Madam from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.

Lad. We will have vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile tend to one in Mantua,
Where that same banift Run-agate doth liue,
Shall give him such an vnaccusom'd dram,
That he shal soone keepe Tybalt company:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

Iul. Indeed I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him, Dead.
Is my poor heart so for a kinship vext:
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyson, I would temper it;
That Romeo shou'd vpon receit thereof,
Soone fleee in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him nam'd, and cannot come to him,
To wraek the Loue I bore my Cozin,
Vpon his body that hath slaughter'd him.

Mo. Find thou the meanes, and Ile find such a man.
But now Ile tell thee joyfull tidings Gyroke.
Iul. And joy comes well, in such a needy time,
What are they, befethce your Ladyship?
Iul. Well, well, thou haft a carefull Father Child?
One who to put thee from thy heauineffe,
Hath forted out a fudden day of joy,
That thou expectes not, nor I lookt not for.
Iul. Madam in happy time, what day is this?
Mo. Marry my Child, early next Thursday morne,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie Parise at Saint Peters Church,
Shall happily make thee a joyfull Bride.

Iul. Now by Saint Peters Church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyfull Bride.
I wonder at this haft, that I must weare
Ere he that should be Husband comes to woe:
I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I doe, I sweare
It shallbe Romeo, whom you know I hate
Rather then Parise. These are newes indeed.
Mo. Here comes your Father, tell him so your felfe,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the Sun set, the earth doth drizzle daw,
But for the Sunlet of my Brothers Sonne,
It raienes downright.
How now? A Conduit Gyroke, what fill in teares
Euermore entred in one little body?
Thou counterfaits a Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For fill thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,
Do ebe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is
Sayling in this falt floud, the windes thy fighes,
Who raging with the teares and they with them,
Without a fudden calme will ouer fet
Thy tempete tossed body. How now wife?
Hawe you delivered to her our decree?
Iul. 1 fr;
But she will none, she gues you thankes,
I would the foole were married to her graue.
Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you wife,
How, will the none? doth the not giue vs thankes?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blet,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a Gentleman, to be her Bridgewome

Iul. Not proud you have,
But thankfull that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I have,
But thankfull even for hate, that is meant Loue.

Cap. How now?
How now? Choup Logicke? what is this?
Proud, and I thanke you; and I thanke you not.
Thanke me no thankinges, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine loijts 'gainft Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peters Church:
Or I will drag thee, on a Hurde thither.
Out you greene fickle,se carion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.

Lady. Fie, fie, what are you mad?

Jtd. Good Father, I beseech you on my knees
Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.

Fa. Hang thee young baggage, disobeident wretch,
I telle thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.

Speake not, reply not, do not answeer me.
My fingers itch, wife: we scarce thought vs blest,
That God had lent vs but this onely Child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curf in hauing her:

Out on her Hilding,

Nur. God in heaven bleffe her,

You are too blame my Lord to rate her so.

Fa. And why my Lady wifedome?hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, in matter with your gossip go.

Nur. I speake no treafon,
Father, O Godigoden,
May not one speake?

Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your grauitie ore a Golips bowles
For here we need it not.

La. You are too hot.

Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, houre, ride, time, worke, play,
Alone in company, fill my care hath bin
To hauue her match, and hauing now provided
A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,
Of faire Deemenes, Youthfull, and Nobly Allied,
Stuft as they say with Honourable parts,
Proportion'd as ones thought would with a man,
And then to have a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet, in her Fortunes tender,
To anfwer, lle not wed, I cannot Loue:

I am too young, I prays you pardon me.
But, and you will not wed, lie pardon you.

Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:

Looke too, this is not, I do not vie to left.
Thurday is neere, lay hand on heart, adultery,
And you be mine, lle give you to my Friend:
And you be not, hang, beg, straue, die in the streets,
For by my foule, lle nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall neuer do thee good:

Truft too, bethinke you, lle not be forsworne.

Exit.

Jul. Is there no pittie sitting in the Cloudes,
That fees into the bottome of my griefe?
O sweet my Mother caft me not away,
Delay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,
Or if you do, make the Bridal bed
In that dim Monument where Tybalt lies.

M stealing to not to me, for lle not speake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

Exit.

Jul. O God!

Nurfe, how shall this be prevented?

My Husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How shall that faith returne again to earth,
Vnleffe that Husband fend it me from heauen,
By leaving earth? Comfort me, counfale me:
Hacke, alacke, that heauen shoulde praefle stratagems
Vpon fo foft a fubieft as my felle.

What faith thou? hath thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort Nurfe.

Nur. Faith here it is, Romeo is banified, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares nere come backe to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then since the cafe so standes as now it doth,
I thinke it best you married with the Countie,
O here's a Louely Gentleman:

Romeo a dight-clout to him: an Eagle Madam
Hath not golfgreeno, fo quicke, fo faire an eye
As Paris hath, behow your very heart,
I thinke you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your firftor if it did not,
Your firft is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no wife of him.

Jtd. Speakeft thou from thy heart?

Nur. And from my foule too,
Or else behowre them both.

Jtd. Amen.

Nur. What?

Jtd. Well, thou haft comforted me maruellous much,
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing difplea'd my Father, to Lawrence Cell,
To make confeffion, and to be aboluf'd.

Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wisely done.

Jtd. Auncient damnation, O most wicked fiend!
It is more fin to withe me thus forworne,
Or to difpraise my Lord with that fame tongue
Which the hath praified him with above compare,
So many thousand times? Go Counfelior,
Thou and my boforme henchforth shall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedi,
If all else faile, my fife haue power to die.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Countie Paris.

Fri. On Thursday firth the time is very short.

Par. My Father Capulet will haue it fo,
And I am nothing flow to flack his haft.

Fri. You fay you do not know the Ladies mind?

Vneeun is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weepes for Tybalt death,
And therefore haue I left you, if you love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of teares.

Now fir, her Father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her forrow so much fWay:
And in his wifedome, hafts our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her teares,
Which too much minded by her felle alone,
May be put from her by societie.

Now doo you know the reafon of this haft?

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be flow'd.

Looke fir, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my Lady and my wife.

Jtd. That may be fir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, but I muft be Loue, on Thursday next.

Jtd. What muft be flall be.

Fri. That's a certaine text.

Par. Come you to make confeffion to this Father?

Jtd. To anfwer that, I should confesse to you.

Par. Do not denying to him, that you Loue me.

Jtd. I will confesse to you that I Loue him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure that you Loue me.

Jtd. If I do fo, it will be of more price,
Benig spoke behind your backe, then to your face.

Par. Poor foule, thy face is much abuf'd with teares.
The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.

Iul. The teares haue got small victorie by that:
For it was bad enough before their sight.
Pa. Thou wrong'st it more then teares with that report.
Iul. That is no flaunder sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to thy face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou haft flaunder'd it.
Iul. It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leisure, Holy Father now,
Or shall I come to you at evening Maffe?
Fri. My leasure ferues me peniue daughter now.
My Lord you must intreat the time alone.
Par. Godhelie : I should disturbe Devotion,
Iuliet, on Thursday early will I rowe ye,
Till then adore, and keepe this holy kisse. Exit Paris.
Iul. O flust the doore, and when thou hast done so,
Come wepe with me, past hope, past care, past helpe.
Fri. O Iuliet, I alreadie know thy grieue,
It streaumes me past the compact of my wits:
I heare thou muft and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this Countie.
Iul. Tell me not Frier that thou hearest of this,
Vnlesse thou tell mehow I may prevent it:
If in thy wifedome, thou cannot give no helpe,
Do thou but call my refolution wife,
And with his knife, Ile helpe it presently.
God fordoyn my heart, and Romeo, thou our hands,
And ere this hand by thee this fellow plaid:
Shall be the Labell to another Deede,
Or my true heart with treacherous reuolt,
Tune to another, this shall flay them both:
Therefore out of thy long expetien'tt time,
Give me some prefent counsell, or behold
Twix'tmy extreames and me, this bloody knife
Shall play the vmarpe, arbitrating that,
Which the commision of thy yeares and art,
Could to no issue of true honour bring:
Be not fo long to speak, I long to die,
If what thou speakest, speake not of remedy.
Fri. Hold Daughter, I doe spee a kind of hope,
Which craues as desperate as an extermate:
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If rather then to marrie Countie Paru
Thou haft the strenght of will to flay thy selfe,
Then is it likelie thou wilt vntake
A thinglike death to chide away this flame,
That coues'ft with death himselfe, to scape fro it:
And if thou dar'ft, Ile give thee relie.
Iul. Oh bid meeleepe, rather then marrie Paru,
From of the Battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in theeuil wales, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are : chaine me with roaring Beares
Or hide me nightly in a Charnell house,
Orecouer'd quite with dead mens eating bones,
With rockie thankes and yellow chapp'ft foults:
Or bid me go into a new made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his grave,
Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,
And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnmarried wife to my sweet Loue.
Fri. Hold then: goe home, be merrie, giue content,
To marrie Paru : wensday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Violi being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When prefently through all thy veins shall run,
A cold and drowzie humour: for no pulse
Shall keepe his natue progreffe, but furcease:
No warmth, no breath shall tellifie thou liuesst,
The Rofes in thy lips and cheeckes shall fade
To many athes, the eyes windowes fall
Like death when he shut vp the day of life:
Each part depru'd of supple government,
Shall flye and starke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunkes death
Thou shalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake, as from a pleasent fleec.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
'To rowe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy best Robes vncoeur'd on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindred graves.
Thou shalt be borne to that fame ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie,
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,
Shall Rome by my Letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, and that very night
Shall Rome beare thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present flame,
If no inconfant toy nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the actinge.
Iul. Give me, give me, O tell not me of care.
Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous:
In this refolue, Ile lend a Frier with speec
To Mantua with my Letters to thy Lord.
Iu. Loue giue me strenght,
And strenght shall helpe afford:
Farewell deare father. Exit

Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and
Serving men, two or three.

Cap. So many guestes invite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cookes.
Ser. You shall have none ill sir, for Ile trie if they
can lick their fingers:
Cap. How canst thou trie them so?
Ser. Marrie sir, 'tis an ill Cooke that cannot lick his owne fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers
goes not with me.
Cap. Go be gone, we shall be much vnfruitfull for this
That is my Daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?
Nur. I forsooth.
Cap. Well he may chance to do some good on her,
A peeuile felle-wild harlotry it is.

Enter Iuliet.

Nur. See where she comes from thrift
With merrie lookes.
Cap. How now my headstrong,
Where haue you bin gagging?
Iul. Where I haue learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition:
To you and your besheets, and am enioyn'd
By holy Lawrence, to fall prostrate here,
To beg your pardon: pardon I beseech you,
Henceforward I am euers ru'd by you.
Cap. Send for the Countie, goe tell him of this,
I leue this knot knot vp to morrow morning.
Iul. I met the youthfull Lord at Lawrence Cell,
And gave him what became Loue I might,
Not repeting ore the bounds of modestie.
Cap. Why I am glad on't, this is well, (and vp,

This
This is as 'tis should be, let me see the County:
I marrie go I say, and fetch him hither.  
Now afor God, this reueren'd holy Friar,
All our whole Cittie is much bound to him.  

Tis now neere night.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.  

I. I those attires are best, but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leave me to my felse to night:
For I have need of many Oryfons,
To moue the heauens to smyle vpon my flate,
Which well thou know'st, is croffe and full of fin.

Nurse.  

Ms. What are you busie ho? need you my help?
I. No Madam, we haue cul'd fuch necessaries
As are behouefull for our flate to morrow:
So pleaue you, let me now be left alone;
And let the Nurse this night fit vp with you,
For I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so fudden bufineffe.

Ms. Goodnight.
Get thee to bed and rest, for thu hast need.  

Exeunt.  

I. Farewell:
God knowes when we shall meete againe.  
I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veins,
That almoft freezes vp the heate of fire:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurse, what shoul she dore here?  
My dismall Scene, I needs must act alone:
Come Viall, what if this mixture do not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this shall forbid it.  
Lye thou there,
What if it be a poyfon which the Frier
Subtilly hath minified to haue me dead,
Leaft in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Rome?
I feare it is, and yet me thinkes it should not,
For he hath all beene tried a holy man.
How, if when I am laid into the Tome,
I wake before the time that Rome
Come to redeeme me?  There's a fearefull point:
Shall I not then be flipt in the Vault?
To whose foule mouth no healthhome ayre breaths in,
And there die brangled ere my Rome comes.
Or if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vaulte, an ancient receptacle,

Where for these many hundred yeeres the bones
Of all my buried Auncestors are packt,
Where bloody Tybals, yet but greene in earth,
Lies seeping in his shrow'd, where as they say,
At some hours in the night, Spirits refor:
Alacke, alacke, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathsome fiends,
And shrikes like Mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That liuing mortalls hearing them, run mad.
O if I wake, shall I not be driu'd,
Insolued with all those hideous feares,
And madly play with my forefatheres inlays?
And plucke the mangled Tybals from his shrow'd?
And in this rape, with some great kinfmen bones,
As (with a club) daft out my desperate braines.
O looke, I thinkes I see my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking out Rome that did spit his body
Vpon my Rapiers point: flay Tybals, flay;
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drinke: I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the house, and Nurse.  

Lady. Hold,  
Take these keys, and fetch more spices Nurse.  

Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastrie.  

Enter old Capulet.  

Cap. Come, flir, flir, flir,  
The second Cocke hath Crow'd,  
The Currphew Bell hath rung, 'tis three a clock:  
Looke to the bakte meates, good Angelica,  
Spare not for cost.  

Nur. Go you Cot-queane, go,  
Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow  
For this nights watching.  

Cap. No not a whit: what? I haue watcht ere now  
All night for leffe caufe, and nere beene sicke.  
La. I you haue bin a Moufe-hunt in your time,  
But I will watch you from such watching now.  

Exit Lady and Nurse.  

Cap. A lealous head, a lealous head,  
Now fellow, what there?  

Enter three or foure with fisits, and logs, and baskets.  

Fel. Things for the Cooke fir, but I know not what.  

Cap. Make haft, make haft, sirrah, fetch drier Loggs.
Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are.  

Fel. I haue a head fir, that will find out logs,  
And neuer trouble Peter for the matter.  

Cap. Maffe and well fald, a merrie horfon, ha,
Thou shalt be loggerhead, good Father, tis day.

Play Mufick.
The Countie will be here with Mufickke fraight,
For so he faid he would, I hear him neere,  
Nurse, wife, what ho? what Nurse I fay?  

Enter Nurse.  

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her vp,  
Ile go and chat with Paré: he, make haft,  
Make haft, the Bridegroome, he is come already  
Make haft I fay.

Why Lambe, why Lady, fie you sluggaged,  
Why Loue I fay? Madam, sweet heart: why Bride?  
What not a word? You take your penworths now.
Sleepe for a weke, for the next night I warrant  
The Countie Paré hath fet vp his reft,  
That you shall reft but little, God forgive me:  
Marrie and Amen: how found is she a sleepe?
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam, I let the Countie take thee out of thy bed. Heele fright you vp yfaith. Will it not be? What dreft, and in your clothes, and downe againe? I must needs wake you: Lady, Lady, Lady? Ali, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladies dead, Oh weladay, that euer I was borne, Some Aqua-vite ho, my Lord, my Lady?

Ms. What noife is here? Enter Mother.

Nur. O lamentable day.

Ms. What is the matter?

Nur. Look, looke, oh heauie day.

Ms. O me, O me, my Child; my onely life: Reuive, looke vp, or I will die with thee: Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For shame bring Juliet forth, her Lord is come.

Nur. Shee's dead: deceas'd, shee's dead: alacke the day.

M. Alacke the day, shee's dead, shee's dead, shee's dead.

Fa. Ha? Let me fee herout alsa shee's cold, Her blood is feted and her lyoents are fife: Life and thefe lips have long beene sep'rat ed:

Death lies on her like an vntimely froft

Vpon the sweete t flower of all the field.

Nur. O Lamentable day!

Ms. O wofull time.

Fa. Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile, Ties vp my tongue, and will not let me speake.

Enter Friar and the Countie.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?

Fa. Ready to go, but neuer to returne. O Sonne, the night before thy wedding day, Hath death laine with thy wife: there shee lies, Flower as the was, deflowred by him. Death is my Sonne in law, death is my Heire, My Daughter he hath wedded. I will die, And leaue him all life living, all is deaths.

Fa. Haue I thought long to fee this mornings face, And doth it give me such a fight as this?

Ms. Accur'ft, vnhappie, wretched hatefull day, Most miserable houre, that ere time faw In lafting labour of his Pilgrimage. But one, poore one, one poore and louing Child, But one thing to rejoicke and solace in, And cruell death hath catcht it from my fight.

Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day, Most lamentable day, most wofull day, That euer, euer, I did yet behold. O day, O day, O hatefull day, Neuer was feene so blacke a day as this:

O wofull day, O wofull day.


Fat. Despise'd, distressed, hated, marti'd, kill'd, Uncomfortable time, why can't thou now To murther, murther our solemnitie?

O Child, O Child; my foule, and not my Child, Dead art thou, alacke my Child is dead, And with my Child, my joyes are buried.

Fri. Peace ho for shame, confusions: Care, liues not In these confusions, heauen and your selle, Had part in this faire Maud, now heauen hath all, And all the better is it for the Maid: Your part in her, you could not keepe from death, But heauen keeps his part in eternall life:
The moft you sought was her promotion, For twas your heauen, shee shouldn't be aduan't, And weepe ye now, seeing she is aduan't?

Aboue the Cloudes, as high as Heauen it selfe? O in this loue, you loue your Child so ill, That you run mad, seeing that she is well: Shee's not well married, that liues married long, But shee's best married, that dies married young.

Drie vp your teares, and sticke your Rosemarie On this faire Coarfe, and as the cufome is, And in her beef array beare her to Church: For though some Nature bids all vs lament, Yet Natures teares are Resons meritam. 

Fa. All things that we ordained Feltiuall, Turne from their office to blacke Funerall: Our instrumens to melancholy Bells, Our wedding cheare, to a sad burall Feast: Our sollemne Hymnes, to fullen Dyrges change: Our Bri dall flowers ferue for a buried Coarfe: And all things change them to the contrarje.

Fri. Sir go you in; and Madam, go with him, And go sir Paris, every one prepare To follow this faire Coarfe vnto her graine: The heauens do loure vpon you, for some ill: Mowe them no more, by crolfing their high will. 

Exit.

Mu. Faith we may put vp our Pipes and be gone.

Nur. Honest goodfellows: Ah vh vp, put vp, For well you know, this is a princely cafe.

Mu. I by my troth, the cafe may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Mufitions, oh Mufitions, 

Hearts eafe, hearts eafe, 

Q, and you will haue me liue, play hearts eafe. 

Mu. Why hearts eafe; 

Pet. O Mufitions, 

Becaufe my heart it felle pales, my heart is full. 

Mu. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now. 

Pet. You will not then? 

Mu. No.

Pet. I will then give it you foundly.

Mu. What will you giue vs? 

Pet. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.

I will giue you the Miniftrell. 

Mu. Then will I giue you the Seringue creature. 

Peter. Then will I laie the seruing Creatures Dagar on your pate. I will carie no Crochets, Ile Re you, Ile Fa you, do you note me?

Mu. And you Re vs, and Fa vs, you Note vs. 

2.M. Pray you put vp your Dagger, And put out your wit, Then haue at you with my wit. 

Peter. I will drie-beate you with an yron wit, And put vp your yron Dagger. 

Anfwer me like men: 

When griping griefes the heart doth wound, then Mufckewith her filuer found. 

Why filuer found? why Mufckee with her filuer found? what fay you Simon Cattin? 

Mu. Mary fir, because filuer hath a sweet found. 

Pet. Prateff, what fay you Hugh Reheke? 

2.M. I say filuer found, because Mufcions found for fil-

Pet. Prateff to, what fay you James Sound-Pot? (uer 


Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer. 

I will fay for you; it is Mufckee with her filuer found, 

Be-
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Because Mufitions have no gold for sounding:
Then Muficke with her fluer found, with speedy helpe
doth lend redreffe. 

\[ Exit. \]

**Mu.** What a pestilent kame is this same?  

**M.** Hang him Jacke, come weele in here, tarrie for the Mourners, and stay dinner. 

\[ Exit. \]

**Rom.** If I may truft the flattering truth of sleepe,  
My dreams preface forme Joyfull news at hand:  
My bofomes lift lightly in his throne:  
And all thisan day an vccutom'd spirit,  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerefull thoughts.  
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,  
(Strange dreame that glues a dead man leave to thinke,)  
And breaeth'd such life with kiffe's in my lips,  
That I reuie'd and was an Empourer.  
Ah me, how sweet is lowe it selfe posset,  
When but lowe shadows are so rich in joy.  

\[ Enter Romeo's man. \]

**Newes from Verona, how now Balbuzar?**  
Doft thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?  
How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?  
How doth my Lady Juliet? that I aske againe,  
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.  

**Man.** Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.  
Her body sleepest in Capel's Monument,  
And her immortal part with Angels live,  
I faw her laid low in her kindreds Vaulet,  
And prefently tooke Pofte to tell it you:  
O pardon me for bringing thefe ill newes,  
Since you did leave it for my office Sir.  

**Rom.** Is it euen fo?  
Then I denye you Starres.  
Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper,  
And hire Pott-Horfe, I will hence to night.  

**Man.** I do beseech you Sir, have patience:  
Your looke's are pale and wild, and do import  
Some misaduenture.  

**Rom.** Thio, thou art deceu'd,  
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.  
Haft thou no Letters to me from the Frier?  

**Man.** No my good Lord. 

\[ Exit Man. \]

**Rom.** Mo matter: Get thee gone,  
And hyre those Horfe's, Ile be with thee straight.  
Well Juliet, I will lie with thee to night:  
Let's fee for meane: O milchfieoe thou art swift,  
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men:  
I do remember an Appothecarie,  
And here abouts dwell, which late I noted  
In tattred weeds, with overwelling browes,  
Culling of Simples, meager were his looke's,  
Sharpe miferie had wore him to thebones:  
And in his needie chop a Tortoyrs hung,  
An Allegrer fluft, and other skins  
Of ill shap'd fishes, and abouts his selleus,  
A beggerly account of empiute boxes,  
Greene earthen pots, Bladders, and mufte feedes;  
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roses  
Were thinly flattered, to make vp a shew.  
Noting this penury, to my selfe I fayd,  
An if a man did need a pooyfon now,  
While fale is perfetl death in Mantua,  
Here liues a Cauffie wretch would fell it him.  
O this fame thought did but fore-run my need,  
And this fame needie man must fell it me.  

As I remember, this should be the houfe,  
Being holy day, the beggers chop is shut.  

\[ Enter Appothecarie. \]

**App.** Who call's so low'd?  

**Rom.** Come hither man, I fee that thou art poore,  
Hold, there is fortie Ducets, let me haue  
A dram of pooyfon, fuch foone speeding geare,  
As will diffperfe it felfe through all the veines,  
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,  
And that the Trunke may be difcharg'd of breath,  
As violently, as haffle powder fier'd  
Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wonbe.  

**App.** Such mortall drugs I haue, but Mantuas law  
Is death to any he, that vtters them.  

**Rom.** Art thou fo bare and full of wretchedneffe,  
And fear't to die? famine is in thy cheeckes,  
Need and opreffion farueth in thy eyes,  
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy backe i  
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law:  
The world affords no law to make thee rich.  
Then be not poore, but breake it, and take this.  

**App.** My pouerty, but not my will confents.  

**Rom.** I pray thy poorty, and not thy will.  

**App.** Put this in any liquid thing you will  
And drinke it off, and if you had the strenght  
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.  

**Rom.** There's thy Gold,  
Worfe pooyfon to mens foules,  
Doing more murther in this loathsome world,  
Then these poore compounds that thou maift not f ell.  
I fell thee pooyfon, thou haft fold me none,  
Farewell, buy food, and get thy felfe in fleth.  
Come Cordiall, and not pooyfon, go with me  
To Juliets graue, for there mutt I vfe thee.  

\[ Exeunt. \]

**Enter Frier John to Frier Lawrence.**  

**John.** Holy Francisfian Frier, Brother, ho?  

**Enter Frier Lawrence.**  

**Law.** This fame should be the voice of Frier John.  
Welcome from Mantua, what faies Rome?  
Or if his mind be wrtie, give me his Letter.  

**John.** Going to find a bare-foote Brother out,  
One of our order to affociate me,  
Here in this Citie visiting the sick,  
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne  
Suspeeting that we both were in a houfe  
Where the infectious peffilence did raigne,  
Seal'd vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,  
So that my fped to Mantua there was fai'd  

**Law.** Who bare my Letter then to Rome?  

**John.** I could not fend it, here it is againe,  
Nor get a meffenger to bring it thee,  
So fearefull were they of infection.  

**Law.** Vnhappie Fortune: by my Brotherhood  
The Letter was not nice, but full of charge,  
Of deare impor, and the negleeting it  
May do much danger: Frier John go hence,  
Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it straight  
Vnto my Cell.  

**John.** Brother Ile go and bring it thee.  

**Law.** Now muft I to the Monument alone,  
Within this three houres will faire Juliets wake,  
Shee will beforth me much that Rome  
Hath had no notice of these accidents:  
But I will write againe to Mantua,  

\[ Exit. \]
And keepe her at my Cell till Romeo come,  
Poore luving Coarse, clo'd in a dead mans Tomb,  

Enter Paris and his Page.  

Par. Give me th' Torch Boy, hence and fland aloft,  
Yet put it out, for I would not be seene:  
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,  
Holding thy eare clofe to the hollow ground,  
So shall no foot vpon the Churchyard tread,  
Being loofe, vnfirm with digging vp of Graues,  
But thou shalt heare it: whifie then to me,  
As signall that thou hearst some thing approach,  
Give me thofe flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.  

Page. I am almoft afraid to fland alone  
Here in the Churchyard, yet I will adventure.  
Pa. Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew:  
O woe, thy Canopie is dufft and flones,  
Which with sweet water nightly I will dewe,  
Or wanting that, with teares defili'd by mones;  
The obfequies that I for thee will keepe,  
Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue, and weep.  

Whifie Boy.  
The Boy gives warning, something doth approach,  
What curfed foot wanders this wayes to night,  
To croffe my obsequies, and true lovers right?  
What with a Torch? Muffle me night a while.  

Enter Romeo, and Peter.  

Rom. Give me that Mattocke, & the wounding Iron,  
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning  
See thou deliver it to my Lord and Father,  
Give me the light; vpon thy life I charge thee,  
What ere thou heare'rt or seeft, fland aloof,  
And do not interrupt me in my courfe.  
Why I defend into this bed of death,  
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:  
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,  
A precious Pifer, and his inents I must vie,  
In deare employment, therefore hence be gone:  
But if thou leaues not returne to prie  
In what I further shal intend to do,  
By heauen I will thee thee Joynt by Joynt,  
And strew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:  
The time, and my intents are fauege widers:  
More fierce and more inexorabe farre,  
Then empite Tygers, or the roaring Sea.  

Pet. I will be gone fir, and not troth e you  
Ro. So shalt thou shew me friendhip: take thou that,  
Live and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.  
Pet. For all this fame, Ile hide me here about,  
His looks doth make me doubt.  

Rom. Thou defeatable mawe, thou wombe of death,  
Gorg'd with the deareft morflle of the earth:  
Thus I enforce thy rotten Lawes to open,  
And in despight, Ile cram thee with more food.  

Par. This is that banifiht haughtie Mountague,  
That murmurd my Loues Cozin; with which grieue,  
It is suppoed the faire Creature died,  
And here is come to do some villanous flame  
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.  
Stop th' unhawled toyle, vile Mountague:  
Can vengeance be purfued further then death?  
Condemned vallaine, I do apprehend thee.  
Obey and go with me, for thou muft die,  

---

Rom. I muft indeed, and therefore came I hither:  
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperat man,  
Fie & hence and leave me, thinke vpon thofe gone,  
Let them affright thee. I befeech thee Youth,  
Put not an other fin vpon my head,  
By vring me to furie. O be gone,  
By heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,  
For I come hither arm'd against my selfe:  
Stay not, do be gone, I, and hereafter lay,  
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away.  

Par. I do defire th' commifleration,  
And apprehend thee for a Fellow here.  
Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? Then haue at thee Boy.  
Pet. O Lord they flight, I will go call the Watch.  
Pa. O I am flaine, if thou be mercifull,  
Open the Tomb, lay me with Juliet.  

Rom. In faith I will, let me perufe this face:  
Mercutius kinman, Noble Countie Paris,  
What said my man, when my betoffed foule  
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke  
He told me Paris should have married Juliet.  
Said he not fo? Or did I dreame it fo?  
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of Juliet,  
To thinke it was fo? O give me thy hand,  
One, writ with me in fowre misfortunes booke.  
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue,  
A Graue, O no, a Lanthouse the Aung'htred Youth:  
For here lies Juliet, and her beaute makes  
This Vault a feafling preffence full of light.  
Death lie thou there, by a dead man inter'd.  
How oft when men are at the point of death,  
Hau e they beene merrie? Which their Keepers call  
A lightning before death? Oh how may I  
Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my Wife,  
Death that hath fuctk the honey of thy breath,  
Hath no power yet vpon thy Beautie:  
Thou are not conquer'd: Beauties enigne yet  
Is Crymon in thy lips, and in thy cheakes,  
And Deaths pale flaggs is not advanced there.  
Tybalt, Jy't thou there in thy bloody sheet?  
O what more fauour can I do to thee.  
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,  
To funder his that was thy enemy?  
Forgive me Cozen. Ah deare Juliet:  
Why art thou yet fo faire? I will beleeue,  
Shall I beleeue, that vnsubstantiall death is amorous?  
And that the leane abhorred Moniter keepes  
Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?  
For feare of that, I still will lay with thee,  
And never from this Palace of dyne night.  
Depart againe: come lie thou in my armes,  
Here's to thy health, wher eere thou tumbleft in.  
O true Appothecarie!  

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiffe I die.  
Depart againe: here, here will I remaine,  
With Wormes that are thy Chambermaids: O here  
Will I fet vp my eyeerlafting reft:  
And shake the yoke of inaupicious flares  
From this world-wearied flesh: Eyes looke your laft:  
Armes take your laft embrace: And lips, O you  
The doores of breath, feale with a righteous kiffe  
A dateleffe bargain to ingrossing death:  
Come bitter conduit, come vnfaourey guide,  
Thou desperat Pilot: now at once run on  
The daunting Rocks, thy Sea-fickie ware Barks:  
Here's to my Loue. O true Appothecary:  

---
The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

Thy drags are quicke. Thus with a kiffe I die.

Enter Friar with Lamborne, Crow, and Spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed, how oft to night
Haue my old feet flumbred at graues? Who's there?

Man. Here's one, a Friend, & one that knowes you well.

Fri. Bliffe be vpon you. Tell me good my Friend
What Torch is yond that vainely lends his light
To grubs, and eyelesse Sculles? As I dicerne,
It burneth in the Capel Monument.

Man. It doth so holy firr,
And there's my Master, one that you love.

Fri. Who 0 is it?

Man. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he bin there?

Man. Full halfe an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dare not Sir.

My Master knowes but I am gone hence,
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to looke on his entents.

Fri. Stay, then Ile go alone, feares comes vpon me.

O much I feare some ill vnlucklie thing.

Man. As I did sleepe vnder this young tree here,
I dreamt my Master and another fought,
And that my Maifer flew him.

Fri. Romeo.

Alacke,alacke, what blood is this which flaines
The flony entrance of this Sepulcher?

What meane these Masterlesse, and garrie Swords
To Ie diccolour'd by this place of peace?

Romeo, oh pale: who else? what Paris too?

And sleepe in blood? Ah what an vn kind houre
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?

The Lady flirs.

Iul. O comfortable Friar, where's my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be;
And there I am, where is my Romeo?

Fri. I heare some noyse Lady, come from that neft
Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall sleepe,
A greater power then we can contradic;

Hath thwarted our entents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy bofome there lies dead:
And Paris too:come Ile dipowe of thee,
Among a Sifterhood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to quetion, for the watch is comming.
Come, go good Iuliet, I dare no longer stay.

Exit. Iul. Go get thee hence, for I will not away,
What's here? A cup clos'd in my true lo: es hand?
Poyfon I see hath bin his timeleffe end
O churle, drinke all! and left no friendly drop,
To helpe me after, I will kiffe thy lips,
Happie some poyfon yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a refortative.

Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Atch. Lead Boy, which way?

Iul. Yea noife?

Then Ile be briefe. O happy Dagger.
'Tis in thy sheath, there rulf and let me die Kils berfelfe.

Boy. This is the place,
There where the Torch doth burne
Watch. The ground is bloody,
Search about the Churchyard.

Go some of you, who ere you find attach.
Pittifull fight, here lies the Countie flaine,
And Iuliet bleeding, warme and newly dead

Who here hath laine these two days buried.
Go tell the Prince, runne to the Capulets,
Raffe vp the Mountagues, some others search,
We fee the ground whereon these woes do lye,
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance defcry.

Enter Romeo's man.

Watch. Here's Romeo's man,
We found him in the Churchyard.

Con. Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.

Enter Friar, and another Watchman.

2 Wat. Here is a Friar that trembles, fighes, and weepes
We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yard fide.

Con. A great fupfition, flay the Friar too.

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What misadventur is so early vp,
That calls our perfon from our mornings ref?

Enter Capulet and his Wife.

Cap. What should it be that they so shrike abroad?

Wife. O the people in the streete cite Romeo,
Some Iuliet, and some Paris, and all runne
With open mouth to ouercry toward monument.

Pri. What fearie is this which fiartles in your eares?

Wat. Soueraigne, here lies the Countie Paris flaine,
And Romeo dead, and Iuliet dead before,

Warme and new kil'd.

Prin. Search,
Seeke, and know how, this foule murder comes.

Wat. Here is a Friar, and Slaughter'd Romeo man,
With Instrumts vpon them fit to open
These dead mens Tomes.

Cap. O heauen!
O wife looke how our Daughter bleedes!
This Dagger hath mistaine, for loe his houfe
Is empty on the backe of Mountague,
And is mifheared in my Daughters bofome.

Wife. O me, this fight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Pri. Come Mountague, for thou art early vp
To fee thy Sonne and Heire, now early downe.

Moun. Als my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my Sonnes exile hath flopt her breath:
What further woe conspires againft my age?

Prin. Lookes and thou shalt fee.

Moun. O thou vnaught, what manners in is this,
To preffe before thy Father to a graue?

Prin. Seale vp the mouth of outre ge for a while,
Till we can cleare these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descant,
And then will I be generall of your woes,
And lead you euen to deathmeane time forbeare,
And let mischance be flaeue to patience,
Bring forth the parties of fupfition.

Fri. I am the greatef,able to doe leaff,
Yet most suspeeted as the time and place
DOTH make against me of this direfull muther:
And heere I fland both to impeach and purge
My fefe condemned, and my fefe excus'd.

Prin. Then lay at once, what thou doit know in this?

Fri. I will be briefe, for my short date of breath
Is not fo long as is a tedious tale
Romeo there dead, was husband to that Iuliet,
And she there dead, that's Romeo faithfull wife:
The Tragedie of Romeo and Julliet.

I married them, and their solemn marriage day
Was Tybalt's Doomesday: whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie:
For whom (and not for Tybalt) Julliet pine.
You, to remove that siege of Greeke from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce
To Countie Paris. Then comes she to me,
And (with wilde looks) bid me deuife some meanes
To rid her from this second Marriage,
Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.
Then gane I her (to Tutor'd by my Art)
A sleeping Potion, which fo tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death. Meane time, I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come, as this dyre night,
To helpe to take her from her borrowed grave,
Being the time the Potions force should cease.
But he which bore my Letter, Frier John,
Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my Letter backe. Then all alone,
At the prefixed houre of her wakings,
Came I to take her from her Kindreds vault,
Meaning to keepe her cloesly at my Cell,
Till I conueniently could send to Romeo.
But when I came (from Minute ere the time
Of her awaking) heere untimely lay
The Noble Paris, and true Romeo dead.
Shue wakes, and I intreated her come forth,
And beare this worke of Heauen, with patience:
But then, a noyse did carre me from the Tombe,
And she (too desperat) would not go with me,
But (as it feemes) did violence on her selfe.
All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurse is priye:
And if ought in this mischafere by my fault,
Let my old life be sacrific'd, some houre before the time,
Vnto the rigour of feuerest Law.

Prin. We still haue knowne thee for a Holy man.
Where's Romeo's man? What can he say to this?
Boy. I brought my Master newes of Julliet death,
And then in poste he came from Mantua.
To this same place, to this same Monument.
This Letter he early bid me gie his Father,
And threatened me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prin. Give me the Letter, I will look on it.
Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the Watch?
Sirra, what made your Master in this place?
Page. He came with flowres to strew his Ladies grave,
And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my Master drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their course of Loues, the tydings of her death:
And heere he writes, that he did buy a potson
Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall
Came to this Vault to dye, and lye with Julliet.
Where be these Enemies? Capulet, Montague,
See what a scource is laide upon your hate,
That Heauen finds meane to kill you ioynes with Loue;
And I, for winking at your difcordes too,
Haue loft a brace of Knifemen: All are punisht'd.

Cap. O Brother Montague, give me thy hand,
This is my Daughters loynure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mawn. But I can gie thee more:
For I will raise her Statue in pure Gold,
That whilsts Verona by that name is knowne,
There shall no figure at that Rate be set,
As that of True and Faithfull Julliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his Lady ly,
Poore sacrificers of our enmity.

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Sunne for sorrow will not shew his head;
Go hence, to haue more talke of these sad things,
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punish'd.
For neuer was a Storie of more Wo,
Then this of Julliet, and her Romeo.

FINIS.

G g
Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer, at several doors.

Poet.

Ood day Sir.

Pain. I am glad y'are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long, how goes the World?

Pain. It weares fir, as it growes.

Poet. I that's well knowne:

But what particular Rarite? What strange

Which manifold record not matches: fee

Magicke of Bounty, all these spirits thy power

Hath conjur'd to attend.

I know the Merchant.

Pain. I know them both: th'others a Jeweller.

Mrs. O 'tis a worthy Lord.

Mrs. Nay that's most fixt.

Mr. A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were,

To an vyntreable and continuance goodnesse:

He paffes.

Mrs. I have a Jewell heere.

Mrs. O pray let's fee't. For the Lord Timon; fit?

Jewel. If he will touch the effimate. But for that——

Poet. When we for recompence haue prais'd the vild,

It staines the glory in that happy Verfe,

Which aptly rings the good.

Mrs. 'Tis a good forme.

Jewel. And rich: heere is a Water looke ye.

Pain. You are rapt fir, in some worke, some Dedication
to the great Lord.

Poet. A thing flit idly from me.

Our Poesie is as a Gowne, which vfa

From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire i'th Flint

Shewes not, till it be strooke: our gentle flame

Prouokes it selfe, and like the currant fyres

Each bound it chafes. What haue you there?

Pain. A Picture fir: when comes your Bookie forth?

Poet. Vpon the heeles of my presentment fir.

Let's fee your peece.

Pain. 'Tis a good Peece.

Poet. So 'tis, this comes off well, and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: how this grace

Speakes his owne standing: what a mentall power

This eye shootes forth? How bigge imagination

Mouses in this Lip, to th'dumbnesse of the gefature,

One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:

Heere is a touch: let it good?

Poet. I will say of it,

It Tutors Nature, Artificial stiffe

Lies in these touches, liuerier then life,

Enter certaine Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed.

Poet. The Senators of Athens, happy men.

Pain. Looke mee.

Poe. You fee this confudence, this great flood of visitors,

I have in this rough worke, shap'd out a man

Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hugge

With amplest entertainment: My free drift

Hails not particularly, but mouses it selfe

In a wide Sea of wax, no leuell'd malice

Infests one comma in the course I hold,

But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,

Leaving no Trace behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I will vnbout to you.

You fee how all Conditions, how all Minds,

As well of glib and slipp'ry Creatures, as

Of Graue and autere qualitie, tender downe

Their services to Lord Timon: his large Fortune,

Vpon his good and gracious Nature hanging,

Subdues and properties to his loue and tendance

All sorts of hearties yea, from the glasse-fac'd Flatterer

To Apemantus, that few things loues better

Then to abhorre himselfe; eu'n shee drops downe

The knee before him, and returns in peace

Most rich in Timons nod.

Pain. I saw them speake together.

Poet. Sir, I have vpon a high and pleasant hill

Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd.

The Bafe o'th Mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kinde of Natures

That labour on the bosome of this Sphere,

To propagate their states; among't them all,

Whose eyes are on this Soueraigne Lady fixt,

One do I perfonate of Lord Timons frame,

Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her,

Whose prouent grace, to prouent flaues and servants

Translate his Riualls.

Pain. 'Tis concey'd, to scope

This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes

With
With one man becken'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy Mount
To climbe his happiness, would be well exprest
In our Condition.

Pest. Nay Sir, but heare me on:
All those which were his Felllowes but of late,
Some better then his valew; on the moment
Follow his frides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,
Raine Sacrificall whisperings in his care,
Make Sacred euen his flYROp, and through him
Drink the free Ayre.

Pain. I marry, what of these?

Pest. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurnes downe her late beloued; all his Dependants
Which labourd after him to the Mountaines to,
Euen on their knees and hand, let him fit downe,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. Tis common:
A thousand morall Paintings I can fhw,
That shall demonstrate these quickie blowes of Fortunes,
More pregnantly then words. Yet you do well,
To fhw Lord Timon, that meane eyes have feene
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound.
Enter Lord Timon, addressing himselfe curteously
to every Sitter.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Mef. I my good Lord, five Talents is his debt,
His meane moft short, his Creditors moft straites;
Your Honourable Letter he defires
To Those haue fhat him vp, which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius well:
I am not of that Feather, to flake off
My Friend when he muft neede me, I do know him
A Gentleman, that well deferves a helpe,
Whether he haue. I lef the debt, and free him.
Mef. Your Lordship enourgez him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will fend his ransome,
And being enfranchized bid him come to me;
'Tis not enoue to helpe the Feeble vp,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mef. All happiness to your Honor. Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Oldm. Lord Timon, hearre me speake.

Tim. Freely good Father.

Oldm. Thou haft a Seruant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I haue fo: What of him?

Oldm. Moft Noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attend he here, or no? Lucilius.

Luc. Heere at your Lordships servisue.

Oldm. This Fellow heere, L. Timon, this thy Creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my firth have beene inclin'd to thrift,
And my eftate deferves an Heyre more rai'd;
Then one which holds a Trencher.

Tim. Well: what further?

Old. One only Daughter have I, no Kin elfe,
On whom I may confere what I have got:
The Maid is faire, a'th'youngest for a Bride,
And I haue bred her at my decrret coit
In Qualities of the beft. This man of thine
Attempts her loue: I prythee (Noble Lord)

Joyne with me to forbid him her refort,
My felfe haue spoke in vaine.

Tim. The man is honeft.

Oldm. Therefore he will be Timon,
His honeftly rewards him in it felfe,
It muft not beare my Daughter.

Tim. Does she loue him?

Oldm. She is yong and apt:
Our owne precedent passions do instruct vs
What leuities in youth.

Tim. Loue you the Maid?

Luc. I my good Lord, and the accepts of it.

Oldm. If in her Marriage my confeint be missing,
I call the Gods to witnesse, I will choose
Mine heyre from forth the Beggers of the world,
And disposeffe her all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be mated with an equal Husband?

Oldm. Three Talents on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine
Hath feru'd me long:
To build his Fortune, I will ftraine a little,
For 'tis a Bond in men. Glue him thy Daughter,
What you bellow, in him I lef counterpoize,
And make him weigh with her.

Oldm. Moft Noble Lord,
Pawme me to this your Honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee,
Mine Honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank ye your Lordship, neuer may
That flate or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you.

Pest. Vouchsafe my Labour,
And long lieve your Lordship.

Tim. I thank you, you shall hearre from me anon:
Go not away. What haue you there, my Friend?

Pain. A peec of Painting, which I do beenech
Your Lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The Painting is almost the Natural man:
For fince Difhonour Traffickes with mens Nature,
He is but out-side: Thofe Penf'lid Figures are
Euen fuch as they glue out; I like your worke,
And you fhall finde I like it; Waite attendance
Till you hearre further from me.


Tim. Well fare you Gentleman: give me your hand,
We muft needs dine together; fir your Jewell
Hath suffered vnder praise.

Iewel. What my Lord, dispraise?

Tim. A meere faclaty of Commendations,
If I shoulde pay you for't as 'tis extoldt,
It would vnclaw me quite.

Iewel. My Lord, 'tis rated
As thofe which fell would give: but you well know,
Things of like valew differing in the Owners,
Are prized by their Masters. Beleu'the deere Lord,
You mend the Jewell by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.
Enter Apermannus.

Mer. No my good Lord, he speakes 'common toong
Which all men speake with him.

Tim. Looke who comes heere, will you be chid?

Iewel. We'll beare with your Lordship.

Mer. Hee'l spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee,

Gentle Apermannus.
Timon of Athens.

Ape. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow. When thou art Timon dogge, and these Knaues honest.
Tim. Why dost thou call them Knaues, thou know'st them not?
Ape. Are they not Athenians?
Tim. Yes.
Ape. Then I repent not.
Tim. Thou know'st I do, I call's thee by thy name.
Ape. Thou art proud Apemantis?
Tim. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.
Ape. Whether art going?
Tim. To knocke out an honest Athenian braines.
Ape. That's a deed thou'rt dye for.
Ape. Right, if doing nothing be death by th'Law.
Tim. How lik'st thou this picture Apemantis?
Ape. The best, for the innocencie.
Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it.
Ape. He wrought better that made the Painter, and yet he's but a filthy peece of worke.
Pain. Y'are a Dogge.
Ape. Thy Mothers of my generation: what's she, if I be a Dogge?
Tim. Wilt dine with me Apemantis?
Ape. No: I eate not Lords.
Tim. And thou shouldest, thou'st anger Ladies.
Ape. O they eate Lords;
So they come by great bellies.
Tim. That's a lafcluous apprehension.
Ape. So, thou apprehend'st it.
Take it for thy labour.
Tim. How doth thou like this Jewell, Apemantis?
Ape. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not catt
a man a Doit.
Tim. What do'st thou thinke 'tis worth?
Ape. Not worth my thinking.

How now Poet?
Poet. How now Philosopher?
Ape. Thou lyest.
Poet. Art not one?
Ape. Yes.
Poet. Then I lye not.
Ape. Art not a Poet?
Poet. Yes.
Ape. Then thou lyest:
Looke in thy laft worke, where thou haft fegin'd him a worthy Fellow.
Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.
Ape. Yes he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loves to be flattered, is worthy o' th'flatterer.
Heauen's, that I were a Lord.
Tim. What wouldst do then Apemantis?
Ape. E'ne as Apemantis does now, hate a Lord with my heart.
Tim. What thy selfe?
Ape. I.
Tim. Wherefore?
Ape. That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.
Art not thou a Merchant?
Mer. 1 Apemantis.
Ape. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.
Mer. If Traffick do it, the Gods do it.
Ape. Traffickers thy God, & thy God confound thee.
Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.
Tim. What Trumpets that?
Mes. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty Horse.

All of Companion ship.
Tim. Pray entertaine them, gue them guide to vs.
You must needs dine with me; go not you hence
Till I haue thankt you: when dinners done
Shew me this piece, I am joyfull of your fights.
Enter Alcibiades with the rest.
Most welcome Sir.
Ape. So, fo; their Aches contraet, and fterue your
fupple ioynts: that there should bee small loue amongeth
these sweet Knaues, and all this Curtefe. The ftraine of
mams bred out into Baboon and Monkey.
Ape. Sir, you have faud my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your fight.
Tim. Right welcome Sir:
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures.
Pray you let vs in.

Enter two Lords.
1.Lord What time a day is't Apemantis?
Ape. Time to be honest.
1 That time serues fell.
Ape. The moft accursed thou that flill omit it.
2 Thou art going to Lord Timon Feat.
Ape. I, to fee meate fill Knaues, and Wine heat fools.
2 Farthee well, farthee well.
Ape. Thou art a Foole to bid me farewell twice.
2 Why Apemantis?
Ape. Should't have kept one to thy selfe, for I meane
to gue thee none.
1 Hang thy selfe.
Ape. No I will do nothing at thy bidding:
Make thy requesets to thy Friend.
2 Away vnpeaceable Dogge,
Or Ile spurne thee hence.
Ape. I will flye like a dogge, the heele a th'Affe.
1 Hee's oppofite to humanity.
Comes shall we in,
And tale Lord Timon bounte: he out-goes
The vertue heart of kindneffe.
2 He powres it out: Etius the God of Gold
Is but his Steward: no meede but he repays
Sewn-fold aboue it felpe: No guift to him,
But breeds the gier a returne: exceeding
All vfe of quittance.
1 The Nobleft minde he carries,
That ever govern'd man.
2 Long may he lieue in Fortunes. Shall we in?
Ile keepe you Company.

Exeunt.

Hoboyes playing loud Musick.

A great Banquet faw'd in: and then, Enter Lord Timon, the
States, the Athenian Lords, Ventigius which Timon re-
deed from prifon. Then comes dropping after all Apem-
antus discontentedly like himself.

Ventigius. Moft honoured Timon,
It hath pleas'd the Gods to remember my Fathers age,
And call him to long peace:
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in gratefull Vertue I am bound
To your free heart, I do returne those Talents
Doubled with thankes and feruice, from whose helpe
I deris'd libertie.
Tim. O by no meanes,
Honeft Ventigius: You mistake my loue,
I gave
Alcibiades, your hearts in the field now.

Alc. My heart is euer at your seruice, my Lord,
Tim. You had rather be at a breakfaste of Enemies,
then a dinner of Friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new my Lord, there's no meat like 'em, I could wish my best friend at such a Feast.

Aper. Would all those Flatterers were thine Enemies then, that then thou might'lt kill 'em: & bid me to 'em.

1. Lord. Might we but have that happinesse my Lord, that you would once vse our hearts, whereby we might expresse some part of our zeal, we should think our felues for euer perfect.

Timon. Oh no doubt to my good Friends, but the Gods themselfes have prouided that I shall haue much helpe from you: how had you beene my Friends els. Why haue you that charitable title from thousands? Did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I haue told more of you to my selfe, then you can with modestie speake in your owne behalfe. And thus farre I confirme you. Oh you Gods(thinke I,)what need we haue any Friends; if we should here haue need of 'em? They were the moft needlesse Creatures living; should we here vse for 'em? And would moft refellible wweete Instrumets hung vp in Cafes,that keeps there founds to themselfes. Why I haue often with my selfe poorer, that I might come neerer to you: we are borne to do benef- fits. And what better or properer can we call our owne, then the riches of our Friends? Oh what a pretious comfor'tis, to have so many like Brothers commanding one anotheres Fortunes. Oh loyes, e'ne made away er't can be borne: mine eies cannot hold out waterme thinks, to forget their Faults. I drink to you.

Aper. Thou weep'lt to make them drinke, Timon.

2. Lord. Joy had the like concepotion in our eies,
And at that instant, like a babe sprung vp.

Aper. Ho, ho; I laugh to thinke that babe a baftard.

3. Lord. I promife you my Lord you mow'd me much.

Aper. Much.

Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers of Amazoners with Lutes in their bands, dauncing and playing.

Tim. What means that Trumpe? How now?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Please you my Lord, there are certaine Ladies most defirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wis?

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner my Lord, which beares that office, to signifie their pleasures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with the Mask of Ladies.

Cap. Hailie to thee worthy Timon and to all that of his Bountyes taffe: the five beft Seneceas knowle the their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentious bosome.
There taft, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table rife :
They onely now come but to Feast thine eies.

Tim. They're welcome all, let 'em haue kind admittance,Musick make their welcome.

Lac. You see my Lord, how ample y'are belou'd.

Aper. Hoyday!

What a sweepe of vanitie comes this way.

They daunce? They are madwomen.

883
Like Madness is the glory of this life,  
As this pompe flowers to a little slyle and roote.  
We make our felues Fools, to disport our felues,  
And spend our Flatteries, to drinke those men,  
Vpon whose Age we voyde it vp agen  
With poysonous Spight and Emuy.  
Who liues, that's not depraved, or depraues;  
Who dyes, that beares not one spurne to their graues  
Of their Friends guift:  
I shoulde fear, thofe that dance before me now,  
Would one day flampe vpon me: 'Tis bene done,  
Men shunt their doores against a setting Sunne.

Enter a third Servant.  
How now? What news?  
3.Ser. Pleafe you my Lord, that honourable Gentleman Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to morrow,  
to hunt with him, and ha’s fent your Honour two brace of Grey-hounds.  
Tim. Ile hunt with him,  
And let them be receiu’d, not without faire Reward.  
Fla. What will this come to?  
He commands vs to prouide, and giue great giufts,  
and all out of an empty Coffier:  
Nor will he know his Purse, or yeeld me this,  
To shew him what a Begger his heart is,  
Being of no power to make his wishes good.  
His promises fyfe fo beyond his flate,  
That what he speakes is all in debt, he owes for eu'ry word:  
He is fo kinde,that he now payes intert for't;  
His Land’s put to their Bookes. Well, would I were  
Gently put out of Office, before I were forc’d out:  
Happier is he that has no friend to feede,  
Then luch that do e'ne Enemies exceede.  
I bleed inwardly for my Lord.  
Exit  
Tim. You do your felues much wrong,  
You bate too much of your owne merits.  
Heere my Lord,a triffe of our Love.  
2.Lord. With more the common thankes  
I will receyue it.  
3.Lord. O he's the very foule of Bounty.  
Tim. And now I remember my Lord,you gaue good words the other day of a Bay Courier I rod on. Tis yours because you lik'd it.  
1.L. Oh, I beeche you pardon mee, my Lord, in that.  
Tim. You may take my word my Lord: I know no man can juftly praiue, but what he does affect. I weighe  
my Friends affection with mine owne: Ile tell you true,  
Ile call to you.  
All Lor. O none so welcome.  
Tim. I take all, and your feuerall vifitations  
So kinde to heart, I'me not enough to giue:  
Me thinkes, I could deale King's coms to my Friends,  
And nere be wareie. Alehbiades,  
Thou art a Soldiour, therefore fildome rich,  
It comes in Charitie to thee: for all thy liuing  
Is mong't the dead : and all the Lands thou haft  
Lye in a pitchet field.  
Alc. I, desil'd Land, my Lord.  
1.Lord. We are fo vertuously bound.  
Tim. And so am I to you.  
2.Lord. So infinitely endeer'd.  
Tim. All to you. Lights, more Lights.  
1.Lord. The beft of Happiness, Honor, and Fortunes  
Keepe with you Lord Timon.  
Tim. Ready for his Friends.  
Exeunt Lords  
Aper. What a coiles beere, fcruing of beckes, and lutting  
tout of bummies. I doubt whether their Legges be  
worth the summes that are giuen for 'em.  
Friendships full of dregges,  
Me thinkes falshe hearts, shoud neuer have found legges.  
Thus honest Fools lay out their wealth on Curtfies.  
Tim. Now Apermanius (if thou wert not fullen)  
I would be good to thee.  
Aper. No, Ile nothing; for if I should be brib'd too,  
there would be none left to raile vponthee, and then thou  
would finne the faster. Thou gui'st fo long Timon (I feare me) thou wilt give away thy felfe in paper shortly.  
What needs thef Feasts, pompses, and Vaine-glories?

Tim.
Timon of Athens.

Tim. Nay, and you begin to raile on Societie once, I am sworne not to give regard to you. Farewell, & come with better Muffieke.

Aper. So: Thou wilt not heare mee now, thou shalt not then. Ile locke thy heauen from thee:
Oh that mens eares should be
To Counsell deafe, but not to Flatterie.

Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late fine thousand: to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand, besides my former summe,
Which makes it fine and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging watesr: It cannot hold, it will not.

If I want Gold, flexe but a beggers Dogge,
And give it Timon, why the Dogge coines Gold.
If I would sell my Horfe, and buy twenty moe
Better then he; why give my Horfe to Timon.

Ask nothing, give it him, it Foles me straight
And able Horfes: No Porter at his gate,
But rather one that smiles, and still inutes
All that paffe by. It cannot hold, no reafon
Can found his flute in safety. Capitus hoa,
Capillus 1 lay.

Enter Capitus.

Ca. Heere sir, what is your pleafure.
Sen. Get on your cloake, & haft you to Lord Timon,
Importune him for my Moneyes, be not craft
With flight denial; nor then fling'd, when
Commend me to your Mafter, and the Cap
Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him,
My Vfes cry to me; I muft serue my turne
Out of mine owne, his days and times are past,
And my relieves on his fракted dates
Haue fmit my credit. I love, and honour him,
But muft not breake my backe, to heale his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my relieves
Muft not be toit and turn'd to me in words,
But finde fupply immediate. Get you gone,
Put on a moft importunate aspe,cl
A village demand: for I do care
When ever Feather fickes in his owne wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull;
Which flates now a Phaenix, get you gone.

Ca. I go fir.
Sen. I go fir?
Take the Bonds along with you,
And haue the dates in. Come.

Ca. I will Sir.
Sen. Go.

Enter Steward, with many bills in his hand.

Stew. No care, no flop, fo fenfeleffe of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintaine it,
Nor ceafe his flow of Riot. Takes no accompt
How things go from him, nor refume no care
Of what is to continue: neuer minde,
Was to be fo vnwife, to be fo kinde.
What fhall be done, he will not heare, till felle:
I muft be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fye, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Capitus, Isidore, and Varro.

Cap. Would we were all difcharg'd.
Var. I fare it.
Cap. Heere comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his Train.

Tim. So soone as dinners done, we'll forth againe
My Alcibiades. With me, what is your will?

Cap. My Lord, heere is a note of certaine dues.
Tim. Dues? whence are you?

Cap. Of Athens heere, my Lord.
Tim. Go to my Steward.

Cap. Pleafe it your Lordship, he hath put me off
To the Succifion of newe dayes this moneth:
My Maftor is awak'd by great Occafion,
To call vpon his owne, and humbly prayes you,
That with your other Noble parts, you'll fuite,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest Friend,
I prythee but repare to me next morning.

Cap. Nay, good my Lord.
Tim. Containe thy felfe, good Friend.

Var. One Varroes feruant, my good Lord.

Ifid. From Isidore, he humbly prayes your speedy pay-
ment.

Cap. If you did know my Lord, my Masters wants.

Var. 'Twas due on forftyre my Lord, fixe weeke,
and paft.

If. Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I
Am sent expressly to your Lordship.

Tim. Glie me breath:
I do befeech you good my Lords keepe on,
Ile waite vpon you infantly. Come hither: pray you
How goes the world, that I am thus encountered
With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds,
And the detention of long fince due debts
Againft my Honor?

Stew. Pleafe you Gentlemen,
The time is vnagreeable to this bufinesse:
Your importunacie cesse, till after dinner,
That I may make his Lordship vnderland
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do fo my Friends, see them well entertain'd.

Stew. Pray draw neere.

Enter Apemantix and Foole.

Capb. Stay, stay, here comes the Foole with Apem-
tius, let's ha some sport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, he'll abufe vs.

Ifid. A plague vpon him dogge.

Var. How doft Foole?

Ape. Doft Dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. I speake not to thee.

Ape. No 'tis to thy felle. Come away.

If. There's the Foole hangs on your bacce already.

Ape. No thou stand't fingle, th'art not on him yet.

Cap. Where's the Foole now?

Ape. He laft ask'd the queftion. Poore Rogues, and
Vfurers men, Bauds betweene Gold and want.

Al. What are we Apemantius?

Ape. Aeffs.

All. Why?

Ape. That you ask me what you are, & do not know
your felues. Speake to 'em Foole.

Foole. How do you Gentlemen?

Al. Gramercies good Foole:

How does your Misfirs?
Timon of Athens.

Fool. She's e'ne setting on water to seall'd such Chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth.

Ape. Good, Gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Looke you, here comes my Masters Page.


Doost thou Apermanus?

Ape. Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might anwer thee profitably.

Boy. Prythee Apermanus read me the supercripti

Page. No.

Ape. There will little Learning dye then that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon, this to Alciadios. Go thou was't borne a Baitard, and thou's dye a Bawd.

Page. Thou was't whelp a Dogge, and thou shalt famish a Dogges death.

Answer not, I am gone. Exit

Fool. E'ne so thou out-runft Grace,

Fool. I will go with you to Lord Timon.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Ape. If Timon stay at home.

You three serue three Vfurers?

All. I would they seru'd vs.

Fool. So would I:

As good a tricke as euer Hangman seru'd Theefe.

Fool. Are you three Vfurers men?

All. I Foole.

Fool. I think no Vfurer, but ha's a Foole to his Seruant. My Miftris is one, and I am a Foole: when men come to borrow of your Masters, they approach falsy, and go away merry; but they enter my Masters houfe merrily, and go away falsy. The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Ape. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whoremaster, and a Knaue, which notwithstanding thou shalt be no leffe esteemed.

Varro. What is a Whoremaster Foole?

Fool. A Foole in good cloathes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit, sometime t'appeares like a Lord, sometime like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with two fones moe then's artificall one. Hee is verie often like a Knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes vp and downe in, from fourescore to thirteen, this spirit walkes in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a Foole.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a Wife man,

As much foolerie as I haue, so much wit thou lack't.

Ape. That anwer might have become Apermanus.

All. Aside, aside, heere comes Lord Timon.

Enter Timon and Steward.

Ape. Come with me(Fool)e come.

Fool. I do not always follow Louer, leder Brother, and Woman, sometime the Philosopher.

Stew. Pray you walk e'neere,

Ile speake with you anon.

Exeunt.

Tim. You make me me ruelle wherefore ere this time

Had you not fully laide my mate before me,

That I might so haue rated my expence

As I had leaue of means.

Stew. You would not heare me:

At many leyfures I propoce.

Tim. Go too:

Perchance some single vantages you tooke,

When my indiposition put you backe,

And that vnaptneffe made your minifter

Thus to excue your selfe.

Stew. O my good Lord,

At many times I brought in my accompts,

Laid them before you, you would throw them off,

And say you found them in mine honestie,

When for some trifling prentent you haue bid me

Returne so much, I haue sfooke my head, and wept:

Yea 'gainft th'Authoritie of manners, pray'd you

To hold your hand more close: I did indure

Not fildome, nor no flight checkes, when I haue

Prompted you in the ebbe of your estate,

And your great flowe of debts; my lou'd Lord,

Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time,

The greateft of your hauing, lackes a halfe,

To pay your prentent debts.

Tim. Let all my Land be fold.

Stew. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeyted and gone,

And what remains will hardly stop the mouth

Of prentent dues; the future comes apace:

What shall defend the interim, and at length

How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

Stew. O my good Lord, the world is but a word,

Were it all yours, to glue it in a breath,

How quickly were it gone.

Tim. You tell me true.

Stew. If you suspect my Husbandry or Falhhood,

Call me before th'exaleft Auditors,

And let me on the profe.

So the Gods bleffe me,

When all our Offices haue bene oppreft

With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults haue wept

With drunken fulph of Wine; when every room

Hath blaze'd with Lights, and braid with Minfrelie,

I haue retir'd me to a wafteful cocke,

And let mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prythee no more.

Stew. Heauens, haue I said, the bounty of this Lord:

How many prodigall bits haue Slaves and Pezants

This night enluggted: who is not Timons,

What heart, head, sword, force, meanes, but is L. Timons:

Great Timon, Noble, Worthy, Royall Timon:

Ah, when the meanes are gone, that buy this praife,

The breath is gone, whereof this praife is made:

Fealt won, faft loft; one cloud of Winter howeres,

These flyes are cought.

Tim. Come feren me no further.

No villainous bounty yet hath paft my heart;

Vnwisely, not ignorly haue I gien.

Why doft thou weepe, canst thou the conscience lacke,

To thinkne I shall lacke friends: fecure thy heart,

If I would broach the waffles of my love,

And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,

Men, and mens fortunes could I frankly vfe

As I can bid thee speake.

Ste. Affurance bleffe your thoughts.

Tim. And in some fort thefe wants of mine are crown'd,

That I account them bleslings. For by thefe

Shall I trie Friends. You shall perceiue

How you mistake my Fortunes:

I am waileth in my Friends.

Within there, Flavius, Seralius?
Enter three Servants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will dispatch you fearefully.

You to Lord Lucius, to Lord Lucullus you, I hunted with his Honor to day; you to Sempronius; commend me to their loves; and I am proud say, that my occasions have found time to vfe 'em toward a supply of mony: let the request be fifty Talents.

Flam. As you haue said, my Lord.


Tim. Go you fir to the Senators;

Of whom, even to the States beft health; I haue Defer'd this Hearing: bid 'em fend o'th'infant.

A thousand Talents to me.

Ser. I have beene bold

(For that I knew it the moft general way.)

To them, to vfe your Signer, and your Name.

But they do shake their heads, and I am heere.

No richer in returne.

Tim. Is't true? Can't be?

Sew. They answer in a joyant and corporate voice,

That now they are at fall, want Treateure cannot

Do what they would, are forre: you are Honourable,

But yet they could haue wight, they know not,

Something hath beene amiffe: a Noble Nature

May catch a wrench; would all were well; is pitty,

And fo intending other ferious matters,

After difafeful lookes; and these hard Fradions

With certaine halfe-caps, and cold mowing nods,

They froze me into Silence.

Tim. You Gods reward them:

Prythee man looke cheerelly. Thefe old Fellowes

Hauie their ingratitude in them Hereditary:

Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it silldome flowes,

'Tis lacke of kindely warmth, they are not kinde;

And Nature, as it grows againe toward earth,

Is fhalion'd for thejourney, dull and heavy.

Go to Denidius (prythe be not fast,

Thou art true, and honof: Ingeniously I speake,

No blame belongs to thee.)\text{\footnotesize{\textsuperscript{1}\textsuperscript{2}}} Denidius lately Buried his Father, by whose death hee's depp'd

Into a great efate: When he was poore,

Imprifon'd, and in fcarfity of Friends,

I cleer'd him with fие Talents: Greet him from me,

Bid him suppose, some good necefly

Touches his Friend, which caues to be remembred

With those fие Talents; that had, giue'c thee Fellowes

To whom 'tis infant due. Neu'r speake,or thine, That Timons fortunes mong his Friends can finke.

Sew. I would I could not thine it:

That thought is Bounties Fee;

Being free it feele, it thinkes all others fo.

Flaminius waiting to speake with a Lord from his Maffer,

enters a fervant to him.

Ser. I haue told my Lord of you, he is comming down to you.

Flam. I thanke you Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Here's my Lord.

Luc. One of Lord Timons men? A Guift I warrant

Why this hits right: I dreampt of a Siluer [Bofon & Ewere to night.

Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are verie re
glectively welcome fir. Fill me some Wine. And how does that Honourable, Compleat, Free-hearted Gent-

man of Athens, thy very bountifull good Lord and Maffer?

Flam. His health is well fir.

Luc. I am right glad that his health is well fir: and what haft thou there under thy Cloake, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in my Lords behalfe, I come to intreat your Honor to sup ply: who hauing great and infant occasion to vfe firie Talents, hath fend to your Lordship to furnih him: nothing doubting your prefent affilience therein.

Luc. La, la, la, la: Nothing doubting faries hee? Alas good Lord, a Noble Gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep it good a house. Many a time and often I ha din'd with him, and told him on't, and come againe to fupper to him of purpose, to haue him fend leffe, and yet he wold embrace no counsell, take no warning by my comming, every man has his fault, and honefly is his. I ha told him on't, but I could nere get him from't.

Enter Servant with Wines.

Ser. Please your Lordship, heere is the Wine.

Luc. Flaminius, I haue noted thee always wise.

Heere's to thee.

Flam. Your Lordship fpeakes your pleasure.

Luc. I have obserued thee always for a towardle prompt spirit, glue thee thy due, and one that knowes what belongs to refuing, and can't vfe the time well, if the time vfe thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone fir rah. Draw nearer honest Flaminius. Thy Lords a bountifull Gentleman, but thou art wife, and thou know't well enough (although thou corn't to me) that this is no time to lend money, epeciallly vpon bare friendhippe without fecuritie. Here's three Solidares for thee, good Boy winke at me, and fay thou faw't mee not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't poiffible the world should fo much differ,

And we aliele that liued? Fly damned bafeneffe

To him that worships thee.

Luc. Ha? Now I fee thou art a Foole, and fit for thy Maffer.

Flam. May thee add to the number y may fcall thee:

Let moulen Coine be thy damnation,

Thou difeale of a friend, and not himfelfe:

Has friendhiph fuch a faint and milkie heart,

It turns in leffe then two nighths? O you Gods!

I feele my Mafter's passion. This Slave vnto his Honor,

Has my Lords meate in him:

Why shoul'd it thrive, and turne to Nutriment,

When he is turn'd to payfon?

O may Difafe only worke upon't:

And when he's ficker to death,let not that part of Nature

Which my Lord payd for, be of any power

To expell fickneffe, but prolong his hower.

Enter Lucius, with three strangers.

Luc. Who the Lord Timon? He is my very good friend and an Honourable Gentleman.

1 We know him for no leffe, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing my Lord, and which I hear from common rumours, now Lord Timon's happe howres are done and paife, and his eftate shrinks from him.

Lucius. Fye no, doe not beleue it: hee cannot want for money.

2 But beleue you this my Lord, that not long agoe, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus, to borrow fo many Talents, nay vrg'd extremly for't, and shewed what
what necessity belong'd too't, and yet was deny'de.
Luc. How?
2. I tell you, deny'de my Lord.
Luc. What a strange case was that? Now before the
Gods I am afraid'm on't. Deni'd that honourable man?
There was verie little Honour shew'd in't. For my owne
part, I must needs confesse, I have received some small
kindnesses from him, as Moaney, Plate, Jewels, and such
like Trifles; nothing comparing to his; yet had he mis-
stoake him, and sent to me, I should ne're have denied his
Occasion to so many Talents.

Enter Seruilius.

Seru. See, by good hap yonders my Lord, I have
swet to fee his Honor. My Honor'd Lord
Lucil. Seruilius? You are kindely met sir. Farthewell,
commend me to thy Honourable vertuous Lord, my ve-
ry exquisite Friend.

Seru. May it please your Honour, my Lord hath
sent-

Luc. Ha? what ha's he sent? I am so much endeereed
to that Lord; hee's ever senden: how shall I thank him
think't thou? And what has he sent now?

Seru. Has onely sent his present Occasion now my
Lord: requering your Lordship to supply his infant vfe
with so many Talents.

Lucil. I know his Lordship is but merry with me,
He cannot want fifty five hundred Talents.

Seru. But in the mean time he wants leffe my Lord.
If his occasion were not vertuous,
I shou'd not vrg it halfe so faithfully.

Luc. Doft thou speake seriouly Seruilius?

Seru. Upon my soule 'tis true Sir.

Luc. What a wicked Best was I to disfurnish my
self against such a good time, when I might ha shewn my
felfe Honourable? How vnluckily it happen'd, that I shold
Purchase the day before for a little part, and vndo a great
deale of Honour? Seruilius, now before the Gods I am
not able to do (the more bea't I say) I was sending to vfe
Lord Timon my selfe, thefe Gentlemen can witneffe; but
I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done't now.
Commend me bountifullly to his good Lordship, and I
hope his Honor will conceive the fairest of me, because
I haue no power to be kinde. And tell him this from me,
I count it one of my greates affiduidies say, that I cannot
pleasure such an Honourable Gentleman. Good Seruili-
us, will you befriend mee so farre, as to vfe mine owne
words to him?


Lucil. Ile looke you out a good turne Seruilius.

True as you saied, Timon is shrunkindeindeed,
And he that's once deny'de, will hardly speede. Exit.

1. Do you obserue this Hoftilius?
2. I, to well.
3. Why this is the worlds foule,
And luft of the same pece
Is ery Flatters sprot: who can call him his Friend
That dips in the same dish? For in my knowing
Timon has bin this Lords Father,
And kept his credit with his purfe:
Supported his estatte, say Timon money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne're drinkes,
But Timons Silver treads vpon his Lip,
And yet, oh see the monfroundse of man,
When he looks out in an vngratefull shape;
He does deny him (in respe't of his)

What charitable men afford to Beggars.
3 Religion grones at it.
For mine owne part, I neuer tasted Timon in my life
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To marke me for his Friend. Yet I protest,
For his right Noble minde, illutrious Vertue,
And Honourable Carriage,
Had his necessity made vfe of me,
I would haue put my wealth into Donation,
And the beft halfe should haue return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: But I perceiue,
Men must learne now with pitty to dis pense,
For Policy fits above Confidence.

Enter a third servant with Sempronius, another
of Timons Friends.

Semp. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum.
'Boe all others?
He might haue tried Lord Lucius, or Lucullus,
And now Venidgius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison. All these
Owes their estates vnto him,
Ser. My Lord,
They haue all bin touch'd, and found Bafe-Mettle,
For they haue all denied him.

Semp. How? Haue theydeny'de him?
Has Venidgius and Lucullus deny'de him,
And does he fend to me? 'Three? Hum?
It shewes but little love, or judgement in him.
Must I be his last Refuge? His Friends (like Physicians
Thev, gee him ouer: Must I take th' Cure vpon me?
Has much disfarg'd me in't, I'me angry at him,
That might have knowne my place. I see no fenfe fort,
But his Occasions might have wound me first:
For in my confience, I was the first man
That ere receu'd guilt from him.
And does he thinke so backwards of me now,
That Ile requite it laft? No:
So it may proue an Argument of Laughter
To th'reft, and 'mongr Lords be thought a Foole:
I'de rather then the worth of thrice the fumme,
Had fend to me first, but for my minde false:
I'de fuch a courage to do him good. But now returne,
And with their faint reply, this answer ioyn:
Who bates mine Honor, shall not know my Coyne. Exit
Ser. Excellent: Your Lordships a goodly Villain: the
duell knew not what he did, when hee made man Poli-
tick; he crossed himselfe by't: and I cannot thinkes, but
in the end, the Villanies of man will fet him cleere.
How fairely this Lord firues to appeare foule? Takes Vertu-
ous Copies to be wicked: like thofe, that vnder hotte ar-
dent zeale, would fet whole Realmes on fire, of such a
nature is his politike love.
This was my Lords belt hope, now all are fied
Saue onely the Gods. Now his Friends are dead,
Doores that were ne're acquainted with their Wards
Many a bounteous yeare, must he implo'd
Now to guard fur'e their Mafter:
And this is all a liberall course allows,
Who cannot keepe his wealth, must keep his houfe.Exit.
Tit. The like to you kindes Varro.
Hort. Lucius, what do we meet together?
Luci. I, and I think one businesse do's command vs all.
For mine is money.
Tit. So is theirs, and ours.
Enter Philius.
Luci. And sir Philius too.
Phili. Good day at once.
Luci. Welcome good Brother.
What do you thinkke the houres?
Phili. Labouring for Nine.
Luci. So much?
Phili. Is not my Lord seene yet?
Luci. Not yet.
Phili. I wonder on't, he was wont to shine at feaues.
Luci. I, but the daies are waxt shorter with him:
You must consider, that a Prodigall course
Is like the Sunnes, but not like his recoverable, I feare:
'Tis deepest Winter in Lord Timons purse, that is:
One may reache deep enough, and yet finde little.
Phili. I am of your feare, for that.
Tit. Ile shew you how t'obferue a strange event:
Your Lord sends now for Money?
Hort. Moft true, he doe's.
Tit. And he weares jewels now of Timons guift,
For which I waite for money.
Hort. It is against my heart.
Luci. Mark how strange it showes,
Timons in this, should pay more then he owes:
And e'ne as if your Lord should weare rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.
Hort. I'me weary of this Charge,
The Gods can witness:
I know my Lord hath spent of Timons wealth,
And now Ingratitude, makes it worse then theft.
Varro. Yes, mine's three thousand Crownes:
What's yours?
Luci. Fiue thousand mine.
Varro. 'Tis much depee, and it should, seem by th'yme
Your Masters confidence was aboue mine,
Elle surely his had equal'd.

Enter Flaminius.
Tit. One of Lord Timons men.
Luci. Flaminius? Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord ready
to come forth?
Flam. No, indeed he is not.
Tit. We attend his Lordship: pray signifie so much.
Flam. I need not tell him, that he knowes you are too
Enter Steward in a Cloake, muffled. (diligent.
Luci. Ha: is not that his Steward muffled so?
He goes away in a Cloak: Call him, call him.
Tit. Do you heare, sir?
2.Varro. By your licence, sir.
Stew. What do ye ask of me, my Friend.
Tit. We waite for certaine Money heare, sir.
Stew. I, if Money were as certaine as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.
Why then prefer'd you not your summes and Billes
When your fals Masters eate of my Lords meat?
Then they could smile, and fawe vpon his debts,
And take downe th'Intreft into their glut'rous Mawes.
You do your fulses but wrong, to firre me vp,
Let me paffe quietly:
Beleeue't, my Lord and I have made an end,
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.
Luci. I, but this answer will not ferue.
Enter three Senators at one door, Alcibiades meeting them, with Attendants.

1. Sen. My Lord, you have my voyage, too’t.

The faults Bloody:
’Tis necessary he should dye:
Nothing imboldens sinne so much, as Mercy.

2. Mofi true; the Law shall bruife ‘em.

Alt. Honor, health, and compassion to the Senate.

1. No, Captaine.

Alt. I am an humble Sutor to your Vertues;
For pitty is the vertue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants vie it cruelly.
It pleases time and Fortune to lye heauie.
Vpon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stept into the Law: which is past depth
To those that (without heede) do plunge into’t.

He is a Man (lettting his Fate aside) of comely Vertues,
Nor did he foyle the fact with Cowardice,
(And Honour in him, which byues out his fault)
But with a Noble Fury, and faire spirt,
Seeing his Reputation touch’d to death,
He did oppoe his Foe:
And with such fober and vannoted passion
He did behoove his anger ere twas spent,
As if he had but proud on Argument.

1. Sen. You vndergo too striit a Paradox,
Struing to make an vgly deed looke faire:
Your words have tooke such paines, as if they labord
To bring Man-slaughter into forme, and set Quarrelling
Vpon the head of Valour; which indeede
Is Valour mif-begot, and came into the world,
When Seels, and Faclions were newly borne.
Here’s truly Valiant, that can wisely luffer
The wond that man can breath,
And make his Wrongs, his Out-sides,
To weare them like his Rayment, carelesly,
And ne’re preferre his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If Wrongs be euilles, and inforse vs kill,
What Folly ’tis, to hazard life for Ill.

Alct. My Lord.

1. Sen. You cannot make groffe sinnes looke cleare,
To reuenge is no Valour, but to beare.

Alt. My Lords, then vnder favoure, pardon me,
If I speake like a Captaine.

Why do fond men expose themselues to Battell,
And not endure all threats? Sleepe vpnot,
And let the Foes quicly cut their Throats
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such Valour in the bearing, what make wee
Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant
That stay at home, if Bearing carry it:
And the Affe, more Captaine then the Lyon?
The fellow loaden with Irons, wifer then then the Judge?
If Wifedome be in suffering, Oh my Lords,
As you are great, be pitifully Good,
Who cannot condemne raffineffe in cold blood?
To Kill, I grant, is sinnes extremeft Guilt,
But in defence, by Mercy, ’tis moft iuft.
To be in Anger, is impietie:
But who is Man, that is not Angrie,
Weigh but the Crime with this.


Alt. In vaine?
His seruice done at Lacedemon, and Bizantium,
Were a sufficient bribier for his life.

1. What’s that?

Alt. Why say my Lords ha’s done faire seruice,
And slaine in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he beare himselfe
In the late Confid, and made plentious wounds?

2. He has made too much plenty with him:
He’s a sworn Riator, he has a sinne
That often drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner.
If there were no Foes, that were enough
To overcome him. In that Beautifull furie,
He has bin knowne to commit outrages,
And cherifh Faclions. ’Tis inferre’d to vs,
His dayes are foule, and his drinke dangerous.

1. He dies.

Alt. Hard fate: he might have dyed in warre.

My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
Though his right arme might purchase his owne time,
And be in debt to none: yet more to move you,
Take my deferts to his, and joyne ’em both.
And for I know, your reuerend Ages lone Security,
Ie pawne my Victories, all my Honour to you
Vpon his good returns.
If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,
Why let the Warre receiue’t in valiant Gore,
For Law is striit; and Warre is nothing more.

1. We are for Law, he dyes, vrg it no more
On height of our dileasure: Friend, or Brother,
He forfeits his owne blood, that spilless another.

Alt. Muft it be fo? It muft not bee:
My Lords, I do befeech you know mee.

2. How?

Alt. Call me to your remembrances.

3. What.

Alt. I cannot think but your Age has forgot me,
It could not else be, I shoule prove fo base,
To fue and be denyed such common Grace.
My wounds ake at you.

1. Do you dare our anger?
’Tis in few words, but fpacious in effect:
We banifh thee for euer.

Alt. Banifh me?
Banifh your dotage, banifh vfurie,
That makes the Senate vgly.

1. If after two dayes shine, Athens containes thee,
Attend our weightier Judgement.
And not to swell our Spirit,
He shall be executed prefently.

Alt. Now the Gods keepe you old enough,
That you may live
Onely in bone, that none may looke on you.
I’m worfe then mad: I haue kept backe their Foes
While they haue told their Money, and let out
Their Coine vpon large intereft. I my selfe,
Rich onely in large hurts. All thofe,for this?
Is this the Balfome, that the vfuring Senat
Powres into Captaines wounds? Banifhment.
It comes not ill: I hate not to be banifht,
It is a caufe worthy my Spleene and Furie,
That I may strike at Athens. Ile cheere vp
My discontented Troopes, and lay for hearts;
’Tis Honour with moft Lands to be at ods,
Souldiers should brooke as little wrongs as Gods.

Exit. Enter
Enter divers Friends at several doors.

1 The good time of day to you, sir.
2 I also wish it to you: I think this Honorable Lord did but try vs this other day.
3 Upon that were my thoughts tying when wee encountered. I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seeme in the triall of his feueral Friends.
4 It should not be, by the perfwation of his new Fealing.
5 I should think so. He hath sent mee an earnest inquiring, which many of my near occasions did urge mee to put off: but he hath conur'd mee beyond them, and I must needs appeare.
6 In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am forc'd, when he sent to borrow of mee, that my Prouision was out.
7 I am sicke of that greefe too, as I understand how all things go.
8 Every man heares so: what would he have borrowed of you?
9 A thousand Peeces.
10 A thousand Peeces?
11 What of you?
12 He sent to me sir—Here he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how fare you?
1 Enter at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.
2 The Swallow followes not Summer more willing, then we your Lordship.
3 Nor more willingly leaves Winter, such Summer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recom pense this long stay; Feast your ears with the Musicke awhile: If they will fare so heartily o'th'Trumpets found: we shall too promptly.
4 I hope it remains not unkindly with your Lordship, that I return'd you an empty Messenger.
5 O sir, let it not trouble you.
6 My Noble Lord.
7 Ah my good Friend, what cheere?

The Banquet brought in.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.
2 If you had entertain'd two hours before.
3 Let it notumber your better remembrance.

Come bring in all together.

2 All courer'd Dishes.
1 Royall Cheare, I warrant you.
3 Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it
4 How do you? What's the news?
3 Alciobides is banish'd: hear you of it?
5 How? Why? How?

Enter Timon.

Tim. My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?
3 Heere! sir.
4 Tell ye more anon. Here's a Noble feast toward
2 This is the old man still.
3 Wilt hold? Wilt hold?
4 It do's: but time will, and so.

3 I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his flooole, with that spurre as hee would to the lip of his Misfri's your dyet shall bee in all places alike. Make not a Citie Feast of it, to let the meat coole, ere we can agree upon the first place. Sit,sit.

The Gods require our Thankes.

You great Benefactors, sprinkle our Society with Thankfulness. For your own guifts, make your felues praid: But referre fill to give, leafe your Deities be defijsed. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another. For were your Godbeads to borrow of men, men would forfeake the Gods. Make the Meane be beloved, more then the Man that gives it. Let no Assembly of Twenty, be without a score of Villaines. If there sit twelve Women at the Table, let a dozen of them bee as they are. The rest of your Fies, O Gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common llege of People, what is amisse in them, you Gods, make justifiable for defeution. For these my present Friends, as they are to mee nothing, so in nothing bleffe them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Vncover Dogges, and lap.

Some speak. What do's his Lordship mean?
2 Some other. I know not.

Timon. May you a better Feast never behold
You knot of Mouth-Friends; Smoke, & lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is Timons life,
Who fuckle and fpangled you with Flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany. Like loath'd, and long
Most smiling, smooth, detested Parafites.

Curteous Deftroyers, affable Wolves, meek Beares:
You Fools of Fortune, Trencher-friends, Times Flyes,
Cap and knee-Slaves, vapours, and Minute Jackes.
Of Man and Beast, the infinite Maladie
Cruft you quite o're. What do'st thou go?
Soft, take thy Phylucke firft; thou too, and thou:
Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none.
What! All in Motion? Henceforth be no Feast,
Whereat a Villaine's not a welcome Guest.
Borne houfe, finke Athens, henceforth hated be
Of Timon Man, and all Humarty.

Enter the Senators, with other Lords.

1 How now, my Lords?
2 Know you the quality of Lord Timons fury?
3 Puft, did you see my Cap?
4 I haue loft my Gowne.
5 He's but a mad Lord, & nought but humors swaies him. He gauie me a lewell th'o'ther day, and now hee has beate it out of my hat.

Did you see my Iewell?
2 Did you see my Cap.
3 Heere'tis.
4 Heere lies my Gowne.
5 Let's make no stay.
6 Lord Timons mad.
7 I feel't upon my bones.
4 One day he giues vs Diamonds, next day flies.

Excuss the Senators.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me looke backe upon thee, O thou Wall
That girdles in those Wolves, due in the earth,
And hence not Athens. Matrons, turne incontinent,
Obedience payle in Children: Slaves and Fools
Timon of Athens.

Plucke the graue wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And minister in their needes, to generall Filthes.
Conuert o' th' Infant greene Virginity,
Don't in your Parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast
Rather then render backe; out with your Knives,
And cut your Trutersthroates. Bound Servants, fleale,
Large-handed Robbers your graue Materst are,
And pill by Law. Malde, to thy Masters bed,
Thy Miftris is o' th'Brothell. Some of sixteen,
Plucke the lyn'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,
With it, beaste out his Braines. Piety, and Fear
Religion to the Gods, Peace, Iustice, Truth,
Domeflickes aw, Night-teft, and Neighbour-hood,
Infruccion, Manners, Mysteries, and Trades,
Degrees, Obferuations, Customes, and Lawes,
Decline to your confounding contraries.
And yet Confusion live: Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious Fearors, heape
On Athens ripe for stroke. Thou cold Scatista,
Cripple our Senatos, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their Manners. Luft, and Libertie
Creepe in the Minde and Marrowes of our youth,
That gaine the fireame of Vertue they may firee,
And drunwe themselfes in Riots. Inches, Blaines,
Sowe all th' Athenian bofomes, and their crop
Be generall Leprofe: Breath, infcet breath,
That their Society (as their Friendship) may
Be mearly poifon. Nothing Ile beare from thee
But nakedneffe, thou detetable Towne,
Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes:
Timon will to the Woods, where he shall finde
Th'vnkinded Feaft, more kinder then Mankinde.
The Gods confound (heare me you good Gods all)
Th' Athenians both within and out that Wall:
And graunt as Timon growes, his hate may grow
To the whole race of Mankinde, high and low.
Amen. Exit.

Enter Steward with two or three Servants.

1 Heare you M Steward, where's our Mafter?
Are we vndone, cast off, nothing remaining?
Stew. Alack my Fellowes, what shold I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,
I am as poore as you.
1 Such a Houfe broke?
So Noble a Master faire, all gone, and not
One Friend to take his Fortune by the arme, and
Go along with him.
2 As we do turne our backes
From our Companion, thowne into his graue,
So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
Slinke all away, leave their faffe vowes with him
Like empty purfes pikt; and his poore selfe
A dedicated Beggar to the Ayre,
With his difafe, of all fhunn'd poorty,
Walkes like contempt alone. More of our Fellowes.

Enter other Servants.

Stew. All broken Implements of a ruin'd house.
3 Yet do our hearts weare Timons Livery,
That see I by our Faces: we are Fellowes still,
Seruing alike in forrow: Leaked is our Barke,
And we poore Mates, flind on the dying Decke,
Hearing the Surges threat: we must all part
Into this Sea of Ayre.
Stew. Good Fellowes all,
The latest of my wealth I leare amongift you.
Where euer we shall meete, for Timons fakke,
Let's yet be Fellowes. Let's faake our heads, and say
As 'twere a Knell vnto our Master Fortunes,
We haue fene better dayes. Let each take fome:
Nay put out all your hands: Not one word more,
Thus part we rich in forrow, parting poore.

Embrace and part feuerall wayes.
Oh the fierce wretchedneffe that Glory brings vs!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt;
Since Riches point to Mifery and Contempt;
Who would be fo mock'd with Glory, or to lieue
But in a Dreame of Friendship,
To haue his pompe, and all that state compounds,
But onely painted like his varnifht Friends:
Poore honest Lord, brought lowe by his owne heart,
Vndone by Goodneffe: Strange vanuflall blood,
When mans worth finne is, He do's too much Good.
Who then dares to be halfe fo kinde agen?
For Bounty that makes Gods, do flill marre Men.
My deere Lord, blest to be moft accurft,
Rich onely to be wretched; thy great Fortunes
Are made thy cheefe Affliotions. Alas (kinde Lord)
Hee's flung in Rage from this ingrateful Seate
Of monftrous Friends:
Nor ha's he with him to supply his life,
Or that which can command it:
He follow and enquire him out.
Ile euer ferue his minde, with my belf will,
Whilt I have Gold, Ile be his Steward fille.

Enter Timon in the woods.

Tim. O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity: below thy Sifters Orbe
Infect the ayre. Twin'd Brothers of one wombe,
Whose procreation, refinement, and birth,
Scarce is diuidant; touch them with feuerall fortunes,
The greater scornees the leffer. Not Nature
To whom all fores lay fiege) can beare great Fortune
But by contempt of Nature.
Raffe me this Begger, and deny't that Lord,
The Senators shall beare contempt Hereditary,
The Begger Natue Honor.
It is the Paflour Lards, the Brothers fides,
The want that makes him leaue: who dares? who dares
In puritie of Manhood fiand vpright
And fay, this mans a Flatterer. If one be,
So are they all: for euerie grize of Fortune
Is smooth'd by that below. The Learned pate
Duckes to the Golden Foole. All's oblique:
There's nothing leuell in our curfed Natures
But direft villanie. Therefore be abhor'd,
All Feasts, Societies, and Thronges of men.
His semblable, yea himselfe Timo, disclains
Deftruction phang mankinde: Earth yeeld me Rootes,
Who feekes for better of thee, fawce his pallate
With thy moft operant Poyfon. What is here?
Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?
No Gods, I am no idle Votarift,
Roots you cleere Heauens. Thus much of this will make
Blace, white; fowle, faire; wrong, right;
Safe, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valiant.
Ha! you Gods! why this? what this, you Gods? why this
Will hugge your Priests and Servants from your fides:
Plucke fiout mens pillowe from below their heads.
This
Enter Alcibiades with Drumme and Fife in warlike manner, and Phrynia and Timandra.

Alc. What art thou there? speake.
Tim. A Beast as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy hart
For shewing me against the eyes of Man.
Alc. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee, that art thou a man?
Tim. I am Alcibiad, and hate Mankinde.
Alc. For thy part, I do with what wert a dogge, that I might love thee something.
Alc. I know thee well;
But in thy Fortunes and unlearn'd, and strange,
Tim. I know thee too, and more then that I know thee.
Alc. I do not desire to know. Follow thy Drumme,
With many blood paint the ground Gules, Gules:
Religious Cannons, cieull Lawes are cruel,
Then what should warre be? This fell whore of thine,
Hath in more deftruction then thy Sword,
For all her Cherubin looke.
Phrin. Thy lips rot off.
Tim. I will not kiff thee, then the rot returns
To thine owne lippe againe.
Alc. How came the Noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the Moore doth, by wanting light to gaze:
But there in it I could not like the Moore,
There were no Sunties to borrow of.
Alc. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to maintaine my opinion.
Alc. What is it Timon?
Tim. Promise me Friendship, but performe none.
If thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou art a man: if thou doft performe, confound thee, for thou art a man.
Alc. I have heard in some fort of thy Miseries.
Tim. Thou saw'ft them when I had prosperity.
Alc. I feem them now, then was a blest time.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of Harlots.
Timon. Is this thy Athenian Minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?
Tim. Art thou Timon?
Timon. Yes.
Tim. Be a whore still, thou lovest thee not that vse thee,
give them devises, leaving with thee their Luft. Make
vse of thy falt hours, seafon the fluxes for Tubbes and Bathes, bring downe Rose-cheekt youth to the Fubift, and the Diet.
Timon. Hang thee Monfter.
Alc. Pardon him sweet Timon; for his wits
Are drown'd and loft in his Calamities.

I have but little Gold of late, braue Timon,
The want whereof, doth dayly make reuolt
In my penurious Band. I have heard and greeu'd
How curfed Athens, and mindelesse of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour flates
But for thy Sword and Fortune trod vpom them.
Tim. I prythe beate thy Drum; and get thee gone.
Alc. I am thy Friend, and pitie thee deere Timon.
Tim. How doest thou pitie him whom y doft troble,
I had rather be alone.
Alc. Why fare thee well:
Here is some Gold for thee.
Tim. Keep it, I cannot eate it.
Alc. When I have laid proud Athens on a heape.
Tim. Warr'ft thou gainst Athens.
Alc. 1 Timon, and have caufe.
Tim. The Gods confound them all in thy Conqueft,
And thee after, when thou haft Conquer'd.
Alc. Why me, Timon?
Tim. That by killing of Villaines
Thou was't borne to conquer my Country.
Put vp thy Gold. Go on, heeres Gold, go on;
As be a Planetary plague, when Ioue
Will o're some high-Vic'd City, hang his poyson
In the sicke ayre: let not thy sword skip one:
Pittie not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He is an Villrer. Strike me the counterfet Matron,
It is her habite onely, that is honest,
Her felfe's a Bawd. Let not the Virgins cheyke
Make soft thy trenchant Sword: for those Milke pappes
That through the window Barne bore at mens eyes,
Are not within the Leaf of pitty wret,
But set them down horrible Traitors.Spare not the Babe
Whose dimple, smiles from Fools exhaust their mercy;
Thinkie it a Baffard, whom the Oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced, the throat shall cut,
And mince it fans remorse. Swear against Obiects,
Put Armour on thine eares, and on thine eyes,
Whose proves, no yels of Mothers, Mades, nor Babes,
Nor light of Priests in holy Veiments bleeding,
Shall pierce a lot. There's Gold to pay thy Souldiers,
Make large confusion: and thy fury spent.
Confounded be thy felis. Speake not, be gone.
Alc. Haft thou Gold yet, Ie take the Gold thou giu'st me, not all thy Counsell.
Tim. Doft thou or doft thou not, Heauens curfe vpon thee.

Bob. Glue vs some Gold good Timon, haft y? more?
Tim. Enough to make a Whore forweare her Trade,
And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold vp you Shuts
Your Aprons mountant: you are not Othable,
Although I know you'll sweare, terribly sweare
Into strong fludders, and to heavenly Aues
Th'immortale Gods that heare you.Spare you Oathes:
Ie truit to your Conditions, be whores fill.
And he whose pious breath seekes to concert you,
Be strong in Whore, allure him, burne him vp,
Let your close fire predominate his smike,
And be no turne-costs: yet may your paines fix months
Be quite contrary, And Thatch
Your poor thin Roofes with burthens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd) no matter:
Weare them, betray with them; Whore fill,
Paint till a horre may myre vpon your face:
A pox of wrinkles.

Bob. Well, more Gold, what then?
Beleeue't that wee'd do any thing for Gold.

Tim. Confumptions fowre
In hollow bones of man, strike their sharpe shinnes,
And marre mens spurring. Cracke the Lawyers voyce,
That he may never more fake Title pleade;
Nor found his Quilletts shrilly : Hoare the Flamen,
That scold'd against the quality of flax,
And not beleeues himselfe. Downe with the Nose,
Downe with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee
(bald Smels from the generall weale. Make curld'pate Ruffians
And let the viccarr'd Braggards of the Warre
Derive some paine from you. Plague all,
That your Activity may defeat and quell
The foure of all Ere&ion. There's more Gold.
Do you damne others, and let this damne you,
And ditches graue you all.

Ape. More counfell with more Money, bounteous
Timon.

Tim. More whore, more Mischeafe firth, I have gi-ven you earneft.

Ape. Strike vp the Drum towards Athens, farewell

Timon : if I thrive well, I lea vift hee againe.

Tim. If I hope well, I leue neuer fee thee more.

Ape. I leu vifhed thee haarme.

Tim. Yes, thou fpok'ft well of me.

Ape. Call'ft thou that harme?

Tim. Men dayly finde it. Get thee away,
And take thy Beagles with thee.

Ape. We be offend him, strike. Exeunt.

Tim. That Nature being fickle of mans vnkindneffe
Should yet be hungry : Common Mother, thou
Whoe wome vonmeasureable, and infinite breft
Teemes and feeds all : whose selfefame Mettle
Whereof thy proud Childe (arrogant man) is puft,
Engenders the blacke Toad, and Ader brewer,
The gilded Newt, and eyeleffe venom'd Worme,
With all th'abhorred Births below Griffe Heauen,
Whereon Hyperions quickeing fire doth brine :
Yeeld him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,
From forth th'abundant bofore, one poore roote:
Enfere thy Fertile and Conceptious wome,
Let it no more bring out ingratefull man.
Goe great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolves, and Bears,
Teeme with new Monsters, whom thy vpward face
Hath to the Marbled Manion all aboe
Neuer prefent'd. O, a Root, deare thankes
Dry vp thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Leas,
Whereof ingratefull man with Licourifh draughts
And Morfels Vnfealous, greate his pure minde,
That from it all Consideration flippes——

Enter Apemantus.

More man ? Plague, plague.

Ape. I was direc'd hither. Men report,
Thou doft auct and auct my Manners, and doft vie them.

Tim. 'Tis then, becaufe thou doft not keepe a dogge
Whom I would imitate. Confumption catch thee.

Ape. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poore vnmanly Melancholy sprung
From change of future. Why this Spade? this place?
This Slawe-like Habit, and thefe lookes of Care?
This Flatterers yet ware Silke, drinke Wine, eye soft,
Hugge their diffeas'd Perfumes, and haue forgot
That ever Timon was, Shame not thefe Woods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a Flatterer now, and fecke to thrive

By that which ha's vndone thee; hinde thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt obserue
Blow off thy Cap : praiseth his moft vicious straine,
And call it excellent : thou waif told thus:
Thou gau'th thine eares (like Tapers, that bad welcom)
To Knaues, and all approchers: 'Tis moft iuft
That thou turne Raflcall, had'ft thou wealth againe,
Raflcas should haue'. Do not assume my likenesse.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'de throw away my felie.

Ape. Thou haft caft away thy felie, being like thy self
A Madman so long, now a Fool : what think'ft
That the bleake ayre, thy boisterous Chamberlaine
Will put thy skirt on warme? Will these moyd Trees,
That haue out-lied the Eagle, page thy heele.
And skip when thou point't out? Will the cold brooke
Candied with Ice, Cawdle thy Morning taste
To cure thy o're-nights furfe? Call the Creatures,
Whole naked Natures lye in all the spight
Of wrekefull Heauen, whose bare vnhoufed Trunkes,
To the conflituing Elements expos'd
Anwfer meere Nature : bid them flatter thee.
O thou fialt finde.

Tim. A Foole of thee : depart.

Ape. I loue thee better now, then ere I did.

Tim. I hate thee worfe.

Ape. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'ft misery.

Ape. I flatter not, but say thou art a Caytiffe.

Tim. Why do'ft thou fluke me out?

Ape. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a Villaines Office, or a Fooles.

Doft pleafe thy felie in't?

Ape. 1.

Tim. What, a Knaue too?

Ape. If thou did'ft put this fowre cold habi on
To catigflate thy pride, 'twere well : but thou
Doft it enraged: Thou'di'ft Courtier be againe
Wert thou not Beggar : willing misery
Out-lies: Incertaine pompe, is crown'd before:
The one is filling fill, neuer compleat:
The other, at high wish : beer flate Contentleffe,
Hath a diftra&ted and moft wretched being,
Worfe then the worft, Content.

Thou shoul'dit defire to dye, being miferable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miferable.

Thou art a Slave, whom Fortunes tender arme
With favour neuer claspt: but bred a Dogge.
Had'ft thou like vs from our firft swath proceeded,
The sweet degrees that this breve world affords,
To fuch as may the paffiue drugges of it
Freely command'it : thou would'ft haue plung'd thy felie
In general' Riot, melted downe thys youth
In different beds of Luft, and neuer learn'd
The Ie precepts of reprefe", but followed
The Sugred game before thee. But my felie,
Who had the world as my Confectionarie,
The mouthes, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,
At duty more then I could frame employment ;
That numberlesse vpon me flucke, as leaes
Do on the Oske, haue with one Winters brush
Fall from their boughes, and left me open, bare,
For every fsorte that blows, I to beare this,
That neuer knew but better, is some burther:
Thy Nature, did commence in fufferance, Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'lt y hate Men?
They never flatter'd thee. What haft thou gien?
Timon of Athens.

If thou wilt curse; thy Father (that poore ragge)
Muff be thy Subiect: who in spight put ruffes
To some thee-Begger, and compounded thee,
Poore Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone,
If thou hadst not bene borne the worke of men,
Thou hadst bene a Knowe and Flatterer.

Ape. Art thou proud yet?
Tim. I, that I am not thee.
Ape. I, that I was no Prodigall.
Tim. I, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I haue shut vp in thee,
I'll give thee leaque to hang it. Get thee gone:
That the whole life of Athenes were in this,
Thus would I eate it.

Ape. Heere, I will mend thy Feast.
Tim. First mend thy company, take away thy selfe.
Ape. So I shall mend mine owne, by th' lacke of thine
Tim. 'Tis not well mended do, it is but botchet;
If not, I would it were.
Ape. What wouldst thou have to Athens?
Tim. Thee thinner in a whirlwind: if thou wilt,
Tell them there I haue Gold, looke, so I haue.
Ape. Heere is no vfe for Gold.
Tim. The best, and truest:
For heere it fleapes, and do's no hyred harme.
Ape. Where lyest a nights Timon?
Tim. Yonder th'o aboue me.
Where feed'st thou a-dayes Apemantus?
Ape. Where my stomacke findes meate, or rather
where I eate it.
Tim. Would poynon were obedienc, & knew my mind
Ape. Where wouldst thou send it?
Tim. To fawe thy difies.
Ape. The middle of Humanity thou never knewest,
but the extremitie of both ends. When thou wait in thy
Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee for too much
Curiositie: in thy Ragges thou know'st none, but art de-
sips'd for the contrary. There's a medler for thee, eate it.
Ape. Do'st hate a Medler?
Tim. I, though it looke like thee.
Ape. And th'hadst hated Medlers sooner, y' should haue
love thy felte better now. What man didst thou
ever know vntruth, that was beloued after his meanes?
Tim. Who without thoes meanes thou talk't of, di'dst
thou ever know belou'd?
Ape. My selfe.
Tim. I vnderstand thee: thou hadst' somes meanes to
keepe a Dogge.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest
compare to thy Flatters?
Tim. Women nearest, but men: men are the things
themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world A-
perantus, if it lay in thy power?
Ape. Give it the Beasts, to be rid of the men.
Tim. Wouldst thou haue thy selfe fall in the confu-
sion of men, and remaine a Beast with the Beasts.

Ape. I Timon.

Tim. A beaftly Ambition, which the Godsse grant
thee t'taine to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would
beguile thee: if thou wert the Lambe, the Fexe would
cathe thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would subiect
thee, when peradventure thou wert accus'd by the Afe :
If thou wert the Afe, thy dulness would torment thee ;
and still thou liu'dst but as a Breakaft to the Wolfe. If
thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedinesse would affict thee,
& oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert
thou the Unicorn, pride and wrath would confound
thee, and make shine owne selfe the conquest of thy fury.
Wert thou a Beare, thou wouldst' be kill'd by the Horfe:
wert thou a Horfe, thou wouldst' be fear'd by the Leo-
pard: wert thou a Leopard, thou wert Germane to the
Lion, and the spottes of thy Kindred, were luors on thy
life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence ab-
fence. What Beaf could'th bee, that were not sub-
ject to a Beaf: and what a Beaf art thou already, that
feeld not thy losse in transformation.
Ape. If thou couldst please me
With speaking to me, thou might'rt
Have hit vp on it here.
The Commonwealth of Athenes, is become
A Forrest of Beasts.

Tim. How ha's the Afe broke the wall, that thou art
out of the Citie.
Ape. Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter:
The plague of Company light upon thee:
I will seare to catch it, and give way.
When I know not what else to do,
Ile see thee again.
Tim. When there is nothing living but thee,
Thou shalt be welcome.
I had rather be a Beggers Dogge,
'Then Apemantus.

Ape. Thou art the Cap
Of all the Fooles alio.
Tim. Would thou wert cleane enough
To spit vpon.
Ape. A plague on thee,
Thou art too bad to cure.
Tim. All Villaines
That do stand by thee, are pure.
Ape. There is no Leprofe,
But what thou speak't.
Tim. If I name thee, Ile beate thee;
But I should infect my hands.
Ape. I would my tongue
Could rot them off.
Tim. Away thou issue of a mangie dogge,
Choller does kill me,
That thou art alio, I swoon to see thee.
Ape. Would thou wouldst' burft.
Tim. Away thou tedious Rogue, I am forry I shall
lose a flone by thee,
Ape. Beast.
Tim. Slave.
Ape. Toad.
Tim. Rogue,Rogue,Rogue.

I am fickle of this false world, and will lose nothing
But even the meere necessities vpon's:
Then Timon presently prepare thy graue :
Lye where the light Fome of the Sea may beate
Thy graue stone dayly, make thine Epitaph,
That death in me, at others lines may laugh.
O thou sweete King-killer, and deare divorce
Twixt naturall Sunne and fire: thou bright defiler
Of Himmens purest bed, thou valiant Mars,
Thou euer, yong,fresh, loved, and delicate woer,
Whose blufh doth thaw the confecrated Snow
That ies on Dian lap,
Thou vifible God,
That fouldreft clofe Impossibilities,
And mak'th them kifi: that speake'th with erie Tongue
h h 3 To
Enter the Banditti.

1 Where should he have this Gold? It is some poor Fragment, some slender Ort of his remainder: the meere want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friends, drove him into this Melancholy.

2 It is nois'd He hath a maffe of Treasure.

3 Let us make the affer your, if he care not for't, he will suply vs easilly: if he couderfully refuse it, how shall's get it?

2 True: for he beares it not about him:

'Tis hid.

1 Is not this hee?

All. Where?

2 'Tis his description.

3 He? I know him.

All. Save thee Timon.

Tim. Now Theeues.

All. Soldiers, not Theeues.

Tim. Both too, and womens Sonnes.

All. We are not Theeues, but men

That much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat:

Why should you want? Behold, the Earth hath Rootes: Within this Mile breake forth a hundred Springs: The Oakes beare Maft, the Briars Scarlet Heps, The bounteous Hufwife Nature, on each bush, Lays her full Meffe before you. Want? why Want?

1 We cannot liue on Grape, on Berries, Water, As Beasts, and Birds, and Filies.

Tim. Nor on the Beasts themselves, the Birds & Filies, You must eate men. Yet thankes I must you con, That you are Theeues proffest: that you worke not In hoiler flapes: For there is boundless Theefe In limited Professions. Rafcall Theeues Heere's Gold. Go, sucke the suftle blood o'th'Grape, Till the high Feauer feeth your blood to froth, And fo escape hanging. Truft not the Phyfian," His Antidotes are poyson, and he flayes Moe then you Rob: Take wealth, and liues together, Do Villaine do, since you protest to doo't. Like Workemen, Ile example you with Theeuary:

The Sunnes a Theefe, and with his great attraction Robbes the vafte Sea. The Moones an arrant Theefe, And her pale fire, the snatches from the Sunne, The Sea a Theefe, whose liquid Surge, refolues The Moone into Salt teares. The Earth'sa Theefe, That feeds and breeds by a compofure fHONE.

From gen'rall excrement : each thing's a Theefe.

The Lawes, your curbe and whip, in their rough power

Ha's vncheck'd Theefe. Love not your felues, away, Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throates, All that you meete are Theeues: to Athens go, Breake open shoppes, nothing can you feeale But Theeues do looke it: feeale leffe, for this I gueue, And Gold confound you howfoere: Amen.

3 Has almoft charm'd me from my Profession, by per- wading me to it.

'Tis in the malice of mankinde, that he thus aduizes vs not to have vs thrive in our mystery.

2 Ile beleuee him as an Enemy, And give over my Trade.

1 Let vs first fee peace in Athens, there is no time fo miserable, but a man may be true.

Enter the Steward to Timon.

Stew. Oh you Gods!

Is you'd defpi'd and ruinous man my Lord?

Full of decay and fayling? Oh Monument And wonder of good deeds, euilly beforw'd!

What an alteration of Honor has defp't wants made? What wilder thing vpwn the earth, then Friends, Who can bring Nobleft minds, to bafer ends.

How rarely does it meete with this times guife, When man was wifiht to loye his Enemies:

Grant I may ever loue, and rather woo Thoefe that would milcheffe me, then thofe that doo. Has caught me in his eye, I will prefent my honeft grieve into him; and as my Lord, fill ferue him with my life.

My deereft Malfier.

Tim. Away: what art thou?

Stew. Have you forgot me, Sir?

Tim. Why doft aske that? I have forgot all men. Then, if thou grunt'lt, th'art a man.

I have forgot thee.

Stew. An honeft poor fervant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:

I never had honeft man about me, I all I kept were Knaues, to ferue in meate to Villaines.

Stew. The Gods are witneffe,

Neu'r did poore Steward ware a truer greefe For his vnDONE Lord, then mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, doft thou wepe?

Come neerer, then I love thee Because thou art a woman, and difclaim't Flinty mankinde: whole eyes do never glee, But throw Lufet and Laughter: pittie's sleeping: Strange times y wepe with laughing, not with weeping.

Stew. I begge of you to know me, good my Lord, T'accept my greefe, and whil't this poore wealth lafts, To entertaine me as your Steward still.

Tim. Had I a Steward

So true, so lut, and now fo comfortable? It almost turns my dangerous Nature wilde. Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man Was borne of woman.

Forgue my generall, and excepte the rafheffe You perpetuall fober Gods. I do proclame One honeft man: Mitfake me not, but one:

No more I pray, and hee's a Steward.

How faire would I have hated all mankinde, And thou redeem't thy felue. But all faue thee, I fell with Curfes.

Me thinkes thou art more honeft now, then wife:

For, by oppressing and betraying mee,
Timon of Athens.

 Thou might’st have sooner got another Service: For many fo arrive at second Masters, Upon their first Lords necke. But tell me true, (For I must euer doubt, though ne’re fo sure) Is not thy kindnesse subtle, couetous, If not a Vifying kindnesse, and as rich men deale Guifs, Expeçting in returne twenty for one? Stew. No my most worthy Master, in whose brest Doubt, and suspect (as alas) are plac’d too late: You should have feared false times, when you did Feast. Suspect still comes, where an eftate is left. That which I shew, Heauen knowes, is merelie Loue, Dute, and Zeale, to your unmatcht minde; Care of your Food and Luing, and beleue it, My most Honour’d Lord, For any benefitt that points to mee, Either in hope, or preferent, I’d echange For this one wish, that you had power and benefitt To requite me, by making rich your selfe. Tim. Looke thee, ’tis fo: thou singly honest man, Heere take: the Gods out of my miferie Ha’s lent thee Treasure. Go, line rich and happy, But thus condition’d: Thou shalt build from men: Hate all, curfe all, shew Charity to none, But let the famifi flesh slide from the Bone, Ere thou releue the Begger. Glue to dogges What thou lent to men. Let Prifons swallow ’em, Debs witter ’em to nothing, be men like blasted woods, And may Diffæses lick vp their false bloods, And fo farewell, and thrice. Stew. O let me stay, and comfort you, my Master. Tim. If thou hast’t Curses Stay not: flye, whil’s thou art blest and free: Ne’re fee thou man, and let me ne’re fee thee. Exit

 Enter Poet, and Painter.

 Pain. As I tooke note of the place, it cannot be farre where he abides. Poet. What’s to be thought of him? Does So looking hold for true, That hee’s to fall of Gold? Painter. Certaine. Alciibiades reports it: Phriniça and Timandyle Had Gold of him. He likewise enrich’d Poor stragling Souliers, with great quantity. ’Tis saide, he gave vnto his Steward A mighty summe. Poet. Then this breaking of his, Ha’s beene but a Try for his Friends? Painter. Nothing else: You shall fee him a Palme in Athens againe, And flourish with the highest: Therefore, ’tis not amiss, we tender our loues To him, in this suppos’d diffire of his: It will shew honestly in vs, And is very likely, to load our purposes With what they trauaille for, If it be a luft and true report, that goes Of his huming. Poet. What have you now To present vnto him? Painter. Nothing at this time But my Visitation: onely I will promise him An excellent Peece. Poet. I must ferue him so too; Tell him of an intent that’s comming toward him.

 Painter. Good as the beft. Promising, is the verie Ayre o’tl’Time; It opens the eyes of Expectation. Performance, is euer the duller for his acte, And but in the plainer and simpler kindes of people, The deede of Saying is quites out of vfe. To Promife, is most Courtly and fashionable; Performance, is a kinde of Will or Teftament Which argues a great ficknesse in his judgement That makes it.

 Enter Timon from his Cause.

 Timon. Excellent Workman, Thou canst not paint a man so badde As is thy selfe. Poet. I am thinking What I shall say I haue promis’d for him: It must be a perforating of himself: A Satyre against the loftnesse of Prosperity, With a Difcoueries of the infinite Flatteries That follow youth and opulencie. Timon. Must thou needs Stand for a Villaine in thine owne Worke? Wilt thou whine owne faults in other men? Do so, I haue Gold for thee. Poet. Nay let’s feeke him. Then do we finne against our owne eftate, When we may profit meete, and come too late. Painter. True: When the day ferues before blacke-corner’d night; Finde what thou want’st, by free and offer’d light. Come.

 Tim. Ile meete you at the turne: What a Gods Gold, that he is worship’d In a bafer Temple, then where Swine feede? ’Tis thou that rigg’lt the Barke, and plow’ft the Fome, Setleft admired reverence in a Slaue, To thee be worship’d, and thy Saints for aye: Be crown’d with Plagues, that thee alone obay. Fit I meet them. Poet. Haile worthy Timon. Pain. Our late Noble Master. Timon. Haue I once liu’d To fee two honest men? Poet. Sir: Having often of your open Bounty tafted, Hearing you were retyr’d, your Friends falle off, Whose thankelesse Natures (O abhorred Spirts) Not all the Whippes of Heauen, are large enough, What, to you, Whose Starre-like Noblenesse gaine life and influence To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot couer Themouftrous bulks of this Ingratitude With any fize of words. Timon. Let it go, Naked men may fee’t the better: You that are honest, by being what you are, Make them best feene, and Knowne. Pain. He, and my selfe Haue travailed in the great showre of your guifts, And sweetly felt it. Timon. I, you are honest man. Painter. We are lither come To offer you our seruice. Timon. Most honest men:

 Why
Why how shall I require you? Can you cate Roots, and drink cold water, no?

Tim. Y'are honest men, Y'haue heard that I haue Gold, I am sure you haue, speake truth, y'are honest men.

Pain. So it is said my Noble Lord, but therefore Came not my Friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men: Thou draw'rt a counterfett Beft in all Athens, th'art indeed the beft, Thou counterfett'rt most likely.

Pain. So, so, my Lord.

Tim. E'ne so fir as I say. And for thy fiction, Why thy Verfe swells with fluffe so fine and smooth, That thou art eu'n Natural in thine Art. But for all this (my honest Natur'd friends) I must needs say you have a little fault, Marry 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I You take much paines to mend.


Bob. Do we, my Lord? Tim. I, and you heare him cogge,
See him dissemble,
Know his groffe patchery, love him, feede him, Keeepe in your bosome, yet remaine affur'd That he's a made-vp-Villaine.

Pain. I know none such, my Lord.

Poe. Nor I.

Tim. Looke you, I love you well, I'l give you Gold Rid me thefe Villaines from your companies; Hang them, or flab them, drowne them in a draught, Confound them by some courfe, and come to me, I'l give you Gold enough.

Bob. Name them my Lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this: But two in Company: Each man a part, all fingle, and alone, Yet an arch Villaine keeps him company: If where thou art, two Villaines shall not be, Come not neere him, if thou would'nt not recide But where one Villaine is, then him abandon. Hence, packe, there's Gold, you came for Gold ye flaues: You have worke for me; there's payment, hence, You are an Alcumiift, make Gold of that:

Out Rafcall dogges.

Enter Steward, and two Senators.

Stew. It is vain that you would speake with Timon: For he is fet so onely to himselfe, That nothing but himselfe, which looks like man, Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring vs to his Caeue. It is our part and promife to th'Athenians To speake with Timon.

2 Sen. At all times alike Men are not still the fame: twas Time and Greefes

That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand, Offering the Fortunes of his former dayes, The former man may make him: bring vs to him And chanc'd it as it may.

Stew. Here is his Caeue: Peace and content be here. Lord Timon, Timon, Look out, and speake to Friends: Th'Athenians By two of their most reverend Senate greet thee: Speake to them Noble Timon.

Enter Timon out of his Caeue.

Tim. Thou Sunne that comforts burne, I Speake and be hang'd: For each true word, a bliffer, and each falfe Be as a Cantherizing to the root o'th Tongue, Confuming it with speaking.

Worthy Timon.

Tim. Of none but such as you, And you of Timon.

1 The Senators of Athens, greet thee Timon. Timon. I thankes them, And would send them backe the plague, Could I but catch it for them.

O forget What we are forry for our felues in thee: The Senators, with one confent of loue, Intreate thee backe to Athens, who haue thought On speciall Dignities, which vacant yse For thy best vs, and wearing.

2 They confesse Toward thee, forgetfulnesse too generall groffe; Which now the publike Body, which doth fildome Play the re-canter, feeling in it felfe A lacke of Timons ayde, hath fince withall Of it owne fall, refraining ayde to Timon, And fend forth vs, to make their forrowed render, Together, with a recompence more fruitfull Then their offence can weigh downe by the Dramme, I eu'n fuch heapes and summes of Loue and Wealth, As shal to thee blot out, what wronges were theirs, And write in thee the figures of their loue, Euer to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it; Surprize me to the very brinke of teares; Lend me a Foole's heart, and a womans eyes, And Ile beward thee these comforts, worthy Senators. Therefore fo pleafe thee to returne with us, And of our Athens, thine and ours to take The Captainship, thou shalt be met with thankes, Allowed with abolute power, and th'good name Liewe with Authoritie: fo foone we shall drive backe Of Alcibiades th'approches wild, Who like a Bore too fugaue, doth root vp His Countries peace.

2 And fakes his threatening Sword Against the walle of Athens.

1 Therefore Timon.

Tim. Well fir, I will: therefore I will fir thus: If Alcibiades kill my Crountrymen, Let Alcibiades know this of Timon, That Timon cares not. But if he fakke faire Athens, And take our goodly aged men by'th'Beards, Giving our holy Virgins to the thaine Of contumelious, beaftly, mad-brain'd ware: Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,  
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,  
And let him tak’t at worst: For their Knives care not,  
While you have threats to answer. For my selfe,  
There’s not a whistle, in th’vnruly Campe,  
But I do prize it at my lour, before  
The reuerends Throat in Athens. So I leave you  
To the protection of the prosperous Gods,  
As Theeues to Keepers.  

Sew. Stay not, all’s in vaine.  

Tim. Why I was writing of my Epitaph,  
It will be seene to morrow. My long lickniffe  
Of Health, and Louing, now begins to mend,  
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still,  
Be Alcibiades your plague; you his,  
And last so long enough.  

1 We speake in vaine.  

Tim. But yet I loue my Country, and am not  
One that rejoices in the common warcke,  
As common bruute doth put it.  

1 That’s well spake.  

Tim. Command me to my loving Countreymen  
In their applauding gates.  

Tim. Command me to them,  
And tell them, that to ease them of their griefes,  
Their fears of Hottile strokes, their Aches losses,  
Their pangs of Loue, with other incident throwes  
That Natures fragile Vessell doth sustaine  
In lifes uncertaine voyage, I will some kindnes do them,  
Ile teach them to prevent wilde Alcibiades wrath.  

I like this well, he will returne againe.  

Tim. I haue a Tree which growes heere in my Clofe,  
That mine owne vie incites me to cut downe,  
And shortly mutt I tell it. Tell my Friends,  
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,  
From high to low throughout, that who so please  
To stop Affliction, let him take his hafe;  
Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,  
And hang himselfe. I pray you do my greeting.  

Sew. Trouble him no further, thus you shall finde him.  

Tim. Come not to me againe, but fay to Athens,  
Timon hath made his euerlaiing Mansion  
Vpon the Beached Verge of the salt Flood,  
Who once a day with his embossed Froth  
The turbulent Surge shall cower; thither come,  
And let my grave-flone be your Oracle:  
Lippes, let foure words go by, and Language end:  
What is amiffe, Plague and Infecion madd  
Graues onely be men workes, and Death their gaine;  
Sunne, hide thy Beames, Timon hath done his Raigne.  

Exit Timon.  

1 His discontentes are vnremoueably coupled to Nature.  
2 Our hope in him is dead: let vs returne,  
And straine what other meanes is left unto vs  
In our deere perill.  
1 It requires swift foot.  

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.  

1 Thou haft painfully discouer’d: are his Files  
As full as thy report?  

Msf. I haue spoke the leaft.  
Besides his expedition promises present approach.  
2 We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.  
Msf. I met a Currier, one mine ancient Friend,  
Whom though in generall part we were opprest,  
Yet our old lour made a particular force,  
And made vs speake like Friends. This man was riding  
From Alcibiades to Timons Cave,  
With Letters of intreaty, which imported  
His Fellowship I th’caufe against your City,  
In part for his fake mould.  

Enter the other Senators.  
1 Heere come our Brothers.  
3 No talke of Timon, nothing of him expect,  
The Enemies Drumme is heard, and fearefull scouring  
Doth choake the ayre with dust: In, and prepare,  
Ours is the fall I feare, our Foes the Snare.  

Enter a Soldier in the Woods seeking Timon.  
Sol. By all description this shoulde be the place.  
Whose heere? Speake haue. No answre? What is this?  
Timon is dead, who hath out-stretcht his span,  
Some Beate read this: There do’s not liue a Man,  
Dead sure, and this his Graue, what’s on this Tomb,  
I cannot read: the CharaCter Ie take with wax,  
Our Captaine hath in every Figure skill:  
An ag’d Interpreter, though yong in days:  
Before proud Athens hee’s fet downe by this,  
Whose fall the marke of his Ambition is.  

Exit.  

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers before Athens.  

Alc. Sound to this Coward, and lasciuious Towne,  
Our terrible approach.  

Sounds a Parly.  
The Senators appear upon the wall.  
Till now you haue gone on, and fill’d the time  
With all Licentious measure, making your wille  
The scope of Juflice. Till now, my felle and fuch  
As flept within the shadow of your power  
Hauy wander’d with our trauerft Armes, and breath’d  
Our sufferrance vainly: Now the time is flufh,  
When crouching Marrow in the bearer strong  
Cries (of it felle) no more: Now breathlesse wrong,  
Shall fit and pant in your great Chaires of eafe,  
And purifie Infolence shall breake his winde  
With feare and horrid flight.  

1 Sen. Noble, and young:  
When thy first greeues were but a meere conceit,  
Ere thou had’t power, or we had caufe of feare,  
We fent to thee, to give thy rages Balm,  
To wipe out your Ingratitude, with Loues  
Above their quantitie.  
2 So did we woe  
Transformed Timon, to our Citties lour  
By humble Meffage, and by promit meanes:  
We were not all vnkinde, nor all defence  
The common stroke of warre.  
1 Thofe walles of ours,  
Were not erected by their hands, from whom  
You haue receu’d your greeues: Nor are they fuch,  
That these great Towres, Trophees, & Schools fold fall  
For private faults in them.  
2 Nor are they living  

Who
Timon of Athens.

Who were the motives that you first went out,
(Shame that they wanted, cunning in excess)
Hath broke their hearts. March, Noble Lord,
Into our City with thy Banners spread,
By decimation and a tyed death;
If thy Reuenge hunger for that Food
Which Nature loathes, take thou the deflin'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted dye,
Let dye the spotted.

1 All have not offended:
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are, Reuenge: Crimes, like Lands
Are not inherited, then dear Countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage,
Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and those Kin
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended, like a Shepheard,
Approach the Fold, and cull th'infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

2 What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Then hew too', with thy Sword.

1 Set but thy foot
Against our rampyr'd gates, and they shall ope:
So thou wilt fend thy gentle heart before,
To say thou not enter Friendly.

2 Throw thy Gloue,
Or any Token of thine Honour else,
That thou wilt vie the wars as thy redresse,
And not as our Confusion: All thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our Towne, till wee
Have feal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my Gloue,
Defend and open your uncharged Ports.

Those Enemies of Timon's, and mine owne
Whom you your felues shall set out for reprofe,
Fall and no more; and to atone your feares
With my more Noble meaning, not a man
Shall paffe his quarter, or offend the flame
Of Regular Iustice in your Citties bounds,
But shall be remedied to your publique Lawes
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most Nobly spoken.
Alc. Descend, and keep thee words.
Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Noble Generall, Timon is dead,
Entomb'd vpon the very hemme o'th'Sea,
And on his Grauestone, this Inscription which
With wax I brought away: whose soft Impression
Interprets for my poore ignorance.

Alcibiades reads the Epitaph.
Here lies a wretched Course, by wretched Soul bereft,
Seek not my names: A Plague consume you, wicked Cattifs left:
Here lay I Timon, who alone, all living men did hate,
Passe by, and curse thy fill, but passe and say not here thy gate.
These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhor'dst in vs our humane griefes,
Scorn'dst our Braines flow, and those our droplets, which
From niggard Nature fall; yet Rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low Graue, on faults forgiuen. Dead
Is Noble Timon, of whose Memorie
Hereafter more. Bring me into your Cittie,
And I will vie the Oiue, with my Sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace flint war,make each
Prescribe to other, as each others Leach.
Let our Drummes strike.

FINIS.
THE ACTORS NAMES.

YMON of Athens.
Lucius, And
Lucullus, two flattering Lords.
Appemantus, a Churlish Philosopher.
Sempronius another flattering Lord.
Alcibiades, an Athenian Captaine.
Poet.
Painter.
Jeweller.
Merchant.
Certaine Senators.
Certaine Maskers.
Certaine Theeues.

Flaminius, one of Tymons Servants.
Soruilius, another.
Caphis.
Varro.
Philo.
Titus.
Lucius.
Hortensif.
Ventigius, one of Tymons falso Friends.
Cupid.
Sempronius.
With divers other Servants,
And Attendants.
Enter Flavius, Murellus, and certaine Commoners over the Stage.

Flavius.

Ence: home you idle Creatures, get you home; Is this a Holiday? What, know you not (Being Mechanicall) you ought not walke Upon a labouring day, without the Signe Of your Profession? Speake, what Trade art thou? Cob. Why Sir, a Carpenter. Mur. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule? What dost thou with thy best Apparrell on? You sir, what Trade are you? Cobl. Truely Sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am but as you would say, a Cobler. Mur. But what Trade art thou? Anfwere me diretly. Cob. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may vfe, with a safe Confcience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad soules. Fla. What Trade thou knaue? Thou naughty knaue, what Trade? Cob. Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out Sir, I can mend you. Mur. What mean fatisfoue by that? Mend mee, thou fawcy Fellow? Cob. Why sir, Cobble you. Fla. Thou art a Cobler, art thou? Cob. Truly Sir, all that I live by, is with the Aule: I meddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor womens matters; but withal I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recouer them. As proper men as euer trod vpon Neats Leather, have gone vp on my handy-worke. Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day? Why do'th thou lead thee men about the streets? Cob. Truly Sir, to wear out their shoes, to get my felfe into more worke. But indeede Sir, we make Holy-day to fee Cæsar, and to rejoice in his Triumph. Mur. Wherefore rejoicye? What Conquest brings he home? What Tributaries follow him to Rome, To grace in Captive bonds his Chariot Wheels? You Blockes, you ftones, you worfe then fenflefe things: O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome, Knew you not Pompey many a time and oft? Have you clim'd vp to Walles and Battlements, To Torews and Windows? Yea, to Chimney tops, Your Infants in your Armes, and there have fate The long day, with patient expectation,

To fee great Pompey passe the streets of Rome: And when you saw his Chariot but appeare, Haue you not made an Vniuerfal houre, That Tyber trembled vnderneath her bankes To hear the replication of your sounds, Made in her Concaue Shores? And do you now put on your beft attyre? And do you now cull out a Holyday? And do you now fhew Flowers in his way, That comes in Triumph ouer Pompeys blood? Be gone, Runne to your houfes, fall vpon your knees, Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague That needs must light on this Ingratitude. Fla. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault Assemble all the poore men of your fort; Draw them to Tyber bankes, and weep your teares Into the Channell, till the loweft fireame Do kiffe the moft exalted Shores of all. Exeunt all the Commoners.

See where their baseft mettle be not mou'd, The vanith tongue-tyed in their guiltinefse Go you downe that way towards the Capitol, This way will I: Difrobe the Images, If you do finde them deckt with Ceremonies. Mur. May we do fo? You know it is the Feaft of Lupercall. Fla. It is no matter, let no Images Be hung with Cæfars Trophees: Ile about, And drue away the Vulfur from the streets; So do you too, where you perceiue them thicke. These growing Feathers, pluckt from Cæfars wing, Will make him flye an ordinary pitch, Who else would foare above the view of men, And keepe vs all in fereul feareneffe. Exeunt

Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Court, Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Caffius, Caska, a Southfayer after them Murellus and Flavius.

The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

And since you know, you cannot see your selfe.
So well as by Reflection; I your Glafe,
Will modestly discover to your selfe.
That of your selfe, which you yet know not of.
And be not enlazed on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common Laughter, or did you.
To fale with ordinary Oathes my loue,
To every new Proteffer : if you know,
That I do fawne on men, and hugge them hard,
And after scandal them: Or if you know,
That I professe my felfe in Banquetting.
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish, and Stout.

Brutus. What means this Showting?
I do feare, the People choose Cæsar
For their King.

Cæfis. I, do you feare it?
Then muft I thinke you would not haue it fo.

Brutus. I would not Cæfis, yet I loue him well:
But wherefore do you hold me heere fo long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the generall good,
Set Honor in one eye, and Death in the other,
And I will louke on both indifferently:
For let the Gods fo fped mee, as I loue
The name of Honor, more then I feare death.

Caffis. I know that vertue to be in you Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, Honor is the subiect of my Story:
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Thinke of this life: But for my single felfe,
I had as liefe not be, as liue to be.
In awe of such a Thing, as I my felfe.
I was borne free as Cæsar, fo were you,
We both haue fed as well, and we can both
Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee.
For once, upon a Rawe and Gullie day,
The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores,
Cæfar faide to me, Darft thou Cæfar now
Leape in with me into this heavy Flood,
And swim to yonder Point? From the word,
Accourted as I was, I plunged in,
And bad him follow: fo indeed he did.
The Torrent roar’d, and we did buffet it
With lufy Sinewes, throwing it aside,
And steming it with hearts of Controverfie.
But ere we could arriue the Point propos’d,
Cæfar criе, Helpe me Cæfis, or I finke.
I as Eneas, our great Ancestor,
Did from the Flames of Troy, upon his shoulder
The old Amblyes beare] fo, from the waues of Tyber.
Did I the tyred Cæfar: And this Man,
Is now become a God, and Cæfis is
A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæfar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a Feauer when he was in Spaine,
And when the Fit was on him, I did marke
How he did shake: Tis true, this God did shake,
His Coward lippes did from their colour flye,
And that fame Eye, whose bend doth awe the World,
Did loue his Lufbre: I did heare him groane:
I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans
Marke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes,
Alas, it cried, Glue me some drinke Titinius,
As a sike Girl : Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the Maileflickke world,
And beare the Palme alone.  

Brutus. Another generall shout ?
I do beleue, that thefe applauses are
For some new Honors, that are heap'd on Cæsar.
Cæfi. Why man, he doth befride the narrow world
Like a Colofius, and we petty men
Walse vnder his huge legges, and peep about
To finde our felues dishonourable Graues.

Ant. As thou doft Antony : he heares no Muficke ;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in fuch a fort
As if he mock'd himfelfe, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mou'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he, be neuer at hearts eafe,
Whiles they behold a greater then themfelves,
And therefore are they very dangeroues.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Then what I feare : for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this eare is deafe,
And tell me truely, what thou think'st of him.

Cæfi. You pull'd me by the cloake, what you speake
with me ?

Brut. I Caius, tell vs what hath chanc'd to day
That Cæsar lookes fo fad.

Cæfi. Why you were with him, were you not ?

Brut. I should not then aske Caius what had chanc'd.

Cæfi. Why there was a Crowne offer'd him ; & being
offer'd him, he put it by with the backe of his hand thus,
and then the people fell a fouting.

Brut. What was the fecond noyfe for ?

Cæfi. They fhou'd thrice : what was the laft cry for ?

Brut. Why for that too.

Cæfi. Was the Crowne offer'd him thrice ?

Cæfi. I marry was't, and hee put it by thrice, euerie
time gentler then other ; and at euerie putting by, mine
honneft Neighbours fhouted.

Cæfi. Who offer'd him the Crowne ?

Cæfi. Why Antony.

Brut. Tell vs the manner of it, gentle Caius.

Caius. I can as well bee hang'd as tell the manner of
it: It was meere Foolerie, I did not marke it. I fawe

Mark Antony offer him a Crowne, yet 'twas not a
Crowne neyther, 'twas one of thefe Coronets : and as I
told you, hee put it by once : but for all that, to my thin-
kings, he would faine haue had it. Then hee offer'd it to
him againe : then hee put it by againe : but to my think-
ing, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then
he offer'd it the third time ; hee put it the third time by,
and ftil as hee refus'd it, the rabbemble howted, and
clap'd their chopt hands, and threw uppe their sweate Night-capes, and vterted fuch a deale of flinking
breath, becaufe Cæsar refus'd the Crowne, that it had
(almoft) choak'd Cæsar: for hee fwooned, and fell
downe at it : And for mine owne part, I durft not laugh,
for feare of opening my Lippes, and receyuing the bad
Ayre.

Enter Cæfar and his Traine.
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Cæs. But sooth I pray you, what, did Cæsar swound? Cæs. He fell downe in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechleſs. Brut. "Tis very like he hath the Falling fickneſſe. Cæs. No, Cæsar hath it not: but you, and I, And honest Cassius, we have the Falling fickneſſe. Cæs. I know not what you meane by that, but I am sure Cæsar fell downe. If the tag-rage people did not clap him, and hisſe him, according as he pleas'd, and dis-pleas'd them, as they vſe to doe the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man. Brut. What said he, when he came unto himselfe? Cæs. Marry, before he fell downe, when he perceiued the common Hear'd was glad he refus'd the Crowne, he pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut: and I had beene a man of any Occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word; I would I might goe to Hell among the Rogues, and so hee fell. When he came to himselfe againe, hee said, If hee had done, or faid any thing amiffe, he defir'd their Worship to think it was his inſpirite. Three or foure Wenches where I stood, cried, Alaffe good Soule, and forgeue him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stab'd their Mothers, they would have done no leſſe. Brut. And after that, he came thus fad away. Cæs. I. Cæf. Did Cicero fay any thing? Cæf. I, he spoke Grecke. Cæf. To what effect? Cæf. Nay, and I tell you that, Ile ne're looke you i' th' face againe. But thoſe that vnderſtood him, smil'd at one another, and ſhooke their heads: but for mine owne part, it was Grecke to me. I could tell you more newes too: Murrellius and Flavius, for pulling Scarffes off Cæfars Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more Foolerie yet, if I could remem-ber it.

Cæf. Will you suppe with me to Night, Cassius? Cæs. No, I am promis'd forth. Cæf. Will you Dine with me to morrow? Cæs. Yf I be alie, and your minde hold, and your Dinner worth the eating. Cæf. Good, I will expect you. Cæs. Doe fo: farewell both. Exit. Brut. What a blunt fellow is this gowne to be? He was quick Mettle, when he went to Schoole. Cæf. So is he now, in execution Of any bold, or Noble Enterprise, How-euer he puts on this tardie forme: This Rudereffe is a Sawce to his good Wit, Which giveth men homackle to difguſt his words With better Appetite. Brut. And fo it is: For this time I will leave you: To morrow, if you pleafe to speake with me, I will come home to you: or if you will, Come home to me, and I will wait for you. Cæf. I will doe fo: till then, thinke of the World. Exit Brutus.

If I were Brutus now, and he were Cæfius, He should not humor me. I will this Night, In euerau Hands, in at his Wayes throw, As if they came from euerau Citizens, Writings, all tending to the great opinion That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obscurely Cæfars Ambition shall be glanced at. And after this, let Cæfar feast him fure, For wee will shake him, or worfe dayes endure. Exit.

Thunder, and Lightning. Enter Cassius, and Cicero.

Circ. Good even, Cæsarius: brought you Cæsar home? Why are you breathleſſe, and why fcare you fo? Cass. Are not you mou'd, when all the fway of Earth Shakes, like a thing vnfirm? O Cicerus, I haue feene Temprefs, when the fcowling Winds Haue ri'd the knottie Oakes, and I haue feene Th'ambitious Ocean {w}ell, and rage, and foame, To be exaltd with the threatening Clouds: But neuer till to Night, neuer till now, Did I goe through a Temptft-dropping-fire. Byther there is a Ciuffl ifire in Heauen, Or elfe the World, too fawcie with the Gods, Incenfes them to fend deftruction.

Cir. Why, faw you any thing more wonderful? Cas. A common flay, you know him well by light, Held vp his left Hand, which did flame and burne Like twentie Torches, {f}o'd; and yet his Hand, Not fenſible of fire, remain'd vnforc'd. Besides, I ha'nt fince put vp my Sword, Against the Capitol I met a Lyon, Who glaz'd vpon me, and went furly by, Without annoying me. And there were dawne Vpon a heape, a hundred galſy Women, Transformed with their feare, who fware, they faw Men, all in fire, walke vp and downe the freetes. And yesterda, the Bird of Night did fit, Even at Noon-price, vpon the Market place, Howling, and fhrkeing. When thefe Prodigies Doe fo coniouſly meet, let not men fay, These are their Reafons, they are Naturall: For I beleue, they are portentous things Vnto the Clymate, that they point vpon.

Cir. Indeed, it is a strange-dispoſed time: But men may contrue things after their fashion, Cleanse from the purpofe of the things themſelves. Comes Cæzar to the Capitol to morrow? Cas. He doth: for he did bid Antonio Send word to you, he would be there to morrow. Cir. Good-night then, Cassius: This difturbed Sky is not to walke in. Cass. Farewell Cicerus. Exit Cicero.

Enter Cæfarius.

The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets, Submitting me vnto the perillous Night; And thus unbraced, Cask., as you see, Haue bar'd my Bofome to the Thunder-stone: And when the crofe blew Lightening seem'd to open The Breit of Heauen, I did preuent my selue Even in the aynne, and very flashe of it. (uens? Cask. But wherefore did you so much tempt the Hea-It is the part of men, to feare and tremble, When the moft mightie Gods, by tokens send Such dreadfull Heraulds, to aftenish vs.

Caffi. You are dull, Cask. And though sparks of Life, that should be in a Roman, You doe want, or else you vfe not. You looke pale, and gaze, and put on feare, And caft your selue in wonder, To see the strange impatience of the Heauens: But if you would consider the true caufe, Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts, Why Birds and Beasts, from qualitie and kinde, Why Old men, Fools, and Children calculate, Why all these things change from their Ordinance, Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties, To monstrous qualitie; why you shall finde, That Heauen hath infused them with these Spirits, To make them Instruments of feare, and warning, Vnto some monstrous State.

Now could I (Cask) name to thee a man, Most like this dreadfull Night, That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graues, and roares, As doth the Lyon in the Capitol: A man no mightier then thy selue, or me, In perfonall action; yet prodigious groane, And fearfull, as these strange eruptions are. Cask. 'Tis Caesar that you meanes:

Is it not, Caffius?

Caffi. Let it be who it is: for Romans now Haue Thewes, and Limbes, like to their Anccestors; But woe the while, our Fathers minde are dead, And we are gouern'd with our Mothers spirits, Our yoke, and sufferysh, fhe as Womanish. Cask. Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow Meane to establishe Caius as a King: And he shall weare his Crowne by Sea, and Land, In every place, faue here in Italy.

Caffi. I know where I will weare this Dagger then; Caffius from Bondage will deliver Caius:

Therein, yee Gods, you make the weake most strong; Therein, yee Gods, you Tyrants doe defeat. Nor Stonie Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brasse, Nor ayre-leffe Dungeon, nor ftrong Linke of Iron, Can be retentive to the strength of spirit: But life being weare of these worldly Barres, Neuer lacks power to difmiff it felfe. If I know this, know all the World besides, That part of Tyrannic that I doe beeare, I can flake off at pleasure. Thunder still.

Cask. So can I:

So every Bond-man in his owne hand bares The power to cancel his Captivitie. Caffi. And why should Caius be a Tyrant then?

Poore man, I know he would not be a Wolfe, But that he sees the Romans are but Sheepe: He were no Lyon, were not Romans Hinde. Tho' that with hafe will make a mighty fire, Begin it with weake Strawes. What trash is Rome?
Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut. What Lucius, ho? I cannot, by the progress of the Morn, Glue gueffe how neere to day.—Lucius, I say? I would it were my fault to sleepe so soundly. When Lucius, when? awake, I say: what Lucius? Enter Lucius.


Brut. It must be by his death; and for my part, I know no pernonall caufe, to pinne at him, But for the general, He would be crown'd: How that might change his nature, there's the question? It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder, And that causes warie walking: Crowne him that, And then I grant we put a Sting in him, That at his will he may doe danger with. Th'abufe of Greatnede, is, when it dis-apoynes Remorse from Power: And to speake truth of Caesar, I have not knowne, when his Affections sway'd More then his Reafon. But 'tis a common proofe, That Lowlynesse is young Ambitions Ladder, Whereto the Climber vpward turns his Face: But when he once attaines the vmpost Round, He then vnto the Ladder turns his Backe, Lookes in the Clouds,formeing the bafe degrees By which he did attend: so Caesar may ; Then leaft he may, preuent. And since the Quarrell Will bear no colour, for the thing he is, Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented, Would runne to thee, and these extremeties: And therefore think him as a Serpents egge, Which hatch'd, would as his kinde grow milkieious; And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Clofet, Sir: Searching the Window for a Flitt, I found This Paper, thus feal'd vp, and I am sure It did not lyee there when I went to Bed. Gues him the Letter.

Brut. Get you to Bed againe, it is not day: Is not to morrow (Boy) the fritf of March? Luc. I know not, Sir. Brut. Looke in the Calender, and bring me word. Luc. I will, Sir. Exit.

Brut. The exhalations, whizzing in the ayre, Glue so much light, that I may reade by them. Opens the Letter, and reads.

'Brutus thou sleepe'st? awake, and see thy selfe: Shall Rome, &c. speake, strike, redresse. Brutus, thou sleepe'st awake: awake. Such infigations haue beene often dropt, Where I haue toke them vp: Shall Rome, &c. Thus muft I piece it out: Shall Rome fland under one mans aye? What Rome? My Ancestors did from the freeters of Rome The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a King. Speake, strike, redresse. Am I entreated

To speake, and strike? O Rome, I make thee promis, If the redresse will follow, thou receiueft Thy full Petition at the hand of Brutus.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is waited fiftenee dayes. Knocke within.

Brut. 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, fome body knockes: Since Caffius firft did whet me against Caesar, I have not flept. Betweene the acning of a dreadfull thing, And the firft motion, all the Interim is Like a Phantaffme, or a hideous Dreame: The Genius, and the mortall Infruments Are then in counsell; and the fate of a man, Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then The nature of an Insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Caffius at the Doore, Who doth desire to fee you.

Brut. Is he alone? Luc. No, Sir, there are moe with him. Brut. Doe you know them? Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Eares, And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakes, That by no meanes I may discover them, By any mark of favour. Brut. Let'em enter: They are the Facion. O Conspiracie, Sham'ft thou to shew thy dangrous Brow by Night, When euills are moft free? O then, by day Where wilt thou finde a Cauerne darcke enough, To maske thy, monftrous Vifage? Seek none Conspiracie, Hide it in Smiles, and Affabilitie: For if thou path thy natiaue faimblance on, Not Erebus it felde were dimme enough, To hide thee from preuetion.

Enter the Conspirators, Caffius, Cask, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Caff. I thynke we are too bold vpon your Reft: Good morrow Brutus, doe we trouble you? Brut. I haue beene vp this howre, awake all Night: Know I thefe men, that come along with you? Caff. Yes, euery man of them: and no man here But honors you: and euery one doth wish, You had but that opinion of your felfe, Which euery Noble Roman beares of you. This is Trebonius.

Brut. He is welcome hither. Caff. This, Decius Brutus. Brut. He is welcome too. Caff. This, Cask; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus. Cymb. Brut. They are all welcome. What watchfull Cares doe interpofe themselues Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?

Caff. Shall I entreat a word? They whisper. Decius. Here eyes the Eaft: doth not the Day breake here? Cask. No. Cin. O, pardon, Sir, it doth; and you grey Lines, That fret the Clouds, are Messengers of Day. Cask. You shal confesse, that you are both decei'd: Heere, as I point my Sword, the Sunne arises, Which is a great way growing on the South,
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Weighing the youthfull Season of the yeares. Some two moneths hence, wp higher toward the North He first presents his fire, and the high East Stands as the Capitoll, directly here.  
Bru. Gie me your hands all ouer, one by one. Cæf. And let vs sweare our Resolution.  
Bru. No, not an Oath: if not the Face of men, The sufferance of our Soules, the times Abufe; If these be Motives weake, breake off betimes, And every man hence, to his idle bed: So let high-fighted-Tyranny range on, Till each man drop by Lottery. But if these (As I am sure they do) beare fire enough To kindle Cowards, and to Steele with valour The melting Spirits of women. Then Countrymen, What neede we any furrer, but our owne caufe, To pricke vs to redrefse? What other Bond, Then secret Romans, that haue fpoke the word, And will not palter? And what other Oath, Then Honesty to Honesty ingag'd, That this shall be, or we will fall for it. Sweene Priests and Cowards, and men Cauleous Old feeble Carrians, and fuch suffering Soules That welcome wrongs: Vnto bad caufes, sweare Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not flaine The even vertue of our Enterprise, Nor th'infuppreflue Mettle of our Spirits, To thinke, that or our Caufe, our Performance Did neede an Oath. When every drop of blood That every Roman bears, and Nobly bears Is guilty of a feueller Baffardie, If he do breake the smalllef: Particle Of any promife that hath past from him. Cæf. But what of Cicero? Shall we found him? I think he will fland very strong with vs.  
Caft. Let vs not leave him out.  
Cyn. No, by no meanes.  
Mette. O let vs haue him, for his Siluer haires Will purchase vs a good opinion: And buy mens voyces, to commend our deeds: It shall prove, his Judgement do'd our hands, Our youths, and wildeneffe, shall no wht appeare, But all be buried in his Gravitty.  
Bru. O name him not; let vs not breake with him, For he will neuver follow any thing That other men begin.  
Cæf. Then leave him out.  
Caft. Indeed, he is not fit.  
Decius. Shall no man elfe be toucht, but onely Cæsar? Cæf. Decius well vrg'd: I thinke it is not meet, Marky Antony, fo well belou'd of Cæfar, Should out-liue Cæfar, we shall finde of him A fhrew'd Contriver. And you know, his meanes If he improuce them, may well flretch fo farre As to annoy vs all: which to preuent, Let Antony and Cæfar fall together.  
Bru. Our coufe will fee too bloody, Caius Caius, To cut the Head off, and then hacke the Limbes: Like Wrath in death, and Enuy afterwards: For Antony, is but a Limbe of Cæsar.  
Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers Caius: We all fland vp againft the fpirit of Cæfar, And in the Spirit of men, there is no blood: O that we then could come by Cæfars Spirit, And not difmember Cæfar! But (alas) Cæfar muft bleed for it. And gentle Friends, 
Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully: Let's curse him, as a Diuell, for the Gods, Not hew him as a Caraffe fit for Hounds; And let our Hearts, as subtle Mafers do, Stirre wp their Servants to an acte of Rage, And after feeme to chide 'em. This fhall make Our purpose Neeceffary, and not Emious. Which fo appearing to the common eyes, We fhall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers. And for Mark Antony, thinke not of him: For he can do no more then Cæfars Arme, When Cæfar head is off.  
Cæf. Yet I feare him, For in the ingrafted loue he bears to Cæfar.  
Bru. Alas,good Caius, do not thinke of him: If he loue Cæfar, all that he can do Is to himfelfe; take thought, and dye for Cæfar, And that were much he should: for he is gien To sports, to wildeneffe, and much company. 
Trebl. There is no feare in him; let him not dye, For he will blie, and laugh at this heereafter.  
Clocke strikes.  
Bru. Peace, count the Clocke.  
Cæf. The Clocke hath fricke three.  
Trebl. 'Tis time to part.  
Caff. But it is doubtfull yet, Whether Cæfar will come forth to day, or no: For he is Superitious growne of late, Quite from the maine Opinion he held once, Of Fantasie, of Dreames, and Ceremonies: It may be, theye apperant Prodiges, The vnaccustom'd Terror of this night, And the perwifion of his Augurer, May hold him from the Capitoll to day.  
Decius. Neuer feare that: If he be fo resolvd, I can ore-fway him: For he loues to heare, That Vnicornes may be betray'd with Trees, And Beares with Glaffes, Elephants with Holes, Lyons with Toyes, and men with Flatterers. But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers, He fayes, he does; being then moft flattered. Let me worke: For I can gie his humour the true bent; And I will bring him to the Capitoll.  
Cæf. Nay, we will all of vs, be there to fetch him.  
Bru. By the eighte hour, is that the vtermoft?  
Cyn. Be that the vtermoft, and faile not then.  
Met. Caius Ligarius doth beare Cæfar hard, Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey; I wonder none of you have thought of him.  
Bru. Now good Metellus go along by him: He loues me well, and I haue gien him Resons, Send him but righte, and Ie faction him.  
Cæf. The morning comes vpon's: Wec'll leave you Bruttus, And Friends difperfe your felues; but all remember What you haue said, and shew your felues true Romans.  
Bru. Good Gentlemen, looke fresh and merrily, Let not our lookes put on our purpofes, But beare it as our Roman Actors do, With vnty'd Spirits, and formal Confiance, And fo good morrow to you every one.  
Exeunt.  
Manet Brutus.  
Boy : Lucius : Faint alleepe! It is no matter, Enjoy the hone-heauy-Dew of Slumber: Thou haft no Figures, nor no Fantasie,
Which busy care draws, in the braines of men;
Therefore thou slept'st, as I found.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my Lord,

Bru. Portia: What mean ye? wherfore rise you now?

It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weake condition, to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. Y'haue vngently Brutus
Stole from my bed: and yeternight at Supper
You sodainly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and fighting, with your armes a-croffe:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You flar'd upon me, with vngentle looks.
I vrg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently flampt with your foote:
Yet I infisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafter of your hand
Gaue signe for me to leave you: So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatient
Which seem'd too much inkindled; and withall,
Hoping it was but an effect of Humor,
Which sometime hath his howre with every man.
It will not let you eate, nor talke, nor sleepe;
And could it worke so much vpon your shape,
As it hath much preuay'd on your Condition,
I should not know you Brutus. Deare my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of griefe.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wife, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the meanes to come by it.

Bru. Why so I do: good Portia go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus fickle? And is it Phyical?
To walke vnbraced, and fuxe vp the humour.
Of the danke Morning? What, is Brutus fickle?
And will he feale out of his whollome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the Night?
And tempt the Rhewmy, and vnpurged Ayre,
To add vn to hit fickleffe? No my Brutus,
You have the fickleffe within your minde,
Which by the Right and Vertue of my place
I ought to know of: And vp on my knees,
I charme you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your vowe of Loue, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make vs one,
That you vnfold to me, your selfe; your halfe.
Why you are heaue: and what men to night
Haue had refort to you: for heere haue beene
Some fixe or feuen, who did hide their faces
Euen from darkneffe.

Bru. Kneele not gentile Portia.

Por. I should not neede, if you were gentile Brutus.
Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets
That appertaine to you? Am I your Selfe,
But as it were in fort, or limitation?
To keepe with you at Meales, comfort your Bed,
And talke to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus Harlot, not his Wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable Wife,
As deere to me, as are the ruddy droppes
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then shou'd I know this secret.
I graunte I am a Woman; but withall,
A Woman that Lord Brutus tooke to Wife:
I graunte I am a Woman; but withall,

A Woman well reputed: Cato's Daughter.

Think me, I am no stronger then my Sex
Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded?

Tell me your Counsells, I will not dicloze 'em:
I haue made strong prooves of my Confiunce,
Guing my selfe a voluntary wound
Heere in the Thigh: Can I beare that with patience,
And not my Husbands Secrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!

Render me worthy of this Noble Wife.

Knocke.

Bruke, harke, one knockes: Portia go in a while,
And by and by thy bodome shall partake
The secrets of my Heart.

All my engagements, I will continue to thee,
All the Charractery of my sad browes:
Leaue me with haft.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knockes.

Luc. Heere is a fickle man that would speake with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.

Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius, how is?

Cai. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O what a time haue you chose out brave Caius.

To weare a Kercheif? Would you were not ficke.

Cai. I am not fickle, if Brutus haue in hand
Any expoit worthy the name of Honor.

Bru. Such an exploit haue I in hand Ligarius,
Had you a healthfull care to heare of it.

Cai. By all the Gods that Romans bow before,
I heere didcarr my fickleffe. Soule of Rome,
Braue Sonne, deriu'd from Honourable Loines,
Thou like an Exorcift, haft conur'd vp
My mortified Spirit. Now bid me runne,
And I will trieue with things imposible.
Yea get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of worke,
That will make fickle men whole.

Cai. But I am not some Whole, that we must make fickle?

Bru. That must we alfo. What is it my Caius,
I shall vnfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Cai. Set on your foote,
And with a heart new fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth.
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then.

Thunder & Lightning.

Enter Julius Caesar in his Night-gowne.

Caesar. Nor Heavens, nor Earth,
Haue beene at peace to night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia, in her sleepe cried out,
Helpe, ho: They murther Caesar. Who's within?

Enter a Serevant.

Ser. My Lord.

Caef. Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of Successe.

Ser. I will my Lord.

Exit

Enter Calpurnia.

Cal. What mean you Caesar? Think you to walk forth?

You shall not fyrre out of your house to day.

Caef. Caesar shall forth; the things that threaten'd me,
Ne're look'd but on my backe: When they shall fee
The face of Caesar, they are vanisht.
The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.

Calp. Caesar, I never bird on Ceremonies, Yet now they fright me: There is one within, Besides the thing we have heard and seen, Recounts most horrid fights seene by the Watch. A Lionneffe hath whelped in the streets, And Graues have yawn’d, and yeelded vp their dead; Fierce fiery Warriors fight vp on the Clouds, In Banke’s and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre Which drie’d blood vp on the Captill: Tho the noife of Battell hurtled in the Ayre: Horrides do neigh, and dying men did groane, And Ghofts did shrike and siquele about the streets.

O Caesar, thes things are beyond all vfe, And I do feare them.

Cæf. What can be auoyed
Whole end is purpo’d by the mighty Gods? Yet Caesar shall go forth: for these Predictions Are to the world in generall, as to Caesar.

Calp. When Beggers dye, there are no Comets seen, The Heauens themelues blaze forth the death of Princes Cæf. Cowards dye many times before their deaths, The vallant never taste of death but once: Of all the Wonders that I yet have heard, It feverne to most strange that men should fear, Seeing that death, a necessary end Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the Augurers? 
Ser. They would not have you to firsre forth to day. Plucking the intrails of an Offering forth, They could not finde a heart within the beast.

Cæf. The Gods do this in flame of Cowardice: Caesar should be a Beast without a heart. If he should play at home to day for feare: No Caesar shall not; Danger knowes full well That Caesar is more dangerous then he. We heare two Lyons litter’d in one day, And the elder and more terible, And Caesar shall go forth.

Calp. Alas my Lord, Your wifedom is comfum’d in confidence: Do not go forth to day: Call it my feare, That keepes you in the house, and not your owne. We’ll lend Mark Antony to the Senate house, And he shall fay, you are not well to day: Let me upon my knee, preualle in this.

Cæf. Mark Antony shall fay I am not well, And for thy humor, I will play at home.

Enter Decius.

Here’s Decius Brutus, he shall tell them fo.

Deci. Caesar, all haile: Good mormor worthy Caesar, I come to fetch you to the Senate house. Cæf. And you are come in very happy time, To beare my greeting to the Senators, And tell them that I will not come to day: Cannot, is false: and that I dare not, falser: I will not come to day, tell them fo Decius. Calp. Say he is fickle.

Cæf. Shall Caesar lend a Lye? Haue I in Conquest stretcht mine Arme so farre, To be afrard’ to tell Gray-heards the truth:

Decius, go tell them, Caesar will not come.

Deci. Most mighty Caesar, let me know some caufe, Left I be laught at when I tell them fo.

Cæf. The caufe is in my Will, I will not come, That is enough to satisfie the Senate.

But for your private satisfaction, Because I love you, I will let you know. Calpurnia heere my wife, thayes me at home: She dreampt to night, she saw my Statue, Which like a Fountain, with an hundred spouts Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans Came smiling, & did bathe their hands in it: And these does the apply, for warnings and portents, And euils imminent; and on her knee Hath begg’d, that I will play at home to day.

Deci. This Drame is all amis interpreted, It was a vision, faire and fortunate: Your Statue spouting blood in many pipes, In which so many spilling Romans bath’d, Signifies, that from you great Rome shall sucke Reuling blood, and that great men shall preffe For Tinctures, Staines, Reliques, and Cogniscence. This by Calpurnia’s Drame is signified.

Cæf. And this way have you well expounded it.

Deci. I have, when you have heard what I can say:

And know it now, the Senate haue concluded To give this day, a Crowne to mighty Caesar. If you shall send them word you will not come, Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mocke. Apt to be render’d, for some one to say, Break vp the Senate, till another time: When Caesars wife shall meet with better Dreams. If Caesar hide himselfe, shall they not whisper Loe Caesar is affraid?

Pardon me Caesar, for my deere deere louse To your proceeding, bids me tell you this: And reafon to my louse is lable.

Cæf. How foolish do your fears feeme now Calpurnia? I am abashed I did yeeld to them. Glue me my Robe, for I will go.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Cæsari, Trebonius, Cynna, and Publius.

And looke where Publius is come to fetch me. Pub. Good morrow Caesar.

Cæf. Welcome Publius.

What Brutus, are you fill’d so early too? Good morrow Cæsari: Caius Ligarius,

Cæsars was ne’er so much your enemy, As that same Ague which hath made you lean.

What is’t a Clockke?

Bro. Caesar, tis trucken eight.

Cæf. I thank you for your paines and curtefie.

Enter Antony.

See, Antony that Reuel a long a-nights Is notwithstanding vpon. Good morrow Antony. Ant. So to moft Noble Caesar.

Cæf. Bid them prepare within: I am too blame to be thus waited for.

Now Cynna, now Metellus: what Trebonius, I haue an hours talke in flore for you: Remember that you call on me to day: Be neere me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Caesar I will: and fo neere will I be, That your best Friends shall with I had beene further.

Cæf,Good Friends go in, and taste some wine with me And we (like Friends) will straight way go together.

Bro. That evy like is not the same, O Caesar, The heart of Brutus earns to thynke upon. Exeunt

Enter Artemidorus.

Cæsari, beware of Brutus, take heed of Cæsari; come not neere.
neere Cæsars, haue an eye to Cynna, truft not Trebonius, marke well Metellus Cymber, Decius Brutus lous thee not: Thou haft wrong'd Gaius Ligarius. There is but one minde in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar: If thou haft not Immortal, looke about you: Security gives way to Conspiracie. The mighty Gods defend thee.

Thy Louer, Artemidorus.

Here will I stand, till Cæsar passe along,
And as a Sutor will I glue him this:
My heart laments, that Vertue cannot live
Out of the teeth of Emulation.
If thou reade this, O Cæsar, thou mayest live;
If not, the Fates with Traitors do continue.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Per. I prythee Boy, run to the Senate-house,
Stay not to anfwer me, but get thee gone.
Why doest thou flay?

Luc. To know my errand Madam.

Per. I wou'd have had thee there and heere aген
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldest do there:
O Conflagrance, be strong vpon my fide,
Set a huge Mountain tw'weene my Heart and Tongue:
I haue a mans minde, but a womans might:
How hard it is for women to keepe counsell,
Art thou heere yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And fo returne to you, and nothing else?

Per. Yes, bring me word Boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what Sutors preffe to him.
Hearke Boy, what noyfe is that?

Luc. I heare none Madam.

Per. Prythee lift bien:
I heard a bafling Rumor like a Fray,
And the winde brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth Madam, I heare nothing.

Enter the Sootbfayer.

Per. Come hither Fellow, which way haft thou bin?

Sooth. At mine owne house, good Lady.

Per. What is a clocke?

Sooth. About the ninth houre Lady.

Per. Is Cæsar in the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam not yet, I go to take my fland,
To fee him passe on to the Capitol.

Per. Thou haft some fuite to Cæsar, haft thou not?
Sooth. That I haue Lady, if it will please Cæsar
To be fo good to Cæsar, as to heare me:
I shall befeech him to befride himfelfe.

Per. Why know'lt thou any harme's intended to wards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be,
Much that I feare may chance:
Good morrow to you: heere the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heele,
Of Senators, of Prayers, common Sutors,
Will crowd a feeble man (almost) to death:
Ile get me to a place more voyd, and there
Speake to great Cæsar as he comes along.

Exit Per.

I must go in:

Aye me! How weake a thing
The heart of woman is? O Brutus,
The Heavens speed thee in thine enterprize.
Sure the Boy heard me: Brutus hath a fuite
That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint:
Run Lucius, and commend me to my Lord,

Say I am merry; Come to me againe,
And bring me word what he doth fay to thee.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Flourish.

Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Caius, Caska, Decius, Metellius, Tre- bonius, Cynna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Pub- lius, and the Sootbfayer.

Cæsar. The Idee of March are come.
Sooth. I Cæsar, but not gone.

Art. Hailie Cæsar: Read this Scedule.
Deci. Trebonius doth defire you to ore-read
(At your beft leytrue) this his humble fuite.

Art. O Cæsar, reade mine first; for mine's a fuite
That touches Cæsar neerer. Read it great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches vs our felle, Shall be laft fcer'd.

Art. Delay not Cæsar, read it inflantly.

Cæs. What is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirra, glue place.

Caius. What, vrgue you your Petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Popul. I wish your enterprize to day may thrive.

Caius. What enterprize Popillius?

Popil. Fare you well.

Bru. What faid Popillius Lena?

Caius. He would to day our enterprize might thrive:
I feare our purpoфе is dicouer'd.

Bru. Looke how he makes to Cæfar marke him.

Caius. Cæsars be fodore, for we feare prevention.

Brutus. What shall be done? If this be knowne,

Caius or Cæsar neuer shall turne backe,
For I will flay my felle.

Bru. Caius be continent:

Popil. Lena speaks not of our purpoſes,
For looke he fimiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Caius. Trebonius knowes his time: for look you Brutus
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

Deci. Where is Metellus Cymber, let him go,
And presently preferre his fuite to Cæsar.

Bru. He is addref: prefte neere, and fecond him.

Caius. Caska, you are the firft that reares your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiffe,

That Cæsar and his Senate muft redreffe?

Metel. Moft high, moft mighty, and moft puifant Cæsar
Metellus Cymber throws before thy Seate

An humble heart.

Cæs. I muft preuent thee Cymber:

Thfe couchings, and thfe lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turne pre-Ordinance, and firft Decreе;
Into the lane of Children. Be not fond,
To thinke that Cæfar beares fuch Rebell blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth Fools, I meane sweet words,
Low-crooked-curteies, and bafe Spaniell fawning:

Thy Brother by decreе is banished:
If thou doeft bend, and pray, and fawne for him,
I furne thee like a Curre out of my way:

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without caufe
Will he be satisfied.

Metel. Is there no voyce more worthy then my owne, To
To found more sweetly in great Caesar's care,  
For the repealing of my banish'd Brother? 
Bru. I like thy hand, but not in flattery Caesar: 
Deferring thee, that Publius Cymber may 
Have an immediate freedom of repeale.  
Ccej. What Brutus? 
Caffi. Pardon Caesar; Caesar pardon:  
As lowe as to thy foot doth Cæsius fall, 
To begge infranchisement for Publius Cymber.  
Cæj. I could be well mou'd; if I were as you, 
If I could pray to moue, Prayers would moue me: 
But I am constant as the Northern Starré, 
Of whose true fxe, and refting quality, 
There is no fellow in the Firmament. 
The Skies are painted with vnnumbred spakres, They are all Fire, and euer one doth shine: 
But, there's but one in all doth hold his place. 
So, in the World; 'Tis furnish'd well with Men, And Men are Fleth and Blood, and appreheñue; Yet in the number, I do know but One That vnaffayleable holds on his Ranke, Vnshak'd of Motion: and that I am he, Let me a little shew it, even in this: That I was constant Cymber should be banish'd, And constant do remaine to keepe him fo.  
Cinna. O Caesar. 
Cæj. Hencé: wilt thou lift vp Olympus? 
Decius. Great Caesar. 
Cæj. Doth not Brutus bootlesse kneele? 
Cæk. Speake hands for me. 
They flab Caesar. 
Cæf. Et tu Brutus?——Then fall Caesar. Dyæs 
Cin. Liberty, Freedom; Tyranny is dead, Run hence, proclame, cry it about the Streets. 
Caffi. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out Liberty, Freedom, and Enfranchisement, 
Bru. People and Senators, be not affrighted: 
Fly not, stand still: Ambitions debt is paid. 
Cæk. Go to the Pulpit Brutus. 
Dec. And Caesar too. 
Bru. Where's Publius? 
Cæs. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny. 
Met. So that together, leat some Friend of Cæsars Should chance—— 
Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius good cheer, 
There is no harme intended to your person, Nor to no Roman else: so tell them Publius. 
Caffi. And leave us Publius, leat that the people Rushing on vs, shoul do your Age some mischiefe. 
Bru. Do so, and let no man abide this deede, But we the Doers.  
Enter Trebonius, 
Caffi. Where is Antony? 
Trebi. Fled to his Houfe amaz'd: 
Men, Wises, and Children, flare, cry out, and run, As it were Doomefday. 
Bru. Fates, we will know your pleafures: 
That we shall dye we know, 'tis but the time 
And drawing dayes out, that men stand vpon. 
Cæk. Why he that cuts off twenty yeares of life, Cuts off so many yeares of fearing death. 
'Bru. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit: 
So are we Cæsars Friends, that haue abridg'd 
His time of fearing death. Stoope Romans, stoope, And let vs bathe our hands in Cæsars blood 
Vp to the Elbowes, and beflace our Swords: 
Then walke we forth, euen to the Market place, 
And wauring our red Weapons o' re our heads, Let's all cry Peace, Freedom, and Liberty. 
Caffi. Stoop then, and waife. How many Ages hence Shall this our lofty Scene be act'd over, 
In State vnborne, and Accents yet vnknowne? 
Bru. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport, 
That now on Pompeyes Bafis lye along, 
No worthier then the duit? 
Caffi. So oft as that shall be, 
So often shall the knot of vs be call'd, 
The Men that gae their Country liberty, 
Dec. What, shall we forthe? 
Caffi. I,every man away. 
Brutus shall leade, and we will grace his hecles 
With the most bolded, and beft hearts of Rome. 
Enter a Servant. 
Ser. Thus Brutus did my Master bid me kneele; Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall downe, And being proflrate, thus he bad me say: 
Brutus is Noble, Wife, Valiant, and Honeste; 
Cæfar was Mighty, Bold, Royall, and Louing; 
Say, I loue Brutus, and I honour him; 
Say, I fear'd Cæfar, honour'd him, and lou'd him. If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony 
May safely come to him, and be relou'd 
How Cæfar hath defuer'd to dye in death, 
Mark Antony, shall not loue Cæsar dead 
So well as Brutus living; but will follow 
The Fortunes and Affayres of Noble Brutus, 
Thorough the hazards of this vntrod State, 
With all true Faith. So fayes my Master Antony. 
Bru. Thy Master is a Wife and Valiant Romane, 
I neuer thought him worfe: 
Tell him, so pleafe him come vnto this place 
He shall be fatis'd: and by my Honor 
Depart vntouch'd. 
Ser. Ile fetch him presently. Exit Servant. 
Bru. I know that we shall haue him well to Friend. 
Caffi. I wish we may: But yet haue I a minde 
That feares him much: and my mutting still 
Falles threfly to the purpose. 
Enter Antony, 
Bru. But here comes Antony: 
Welcome Mark Antony. 
Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lye fo lowe? 
Are all thy Conquests,Glories,Triumphes,Spoiles, 
Shrunke to this little Meafure? Fare thee well. 
I know not Gentlemen what you intend, 
Who elfe must be let blood, who elfe is ranke: 
If I my felfe, there is no hour fo fit 
As Cæsars deaths houre; nor no Instrument 
Of halfe that worth, as thoile your Swords; made rich 
With the most Noble blood of all this World. 
I do befeech you, if you beare me hard, 
Now, whil't your purpled hands do recke and fmoake, 
Fulfill your pleafure. Liue a thousand yeeres, 
I shall not finde my felfe fo apt to dye. 
No place will pleafe me fo, no meane of death, 
As here by Cæfar, and by you cut off, 
The Choice and Mafter Spirits of this Age. 
Bru. O Antony! Begge not your death of vs: 
Though now we must appeare bloody and cruel, 
As by our hands, and this our present Acte 
You fee we do: Yet fee you but our hands, 
And
And this, the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pittiful:
And pitty to the general wrong of Rome,
As fire dries out fire, so pitty, pitty.

Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
To you, our Swords have leaden points Mark Antony:
Our Armes in strength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers tender, do receive you in,
With all kindes lone, good thoughts, and reverence.

Caff. Your voice shall be as strong as any mans,
In the dispoothing of new Dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appear'd
The Multitude, beseide themselfes with fear,
And then, we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Caesar when I stroke him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your Wifedom:
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First Marcus Brutus will I shake with you;
Next Caius Caffius do I take your hand,
Now Decius Brutus yours; now yours Metellus;
Yours Cinna; and my valiant Caike, yours.

Though laft, not least in lone, yours good Trebonius,
Gentlemen all: Alas, what shall I say,
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad wayes you must conceit me,
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.

That I did love thee Caesar, O 'tis true:
If then thy Spirit looke upon vs now,
Shall it not greeue thee dearer then thy death,
To fee thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes?

Moft Noble, in the presence of thy Coarfe,
Had I as many eyes, as thou haft wounds,
Weeping as fast as they streame forth thy blood,
It would make me better, then to close
In tearmes of Friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me Julius, heere was't thou bay'd braue Hart,
Heere did't thou fall,and heere thy Hunters stand
Sign'd in thy Spoyle and Obelisk'd in thy Lethee.
O World! thou waft the Forreft to this Hart,
And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.
How like a Deere, broken by many Princes,
Doft thou heere lye?

Caff. Mark Antony.

Ant. Pardon me Caius Caffius:
The Enemies of Caesar, shall say this:
Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modeftie,
Caffi. I blame you not for prailing Caesar so,
But what compact meanes you to haue with vs?
Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?
Ant. Therefore I tooke your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking downe on Caesar.

Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Vpon this hope, that you shall give me Reaons,
Why, and wherein, Caesar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a fausse Speech:
Our Reaons are so full of good regard,
That were you Antony, the Sonne of Caesar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek,
And am moreouer futor, that I may
Produce his body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,
Speake in the Order of his Funerall.

Bru. You shall Mark Antony.

Caffi. Brumus, a word with you:
You know not what you do; Do not confent
That Antony speake in his Funerall:
Know you how much the people may bee mou'd
By that which he will vteer.

Bru. By your pardon:
I will my selfe into the Pulpit fitst,
And shew the reason of our Ceasar's death.
What Antony shall speake, I will protest
He speakes by leave, and by permission:
And that we are contented Ceasar shall
Have all true Rites, and lawfull Ceremonies.

It shall advantage more, then do vs wrong.

Caffi. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, heere take you Ceasar body:

You shall not in your Funerall speech blame vs,
But speake all good you can devise of Ceasar,
And lay you doun't by our permission:
Elle shall you not have any hand at all
About his Funerall. And you shall speake
In the fame Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so:

But I do defire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow vs.

Exeunt. Mark Antony.

O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of Earth:
That I am meekc and gentle with these Butchers.

Thou art the Ruines of the Noblest man
That ever liued in the Tide of Times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly Blood.

Over thy wounds, now do I Prophefie,
(Which like dumbe mouthes do ope their Ruby lips,
To begge the voice and vterance of my Tongue)

A Curfe shall light upon the limbs of men;

Domellick Fury, and fierce Cruell Lawfull,

Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;

Blood and deftruction shall be so in vfe,

As the dreadfull Obelisk'd in thy Lethee.

That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their Infants quartered with the hands of Warre:

All pitty chock'd with cutome of fell deeds,
And Ceasar Spirit ranging for Reuenge,
With Acte by his fide,come hot from Hell,

Shall in these Confines, with a Monarkes voyce,

Cry hauecke, and let slip the Dogges of Warre,

That this foule deed, shall smell above the earth

With Carrion men, groaning for Buriall.

Enter Octavius's Servant.

You ferue Octavius Ceasar, do you not?

Ser. I do Mark Antony.

Ant. Ceasar did write for him to come to Rome.

Ser. He did receive his Letters, and is comming,
And bid me lay to you by word of mouth:

O Ceasar!

Ant. Thy heart is bigge: get thee a-part and wepe:

Paffion I fee is catching from mine eyes,

Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in thine;

Began to water. Is thy Mafter comming?

Ser. He lies to night within feuen Leagues of Rome.

Ant. Poft backe with speed,
And tell him what hath chanc'd:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,

No Rome of safety for Octavius yet,

Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet flay a-while,

Thou
Enter Brutus and goes into the Pulpit, and Cassius, with the Plebeians.

Pls. We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.

Brus. Then follow me, and give me Audience friends.

Cassius go you into the other freet, and part the Numbers: Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here; Those that will follow Cassius, go with him. And publick Reafons shall be rendered Of Cæsar's death. 1. Pls. I will hear Brutus speak. 2. I will hear Cassius, and compare their Reafons, When feverally we hear them rendred. 3. The Noble Brutus is ascended: Silence. Brutus. Be patient till the last. Romans, Country-men, and Louers, hear mee for my caufe, and be silent, that you may heare. Believe me for mine Honor, and have respect to mine Honor, that you may believe. Cenfure me in your Wifedom, and awake your Senfes, that you may the better Judge. If there bee any in this Assemble, any deere Friend or Cæsars, to him I say, that Brutus loue to Cæsar, was no leffe then his. If then, that Friend demand, why Brutus rofe against Caesar, this is my answere: Not that I lou'd Cæsar leffe, but that I lou'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and dye all Slaves, then that Cæsar were dead, to live all Free-men? As Cæsar lou'd mee, I wepe for him; as he was Fortunate, I rejoynce at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I flew him. There is Terrors, for his Loue: Joy, for his Fortune: Honor, for his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere tosafe, that would be a Bondman? If any, speake, for him haue I offended. Who is heere fo rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speake, for him haue I offended. Who is heere fo vile, that will not loue his Country? If any, speake, for him haue I offended. I pause for a Reply. All. None Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none haue I offended. I haue done no more to Cæsar, then you shall do to Brutus. The Queftion of his death, is inrolld in the Capitol: His Glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death. Enter Mark Antony, with Cæsars body.

Heere comes his Body, mournd by Mark Antony, who though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth, as which of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I flew my best Louer for the good of Rome, I have the fame Dager for my selue, when it shall please my Country to need my death. All. Llie Brutus, lzie, lzie. 1. Bring him with Triumph home vnto his house. 2. Give him a Statue with his Ancestors. 3. Let him be Cæsar. 4. Cæsars better parts, Shall be Crown'd in Brutus. 1. Wee'l bring him to his House, With Showts and Clamors. Brutus. My Country-men. 2. Peace, silence, Brutus speaks. Peace ho. Brutus. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone, And (for my sake) stay heere with Antony: Do grace to Cæsar's Corpses, and grace his Speech Tending to Cæsars Glories, which Mark Antony (By our permission) is allow'd to make. I do intreat you, not a man depart, Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. Exit Brutus. For Brutus fake, I am beholding to you. 4. What does he say of Brutus? 3. He fayes, for Brutus fake. He ffinds himselfe beholding to vs all. "Twere best he speake no harme of Brutus heere? 1. This Cæsar was a Tyrant. 3. Nay that's certaine: We are blest that Rome is rid of him. 2. Peace, let us heare what Antony can fay. Anthony. You gentle Romans. All. Peace ho, let us heare him. Anthony. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears: I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him: The euill that men doe, lies after them, The good is oft entered with their bones, So let it bee with Cæsar. The Noble Brutus, Hath told you Cæsar was Ambitious: If it were fo, it was a greuous Fault, And greuously hath Cæsar anwer'd it. Heere, vnder leaue of Brutus, and the rest (For Brutus is an Honourable man, So are they all, all Honourable men) Come I to speake in Cæsars Generall. He was my Friend, faithfull, and liue to me; But Cæsar fayes, he was Ambitious, And Brutus is an Honourable man. He hath brought many Captives home to Rome, Whosee Ranzomes, did the generall Coffers fill: Did this in Cæsar seeme Ambitious? When that the poore haue cryde, Cæsar hath wept: Ambition should be made of fierner stuffe, Yet Brutus fayes, he was Ambitious: And Brutus is an Honourable man: You all did feé, that on the Lupercal, I thrice profected him a Kingly Crowne, Which he did thrice refufe: Was this Ambition? Yet Brutus fayes, he was Ambitious: And sure he is an Honourable man. I speake not to disprove what Brutus spoke, But heere I am, to speake what I do know; You all did loue him once, not without caufe, What caufe with-holds you then, to mourn for him? O Judgement! thou are fled to brutifh Beasts, And Men haue loit their Reafon. Beare with me, My heartis in the Coffin there with Cæsar, And I musf pawfe, till it come backe to me. 1. Me thinkes there is much reafon in his sayings. 2. If thou consider rightly of the matter, Cæfar ha's had great wrong: (his place. 3. Has hee Masters? I feare there will a worse come in 1 1 4 Marke
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

4. Mark'd ye his words? he would not take by Crown,
Therefore 'tis certaine, he was not Ambitious.
1. If it be found so, some will deere abide it.
2. Poore foule, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3. There's not a Nobler man in Rome then Antony.
4. Now marke him, he begins againe to speake.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæfar might:
Hauz stood against the World: Now lies he there,
And none fo poore to do him reverence.
O Maisters! If I were diffus'd to flire
Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,
I shold do Brutus wrong, and Cæcours wrong:
Who (you all know) are Honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong my felfe and you,
Then I will wrong such Honourable men.
But heere's a Parchment, with the Seal of Cæfar,
I found it in his Cloffe, tis his Will:
Let but the Commons heare this Testament:
(Which pardon me) I do not meane to reade,
And they would go and kiffe dead Cæcours wounds,
And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;
Yea, begge a halfe of him for Morality,
And dying, mention it within their Willes,
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie
Vnto their issue.

4. Wee'll heare the Will, reade it Marke Antony.
All. The Will, the Will; we will heare Cæcours Will.
Ant. Haue patience gentle Friends, I must not read it.
It is not mee you know how Cæfar lou'd you:
You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:
And being men, hearing the Will of Cæfar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,
For if you should, O what would come of it?
4. Read the Will, wee'll heare it Antony:
You shall reade vs the Will, Cæcours Will.

Ant. Will you be Patient? Will you stay a-while?
I haue o're-shot my felfe to tell you of it,
I fear I wrong the Honourable men,
Whose Daggers haue flabb'd Cæfar: I do feare it.
4. They were Traitors: Honourable men?
All. The Will, the Testament.
2 They were Villaines, Murderers: the Will, read the Will.

Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will:
Then make a Ring about the Corpes of Cæfar,
And let me shew you him that made the Will:
Shall I defend? And will you glue me leaue?
All. Come dowe.
2. Defend.
3. You shall haue leaue.
4 A Ring, stand round.
1 Stand from the Hearfe, stand from the Body.
2 Roome for Antony, most Noble Antony.
Ant. Nay preffe not fo upon me, stand farre off.
All. Stand backe: roome, beare backe.
Ant. If you have teares, prepare to fhed them now.
You all do know this Mantie, I remember
The firft time eu'r Cæfar put it on,
'Twas on a Sumners Evening in his Tent,
That day he commaunded the Nordy.
Looke, in this place ran Cæfours Daggers through:
See what a rent the enious Cucke made:
Through this, the wel-beloved Brutus flabb'd,
And as he pluck'd his curfed Steele away:
Marke how the blood of Cæfar followed it,
As rushing out of doores, to be resolu'd
If Brutus to vnkindly knock'd, or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæcours Angel.
Judge, O you Gods, how deeplex Cæfar lou'd him:
This was the moft vnkindt cut of all.
For when the Noble Cæfar faw him flab,
Ingratitude, more ftrong then Traitors arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burn'd his Mighty heart,
And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,
Euen at the Bafe of Pompeys Statue
(Which all the while ran blood) great Cæfar fell.
O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?
Then I and you, and all of vs fell downe,
Will the bloody Treafon flourish'd ouer vs.
O now you weeppe, and I perceiue you feele
The dint of pitty: These are gracious droppes.
Kinde Soules, what weeppe you, when you but behold
Our Cæfours Vexture wounded? Looke you heere,
Heere is Hymelfe, marr'd as you fee with Traitors.
1. O pitteous speectacle!
2. O Noble Cæfar!
3. O wofull day!
4. O Traitors, Villaines!
1. O moft bloody sight!
2. We will be reueng'd: Reuenge
About, feeke, burne, fire, kill, flay,
Let not a Traitor live.

1. Peace there, heare the Noble Antony.
2. Wee'll heare him, wee'll follow him, wee'll dy with him.
(you vp)

Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not firre
To fuch a fadaine Flood of Mutiny:
They that haue done this Deede, are honourable.
What privite greeyes they haue, alas I know not,
That made them do it: They are Wife, and Honourable,
And will no doubt with Reafons anwer you.
I come not (Friends) to fteale away your hearts,
I am no Orator, as Brutus is;
But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man
That loue my Friend, and that they know full well,
That gaue me publike leaue to speake of him:
For I haue neyther writ nor words, nor worth,
Adition, nor Vtterance, nor the power of Speech,
To firre mens Blood. I onely speake right on:
I tell you that, which you your felues do know,
Shew you sweet Cæfars wounds, poor poor dum mouths
And bid them speake for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle vp your Sprits, and put a Tongue
In euery Wound of Cæfar, that should moue
The ftones of Rome, to rife and Mutiny.

All. Wee'll Mutiny.
1. Wee'll burne the house of Brutus.
3. Away then, come, feeke the Conspirators.
Ant. Yet heare me Countrymen, yet heare me speake
All. Peace hoe, heare Antony, moft Noble Antony.
Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæfar thus deferu'd your louses
Alas you know not, I must tell you then:
You haue forgot the Will I told you of.
All. Moft true, the Will, let's lay and heare the Wil.
Ant. Heere is the Will, and under Cæfars Seale:
To every Roman Citizen he gius,
To every feuellaman, feventy five Drachmaes.

2. Plc.
2 Ple. Most Noble Caesar, wee'll revenge his death.
3 Ple. O Royall Caesar.
Ant. Heare me with patience.
All. Peace hoe
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his Walkes,
His private Arboris, and new-planted Orchards,
On this side Tyber, he hath left them you,
And to your heyres for ever : common pleasures
To walke abroad, and recreate your selves.
Heere was a Caesar: when comes such another?
1 Ple. Neuer, neuer: come, away, away:
Wee'll burne his body in the holy place,
And with the Branda fire the Traitors houes.
Take vp the body.
2 Ple. Go fetch fire.
3 Ple. Plucke downe Benches.
Ant. Now let it worke: Milcheefe thou art a-foot,
Take thou what courfe thou wilt.
How now Fellow? Enter Servant.
Ser. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is hee?
Ser. He and Lepidus are at Cesars houfe.
Ant. And either will I straight, to visit him:
He comes upon a with. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will glue vs any thing.
Ser. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of Rome.
Ant. Belike they have some notice of the people
How I had moused them. Bring me to Octavius. Exit
Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cinna. I dreamt to night, that I did feast with Caesar,
And things vnluckily charge my Fantasie:
I haue no will to wander forth of doores,
Yet something leads me forth.
1. What is your name?
2. Whether are you going?
3. Where do you dwell?
4. Are you a married man, or a Batchelor?
2. Anfwier every man directly.
1. I, and freely.
4. I, and wilfully.
3. I, and truly, you were best.
Cinna. What is my name? Whether am I going? Where
do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a Batchellour? Then
to anfwier every man, directly and freely, wilfully and truly:
freely I say, I am a Batcheller.
2. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marrie:
you'll bear me a bang for that. I fear: proceed directly.
Cinna. Directly I am going to Cesars Funerall.
1. As a Friend, or an Enemy?
Cinna. As a friend.
2. That matter is anfwiered directly.
4. For your dwelling: freely.
Cinna. Freely, I dwell by the Capitoll.
3. Your name directly.
Cinna. Truly, my name is Cinna.
1. Teare him to pieces, he's a Conspirator.
Cinna. I am Cinna the Poet, I am Cinna the Poet.
4. Teare him for his bad verfes, teare him for his bad Verfes.

Cin. I am not Cinna the Conspirator.
4. It is no matter, his name's Cinna, plucke but his name out of his heart, and turne him going.
3. Teare him, tear him; Come Brands hoe, Firebrands:
to Brutus, to Cassius, burne all. Some to Decius Houfe,
and fome to Cæsars; fome to Ligarius: Away, go.
Exit all the Plebeians.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.
Ant. Thee many then shall die, their names are prickt.
Octa. Your Brother too must dye:content you Lepidus?
Lep. I do content.
Octa. Prick me downe Antony.
Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your Sifters fonne, Mark Antony.
Ant. He shall not live: looke, with a spot I dam him.
But Lepidus, go you to Cesars houfe:
Fetch the Will bither, and we shall determine
How to cut off fome charge in Legacies.
Lep. What? shall I finde you here?
Octa. Or here, or at the Capitoll.
Ant. This is a flight vnmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on Errands: is it fit
The three-fold World diuided, he should stand,
One of the three to share it?
Octa. So you thought him,
And tooke his voyce who should be prickt to dye
In our blanke Sentence and Profcription.
Ant. Octavius, I have feeen more dayes then you,
And though we lay these Honours on this man,
To eafe our felues of diuers fland'rous loads,
He shall but bear them, as the Asfe beares Gold,
To groane and fet under the Buisneffe,
Either led or driuen, as we point the way:
And hauing brought our Treasure, where we will,
Then take we downe his Load, and turne him off
(like to the empty Asfe) to shake his cares,
And graze in Commons.
Octa. You may do your will:
But hee's a tried, and valiant Souldier.
Ant. So is my Hurle Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him floure of Prouender.
It is a Creature that I teach to fight,
To winde, to flop, to run directly on:
His corporall Motion, govern'd by my Spirit,
And in some tafe, is Lepidus but fo:
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren Spiritual Fellow; one that feeds
On Obieets, Arts, and Imitations.
Which out of viue, and flial'de by other men.
Begin his fashion. Do not talke of him,
But as a property: and now Octavius,
Liten great things. Brutus and Cassius
Are leuying Powers; We must straignt make head:
Therefore let our Alliance be combind,
Our beft Friends made, our meanes streight,
And let vs presently go fit in Counsell,
How couer tafes may be bent dicilest's:
And open Perils sureft anfwered.
Octa. Let vs do fo: for we are at the flake,

And
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar

And bayed about with many Enemies,
And some that smile haue in their hearts I feare
Millions of Mifcheefe.

Exeunt

_Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucullus, and the Army._ Titiarius
_and Pindarus meet them._

_Bru. Stand ho._

_Lucil._ Glue the word ho, and Stand.

_Bru. What now Lucullus, is Caffius neere ?
_Lucil._ He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his Master.

_Bru. He greets me well. Your Master Pindarus
In his owne change, or by ill Officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, ydone : But if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied._

_Pin._ I do not doubt
But that my Noble Master will appeare
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.

_Bru. He is not doubted. A word Lucullus
How he receiu'd you : let me be refoolu'd._

_Lucil._ With courtefe, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar iniances,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference
As he hath v'd of old.

_Bru. Thou haft describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling : Euer note Lucullus,
When Loue begins to sicken and decay
It vfeth an enforced Ceremony.

There are no trickes, in plaine and simple Faith :
But hallowd men, like Horfes hot at hand,
Make gallant fiew, and promife of their Mettle :

Low March within.

But when they should endure the bloody Sperience
They fall their Creftes, and like deceitfull Iades
Sink in the Triaill. Comes his Army on?

_Lucil._ They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the Horfe in generall
Are come with Caffius.

_Enter Caffius and his Powers._

_Bru._ Hearke, he is arriu'd:
March gently on to meete him.

_Caffi._ Stand ho.

_Bru._ Stand ho, speake the word along.

Stand,

_Caffi._ Stand.

_Bru._ Stand.

_Caffi._ Moft Noble Brother, you haue done me wrong.
_Bru. I judge you God's, wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not fo, how should I wrong a Brother.

_Caffi._ Brutus, this sober forme of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them——

_Brut. Caffius, be content,
Speak your griefes softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our Armies here
(Which should perceiue nothing but Loue from vs)
Let vs not wrangle. Bid them move awaie :
Then in my Tent Caffius enlarge your Griefes,
And I will give you Audience.

_Caffi._ Pindarus,
Bid our Commanders leaue their Charges off
A little from this ground.

_Bru. Lucullus, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we have done our Conference.
Let Lucius and Titiarius guard our door._

_Exeunt

_Caffi._ That you haue wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You haue condemn'd, and noted Lucius Pella
For taking Bribes heere of the Sardians ;
Wherein my Letters, praying on his fide,
Because I knew the man was flighted off.

_Bru._ You wrong'd your selfe to write in such a cafe.

_Caffi._ In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should beare his Comment.

_Bru._ Let me tell you Caffius, you your selfe
Are much condemn'd to have an itching Palme,
To fell, and Mark your Offices for Gold
To Vnderfuerers.

_Caffi._ I, an itching Palme ?
You know that you are Brutus that speakes this,
Or by the Gods, this speech were elfe your laft.

_Bru._ The name of Caffius Honors this corruption,
And Chafficement doth therefore hide his head.

_Caffi._ Chafficement?

_Bru._ Remember March, the Ides of March remeber :
Did not great Iulius bleed for Iuflice fake ?
What Villains touch'd his body, that did flab,
And not for Iuflice ? What Shall one of Vs,
That flrucke the Formot man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers : shall we now,
Contaminate our fingers, with bafe Bribes ?
And fell the mighty SPace of our large Honors
For so much traff, as may be grafted thus:
I had rather be a Dogge, and bay the Moone,
Then such a Roman.

_Caffi._ Brutus, baite not me,
Ile not indure it : you forget your selfe
To henge me in. I am a Soullier, I,
Older in practice, Abler then your selfe
To make Conditions.

_Bru._ Go too : you are not Caffius.

_Caffi._ I am.

_Bru._ I fay, you are not.

_Caff._ Vrge me no more, I shall forget my felle:
Have minde vpon your health : Tempt me no farther.

_Bru._ Away flight man.

_Caffi._ Is't posibill ?

_Bru._ Heare me, for I will speake.

Must I glue way, and roome to your rash Choller ?
Shall I be frighted, when a Madman faires ?

_Caffi._ O ye Gods, ye Gods, Muft I endure all this?

_Bru._ All this ? I more : Fret till your proud hart break.
Go shew your Slaves how Chollerick ye are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Muft I bouge ?
Muft I obferue you ? Muft I fland and crouch
Under your Teffie Humour ? By the Gods,
You shall digeft the Venom of your Spheene
Though it do Split you. For, from this day forth,
He vfe you for my Mirth, yes for my Laughter
When you are Wafph.

_Caffi._ Is it come to this?

_Bru._ You fay, you are a better Soullier :
Let it appeare fo; make your vaunting true,
And it shall pleafe me well. For mine owne part,
I shall be glad to learne of Noble men.

_Caffi._ You wrong me evey way:
You wrong me Brutus :
I faide, an Elder Soullier, not a Better.
Did I faie Better ?

_Bru._ If you did, I care not.

_Caffi._ When Cefar liv'd, he durft not thus haue mou'd

_Brut._ Peace, peace, you durft not fo haue tempted him.

_Caffi._
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

C affi. I durst not.
Bru. No.
C affi. What durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durst not.
C affi. Do not presume too much upon my Louse, I may do that I shall be forry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be forry for.

There is no terror Caffius in your threats:
For I am Arm'd do strong in Honesty,
That they passe by me, as the idle winde,
Which I respect not. I did fend to you
For certaine summes of Gold, which you deny'd me,
For I can raise no money by vile meanes:
By Heauen, I had rather Conine my Heart,
And drop my blood for Drachmaes, then to wring
From the hard hands of Peazants, their vile trash
By any indirecction. I did fend
To you for Gold to pay my Legions,
Which you deny'd me: was that done like Caffius?
Should I have anwer'd Caius Caffius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so Courteous,
To locke such Rafcall Counters from his Friends,
Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts,
Dash him to peeces.
C affi. I deny'd you not.
Bru. You did.
C affi. I did not. He was but a Foose
That brought my answer back.Bruces hath ru'd my hart:
A Friend should beare his Friends infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater then they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practicem on me.
C affi. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Caffi. A friendly eye could never fee such faults.
Bru. A Flatterer would not, though they do appeare
As huge as high Olympus.

C affi. Come Antony, and yong Othalias come,
Revenge your felues alone on Caffiius,
For Caffius is a weerry of the World:
Hated by one he loues, brau'd by his Brother,
Check'd like a bondman, all his faults obser'd,
Set in a Neddace, learn'd and con'd by roate
To cafe into my Teeth. O I could weep
My Spirit from mine eyes. There is my Dagger,
And heere my naked Breast: Within a Heart
Deerer then Pluto's Mine, Richer then Gold:
If that thou bee't a Roman, take it foorth.
I that deny'd thee Gold, will give my Heart:
Strike as thou didst at Caffar: For I know,
When thou didst hate him worth, 'tis he lovd him better
Then ever thou lov'dt Caffius.
Bru. Sheath your Dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall haue scope:
Do what you will, Disheron, shall be Humour.
O Caffius, you are yoaked with a Lambe,
That carrieth Anger, as the Flint beares fire,
Who much infOrced, dethews a haffie Sparke,
And straitel is cold agen.
Caffi. Hath Caffius liu'd
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his Brutus,
When greefe and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill temper'd too.
Caffi. Do you confesse so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Caffi. O Brutus! Brutus! Brutus!
Bru. What's the matter?
Early to morrow will we rife, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. Lucius my Gowne; farewell good Messala,
Good night Titinius: Noble, Noble Cassius,
Good night, and good reposè.

Caffi. O my deere Brother;
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Neuer come such diuision 'tweene our foules :
Let it not Brutus.

Enter Lucius with the Gowne.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Caffi. Good night my Lord.

Bru. Good night good Brother.

Tit. Messa. Good night Lord Brutus.

Bru. Farwell every one.

Gue me the Gowne. Where is thy Instrument ?

Luc. Heere in the Tent.

Bru. What, thou speake'ft drowzily?

Poore knaue I blame thee not, thou art ore-watch'd.

Call Claudio, and some other of my men,
Ile haue them sleepe on Cushions in my Tent.

Luc. Varres, and Claudio.

Enter Varres and Claudio.

Var. Calls my Lord ?

Bru. I pray you first, lye in my Tent and sleepe,
It may be I shall raise you by and by,
On businesse to my Brother Cannis.

Var. So pleasse you, we will stand,
And watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will it not haue it fo: Lye downe good sirs,
It may be I shall otherwise bethinke me.

Looke Lucius, heere's the booke I sought for fo :
I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.

Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not giue it me.

Bru. Bearre with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull.

Canst thou hold vp thy heauie eyes a-while,
And touch thy Instrument a straine or two.

Luc. I my Lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does my Boy.
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty Sir.

Bru. I shoul not urge thy duty past thy might,
I know yong bloods looke for a time of reft.

Luc. I haue slept my Lord already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleepe againe:
I will not hold thee long. If I do sleeue,
I will be good to thee.

Mufickes, and a Song.

This is a sleepey Tune: O Mur'drous slumber !
Layef thou thy Leaden Mace vpon my Boy,
That plays thee Mufickes? Gentle knaue good night:
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou doe'ft nod, thou brake'ft thy Instrument,
Ile take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.

Let me fee, let mee fee; is not the Lefue turn'd downe
Where I left reading ? Heere it is I thinke.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this Taper burns. Ha ! Who comes heere ?
I think it is the weakeffe of mine eyes
That shapes this monstruous Apparition.
It comes vpon me: Art thou any thing?
Art thou some God, some Angel, or some Diuell,
That mak'ft my blood cold, and my hair to stare ?
Speake to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy eul! Spirit Brutus?

Bru. Why com'rst thou ?
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Olesam, Antony, and their Army.

Olesam. Now Antony, our hopes are answered, You said the Enemy would not come downe, But keepe the Hills and vpper Regions: It proues not so: their battayles are at hand, They meane to warne vs at Philippes heere: Answering before we do demand of them. Ant. Olesam, leade your Battayle softly on Vpon the left hand of the even Field. Olesam. Vpon the right hand I, keepe thou the left. Ant. Why do you crose me in this exigent. Olesam. I do not crose you: but I will do fo. March.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, & their Army.

Brutus. They stand, and would haue parley. Cassius. Stand fast Titinius, we must out and talke. Olesam. Mark Antony, shall we give signe of Battayle? Ant. No Cæsar, we will answer on their Charge. Make forth, the Generals would haue some words. Olesam. Stirre not untill the Signall. Brutus. Words before blowes? is it so Countrymen? Olesam. Not that we lose words better, as you do. Brutus. Good words are better then bad strokes Olesam. An In your bad strokes Brutus, you guue good words Witnese the hole you made in Cæsars heart, Crying long liue, Haile Cæsar. Cassius. Antony, The posture of your blowes are yet vnknowne; But for your words, they rob the Hibla Bees, And leave them Hony-leffe. Ant. Not stings elfe too. Brutus. O yes, and soundlesse too: For you haue foine their buzzing Antony, And very wisely threat before you fling. Ant. Villains; you did not fo, when your vile daggers Hackt one another in the sides of Cæsar: You fhevd your teethes like Apes, And fawn’d like Hounds, And bow’d like Bondmen, kifing Cæsars feete; Whil’t damned Cæsars, like a Currre, behind Strooke Cæsar on the necke. O you Flatterers. Cassius. Flatterers? Now Brutus thanke your felse, This tongue had not offended fo to day, If Cassius might have ru’d. Olesam. Come, come, the caufe, If arguing make vs fweat, The prooue of it will turne to redder drops: Looke, I draw a Sword against Conspirators, When thinke you that the Sword goes vp againe? Neuer till Cæsars three and thirtie wounds Be well aueng’d; or till another Cæsar Have added slaughter to the Sword of Traitors. Brutus. Cæsar, thou canft not dye by Traitors hands, Vnlesse thou bring’st them with thee. Olesam. So I hope: I was not borne to dye on Brutus Sword. Brutus. O if thou wer’t the Nobleft of thy Straine, Yong-man, thou could’st not dye more honourable. Cassius. A peeulsh School-boy, worthlesse of fuch Honor Ioynd with a Masker, and a Reueller. Ant. Old Cassius still. Olesam. Come Antony away: Defiance Traitors, hurle we in your teeth. If you dare fight to day, come to the Field: If not, when you have fomackes. Exit Olesam, Antony, and Army Cassius. Why now blow winde, swell Billow, And winne Barke: The Storme is vp, and all is on the hazard. Brutus. Ho Lucillius, heare, a word with you. Lucillius and Maffala stand forth. Lucius. My Lord. Maffala. Maffala. Cassius. What fayes my Generall? Cassius. Maffala, this is my Birth-day: as this very day Was Cassius borne. Give me thy hand Maffala: Be thou my witnese, that againft my will (As Pompey was) I am compris’d to fet Vpon one Battall all our Liberties. You know, that I held Epicurus strong, And his Opinion: Now I change my minde, And partly credit things that do prefrage. Comming from Sardio, on our former Ensigne Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they pearch’d, Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers hands, Who
Who to Phileippi heere comforted vs:
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their deeds, do Raens, Crowes, and Kites
Fly ere our heads, and downward looke on vs.
As we were ficklely prey; their shadowes seeme
A Canopy most fatal, under which
Our Army lies, ready to give vp the Ghost.
Caffi. Believe not fo.
Caffi. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolvd
To meete all perils, very constantly.
Br. Even so Lucilius.
Caffi. Now most Noble Bratus,
The Gods to day fand friendly, that we may
Louers in peace, leade on our dayes to age.
But since the affayres of men refts fill uncertaine,
Let's reason with the worst that may befal.
If we doe loose this Battale, then is this
The very laft time we shall speake together:
What are you then determined to do?
Br. Even by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato, for the death
Which he did give himselfe, I know not how:
But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile,
For feare of what might fall, fo to prevent
The time of life, arming my felle with patience,
To day the prouidence of some high Powers,
That governs vs below.
Caffi. Then, if we loose this Battale,
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Thow the streets of Rome.
Br. No Caffius, no:
Thinke not thou Noble Romane,
That euer Bratus will go bound to Rome,
He bears too great a minde. But this fame day
Mult end that worke, the Ides of March begun.
And whether we shall meete againe, I know not:
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For euer, and for euer, farewell Caffius,
If we do meete againe, why we shall finile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.
Caffi. For euer, farewell Bratus:
If we do meete againe, we'll finile indeede;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.
Br. Why then leade on. O that a man might know
The end of this days businesse were it come:
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is knowne. Come ho, away.
Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Bratus and Messala.

Br. Ride, ride Messala, ride and give these Billes
Vnto the Legions, on the other side.

Lord Alarum.
Let them set on at once: for I perceiue
But cold demeanor in Otho's will:
And fome men push them the overthrow:
Ride, ride Messala, let them all come downe.

Exeunt.

Alarums. Enter Caffius and Titinius.

Caffi. O looke Titinius, looke, the Villaines flye:
My felle have to mine owne turn'd Enemy:
This Ensigne heere of mine was turning backe,
I flew the Coward, and did take it from him.
Titinius. O Caffius, Bratus gave the word too early,
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

So in his red blood Casius day is set. The Sunne of Rome is set. Our day is gone, Clowds, Dewes, and Dangers come; our deeds are done: Miftrut of my succeffe hath done this deed. Miffa. Miftrut of good succeffe hath done this deed. O hatefull Error, Melancholies Childe: Why don't thou shew to the apt thoughts of men The things that are not? O Error fooe concey'd, Thou never com't vnto a happy byrth, But kil't the Mother that engendred thee. Tit. What Pindarussels? Where art thou Pindarussels? Miffa. Seekhe him Titinius, whilst I go to meet The Noble Brutus, thruffling this report Into his ears; I may fay thruffling it: For piercing Steele, and Darts inuenomend, Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus, As tydings of this fight. Tit. Hye you Miffa, And I will seeke for Pindarussels the while: Why did'th thou send me forth braue Casius? Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they Put on my Browes this wreath of Victorie, And bid me glue it thee? Did'th thou not heare their Alas, thou haft misconstrued every thing. (flows? But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow, Thy Brutus bid me glue it thee, and I Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace, And see how I regarded Caius Casius: By your leave Gods: This is a Romans part, Come Caius Sword, and finde Titinius hart. Dies

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Miffa, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucillius. Brutus. Where, where Miffa, doth his body lye? Miffa. Loe yonder, and Titinius mourning it. Brutus. Titinius face is upvward. Cat. He is flaine. Brutus. O Iulius Caesar, thou art mighty yet, Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turnses our Swords In oure proper Entrailes. Cato. Brute Titinius, Looke where he have not crown'd dead Caius. Brutus. Are yet two Romans living such as these? The laft of all the Romans, far thee well: It is impoffible, that euer Rome Should breed thy fellow.Friends I owe me teares To this dead man, then you all fee me pay. I flall finde time, Casius: I flall finde time. Come thereafter, and to Tharthus fend his body, His Funerals shall not be in our Campe, Leaff it difcomforth vs. Lucillius come, And come young Cato, let vs to the Field, Labio and Flavius fet our Battailes on: 'Tis three a clocke, and Romans yet ere night, We shall try Fortune in a fecond fight. Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Miffa, Cato, Lucillius, and Flavius. Brutus. Yet Country-men: O yet, hold vp your heads. Cato. What Baffard doth not? Who will go with me? I will proclaim my name about the Field. I am the Sonne of Marcus Cato, hoe. A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countries Friend. I am the Sonne of Marcus Cato, hoe. Enter Souldiers, and fight. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I,

Brutus my Countries Friend: Know me for Brutus. Luc. O yong and Noble Cato, art thou downe? Why now thou dyest, as brauely as Titinius, And may'be honour'd, being Cato's Sonne. Sold. Yeyeld, or thou dyest. Luc. Onely I yeeld to dye: There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight: Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death. Sold. We must not: a Noble Prifoner.

Enter Antony.

2. Sold. Roomes hoes: tell Antony, Brutus is tane. 1 Sold. Ite tell thee newes. Here comes the Generall, Brutus is tane, Brutus is tane my Lord. Ant. Where is he? Luc. Safe Antony, Brutus is safe enough: I dare affure thee, that no Enemy Shall euer take alive the Noble Brutus: The Gods defend him from so great a flame, When you do finde him, or alue, or dead, He will be found like Brutus, like himselfe. Ant. This is not Brutus friend, but I affure you, A prize no leffe in worth; keepe this man safe, Glue him all kindnesse. I had rather have Such men my Friends, then Enemies. Go on, And fee where Brutus be alive or dead, And bring vs word, vnto Oculanius Tent: How every thing is chanc'd. Exeunt.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

Cly. Fly, flye my Lord, there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you, and you, and you Voluminius.

Strato, thou hast bin all this while asleeps.

Farewell to thee, to Strato, Countrymen:

My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this looking day
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,

By this vile Conquest shall attaine vnto

So fare you well at once, for Brutus tongue

Hath almost ended his liues History:

Night hangs vpon mine eyes, my Bones would rest,
That haue but labour'd, to attaine this houre.

Alarum. Cry within, Flye, flye, flye, flye.

Cly. Fly my Lord, flye.

Bru. Hence: I will follow:

I pray thee Strato, stay thou by thy Lord,

Thou art a Fellow of a good repect:

Thy life hath had some finatch of Honor in it,
Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,
While I do run vp on it. Wilt thou Strato?

Strato. Give me your hand first. Fare you wel my Lord.

Bru. Farewell good Strato, - Cæsar, now be still,
I kill'd not thee with halfe so good a will.

Dye.


Oæa. What man is that?

Messæ. My Masters man. Strato, where is thy Master?

Strato. Free from the Bondage you are in Messala,
The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:
For Brutus onely overcame himselfe,
And no man else hath Honor by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found, I thank thee Brutus

That thou hast proud Lucullus saying true,

Oæa. All that fer'd Brutus, I will entertaine them.

Fellow, wilt thou beftow thy time with me?

Strato. If Messala will preferre me to you.

Oæa. Do fo, good Messala.

Messæ. How dyed my Master Strato?

Strato. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.

Messè. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,

That did the latest seruice to my Master.

Ant. This was the Noblest Roman of them all:
All the Conspirators faue onely hee,
Did that they did, in enuy of great Cæsar:
He, onely in a generall honest thought,

And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the Elements

So mix't in him, that Nature might stand vp,

And pay to all the world; This was a man.

Oæa. According to his Vertue, let vs vs him

Withall Respect, and Rites of Buriall.
Within my Tent his bones to night shall ly,

Most like a Souldier ordered Honourably:

So call the Field to rest, and let's away,

To part the glories of this happy day. Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.
THE TRAGEDIE OF
MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. W. Hen shall we three meet againe?
2. When the Hurley-burley's done,
3. That will be ere the set of Sunne.

2. Vpon the Heath.
3. There to meet with Macbeth.
1. I come, Gray-Malkin.
All. Padock calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire.
Houre through the fogge and fithie ayre.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

ALARUM within. Enter King Malcolm, Donalbaine, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report, As freemeth by his plight, of the Reuolt The newtest rate.

Mal. This is the Serieant, Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought 'Gainst my Captuittie: Halle braue friend; Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle, As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtfull it ftood,
As two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together, And choseke their Art: The mercelife Macdowald (Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that The multiplying Villanies of Nature Doe (warne vpon him) from the Westerne Isles Of Kernes and Gallowgroffles is supply'd, And Fortune on his damned Querry smiling, Shew'd like a Rebbels Wbroe: but all's too wakfe:
For braue Macbeth (well hee deffers that Name) Difsayning Fortune, with his brandifht Steele, Which fmoak'd with bloody execution (Like Valours Minion) car'd out his paffage, Till hee fac'd the Slauae:
Which neu'r shooke hands, nor bad farwell to him, Till he vnfeam'd him from the Naue toth' Chops, And fix'd his Head vpon our Battlemenes.

King. O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman.
Cap. As whence the Sunne 'gins his refelution, Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunder:
So from that Spring, whence comfort feem'd to come, Discomfit mowells: Marke King of Scotland, marke, No sooner Justice had, with Valour arm'd, Compell'd thefe skipping Kerne to truft their heels,
But the Norweyan Lord, surveying vantage, With furbusht Armes, and new supplyes of men,
Began a fresh affault.

King. Dismay not this our Captaines, Macbeth and Banquo?
Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles;
Or the Hare, the Lyon:
If I say footh, I must report they were As Cannons ouer-charg'd with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled strokes vpon the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell: but I am faint,
My Gaffes cry for helpe.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,
They imack of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Than of Rosse.

Lenox. What a haue lookest through his eyes?

So should he looke, that feemes to speake things strange.

Roffe. God faue the King.

King. Whence can't thou, worthy Than?

Roffe. From Fiffe, great King,

Where the Norweyan Banners flowt the Skie,
And fanno our people cold.

Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers,
Affifted by that moft difloyall Traytor,
The Than of Cawdor, began a difmall Conflict,
Till that Ballona's Bridegroome, lapt in prooff,
Confronted him with self-comparifons, Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainft Arme,
Curbing his lauisf spirit: and to conclude,
The Victorie fell on vs.

King. Great happeffife.

Roffe. That now, Sweno, the Norweyan King,

Craues composition:
Nor would we deigne him burial of his men,
Till hee disburfed, at Saint Colnes yneh,
Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall vfe.

King. No.
The Tragedy of Macbeth.

Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where haft thou seen, Sister?
2. Killing Swine.
3. Sister, where thou?
1. A Sylors Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe, And mouncht, & mouncht, & mouncht:
   Glue me, quoth I.
Aroyn the Witch, the rumpe-fed Ryonon cries.
Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Mafter o'th Tiger:
But in a Synne Ile thither sail ye,
And like a Rat without a taile, Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.
2. Ilue ghee thee a Winde.
1. Th'art kinde.
3. And I another.
1. I my selfe haue all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
I'th Ship-mans Card.
Ile drewe him driest as Hay:
Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day
Hang vpon his Pant-houfe Lid:
He shall live a man forbid:
Wearie Sea'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
Though his Barke cannot be loof,
Yet it shall be Tempest-toft.
Looke what I haue.
2. Shew me, shew me.
1. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,
Wrackt, as homeward he did come.
3. A Drumme, a Drumme:
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weyward Sifters, hand in hand,
Potters of the Sea and Land,
Thus doe goe, about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice againe, to make vp nine.
Peace, the Charme's wound vp.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Mac. So foule and faire a day I haue not seene.
Banq. How farre is't call'd to Soris? What are these, So wither'd, and so wilde in their a'tyre,
That looke not like th'Inhabitants o'th'Earth,
And yet are on't? Looke you, or are you aught
That man may question? you feeme to undersand me,
By each at once her choppee finger laying
Vpon her skinnie Lips: you should be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interprete
That you are fo.

Mac. Speake if you can: what are you?
1. All haile Macbeth, haile to thee Thane of Glamis.
2. All haile Macbeth, haile to thee Thane of Cawdor.
3. All haile Macbeth, that shalt be King hereafter.
Banq. Good Sir, why doe you start, and feeme to feare Things that doe found to faire? I'th name of truth Are ye fantastical, or that indeed Which outwardly ye shew? My Noble Partner You greet with preight Grace, and great predicion Of Noble having, and of Royall hope,
That he femees wrapt withall: to me you speake not.
If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,
And say, which Graine will grow, and which will not,
Speake then to me, who neither begge, nor feare Your fawors, nor your hate.
1. Hayle.
2. Hayle.
3. Hayle.
1. Leffer then Macbeth, and greater.
2. Not fo happy, yet much happier.
3. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:
So all haile Macbeth, and Banquo.
1. Banquo, and Macbeth, all haile.

Mac. Stay you imperfed Speakers, tell me more:
By Sinet's death, I know I am Thane of Glamis,
But how, of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives
A prosperous Gentleman: And to be King,
Stands not within the prospect of beleere,
No more then to be Cawdor.
Say howe that Graine will grow and why
Vpon this blasted Heath you fop our way
With such Propheticke greeting?
Speake, I charge you.

Witches vanishe.

Banq. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water ha's,
And thefe are of them: whither are they vanishe'd?
Mac. Into the Ayre: and what feem'd corporall,
Melted, as breath into the Winde.
Would they had stay'd.
Banq. Were fuch things here, as we doe speake about?
Or haue we eaten on the infaine Root,
That takes the Reafon Prisoner?
Mac. Your Children shall be Kings.
Banq. You shall be King.

Mac. And Thane of Cawdor too: went it not fo?
Banq. Tho'felfe-fame tune, and words: who's here?

Enter Raffe and Angus.

Raffe. The King hath happily receiued'd, Macbeth,
The newes of thy successe: and when he reade
Thy perfonall Venture in the Rebels fight,
His Wonders and his Prayses doe contenue,
Which should be thine, or his: elenc'd with that,
In viewing o're the reft o'th'felfe-fame day,
He findes thee in the flout Norvwegian Ranks,
Nothing afoard of what thy felse didt make
Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale
Can poft with poft, and every one did beare
Thy prayses in his Kingdomes great defence,
And powr'd them downe before him.

Ang. We are fent,
To glue thee from our Royall Mafter thanks,
Onely to harold thee into his fight,
Not pay thee.

Raffe. And for an earnest of a greater Honor,
He bad me from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor :

In
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

In which addition, haile most worthy Thane, For it is thine.

Banq. What, can the Deuill speake true?

Macb. The Thane of Cawdor liues:
Why doe you dreffe me in borrowed Robes?

Ang. Who was the Thane,liues yet,
But ynder heauie Judgement beares that Life,
Which he deferves to loose.

Whether he was combin'd with thofe of Norway,
Or did lyne the Rebell with hidden helpe,
And vantage; or that both he labourd
In his Countrieys wracke, I know not:
But Treafons Capitall, confef's, and proud,'d,
Haue ouerthrown me.

Macb. Glamys, and Thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behinde. Thankes for your pains.

Doe you not hope your Children shall be Kings,
When thofe that gaue the Thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no leffe to them.

Banq. That trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you vnto the Crowne,
Befides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And offtentimes, to winne vs to our harme,
The Infrumens of Darkneffe tell vs Truths,
Winne vs with honeft Trifles, to betray's
In deepeft confequence.

Coulifs, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two Truths are told,
As happy Prologues to the dwelling Act
Of the imperiall Thame. I thanke you Gentlemens:
This supernaturall folliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.
If ill? why hath it giuen me earnest of succeffe,
Commencing in a Truth? I am Thane of Cawdor.
If good? why doe I yeeld to that fuggelion,
Whole horrid Image doth vnfixe my Heire,
And make my feated Heart knock at my Ribbes,
Against the vfe of Nature? Prefsent Feares.

Are leffe then horrible Imaginings:
My Thought, whole Murther yet is but fantaffical,
Shakes to my fingle flate of Man,
That Function is thondred in furnife,
And nothing is, but what is not.

Banq. Looke how our Partner's rapt.

Macb. If Chance will haue me King,
Why Chance may Crowne me,
Without my firre.

Banq. New Honors come vpon him
Like our ftrange Garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of vie.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time, and the Horrour, runs through the roughest Day.

Banq. Worthy Macbeth, wee stay vpon your ley-

ure.

Macb. Give me your favoure:
My dull Braine was wrouht with things forgotten.
Kinde Gentlemens, your paines are registred,
Where every day I turne the Leaf,
To reade them.

Let vs toward the King: thinke vpon
What hath chanc'd: and at more time,
The Interim hauing weighd it, let vs speake
Our free Hearts each to other.

Banq. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then enough:
Come friends. Exeunt.
Shake my fell purpose, nor keepe peace betweene
Th’effed, and hit. Come to my Womans Breifs,
And take my Milke for Gall, you murther’ring Minifters,
Where-euer, in your fightlesse Substances,
You wait on Natures Mischiefe. Come thick Night,
And pall thee in the dunnet fmoake of Heil,
That my keene Knife fee not the Wound it makes,
Nor Heauen peep through the Blanket of the darke,
To cry, hold,hold.,  Enter Macbeth.
Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor,
Greater then both, by the all-haile hereafter,
This ignorant prent, and I feele now
The future in the infant.

Macb. My dearest Loue,
Duncan comes here to Night.
Lady. And when goes hence?
Macb. To morrow, as he purposeth.
Lady. O neuer,
Shall Sunne that Morrow fee.
Your Face, my Thane, is as a Booke, where men
May reade strange matters, to beguile the time.
Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye,
Your Hand, your Tongue: looke like th’innocent flower,
But be the Serpent vnder’t. He that’s comming,
Muf’t be provied for: and you shall put
This Nights great Busifneffe into my dispacht,
Which shall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,
Gleue solely soueraine sway, and Mafterdome.

Macb. We will speake further.
Lady. Onely looke vp cleare:
To alter favor, euer is to feare:
Leau all the reft to me.  Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Hoboys, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolme,
Donalbaine, Banque, Lenox, Macduff,
Roffe, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This Caffie hath a pheasant feat,
The ayre nimbly and sweettly recommends it selfe
Vnto our gentle fences.

Banq. This Guett of the Summer,
The Temple-haunting Barlet does approue,
By his loued Manifory, that the Hauens breath
Smells woowingly here: no lutty frrize,
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantange, but this Bird
Hath made his pendent Bed, and procreant Cradle,
Where they muft breed, and haunt: I haue obferv’d
The ayre is delicate.

Enter Lady.

King. See, fee, our honor’d Hostes:
The Loue that fowles vs, fometime is our trouble,
Which fll we thanke as Loue. Herein I teach you,
How you fhall bid God-eye’d vs for your paines,
And thanke vs for your trouble.

Lady. All our fervice,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poore, and flinge Busifneffe, to contend
Agains thes Honor deep, and broard,
Werethre with your Maielfie loads our Houfe:
For thes of old, and the late Dignittes,
Heap’d vp to them, we reft our Ermites.

King. Where’s 724
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King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We court him at the heeles, and had a purpose
To be his Purveyor: But he rides well,
And his great Love (sharpe as his Spurre)hath holp him
To his home before vs: Faire and Noble Hoftesse
We are your guest to night.
La. Your Servants euer,
Haue theirs, themselfes, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their Audit at your Hoftesse pleasure,
Still to returne your owne.
King. Give me your hand:
Conduckt me to mine Hoft we loue him highly,
And shall continue, our Graves towards him.
By your leaue Hoftesse.

---

Scena Septima.

He-boyes. Torches.

Enter a Seruer, and divers Servants with Diptes and Seruice.

Over the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well,
It were done quickly: If 'tis Affimation
Could trammell vp the Confese, and catch
With his furrace, Success: that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,
But heere, vpon this Banke and Schoole of time,
Wee'd lume the life to come. But in these Cafes,
We fill haue judgement heere, that we but teach
Bloody Instrucons, which being taught, returne
To plague th'inuentor, This euen-handed Juflice
Commends th'Ingreduence of our poyfon'd Challice
To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double truft;
First, as I am his Kinman, and his Subject,
Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Hoft,
Who should against his Munther shuvt the doore,
Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his Facultes fo meke; hath bin
So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues
Will please like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd against
The deepe damnation of his taking off:
And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe,
Striding the blatt, or Haueuns Cherubin, hors'd
Vpon the fightleffe Curriors of the Ayre,
Shall blow the horrid dewd in evey eye,
That teares shall drowning the winde.
I haue no Spurre
To pricke the fides of my intent, but onely
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leape it felfe,
And falles on th'other. Enter Lady.

How now? What News?
La. He hath almoft fumpt why haue you left the chamber?

Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?
La. Know you not, he ha's?

Mac. We will proceed no further in this Buinesse:
He hath Honour'd me of late, and I haue bought
Golden Opinions from all forts of people,
Which would be worne now in their neweft glofe,
Not caft aside fo soone.
La. Was the hope drunke,
Wherein you drest your felle? Hath it flept fince?
And wakes it now to looke fo greene, and pale,
At what it did fo freely? From this time,
Such I account thy loue. Art thou afferd
To be the faile in thine owne Aét, and Valour,
As thou art in defire? Would't thou haue that

Which thou esteem't the Ornament of Life,
And live a Coward in thine owne Esteeme?
Letting I dare not, wait vpon I would,
Like the poor Cat i'th'Addage.

Macb. Prythee peace:
I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares no more, is none.
La. What Beast was'then
That made you breake this enterprize to me?
When you durft do it, then you were a man:
And to be more then what you were, you would
Be fo much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhure, and yet you would make both:
They haue made themfelves, and that their fittiefe now
Do's vnmake you. I haue guen Sucke, and know
How tender 'tis to loue the Babe that milkes me,
I would, while it was fmyling in my Face,
Haue pluckt my Nipple from his Bonellefe Gummies,
And daft the Braines out, had I fo fwerne
As you haue done to this.

Macb. If we should faile?

Lady. We faile?

But screw your courage to the flicking place,
And wee'l not fayle: when Duncan is alfeep,
(Wheroeto the rather shall his dayes hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlaines
Will I with Wine, and Waffle, fo communie,
That Memorie, the Warder of the Braine,
Shall be a Fume, and the Recept of Reafon
A Lymbecke onely: when in Swinghe fleepe,
Their drenchd Natures eyes as in a Death,
What cannot you and I performe vpon
Th'vnguarded Duncan? What not put vpon
His fplunge Opinions? who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell.

Macb. Bring forth Men-Children onely:
For thy undaunted Mettle shoulde compose
Nothing but Males. Will it not be receu'd,
When we haue mark'd with blood those fleepie two
Of his owne Chamber, and vs'd their very Daggers,
That they haue don't?

Lady. Who dares receiue it other,
As we shall make our Griefes and Clamor rore,
Vpon his Death?

Macb. I am fettled, and bend vp
Each corporall Agent to this terrible Feat.
Away, and mock the time with faireft show,
Falié Face must hide what the falle Heart doth know.

---

Aétus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch
before him.

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?
Fleance. The Moone is downe: I haue not heard the
Clock.

Banq. And she goes downe at Twelue.
Fleance. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

Banq. Hold, take my Sword:

There's Husbandry in Heauen,
Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.

m m 2 A
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A haue Summons yse like Lead vpon me,
And yet I would not sleepe:
Merrifull Powers, refraine in me the cursed thoughts
That Nature giues way to in repofe.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a Torch.

Gie me my Sword: who's there?

Macb. A Friend.

Ban. What Sir, not yet at rest? the Kings a bed.
He hath beene in vnuill! Pleasure,
And sient forth great Largefeü to your Offices.
This Diamond he grettes your Wife withall,
By the name of moft kind Hopeffe,
And shut vp in measureless content.

Mac. Being vnprepar'd,
Our will became the seruant to defeet,
Which else should free have wrought.
Ban. All's well.
I dreamt laft Night of the three wayerd Sifters:
To you they haue shew'd some truth.

Macb. I thinke not of them:
Yet when we can entreat an hour to serue,
We would speake in some words vpon that Busineffe,
If you would graunt the time.

Ban. At your kind'ft leasure.

Macb. If you shall cleaue to my content,
When 'tis, it shall make Honor for you.

Ban. So I lofe none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keepe
My Bofome franchis'd, and Allengeance cleare,
I shall be counfai'd.

Macb. Good repofe the while.

Ban. Thankes Sirs; the like to you. Exit Banque.

Macb. Goe bid thy Miftreffe, when my drinke is ready,
She strike vpon the Bell. Get thee to bed. Exit.

Is this a Dagger, which I fee before me,
The Handle toward my Hand? come, let me clutch thee:
I haue thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not fatal Vifion, fenfible
To feeling, as to fight? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Minde, a falfe Creation,
Proceding from the heat-oppreffed Braine?
I fee thee yet, in forme as palpable,
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'me the way that I was going,
And such an Instrument I was to vfe.
Mine Eyes are made the fooles o' th'other Sense,
Or else worth all the reft: I see thee still;
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,
Which was no bofore. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody Busineffe, which informs
Thus to mine Eyes. Now o' the one halfe World
Nature feemes dead, and wicked Dreames abuse
The Curtain'sleepe: Witchcraft cerebrates
Pale Heccat Offrings: and wither'd Murthere,
Alarum'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,
Whoe howle's his Watch, thus with his healthly pace,
With Tarquins rauifhing fides, towardes his designe
Moues like a Ghost. Thou fowre and firme-fet Earth
Heare not my steps, which they may walke, for feare
Thy very fones prate of my where-about,
And take the prefent horror from the time,
Which now futes with it. Whiles I threat, he lifies:
Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath giues.

A Bell ringes.

I goe, and it is done: the Bell inuite me.
Heare it not, Duncan, for it is a Knell,
That fummons thee to Heauen, or to Hell. Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.

La. That which hath made the drunk hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath giuen me fire.
Heare, peace: it was the Owle that fhirke'd,
The fatten Bell-man, which giues the fem't good-night.
He is about it, the Doores are open:
And the efuerfed Groomes doe mock their charge
With Snores. I have drugg'd their Poffets,
That Death and Nature doe contend about them,
Whether they live, or dye.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what hoa?
Lady. Alack, I am afraid they haue awk'd,
And 'ts not done: that attempt, and not the deed;
Confounds vs; heareke: I lay'd their Daggers ready,
He could not maffe 'em. Had he not relemibed
My Father as he fleep't, I had don't.
My Husband?

Macb. I haue done the deed:
Didst thou not heare a noyfe?
Lady. I heard the Owle fchream, and the Crickets cry.
Did not you fpeake?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I defended?

Lady. I.

Macb. Heareke, who yees i'th'fecond Chamber?

Lady. "Donalbiaine.

Mac. This is a forry fight.

Lady. A foolish thought, to fay a forry fight.

Mac. There's one did laugh in's fleep,
And one cry'd Murthere, that they did wake each other:
I fround, and heard them: But they did fay their Prayers,
And addreft them againe to fleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd God bleffe vs, and Amen the other,
As they had fene me with thefe Hangmans hands:
Liftning their feare, I could not fay Amen,
When they did fay God bleffe vs.

Lady. Confider it not fo deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had moft need of Bleffing, and Amen ftruck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds mift not be thought
After thefes wayes: fo, it will make vs mad.

Macb. Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:

Macb. does murthere Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,
Sleepe that knits vp the rauel'd Sleeue of Care,
The death of each dayes Life, fore Labors Bath,
Balm of hurt Minded, great Natures fecond Courfe,
Chiefs nourifher in Life's Fefl.

Lady. What doe you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the Houfe:

Macb. hath murthere'd Sleepe, and therefore Cander
Shall sleepe no more: Macbeth shall sleepe no more.

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy Thane,
You doe vaend your Noble strength, to thinke
So braine-fickly of things; Goet some Water,
Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to Bed, That you doe lye so late?
Port. Faith Sir, we were carowning till the second Cock: And Drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.
Macd. What three things does Drink, especially provoke?
Port. Marry, Sir, Nose-painting, Sleep, and Vrine. Lecherie, Sir, it provokes, and vnprovokes it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much Drink may be said to be an Equiuocator with Lecherie: it makes him, and it marres him; it fets him on, and it takes him off; it perfwades him, and dif-heartens him; makes him faund too, and not found too: in conclusion, equiuocates him in a sleepe, and giving him the Lye, leaves him.
Macd. I beleue, Drink gave thee the Lye last Night.
Port. That it did, Sir, the very Throst on me: but I requited him for his Lye, and I (I thinke) being too strong for him, though he tooke vp my Legges sometime, yet I made a Shift to caft him.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is thy Master firling?
Our knocking ha's awak'd him: here he comes.
Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir.
Macb. Good morrow both.
Macd. Is the King firling, worthy Thane?
Macb. Not yet.
Macd. He did command me to call timely on him, I have almost flipt the hour.
Ma b. Ile bring you to him.
Macd. I know this is a joyfull trouble to you: But yet 'tis one.
Macb. The labour we delight in, Phyicks paine:
This is the Doore.
Macd. Ile make fo bold to call, for 'tis my limited service.

Exit Macduff.
Lenox. Goes the King hence to day?
Macd. He does: he did appoint fo.
Lenox. The Night ha's been vntruly:
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe,
And (as they fay) lamentings heard i'th'Ayre Strange Schremes of Death,
And Prophecying, with Accents terrible,
Of dyre Combultion, and confus'd Events,
New hatch'd toth' wofull time
The obfure Bird clamor'd thelie-long Night.
Some fay, the Earth was feuorous,
And did flake.
Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.
Lenox. My young remembrance cannot paralle
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror,
Tongue nor Heart cannot conceive, nor name thec.
Macb. and Lenox. What's the matter?
Macd. Confusion now hath made his Master-peece:
Moft facrefigious Murther hath broke ope
The Lords anointed Temple, and folle thence
The Life o'th Building.
Macb. What it's you fay, the Life?
Lenox. Meane you the Maifiefe?
Macd. Approch the Chamber, and destroy your fight
With a new Gargon. Doe not bid me speake:

m m 3
See, and then speak your felues: awake, awake,
Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.

Ring the Alarum Bell: Murther, and Treason,
Banquo, and Donalbain: Malcolm awake,
Shake off this Downey flepe, Deaths counterfeit,
And looke on Death it selfe: vp, vp, and see
The great Doomes Image: Malcolm, Banquo,
As from your Graues rife vp, and walke like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.
Bell rings. Enter Lady.

Lady. What's the Buineife?
That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the House? speake, speake.

Macd. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to heare what I can speake:
The repetition in a Womans eare,
Would murther as it fell.

Enter Banquo.
O Banquo, Banquo, Our Royall Masters mother'd.
Lady. Woe, alas:
What, in our Houfe?
Ban. Too cruel, any where.
Dear Duff, I prythee contradict thy selfe,
And fay, it is not fo.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Raffoe.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,
I had liu'd a bleffed time: for from this inftant,
There's nothing ferior in Mortalitie:
All is but Toyes: Renowne and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is drawne, and the meere Lees
Is left this Vault, to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbaine.

Donal. What is amiffe?
Macb. You are, and doe know't:
The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood
Is ftopt, the very Source of it is ftopt.

Macd. Your Royall Father's mother'd.
Mal. Oh, by whom?
Lenox. Thofe of his Chamber, as it feem'd,had done:
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their Daggers, which vnwp'd, we found
Upon their Pillowes; they flar'd, and were diftracted,
No mans Life was to be trufted with them.

Macb. O, yet I doe repent me of my furie,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you fo?
Donal. Who can be wife, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,
Loyall, and Neutrall, in a moment? No man:
Th'expedition of my violent Loue
Out-run the pawer, Reafon. Here lay Duncan,
His Silver kinne, lac'd with his Golden Blood,
And his gath'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruines waftfull entrance: there the Murtherers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
Vnmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refraine,
That had a heart to loue; and in that heart,
Courage, to make's loue knowne?

Lady. Helpe me hence, hoa.

Macd. Look to the Lady
Mal. Why doe we hold our tongues,
That moft may clayme this argument for ours?

Donal. What should be fpoken here,

Where our Fate hid in an augure hole,
May ruft, and feize vs? Let's away,
Our Tearles are not yet brend'

Mal. Nor our strong Sorrow
Upon the foot of Motion.
Banq. Looke to the Lady:
And when we have our naked Frailties hid,
That fuffer in expofure; let vs meet,
And queftion this moft bloody piece of worke,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake vs:
In the great Hand of God I fland; and thence,
Against the vnjudg'd pretence, I fight
Of Trefonous Mallice.

Macd. And fo doe I.
All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readinesse,
And meet i'th' Hall together.

All. Well contented. Exeunt.

Mac. What will you doe?
Let's not confort with them:
To fiew an vnfelt Sorrow, is an Office
Which the false man do's eafe;
Ile to England.

Don. To Ireland, I:
Our seperated fortunes fhall keepe vs both the fayer:
Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles;
The neere in blood, the nearer bloody.

Mac. This murtherous Shaft that's fhot,
Hath not yet lighted,and our fafte way,
Is to avoid the ayme. Therefore to Hore,
And let vs not be daintie of leave-taking,
But shift away: there's warrant in that Theft,
Which flaines it felfe, when there's no mercie left.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Raffe, with an Old man.

Old man. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which Time, I haue feene
Houres dreadful, and things strange: but this fore Night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Raffe. Ha, good Father,
Thou feelst the Heauens, as troubled with mans Aet,
Threatens his bloody Stage: byrh' Clock 'tis Day,
And yet darke Night ftrangles the travailing Lampe :
In't Nights predominance, or the Days flame,
That Darknefe does the face of Earth intomb,
When liuing Light fhou'd kiffe it?

Old man. 'Tis unnatural,
Euen like the deed that's done: On Tuesday laft,
A Fauicon towning in her pride of place,
Was by a Mowifying Owle hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Raffe. And Duncauns Horfes,
( A thing moft strange, and certaine)
Beauteous, and Swift, the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wilde in nature,broke their ftails, flong out,
Contending 'gainf Obedience, as they would
Make Warre with Mankinde.

Old man. 'Tis fay'd, they eate each other.

Raffe. They did fo:
The Tragedy of Macbeth.

To th’amazement of mine eyes that look’d vp on’t.

Enter Macduff.

Here cometh the good Macduff.

How goes the world Sir, now?

Mac. Why fee you not?

Roff. Is’t known who did this more then bloody deed?

Mac. Thosethat Macbeth hath slaine.

Roff. Alas the day,

What good could they pretend?

Mac. They were subborned,

Malcolm, and Donalbain the Kings two Sonnes

Are flowne away and fled, which puts vp on them

Supposition of the deed.

Roff. Gainst Nature full,

Thristleff Ambition, that will rauen vp

Thine owne liues means : Then ’tis most like,

The Soueraignty will fall vp on Macbeth.

Mac. He is already nam’d, and gone to Scone

To be inueited.

Roff. Where is Duncan body?

Mac. Carried to Colmekill,

The Sacred Store-house of his Predecessors,

And Guardian of their Bones.

Roff. Will you to Scone?

Mac. No Cofin, Ile to Pife.

Roff. Well, I will thither.

Mac. Well may you fee things wel done there: Adieu

Leaft our old Robes fit easier then our new.

Roff. Farewell, Father.

Old M. Gods benyfon go with you, and with those

That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thou haft it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,

As the weyward Women promis’d, and I fear

Thou play’dst most lowly for’t: yet it was faide

It should not stand in thy Potestie.

But that my selfe should be the Roote, and Father

Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,

As ypon thee Macbeth, their Speeches shine,

Why by the verities on thee made good,

May they not be my Oracles as well,

And let me vp in hope. But huff, no more.

Senit founded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox,

Roffe, Lords, and Attendants.

Mac. Here’s our chiefe Guett.

La. If he had beene forgotten,

It had bene as a gap in our great Feast,

And all-thing vnbecoming.

Macb. To night we hold a solemnne Supper fir,

And Ile requite your presence.

Banq. Let your Highnesse

Command ypon me, to the which my duties

Are with a moft indissoluble tye

For euer knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoone?

Banq. My good Lord.

Macb. We should have else desir’d your good aduice

(Which fill hath been both graue, and prosperous)

In this dayes Counsell: but wee’d take to morrow.

Is’t farre you ride?

Banq. As farre, my Lord, as will fill vp the time

‘Twixt this, and Supper. Goe not my Horfe the better,

I must become a borrower of the Night,

For a darke hour, or twaine.

Macb. Falle not our Feast.

Banq. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody Cozen’s are beftow’d

In England, and in Ireland, not confesing

Their cruel Parriside, filling their hearers

With strange Inuention. But of that to morrow,

When therewithall, we shall haue cause of State,

Cruing vs ionty: Hye you to Horfe:

Adieu, till you returne at Night.

Goes Pleasance with you?

Banq. I, my good Lord: our time does call vp’n’s.

Macb. I with your Horfes swift, and sure of foot:

And so I doe commend you to their backs.

Farwell. Exit Banquo.

Let every man be master of his time,

Till feuen at Night, to make Societie.

The sweeter welcome:

We will keepe our felle till Supper time alone:

While then, God be with you.

Exeunt Lords.

Sirlha, with you: Attend those men

Our pleasure?

Servant. They are, my Lord, without the Pallace.

Gat. Exit Servant.

To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus:

Our fears in Banquo sticke depee.

And in his Royaltie of Nature reignes that

Which would be fear’d. ’Tis much he dares,

And to that dauntleff temper of his Minde,

He hath a Wifdome, that doth guide his Valour,

To act in safetie. There is none but he,

Whose being I doe fear: and vnder him,

My Genius is rebuk’d, as it is fill

Mark Antoniues was by Cesar. He chid the Sifters,

When first they put the Name of King vp on me,

And bad them speake to him. Then Prophet-like,

They hay’d him Father to a Line of Kings.

Vpon my Head they plac’d a fruitfulle Crowne,

And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,

Thence to be wrencht with an vnlineall Hand,

No Sonne of mine suceeding: if it be so,

For Banquo’s Iffue have I fil’d my Minde,

For them, the gracious Duncan have I murther’d,

Put Rancours in the Veffell of my Peace

Onely for them, and mine eternall Jewell

Guen to the common Enemye of Man,

To make them Kings, the Seedes of Banquo Kings,

Rather then so, come Fate into the Lyft,

And champion me to th’vttterance.

Who’s there?

Enter Servant, and two Murthkeres.

Now goe to the Doore, and stay there till we call.

Exit Servant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Murthb. It was, to pleae your Highnesse.

Macb. Well then,

Now have you confider’d of my speeches:

Know.
Know, that it was he; in the times past,
Which held you fo vnder fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent ielfe.
This I made good to you, in our last conference,
Paft in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how croft:
The I infruments: who wrought with them:
And all things elfe, that might
To halfe a Soule, and to a Motion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.
1. Murtb. You made it knowne to vs.

Mab. I did so:
And went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting.
Do you finde your patience fo predominant,
In your nature, that you can let this goe?
Are you fo Gospel'd, to pray for this good man,
And for his Iffue, whose heauie hand
Hath bow'd you to the Graue, and begger'd
Yours for ever?
1. Murtb. We are men, my Liege.

Mab. I, in the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrs, Spaniels, Curres,
Showges, Water-Kugs, and Demy-Wolues are cleft
All by the Name of D Negroes: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the flow, the subtle,
The Houfe-keeper, the Hunter, every one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike: and fo of men.
Now, if you have a flalion in the file,
Not i'th' worft ranke of Manhood, say't,
And I will put that Businelle in your Bofomes,
Whose execution takes your Enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart; and loue of vs,
Who weare our Health but fickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.
2. Murtb. I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile Blowes and Buffets of the World
Hath fo incens'd, that I am reckelleffe what I doe,
To fpite the World.
1. Murtb. And I another,
So weare with Difaffters, tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would fet my Life on any Chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Mab. Both of you know Banquo was your Enemy.
Murtb. True, my Lord.

Mab. So is he mine: and in fuch bloody distance,
That every minute of his being, thrufts
Against my neer'it Life: and though I could
With bare-face'd power, sweep him from my fight,
And bid my will aoucth it; yet I muft not,
For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,
Whose loues I may not drop, but wayle his fall,
Who I my felfe fruck downe: and thence it is,
That I to your affiance doe make loue,
Masking the Businelle from the common Eye,
For fundry weightie Reafons.
2. Murtb. We fhall, my Lord,
Performe what you command vs.
1. Murtb. Though our Lives--

Mab. Your Spirits shine through you.
Within this houre, at moft,
I will advize you where to plant your felles,
Acquaint you with the perfit Spy o' th' time,

The moment on't, for't muft be done to Night,
And something from the Pallace: alwaies thought,
That I require a cleareneffe; and with him,
To leave no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke:
Flams, his Sonne, that keeps him companie,
Whose abfence is no leffe materiall to me,
Then is his Fathers, muft embrace the fate
Of that darke houre: refolve your felles apart,
Ile come to you anon.

Murtb. We are recoll'd, my Lord.

Mab. Ile call upon you fraight: abide within,
It is concluded: Banquo, thy Soules flight,
If it finde Heauen, muft finde it out to Night. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macbeths Lady, and a Servant.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from Court?

Servant. 1, Madame, but returns againe to Night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leuyre,
For a few words.

Servant. Madame, I will. Exit.

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our defire is got without content:
"Tis faifer, to be that which we defroy,
Then by deftruction dwell in doubtfull joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why do you keepe alone?
Of forryeft Fancies your Companions making,
Ving those Thoughts, which shou'd indeed have dy'd
With them they thinke on'things without all remedie
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Mab. We haue forsook'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
Shee's clofe, and be her felfe, whilest our poor Mallic
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth.

But let the frame of things dis-joynt,
Both the Worlds fuffer,

Erre we will eate our Mesle in feare, and flepe
In the afflication of these terrible Dreams,
That shake vs Nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gayne our peace, haue fent to peace,
Then on the torture of the Minde to lye
In reflete extafie.

Duncane is in his Graue:
After Lifes fitfull Feuer, he flepees well,
Treasfon ha's done his worft: nor Steele, nor Poyfon,
Mallic domelique, forraine Leue, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on:
Gentle my Lord, flecke o're your rugged Lookes,
Be bright and louiall among your Gueffes to Night.

Mab. So fhall I Love, and fo I pray be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo,

Preffent him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Unafe the while, that wee muft laue
Our Honors in thefe flattering fireames,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Difguifing what they are,

Lady. You muft meare this.

Mab. O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:
Thou know'st, that Banquo and his Fleams live.

Lady. But
Lady. But in them, Natures Cupples is not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are affiable.

Then be thou iouand: ere the Bat hath flowne
His Cloyter'd flight, ere to black Ileccats summons
The thond-borne Beetle, with his drowise huma,
Hath rung Nights yawning Peale,
There shall be done a deed of dreadfull note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed: Come, feeling Night,
Skarfe vp the tender Eye of pittifull Day,
And with thy bloody and insifible Hand
Cancell and tear to pieces that great Bond,
Which keepes me pale. Light thickens,
And the Crow makes Wing toth' Rookie Wood:
Good things of Day begin to droope, and droffe,
Whiles Nights black Agents to their Prey's doe rowse.
Thou marnuel't at my words: but hold thee still,
Things bad begun, make strong themfelves by ill:
So prythee goe with me.

Exeunt.  

Scena Tertia.

Enter three Murtherers.

1. But who did bid thee ioynce with vs?
2. Macbets.
3. He needs not our mifttrus, since he delivers
Our Offices, and what we hauce to doe,
To the direction iift.
1. Then flaund with vs:
The Weft yet gimmers with some frawkes of Day.
Now fpurres the late Traveller space,
To gayne the timely Iinne, end neere approaches
The fubtue of our Watch.
3. Hearke, I heare Horfes.
Banquo within. Glue vs a Light there, hoa.
2. Then 'tis hee:
The reft, that are within the note of exepdation,
Alreaie are i' th'Court.
1. His Horfes goe about.
3. Almost a mile: but he does vifually,
So all men doe, from hence toth' Pafface Gate
Make it his Walkie.

Enter Banque and Fleans, with a Torch.

2. A Light, a Light.
3. 'Tis bee.
1. Stand too't.
Ban. It will be Rayne to Night.
1. Let it come downe.
Ban. O, Trecherie!
Flye good Fleans, flye, flye, flye,
Thou may't ftrong revenge. O Slaue!
3. Who did froke out the Light?
1. Was't not the way?
3. There's but one downe: the Sonne is fled.
2. We have loft
Befte halfe of our Affaire,
1. Well, let's away, and fay how much is done.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbets, Lady, RoUe, Lenox,
Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your owne degrees, fit downe:
At firft and laft, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thankes to your Maiesty.
Macb. Our felle will mingle with Society,
And play the humble Hoft:
Our Hofteffe keeps her State, but in beft time
We will require her welcome.
La. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends,
For my heart fpeakes, they are welcome.

Enter firf Murtherer.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their harts thanks
Both fides are even: heere Ile fit i' th'mid'ft,
Be large in mirth, anon wee'ld drink a Meafure
The Table round. There's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, then he within.
Is he dispatch'd?
Mur. My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him.
Mac. Thou art the beft o' th'Cut-throats,
Yet hee's good that did the like for Fleans;
If thou did'ft it, thou art the Non-parcell.
Mur. Moft Royall Sir
Fleans is fpap'd.
Macb. Then comes my Fit againe:
I had elfe beene perfect;
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,
As broad, and generally, as the cafing Ayre:
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in"
To fawcy doubts, and feares. But Banquo's fale?
Mur. I, my good Lord: fale in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trench'd gashes on his head;
The leaff a Death to Nature.
Macb. Thankes for that:
There the growne Serpent lyes, the worme that's fleg
Hath Nature that in time will Venom bred,
No teeth for th'prefent. Get thee gone, to morrow
We'll heare our felues againe.

Exit Murtherer.

Lady. My Royall Lord,
You do not give the Cheere, the Feast is fold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making:
'Tis giuen, with welcome: to fende were beft at home:
From thence, the fauce to meate is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbets place.

Macb. Sweet Remembrancer:
Now good digestion waite on Appetite,
And health on both.
Lenox. May't please your Highneffe fit.
Macb. Here had we now our Countries Honor,roof'd,
Were the grac'd perfon of our Banquo prefent:
Who, may I rather challenge for vnkindneffe,
Then pitty for Mifchance.
RoUe. His abfence (Sir)
Layes blame vpon his promife. Pleaf't your Highneffe
To grace vs with your Royall Company?

Macb.
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Macb. The Table's full.
Lenox. Here is a place refer'd Sir.
Macb. Where?
Lenox. Here my good Lord.
What is't that moves your Highness? 
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good Lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake Thy guilty locks at me.
Roff. Gentlemen rise, his Highness is not well.
Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus, 
And hath beene from his youth. Pray you keepe Seat, 
The fit is momentary, upon a thought 
He will againe be well. If much you note him 
You shall offend him, and extend his Passion, Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?
Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that 
Which might appal the Diuell.
La. O proper stuffe:
This is the very painting of your feare:
This is the Ayre-drawne-Dagger which you said
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and flarts 
(Impotors to true feare) would well become
A woman's story, at a Winters fire
Authoriz'd by her Grandam: shame it felts,
Why do you make such faces? When all's done 
You looke but on a foole.
Macb. Prythee see there:
Behold, looke, loe, how fay you:
Why what care I, if thou canst nod, speake too.
If Charnell house, and our Graues must fend
Those that we bury, backe; our Monuments
Shall be the Mawes of Kytes.
La. What! quite vnmann'd in folly.
Macb. If I stand heere, I faw him
La. Fie for shame.
Macb. Blood hath bene shed ere now, 'tis old time
Ere humane Statute pur'd the gentle Weale:
I, and since too, Murthers have bene perform'd
Too terrible for the eare. The times has bene,
That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,
And there an end: But now they rife againe
With twenty mortall murthers on their crownes,
And puffs vs from our foolees. This is more strange
Then fuch a murther is.
La. My worthy Lord
Your Noble Friends do lacke you.
Macb. I do forget:
Do not mudge at me my most worthy Friends,
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To thef that know me. Come, loue and health to all,
Then lle fit downe: Give me fome Wine, fill full:
Enter Goff.
I drinke to th'generall loy o'th'whole Table,
And to our deere Friend [Banquo, whom we mish:
Would he were heere: to all, and him we thirft,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
Mac. Auant, & quit my fight, let the earth hide thee:
Thy bones are marrowlesse, thy blood is cold hide
Thou haft no speculation in thofe eyes
Which thou doft gare with.
La. Thinke of this good Peeres!
But as a thing of Custome: 'Tis no other,
Oney it spoylest the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian Beare,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th'Hircan Tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firme Nerues
Shall neuer tremble. Or be alius againe,
And dare me to the Defart with thy Sword:
If trembling I inhabit then, protest mee
The Baby of a Gitle. Hence horrible shadow,
Verreall mock'y hence. Why fo, being gone
I am a man againe: pray you fit still.
La. You have displace'd the mirth,
Broke the good meeting, with most admir'd disorder.
Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome vs like a Summers Clowd,
Without our speciall wonder! You make me strange
Euen to the disposition that I owe,
When now I thinke you can behold fuch fights,
And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,
When mine is blanch'd with feare.
Roff. What fights, my Lord?
La. I pray you speake not: he growes worse & worse
Question enrages him: at once, goodnight.
Stand not vpon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Malesfty.
La. A kinde goodnight to all.
Macb. It will have blood they fay:
Blood will have Blood:
Stones have bene knowne to move, & Trees to speake:
Augures, and vnderflood Relations, haue
By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth
The fecre't man of Blood. What is the night?
La. Almost at oddes with morning, which is which.
Macb. How fay'th thou that Macduff denies his perfon
At our great bidding?
La. Did you fend to him Sir?
Macb. I heare it by the way: But I will fende
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keepe a Servant Feed. I will to morrow
(And betimes I will) to the wayard Sifters.
More fhall they speake: for now I am bent to know
By the worft meanes, the worft, for mine owne good,
All caufes fhall give way. I am in blood
Stept in fo farre, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go ore:
Strange things I have in head, that wile to hand,
Which mist be act[t], ere they may be fcaund.
La. You lacke the feafon of all Nature's, sleepe.
Macb. Come, wee'l to sleepe: My strange & fell-abufe
Is the iniurate feare, that wants hard vfe:
We are yet but yong indeed.
Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting
Hecat.

1. Why how now Hecat, you looke angrily?
Hecat. Have I not reafon (Geldams) as you are?
Sawc, and ouer-bold, how did you dare
To Trade, and Traffick with Macbeth,
In Riddles, and Affaires of death;
And the Misfiris of your Charmes,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to beare my part,
Of shew the glory of our Art?
And which is worse, all you have done
Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne,
Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)
Loues for his owne ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i'm the Morning: thither he
Will come, to know his Deftinie.
Your Vessel, and your Spels prouide,
Your Charmes, and every thing befide;
I am for th'Ayre: This night Ie fpend
Vnto a difmal, and a Fatall end.
Great buinifhe muft be wrought ere Noone.
Vpon the Corner of the Moone
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,
Ile catch it ere it come to ground;
And that diffil'd by Magicke flights,
Shall raife fuch Artificiall Spights,
As by the ftrength of their illuion,
Shall draw him on to his Confufion.
He fhall fparne Fat, fcorne Death, and beare
His hopes 'boue Wifedom, Grace, and Fear:
And you all know, Security
Is Mortals cheeffe Enemie.

_Mufick: and a Song._
Heare, I am call'd: my little Spirit fee
Sits in a Foggy cloud, and ftaies for me,
Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.

_Aegeus Quartus. Scena Prima._

**Enter Lenox, and another Lord.**

_Lenox._ My former Speeches,
Haue but hit your Thoughts
Which can interpret farther: Onely I fay
Things haue bin strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pittied of Macbeth: marry he was dead:
And the right valiant Banquo walk'd too late,
Whom you may fay (if't pleafe you) Flans kill'd,
For Flans red: Men muft not walke too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monftrous
It was for Malcomes, and for Donalbane
To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fad, How
It did greeue Macbeth? Did he not ftraight
In pious rage, the two delinquent teare,
That were the Slaves of drinke, and thrallles of fleep?
Was not that Nobly done? I, and widly too:
For 'twould haue anger'd any heart aliue
To heare the men deny't. So that I fay,
He ha's borne all things well, and I do thinke,
That had he Duncans Sonnes vnder his Key,
(As, and't pleafe Heaven he shall not) they fhould finde
What twere to kill a Father: So fhould Flans.
But peace; for from broad words, and caufe he fay'd
His preffen ce at the Tyrants Fcaft, I heare
Maccuffe lues in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he defeows himselves?

**Lord._ The Sonnes of Duncane**
(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
Liuies in the English Court, and recey'd
Of the moft Pious Edward, with fuch grace,
That the maleuolence of Fortune, nothing
Takes from his high refpe&.
Thither Maccuffe
Is gone, to pray the Holy King, vpon his ayd
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Seyward,
That by the helpe of thefe (with him above)
To ratifie the Worke) we may againe
Glue to our Tables meete, fleece to our Nights:
Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody kniues;
Do faithfull Homage, and receive free Honors,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath fo exasperate their King, that hee
Prepares for some attempt of Warre.

_Len._ Sent he to Maccuffe?

**Lord._ He did; and with an absolute Sir, not I**
The clowdy Meffinger turns me his backe,
And hums; as who should fay, you'll rue the time
That clogs me with this Anwer.

_Lenox._ And that we'll might
Aduife him to a Caution, t'hold what difance
His wifedom can prouide. Some holy Angell
Flye to the Court of England, and vnfold
His Meffage ere he come, that a swift ftreching
May foone returne to this our fuffering Country,
Vnder a hand accur'd.

**Lord._ Ile fend my Prayers with him.**

Exeunt.
Laugh to scorn
The powre of man : For none of woman borne
Shall harme Macbeth.

Mac. Then liue Macduff,what need I feare of thee?
But yet Ie make assurance : double sure,
And take a Bond of Fate : thou shalt not liue,
That I may tale pale-hearted Feare, it lies ;
And sleepe in spight of Thunder.

3 Appar. A Child crowned, with a Tree in his hand.
What is this, that riles like the issue of a King,
And weares upon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Soueraignty?

All. Liften, but speake not too't.

3 Appar. Be Lyon meted, proud, and take no care:
Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspirers are :
Macbeth shall neuer vanquish'd be, untill
Great Byram Wood, to high Dunfmane Hill
Shall come against him.

Descend.

Macb. That will never bee :
Who can imprisfe the Forrest, bid the Tree
Vanish his earth-bound Root? Sweet boadments,good :
Rebellious dead, rife neuer till the Wood
Of Byram rife, and our high plac'd Macbeth
Shall liue the Leafe of Nature,pay his breath
To time, and mortall Cusome. Yet my Hart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art
Can tell fo much: Shall Banquo's liffe euer
Reigne in this Kingdome?

All. Seeke to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternal Curse fall on you: Let me know,]
Why finkes that Caldron & what noise is this? Hoboyes
1 Shew. 2. Shew. 3. Shew.

All. Shew his Eyes, and greeue his Hart,
Come like shadowes, fo depart.

A Stay of eight Kings, and Banquo last, with a glasse
in his hand.

Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of Banquo: Down:
Thy Crowne do's ltere mine Eye-bals. And thy haire
Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the first:
A third, is like the former. Filthy Haggis,
Why do you shew me this?—A fourth? Start eyes !
What will the Line stretch out to'th cracke of Doome ?
Another yet? A feuanchet? Ile see no more :
And yet the eight appeares, who beares a glasse,
Which flues me many more : and some I fee,
That two-fold Balles, and treble Scepters carry.
Horrible sight: Now I fee 'tis true,
For the Blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What is this so?
1 Sir, all this is so. But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come Siftres, cheere we vp his fprights,
And shew the best of our delights.
Ile Charme the Ayre to glue a found,
While you performe your Antique round :
That this great King may kindly fay,
Our duties, did his welcome pay.
Thy Beeches Dance, and vanish.

Macb. Where are they? Gone?
Let this pertinous hour,
Stand aye accurd in the Kalender.
Come in, without there.

Lenox. What's your Graces will.

Macb.
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Macb. Saw you the Weyward Sisters?
Lenox. No my Lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Lenox. No indeed my Lord.
Macb. Infeected be the Ayre whereon they ride, And damned all those that trust them. I did hear The galloping of Horrie. Who was' by? Len. 'Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word:
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England?
Len. I, my good Lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpole neuer is o're-tooke Vnlees the deed go with it. From this moment, The very fireflings of my heart shall be The fireflings of my hand. And euen now To Crown my thoughts with Afe: be it thought & done:
The Castle of Macduff, I will surprize, Seize upon Fifte; glue to th'dedge o'th'Sword His wife, his Babes, and all unfortunat Soules That trace him in his Line. No boating like a Foole, This deed I do, before this purpose coole, But no more fights. Where are thefe Gentlemen? Come bring me where they are. 

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macduffes Wife, her Son, and Raffie.

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?
Raffie. You must haue patience Madam.
Wife. He had none:
His flight was madneffe: when our Actions do not,
Our fears do make vs Traitors.
Raffie. You know not
Whether it was his wifedome, or his feare.
Wife. Wifedome? to leave his wife, to leave his Babes, His Monfaige, and his Titles, in a place
From whence himselfe do's flye? He loues vs not, He wants the natural touch. For the poore Wren (The moft diminutive of Birds) will fight, Her yong ones in her Neft, against the Owle: All is the Feare, and nothing is the Loue; As little is the Wifedome, where the flight So runnes against all reafon.
Raffie. My deereft Cowz,
I pray you schoole your felfe. But for your Husband, He is Noble, Wife, Indicious, and beft knowes The fits o'th'Season. I dare not speake much further, But cruell are the times, when we are Traitors And do not know your fales: when we hold Rumor From what we feare, yet know not what we feare, But floate vpon a wilde and violent Sea Each way, and moue. I take my leaue of you: Shall not be long but Ile be heere againe: Things at the worste will ceafe, or els climb vpward, To what they were before. My pretty Cofine, Blessing vpon you.
Wife. Father'd he is,
And yet hee's Father-leffe.
Raffie. I am fo much a Foole,should I stay longer It would be my diigrace, and your discomfort. I take my leaue at once. 

Exit Raffie.

Wife. Sirra, your Fathers dead, And what will you do now? How will you live?
Son. As Birds do Mother.
Wife. What with Wormes, and Flyes?
Son. With what I get I meane, and so do they.
Wife. Poore Bird,
Thou'dt neuer Feare the Net, nor Lime,
The Pitfall, nor the Gin.
Son. Why should I Mother?
Poore Birds they are not set for:
My Father is not dead for all your sayings.
Wife. Yes,he is dead:
How wilt thou do for a Father?
Son. Nay how will you do for a Husband?
Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.
Son. Then you'l by 'em to fell againe.
Wife. Thou speake'st withall thy wit,
And yet I'faith with wit enough for thee.
Son. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother? Wife. I, that he was.
Son. What is a Traitor?
Wife. Why one that sweares, and lyes.
Son. And be all Traitors, that do fo.
Wife. Every one that do's fo, is a Traitor,
And muft be hang'd.
Son. And muft they all be hang'd, that sweare and lye?
Wife. Every one.
Son. Who muft hang them?
Wife. Why, the honeft men.
Son. Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools: for there are Lyars and Swearers know, to beate the honeft men, and hang vp them.
Wife. Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie: But how wilt thou do for a Father?
Son. If he were dead, you'd weepe for him: if you would not, it were a good signe, that I should quickly have a new Father.
Wife. Poore prattler, how thou talk'it?
Enter a Messenger.

Mys-Blesse you faire Dame: I am not to you known, Though in your hate of Honor I am perfect; I doubt some danger do's approach you nerelor.
If you will take a homely mans advisce,
Be not found here: Hence with your little ones To fright you thus. Me thinkes I am too saugue: To do worfe to you, were fell Cruelty,
Which is too nie your perfon. Heaven preferue you, I dare abide no longer. 

Exit Messenger.

Wife. Whether should I flye?
I haue done no harme. But I remember now I am in this earthly world: where to do harme Is often laudable, to do good sometyme Accounted dangerous folly. Why then ( alas) Do I put vp that womanly defence, To say I have done no harme? What are thes faces?

Enter Murhberes.

Mur. Where is your Husband?
Wife. I hope in no place so vnlandified, Where such as thou may'ft finde him.
Mur. He's a Traitor.
Son. Thou ly'st thou flagge-eare'd Villaine.
Mur. What you Egge?
Yong fry of Treachery?
Son. He ha's kill'd me Mother,
Run away I pray you. 

Exit crying Murhber. 

Secend
Scena Tertia.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let vs seeke out some defolate shade, & there Weepe our sad bosome empty.

Macd. Let vs rather
Hold fast the mortal Sword: & like good men,
Befride our downfall Birthdome: each new Morne,
New Widdowes howe, new Orphans cry, new foroues
Strike heauen on the face, that it refounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell’d out
Like Syllable of Dolour.

Mal. What I beleue, Ile waite;
What know, beleue; & what I can redrefe,
As I shall finde the time to friend: I wil.
What you haue spoke, it may be fo perchance.
This Tyrant, whole fole name blifters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you haue how’d him well,
He hath not touch’d you yet. I am yong, but something
You may diferne of him through me, and wifedome
To offer vp a weake, poore innocent Lambe
T’appafe an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and vertuous Nature may recolle
In an Imperiall charge. But I shall crave your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranfpoze;
Angels are brightfull, though the brighteft fell.
Though all things foule, would wear the bows of grace
Yet Grace muft fill looke fo.

Macd. I haue loft my Hopes.

Mal. Perchance euen there
Where I did finde my doubts.
Why in that rawneffe left you Wife, and Childe?
Those precious Motuies, those strong knots of Love,
Without leave-taking. I prave you,
Let not my Jealousies, be your Diuonors,
But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightly luft,
What euer I hafl thinke.

Macd. Bleed, bleed poore Country,
Great Tyrann, lay thou thy basse fure,
For goodneffe dare not check thee: wear y thy wrongs,
The Tilde, is affair’d. Far thee well Lord,
I would not be the Villaine that thou think’st,
For the whole Space that’s in the Tyrants Graife,
And the rich Eft to boot.

Mal. Be not offended
I speake not as in absolute fear of you:
I think we our Country finkes beneath the yoke,
It weepes, it bleedeth, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall,
There would be hands uplifted in my right:
And heere from gracious England haue I offer
Of googly thousands. But for all this,
When I shall treader upon the Tyrants head,
Or weare it on my Sword; yet my poore Country
Shall haue more vices then it had before,
More fitter, and more fundry ways then euer,
By him that shall succeede.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is my felle I meant: in whom I know
All the particulars of Vice fo grafted,
That when they shall be open’d, blacke Macbeth
Will feeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State
Efterne him as a Lambe, being compar’d
With my confineleffe harms.

Macd. Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell, can come a Divil more damn’d
In euils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him Bloody,
Luxurious, Avaricious, false, Deceitfull,
Sodaine, Malicious, trumming of every finne
That ha’s a name. But there’s no bottome, none
In my Voluptuouneffe: Your Wifes, your Daughters,
Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill vp
The Cefterne of my Luft, and my Defire
All continent Impediments would ore-beare
That did oppofe my will. Better Macbeth,
Then fuch an one to reigne.

Macd. Boundleffe intemperance
In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath beene
Th’vn timely empying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet
To take vpon you what is yours: you may
Connay your pleasures in a fpacious plenty,
And yet feene cold. The time you may fo hoofdinke:
We haue willing Dames enow: there cannot be
That Vulture in you, to devour fo many
As will to Greatneffe dedicate themſelves,
Finding it fo inclinde.

Mal. With this, there growes
In my moft ill-compos’d Affeccion, fuch
A fanchleffe Avarice, that were I King,
I fhould cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
Defire his Jewels, and this others Houfe,
And my more-hauing, would be as a Sawce
To make me hunger more, that I fhould forge
Quarrels vnjuft against the Good and Loyall,
Defoying them for wealth.

Macd. This Avarice
flickes deeper: growes with more pernicious root
Then Summer-feeming Luft: and it hath bin
The Sword of our flaine Kings: yet do not feare,
Scotland hath Foyfons, to fill vp your will
Of your meere Owne. All thefe are portable,
With other Graces weigh’d.

Mal. But I haue none. The King-becoming Graces,
As Juflice, Verity, Temp’rance, Stableneffe,
Bounty, Perfeuerance, Mercy, Lowlineffe,
Devoution, Patience, Courage, Fortitude,
I haue no rellifh of them, but abound
In the diufion of each feuerall Crime,
Acting it many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I fhould
Poure the sweet Milke of Concord, into Hell,
Vprore the vniuerfal peace, confound
All vnity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland.

Mal. If such a one be fit to gouerne, speake:
I am as I haue spoken.

Mac. Fit to gouern? No not to liue. O Natiō miferāble!
With an untitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,
When thall thou fee thy wholsome dayes againe?
Since that the trueft Iffue of thy Throne
By his owne Interdictiō stands accult,
And do’s blasphe me his breed? Thy Royall Father
Was a moft Sainted-King: the Queene that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees, then on her feet,
Dy’d euerday the liu’d. Fare thee well.
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Are made, not mark’d: Where violent forrow feemes  
A Moderne extaife: The Deadmans knell,  
Is there scared ask’d for who, and good mens liues  
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,  
Dying, or ere they ficken.  

Macd. Oh Relation; too nice, and yet too true.  
Mal. What’s the newell griefe?  
Roffe. That of an hours age, doth hiffe the speaker,  
Each minute teemes a new one.  

Macd. How do’s my Wife?  
Roffe. Why well.  

Macd. And all my Children?  
Roffe. Well too.  

Macd. The Tyrant ha’s not batter’d at their peace?  
Roffe. No, they were wel at peace, when I did leave ’em  

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: How go’t?  
Roffe. When I came hither to transport the Tydings  
Which I have heavily borne; there ran a Rumour  
Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out.  

Which was to my beleefe witnesst the rather,  
For that I saw the Tyrants Power a-foot.  
Now is the time of helpe: your eye in Scotland  
Would create Solidours, make our women fight,  
To doffe their dire diffrettes.  

Mal. Bee’t their comfort  
We are comming thither: Gracious England hath  
Lent vs good Seyward, and ten thousand men,  
An older, and a better Souldier, none  
That Chriftendome glues out.  
Roffe. Would I could anfwer  
This comfort with the like. But I have words  
That would be howl’d out in the defert ayre,  
Where hearing shoult not latch them.  

Macd. What concerne they,  
The generall caufe, or is it a Fee-griefe  
Due to some single breft?  
Roffe. No minde that’s honest  
But in it shares fome woe, though the maine part  
Pertaines to you alone.  

Macd. If it be mine  
Keepe it not from me, quickly let me haue it.  
Roffe. Let not your eares difpife my tongue for euer,  
Which shall poffede them with the heauelst found  
That euer yet they heard.  

Macd. Humh : I gaffe at it.  
Roffe. Your Caffe is surpriz’d: your Wife, and Babes  
Sauagely flaughter’d: To relate the manner  
Were on the Quarry of thefe murther’d Deere  
To add the death of you.  

Malc. Mercifull Heauen:  
What man, ne’re pull your hat vpon your browes:  
Gluze forrow words; the griefe that do’s not fpake,  
Whispers the o’re-fraught heart, and bids it brake.  

Macd. My Children too?  
Rc. Wife, Children, Servants, all that could be found.  
Macd. And I must be from thence? My wife kill’d too?  
Roffe. I have faid.  
Malc. Be comforted.  
Let’s make vs Med’cines of our great Revenge,  
To cure this deadly greffe.  

Malc. He ha’s no Children. All my pretty ones?  
Did you fay All? Oh Hell–Kite! All?  
What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damme  
At one fell fwoope?  
Malc. Difpnite it like a man.  

Macd. I shall do fo: 

N n 2
But I must also feel it as a man;  
I cannot but remember such things were  
That were most precious to me: Did heaven look on,  
And would not take their part? Sinfull Macduff,  
They were all stove for thee: Naught that I am,  
Not for their owne demerit, but for mine  
Fell slaughter on their foules: Heaven reft them now.  
Mal. Be this the Whetstone of your fword, let griefe  
Convert to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.  
Macd. O I could play the woman with mine eyes,  
And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heauens,  
Cut short all intermission: Front to Front,  
Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my selfe  
Within my Swords length set him, if he scape  
Heauen forgive him too.  
Mal. This time this manly:  
Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,  
Our lacke is nothing but our leaue. Macbeth  
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powres aboue  
Put on their Instruments: Receiue what cheere you may,  
The Night is long, that never finds the Day. Exeunt

Auctus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a Waying  
Gentlewoman.  
Doct. I have too Nights watch'd with you, but can  
perceive no truth in your report. When was it shee last  
walk'd?  
Gent. Since his Maiesty went into the Field, I haue  
feene her rife from her bed, throw her Night-Gown vp-  
on her, vnlooke her Clofett, take forth paper, foldie it,  
write vpon't, read it, afterwards Seale it, and againe  
returne to bed; yet all this while in a moft fast sleepe.  
Doct. A great perturbation in Nature, to receyue at  
one the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of waking.  
In this flumby agitation, beides her walking, and other  
actual performances, what (at any time) haue you heard  
she say?  
Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.  
Doct. You may to me, and 'tis moft meet you should.  
Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, hauing no witnesse  
to conforme my speech. Enter Lady, with a Taper.  
Lo you, heere she comes: This is her very guife, and vp  
on my life fait allecepe: obserue her, stand close.  
Doct. How came she by that light?  
Gent. Why it flowd by her: she ha's light by her con-  
tinuall, 'tis her command.  
Doct. You see her eyes are open.  
Gent. I but their fenfe are flut.  
Doct. What is it she do's now?  
Looke how she rubbes her hands.  
Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seeme  
thawing her hands: I haue knowne her c'tuine in  
is a quarter of an houre.  
Lad. Yet heere's a spot.  
Doct. Hearke, she speakes, I will fet done what comes  
from her, to satisfie my remembrance the more strongly.  
La. Out damned spot!: out I say. One: Two: Why  
them 'tis time to doo't: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fie,  
as Soldier, and after'd what need we fear? who knowes  
it, when none can call our powre to accompte: yet who  
would haue thought the olde man to haue had so much  
blood in him.  
Doct. Do you marke that?  
Lad. The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is she now?  
What will thefe hands ne're be cleane? No more o'that  
my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with this star-  
ting.  
Doct. Go too, go too:  
You haue knowane what you should not.  
Gent. She ha's spoke what shee should not, I am sure  
of that: Heauen knowes what she ha's knowe.  
La. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the per-  
fumes of Aramia will not sweeten this little hand.  
Oh, oh, oh.  
Doct. What a sigh is there? The hart is sorely charg'd.  
Gent. I would not haue such a heart in my bosome,  
for the dignity of the whole body.  
Doct. Well, well, well.  
Gent. Pray God it be fir.  
Doct. This disease is beyond my prafifie; yet I haue  
knowne thofe which haue walkt in their sleep, who haue  
died hollie in their beds.  
Lad. Wash your hands, put on your Night-Gowne,  
looke not so pale: I tell you yet againe Bawgüs's buried,  
he cannot come out on's graue.  
Doct. Euen so?  
Lad. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate:  
Come, come, come, come, glue me your hand: What's  
done, cannot be vndone. To bed, to bed, to bed.  
Exit Lady.

Scena Secunda.

Drum and Colours. Enter Menteab, Cathnes,  
Angus, Lenox, Soldiers.  

Ment. The English powre is neere, led on by Malcolm,  
His Vnkle Seyward, and the good Macduff,  
Reuenges burne in them: for their deere caufes  
Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarme  
Excite the mortified man.  
Ang. Neere Byrnan wood  
Shall we well meet them, way that are they comming.  
Cath. Who knowes if Donalbane be with his brother?  
Len. For certaine Sir, he is not: I haue a File  
Of all the Gentry; there is Seyward's Sonne,  
And many vnruflle youths, that euen now  
Protest their firft of Manhood.  
Ment. What do's the Tyrant.  
Cath. Great Dunfinane he strongly Fortifies:  
Some fay hee's mad; Others, that leffer hate him,  
Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine  
He
Scena Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all: 
Till Byrnan wood remoue to Dunfinane, 
I cannot taint with Fear. What's the Boy Malcolme? 
Was he not borne of woman? The Spirits that know 
All mortall Consequences, haue pronouc'd me thus: 
Fear not Macbeth, no man that's borne of woman 
Shall ere haue power upon thee. Then flye false Thanes, 
And mingle with the English Epichres, 
The minde I sway by, and the heart I base, 
Shall never fage with doubt, nor shake with feare. 

Enter Servant.

The diuell damme thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone 
Where got'th thou that Goofe-looke. 
Ser. There is ten thousand. 
Macb. Geefe Villaine? 
Ser. Souldiers Sir.

Macb. Go pricke thy face, and ouer-red thy feare 
Thou Lilly-luer'd Boy. What Souldiers, Patch? 
Death of thy Soule, thou Linnen cheekes of thine 
Are Counsafeiers to feare. What Soldiers Why-face? 
Ser. The English Force, so pleaue you. 
Macb. Take thy face hence. Seyton, I am sick at hart, 
When I behold : Seyton, I say, this pufh 
Will cheere me euere, or dif-eate me now. 
I haue lu'd long enough : my way of life 
Is faine into the Sear, the yellow Leaf; 
And that which shou'd accompany Old-Age, 
As Honor, Loue, Obedience, Troopes of Friends, 
I muft not looke to have : but in their fleed, 
Curfes, not lowd but deepes, Mouth-honor, breath 
Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare not. 
Seyton?

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your gracious pleafure? 
Macb. What Newes more? 
Sey. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported. 
Macb. Ile fight, till from my bones, my fleth be hackt.

Scena Quarta.

Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduff, 
Seywards Sons, Mentor, Cawneye, Angus, 
and Soldiers Marching.

Malc. Cofins, I hope the dayes are neere at hand 
That Chambers will be fée. 
Ment. We doubt it nothing. 
Seyw. What wood is this before vs? 
Ment. The wood of Binnane. 
Malc. Let euery Souldier hew him dowe a Bough, 
And beart before him, thereby fhall we shadow 
The numbers of our Hoafe, and make difcouery 
Erre in report of vs. 
Soll. It fhall be done. 
Seyw. We learne no other, but the confident Tyrant 
Keepes still in Dunfinane, and will indure 
Our letting downe before. 
Malc. "Tis his maine hope: 
For where there is advantadge to be gien, 
Both more and leffe haue gien him the Resolt, 
And none ferue with him, but constrained things, 
Whofe hearts are abfent too. 
Sadd. Let our Iuft Cenfures 
Attend the true euent, and put we on

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The Tragedie of Macbeth.
Industrious Soul'diership.

Scena Quinque.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, & Soul'diers, with
Drum and Colours.

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,
The Cry is still, they come: our Cabbles strength
Will laugh a Sledge to scorn: Heere let them lye,
Till Famine and the Ague eate them vp:
Were they not for'rd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them darefull, heard to hear,
And beat them backward home. What is that noyle?

A Cry within of Women.

Sey. It is the cry of wemen, my good Lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of Feares:
The time ha's beene, my fences would have cool'd
To heare a Night-shrieke, and my Fell of haire
Would at a dimflall Treatife rowze, and fflire
As life were in't. I have hauft full with horrors,
Direnfe familiar to my flaughterous thoughts
Cannot once flart me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queene (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'de hereafter;
There would beene a time for fuch a word:
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creepes in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laft Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yeardenes, haue lighted Fooles
The way to dyfus death. Out, out, breefe Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,
That flruts and frets his houre vpon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Idoet, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing. Enter a Miffenger.

Thou com'ft to vfe thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.

Macb. Gracious my Lord, I should report that which I fay I faw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, fay fir.

Mef. As I did fland my watch vpon the Hill
I look'd toward Byrnanes, and anon me thought
The Wood began to move.

Macb. Lyar, and Slaue.

Mef. Let me endure your wrath, it's be not fo:
Within this three Mile may you fee it comming.
I fay, a mowing Groane.

Macb. If thou fpeak'ft fhilfe,
Vpon the next Tree fhall thou hang aliae
Till Famine cling thee: If thy fpeech be footh,
I care not if thou doft for me as much.
I pull in Resolution, and begin
To doubt th'Equivoication of the Fiend,
That lies like truth. Fear not, till Byrnanes Wood
Do come to Dunfinane, and now a Wood

Scena Sexa.

Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduff, and their Army,
with Boughes.

Mal. Now neere enough:
Your leau Skreenes throw downe,
And fhew like thofe you are: You (worthy Vakle)
Shall with my Cofin your right Noble Sonne
Leade our firft Battell. Worthy Macduff, and wee
Shall take vpon's what elfe remains to do,
According to our order.

Sey. Fare you well:
Do we but finde the Tyrants power to night,
Let vs be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our Trumpets fpeak, give the all breath
Thofe clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death. Exeunt
Alarums continued.

Macb. They have tied me to a flake, I cannot fley,
But Beare-like I muft figh the coure. What's he
That was not borne of Woman? Such a one
Am I to feare, or none.

Enter young Seyward.

Y. Sey. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Y. Sey. No: though thou call'ft thy fether name
Then any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Y. Sey. The duller himfelfe could not pronounce a Title
More hafefull to mine ear.

Macb. No: nor more fearefull.

Y. Sey. Thou lyefht abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword
Ie proue the lye thou fpeak'ft.

Fight, and young Seyward fhine.

Macb. Thou was't borne of woman;
But Swords I fmile at, Weapons laugh to fcorne,
Brandifh'd by man that's of a Woman borne. Exit.

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is: Tyrant fhew thy face,
If thou beft fhine, and with no froke of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me fll:
I cannot frike at wrethed Kernes, whose armes
Are byr'd to haere their Staues; either thou Macbeth,
Or elfe my Sword with an unabated edge
I fhew againe vnneeded. There thou fhould't be,
By this great clatter, one of greateft note

Seem's

Comes toward Dunfinane. Arme, Arme, and out,
If this which he auouches, do's appeare,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I'ginne to be a-weary of the Sun,
And with th'elate oth' world were now vndon.
Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Winde, come wrak'se,
At leat we'll dye with Harneffe on our backe. Exeunt

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.

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But Beare-like I muft figh the coure. What's he
That was not borne of Woman? Such a one
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Seem's

740
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Enter Malcolme and Seyward.

Sey. This way my Lord, the Castles gently rendred: The Tyrants people, on both sides do fight, The Noble Thanes do bravely in the Warre, The day almost it selfe professe yours, And little is to do.

Mal. We haue met with Foze That strike beside vs.


Macb. Why should I play the Roman Foole, and dye On mine owne sword? whiles I see live, the gathes Do better vpon them.

Enter Macduff.

Mact. Turne Hell-hound, turne.

Macb. Of all men else I haue avoyded thee: But get thee backe, my soule is too much charg'd With blood of thine already.

Mact. I haue no words, My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine Then teares can glue thee out. Fight: Alarum

Macb. Thou hoofest labour, As eafe may'th thou the intrenchant Ayre With thy keene Sword, I must not make me bleed: Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crefts, I heare a charmed Life, which must not yeld To one of woman borne.

Mact. Difpaire thy Charme, And let the Angell whom thou still haft seru'd Tell thee, Macduff was from his Mothers womb Vntimely ript.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells mee so; For it hath Cowd my better part of man: And be thefe Jugling Fiends no more beelude', That palter with vs in a double fence, That keepe the word of promife to our care, And breakes it to our hope. Ie, as fight with thee.

Mact. Then yeld thee Coward, And liue to be the shew, and gaze o'th time. Wee'l have thee, as our rarer Monsters are Painted vpon a pole, and vnder-writ, Heere may you fee the Tyrant.

Macb. I will not yeld To kisse the ground before young Malcolmes feet, And to be baided with the Rabbles curfe. Though Byrmane wood be come to Dunfinane, And thou oppo'st, being of no woman borne, Yet I will try the last. Before my body, I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on Macduff, And damnd be him, that first cries hold, enough.

Exeunt fighting. Alarums.

Enter Figbing, and Macbeth slaine.

Retreat, and Flourish. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Malcolme, Seyward, Roffe, Thanes, & Soldiers.

Mal. I would the Friends we mifie, were safe arriu'd.

Sey. Some must go off: and yet by thefe I see, So great a day as this is cheapely bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your Noble Sonne.

Roffe. Your fon my Lord, ha's paid a fouldiers debt, He onely liu'd but till he was a man, The which no fooner had his Prowesse confirm'd In the vanishing station where he fought, But like a man he dy'd.

Sey. Then he is dead?

Roffe. I, and brought off the field: you cause of sorrow Muft not be measur'd by his worth, for then It hath no end.

Sey. Had he his hurts before?

Roffe. I, on the Front.

Sey. Why then, Gods Soldier be he; Had I as many Sonnes, as I haue haires, I would not with them to a fairer death: And fo his Knell is knoll'd.

Mal. Hee's worth more forrow, And that Ie spend for him.

Sey. He's worth no more, They say he parted well, and paied his score, And fo God be with him. Here comes newer comfort. Enter Macduff, with Macbeth head.

Macb. Haile King, for so thou art. Behold where stand The Wurpers curved head: the time is free: I fee thee compact with thy Kingdomes Pearle, That speake my salutation in their minds: Whole voyces I desire alowe with mine. Haile King of Scotland.

All. Haile King of Scotland. Flourish.

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time, Before we reckon with your feueraill loues, And make vs eu'n with you. My Thanes and Kinman Henceforth be Earles, the first that euer Scotland In such an Honor nam'd: What's more to do, Which would be planted newly with the time, As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad, That fled the Snares of watchfull Tyranny, Producing forth the cruell Ministers Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queene; Who (as 'tis thought) by felfe and violent hands, Took of her life. This, and what needfull else That call's vpon vs, by the Grace of Grace, We will performe in measure, time, and place: So thankes to all at once, and to each one, Whom we inuite, to fee vs Crown'd at Scone.

Flourish. Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.
Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Sentinels.

Barnardo,
Why, ho! is't ho? Francisco, is't ho?
Fran. Nay answer me; Stand & unfold your selfs.
Bar. Long live the King.
Fran. Barnardo?
Bar. He.
Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.
Bar. 'Tis now struck twelve, get thee to bed Francisco.
Fran. For this relieved much thanks: 'Tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.
Bar. Have you had quiet Guard?
Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.
Bar. Well, goodnight. If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, the Rivals of my Watch, bid them make hault.
Enter Horatio and Marcellus.
Fran. I think I hear them. Stand: who's there?
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.
Fran. Glue you good night.
Mar. O farewell honest Soldier, who hath reliev'd you?
Fra. Barnardo ha's my place: give you goodnight.

Exit Fran.

Mar. Holla Barnardo.
Bar. Say, what is Horatio there?
Hor. A peace of him.
Bar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.
Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night?
Bar. I have fene nothing.
Mar. Horatio fares, 'tis but our Fantasie,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him
Touching this dreadful sight, twice fenee of vs,
Therefore I have intreated him along
With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,
That if againe this Apparition come,
He may approze our eyes, and speake to it.
Hor. Tuff, tuff, 'twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe a-while,
And let vs once againe affaile your cares,
That are so fortified against our Story,
What we two Nights haue fenee,
Hor. Well, sit we downe,
And let vs heare Barnardo speake of this.
Barn. Last night of all,
When yond fame Starre that's Westward from the Pole
Had made his course t'llume that part of Heauen
Where now it burns, Marcellus and my selfe,
The Bell then beating one.
Mar. Peace, break thee off:
Enter the Ghost.
Look whither it comes again.
Barn. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a Scholler; speake to it Horatio.
Barn. Looks it not like the King? Marke it Horatio.
Hor. Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder.
Barn. It would be spoke too.
Mar. Queftion it Horatio.
Hor. What art thou that viarpt this time of night,
Together with that Faire and Warlike forme
In which the Malefly of buried Denmarke
Did sometymes march: By Heauen I charge thee speake.
Mar. It is offended.
Barn. See, it falkes away.
Hor. Stay: fpeake; fpeake: I Charge thee, fpeake.
Exit the Ghost.
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Barn. How now Horatio? You tremble & look pale:
Is not this something more then Fantasie?
What thinke you on't?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleue
Without the fensible and true auouch
Of mine owne eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,
Such was the very Armour he had on,
When th'Ambitious Norway combatted:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the fleded Pollax on the Ice.
'Tis strange.
Mar. Thus twice before, and iuft at this dead house,
With Martall falkes, hath he gone by our Watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the groffe and scope of my Opinion,
This boades fome strange erruption to our State.
Mar. Good now fit downe, & tell me he that knowes
Why this fame strieff and moft obferuant Watch,
So nightly toyes the subjeft of the Land,
And why fuch dayly Caf't of Brazon Cannon
And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre:
Why fuch imprefte of Ship-wrights, whose foer Taskes
Do's not diuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward, that this fweaty hail
Doth make the Night ioynt-Labourer with the day:
Who is't that can informe me?
Hor. That can I,
At
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

At least the whisper goes thus: Our last King, Whose Image even but now appear'd to vs, Was (as you know) by Fortinbras of Norway, (Thereto pricked on by a most emulous Pride) Did to the Comate. In which, our Valiant Hamlet, (For so this fide of our knowne world esteem'd him) Did play this Fortinbras, who by a Seal'd Compait, Ratified by Law, and Heraldrie, Did forfeite (with his life) all those his Lands Which he fhow faw'd on, to the Conqueror: Against the which, a Moity competent Was gaged by our King: which had return'd To the Inheritance of Fortinbras, Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the fame Cou'nant And carriage of the Article designe, His fell to Hamlet. Now fir, young Fortinbras, Of vnimprou'd Mettle, hot and full, Hath in the Banner of Norway, here and there, Shark'd vp, a Lift of Landleffe Refolutes, For Fodee and Diet, to some Empire That hath a flomacke in't: which is no other (And it doth well appeare unto our State.) But to re, the Shower of vs by strong hand And terne's Compulatifs, those forefald Lands So by his Father loft: and this (I take it) Is the maine Motive of our Preparations, The Source of this our Watch, and the cheefe head Of this poft-haft, and Romage in the Land. Enter Ghost again.

But let, behold: Loe, where it comes againe: I'le croffe it, though it blaffe me. Stay Illusion: If thou hast any found, or we of Voyce, Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done, That may to thee do ease, and grace to me; speake to me. If thou art pray to the Countries Fate (Which happily foreknowing may sayoyd) Oh speake. Or, if thou haft vp-hoarded in thy life Extorted Titure in the wombe of Earth, (For which, they say, you Spirits oft walke in death) Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it Marcellus. Mar. Shall I strike at it with my Partizan? Hor. Do, if it will not fland. Barn. 'Tis heere. Hor. 'Tis heere. Mar. 'Tis gone. Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being fo Malefical To offer it the fiew of Violence, For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable, And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery. Barn. It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew. Hor. And then it flarte, like a guilty thing Upon a hearfull Summons. I have hearde, The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day, Doth with his lofty and thrill-foundeing Throat Awake the God of Day: and at his warning, Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre, The extraagant, and erring Spirit, lyes To his Confine. And of the truth herein, This present Obiect made probation. Mar. It faded on the crowne of the Cocke. Some sayes, that euer 'gainst that Seafon comes Wherein our Saviour's Birth is celebrated, The Bird of Dawning fingeth all night long: And then (they say) no Spirit can walke abroad, The nights are wholome, then no Planets strike, No Faery talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme:

So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time. Hor. So haue I heard, and do in part beleue it. But looke, the Morne in Ruffet mantle clad, Walkes o're the dew of you high Eastern Hill, Breake we our Watch vp, and by my aduice Let vs impart what we haue seene to night: Vnto young Hamlet. For uppon my life, This Spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him: Do you content we shall acquaint him with it, As needfull in our Loues, firtting our Duty? Mar. Let do't I pray, and I this morning know Where we shall finde him most conveniently. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Sifer Ophelia, Lords Attendant.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our deere Brothers death The memory be greene: and that it vs befitted To beare our hearts in greefe, and our whole Kindome To be contracted in one brow of woe: Yet fo farre hath Diſcretion fought with Nature, That we with wifheit forrow thinke on him, Together with remembrance of our felues. Therefore our fometimes Sifer, now our Queen, Th'Imperiall Inuyntrefe of this warlike State, Haue we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy, With one Afpicious, and one Dropping eye, With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage, In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole Taken to Wife; nor haue we herein barr'd Your better Wifedomes, which haue freely gone With this affaire along, for all our Thankes. Now followes, that you know young Fortinbras, Holding a weake suppoſall of our worth: Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death, Our State to be disloynt, and out of Frame, Colleauged with the dreame of his Advantage; He hath not lay'd to peffer vs with Meffage, Importing the forrender of those Lands Loft by his Father: with all Bonds of Law To our most valiant Brother. So much for him. Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.

Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting Thus much the buſinesse is. We haue here writ To Norway, Vncle of young Fortinbras, Who Impotent and Bedrid, fearfully heares Of this his Nephews purpoſe, to suppreffe His further gate hereine. In that the Leuries, The Lift, and full proportions are all made Out of his subiect: and we heere dispatch You good Cornelius, and you Voltemand, For bearing of this greeting to old Norway, Giving to you no further perfonall power, To buſinesse with the King, more then the scope Of these dilated Articles allow: Farewell and let your haft commend your duty. Vol. In that, and all things, will we fhw our duty. King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell. Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.

And now Laertes, what's the newes with you?
You told us of some suite. What is’t Leartes?
You cannot speake of Realon to the Dane,
And looke your voyce. What would’t thou beg Leartes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The Head is not more Naive to the Heart,
The Hand more Instrumentall to the Mouth,
Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.
What would’t thou have Leartes?
Laer. Dread my Lord,
Your leave and favour to returne to France,
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke
To shew my duty in your Coronation,
Yet now I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend againe towards France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
King. Have you your Fathers leave?
What sayes Poloniou?
Pol. He hath my Lord:
I do beseech you give him leave to go.
King. Take thy faire hourre Leartes, time be thine,
And thy best graces Ipend it at thy will:
But now my Cofin Hamlet, and my Sonne?
Ham. A little more then kin, and leffe then kinde.
King. How is it that the Clouds still hang on you?
Ham. Not so my Lord, I am too much ith Sun.
Queen. Good Hamlet cast thy lightly colour off,
And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.
Do not for euer with thy yeyled lids
Seeke for thy Noble Father in the dust;
Thou know’st ’tis common, all that liues must dye,
Paffing through Nature, to Eternity.
Ham. I Madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be;
Why seemis it so particular with thee.
Ham. Seemis Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seemis:
’Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)
Nor Cusomyne suites of solemnle Blacke,
Nor windy vapour of forc’d breath,
No, nor the fruitfull Riuers in the flood,
Nor the delected hauour of the Village,
Together with all Formes, Moons, shewes of Griefe,
That can denote me truly. These indeed Seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that Within, which paffeth fow;
These, but the Trappings, and the Srites of wo.
King. ’Tis sweet and commendable
In your Nature Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your Father:
But you must know, your Father loath a Father,
That Father loath, loath his, and the Suruiuer bound
In filial Obligation, for some terme
To do obsequious Sorrow. But to perfeuer
In obinate Condolement, is a course
Of impious ribbournesse. ’Tis vmanly greefe,
It shewes a will most incorrect to Heauen,
A Heart vnfortified, a Minde impatient,
An Understanding simple, and vnchoold:
For, what we know must be, and is as common
As any the moft vulgar thing to fence,
Why should we in our pectuil Opposition
Take it to heart? Yee, ’tis a fault to Heauen,
A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,
To Reasou moft absurd, whose common Theame
Is death of Fathers, and who fill hath cried,
From the first Coarfe till he that dyed to day,
This must be fo. We pray you throw to earth
This vnpreualing woe, and the ot vs
As of a Father; For let the wo take note,
You are the moft immediate to Throne,
And with no leffe Nobility of Ly.
Then that which deereft Father sees his Sonne,
Do I impart towards you. For ye intent
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
It is moft retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to reigne
Heree in the cheere and comfort of owne,
Our cheefeft Courtier Cofin, and our Son.
Rq. Let not thy Mother lose her Prans Hamlet:
I prythee fly with vs, go not to Wittenr:
Ham. I shall in all my best
Obey you Madam.
King. Why ’tis a louing, and a faire Rey,
Be as our selfe in Denmarke. Madam con,
This gentle and vnforc’d accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No iicond health that Denmarke drinks toay,
But the great Cannon to the Clouds shal teli
And the Kings Roche, the Heauens shal bruigate
Repeaking earthly Thunder. Come away.
Exeunt
Mater Hamlet.
Ham. Oh that he was not so hold Fledge, would cull,
Thaw, and resolue it felse into a Dew:
Or that the Euerlalng had not fixt
His Cannon ’gainst Selfe—slaughter. O God, O God
How weary, fale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seemes to me all the vses of this world?
Fie on’t? Oh fie, fie, ’tis an vnweeded Garden
That growes to Seed: Things rank, and groffe in Nature
Possele it meerly. That it should come to this:
But two months dead: Nay, not so much: not two,
So excellant a King, that was to this
Hiperion to a Satyre: fo louing to my Mother,
That he might not beteene the winde of heauen
Vifht her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth
Must I remember: why should I hang on him,
As if encreas of Appetite had growne
By what it fed on: and yet within a month?
Let me not thinke on’t: Fraftly, thy name is woman.
A little Month, or ere those choses were old,
With which she followed my poore Fathers body
Like Nioe, all tears. Why fie, even fie.
(O Heauen! A beast that wants discoure of Reason
Would have mounr’d longer) married with mine Vnkle,
My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
Then I to Hercules. Within a Moneth?
Ere yet the falt of moft vnrighteous Teares
Had left the fludding of her gauded eyes,
She married. O moft wicked Speed, to poft
With such dexterity to Incecuous fleets:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.

Her. Haile to your Lordship.
Ham. I am glad to fee you well:
Horatio, or I do forget my felfe.
Her. The fame my Lord,
And your poore Servaunt euer.
Ham. Sit by my good friend,
Ile change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg Horatio?

Mar-
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you: good even Sir.

But what in faith make you from Wittemberge?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not have your Enemy say so;

Nor shall you doe mine ear that violence,

To make it truer of your owne report

Against your selfe, I know you are no Truant:

But what is your affaire in Elfenour?

Wilt teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funerall.

Ham. I pray thee doe not mock me (fellow Student)

I think it was to see my Mothers Wedding.

Hor. Indeed my Lord, it followed hard upon

Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables;

Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen,

Ere I had ever feene that day Horatio.

My father, me thinks I see my father,

Hor. Oh where my Lord?

Ham. In my minds eye (Horatio)

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all:

I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My Lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw? Who?

Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.

Ham. The King my Father?

Hor. Season your admiration for a while

With an attent ear; till I may deliver

Vpon the wittnesse of these Gentlemen,

This maruell to you.

Ham. For Haueans loue let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together, had these Gentlemen

Marcellus and Barnardo) on their Watch

In the dead waft and middle of the night

Beene thus encountered. A figure like your Father,

Arm'd at all points exactly, Cap a Pe.

Appeares before them, and with somellemne march

Goes slow and flately: By them thrice he walkt,

By their oppreft and feare-surprized eyes,

Within his Truncheons length; whilft they beheld

Almost to Jelty with the Aét of feare,

Stand dumb and speake not to him. This to me

In dreadful feerecie impart they did,

And with them the third Night kept the Watch,

Whereas they had deliver'd both in time,

Forme of the thing; each word made true and good,

The Apparition comes. I knew your Father;

These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Hor. My Lord, I did;

But anfwered made it none: yet once me thought

It lifted vp it head, and did addrefsse

It felfe to motion, like as it would speake:

But even then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd;

And at the found it thrunke in halfe away,

And vanilfit from our fight.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Hor. As I doe liue my honour Lord 'tis true;

And we did thinke it wrat downe in our duty

To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to Night?

Botb. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Botb. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Botb. My Lord, from head to foote.

Ham. Then faw you not his face?

Hor. O yes, my Lord, he wore his Bexuer vp.

Ham. What, lookt he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in forrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Hor. Moft continually.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, very like: flaid it long?

(dred.

Hor. While one with moderate haft might tell a hun-

All. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His Beard was grify; no.

Hor. It was, as I haue feene it in his life,

A Sable Siluer'd.

Ham. Ile watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake a-

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble Fathers perfon,

Ile speake to it, though Hell it felte should gape

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all;

If you haue hitherto conceald this fight;

Let it bee treble in your silence flill:

And whatfoever els shall hap to night,

Give it an vnderstanding but no tongue;

I will requite your loues: so, fare ye well:

Vpon the Platforme twixt eleuen and twelue,

Ile vift you.

All. Our duty to your Honour. Exeunt.

Ham. Your loue, as mine to you; farewell.

My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not well:

I doubt some foule play: would the Night were come;

'Till then fit flill my foule; foule deeds will rife,

Though all the earth orewhelm them to mens cies. Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Opheilia.

Laur. My necesariest are imbarke't; Farewell:

And Sifter, as the Winds glue Benefit,

And Conuoy is affiuent; doe not fleepe,

But let me hear from you.

Opbel. Do you doubt that?

Laur. For Hamlet, and the trilling of his fauours,

Hold it a fashion and a toy in Bloud.

A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature;

Froward, not permanent; sweet not laffing

The fulmination of a minute! No more.

Opbel. No more but fo.

Laur. Thinke it no more:

For nature creffant does not grow alone,

In thewes and Bulke; but as his Temple waxes,

The inward feruice of the Minde and Soule

Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now,

And now no foyle nor cautell doth befmerch

The vertue of his feare: but you must feare

His
His greatnesse weigh'd, his will is not his owne;  
For hee himselfe is subiect to his Birth:  
Hee may not, as vnusuall persons doe,  
Carue for himselfe; for, on his choyce depends  
The fanciety and health of the weale State.  
And therefore muft his choyce be circumscrib'd  
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that Body,  
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he fayes he loues you,  
It fits your wisedome fo farre to beleevethat it;  
As he in his peculiar Sect and force  
May giue his faying deed: which is no further,  
Then the maie voyce of Demark goes withall.  
Then weigh what loffe your Honour may sufaine,  
If with too credent care you lift his Songs;  
Or lofe your Heart; or your chaff Treaure open  
To his vnmaffred importunity.  
Feare it Ophelia,feare it my deare Sifer,  
And keepe within the reare of your Affection;  
Out of the hot and danger of Difire.  
The chari{ft} Mald is Prodigall enough,  
If the vnmaske her beauty to the Moone:  
Vertue it felle s{capes} not calumnious strokes;  
The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring  
Too oft before the buttons be fel{clo'd},  
And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,  
Contagious blastments are most imminent.  
Be wary then, beft safety lies in feare;  
Youth to it felle rebels, though none else neere.  
Opbe. I shall th'effect of this good Leffon keepe,  
As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother  
Doe not as some vngraftuous Paftors doe,  
Shew me the {eepe}e and thorny way to Heauen;  
Whil{f}ift like a puft and recklesse Libertine  
Himselfe, the Primrofe path of daili{ance} treads,  
And reaks not his owne rede.  
Lae. Oh, feare me not.  
Enter Polonius.  
I stay too long; but here my Father comes:  
A double bleffing is a double grace;  
Occa{f}ion smil{es} vpon a second leave.  
Polon. Yet heere Laertes? Aboord, aboord for shame,  
The winde fits in the shoulder of your faile,  
And you are fad for there: my bleffing with you;  
And thefe few Precepts in thy memory,  
See thou Chara{c}ter. Glue thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his Act:  
Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:  
The friends thou haft, and their adoption tride,  
Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:  
But doe not dill thy pame, with entertainment  
Of each vnha{c}ht; vnfl{e}dgd Comrade. Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel: but being in  
Be{r}t{h} that th'opposed may beware of thee.  
Giu{e} every man thine ear{b}ut few thy voyce;  
Take each mans cens{u}rebut referre thy judgement:  
Cofly th habi{t} as thy purfe can buy;  
But not expret in fancie rich, not gawdier:  
For the Apparell oft proclaims the man.  
And they in France of the best ranck and fation,  
Are of a moft felec{t} and generous chieff in that.  
Neither a borrower,nor a lender be;  
For lone oft lofes both it felle and friend:  
And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.  
This above all, to thine owne {f}elle be true:  
And it mu{t} f{u}l{l}ow, as the Night the Day,  
Thou canft not then be felle to any man.  

Farewell: my Bleffing fea{f}on this in thee.  
Laer. Moft humbly doe I take my leaue, my Lord.  
Polon. The time inuiter you, goe, your seruants tend.  
Laer. Farewell Ophelia, and remember well  
What I haue faid to you.  
Opbe. Tis in my memory lockt,  
And you your felle fhall keepe the key of it.  
Lae. Farewell.  
exit Laer.  
Polon. What left Ophelia he hath faid to you?  
Opbe. So pleafe you, somthing touching the L. Hamlet.  
Polon. Marry, well bethought:  
Tis told me he hath very oft of late  
Guen private time to you; and you your felle  
Hau{e} of your audience beene moft free and bounteous.  
If it be fo, as to tis put on me;  
And that in way of caution: I muft tell you,  
You doe not vnder{t}and your felle fo clee{r}ely,  
As it behoves my Daughter, and your Honour.  
What is betweene you, giue me vp the truth?  
Opbe. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders  
Of his affe{ci}on to me.  
Polon. Affection, pul. You fpake like a greene Girle,  
Vnfit{f}ed in fuch perilous Circumference.  
Does hee believe his tenders, as you call them?  
Opbe. I do not know, my Lord, what I {h}ould {t}hink.  
Polon. Marry Ie teach you; thynke your felle a Baby,  
That you have tanke his tenders for true pay,  
Which are not flarting. Tender your felle more dearly;  
Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phrafe,  
Roaming it thus, you'll tender me a foole.  
Opbe. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with loue,  
In honourable fa{h}ion.  
Polon. I, fa{h}ion you may call it, go too, go too.  
Opbe. And hath ghu{n} countenance to his speech,  
My Lord, with all the vowes of Heauen.  
Polon. I, Springs to catch Woodcocks. I doe know  
When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule  
Gius the tongue voyce: thefe blazes, Daughtuer,  
Giuing more light then heate; extinct in both,  
Euen in their promife, as it is a making;  
You muft not take for fire. For this time Daughtuer,  
Be somewhat scanter of your Maiden prefence;  
Set your entremets at a higher rate,  
Then a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,  
Beeleue so much in him, that he is young;  
And with a larger tether may he walke,  
Then may be giuen you. In few, Ophelia;  
Doe not beleue his voyces; for they are Broakers,  
Not of the eye, which their Inuentments show:  
But meere implorators of vnHoly Sutes,  
Breathing like fanchifled and pious bonds,  
The better to beguile. This is for all:  
I would not, in plaine tearems, from this time forth,  
Hau{e} you fo flander any moment leuire,  
As to giue words or talke with the Lord Hamlet:  
Looke too't, I charge you; come your waues.  
Opbe. I shall obey my Lord. Exeunt.  

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.  
Ham. The Ayre bites shrewdly: is it very cold?  
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.  
Ham. What howeuer now?  
Hor. I thinke it lacks of twelve.  
Mar. No, it is throke.  
(fesfon,  
Hor. Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes neere the  
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.  
What
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

What does this meane my Lord? (roufe, 
Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his 
Keeps waffels and the swaggering vp'spring reeles, 
And as he dreines his draughts of Renifh downe, 
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out 
The triumph of his Pledge. 
Horat. Is it a cusforme? 
Ham. I marry it; 
And to my mind, though I am natuie here, 
And to the manner borne: It is a Cusforme 
More honour'd in the breach, then the obseruanee. 
Enter Gloft. 
Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes. 
Ham. Angles and Minifiers of Grace defend vs: 
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd, 
Bring with thee ayres from Heaven, or blinds from Hell, 
Be thy euents wicked or charitable, 
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape 
That I will speake to thee. Ile call thee Hamlet, 
King,Father,Royall Dane : Oh,oh,answer me, 
Let me not burft in Ignorance; but tell 
Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearfed in death, 
Haue burft their cerments, why the Sepulcher 
Wherein we faw thee quietly ennur'd, 
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble lawes, 
To caft thee vp againe? What may this meane? 
That thou dead Corrie againe in compleat fteele, 
Reuiftis thus the glimpses of the Moone, 
Making Night hidious! And we foules of Nature, 
So horridly to shakke our diuision 
With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Soules, 
Say, why is this? Wherefore? what should we doe? 
Gloft beckons Hamlet. 
Hor. It beckons you to goe away with it, 
As if some imparted did deire 
To you alone. 
Mar. Looke with what courteous action 
It wafts you to a more removed ground: 
But doe not goe with it. 
Hor. No, by no meanes. 
Ham. It will not speake: then will I follow it. 
Hor. Doe not my Lord, 
Ham. Why, what should be the feare? 
I doe not fet my life at a pins fee; 
And for my Soule,what can it doe to that? 
Being a thing immortal as it felle: 
It waues me forth againe;Ile follow it. 
Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord? 
Or to the dreadful Sonnet of the Cliffe, 
That beetles o're his bafe into the Sea, 
And there affumes some other horrible forme, 
Which might deprue your Souerainty of Reafon, 
And dr:w you into madneffe think of it? 
Ham. It wafts me still: goe on, Ile follow thee. 
Mar. You shall not goe my Lord, 
Ham. Hold off your hand. 
Hor. Be rul'd,you shall not goe. 
Ham. My fate cries out, 
And makes each petty Artire in this body, 
As hardy as the Nemian Lions nere: 
Still am I cal'd? Vhand me Gentlemen: 
By Heau'n,Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me: 
I fay away, goe on, Ile follow thee. 

Exeunt Gloft & Hamlet. 
Hor. He waies deeper with imagination. 
Mar. Let's follow;'tis not fit thus to obey him. 

Hor. Haue after, to what ifwue will this come? 
Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke. 
Hor. Heaven will direct it. 

Exeunt (her. 
Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; Ile go no fur- 
Gbo. Marke me. 
Ham. I will. 
Gbo. My hower is almost come, 
When I to sulphorous and tormenting Flames 
Muft render vp my felle. 
Ham. Alas poore Gloft. 
Gbo. Pitty me not, but lend thy serius hearing 
To what I shall vnfold. 
Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare. 
Gbo. So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare. 
Ham. What? 
Gbo. I am thy Fathers Spirit, 
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night; 
And for the day confin'd to faft in Fiers, 
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature 
Are burnt and purg'd away? But that I am forbid 
To tell the secrets of my Prifon-Houfe; 
I could a Tale vnfold, whose lighteft word 
Would harrow vp thy foule, freeze thy young blood, 
Make thy two eyes like Starres, ftrart from their Spheres, 
Thy knobty and combined locks to part, 
And each particular hair to fland an end, 
Like Quilles vpone the freftfull Porpentine: 
But this eternall blaffen must not be 
To eares of flesh and bloud; lift Hamlet, oh lift, 
If thou di/dt euer thy deare Father loue. 
Ham. Oh Heauen! 
Gbo. Reuenge his foule and moft vnnatural Murther. 
Ham. Murther? 
Gbofr. Murther moft foule, as in the beft it is; 
But this moft foule,frange, and vnnatural. 
Ham. Haft, haft me to know it, 
That with wings as swift 
As meditation,or the thoughts of Loue, 
May sweepe to my Reuenge. 
Gbof. I finde thee apt, 
Dilfer and thoule?thou be then the fat weede 
That rots it felle in eafe, on Lethe Wharfe, 
Would\'st thou not firre in this. Now Hamlet heare: 
I\'t is gien out, that feeping in mine Orchard, 
A Serpent rung me: Io the whole care of Denmarke, 
Is by a forged proceffe of my death 
Rankly abus\'d: But know thou Noble youth, 
The Serpent that did dripe thy Fathers life, 
Now weares his Crowne. 
Ham. O my Propheticke foule: mine Vncle? 
Gboft. I that inceftuous, that adulterate Beast? With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous guifts. 
Oh wicked Wit,and Gifts, that haue the power 
So to seduce? Won to to this shamefull Luft 
The will of my moft feeming vertuous Queene: 
Oh Hamlet, what a falling off was there, 
From me, whose loue was of that dignity, 
That it went hand in hand, euin with the Vow 
I made to her in Marriage; and to decline 
Vpon a wretch, whose Natural gifts were poore 
To thofe of mine. But Vrue, as it neuer will be moued, 
Though Lewndiffe court it in a shape of Heauen: 
So Luft, though to a radiant Angell link'd, 
Will fate it felle in a Celestialbed,& prey on Garbage. 
O o
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

But soft, me thinkes I fent the Mornings Ayre;
Briefe let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,
My cufome aways in the afternoone;
Upon my cufome howere thy Uncle fole
With ioyce of curfed Hebenon in a Violl,
And in the Porches of mine eares did pour
The leperous Difillment; whose effeet
Holds fuch an emnity with bloud of Man,
That twift as Quick-filer, it courfes through
The natural Gates and Allies of the Body;
And with a fodaline vigour it doth poffeet
And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke,
The thin and wholffome bloud: fof did it mine;
And a moft infant Tetter bak'd about,
Moft Lazar-like, with vile and loathffome cruf,
All my smooth Body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand,
Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once dispacht;
Cut off even in the Bioffomes of my Sinne,
Vnhouzzled, disappointed, vnanelled,
No reckoning made, but fent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head;
Oh horribile, Oh horribile, moft horribile:
If thou haft nature in thee bear it not;
Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be
A Couch for Luxury and damned Inceft.
But howsoever thou pursuest this AQ;
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy Soule contribute
Against thy Mother oughst, leave her to heauen,
And to those Thernes that in her bosome lodge;
To pricke and thing her. Fare thee well at once;
The Glow-worme showes the Matine to be neere,
And reins to pale his vneffectual Fire:
Adue,adue, Hamlet: remember me. Exit.

Ham. Oh all you hoft of Heauen! Oh Earth; what els?
And all I couple Hell? Oh fie: hold my heart;
And you my finnewes, grow not infant Old;
But beare me fifWy: Remember thee?
I, thou poore Ghost, while memory holds a feate
In this diadated Globe: Remember thee?
Yes, from the Table of my Memory,
I le wipe away all triaull Fond Records,
All fawes of Bookes, all forms, all prefures paft,
That youth and obfervatton coppied there;
And thy Commandment all alone fhall liue
Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,
Vnmixt with bafer matter; yes, yes, by Heauen:
Oh moft pernicious woman!
Oh Villaine, Villaine, filming damned Villaine!
My Tables, my Table: meet it is I fet it downe,
That one may smile, and smile and be a Villaine;
At leaft I'm fure it may be fo in Denmarke;
So Vnckle there you are, now to my word;
It is: Adue, Adue, Remember me: I have (worn't.

Hor. & Mar.within. My Lord, my Lord.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

Hor. Heauen secure him.

Mar. So be it.

Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Illo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.

Mar. How if't my Noble Lord?

Hor. What newes, my Lord?

Ham. Oh wonderfull!

Hor. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No you'll reueale it.
The youth you breath of guilty, be affir'd
He cloes with you in this conquence:
Good sir, or fo, or friend, or Gentleman.
According to the Phrafe and the Addition,
Of man and Country.
Reynol. Very good my Lord.
Polon. And then Sir does he this?
He does: what was I about to say?
I was about to say somthing: where did I leave?
Reynol. At cloes in the conquence:
At friend, or fo, and Gentleman.
Polon. At cloes in the conquence, I marry,
He cloes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I fav him yesterday, or tother day;
Or then or then, with fuch and fuch; and as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's Roufe,
There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,
I fav him enter fuch ahoufe of falle;
Videlice, a Brothell, or fo forth. See you now;
Your baiit of faifhhood, takes this Cape of truth;
And thus doe we of wifedom and of reach
With windleffe, and with affiles of Bias,
By indiretions finde directions out:
So by my former Lecture and advice
Shall you my Sonne; you haue me, haue you not?
Reynol. My Lord I haue.
Polon. God buy you; fare you well.
Reynol. Good my Lord.
Polon. Obfere his inclination in your felfe.
Reynol. I shall my Lord.
Polon. And let him ply his Muficke.
Reynol. Well, my Lord. Exit.

Enter Opheilia.

Polon. Farewell:
How now Opheilia, what's the matter?
Ophe. Alas my Lord, I have beene fo affrighted.
Polon. With what, in the name of Hauean?
Ophe. My Lord, as I was fowing in my Chamber,
Lord Hamlet with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his flockings fould,
Vngartred, and downe glued to his Anckle,
Pate as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke fo pitous in purport,
As if he had been looke out of hell,
To speake of horrors: he comes before me.
Polon. Mad for thy Loue?
Ophe. My Lord, I doe not know: but truly I do feare it.
Polon. What said he?
Ophe. He tooke me by the writ, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arme;
And with his other hand thus o're his brow,
He fials to fuch perulf of my face,
As he would draw it. Long faid he fo,
At laft, a little shaking of mine Arme:
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe;
He rai'd a figh, fo pittious and profound,
That it did feeme to flatter all his bulke,
And end his being. That done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his shoulders turn'd,
He feem'd to finde his way without his eyes,
For out adores he went without their help;
And to the laft, bended their light on me.
Polon. Goe with me, I will goe feke the King,
This is the very exaftie of Loue,
Whose violent property foredoes it felfe,
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

And leads the will to deperate Undertakings,
As oft as any passion under Heauen,
That does afflict our Natures. I am forrie,
What haue you gien him any hard words of late?
Ophe. No my good Lord : but as you did command,
I did repel his Letters, and deny'd
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am forrie that with better speed and judgement
I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifie,
And meant to wracke thee : but beflrew my jealoufie :
It feemes it is as proper to our Age,
To caft beyond our felves in our Opinions,
As it is common for the yonger fort
To lacke discretion. Come, go we to the King,
This must be knowne, w being kept clofe might mouse
More greefe to hide, then hate to vttre loue. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrance, and Guldenfarne Camalys.

King. Welcome deere Rosencrance and Guldenfarne.
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,
The neede we haue to vfe you, did prouoke
Our haffie fending. Something haue you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation : fo I call it,
Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man
Refembles that it was. What it should bee
More then his Fathers deaths, that thus hath put him
So much from th'underfanding of himselfe,
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
That being of fo young dayes brought vp with him :
And fince fo Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rett heere in our Court
Some little time : fo by your Companies
To draw him on to pleafures, and to gather
So much as from Occasions you may gaine,
That open'd lies within our remedie.

Qu. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And fare I am, two men there are not luing,
To whom he more adheres. If it will pleafe you
To fhev vs fo much Gentry, and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a-while,
For the supply and profit of our Hope,
Your Vifitation shall receive such thankes
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Rosn. Both your Maiesties
Might by the Soueraigne power you have of vs,
Put your dread pleafures, more into Command
Then to Entreatie.

Gult. We both obey,
And here giue vp our felues, in the full bent,
To lay our Servises freely at your feetes,
To be commanded.

King. Thankes Rosencrance, and gentle Guldenfarne.

Qu. Thankes Guldenfarne and gentle Rosencrance.

And I befeeche you instantly to visit
My too much changed Sonne.
Go some of ye,
And bring the Gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Gult. Heauens make our presence and our praefiies
Pleafant and helpfull to him. Exit.

Queen. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'Ambaffadors from Norway, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou haft haft bin the Father of good News.
Pol. Haue I, my Lord ? Affure you, my good Liege,
I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule,
Both to my God, one to my gracious King :
And I do thinke, or elle this braine of mine
Hunts not the traile of Police, fo fure
As I haue vs'd to do: that I have found
The very caufe of Hamlets Lunacie.

King. Oh speake of that, that I do long to heare.

Pol. Glue firt admittance to th'Ambaffadors,
My Newses shall be the Newses to that great Feaft.

King. Thy felfe do grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my sweet Queene, that he hath found
The head and fourfe of all your Sonnes difterm.
Qu. I doubt it is no other, but the maine,
His Fathers death, and our o're-halyf Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Voluntand, and Cornelia.

King. Well, we hall fift him. Welcome good Friends:
Say Voluntand, what from our Brother Norway ?

Vol. Most faire return of Greetings, and Defires.
Vpon our firt, he fent out to fupprefe
His Nephewes Leuyes, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainft the Poleak :
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was againft your Highneffe, whereat grieved,
That fo his Sickneffe, Age, and Impotence
Was faiely borne in hand, fends out Arrefts
On Perimbrus, which he (in ftrength) obeyes,
Receipts rebuke from Norway: and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Vakle, neuer more
To glue th'afay of Armes againft your Maietie.
Whereon old Norway, overcom with ioy,
Gius him three thoufand Crownes in Annuall Fee,
And his Commiffion to impoy thofe Soldiers
So leued as before, againft the Poleak :
With an intrety herein further fhewne,
That it might pleafe you to glue quiet paffe
Through your Dominions,for his Enterpize,
On fuch regards of safety and allowance,
As therein are fet downe.

King. It likes vs well:
And at our more confider'd time we' ll read,
Anfwer, and thinke vpon this Bufeffe.
Meane time we thank you, for your well-tooke Labour.
Go to your reft, at night we'll Feast together.
Moft welcome home.

Exit Ambaff.

Pol. This bufeffe is very well ended.
My Liege, and Madam, to expoſulate
What Maietie fhoule be, what Dutie is,
Why day is day ; night, night ; and time is time.
Were nothing but to waffe Night, Day, and Time.
Therefore, fince Breuitie is the Soule of Wit,
And tediousneffe, the limbs and outward flourihes,
I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad :
Mad call I it ; for to define true Maietie,
What is't, but to be nothing elfe but mad.
But let that go.

Qu. More matter, with leffe Art.

Pol. Madam, I fwear I vfe no Art at all :
That he is mad, 'tis true : 'Tis true 'tis pittie,
And pittie it is true: A foolifh figure,
But farewell it : for I will vfe no Art.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

In the Lobby.

Qu. So he ha’s indeed.
Pol. At such a time Ile loose my Daughter to him, Be you and I behinde an Arras then, Marke the encounter : If he love her not, And be not from his reason false thereon ; Let me be no Affiant for a State, And keepe a Farme and Carters. King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.

Qu. But looke where sadly the poore wretch Comes reading.
Pol. Away I do befeech you, both away, Ile board him presently. 

King. Well, God-a-mercy.
Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?
Ham. Excellent, excellent well: y’are a Fismonger.
Pol. Not I my Lord.
Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.
Pol. Honest, my Lord?
Ham. I fir, to be honest as this world goes, is to bee one man pick’d out of two thousand.
Pol. That’s very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breede Magots in a dead dogge, being a good kiffig Carrion—
Have you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i’th’Sunne: Conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend looke too’t.

Pol. How fay you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he faid I was a Fismonger: he is farre gone, farre gone: and truly in my youth, I suffred much extremity for loue: very neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What do you read my Lord? 

Ham. Words, words, words.
Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Pol. I meane the matter you mean, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders Sir : for the Satyricall flaué faies here, that old men haue gray Beards: that their faces are wrinkled: their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree Gummé : and that they have a plentiful locke of Wit, together with weake Hammers. All which Sir, though I most powerfully, and potently beleue; yet I holde it not Honeflie to haue it thus fet downe: For you your selue Sir, should be old as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madnesse,
Yet thar is Method in’t: will you walke Out of the ayre my Lord?

Ham. Into my Graue?

Pol. Indeed that is out o’th’Ayre: How pregnant (sometimes) his Replies are?

A Happineffe,
That often Madneffe hits on,
Which Reason and Sanitie could not
So prosperously be deliuer’d of.
I will leave him,
And sodainely controue the meanes of meeting
Betweene him, and my daughter.
My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly
Take my leaué of you.
Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Rosn. God save you Sir,

Guild. Mine honour’d Lord?

Rosn. My most deare Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends? How do’st thou

Guildenstern? Oh, Rosencrantz! good Lads: How doe ye both?

Rosn. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not ouer-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soxels of her Shoo?

Rosn. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waife, or in the middle of her fauour?

Guil. Faith, her privates, we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? Oh, moft true: she is a Strumpet. What’s the newes?

Rosn. None my Lord; but that the World’s grown newen.

Ham. Then is Doomsday neere: But your newes is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you my good friends, deferred at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to Prifon hither?

Guil. Prifon, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark’s a Prifon.

Rosn. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons; Denmark being one o’th’ worst.

Rosn. We thinkne not so my Lord,

Ham. Why then ’tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prifon.

Rosn. Why then your Ambition makes it one: ’tis too narrow for your minde.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count my selfe a King of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams indeed are Ambition: for the very subftance of the Ambitious, is meere the shadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame it selfe is but a shadow.

Rosn. Truely, and I hold Ambition of so ayry and light a quality, that it is but a shadowe shadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggars bodies; and our Monarchs and out-fretch’t Heroes the Beggars Shadows: shall wee to th’ Court: for, by my fey I cannot reason?

Both. We’ll wait vpon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not fort you with the rest of my servants: for to speake to you like an honeft man: I am most dreadfully attened; but in the beaten way of friendship. What make you at Elftonover?

Rosn. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Beggir that I am, I am even poore in thanks; but I thank you: and for dear friends my thanks are too deare a halfpenny; were you not fent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal lyftly with me: come, come; say speake.

Guil. What should we say my Lord?

Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpose; you were sent for; and there is a kinde confession in your lookes; which your modeities have not craft enough to color, I know the good King & Queene haue fent for you.

Rosn. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let mee contrue you by the rights of our fellowship, by the confonacy of our youth, by the Obligation of our euer-preferred love, and by what more deare, a better propofer could charge you withall; be euen and direct with me, whether you were fent for or no.

Rosn. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I have an eye of you if you love me hold not off.

Guil. My Lord, we were fent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation present your discovery of your secrerie to the King and Queenenmoht no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, loft all my mirth, forgonc all custome of exercise; and indeed, it goes so heavenly with my disposition; that this goodly frame the Earth, feemes to me a sterill Promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre, look you, this braue ore-hanging, this Majesticall Roofe, fretted with golden fire: why, it appears no other thing to me, then a foule and pelting conflagration of vapours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in Reason? how infinite in faculty? in forme and moving how expresse and admirable? in Action, how like, an Angel? in apprehension, how like a God? the beauty of the world, the Parragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quinteness of Duf? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither; though by your smiling you feeme to fay fo.

Rosn. My Lord, there was no such stuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I said, Man delights not me?

Rosn. To thinke, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players shall receiv from you: wee coated them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you Seruice.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome; his Malefity shall haue Tribute of mee: the adventurnous Knight shal vse his Foyle and Target: the Lauer shall not figh gratis, the humorous man shal end his part in peace: the Clowne shal make those laugh whole lungs are tickled a’th’ fere: and the Lady shal lay her minde freely; or the blanke Verse shal halt for’; what Players are they?

Rosn. Euen thofe you were wont to take delight in the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chanceth it they travaille? their reffence both in reputation and profit was better both ways.

Rosn. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the late Innuation?

Ham. Doe they hold the fame estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they fo follow’d?

Rosn. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? doe they grow rufiy?

Rosn. Nay, their endeavoure keeps in the wonted pace; but there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little Yales, that crie out on the top of question; and are moft tyrranically clap for’; these are now the

fashi-
The which he loud passinge well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not the right old Iephta?

Polon. If you call me Iephta my Lord, I have a daughter that I love passinge well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Polon. What followes then, my Lord?

Ha. Why, As by lot, God wot: and then you know, If came to passe, as most like it was; The first rowe of the Pons Channon will shew you more. For looke where my Abridgements come,

Enter foure or fife Players.

Y'are welcome Malfers, welcome all. I am glad to fee thee well: Welcome good Friends. O my olde Friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last: Com'ft thou to hearde me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Miftris? Byladdy your Ladylip is neerer Heaven then when I saw you last, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voice like a peecce of vncurrant Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Matters, you are all welcome: wee'le e'ne to't like French Faulconers, file at any thing we fee: wee'le haue a Speech straight. Come glie vs a taft of your quality: come, a passionate speech.

1. Play. What speech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was never Acted: or if it was, not aboue once, for the Play I remember pleade not the Million, twas Caiarme to the General: but it was (as I receiued it, and others, whose judgement in such matters, crie in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digested in the Scenes, set downe with as much modellie, as cunning. I remember one faid, there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter fauoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the Author of affectionate, but cal'd it an honest method. One cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely lou'd, 'twas Acces's Tale to Dido, and thereabout of it especiallie, where he speakes of Prians slaughter. If it lie in your memory, begin at this Line, let me fee, let me fee: The rugged Pyrrhus like th'Hyrcanian Beall. It is not so: it begins with Pyrrhus The rugged Pyrrhus, he whoble Sable Armes Blacke as his purpose, did the night re semble. When he lay couched in the Onousous Horfes, Harsh now this dread and blacke Complexion Ihear'd With Heraldy more difmal: Head to foote Now is he to take Guilles, horrdivly Trick'd With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes, Bak'd and impafted with the parching streets, That lend a tyrannous, and dammed light To their vilde Murthers, roafted in wrath and fire, And thus or're-fixed with coagulate gore, VVith eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus Old Grandire Priaem feakes.

Pol. Fore God,my Lord, well spoken, with good accept, and good difcretion.

1. Player. Anon he finds him, Striking too short at Greekes. His antick Sword, Rebellious to his Arme, ies where it failes Repugnant to command: vnequal match, Pyrrhus at Priaem dieus, in Rage strikes wide: But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword, Th'vnnnerued Father fail. Then feneleffe Ililum, Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top Stoopes to his Bace, and with a hideous crafh Takes prisoner Pyrrhus ear. For loe, his Sword Which was declining on the Milkie head Of Reuerend Priaem, feem'd I thin' Ayre to flieke:

So
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

A scene of Hamlet, where Hamlet is reflecting on his father's death and the circumstances surrounding it. The text includes speeches by Hamlet, Polonius, and other characters, reflecting on themes of vengeance, sanity, and the nature of madness.

Refn. Good my Lord.

Ham. I fo, God buy'e: Now I am alone.

Oh what a Rogue and Pefant flaue am I? Is it not monftrous that this Player heere, But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Paflion, Could force his foule fo to his whole conceit, That from her working, all his vifage warm'd; Teares in his eyes, deftraction in's Aspect, A broken voice, and his whole Function fuiting With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing? For Hecuba?

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, That he fhould wepe for her? What would he doe, Had he the Motive and the Cue for paflion That I haue? He would drown the Stage with tears, And cleane the genera earle with horrid speech: Make mad the guilty, and apale the free, Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed, The very faculty of Eyes and Eares. Yet I, A dull and muddy-meled Raffall, peake Like John a-dreames, urnpregnant of my caufe, And can fay nothing: No, not for a King, Vpon whole property, and moft deere life, A damned defeate was made. Am I a Coward? Who calls me Villaine? breaks my pate a-croffe? Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face? T wasteis me by'th'Nofe? gives me the Lye 'th' Throat, As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this? Ha! Why I fhould take it: for it cannot be, But I am Pigeon-Liuer'd, and lacke Gall To make Oppreffion bitter, or ere this, I fhould have fatted all the Region Kites With this Slaues Offall, bloudy: a Bawdy villain, Remorfelefe, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindles villain! Oh Vengeance!

Whofe? What an Affe am I? I fure, this is moft braue, That I, the Sonne of the Deere murthered, Prompted to my Reuenge by Heauen, and Hell, Muft (like a Whore) take my heart with words, And fall a Curfing like a very Drab, A Scullion? Fye vpon't: Foh. About my Braine. I haue heard, that guilty Creatures fittting at a Play, Haue by the very cunning of the Scene, Bene frokeo fo to the foule, that prefently They have proclain'd their Malefactions. For Munther, though it haue no tongue, will speake With moft myrraculous Organ. Ile haue thefe Players, Play fomthing like the murder of my Father, Before mine Vnkle. Ile obferue his lookes, He tent him to the quicke: If he but blench I know my courfe. The Spirit that I haue feene May be the Diuell, and the Diuell hath power T'afsume a pleaing shape, yea and perhaps Out of my Weaknesse, and my Melancholly, As he is very potant with fuch Spirits, Abufes me to damne me. Ile haue grounds More Relatife then this: The Play's the thing, Wherein Ile catch the Confiance of the King.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Oppelins, Re- 

fiance, Gieldenftrn, and Lords.

King. And can you by no drift of circunstance Get from him why he puts on this Confusion: Gratinge so harshly all his dayes of quiet

With
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.

"Refl. He do confeffe he feeles himfelfe distraeted,
But from what caufe he will by no meanes speake.

"Guil. Nor do we finde him forward to be founded,
But with a crafty Madneffe keeps afofe:
When we would bring him on to some Confeflion
Of his true flate.

"Qu. Did he receive you weel?

"Refl. Moft like a Gentleman.

"Guil. But with much forcing of his difpoftion.

"Refl. Niggard of queftion, but of our demands
Moft free in his reply.

"Qu. Did you affay him to any paftime?

"Refl. Madam, it fo fell out, that certaine Players
We ore-wrought on the way: of thefe we told him,
And there did feme in him a kinde of joy
To heare of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I think) they have already order
This night to play before him.

"Pol. 'Tis moft true:
And he befeech'd me to intreate your Maiefties
To heare, and fee the matter.

"King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To heare him fo inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Gie him a further edge, and drive his purpofe on
To thefe delights.

"Refl. We fhall my Lord. "Exeunt.

"King. Sweet Gurtrude, leave vs too,
For we have closely tent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as were by accident, may there
Affign Opelia. Her Father, and my felfe lawfull fpirits
Will beftow our felves, that feeing vnfeene
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaued,
If't be th'affiftion of his loue, or no.
That thus he suffers for.

"Qu. I fhall obey you,
And for your part Opelia, I do with
That your good Beauties be the happy caufe
Of Hamlet wildneffe: fo fhall I hope your Vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your Honors.

"Opbe. My Madam, I with it may.

"Pol. Opelia, walke you heere. Gracious fo please ye
We will beftow our felves: Reade on this booke,
That fhew of such an exercife may colour
Your lonelinesse. We are oft too blame in this,
'Tis too much proud', that with Deuotions vifage,
And pious Action, we do forge o're
The diuell himfelfe.

"King. Oh 'tis true:
How smart a laff that speech doth glue my Confefion?
The Harlots Cheefe beautied with plain'ting Art
Is not more vglie to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deede, to my moft painted word.
Oh beanie burthen!


Enter Hamlet.

"Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Queftion:
Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer
The Slings and Arrowe of outrageous Fortune,
Or to take Armes againft a Sea of troubles,
And by oppofing end them: to dye, to fleepe
No more: and by a fleepe, to fay we end
The Heart-ake, and the thoufand Naturall Shocks
That Fleth is heyre too? 'Tis a conffumption
Deoughtly to be with'd. 'To dye to fleepe,
To fleepe, perchance to Dreaume; I, there's the rub,
For in that fleepe of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coile,
Muit glue vs pawfe. There's the refpeft
That makes Calamity of fo long life:
For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppreffors wrong, the poore mans Cantemplem,
The pangs of dispriz'd Loue, the La wees delay,
The ilouneft of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,
When he himfelfe might his Quietus make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would thefe Fardles beare
To grunt and fweat vnder a weary life,
But that the dread of fomething after death,
The vndifcouerd Countrie, from whose Borne
No Traueller returns, Puzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare those illes we have,
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Confience does make Cowards of vs all,
And thus the Natufe heav of Resolution
Is fickled o're, with the pale caft of Thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And loofe the name of Action. Soft you now,
The faire Opelia? Nimph, in th' Orizons
Be all my finnes remembred.

"Opbe. Good my Lord,
How does your Honor for this many a day?

"Ham. I humbly thank you: well, well, well.

"Opbe. My Lord, I haue Remembrances of yours,
That I haue longed long to re-deliver.
I pray you now, receive them.

"Ham. No, no, I never gaue you ought.

"Opbe. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of fo sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume left:
Take these againe, for to the Noble minde
Rich gifts wax poore, when givens prove vnkinde.
There my Lord.

"Ham. Ha, ha: Are you honest?

"Opbe. My Madam.

"Ham. Are you faire?

"Opbe. What means your Lordship?

"Ham. That if you be honest and faire, your Honesty
should admit no discourfe to your Beautie.

"Opbe. Could Beautie my Lord, haue better Comerce
then your Honifie?

"Ham. I trulie: for the power of Beautie, will fonner
transforme Honifie from what it is, to a Bawd, then
the force of Honifie can translate Beautie into his likenefle.
This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time giues it
profe, I did loue you once.

"Opbe. Indeed my Lord, you made me beleue fo.

"Ham. You should not haue beleued me. For vertue
cannot fo innoculate our old fockes, but we shall relifh
of it. I loued you not.

"Opbe. I was the more deuced.

"Ham. Get thee to a Nunnerie. Why would'ft thou
be a breeder of Sinners? I am my felfe indiffernt honeft,
but yet I could accuse me of fuch things, that it were bet-
ter my Mother had not borne me. I am very proud, re-
vengeful, Ambitious, with more offences at my becke,
then I haue thoughts to put them in imagination, to give
them flape, or time to aile them in. What should fuch
Fel-
Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Spake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounce'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do, I had as lye the Town-Cryer had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Ayre too much your hand thus, but vfe all gently; for in the verie Torrent, Tempeft, and (as I may fay) the Whirlie-winde of Paffion, you muft acquire and beget a Temperance that may giue it Smoothneffe. O it offendes mee to the Soule, to fee a robusitious Peri-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Paffion to tatters, to verie ragges, to split the eares of the Groundlings: who (for the moft part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumbェ thews, & noise: I could have such a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Teremtant: it out-Heomed Hero. Pray you avoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame myther: but let your owne Differece by your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this speciall observance: That you ore-flot not the modellie of Nature: for any thing so ouer-done, is frote the purpose of Playing, whole end both at the firft and now, was, and is, to hold as twer the Mirrour vp to Nature; to fhew Vertue owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and preffure. Now, this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnkill full laugh, cannot but make the Judicious greefe; The ceniture of the which One, muft in your allowance o're-way a whole Theater of Others. O, there bee Players that I have feene Play, and heard others prathe, and that highly (not to speake it prophane) that neyther hauing the accent of Chriftians, nor the gate of Chriftian, Pagan, or Norman, haue fo brutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Natures lourney-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferentely with vs, Sir.

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let those that play your Clowns, fpake no more then is fette downe for them. For the be of them, that will themfelves laugh, to fet on some quantitie of barren Speculators to laugh too, though in the meantime, fome neceffary Quefition of the Play be then to be confidered: that's Villanous, & fhews a moft pitifull Ambition in the Fools that vfe it. Go make you readie.

Exit Players.

Enter Polonius, Raphirance, and Guildenfemne.

How now my Lord, Will the King heare this piece of Worke?

Pol. And the Queene too, and that prefently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haft. Exit Polonius.

Will you two helpe to haften them?

Botb. We will my Lord. Exeunt.

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, Horatio?

Hora. Heere fweet Lord, at your Seruice.

Ham. Horatio, thou art eene as luft a man As ere my Conuersation coap'd withall.

Hora. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter: For what advancement may I hope from thee, That no Reuennew haft, but thy good spirits

To
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

To feed & cloath thee. Why shold the poor be slatter’d?
No, let the Candied tongue, like aburd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,
Where threat may follow faining? Doft thou hearre,
Since my deere Soule was Miftirs of my choyse,
And could of men diftinguısh, her election
Hath feal’d thee for her felle. For thou haft bene
As one in fuffering all, that fuffers nothing,
A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards
Hath ‘tane with equall Thankes. And bleft are thoe,
Whole Blood and Judgement are fo well co-mingled,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger,
To found what flop she piafe. Give me that man,
That is not Paffions Slaine, and I will weare him
In my hearts Core; I, in my Heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a Play to night before the King,
One Scene of it comes neere the Circumfance
Which I have told thee, of my Fathers death.
I prythee, when thou feel’st that Acte a-foot,
Even with the verie Comment of my Soule
Obferue mine Vnkle: If his occulted guilt,
Doe not it felle vnkennell in one speech,
It is a damned Ghost that we have feene:
And my Imaginations are as foule
As Vulcans Stythe. Give him needfull note,
For I mine eyes will riuet to his Face:
And after we will both our judgements ioyne,
To cenure of his freaming.
_Hora._ Well my Lord,
If he fteale ought the whilf’t this Play is Playing,
And fcape detecting, I will pay the Theif.

_Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelias, Rosencrance, Gpienfierme, and other Lords attendant with six Guards carrying Torches. Danijh March. Sound a Flourijg._

_Ham._ They are comming to the Play: I must be idle.
Get you a place.

_King._ How fares our Cofin Hamlet?

_Ham._ Excellent I faith, of the Camelions diith: I eate
the Ayre promifc-crann’d, you cannot feed Capons fo.

_King._ I haue nothing with this answuer Hamlet, these
words are not mine.

_Ham._ No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once
i’th’Vniuerfity, you faie?

_Polon._ That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good
Actor.

_Ham._ And what did you enaQt?

_Polon._ I did enaQt Iulius Cefar, I was kill’d i’th’Capitol:

_Bruno._ kill’d me.

_Ham._ It was a bruite part of him, to kill fo Capitall a
Calfe there. Be the Players ready?

_Rofin._ I my Lord, they flay vpon your patience.

_Suy._ Come hither my good Hamlet, fit by me.

_Ha._ No good Mother, here’s Mettle more atraftacle.

_Pel._ Oh ho, do you marke that?

_Ham._ Lady, shall I lye in your Laps?

_Oph._ No my Lord.

_Ham._ I meane, my Head vpon your Laps?

_Oph._ I my Lord.

_Ham._ Do you thinke I meane Country matters?

_Oph._ I thinke nothing, my Lord.

_Ham._ That’s a faire thought to ly between Maids legs
_Oph._ What is my Lord?
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

In neither ought, or in extremity: Now what my loute is, proofe hath made you know, And as my loute is fixt, my Feare is fo.

King. Faith I must leave thee Looke, and shortly too: My operant Powers my Functions leave to do: And thou shalt live in this faire world behinde, Honour’d, belo’d, and haply, one as kinde. For Husband shalt thou——

Bap. Oh confound the reft: Such Looke, must needs be Treatfon in my bref: In fecond Husband, let me be affur’d, None wed the fecond, who but kill’d the first.

Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood. 

Bap. The influence that second Marriage moue, Are hafe respects of Thrift, but none of Looke. A fecond time, I kill my Husband dead, When fecond Husband kiffes me in Bed.

King. I do beleue you. Think what now you speak: But what we do determine, oft we breske: Purpofe is but the flave to Memorie, Of violent Birth, but poore validitie: Which now like Fruite vnripe fliekes on the Tree, But fall vnfrucht, when they mellow bee. Mofit necessari ’ts, that we forget To pay our felues, what to our felues is debt: What to our felues in passion we propofe, The paffion ending, doth the paffion lofe. The violence of other Greefe or Ioy, Their owne emaillors with thefeules deftroy: Where Ioy mort Reuels, Greefe doth mort lament; Greefe loves, Ioy greeues on flender accident. This world is not for aye, nor ’ts not frange That euen our Louses should with our Fortunes change. For ’ts a queftion left vs yet to proue, Whether Louse lead Fortune, or elfe Fortune Louse. The great man downe, you marke his favourites flies, The poore aduanc’d, makes Friends of Enemies: And hitherto doth Louse on Fortune tend, For who not needs, fhall neuer lacke a Frend: And who in want a hollow Friend doth try, Direclty feasons him his Enemy. But orderly to end, where I began, Our Willes and Fates do fo contrary run, That our Deuices fill are ouerthrowne, Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne. So think thou wilt no fecond Husband wed. But die thy thoughts, when thy firt Lord is dead. 

Bap. Nor Earth to gife me food, nor Heauen light, Sport and repofe locke from me day and night: Each oppofite that blankes the face of Ioy, Meet what I would have well, and it deftroy: Both heere, and hence, pufhing me glaffing frite, If once a Widdow, ever I be Wife.

Ham. If the Iould break it now.

King. ’Ts deeplie frworne: Sweet, leave me heere a while, My spirit grow dull, and faigne I would beguile The tedious day with Steele.

Qu. Steele roche thy Braine, Steele And neuer come milchance betweene vs twaine. 

Ham. Madam, how like you this Play?

Qu. The Lady protests to much me thinkes. 

Ham. Oh but thefe’ll keep her word. 

King. Have you heard the Argument, is there no Ofence in’t? 

Ham. No, no, they do but left, ptayfon in left, no Of-

fence ith’world. 

King. What do you call the Play?

Ham. The Moufe-trap: Marry how? Tropically: This Play is the Image of a murder done in Vienna: Ges- nago is the Dukes name, his wife Baptifia: you shall fee anone: ’tis a knauiff piece of worke: But what o’that? Your Maiestie, and wee that haue free foules, it touches vs not: let the gull lade winch:our withers are vnrun.

Enter Lucianus. 

This is one Lucianus nephew to the King.

Ophe. You are a good Chorus, my Lord. 

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your louse: if I could see the Puppets dailyng. 

Ophe. You are keene my Lord, you are keene. 

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge. 

Ophe. Still better and worfe. 

Ham. So you mistake Husbands. 

Begin Murderer, Pox, leave thy damnable Faces, and begin. Come, the croaking Rauen doth bellow for Re- unce. 

Lucian. Thoughts blacke, hands apt, Druggs fit, and Time agreeing: Confederate fealon, elfe, no Creature feeing: Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected, With Heears Ban, thrice bllaff, thrice infefted, Thy naturally Magicke, and dire propertietye, On wholsome life, vfure immediately.

Powers the ptayfon in his ears. 

Ham. He poyson him ith’Garden for’s estate: His name’s Gesnago: the Story is extant and writ in choyce 

Italian. You shall fee anon how the Murtherer gets the louse of Gesnago: wife. 

Ophe. The King rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire.

Qu. How faires my Lord?

Pol. Giue o’re the Play.

King. Giue me some Light. Away.

Al. Lights, Lights, Lights. Exeunt 

Manet Hamlet & Horatio. 

Ham. Why let the frucken Deere go wepee, The Hart vngalled play: For some mout watch, while some mout sleepe; So runnes the world away. Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the reft of my Fortunes turne Turke with me; with two Provinziall Rifes on ye rac’d Shooes, get me a Fellowship in a crife of Players fir.

Hor. Halfe a share. 

Ham. A whole one I, For thou doft know: Oh Damon dear, This Realme didmanted was of Ioue himselfe, And now reignes heere. 

A vere vere Palocke. 

Horo. You might haue Rim’d.

Ham. Oh good Horatio, Ite take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Did’t perceiue? 

Horo. Verie well my Lord.

Ham. Vpon the talke of the poysoning? 

Horo. I did verie well note him. 

Enter Rejencrance and Guildenfierne. 

Ham. Oh, ha? Come some Muicke. Come y Recorder: For if the King like not the Comedie, 

Why then belike he likes it not perdie. 

Come some Muicke. 

Gild. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you. 

Ham.
Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Guild. The King, Sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Guild. Is in his retirements, marvellous distemper'd.

Ham. With drinke Sir?

Guild. No my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham. Your wifedom should shew it felle more ri-

cher, to signifie this to his Doct.or: for to me to put him

to his Purgation, would perhaps plunde him into farre

more Choller.

Guild. Good my Lord put your difcourse into some

frame, and start not fo wildly from my affayre.

Ham. I am tame Sir, pronounce.

Guild. The Queene your Mother, in moft great afili-

ation of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courtesye is not of

the right breed. If it fhall pleafe you to make me a who-

fome anfwer, I will do your Mothers command'ment:

if not, your pardon, and my returne fhall bee the end of

my Bufineffe.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guild. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a whofome anfwer: my wits dif-

eas'd. But fir, fuch anfwers as I can make, you fhal com-

mand: or rather you fay, my Mother: therefore no more

but to the matter. My Mother you fay.

Rofn. Then thus the fayes: your behavior hath froke

her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can fo affoñih a

Mother. But is there no sequell at the heels of this Mo-

thers admiration?

Rofn. She defires to fpeeke with you in her Clofet,

er ye go to bed.

Ham. We fhall obey, were fie ten times our Mother.

Haue you any further Trade with vs?

Rofn. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. So do I fiff, by thefe pickers and ftealers.

Rofn. Good my Lord, what is your caufe of diftem-

per? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Liber-

tie, if you deny your griefes to your Friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke Advancemen.

Rofn. How can that be, when you have the voyce of

the King himfelf, for your Succeffion in Denmarke?

Ham. I but while the gracie grows, the Prouerbe is

something mufty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me fee, to withdraw with you, why

do you go about to recouer the winde of mee, as if you

would drive me into a toyle?

Guild. O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my loue

too vnnatural.

Ham. I do not well vnderstand that. Will you play

vpon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Beleeue me, I cannot.

Ham. I do befeech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as eafe as lying: govern thefe Ventiges

with your finger and thumbe, give it breath with your

mouth, and it will difcourse moft excellent Muficke.

Looke you, there are the ftoppes.

Guild. But thefe cannot I command to any vterrance

of hermony, I have not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now, how vnworthy a thing

you make of me: you would play vpon mee; you would

feeme to know my Ropes: you would pluck out the heart

of my Mytery; you would found mee from my loweft

Note, to the top of my Compafl:e and there is much Mu-

ficke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot

you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to bee

plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will,

though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me. God

baffe you Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord the Queene would speake with you,

and prefently.

Ham. Do you fee that Cloud? that's almoft in shape

like a Camell.

Polon, By'th'Mild, and it's like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Weazell.

Polon. It is back'd like a Weazell.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Polon. Verie like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by:

They fool me to the top of my bent.

I will come by and by.

Polon. I will fay fo.

Exit. Ham. By and by, is eafily faid. Leave me Friends;

'Tis now the verie witching time of night,

When Churclyards yawn, and Hell it felle breaths out

Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,

And do fuch bitter buifnes as the day

Would queake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother:

Oh Heart, loofe not thy Nature; let not euer

The Soule of Nero, enter this firme bosome:

Let me be cruell, not vnnatural,

I will fpeeke Daggers to her, but vfe none:

My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.

How in my words fomeuer he be fent,

To give them Seales, neuer my Soule confernt.

Enter King, Regenerance, and Guildenferne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it late with vs, to

let his madneffe range. Therefore prepare you,

I your Commiffion will forthwith dispatch,

And he to England fhall along with you:

The terms of our eflate, may not endure

Hazard fo dangerous as doth hourly grow

Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our fclues prouide:

Moft holie and Religious feare it is

To keepe thofe many many bodies fafe

That live and feeke vpon your Maiestie.

Rofn. The fingle

And pecullar life is bound

With all the Strength and Armour of the minde,

To keepe it felle from noyance: but much more,

That Spirit, vpon whose Spirit depends and refts

The lues of many, the caufe of Maiestie

Dies not alone; but like a Gulfe doth draw

What's neere it, with it. It is a maflie wheele

Fixt on the Somnet of the highest Mount,

To whose huge Spokes, ten thousand leffer things

Are mortiz'd and adiay'd: which when it falles,

Each fmall annexement, pettie confequence

Attends the boiftrous Ruine. Neuer alone

Did the King figh, but with a general groan.

King. Arme you, I pray you to this speede Voyage;

For we will Petters put vpon this fear,

PP

Which
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

When he is drunke asleepe: or in his Rage,
Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, swearing, or about some acte
That he's no reliif of Saluation in't,
Then trip him, that his heels may kicke at Heauen,
And that his Soule may be as damn'd and blacke
As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother flayes,
This Phylfick be but prolongs thy sickly dayes.
Exit.

King. My words flye vp, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts, newer to Heauen go.
Exit.

Enter Quene and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight:
Looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your Grace hath free'd, and floode betwene
Much heate, and him. Ile silence you e'ene heere:
Pray you be round with him.

Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother.

Qu. Ile warrant you, feare me not.
Withdraw, I hear ye him comming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?

Qu. Hamlet, thou haft thy Father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you haue my Father much offended.

Qu. Come, come, you affwer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with an idle tongue.

Qu. Why how now Hamlet?

Ham. Whats the matter now?

Qu. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No by the Rood, not fo:
You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,
But would you were not fo. You are my Mother.

Qu. Nay, then Ile fet those to you that can speake.

Ham. Come, come, and fitt you downe, you shall not
boudge:
You go not till I fet you vp a glaffe,
Where you may fee the inmoft part of you?

Qu. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?

Helpe, helpe, haue, helpe.

Pol. What haue, helpe, helpe, helpe:

Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.

Pol. Oh I am flaine.

Killes Polon ins.

Qu. Oh me, what haft thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

Qu. Oh what a raft, and bloody deed is this?

Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.

Qu. As kill a King?

Ham. I Lady, twas my word,
Thou wretched, raft, intruding foolie farewell,
I took thee for thy Better, take thy Fortune,
Thou find'lt to be too bufe, is some danger.
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace, fit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for I shall
If it be made of penetrable fluffe;
If damned Custome haue not braz'd it fo,
That it is proffes and bulwarke against Senfe.

Qu. What haue I done, that thou darst wag thy tong, in noife for rude against me?

Ham. Such an Act
That blurs the grace and bluft of Modestie,
Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Roofe
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And makes a blifter there. Makes marriage vowes
As falfe as Diuers Oathes. Oh such a deed,
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

As from the body of Contraotion pluckes
The very soule, and sweete Religion makes
A rapitie of words. Heavens face doth glow,
Yea this solidity and compound masse,
With trulufffull visage as against the doome,
Is thought-ficke at the aét.

Qu. Aye me; what acht, that roares so lowd, & thunders in the Index.

Ham. Looke heere upon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfet preffentment of two Brothers:
See what a grace was feated on his Brow,
Hyperions curles, the front of Ioue himselfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
A Station, like the Herald Mercurie
New lighted on a heauen-killing hill:
A Combination, and a forme indeed,
Where every God did feeme to fett his Seale,
To give the world affurance of a man.
This was your Husband. Looke you now what follows.
Heere is your Husband, like a Mildewed eare
Blowing his whollum breath. Haue you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leave to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? Haue you eyes?
You cannot call it Ioue: For to your age,
The hee-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waites upon the judgement: and what judgement
Would step from this, to this? What diuell was't,
That thus hath couenfled you at hoodman-blinde?
O Shame! where is thy Bluth? Rebellious Hell,
If thou canft mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe,
And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no flame,
When the compulfiue Ardure gives the charge,
Since Froft it felfe, as actuely doth burne,
As Reafon panders Will.

Qu. O Hamlet, speake no more.

Thou turn't mine eyes into my very soule,
And there I fee such blacke and grained spots,
As will not frowne their Tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the ranke fweat of an enfeamed bed,
Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making loue
Ouer the naftie Stye.

Qu. Oh speake to me, no more,
These words like Daggers enter in mine eares.
No more sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slave, that is not twentieth patt the tyrhe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Cutpurie of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a shelfe, the precious Diadem ftole,
And put it in his Pocket.

Qu. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches.
Sawe me; and houer o're me with your wings
You heauenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?

Qu. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,
That laps't in Time and Paffion, lets go by
Th'important acting of your dread command? Oh lay.

Ghost. Do not forget: this Visitation
Is but to whet thy almoft blunted purpose.
But looke, Amaization on thy Mother fits;
O step betweene her, and her fighting Souls,
Conceit in weakest bodies, strongest worke.

Speake to her Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Qu. Alas, how is't with you?

That you bend your eye on vacancie,
And with their corporall ayre do hold difcourfe.
Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildly peep:
And as the sleeping Soldiours in th'Alarne,
Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,
Start vp, and fland an end, Oh gentle Sonne,
Vpon the heate and flame of thy diftemper
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?

Ham. On him, on him: look you how pale he glares,
His forme and caufe coniyon'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capaable. Do not looke vpon me,
Leave with this pitieous action you conceitt
My flerne effects: then what I have to do,
Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.

Qu. To who do you speake this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Qu. No, nothing but our felues.

Ham. Why look you there: looke how it steals away
My Father in his habite, as he liued,
Looke where he goes even now out at the Portall. Exit.

Qu. This is the very coynage of your Braine,
This bodileffe Creation extasie is very cunning in.

Ham. Extasie?

My Pulfe as yours doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthfull Muficke. It is not madneffe
That I have vterred; bring me to the Teft
And I the matter will re-word: which madneffe
Would gamboll from. Mother, for loue of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Vncition to your soule,
That not your trespaflie, but my madneffe speakes:
It will but skin and filme the Vlcerous place,
Whil'ft ranke Corruption mining all within,
Infects vntoone. Confielle your felfe to Heaven,
Repent what's past, anoyd what is to come,
And do not fpped the Compoft or the Weedes,
To make them ranke. Furge me this my Vertue,
For in the fatneffe of this purifie times,
Vertue it felfe, of Vice muft pardon begge,
Yea courb, and woe, for leaue to do him good.

Qu. Oh Hamlet,

Thou haft cleft my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And lice the purer with the other halfe.

Good night, but go not to mine Vnkles bed,
Affume a Vertue, if you have it not, refraine to night,
And that fhall lend a kinde of easineffe
To the next abstinence. Once more goodnight,
And when you are defourof to be blefst,
Ille bleffing begge of you. For this fame Lord,
I do repent: but heauen hath pleas'd it fo,
To punifh me with this, and this with me,
That I muft be their Scourge and Minifter.
I will beftow him, and will anfwer well
The death I gave him: fo againe, good night.
I muft be cruel, onely to be kinde;
Thus bad begins, and worfe remains behinde.

Qu. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no meanees that I bid you do:
Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch Wanton on your cheeke, call you his Moufe,
And let him for a paire of reechie kiffes,

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Or
The Tragedy of Hamlet.

Or palleting in your necke with his damn’d Fingers,
Make you to rauel all this matter out,
That I essentiell am not in madneffe,
But made in craft.  *Twere good you let him know,
For who that’s but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe,
Such deere concerning hide,  Who would do fo,
No in defght of Senec and Secrecie,
Vnpegge the Basket on the houfes top :
Let the Birds fye, and like the famous Ape
To try Conclusions in the Basket, creepe
And breake your owne necke downe.
Qu. Be thou affur’d, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life:  I have no life to breath
What thou haft faide to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that ?
Qu. Alacke I had forgot:  *Tis fo concluded on.

Ham. This man fhall let me packing:
Ile luige the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
Mother goodnight.  Indeede this Counsellor
Is now moft fill, molt secreft, and moft graue,
Who was in life, a foolish pratting Knaupe.
Come fir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.  Enter King.

King. There’s matters in these sighes.
These profound heaues
You muft tranflate;  *Tis fit we vnderstand them.
Where is your Sonne ?

Qu. Ah my good Lord, what haue I feene to night?

King. What Gertrude?  How do’s Hamlet?

Qu. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
Which is the Mightier, in his lawleffe fit
Behinde the Arras, hearing something firre,
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his brainifh apprehension kills
The vnfeene good old man.

King. Oh heavy deed :  It had bin fo with vs had we beene there :  His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your felfe, to vs, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be anfwered ?
It will be laide to vs, whose prouidence
Should have kept fhort, refrain’d, and out of haunt,
This mad young man.  But fo much was our love,
We would not vnderstand what was moft fit,
But like the Owner of a foule diffeafe,
To keepe it from divulging, let’s it feede
Even on the pith of life.  Where is he gone ?

Qu. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
O’re whom his very madneffe like fome Oare
Among a Million of Mettels bafe
Shewes it felfe pure.  He weepes for what is done.

King. Oh Gertrude, come away :
The Sun no fooner fhall the Mountaines touch,
But we will fhip him hence, and this vile deed,
We muft with all our Maiesty and Skill
Both countenance, and excufe.  Enter Roj. & Guild.

Ho Guildenferrn :  
Friends both go thine you with some further ayde :  Hamlet in madneffe hath Polonius flaine,
And from his Mother Cloffens hath he drag’d him.
Go fecke him out, speake faire, and bring the body
Into the Chappell.  I pray you haft in this.  Exit Gent.

Come Gertrude, we’ll call vp our wifeft friends,

To let them know both what we meant to do,
And what’s vn timely done.  Oh come away,
My foule is full of difcord and difmay.  Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely flowed.

Gentlemen within.  Hamlet, Lord Hamlet.
Ham. What noife?  Who calls on Hamlet ?
Oh heere they come.  Enter Roj. and Guildenferrn.
Ro. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body ?
Ham. Compounded it with duft, whereto ’tis Kinne.
Rofin. Tell vs where ’tis, that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.
Ham. Do not beleue it.
Rofin. Beleue what?
Ham. That I can keepe your counsell, and not mine owne.
Befides, to be demanded of a Spundance, what re- 
application should be made by the Sonne of a King.
Rofin. Take you me for a Spundance, my Lord?
Ham. I fir, that fokes vp the Kings Countenance, his
Rewards, his Authorities (but fuch Officers do the King
beft feruice in the end.  He keepe them like an Ape in
the corner of his iaw, first mouth’d to be laft swallowed,
when he needes what you have glean’d, it is but fqueez-
ing you, and Spundance you fhall be dry againe.
Rofin. I vnderfand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it:  a knaifh speech sleepes in a 
foolifh ear.

Rofin. My Lord, you muft tell vs where the body is,
and go with vs to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not
with the body.  The King, is a thing ———

Guild. A thing my Lord ?
Ham. Of nothing:  bring me to him, hide Fox, and all
after.

Enter King.

King. I haue fent to fecke him, and to fip the bodie :
How dangerous is it that this man goes loofe:
Yet muft not we put the frong Law on him:
Hee’s loued of the diftracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes:
And where *tis fo, th’Offenders scourge is weigh’d
But neerer the offence :  to bear all smooth, and euen,
This foddaine fending him away, muft feeme
Deliberate paufe, difeases desperate growne,
By desperate appliance are releueed,
Or not at all.  Enter Rosincane.

Ham. How now?  What hath befalne ?

Rofin. Where the dead body is befowt’d my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he ?

Rofin. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before vs.


Enter Hamlet and Guildenferrn.

King. Now Hamlet, where’s Polonius ?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper?  Where ?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a cer-
taine concouation of wormses are e’ne at him.  Your worm
is your onely Emperor for diet.  We fat all creatures elfe
to fat vs, and we fat our felfe for Magots.  Your fat King,
and your leanes Beger is but variable ferulce to difhes,
but to one Table that’s the end.

King. What doft thou mean by this?  } Ham.

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Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a Progreffe through the guts of a Beggar.

King. Where is Polonius.

Ham. In heaven, tend thinther to see. If your Meffenger finde him not there, feeke him i' th other place your selfe : but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you shal nose him as you go vp the flaires into the Lobby.

King. Go seeke him there.

Ham. He will stay till ye come.

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especiall safety Which we do tender, as we dearly greeue For that which thou haft done, must tend thee hence With fierce Quickness. Therefore prepare thy selfe, The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe, Th'Associates tend, and every thing at bent

For England.

Ham. For England?

King. I Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knowest our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherube that sees him : but come, for England. Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy louing Father Hamlet.

Hamlet. My Mother : Father and Mother is man and wife : man & wife is one flesh, and so my mother.

Come, for England. Exit

King. Follow him at foote, Tempt him with speed aboard : Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night. Away, for every thing is Seal'd and done That else leanes on th'Affaire, pray you make haft. And England, if my loue thou holdft at ought, As my great power thereof may glue thee femele, Since yet thy Caticrize lookes raw and red After the Danish Sword, and thy free awe Payes homage to vs ; thou maist not coldly set Our Souereigne Proceffe, which imports at full By Letters conjuring to that effect

The preuent death of Hamlet. Do it England, For like the Hectick in my blood he rages, And thou mutt cure me : Till I know 'tis done, How ere my happes, my joyes were ne're begun.

Enter Fortinbras with an Armee.

For. Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,

Tell him that by his licence, Fortinbras

Claims the conueyance of a promis'd March

Ouer his Kingdome. You know the Rendevous : If that his Maiestie would outh with vs, We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,

And let him know fo.

Cap. I will do't, my Lord.

For. Go safely on.

Enter Queen and Horatio.

Q. I will not speake with her.

Her. She is importunate, indeed distraéf, her mood will needs be pitted.

Q. What would the hauie?

Her. She speakes much of her Father; faites the heares

There's tricks i'th'world, and hemis, and beats her heart,

Spurnes enuiously at Strawes, speakes things in doubt,

That carry but halfe femele: Her speech is nothing,

Yet the vnshaped vfe of it doth moue

The hearers to Collection; they ayme at it,

And both the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,

Which as her winkes, and nodds, and gefures yeeld them,

Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought,

Though nothing sure, yet much vnhaupply.

Q. 'Twere good thee were spoken with,

For he may shew dangerous concluues

In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.

To my fickle foule(as finnes true Nature is)

Each toy fenes Prologue, to some great amiffe,

So full of Artefie lealoufie is guilt,

It spill's it felse, in fearing to be spilt.

Enter Ophelia diftraied.

Oph. Where is the beautefeoue Maiesty of Denmark.

Q. How now Ophelia?

Oph. How fonndil your true love know from another one?

By bis Cocke bat and faffe, and bis Sandal foone.

Q. Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?

Oph. Say you? Nay pray you marke. He's dead and gone Lady, be's dead and gone,

At bis bead a graffe-grene Turfe, at bis beete a stone.

Enter King.

Q. Nay but Ophelia.

Oph. Pray you marke.

White bis Shrow'd as the Mountain Snow.

Q. Alas, looke heere my Lord.

Oph. Larded with sweet flowers:

Which bewept to the graue did not go,

With true-loue flowres.

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Oph. Well, God diald you. They say the Owle was a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

King. Conceit upon her Father.

Oph. Pray you let's haue no words of this: but when they ask you what it meanes, faie you this :

To morrow is S. Valentine's day, all in the morning betime,

And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine. Then vp be rofe, & don't bis clothes, & dust the chamber dore, Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia.

Oph. Indeed a? without an oath Ile make an end ont.

By gis, and by S. Charity, Alacke, and fie for shame :

Tong men will don't, if they come too,

By Cocke they are too blame.

Quoth he before you tumbled me,

You promis'd me to Wed;

So would I ha done by yonder Sunne,

And thou badst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath the bin this?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We muft bee patient,

but I cannot choofe but wepe, to thinke they shoule lay him i'th'cold ground : My brother shal knowe of it, and fo I thank you for your good counsell. Come, my, Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight sweet Ladies: Goodnight, goodnight.

Exit.

King. Follow her clofe,

Glue her good watch I pray you:

Oh this is the poyloum of deepce greefe, it spriens

All from her Fathers death. Oh Gertrude, Gertrude,

When forrowes comes, they come not sngle spies,

But in Battaliaes. First, her Father flaine,

Next your Sonne gone, and he moft violent Author

Of his owne iuft remoue : the people muddied,

Thicke and vwholome in their thoughts, and whisper.

For good Polonius death ; and we have done but greenly

In hugger mugger to interhe him. Poore Ophelia

Divided from her felse, and her faire Judgement,
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts.
Left, and as much containing as all thefe,
Her Brother is in secret come from France,
Keeps on his wonder, keeps himselfe in clouds,
And wants not Buzzeirs to infect his eare.
With peitlent Speeches of his Fathers death,
Where in necelitie of matter Beggard,
Will nothing fickle our persons to Arraigne
In eare and eare. O my deere Gertrude, this,
Like to a murthering Peece in many places,
Gives me superfluous death. A Noise within.
Enter a Messinger.

Qu. Alacke, what noyle is this?

King. Where are my Switners? Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?

Maj. Save your felfe, my Lord.
The Ocean (peuer-peeing of his Life) Eates not the Flats with more impititious hate Then young Laertes, in a Riotous head, Ore-bearers your Officers, the rabble call him Lord, And as the world were now but to begin, Antiquity forgot, Culfome not knowne, The Ratifiers and props of euery word, They cry choose we? Laertes shall be King, Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds, Laertes shall be King, Laertes King.

Qu. How cheerfully on the falf Trallie they cry, Oh this is Counter you falf Danifh Dogges, Noise within. Enter Laertes.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is the King, firs? Stand you all without.

All. No, let’s come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leave. I. We will, we will. Laer. I thanke you: Kepe the doore.

Oh thou vilde King, giue me my Father.

Qu. Calmely good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that calmes Proclaims me Ballard: Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot Even here between the chaft vnfireched brow Of my true Mother.

King. What is the caufe Laertes, That thy Rebellion lookes fo Gyant-like? Let him go Gertrude: Do not feare our perfon: There’s fuch Diviney doth hede a King, That Trafion can but pepe to what it would, Acts little of his will. Tell me Laertes, Why thou art thus Incenfit? Let him go Gertrude. Speake man.


King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be Juggel’d with.

To hell Allegance: Vowe, to the blackeft diuell. Confidence and Grace, to the profoundeft Pit. I dare Damnation: to this point I fland, That both the worlds I giue to negligence, Let come what comes: onely Ile be reueng’d Moft throughly for my Father.

King. Who shall fay you?

Laer. My Will, not all the world, And for my meanes, Ile husband them fo well, They fhall go farre with little.

King. Good Laertes:

If you defire to know the certainitie Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your reuenge, That Soup-flake you will draw both Friend and Foe, Winner and Loofer.

Laer. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you know them then.

La. To his good Friends, thus wide I lie ope my Armes: And like the kinde Life-ren’d’ring Politician, Repaft them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake Like a good Childre, and a true Gentleman. That I am guilte of your Fathers death, And am moft fenlibe in greefe for it, It fhall as leuell to your Judgement pierce As day do’s to your eye.

A noise within. Let her come in.
Enter Ophelia.

Laer. How now? what noile is that? Oh heate dreie vp my Braines, teares feuen times falt, Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye. By Heauen, thy madneffe fhall be payed by weight, Toll our Scale turns the beame. Oh Rofe of May, Deere Maid, kinde Sifer, sweet Ophelia: Oh Heauens, is’t poiffible, a yong Maids wits, Should be as mortall as an old mans life? Nature is fine in Love, and where ’tis fine, It fends fome preciouf infance of it felle After the thing it loues.

Oph. They love him bare fac’d on the Bear, Hey non nony, nony, hey nony:

And on his grave rains many a tear,

Fare you well my Dane.

Laer. Had’t thou thy wits, and did’ft perfwade Reuenge, it could not monse thus.

Oph. You must finge downe a-downe, and you call him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? It is the falf Steward that roble his masters daughter.

Laer. This n’tings more then matter.

Oph. There’s Rolemary, that’s for Remembrance. Pray love remember: and there is Paconies, that’s for Thoughts.


Oph. There’s Fennell for you, and Columbines: ther’s Rew for you, and heere’s some for me. Wee may call it Herbe-Grace a Sundaeis: Oh you must weare your Rew with a difference. There’s a Dayle, I would give you some Violets, but they wither’d all when my Father dy’d: They fay, he made a good end;

For bonny sweet Robin & all my joy.

Laer. Thought, and Affiffion, Paffion, Hell it felle:

She turns to Faouir, and to pretinefse.

Oph. And will be not come againe,

And will be not come againe:

No, no, be is dead, go to thy Death-bed,

He never wil come againe.

His Beard as white as Snow,

All Flaxen was his Pole:

He is gone, be is gone, and we cast away mone,

Gramercy on bis Soule.

And of all Christiante Soules, I pray God.

God buy ye.

Oph. And will be not come againe,

And will be not come againe:

No, no, be is dead, go to thy Death-bed,

He never wil come againe.

His Beard as white as Snow,

All Flaxen was his Pole:

He is gone, be is gone, and we cast away mone,

Gramercy on bis Soule.

Laer. Do you fee this, you Gods?

King. Laertes, I muft common with your greefe, Or you deny me right: go but apart, |Make
Make choice of whom your wifest Friends you will,
And they shall heare and judge 'twixt you and me;
If by direc'tion but Cold will hand
They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome gie,
Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours
To you in satisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we shall loyntly labour with your soule
To glue it due content.

Exeunt

Lae'r. Let this be so:
His meanes of death, his obscure burlial
No Tropepe, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,
No Noble rites, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'were from Heauen to Earth,
That I must cal in question,

King. So you shall:
And where this'offence is, let the great Axe fall.
I pray you go with me.

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hor. What are they that would speake with me?

Ser. Saylors sir, they say they haue Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in,
I do not know from what part of the world
I shoud be greetid, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Saylor.

Say. God bleffe you Sir,

Hor. Let him bleeve thee too.

Say. Hee sayl Sir, and 'rt pleafe him. There's a Letter
for you Sir: It comes from th'Ambasfladors that was
bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let


To know it is.

Reads the Letter.

Horatio, When thou shalt haue overlook'd this, give these
Fellows some meanes to the King: They have Letters
for him. Ere we were two daies old at Sea, a Pryate of very
Warlike appointment gaue us Chase. Finding our felues too
flew of Saile, we put on a compelling Valour. In the Grapple, I
boarded them: On the instant they got clear of our Shippe, so
I alone became their Prifoner. They have dealt with me, like
Theues of Mercy, but they know what they did. I am to use
a good turne for them... Let the King haue the Letters I haue
jent, and repair th'o me with as much baft as thou wouldst
five death. I haue words to speake in thy ear, will make thee
dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter.
These good Fellows will bring thee where I am. Reforncance
and Guldenferte, hold their course for England. Of them
I haue much to tell thee, Farewell.

He that thou knowest, thine,

Hamlet.

Comme, I will give you way for these your Letters,
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

Exit

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your confidence my acquittance feal,
And you must put me in your heart for Friend,
Sith you haue heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your Noble Father flaine,
Purfried my life.

Ea'er. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feates,
So crimefull, and so Capital in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wildenafil, all things else,
You mainly were thir'd up?

King. O for two speeciall Reasons,
Which may to you (perhaps) feeme much vnsinoned,
And yeet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother,
Lies almost by his lookes: and for my selfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's so conjunctive to my life and soule;
That as the Starre mowe not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motiue,
Why to a publike count I might not go,1
Is the great lour the generall gender bearne him,
Who dipp'd all his Faults in their affectiion,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Conuerst his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrows
Too slightlly timbred for fo loud a Winde,
Would haue reruered to my Bow againe,
And not where I had arnd them.

Lae'r. And so haue I a Noble Father lost,
A Sifter driven into desperate tearmes,
Who was(if praifes may go backe againe)
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my reuenge will come.

King. Breake not your speeles for that,
You must not thinke
That we are made of tuffe, so flat, and dull,
That we can let our Beard be hooke with danger,
And thinke it patime. You shortly shall hear more,
I lou'd your Father, and we loue our Selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine——

Enter a Meffenger.

How now? What Newes?

Mesf. Letters my Lord from Hamlet. This to your
Maiestie: this to the Queene.

King. From Hamlet? Who brought them?

Mesf. Saylors my Lord they say, I faw them not:

They were given me by Claudis, he receiu'd them,

King. Laertes you shall hear them:

Leue vs. Exit Meffenger.

High and Mighty, you shall know I am yet naked on your
Kingdom. To morrow shall I begge leave to see your Kingly
Eyes. When I shall (after asking your Pardon thereunto) re-
com't to Occasions of my fadeine, and more strainge returns.

Hamlet.

What should this meane? Are all the rest come backe?
Or is it some abuse? Or no such thing?

Lae'r. Know you the hand?

Kin. 'TisHamlet's Charaer, naked and in a Post-
script here he fayes alone : Can you aduife me?

Lae'r. I'm loit in it my Lord; but let him come,
It warmes the very ficknesse in my heart,
That I shall liue and tell him to his teeth;
Thus diddeth tou.

Kin. If it be fo Laertes, as how should it be fo:
How otherwise will you be rul'd by me?

Lae'r. If you so not o'rerule me to a peace.

Kin. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,
As checking at his Voyage,and that he meanes
No more to vndertake it; I will worke him
To an exploit now-ripe in my Deuice,
Vnder the which he shall not chooze but fall;
And for his death no winde of blame shall breath,
But even his Mother shall vnharge the practice,
And call it accident: Some two Months hence
Here was a Gentleman of Normandy,
I'ue feene my selfe, and er'd against the French,
And they ran well on Horfebacke; but this Gallant

Had
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,
As had he beene encorps't and demy-Natur'd
With the braue Beaff, so farre he pait my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and trickes,
Come short of what he did.

_Laer._ A Norman was't?

_Kin._ A Norman.

_Laer._ Vpon my life Lamound.

_Kin._ The very same.

_Laer._ I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
And Iemme of all our Nation.

_Kin._ Hee mad confession of you,
And gave you such a Maisterly report,
For Art and exercise in your defence;
And for your Raper most specially,
That he cryed out, 'twould be a fight indeed,
If one could match you Sir. This report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his Eady,
That he could nothing doe but with and begge,
Your lowaine comming ore to play with him;
Now out of this.

_Laer._ Why out of this, my Lord?

_Kin. Laertes_ was your Father deare to you?

Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

_Laer._ Why ask ye this?

_Kin._ Not that I thinke you did not love your Father,
But that I know Love is begun by Time:
And that I fee in passages of proofs,
Time qualifies the sparkes and fire of it:
_Hamlet_ comes backe: what would you vntake,
To shew your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed,
More then in words?

_Laer._ To cut his throat I'ch Church.

_Kin._ No place indeed shoulde murder Sancturize;
Revenge shoulde have no bounds: but good _Laertes_
Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,
_Hamlet_ return'd, shall know you are home:
Wee'l put on thofe shall praze your excellence,
And let a double vamsh in the fame
The Frenchman gae me, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads,he being remifte,
Moft generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not perufe the Foiles? So that with eafe,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A Sword vnbaied, and in a passe of practice,
Requit him for your Father.

_Laer._ I will doot,
And for that purpose Ile anoint my Sword:
I bought an _Vaclion_ of a Mountebanke
So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no Cataplaime fo rare,
Collected from all Simplex that havee Vertue
Vnder the Moone, can faue the thing from death,
That is but fraerch withall: Ile touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I call him slightly,
I may be death.

_Kin._ Let's further thinke of this,
Weigh what convenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape, if this shoulde faile;
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
'Twere better not affaied; therefore this _Proiect_
Should have a backe or secon, that might hold,
If this shoulde blast in proffes: Soft, let me fee
We'll make a solene wager on your commings,

I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bowts more violent to the end,
And that he eats for drinkes, Ie haue prepar'd him
A Challis for the nonsse wherose but fippings,
If he by chance escape your venome'd thuck,
Our purpose may hold there; how sweet Queene.

_Enter Queene._

_Queen._ One woe doth tread upon another heele,
So fast they'll follow: your Sifter's drown'd _Laertes_.

_Laer._ Drown'd! O where?

_Queen._ There is a Willow growes allant a Brooke,
That shewes his hore leaves in the glaffie streame:
There with fantatificke Garlands did she come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Dayflies, and long Purlpes,
That liberal Sheeredes give a groffer name;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:
There on the pendant bouges, her Coronet weeds
Clambrsing to hang; an enuious fluer broke,
When downe the woody Trophies, and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes fpred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne diitrefe,
Or like a creature Nature, and indeed
Vnto that Element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with her drinke,
Pul'd the pootre wretch from her melodious buy,
To muddie death.

_Laer._ Alas the, is she drown'd?

_Queen._ Drown'd, drown'd.

_Laer._ Too much of water haft thou pource _Ophelia_,
And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet
It is our tricke, Nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone
The woman will be out: Adee my Lord,
I haue a speech of fire, that saine would blawe,
But that this folly doubtes it.

Exit.

_Kin._ Let's follow, _Gertrude_:

How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
Now feare I this will glue it start againe;
Therefore let's follow.

_Exit._

_Enter two Clowens._

_Clow._ Is she to bee buried in Christian buriall, that willfully feekes her owne salvation?

_Other._ I tell thee shee is, and therefore make her grave straight, the Crowner hath fate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

_Clo._ How can that be, vnleff she drowned her selfe in her owne defence?

_Other._ Why 'tis found fo.

_Clo._ It muft be _Se offendendo_, it cannot bee else: for heere lies the point; If I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an _Aet_: and an _Aet_ hath three branches. It is an _Aet_ to doe and to performe; argall the drown'd _her_ selfe wittingly.

_Other._ Nay but heare you Goodman Deluer.

_Clow._ Glue me leave; heere lies the water; good: heere flandes the man; good: If the man goe to this water and drowne himselfe; it is will he nill he, he goes; marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne him; hee drownes not himselfe. Argall, hee that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

_Other._ But is this law?

_Clo._ I marry is't; _Crowners Quelt Law_.

_Other._
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Oth. Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not beene a Gentlewoman, shee should have beene buried out of Christian Buriall.

Clo. Why there thou say'rt. And the more pitty that great folk should have countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselues, more then their even Christian. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentleman, but Gardiners, Ditchers and Graue-makers; they hold vp

Adams Profession.

Oth. Was he a Gentleman?

Clo. He was the first that euer bore Armes.

Oth. Why he had none.

Clo. What, art' a Heathen? how doft thou under-

stand the Scripture? the Scripture fayes Adam dig'd; could hee digge without Armes? IJe put another que-
tion to thee; if thou anfwerest me not to the purpofe, con-
ffe thine felfe.

Oth. Go too.

Clo. What is he that builds stronger then either the Mafon, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Oth. The Gallowes maker; for that Frame outrifes a thousand Tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes does well; but how does it well? it does well to thofe that doe ill: now, thou doft ill to say the Gallowes is built stronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come.

Oth. Who builds stronger then a Mafon, a Ship-

wright, or a Carpenter?

Clo. I, tell me that, and vnvoake.

Oth. Marry, now I can tell.

Clo. Too't.

Oth. Maffe, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a furre off.

Clo. Cudgell thine braines no more about it; for your dullaffe will not mend his pace with beating: and when you are ask't this quetion next, say a Graue-maker: the Houfes that he makes, lafts till Doomesday: go, get thee to Taubgan, fetch me a roupe of Liquor.

Sings.

In youth when I did louie, did loue,
me thought it was very sweete:
To contract 0 the time for a my beoune,
O me thought there was nothing better.

Ham. Ha! this fellow no feeling of his buineffe; that he fings at Graue-making?

Hor. Cuftome hath made it in him a property of ea-

fineffe.

Ham. 'Tis e'en fo; the hand of little Employment hath the dartier fenfe.

Clowne sings.

But Age with his feeling feeps
bath caufed me in his clutch:
And bath fhipped me intill the Land,
as if I had never beene fuch.

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could fing once: how the knave bowes it to th' grown, as if it were Caines law-bone, that did the firft murther: It

might be the Pate of a Politician which this Affe o're Of-

fices: one that could circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could fay, Good Mor-

row sweet Lord: how doft thou, good Lord? this

might be my Lord fuch a one, that prai'd my Lord fuch a ones Horfe, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

Hor. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why ee'n fo: and now my Lady Wormes, Chaplefle, and knockt about the Mazar and a Sextons Spade; here's fine Resolution, if wee had the tricke to fee't. Did thee bones coft no more the breeding, but to play at Loggetts with'em? mine ake to thinke on't.

Clowne sings.

A Pickaxe and a Spade, a Spade.
for and a fervowing-Sheets:
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meete.

Ham. There's another: why might not that bee the 

Scull of of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his 

Quiletts? his Cafes? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why 

doe's heuffer this rude knave now to knocke him about 

the Sconce with a dirty Shouell, and will not tell him of 

his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's 

time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recog-

nizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoveries:

Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recovery of his Reco-

veries, to haue his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his 

Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchaes, and 

double ones too, then the length and breadth of a pare of 

Indentures? the very Conveyances of his Lands will 

hardly lye in this Boxe; and muft the Inheritor himfelfe 

have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a lot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hor. 1 my Lord, and of Cuhe-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues that seek out affu-

rance in that. I will speake to this fellow: whole Graue's 

this Sir?

Clo. Mine Sir:

O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meete.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeedfor thou lieft in't.

Clo. You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: 
for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doft lye in't, to be in't and fay 'tis thine: 
'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou 
lyeft.

Clo. 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man doft thou digge it for?

Clo. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clo. One that was a woman Sir; but reft her Soule, 
 shee's dead.

Ham. How abolute the knawe is? wee muft speake 

by the Carde, or equiuocation will vn doe vs : by the 

Lord Horatie, thefe three yeares I have taken note of it, 

the Age is growne fo picked, that the toe of the Pefant 

comes fo neere the heelis of our Courtier, hee galls his 

Kibe. How long haft thou been a Graue-maker?

Clo. Of all the daysie 1th yeare, I came too't that day 

that our late King Hamlet o'recame Partinbras.

Ham. How long is that fince?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? every foole can tell that: 
It was the very day, that young Hamlet was borne, hee that was mad, and fent into England.

Ham. I marry, why was he fent into England?

Clo. Why, becaufe he was mad; hee shall recover his 

wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Ham. Why?

Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clo. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clo. Faith 'e're with loofing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clo. Why here in Denmark: I have bin fixteene heere, man and Boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lie 'ith' earth ere he rot?

Clo. Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die(as we have many pocky Coarfe now adays, that will karke hold the laying in) he will last you some eight yeares, or nine yeares. A Tanner will last you nine yeare e.

Ham. Why he, more then another?

Clo. Why sir, his hide is so tan'd with his Trade, that he will keep out water a great while. And your water, is a fore Decayer of your horfon dead body. Here a Scull now: this Scull, has laine in the earth three & twenty yeares.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clo. A whoreofon mad Fellows was it;

Whose doe you thinke it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clo. A pleffence on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'd a Flaggon of Renih on my head once. This fame Scull Sir, this fame Scull fir, was Toricky Scull, the Kings Ieffer.

Ham. This?

Clo. E'en e'that.

Ham. Let me fee. Alas poor Yorick, I knew him Horatio, a fellow of infinite Ieft, of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thousand times: And how abborred my Imagination is, my gorg rifes at it. Heere hung those lipps, that I haue knift I know not how off. VVhere be your libes now? Your Gambiaes? Your Songs? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to set the Table on a Rore? No one now to mock your own leerings? Quite chopefaine? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this faueur the muff come. Make her laugh at that: pry-thee Horatio tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Doft thou thinke Alexander lookt o'th'fashion 'tis heare?

Hor. E'en fo.

Ham. And smelt fo? Puh.

Hor. E'en fo, my Lord.

Ham. To what base vses we may returne Horatio. Why may not Imagination trace the Noble duft of Alexander, till he find it flomping a bunghole.

Hor. 'Twere to consider: to curiously to consider fo.

Ham. No faith, not a lot. But to follow himether with modellie enough, & likehood to lead it; as thus. Alexander died : Alexander was buried: Alexander returneth into duft; the duft is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (whereeto he was conver-

red) might they not flomp a Beere-barrell? Imperial! Coarfe,dead and turn'd to clay, Might flop a hole to keepe the winde awaie. Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe, Should patch a Wall,expell the winters flaw. But soft, but soft, aside; here comes the King.

Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin, with Lords attendant.

The Queene, the Courriers. Who is that they follow, And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken The Coarfe they follow, did with dispater hand, Forso do it owne life; twice the one Effare, Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Ham. That is Laertes, a very Noble youth: Marke.

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Priest. Her Obsequies have bin as farre inlarg'd. As we haue warrantis, her death was doubtfull, And but that great Command, o're-fwaies the order, She should in ground vunfaflidied haue lodg'd,

Till the laft Trumpet. For charitable praler, Shardes, Flintes, and Peebles, should be throue on her: Yet heere she is allowed her Virgin Rites, Her Maiden firewments, and the bringing home Of Bell and Burial.

Laer. Muft there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done:

We should prophane the seruice of the dead, To sing fage Regium, and fuch reft to her

As to peace-parted Soules.

Laer. Lay her 'ith' earth,

And from her faire and vnpolluted flied,

May Violets spring. I tell thee(thurifh Priest)

A Mininftring Angell shall my Sifer be,

When thou leeft bowling?

Ham. What, the faire Ophelia?

Queene. Sweets, to the sweet farewell.

I hop'd thou shou'd haue bin my Hamlets wife:

I thought thy Bride-bed to haue deckt(sweet Maid)

And not t'hauе firew'd thy Graue.

Laer. Oh terrible woer,

Fall ten times trebble, on that curfed head

Whofe wicked deed, thy most Ingenious fence

Depriu'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,

Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes:

Leaps in the graue.

Now pyle thy duft,vpon the quickes, and dead,

Till of this flat a Mountaine you have made,

To o're top old Petron, or the skylsh head

Of blew Olympus.

Ham. What is he, whose griefes

Beares such an Emphaticke? whose whole phrase of Sorrow

Conioye the wandring Starres, and makes them stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,

Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The deuil take thy soule.

Ham. Thou prai'ft not well.

I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;

Sir though I am not Spleenatue, and rath,

Yet haue I something in me dangerous,

Which let thy wifeneffe feare. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them afunder.

Que. Hamlet, Hamlet.

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him vpon this Theme,

Vntill my eielche will no-longer wag.

Que. Oh my Sonne, what Theame?

Ham. I lou'd Ophelia: fortie thousand Brothers

Could not(with all there quantitie of Loue)

Make vp my summe. What wilt thou do for her

King. Oh he is mad Laertes,

Que. For loue of God forbearre him.

Ham. Come howe me what thou'lt doe.

Woo't wepe? Woo't fight? Woo't teare thy felfe?

Woo'drinke vp &eile, eat a Crocodile?
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Ile don't. Doft thou come heere to whine; To outface me with leaping in her Graue? Be buried quickie with her, and so will I. And if thou prate of Mountains; let them throw Millions of Akeres on vs ; till our ground Singing his pate against the burning Zone, Make Ofme like a wart. Nay, and thoul't mouth, Ile rant as well as thou. 

Kin. This is meere Madneffe: And thus awhile the fit will worke on him: Anon as patient as the female Doe, When that her golden Cuplet are diclos'd; His silence will fit drooping. 

Ham. Heare ye Sir: What is the reason that you vfe me thus? I loud' you euer; but it is no matter; Let Hercules himselfe doe what he may, The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will have his day. Exit.

Kin. I pray you good Horatio wait vpon him, Strengthen you patience in our last nights speech, We'll put the matter to the present path: Good Gertrude fet some watch over your Sonne, This Graue shall have a lueling Monument: An house of quiet shortly we fe; Till then, in patience our proceeding be; 

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this Sir; now let me fee the other, You doe remember all the Circumstance. 

Hor. Remember it my Lord? 

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting, That would not let me sleepe; me thought I lay Worfe then the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly, (And praise be rafhneffe for it;) let vs know, Our indifferencet sometimes ferues vs well, When our deare plots do paule, and that should teach vs, There's a Diuinity that shapes our ends, Rough-hem them how we will. 

Hor. That is moft certaine. 

Ham. Vp from my Cabin My sea-gowne scart about me in the darke, Crop'd I to finde out them ; had my defire, Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew To mine owne roome againe, making fo bold, (My feares forgetting manners) to vnfeale Their grand Commiffion, where I found Horatio, Oh royall knauey: An exact command, Larded with many feuerall forts of reason; Importing Danmarks health, and Englands too, With hoo, fuch Bugges and Goblins in my life; That on the superize no leafeure bated, No not to stay the grinding of the Axe, My head shoul be struck off. 

Hor. Ift possible? 

Ham. Here's the Commiffion, read it at more leyure: But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed? 

Hor. I beseech you. 

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villaines, Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines, They had begun the Play. I fate me downe, Denis'd a new Commiffion, wrote it faire, I once did hold it as our Statifes doe, A baseneffe to write faire; and laboured much How to forget that learning: but Sir now, It did me Yeomans feruice: wilt thou know The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. I, good my Lord. 

Ham. An earnest Coniuration from the King, As England was his faithfill Tributary; As loeue betweene them, as the Palm should flourish, As Peace should fill her wheaten Garland weare, And fland a Comma t'weene their amities, And many fich like Affis of great charge, That on the view and know of these Contents, Without debatement further, more or leffe, He should the bearers put to sodaine death, Not thriuie time allowed. 

Hor. How was this feald? 

Ham. Why, even in that was Heaven ordain; I had my fathers Signet in my Purfe, Which was the Modell of that Danifh Scale: Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other, Subscrib'd it, gau't th'impreffion, plac't it Safely, The changeling neuer knowne: Now, the next day Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was fement, Thou know'rt already. 

Hor. So Gudlenfence and Rofenrance, go too't. 

Ham. Why man, they did make loue to this employment They are not neere my Confience; their debate Doth by their owne infination grow: 'Tis dangerous, when the bafer nature comes Betweenee the paffe, and fell incensed points Of mighty opposites. 

Hor. Why, what a King is this? 

Ham. Does it not, think't thee, stand me now vpon He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my Mother, Popt in betweene th'election and my hopes, Throwne out his Angle for my proper life, And with fuch coxenenage, is't not perfect confience, To quit him with this arme? And it's not to be dam'd To let this Canker of our nature come 

In further euill. 

Hor. It muft be shortly knowne to him from England What is the issue of the businesse there. 

Ham. It will be short, The interim's mine, and a mans life's no more Then to say one: but I am very farre good Horatio, That to Laertes I forgot my felfe; For by the image of my Caule, I fee The Portraiture of his; Ilc count his favours: But fure the brauery of his griefe did put me Into a Towrings paffion. 

Hor. Peace, who comes heere? 

Enter young Ofricke. (marke. 

Ofr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Den- 

Ham. I humberly thank you Sir, doft know this waterfile? 

Hor. No my good Lord. 

Ham. Thy fate is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beatt be Lord of Beafts, and his Crib shall stand at the Kings Meffe; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I saw fpacious in the polleffion of dirt. 

Ofr. Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leyure, I should impart a thing to you from his Maffeley. 

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit; put your Bonet to his right vfe, 'tis for the head. 

Ofr. I thanke your Lordship, 'tis very hot. 

Ham. No, beleue mee 'tis very cold, the winde is Northerly. 

Ofr. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed. 

Ham. Me thinkes it is very fouldry, and hot for my Complexion. 

Ofricke.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Ofr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very fowry, as twere I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Maiestie bad me signifie to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head:

Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.
Ofr. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith:
Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon?
Ofr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.
Ofr. The fir King ha's wag'd with him six Barbary Horses, against the which he impon'd as I take it, fixe French Rapiers and Poniards, with their auffling, as Girdele, Hangers or fo: three of the Carriages imploy'd are very deare to fancy, very resploute to the hils, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?
Ofr. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would bee more Germaine to the matter: if we could carry Cannon by our sides; I would it might be Hangers till then; but on fixe Barbary Horses against fixe French Swords: their auffling, and three liberall conceived Carriages, that's the French but a'gainst the Danish: why is this impom'd as you call it?

Ofr. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen parables betweene you and him, hee shall not exceed you three hits; he hath one twelue for mine, and that would come to immediate tryall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Anfwere.

Ham. How if I anfwere no?
Ofr. I meane my Lord, the opposition of your perfon in tryall.

Ham. Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it pleafe his Maiestie, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foylees be brought, the Gentlemans willing, and the King hold his purpofe; I will win for him if I can: if not, Ie gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Ofr. Shall I redeliver you ez'ne fo?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flourish your na-
ture will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your Lordship.
Ham. Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it himfelfe, there are no tongues else for'tongue.

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did Complie with his Dugge before hee
fucked it: thus had he and mine more of the fame Beauty that I know the droffe age dotes on; only got the tune of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kind of yefty collection, which carries them through & through the mouf and winnowed opinion; and doe but blow them to their tryalls: the Bubbles are out.

Hor. You will lofe this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I have beene in continuall practive; I hall winne at the oddes: but thou wouldest not thinke how all here abou't my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giuing as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your minde dislike any thing, obey: I will fore-tall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defe Augury; there's a speciall Providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it bee not to come, it will bee now: if it be not now; yet it will come; the readiness is all, since no man ha's ought of what he leaues. What is't to leauue betimes?

Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendaants with Foylees, and Gauntlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.

Kin. Come Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham, Give me your pardon Sir, I've done you wrong, But pardon as you are a Gentleman.

This preface knowes, And you must needs have heard how I am punifh'd With fore diftraction? What I have done That might your nature honour, and exception Roughly awake, I heere proclaime was madneffe: Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Neuer Hamlet.

If Hamlet from himfelfe be tane away: And when he's not himfelfe, do's wrong Laertes, Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it:

Who does it then? His Madneffe? If't be fo, Hamlet is of the FaCion that is wrong'd, His madneffe is poore Hamlet's Enemy.

Sir, in this Audience, Let my declaifning from a purpof'd eulii,

Free me fo farre in your most generous thoughts, That I have shot mine Arrow o're the houfe, And hurt my Mother.

Laer. I am satisfied in Nature, Whose moteu in this cafe shoul'd fire me moft To my Reuenge. But in my termes of Honor I fland aloofe, and will no reconcilement,

Till by some elder Matters of knowne Honor, I have a voyce, and preifent of peace To kepe my name vnorg'd. But till that time, I do receiue your offer'd loue like loue, And will not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it frely, And will this Brothers wager frankly play.

Give vs the Foylees: Come on.

Laer. Come one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foyle Laertes, in mine ignorance,

Your Skill shall like a Stirre i'th'darkest night,
Sticke firy off,indeed.

Laer. You mocke me Sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Give them the Foylees yong Ofrick,

Coufen Hamlet, you know the wager.

Ham. Verie well my Lord,

Your Grace hath laide the oddes a'th'weaker side.

King. I do not fear it, I have teene you both!

But since he is better'd, we have therefore oddes.

Laer. This is too heavy, Let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well,

These Foylees haue all a length. Prepare to play.
Ofrick. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stopes of wine vpon that Table:
If Hamlet give the firft, or fecound hit,
Or quit in anfwere of the third exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire,
The King shal drinke to Hamlets better breath,
And in the Cup an union shal he throw Richer then that, which foure succeuis Kings
In Denmarke Crownes haue worn.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Ham. Give me the Cup, and let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake, The Trumpet to the Cannoner without, The Cannons to the Heauens, the Heauen to Earth, Now the King drinks to Hamlet. Come, begin, And you the Judges bare a wary eye.

Ham. Come on fir.
Lear. Come on fir.

Lair. Come on fir.
Ham. Come on fir.
Lair. Come on fir.
Ham. Ile play this bout first, let by a-while.

Come: Another hit; what fay you?
Lear. A touch, a touch, I do confefs.
King. Our Sonne shall win.
Qu. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes,
The Queene Carowies to thy fortune, Hamlet.
Ham. Good Madam.
King. Gertrude, do not drinke.
Lear. I will my Lord.

I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poiſon'd Cup, it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, By and by.
Qu. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Lear. My Lord, Ile hit him now.
King. I do not think'e.
Lear. And yet 'tis almost 'gainft my conscience.

Ham. Come for the third.

Lear. you but daily,
I pray you passe with your beft violence,
I am affa'nd you make a wanton of me.
Lear. Say you fo? Come on.

Qu. Nothing neither way.
Lear. Huace at you now.

In scuffling they change Rapiers.

King. Part them, they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay come, againe.
Qu. Looke to the Queene there hoa.
Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord?

Qu. How is't Larret?
Lear. Why as a Woodcooke
To mine Sprindge, Quircie,
I am iuyly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.

Ham. How does the Queene?

King. She fountains to hear them bleede.
Qu. No, no, the drinke, the drinke.
Oh my deere Hamlet, the drinke, the drinke,
I am poiſon'd.

Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd.
Treacherie, feekte it out.
Lear. It is here Hamlet.

Hamlet, thou art flaine,
No Medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life; The Treacherous Instrument is in thy hand, Vnbated and envenom'd: the foule prattle: Hath turn'd it felfe on me. Lo'e, heere I lye, Neuer to rife againe: Thy Mothers poiſon'd:

I can no more, the King, the King's too blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too,
Then venome to thy worke.

Hurs the King.

All. Traefon, Traefon.

King. O yet defende me Friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Heere thou inceffuous, murdrous, Damned Dane,

Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Vnion heere?
Follow my Mother.

Lear. He is iuyly ferd'd.
It is a poiyfon temp'red by himselfe:
Exchange foraignese with me, Noble Hamlet;
Mine and my Fathers death come not vpon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee.
I am dead Horatio, wretched Queene adiew,
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but Motes or audience to this acte:
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
Is frick'd in his Areeft) oh I could tell you.
But let it be: Horatio, I am dead,
Thou liu'ft, report me and my caules right
To the vnfatisfied.

Hor. Neuer beleue it.
I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:
Heere's yet some Liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man, give me the Cup.
Let go, by Heauen Ile haue't.
Oh good Horatio, what a wounded name,
(Things standing thus vnknowne) shall lie behind me.
If thou did't euer hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicitie awhile,
And in this harf world draw thy breath in paine,
To tell my Storie.

March afarre off, and sboot within.

What warlike noyfe is this?

Enter Officie.

Off. Yong Fortinbras, with conquest come fro Poland
To th' Ambassadors of England giues this warlike volly.

Ham. 0 I dye Horatio:
The potent poiyfon quite ore-crowes my spirit,
I cannot lie to heare the Newes from England,
But I do prophesie th'elecution lights
On Fortinbras, he ha's my dying voyce,
So tell him with the occurrents more and leffe,
Which haue follicted. The reft is silence. O, o, o.

Dyes Hora. Now cracke a Noble heart:
Goodnight sweet Prince,
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy reft,
Why do's the Drumme come hither?

Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassadors,with Drumme,
Colours, and Attendants.

Fortin. Where is this figh?
Hor. What is it ye would fee;
If ought of wo, or wonder, ceaue your search.
For. His querry cries on hauocke. Oh proud death,
What feas is toward in thine eternall Cell,
That thou fo many Princes, at a hoote,
So bloodily hauocke.

Amb. The fight is dismall,
And our affairs from England come too late,
The cares are fenfeleffe that shoulde giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfull'd,

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That 

That Reşincrance and Guildenførne are dead:
Where should we haue our thankes?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you:
He neuer gaue command'ment for their death.
But since fo lumpe ypon this bloodie question,
You from the Polake warres, and you from England
Are heere arrived. Giue order that thefe bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake to th'yet vnknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you heare
Of carnall, bloudie, and vnnaturall a<sils,
Of accidental judgements, casuall slaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd caufe,
And in this vphot, purpos’es mittooke,
Falne on the Inuentors heads. All this can I
Truly deliuer.
For. Let vs haft to heare it,
And call the Noblest to the Audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I haue some Rites of memory in this Kingdome,

Which are ro claime, my vantage doth
Inuite me,
Hor. Of that I shall haue alwayes caufe to speake,
And from his mouth
Whose voyage will draw on more:
But let this fame be prefently perform’d,
Euen whiles mens minde are wilde,
Left more mishance
On plots, and errors happen.
For. Let foure Captaines
Beare Hamlet like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he bene put on
To haue prou’d moft royally:
And for his paflage,
The Soul’diours Musick, and the rites of Warre
Speake loudly for him.
Take vp the body; Such a fight as this
Becomes the Field, but heere fhewes much amis.
Go, bid the Soul'diers shoot:
Exeunt Marching: after the which, a Peale of
Ordenance are shot off.

FINIS.
Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmond.

Kent.
Thought the King had more affected the Duke of Albany, then Cornwall.

Glo. It did alwayes seeke fo to vs: But now in the diuision of the Kingdom, it appeares not which of the Dukes hee valeues most; for qualities are fo weight'd, that curiosity in neither, can make choise of eithers moiety.

Kent. Is not this your Son, my Lord?

Glo. His breeding Sir, hath bin at my charge. I haue fo often blu'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd too.

Kent. I cannot conceyue you.

Glo. Sir, this yong Fellow mother could; whereupon she grew round womb'd, and had indeede (Sir) a Sonne for her Cradle, ere she had an husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot with the fault vndone, the issu[e of it, being fo proper.

Glo. But I haue a Sonne, Sir, by order of Law, some yeere elder then this; who, yet is no deeer in my account, though this Knaue came something fawcily to the world before he was fent for: yet was his Mother fayre, ther was good sport at his making, and the horfon must be acknowledg'd. Doe you know this Noble Gentleman, Edmond?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glo. My Lord of Kent:
Remember him hereafter, as my Honourable Friend.

Edm. My services to your Lordship.

Kent. I muft loue you, and fue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deferving.

Glo. He hath bin out nine yeare[s], and away he shall againe. The King is comming.

Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, and attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France & Burgundy, Glofter.

Glo. I shall, my Lord.

Exit.

Lear. Meane time we shall expresse our darker purpofe. Glue me the Map there. Know, that we haue diuided In three our Kingdome: and 'tis our fall intent, To shake all Cares and Busineffe from our Age, Conferring them on younger firenges, while we Vnburthen'd crawle toward death. Our Son of Cornwall, And you our no leffe loving Sonne of Albany,

We have this houre a constant will to publifh Our daughters feuerall Dowers, that future strife May be prevented now. The Princes, France & Burgundy, Great Riuals in our yongest daughters loue, Long in our Court, haue made their amorous foiourne, And heere are to be anwer'd. Tell me my daughters (Since now we will disuff vs both of Rule, Interest of Territory, Care's of State) Which of you shall we fay doth loue vs moft, That we, our largest bountie may extend Where Nature doth with merit challenge. Generill, Our eldeft borne, speake first.

Gen. Sir, I loue you more then word can weld y matter, Deerer then eye-fight, space, and libertie, Beyond what can be valed, rich or rare, No leffe then life, with grace, health, beauty, honor: As much as Childe ere lou'd, or Father found. A loue that makes breath poyre, and speech vnable, Beyond all manner of fo much I loue you.

Car. What faull Cordelia speake? Loue, and be silent. Lear. Of all thee bounds even from this Line, to this, With Shadowie Riuers, and with Champains rich'd With plenteous Riuers, and with wide-skirted Medes We make thee Lady. To thine and Albani's ifues Be this perpetuall. What fayes our second Daughter? Our deereft Regan, wife of Cornwall?

Reg. I am made of that felfe-mettle as my Sifer, And prize me at her worth. In my true heart, I finde the names my very deede of loue: Onely shee comes too short, that I professe My felfe an enemy to all other ioyes, Which the moft precious square of fenfe professes, And finde I am alone felicitate In youe deear Highneffe loue.

Car. Then poore Cordelia, And yet not fo, since I am sure my loue's More ponderous then my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine hereditarie euer, Remaine this ample third of our faire Kingdome, No leffe in space, validitie, and pleafure Then that conferr'd on Gonerill. Now our Ioy, Although our laft and leaff; to whole yong loue, The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundie, Strive to be intereit. What can you fay, to draw A third, more opulent then your Sifters speake.

Car. Nothing my Lord.

Lear. Nothing?
Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, speake againe.
Cor. Vnhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I loue your Maiestie
According to my bond, no more nor lesse.
Lear. How, how Cordelia? Mend your speech a little,
Least you may marre your Fortunes.
Cor. Good my Lord,
You haue begot me, bred me, lou’d me,
I returne those duties backe as are right fit,
Obey you, Loue you, and most Honour you.
Why haue my Sistars Husbands, if they say
They loue you all? Happily when I shall wed,
That Lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Hale me loue with him, hale me Care, and Dutie,
Sure I shall never marry like my Sistars.
Lear. But goes thy heart with this?
Cor. I my good Lord.
Lear. So young, and so vntrader?
Cor. So young my Lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dowre:—
By the sacred radience of the Sunne,
The misteries of Heccat and the night:
By all the operation of the Orbes,
From whom we do exift, and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my Paternall care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation meffes
To gorge his appetite, flall to my bosome
Be as well neighbour’d, pitted, and releue’d,
As thou my sometime Daughter.
Kent. Good my Liege.
Lear. Peace Kent,
Come not betweene the Dragon and his wrath,
I lou’d her most, and thought to fet my rest
On her kind nurserie. Hence and avoid my sight:
So be my graue my peace, as here I glue
Her Fathers heart from her; call Fraser, who stirres?
Call Burgundy, Cornwall, and Alpine.
With my two Daughters Dowres, digest the third,
Let pride, which the cals plainneffe, marry her:
I doe inuenst you loynely with my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troope with Maiestie. Our selfe by Monthly course,
With reueration of an hundred Knights,
By you to be susain’d, shall our abode
Make with you by due turne, onely we shall retaine
The name, and all th’addition to a King: the Sway,
Reuenne, Execution of the rest,
Beloved Sonnes be yours, which to confirme,
This Coronet part betweene you.
Kent. Royall Lear,
Whom I haue ever honor’d as my King,
Lou’d as my Father, as my Master follow’d,
As my great Patron thought on in my praiers.
Lea. The bow is bent & drawne, make from the shaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the forke invade
The region of my heart, be Kent vnmannerly,
When Lear is mad, what wouldst thou do old man?
Think’t thou that duty shall have dread to speake,
When power to flattery bowes?
To plainneffe honour’s bound,
When Maiestie falls to folly, reforue thy flate,
And in thy best consideration checke

This hideous raconfle, anfwere my life, my judgement:
Thy yongest Daughter do’s not loue thee leaft,
Nor are those empty hearted, whose lowe founds
Reuerbe no hollowneffe.
Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.
Kent. My life I neuer held but as pawne
To wage against thine enemies, nere feare to lose it,
Thy safety being motiuе.
Lear. Out of my sight.
Kent. See better Lear, and let me still remaine
The true blanke of thine ele.
Kent. Now by Apollo,
Lent. Now by Apollo, King
Thou sweare’st thy Gods in vaine.
Lear. O Vaffall! Mifearent.
Alb. Cor. Deare Sir forbeares.
Kent. Kill thy Phyffion, and thy fee bellow
Vpon the foule difafe, revoke thy guift,
Or whilfit I can vent clamour from my throte,
Ile tell thee thou doft euill.
Lea. Heare me recreant, on thine allegance heare me;
That thou haft fought to make vs breake our vows,
Which we durft never yet; and with stain’d pride,
To come betwixt our fentences, and our power,
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can bear;
Our potentie made good, take thy reward.
Five dayes we do allot thee for prouision,
To shield thee from difasters of the world,
And on the fixt to turne thy hated backe
Vpon our kingdom; if on the tenth day following,
Thy banifht truncke be found in our Dominions,
The moment is thy death, away. By Jupiter,
This shall not be reuol’d,
Kent. Fare thee well King, fith thus thou wilt appeare,
Freedome lues hence, and banifhment is here;
The Gods to their deere shelter take thee Maid,
That fufly think’st, and haft moft rightly said:
And your large fpeeches, may your deeds approue,
That good effects may fpring from words of loue:
Thus Kent, O Princes, bids you all adew,
Hee’l shape his old course, in a Country new.
Exit.

Flourish. Enter Glosfer with France, and Burgundy, Attendants.

Cor. Heere’s France and Burgundy, my Noble Lord.
Lear. My Lord of Bugunde,
We first adtreeffe toward you, who with this King
Hath riuald for our Daughter; what in the leaft
Will you require in present Dower with her,
Or ceafe you quest of Loue?
Bar. Moft Royall Maiestye,
I crave no more then hath your Highneffe offer’d,
Nor will you tender lesse?
Lear. Right Noble Burgundy,
When she was deare to vs, we did hold her fo,
But now her price is fallen; Sir, there she stands,
If ought within that little feeming substance,
Or all of it with our diplafeure piec’d,
And nothing more may fitly like your Grace,
Shee’s there, and she is yours.
Bar. I know no answere.
Lear. Will you with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriend, new adopted to our hate,
Dow’d with our curfe, and stranger’d with our oath,
Take her or, ineau her.

Bar. Par-
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Br. Pardon me Royall Sir, 
Election makes not vp in such conditions. 
Lear. Then leave her sit, for by the powre that made me, 
I tell you all her wealth. For you great King, 
I would not from your loue make such a stray, 
To match you where I hate, therefore beseech you 
T'aurt your liking a more worthier way, 
Then on a wretch whom Nature is afham'd 
Almoft t'acknowlege hers. 
Fra. This is most strange, 
That she whom euem but now, was your obiect, 
The argument of your praife, balme of your age, 
The best, the deereft,shoud in this trice of time 
Commit a thing fo montrous, to difmantle 
So many folds of fauoursure her offence 
Must be of such vnnatural degree, 
That monsters it: Or your fore-youtht affection 
Fall into taint, which to beleue of her 
Must be a faith that reafon without miracle 
Should neuer plant in me. 
Cor. I yet beseech your Maiestie, 
If for I want that glib and oylie Art, 
To speake and purpofe not, since what I will intend, 
Ile do't before I speake, that you make knowne 
It is no vicious blot, mutther, or foulenefe, 
No vnchaste action or dishonoured step 
That hath deftroyed mine of your Grace and fauour, 
But euem for want of that, for which I am richer, 
A fill folliciting eye, and such a tongue, 
That I am glad I have not,though not to have it, 
Hath loft me in your liking. 
Lear. Better thou hadst it? 
Not euene borne,then not th hau'e pleas'd me better. 
Fra. Is it but this? A tardinifte in nature, 
Which often leues the history vnspoke 
That it intends to do : my Lord of Burgundy, 
What faie you to the Lady? Loue's not loue 
When it is mingled with regards,that stands 
Alone from th'intire point, will you hau'e her? 
She is herelfie a Dowrie. 
Br. RoyallKing, 
Glue but that portion which your felife propos'd, 
And here I take Cordelia by the hand, 
Dutcheffe of Burgundie. 
Lear. Nothing, I haue frowne, I am firme. 
Br. I am forry then you hau'e so loft a Father, 
That you must loofe a husband. 
Cor. Peace be with Burgundy, 
Since that repect and Fortunes are his loue, 
I hau'e not be his wife. 
Fra. Faireft Cordelia, that art moft rich being poore, 
Moft choyfe forfaken,and moft lou'd defpif'd, 
Thee and thy vertues here I felze vpon, 
Be it lawfull I take vp what's caft away. 
Gods, Gods! 'Tis strange, that from their cold't neglect 
My Loue shoud kindle to enam'ed respect. 
Thy dowreleffe Daughter King, throwne to my chance, 
Is Queene of vs, of ours,and our faire France: 
Not all the Dukes of watreth Burgundy, 
Can buy this vnpriz'd precious Maid of me. 
Bid them farewell Cordelia, though vnkinde, 
Thou looefet here a better where to finde. 
Lear. Thou haft her France, let her be thine,for we 
Hau'e no such Daughter, nor shall euer fee 
That face of hers againe, therfore be gone, 
Without our Grace,our Loue,our Benizton: 
$Fra. Bid farwell to your Sifters. 
Cor. The Jewels of our Father, with was'd ele a 
Cordelia leau'es you, I know you what you are, 
And like a Sifter am most loth to call 
Your faults as they are named, Loue well our Father 
To your professed bofomes I commit him, 
But yet alas,lood in his Grace, 
I would prefer him to a better place, 
So farwell to you both. 
Regn. Prefcribe not vs our dutie. 
Gen. Let your stydy 
Be to content your Lord, who hath receu'ed you 
At Fortunes almes you have obedience scant, 
And well are worth the want that you haue wanted, 
Cor. Time shall vnfold what pleighted cunning hides, 
Who covers faults,at laft with shame derides: 
Well may you prosper. 
Fra. Come my faire Cordelia. Exit France and Cor. 
Gen. Sifter, it is not little I haue to say, 
Of what moft neerey appertaines to vs both, 
I thinke our Father will hence to night. (with vs. 
Reg. That's moft certaine, and with you next month 
Gen. You fee how full of changes his age is, the ob- 
feruation we haue made of it hath beene little,jhe alwaies 
Iou'd our Sifter moft,and with what poore judgement he 
Cath now caft her off, appears too grossely. 
Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age,yet he hath euer but 
slanderly knowne himselfe. 
Gen. The best and foundeft of his time hath bin but 
raff,then muft we looke from his age, to receiue not 
a lone the imperfections of long ingrained condition, but 
therewhilk the vnruely way-wardnesse, that infrime and 
cholerick yeares bring with them. 
Reg. Such vnconfant starts are we like to haü'e from 
him, as this of Kent's banishment. 
Gen. There is further complement of leave-taking be- 
tweene France and him, pray you let vs fit together, if our 
Father carry authority with such disposition as he beares, 
this laft furrander of his will but offend vs. 
Reg. We shall further think of it. 
Gen. We muft do something, and i'th'heate. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Bajlhard.

Bajl. Thou Nature art my Goddesse, to thy Law 
My servictes are bound, wherefore should I 
Stand in the plague of custome, and permit 
The curiositie of Nations, to deprue me? 
For that I am some twelue, or fourenne Moonshines 
Lag of a Brother? Why Bajlhard? Wherefore bafe 
When my Dimensions are as well compact, 
My minde as generous, and my shape as true 
As honeft Madams issue? Why brand they vs 
With Bafe? With busenes Barfphide? Bafe, Bafe? 
Who in the lustie health of Nature, take 
More compition, and fierce qualitie, 
Then doth within a dull flate tyred bed 
Goe to th'treating a whole tribe of Pops 
Got'tweene a sleepe, and wake? Well then, 
Legitimate Edgar, I must hau'e your land, 
Our Fathers loue, is to the Bajlhard Edmond, 
As to th'legitimate : fine word : Legitimate.
Well, my Legitimate, if this Letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmond the base
Shall to the Legitimate: I grow, I prosper:
Now God, stand vp for Balfard.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus? and France in choler parted?
And the King gone to night? Prefcrib'd his powre,
Confin'd to exhibition? All this done
Wpon the gad? Edmond, how now? What newes?

Baft. So pleafe your Lordship, none.

Glo. Why fo earnefly feeke you to put vp y Letter?

Baft. I know no newes, my Lord.

Glo. What Paper were you reading?

Baft. Nothing my Lord.

Glo. No? what needed then that terrible dispatch of
it into your Pocket? The quality of nothing, hath not
such neede to hide it felfe. Let's fee: come, if it bee nothing,
I shall not neede Spectacles.

Baft. I beseech you, Sir, pardon mee; it is a Letter
from my Brother, that I have not all ore-read; and for so
much as I have perus'd, I finde it not fit for your ore-look-
ing.

Glo. Give me the Letter, Sir.

Baft. I shall offend, either to detaine, or glue it:
The Contents, as in part I vnderstand them,
Are too much.

Glo. Let's fee, let's fee.

Baft. I hope for my Brothers lujaffication, hee wrote
this but as an eyll, or taye of my Vertue.

Glo.reads. This police, and reuerence of Age, makes the
world bitter to the bene of our times: keeps our Fortunes from
us, till our oldness cannot rellish them. I begin to finde an idle
and fund bondage, in the oppression of aged tyrannys, who prove
not as it bath power, but as it is juffer'd. Come to me, that of
this I may speake more. If our Father would sleepe till I wak'd
him, you shou'd enjoy halfe ba Reuennew for ever, and liue the
beloved of your Brother.

Edgar. Hum? Conspicacy! Sleepe till I wak' him, you
should enjoy halfe ba Reuennew: my Sonne Edgar, had hee a
hand to write this? A heart and braine to breede it in?
When came you to this? Who brought it?

Baft. It was not brought mee, my Lord; there's the
running of it. I found it throwne in at the Caftement of
my Cloffet.

Glo. You know the charactar to be your Brothers?

Baft. If the matter were good my Lord, I durt sware
it were his: but in resepect of that, I wou'd thinke it
were not.

Glo. It is his.

Baft. It is his hand, my Lord: but I hope his heart is
not in the Contents.

Glo. Has he never before founded you in this busines?

Baft. Neuer my Lord. But I have heard him oft maintaine
it to be fit, that Sonnes at perfect age, and Fathers
declin'd, the Father should bee as Ward to the Son, and
the Sonne manage his Reuennew.

Glo. O Villain, villain: his very opinion in the Letter,
Abhorred Villaine, vnnatural, defettet, brutish
Villaine; worse then brutish: Go sirrah, seeke him: Ile apprehend him. Abominable Villaine, where is he?

Baft. I do not well know my L. If it shall please you
to suspend your indignation against my Brother, til you can
derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shold
run a certaine course: where, if you violently proceed agaunt
him, mistaking his purpose, It would make a great
gap in your owne Honor, and shakke in pices, the heart of
his obedience. I dare pawne downe my life for him, that
he hath writ this to feele my affecction to your Honor, &
no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Thinke you fo?

Baft. If your Honor judge it meete, I will place you
where you shall haue vs conferre of this, and by an Aure-
ccular assurance haue your satisfaction, and that without
any further delay, then this very Eveneing.

Glo. He cannot bee such a Monster. Edmond feeke
him out: winde me into him, I pray you: frame the Bu-
ifie after your owne wisdome. I would vntan my felfe,
to be in a due resolution.

Baft. I will feeke him Sir, presently: convey the
businesse as I shall find means, and acquaint you withall.

Glo. These late Eclipses in the Sun and Moone po-
tend no good to vs: though the wisdome of Nature can
reafon it thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it felfe foucre'd
by the frequent effects. Loue coolers, friendship falls off,
Brothers diuide. In Cities, mutinies; in Countries, dis-
cord; in Pallaces, Treafon; and the Bond crack'd, 'twixt
Sonne and Father. This Villaine of mine comes vnder the
prediction; there's Son against Father, the King fals from
by as of Nature, there's Father againft Childlde. We have
feene the beft of our time. Machinations, hollowneffe,
treacherie, and all ruinous disorderes follow vs diuictly
to our Graues. Find out this Villain Edmond, it shall lo-
thee nothing, do it carefully: and the Noble & true-hart-
ed Kent banish'd; his offence, homely, 'Tis strange. Exit
Baft.

Baft. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that
when we are sicke in fortune, often the surfets of our own
beauhour, we make guilty of our disasters, the Sun, the
Moone, and Stares, as if we were villains on neccefitie,
Foolies by heavenly compulion, Knaues, Theuces, and
Treachers by Sphercial predominance. Drunkards, Ly-
ars, and Adulterers by an infir'd obedience of Planetary
influence; and all that we are eull in, by a diuine thruf-
ning on. An admirable euasion of Whore-mafter-man,
to lay his Goathip disposition on the charge of a Starre,
My father compounded with my mother vnder the Da-
gons tittle, and my Nature was vnder Vrfa Maior, to
that it followes, I am rough and Leacherous. I shound
haue bin that I am, had the maidenleft Starre in the FIr-
mament twinkled on my battardizing.

Enter Edgar.

Pat: he comes like the Catafrophe of the old Comedie: my
Cue is villanous Melancholly, with a fighe like Tom
O'Bedlam. —— O these Eclipses do portend these diu-
sions. Fa, Sol, La, Me.

Edg. How now Brother Edmond, what serius con-
templation are you in?

Baft. I am thinking Brother of a predicion I read this
other day, what should follow these Eclipses.

Edg. Do you boifie your felle with that?

Baft. I promifie you, the effects he writes of, succede
vnhappily.

When lawd you my Father left?

Edg. The night gone by.

Baft. Spake you with him?

Edg. I, two hours together.

Baft. Parted you in good termes? Found you no dif-
pleasure in him, by word, nor countenance?

Edg. None at all,

Baft. Benthink your felse wherein you may have offen-
ded him: and at my entreaty forbeare his presence, vntill
some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure,
which at this instant fo rageth in him, that with the mi-
chief
chief of your person, it would scarcely alay.

Edg. Some Villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my feare, I pray you have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes flavor: and as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to heare my Lord speake: pray ye goe, there's my key: if you do firre abroad, goe arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, Brother?

Edm. Brother, I aduice you to the best, I am no honest man, if thee be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have feene, and heard: But faintly, Nothing like the image, and horror of it, pray you away.

Edg. Shall I heare from you anon? Exit.

Edm. I do SERUE you in this businesse: A Credulous Father, and a Brother Noble, Whose nature is so farre from doing harms, That he suspects none: on whose foolish honestie My pratfles ride easie: I fee the businesse. Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit, All with me's meete, that I can fashion fit. Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Generill, and Serviard.

Gen. Did my Father strike my Gentleman for chiding of his Foole?

Ste. I Madam.

Gen. By day and night, he wrongs me, every howre He flithes into one groffe crime, or other, That fets vs all at odds: Ile not endure it; His Knights grow riotous, and himselfe vpbraided vs On evry trife. When he returns from hunting, I will not speake with him, say I am sicke, If you come flacke of former services, You shall do well, the fault of it Ile answer.

Ste. He's comming Madam, I hear him.

Gen. Put on what weary negligence you please, You and your Fellowes: I'de have it come to question; If he disfaile it, let him to my Sister, Whose mind and mine I know in that are one, Remember what I have saide.

Ste. Well Madam.

Gen. And let his Knights have colder looks among you: what grows of it no matter, aduise your fellowes so, Ile write straignt to my Sister to hold my course: prepare for dinner.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Kent.

Kent. If but as will I other accents borrow, That can my speech defuald, my good intent May carry through it felle to this full tiffue For which I rate'd my likenesse. Now banish Kent, If thou canst secure whom thou dost fland condemn'd, So may it come, thy Master whom thou lou'st, Shall find thee full of labours.

Hermes within. Enter Lear and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a loot for dinner, go get it readily, and set it down, what art thou?

Kent. A man Sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with vs?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem, to serve him truly that will put me in truelt, to love him that is honest, to concure with him that is wife and faire little, to fear judgement, to fight when I cannot choose, and to eate no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest heartfelt Fellow, and as poore as the King.

Lear. If thou be't as poore for a subieqt, as he's for a King, thou art poore enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serue?

Kent. You.

Lear. Do'll thou know me fellow?

Kent. No Sir, but you haue that in your countenance, which I would faile call Master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do? Kent. I can keepe honest counselle, ride, run, marre a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plaine message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me, is Dilligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young Sir to lose a woman for fingering, nor so old to dote on her for any thing. I haue yeares on my backe forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou shalt serue me, if I like thee not, after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner be, dinner, where's my knave? my Foole? Go you and call my Foole hither. You—you Sirrah, where's my Daughter?

Exit Steward.

Ste. So please you —— Exit.

Lear. What faies the Fellow there? Call the Cot-pole backe: wher's my Foole? Ho, I thinkke the world's asleepe, how now? Where's that Mungrell?

Knigh. He faies my Lord, your Daughters is not well. Lear. Why came not the flauqe backe to me when I call'd him?

Knigh. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knigh. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my judgement your Highness is not entertain'd with that Ceremonious affέction as you were wont, thers a great abatement of kindnesse appears as well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himselfe also, and your Daughter.

Lear. Ha! Saist thou so?

Knigh. I beseech you pardon me my Lord, if I bee mistaken, for my duty cannot be silent, when I thinkke your Highness wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but rememberst me of mine owne Conception, I have percurued a most faint neglig of late, which I have rather blamed as mine owne jealous curiosite, then as a very pretence and purpose of vnkindnesse; I will looke further into't: but where's my Foole? I haue not seen him this two daies.

Knigh. Since my young Ladies going into France Sir,
Sir, the Foole hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well, goe you and tell my Daughter, I would speake with her. Goe you call hither my Foole; Oh you Sir, you, come you hither Sir, who am I Sir?

Enter Steward.

Ste. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies Father? my Lords knaue, you whor-son dog, you slauie, you curre.

Ste. I am none of thefe my Lord, I befeech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy lookes with me, you Rascall?

Ste. Ile not be strickn my Lord.

Kent. Nor trippe neither, you base Foot-ball plaier.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow.

Thou sawst me, and Ile loue thee.

Kent. Come fir, arife, away, Ile teach you differences: away, away, if you will measure your lubbers length a-gaine, tarry, but away, goe too, have you wildefome, so.

Lear. Now my friendly knaue, I thanke thee, there's earneft of thy feruice.

Enter Foole.

Foole. Let me hire him too, here's my Coxcombe.

Lear. How now my pretty knaue, how doft thou? 

Foole. Sirrah, you were beft take my Coxcombe.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Foole. Why? for taking ones part that is out of fauour, nay, & thou canst not flume as the wind fits, thou't catch colde shortly, there take my Coxcombe; why this fellow ha's banish'd two on's Daughters, and did the third a blemiff against his will, if thou follow him, thou must needs ware my Coxcombe. How now Nuncle? would I had two Coxcombes and two Daughters.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Foole. If I gueue them all my liuing, I'll keepe my Coxcombs my felfe, there's mine, beg another of thy Daughters.

Lear. Take heed Sirrah, the whip.

Foole. Truth's a dog muff to kennell, hee must bee whipt out, when the Lady Brach may stand by'th'fire and flanke.

Lear. A peffilent gall to me.

Foole. Sirha, Ile teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Foole. Marke it Nuncle; Haue more then thou howeft, Speake leffe then thou knoweft, Lend leffe then thou oweft, Ride more then thou goeff, Learne more then thou troweft, Set leffe then thou troweft; Leave thy drinke and thy where, And keepe in a dore, And thou shalt have more, Then two tens to a fcore.

Kent. This is nothing Foole.

Foole. Then 'tis like the breath of a vnfeed Lawyer, you gueue me nothing for't, can you make no vfe of nothing Nuncle?

Lear. Why no Boy, Nothing can be made out of nothing.

Foole. Prythee tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to, he will not beleue a Foole.

Lear. A bitter Foole.

Foole. Do'ft thou know the difference my Boy, betweene a bitter Foole, and a sweet one.

Lear. No Lad, teach me.

Foole. Nuncle, giue me an egge, and ile giue thee two Crownes.

Lear. What two Crownes shall they be?

Foole. Why after I haue cut the egge i'th'middle and eate vp the meate, the two Crownes of the egge: when thou cloueft thy Crownes i'th'middle, and gau'ft away both parts, thou boarft this line Aile on thy backe o're the durt, thou had'ft little wit in thy hald crowne, when thou gau'lt thy golden one away; if I speake like my felte in this, let him be whipt that firft finds it fo.

Fooles had nere leffe grace in a yeere, 

For wilfemen are growne fopiff, 

And know not how their wits to weare, 

Their manners are fo aph.

Le. When were you wont to be fo full of Songs sirrah?

Foole. I have vied it Nuncle, ere since thou mad'ft thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gau'ft them the rod, and put't downe thine owne breeches, then they for faine joy did wepe, 

And I for forrow foun't

That such a King shou'd play bo-peepe,

And goe the Foole among.

Pry'thy Nuncle keepe a Schoolemafter that can teach thy Foole to lie, I would faine learn to lie.

Lear. And you lie sirrah, we'll have you whipt.

Foole. I manuell what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'll haue me whipt for speaking true: thou'lt haue me whipt for lying, and sometimes I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing then a foil, and yet I would not be thee Nuncle, thou haft pared thy wit o'both fides, and left nothing i'th'middle; heere comes one o'th'parings.

Enter Garnirill.

Lear. How now Daughter? what makes that Frontlet on? You are too much of late i'th'crowne.

Foole. Thou waft a pretty fellow when thou hadft no need to care for her frowning, now thou art an O without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a Foole, thou art nothing. Yes forsooth I will hold my tongue, so your face bids me, though you fay nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keepes nor cruft, nor crum, Weary of all, shall want fome. That's a heal'd Pefcod.

Gen. Not only Sir this, your all-lycenc'd Foole, But other of your influent reitue

Do hourely Carpe and Quarril, breaking forth
In ranke, and (not to be endur'd') riots Sir,
I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you,
To haue found a fale redreffe, but now grow fearefull
By what your felte too late haue spoke and done,
That you protect this courfe, and put it on
By your allowance, which if you should, the fault
Would not scape cenure, nor the redreffes feepes,
Which in the tender of a wholefome weale,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which els were shame, that then neccessifie
Will call di'dreet proceeding.

Foole. For you know Nuncle, the Hedge-Sparrow fed the Cuckoo to long, that it's had it head bit off by it young, fo out went the Candle, and we were left darklings.

Lear. Are you our Daughter? (dome

Gen. I would you would make vfe of your good wife-
(Whereof I know you are fraught,) and put away
These disposi'tions, which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.

Foole. May
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Fool. May not an Asse know, when the Cart draws the Horse?

Whoop lugge I love thee.

Lear. Do's any here know me?

This is not Lear:

Do's Lear walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his eies?

Either his Notion weakness, his Differnings

Are lethargied. Ha! Waking? 'Tis not so?

Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Fool. Lear's shadow.

Lear. Your name, faire Gentlemewoman?

Gen. This admiration Sir, is much o'th'fault.

Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you

To vnderstand my purposes aright:

As you are Old, and Reuerend, should be Wise.

Here do you keepe a hundred Knights and Squires,

Men so disorder'd, so debased, and bold,

That this our Court infected with their manners,

Shews like a riotous Inne; Epicurism and Lust

Makes it more like a Tauerne, or a Brothell,

Then a grac'd Pallace. The flame it selfe doth speake

For infant remedy. Be then defir'd

By her, that else will take the thing the begges,

A little to disquity your Traine,

And the remanders that shall still depend,

To be such men as may befor your Age,

Which know themselfes, and you.

Lear. Darkneffe, and Diuels.

Saddle my horseyes: call my Traine together.

Degenerate Bard, Ie not trouble thee;

Yet hane I left a daughter.

Gen. You strike my people, and your disorder'd rable,

make Servants of their Betteres.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents:

Is it your will, speake Sir? Prepare my Horseyes.

Ingratitude! thou Marble-hearted Fiend,

More hideous when thou shew'st thee in a Child,

Then the Sea-monster.

Alb. Pray Sir be patient.

Lear. Deceited Kite, thou lyest.

My Trainers are men of choice, and rarest parts,

That all particulars of dudd stoow,

And in the most exact regard, support

The worships of their name. O most small fault,

How vygly did't thou in Cordelia shew?

Which like an Engine, wretch my frame of Nature

From the first place: drew from my heart all love,

And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!

Beate at this gate that let thy folly in,

And thy deere judgment out. Go, go, my people.

Alb. My Lord, I am guiltieffe, as I am ignorant

Of what hath mowed you.

Lear. It may be fo, my Lord.

Heare Nature, heare deere Goddefe, heare:

Suspend thy purpos, if thou didst intend

To make this Creature fruitful:

Into her Wombe conuey fertility,

Drie vp in her the Organs of increas,

And from her derogate body, neuer spring

A Babe to honor her. If the must teeme,

Create her childe of Spieene, that it may live

And be a thwart disfatur'd torment to her.

Let it flame wrinkles in her brow of youth,

With cadent Teares fret Channels in her cheekes,

Turne all her Mothers paines, and benefits

To laughter, and contempt: That she may feele,

How sharper then a Serpents tooth it is,

To have a thanklesse Childie. Away, away.

Alb. Now Gods that we adore,

Whereof comes this?

Gen. Neuer affild your selfe to know more of it:

But let his disposition have that scope

As dotage giues it.

Enter Lear.

Lear. What fiftie of my Followers at a clap?

Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. Ile tell thee:

Life and death, I am allham'd

That thou haft power to shake my manhood thus,

That these hot teares, which brake from me perforne

Should make thee worth them.

Blasfes and Fogges vpon thee:

Th'vntented woundings of a Fathers curfe

Pierce euerie fenfe about thee. Old fond eyes,

Beweewe this caufe againe, Ie plucke ye out,

And caft you with the waters that you looie

To temper Clay. Ha? Let it be fo.

I haue another daughter,

Who I am fure is kinde and comfortable:

When she shall heare this of thee, with her nailes

She'll flea thy Woluhs vilage. Thou shalt finde,

That Ie refume the shape which thou doft thinkte

I haue cast off for euer.

Gen. Do you marke that?

Alb. I cannot be fo partiall Gonerill,

To the great loue I bear you.

Gen. Pray you content.

What Ofwald, hoa?

You Sir, more Knaue then Fool, after your Master.

Fool. Nunkle Lear, Nunkle Lear,

Tarry, take the Foolie with thee:

A Fox, when one has caught her,

And fuch a Daughter,

Should fure to the Slaughter,

If my Cap would buy a Halter,

So the Foolie followes after.

Gen. This man hath had good Counsell,

A hundred Knights?

'Tis politike, and safe to let him keepe

At point a hundred Knights: yes, that on euerie dreame,

Each bus, each fancie, each complaint, dislike,

He may enguird his dotage with their powsres,

And hold our liues in mercy. Ofwald, I say.

Alb. Well, you may feeare too farre.

Gen. Safer then truft too farre;

Let me till take away the harms I feeare,

Not fearre till be taken. I know his heart,

What he hath vter'd I haue writ my Sifter:

If the sufaine him, and his hundred Knights

When I haue shew'd th'vntnetted.

Enter Steward.

How now Ofwald?

What haue you writ that Letter to my Sifter?

Stew. I Madam.

Gen. Take you some company, and away to horfe,

Informe her full of my particular feare,

And thereto addt suche reasons of your owne,

As may compact it more. Get you gone,
The Tragedy of King Lear.

And hasten your returns; no, no, my Lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours
Though I condemn not, yet vnder pardon
Your are much more at task for want of wifedome,
Then prais'd for harmesfull milneffe.

Alb. How farte your eyes may pierce I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we marre what's well.

Gen. Nay then —
Alb. Well, well, the'uent.

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Fools.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these Letters; acquaint my Daughter no further with any thing you know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter, if your Dilligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleepe, my Lord, till I haue delievered your Letter.

Exit

Fool. Then I prithee be merry, thy wit shall not go flip-flod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Fool. Shalt fee thy other Daughter will vfe thee kind
ly, for though she's as like this, as a Crabbe's like an Apple,yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What can't tell Boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this as, a Crabbe do's to a Crab : thou can't tell why one nofe stands i'th'middle
on's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why to keepe ones eyes of either side's nofe, that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Fool. Can't tell how an Oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snaile ha's a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why to put's head in, not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a cafe.

Lear. I will forget my Nature, so kind a Father? Be my Horses ready?

Fool. Thy Affes are gone about 'em; the reason why the feuen Starres are no mo then fructs, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Fool. Yes indeed, thou would'st make a good Fools.

Lear. To talk'g againe perfecce, Monfer Ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my Fools Nunckle, Ild haue thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not haue bin old, till thou hadft bin wife.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad sweet Heaven : keepe me in temper, I would not be mad. How now are the Horfes ready?

Gent. Ready my Lord.

Lear. Come Boy.

Fool. She that's a Maid now, & laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a Maid long, vnlesse things be cut shorter.

Exeunt

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Bafard, and Curan, seurally.

Baf. Save thee Curan.

Cur. And your Sir, I haue bin
With your Father, and given him notice
That the Duke of Cornwall, and Regan his Duchess
Will be here with him this night.

Baf. How comes that?

Cur. Nay I know not, you haue heard of the newes a-broad, I meane the whiper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-e-killing arguments.

Baf. Not I : pray you what are they?

Cur. Haue you heard of no likely Warres toward
'Twixt the Dukes of Cornwall, and Albany?

Baf. Not a word.

Cur. You may do then in time,
Fare you well Sir.

Baf. The Duke be here to night ? The better beft,
This weaves it selfe perfecce into my businesse,
My Father hath fet guard to take my Brother,
And I have one thing of a queazie queation
Which I must act, Brefeneffe, and Fortune worke.

Enter Edgar.

Brother, a word, diffend; Brother I say,
My Father watches: O Sir, fly this place,
Intelligence is gluen where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night,
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?
Hee's comming hither, now 'tis 'night, 'tis' hate;
And Regan with him, haue you nothing fay'd
Vpon his partie 'gainst the Duke of Albany?

Adieu your felke.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Baf. I hear my Father comming, pardon me:
In cunning, I must draw my Sword vpon you:
Draw, seeme to defend your selfe,
Now quit you well.

Yeald, come before my Father, light hoa, here,
Fly Brother, Torches, Torches, fo farewell.

Exit Edgar.

Some blood drawne on me, would beget opinion
Of my more fierce endeauour. I haue fene drunkards
Do more then this in sport; Father, Father,
Stop, flap, no helpe?

Enter Gloster, and Servants with Torches.

Glo. Now Edmund, where's the villaines?

'Baf. Here flod he in the dark, his sharp Sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charmes, confuering the Moore
To stand auspicious Miftris.

Glo. But where is he?

'Baf. Looke Sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villaines, Edmund?

'Baf. Fleed this way Sir, when by no meanes he could.

Glo. Pursue him, ho: go after. By no meanes, what?

'Baf. Persuade me to the murther of your Lordship, But
But that I told him the reuenging Gods,
'Gainst Pariciles did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold, and strong a Bond
The Child was bound toth' Father; Sir in fine,
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
To his vnnatural purpole, in fell motion
With his prepared Sword, he charges home
My vnprouided body, latch'd mine arme;
And when he saw my best armur'd spirits
Bold in the quarrels right, rouz'd to th'encounter,
Or whether gazed by the noyse I made,
Full fodiainely he fled.

Glo. Let him fly farre:
Not in this Land shali he remaine vncaught
And found: dispatch, the Noble Duke my Master,
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,
By his authoritie I will proclaime it,
That he which finds him shali deserve our thankes,
Bringing the murderous Coward to the stake:
He that conceals him death.

Baf. When I diffwaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to doe it, with curt speech
I threaten'd to discover him; he replied,
Thou vnposing Balfart, dost thou thinke,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposall
Of any truft, vertue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No, what should I deny,
As this I would, though thou didst produce
My very Character I'd turne it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practive:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potentall spirits
To make thee feele it.

Glo. O strange and faifned Villaine,
Would he deny his Letter, said he?
Harke, the Dukes Trumpets, I know not wher he comes;
All Ports Ie barre, the villaine shali not scape,
The Duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send farre and nere, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him, and of my land,
(Loyall and naturall Boy) Ie worke the meanes
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwal, Regan, and Attendants.

Carn. How now my Noble friend, since I came hither
(Which I can call but now,) I have heard strangeaffe.
Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursuie th'offender; how doth my Lord?
Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.
Reg. What, did my Fathers Godsfonne feeke your life?
He whom my Father nam'd, your Edgair?
Glo. O Lady, Lady, shame would have it hid.
Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights
That tended upon my Father?
Glo. I know not Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad.
Baf. Yes Madam, he was of that confornt.
Reg. No maruaile then, though he were ill affected,
'Tis they have put him on the old mans death,
To have the expense and waft of his Revenues:
I have this present evening from my Sister
Been well informed of them, and with such cautions,
That if they come to foulorne at my house,
Ie not be there.

Car. Nor I, affurre thee Regan;

Edmund, I heare that you have thewme yout Father
A Child-like Office.

Baf. It was my duty Sir.
Glo. He did bewray his practive, and receiu'd
This hurt you fece, striving to apprehend him.

Car. Is he pursu'd?

Glo. I my good Lord.
Car. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harme, make your owne purpole,
How in my strength you please for you Edmund,
Whole vertue and obedience doth this infant
So much commend it selfe, you shall be ours,
Nature's of such deepe truth, we shall much need:
You we shal feele on.

Baf. I shall ferue you Sir truely, how ever else.
Glo. For him I thanke your Grace.
Car. You know not why we came to visit you?
Reg. Thus out of feaon, threddring darke ey'd night,
Occations Noble Gloster of some prize,
Wherein we must haue vie of your aduice.
Our Father he hath writ, so hath our Sister,
Of differences, which I beft thought it fit
To anfwere from our home: the feuerall Messengers
From hence attend dispatch, our good old Friend,
Lay comforts to your bofome, and beffow
Your needless counsfale to our busineses,
Which craves the instant vie.

Glo. I ferue you Madam,
Your Graces are right welcome.  Exeunt. Flourish.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Kent, and Seward feuerally.

Sew. Good dawning to the Friend, art of this house?
Kent. T.
Sew. Where may we fet our horfes?
Kent. I thymyre.
Sew. Prytheee, if thou lou'nt me, tell me.
Kent. I loue thee not.
Sew. Why then I care not for thee.
Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury Pinfield, I would make
thee care for me.
Sew. Why do'th thou vfe me thus? I know thee not.
Kent. Fellow I know thee.
Sew. What do'lt thou know me for?
Kent. A Knave, a Rascal, an eater of broken meats, a
eafe, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-faited hundred
pound, filthy woode-d-flicking knowe, a Lilly-livered,
action-taking, whoreon glafs-gazing super-lievicable
finicall Roguer, one Truncke-inheriting flawe, one that
would't be a Baud in way of good servuce, and art noth-
thing but the composition of a Knave, Beggar, Coward,
Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungrill Bitch,
one whom I will beate into cloumous whining, if thou
deny't the least lifiable of thy addition.

Sew. Why, what a monftrous Fellow art thou, thus
to raile on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor
knowes thee?

Kent. What a brazan-fie'd Varlet thou, to deny
thou knowest me? Is it two days since I tript vp thy
heeles, and beate thee before the King? Draw you rogue, for
for though it be night, yet the Moone shines, Ie make a
fop oth' Moonshine ofyou, you whorefon Culleyly
Barber-monger, draw.

Ste. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.
Kent. Draw you Rafcall, you come with Letters a-
gainft the King, and take Vaniti the puppets part, a-
gainft the Royaltie of her Father : draw you Rogue, or
Ile fo carbonado your thanks, draw you Rafcall, come
your wales.

Ste. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.
Kent. Strike you flau: fland rogue, fland you next
flau, strike.

Ste. Helpe hoa, murther, murther.

Enter Baflard, Cornwall, Regan, Glover, Servants.

Kent. With you goodman Boy, if you pleafe, come,
Ile flesh ye, come on yong Mafter.
Glo. Weapons? Armes? what's the matter here?
Cor. Kpeepe peace vpon your liues, he dies that strikes
again, what is the matter?
Reg. The Meffengers from our Sifter, and the King?
Cor. What is your difference, speake?
Ste. I am fcarce in breath my Lord.
Kent. No Marsuell, you have fo beflid your valour,
you cowardly Rafcall,nature dicaimes in theea Taylors
made thee.
Cor. Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man?
Kent. A Taylor Sir, a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could
not have made him fo ill, though they bin but two
years oth trade.
Cor. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?
Ste. This ancient Ruffian Sir, whole life I have fpard
at fute of his gray-beard.
Kent. Thou whoren Zed, thou vnneceffary letter:
your Lord, if you will give me leaue, I will tread this
vn-boulted villain into morter, and daube the wall of
a Takes with him. Spare my gray-beard, you wastale?
Cor. Peace farewell,
You beafly knaue, know you no reuerence?
Kent. Yes Sir, but anger hath a priuiledge.
Cor. Why art thou angrie?
Kent. That fuch a flau as this should weare a Sword,
Who weares no honefthy fuch smilling rogues as thefe,
Like Rats oft bite the holy cordis swaine,
Which are t'intrine, t'vnlofe : smooth every paflion
That in the natures of their Lords reball,
Being oile to fire, fnow to the colder moode
Revenge, affire, and turne their Halcon beakes
With every gall, and vary of their Mafter,
Knowing a light (like dogges) but following:
A plaque vpon your Epilepticke vilage,
Smoile you my specheese, as I were a Foole?
Goofe,if I had you vpon Sarum Plaine,
I'd drive you cackling home to Camelot.

Cor. What art thou mad old Fellow?
Glof. How fell you out, fay that?
Kent. No conrades hold more antipathy,
Then f, and fuch a knaue.

Cor. Why do'ft thou call him Knaua?
What is his fault?
Kent. His countenance like me not.
Cor. No more periance do's mine, nor his, nor hers.
Kent. Sir, tis my occupation to be plaine,
I haue teene better faces in my time,
Glue you good morrow.

Glo. The Duke’s too blame in this,
’Twill be ill taken.

Kent. Good King, that must approve the common saw,
Thou out of Heauens benediction com’st
To the warme Sun.
Approach thou Beacon to this vnder Globe,
That by thy comfortable Beaumes I may
Peruse this Letter. Nothing almost sees miracles
But miferie. I know ’ts from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately beene inform’d
Of my obscured course. And shall finde time
From this enormous State, seeking to give
Lostes their remedies. All weary and o’re-watch’d,
Take vantage haueie eyes, not to behold
This shamefull lodging. Fortune goodnight,
Smile once more, turne thy wheel.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard my felfe proclaim’d,
And by the happy hollow of a Tree,
Elseap’d the hunt. No Port is free, no place
That guard, and most vnfall vigilance
Do’s not attend my taking. Whiles I may scape
I will prefume myfelfe: and am bethought
To take the bafeft, and moft pooreft shape
That ever penury in contempt of man,
Brought neere to beaft; my face 1e grime with filth,
Blanket my loines, elfe all my haires in knots,
And with prefented nakednoffe out-face
The Windes, and perfecutions of the skie;
The Country gues me prooffe, and president
Of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voices,
Strike in their num’d and mortifed Armes,
Pins, Wodden-prickes, Nayles, Sprigs of Rosemarie:
And with this horrible obiect, from low Farmes,
Poore pelting Villages, Sheeps-Coates, and Milles,
Sometimes with Lunaticke bands, sometime with Praiers
Inforce their charitie: poore Tarlygod, poore Tom,
That’s something yet: Edgar I nothing am.

Enter Lear, Foole, and Gentleman.

Lear. ’Tis a strange that they shou’d so depart from home,
And not fend backe my Meffengers.

Gent. As I learn’d,
The night before, there was no purpoce in them
Of this remoue.

Kent. Hailie to thee Noble Master.

Lear. Ha! Mak’st thou this flame ah by pastime?

Kent. No my Lord.

Foole. Hah, ha, he weares Cruell Garters Horfes are
tide by the heads, Dogges and Beares by’th’necke,
Monkies by’th’loynes, and Men by’th’legs: when a man
ouerluftie at legs, then he weares wodden nether-stocks.

Lear. What’s he,
That hath so much thy place misdeoke
To fet thee heere?

Kent. It is both he and fhe,
Your Son, and Daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No I say.

Kent. I fay yea.

Lear. By Jupiter I fwear no.

Kent. By Iuuu, I fwear I.

Lear. They durft not do’t:
They could not, would not do’t: ’tis worse then mutter,
To do vpun reftect fuch violent outrage:
Refolute me with all modest hate, which way
Thou might’t deferue, or they impofo this ufage,
Comming from vs.

Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highneffe Letters to them,
Ere I was rifen from the place, that flewed
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking Poufe,
Stew’d in his hate, halfe breathleffe, painting forth
From Generall his Miaffra, felutions;
Delier’d Letters fpight of intermifion,
Which prefently they read; on tho’ contents
They fummon’d vp their meinyc, ftraight tooke Horfe,
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leifure of their anfwer, gave me cold lookes,
And meeting heere the other Meffenger,
Whofe welcome I percei’d had poiffon’d mine,
Being the very fellow which of late
Displaid fow wifely againft your Highneffe,
Hauing more man then wit about me, drew;
He rais’d the house, with loud and coward cries,
Your Sonne and Daughter found this trepaffie worth
The fame which howe it fuffers.

Foole. Winters not gon yet, if the wil’d Geefe fly that
Fathers that weare rags, do make their Children blind,
But Fathers that beare bags, fhall fee their children kind.
Fortune that araint whore, nere turns the key toth’ poore.
But for all this thou fhalt haue as many Dolors for thy
Daughters, as thou can’t tell in a yare.

Lear. Oh how this Mother fweels vp toward my heart!
Hisrorica paffos, downe thou climbing forrow,
Thy Elements below where is this Daughter?

Kent. Wirh the Earle Sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not, stay here.

Gen. Made you no more offence,
But what you fpeak of?

Kent. None:
How chance the the King comes with fo small a number?

Foole. And thou hadft beene fet ith’Stockes for this
question, thould’r well defuer’d it.

Kent. Why Foole?

Foole. Wee’l fet thee to schooles to an Ant, to teach
thee ther’o labouring ith’ winter. All that follow their
noyes, are led by their eyes, but blinde men, and there’s
not a nofe among twenty, but can smell him that’s finking;
let go thy hold, when a greatwheele runs downe a hill,
leaff it breake thy necke with following. But the
great one that goes vpward, let him drawe thee after:
when a wifeman glues thee better counfell glue me mine
againe, I would hauie none but knaues follow it, since a
Foole gives it.

That Sir, which fereues and theekeets for gaine,
And folo wees but for forme;
Will packe, when it begins to raine,
And leve thee in the fiorre,
But I will tarry, the Foole will stay,
And let the wifeman flie:
The knaue turns Foole that runs away,
The Foole no knaue perdie.

Enter Lear, and Glosier.

Kent. Where learn’d you this Foole?

Foole. Not ith’Stocks Foole.

Lear.
for though it be night,yet the Moone shines, Ie make a 

top oth' Moonshine of you, you whoreon Callyenly 

Barber-monger,drawing. 

Ste. Away, I have nothing to do with thee. 

Kent. Draw you Raffel, you come with Letters a-

gainst the King, and take Vanitie the puppets part, a-

gainst the Royaltie of her Father: draw you Rogue, or 

Ie fo carbonado your thanks, draw you Raffel, come 

your waies. 

Ste. Helpe,hoo,murther,help. 

Kent. Strike you flawe: fland rogue, fland you neat 

flawe,strike. 

Sewn. Helpe hoo,murther,murther. 

Enter Bafnard, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Servants. 


Kent. With you goodman Boy, if you please, come, 

Ie flesh ye,come on yong Master. 

Glo. Weapons? Armes? what's the matter here? 

Cor. Keepe peace vpon your liues, he dies that strikes 

againe, what is the matter? 

Reg. The Meffengers from our Siffer, and the King? 

Cor. What is your difference, speake? 

Sewn. I am feare in breath my Lord. 

Kent. No Maruell, you haue so behif'd your valour, 

you cowardly Raffel, nature disclaimes in thee: Taylor 

made thee. 

Cor. Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man? 

Kent. A Taylor Sire, a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could 

not haue made him so ill, though they had bin but two 

years oth' trade. 

Cor. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell? 

Ste. This ancient Russief Sire, whose life I haue fpar'd 

at fute of his gray-beard. 

Kent. Thou whoreon Zed, thou vnneceffary letter: 

my Lord, if you will give me leaue, I will tread this vn-

boulted villain into morter, and daube the wall of a 

Takes with him. Spare my gray-beard, you wagtaile? 

Cor. Peace firrith. 

You beayfully knaue, know you no reuence? 

Kent. Yes Sire, but anger hath a priuileged. 

Cor. Why art thou angrie? 

Kent. That fuch a flauë as this should weare a Sword, 

Who weares no honesty: fuch fMilfling rogues as thefe, 

Like Rats oft bite the holy cordia swaine, 

Which are t'incrime, t'vnloofe: smooth every passion 

That in the natures of their Lords rebell, 

Being oile to fire, fnow to the colder moodes, 

Reueenge,affirms, and ture their Halcion beakes 

With every gall, and vary of their Mafters, 

Knowing naught (like dogges) but following: 

A plague upon your Epileptick wifage, 

Smooile you my speche(e, as I were a Foole? 

Gooife,if I had you vpon Sarum Plain(e, 

I'd drue ye cackling home to Camelf. 

Cor. What art thou mad old Fellow? 

Glof. How fell you out, fay that? 

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy, 

Then I,and fuch a knaue. 

Cor. Why do'tt thou call him Knaue? 

What is his fault? 

Kent. His countenance like me not. 

Cor. No more perchance do's mine, nor his,nor hers. 

Kent. Sire, 'tis my occupation to be plaine, 

I haue feene better faces in my time,
Glue you good morrow.

*Gloucester.* The Duke's too blame in this,
'Twill be ill taken.

*Kent.* Good King, that must approve the common law,
Thou out of Heauens benediction com'rt
To the warme Sun.

Approach thou Beacon to this vnder Globe,
That by thy comfortable Beames I may
Peruse this Letter. Nothing almoft fees miracles
But miferie. I know 's from Cordelia,
Who hath moft fortunately beene inform'd
Of my obscured course. And shall finde time
From this enormous State, seeking to give
Lofes their remedies. All weary and o're-watch'd,
Take vantage beaie eyes, not to behold
This flamefull lodging. Fortune goodnight,
Smile once more, turne thy wheele.

Enter *Edgar*.

*Edgar.* I heard my selfe proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a Tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No Port is free, no place
That guard, and moft vnfall vigilance
Do's not attend my taking. Whiles I may scape
I will preferre my selfe: and am bethought
To take the best, and moft poorest shape
That ever penury in contempt of man,
Brought neere to beast; my face Ie grime with filth,
Blanket my loines, elfe all my haires in knots,
And with pretendent nakednede out-face
The Windes, and perfections of the skie;
The Country gives me proofe, and presidt
Of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voices,
Strike in their num'd and mortified Armes,
Pins, Wodden-prickes, Nayles, Sprigs of Rosemarie:
And with this horrible obiect, from low Farmes,
Poore pelling Villages, Sheeps-Coates, and Milles,
Sometimes with Lunaticke bans, sometyme with Praiers
Inforce their charitie: poore Turlygod, poore Tom,
That's something yet: *Edgar* I nothing am.

Exit.

Enter *Lear*, *Foole*, and Gentleman.

*Lear.* 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send backe my Messengers.

*Gent.* As I learn'd,
The night before, there was no purporp in them
Of this remoue.

*Kent.* Haile to thee Noble Master.

*Lear.* Ha? Mak'rt thou this thame ahy pastime?

*Kent.* No my Lord.

*Foole.* Ha, ha, he weares Cruell Garters Horfes are
tide by the heads, Dogges and Beares by'th'neckes,
Monkies by'th'lownes, and Men by'th'legs: when a man
ouerluffie at legs, then he weares wodden nether-stocks.

*Lear.* What's he,
That hath so much thy place mißtooke
To fet thee here?

*Kent.* It is both he and she,
Your Son, and Daughter.

*Lear.* No.

*Kent.* Yes.

*Lear.* No I say.

*Kent.* I say yea.

*Lear.* By Jupiter I sweare no.
**Lear.** Deny to speake with me?
They are fickle, they are weary, They haue trouw'd all the night? meere fetches, The images of rest and flying off. Fetch me a better answer.

**Glo.** My deere Lord, You know the fiery quality of the Duke, How vremouable and fit he is In his owne course.


**Glo.** Well my good Lord, I have inform'd them so.**Lear.** Inform'd them? Do'th thou vnderstand me man.

**Glo.** I my good Lord.

**Lear.** The King would speake with Cornwall, The deere Father
Would with his Daughter speake, commands, tend, fer-
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood: (vnce, Fiery? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that
No, but not yet, may be he is not well,
Infirmity doth still neglect all office, Whereeto our health is bound, we are not our felues, When Nature being oppressed, commands the mind To fittest with the body, Ile forbear, And am fallen out with my more headier will, To take the indispos'd and fickly fit,
For the found man. Death on my fiate: wherefore Should he fite here? This is a perwades me, That that remotion of the Duke and her Is prudifie only. Give me my Servant forth; Goe tell the Duke, and his wife, I'll speake with them: Now, presently: bid them come forth and heare me, Or at their Chamber doore Ile beate the Drum, Till it crie sleepe to death.

**Glo.** I would have all well betwixt you.**Exit.**

**Lear.** Oh me my heart! My rifting heart! But downe.

**Fedr.** Cry to it Nanckle, as the Cockney did to the Ecles, when he put em 'th' Paffe alue, the knap 'em o'th' coxcombs with a flicke, and cryed downe wantons, downe; 'twas her Brother, that in pure kindnesse to his Horfe buttered his Hay.

**Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Servants.**

**Lear.** Good morrow to you both.

**Corn.** Haille to your Grace.**Kent bett ret at liberty.**

**Reg.** I am glad to fee your Highnesse.

**Lear.** Regan, I thinke your are, I know what reason Ihaue to think so, if thou should'ft not be glad, I would divorce me from thy Mother Tombes, Seulplishing an Adultrefe. O are you free?

Some other time for that. Beloved Regan,
Thy Sifters naught: oh Regan, the hath tied Sharpe-tooth'd vnkindnesse, like a vulture here, I can scarce speake to thee, thou't not beleue With how deprau'd a quality. Oh Regan.

**Reg.** I pray you Sir, take patience, I haue hope You leffe know how to value her defect, Then fhe to fcent her dutie.

**Lear.** Say? How is that?

**Reg.** I cannot thinke my Sifter in the leaff Would falle her Obligation. If Sir perchance She haue reftained the Rots of your Followres, 'Tis on fuch ground, and to fuch wholesome end, As cleere her from all blame.

**Lear.** My curfes on her.

**Reg.** O Sir you are old, Nature in you flands on the very Verge Of his confine; you should be rul'd, and led By fome diñer, that difcernes your flate Better then you your felle: therefore I pray you, That to our Sifter, you do make returne, Say you have wrong'd her.

**Lear.** Askhe her forgiuenefie?
Do you but marke how this becomes the house? Deere daughter, I confesse that I am old;
Age is vneceffarie: on my knees I begge,
That you'll vouchsafe me Raymond, Bed, and Food.

**Reg.** Good Sir, no more: these are vnftightly trickes; Returne you to my Sifter.

**Lear.** Neuer Regan:
She hath abated me of halfe my Traine; Look'd blacke vpon me, fleroke me with her Tongue Moft Serpent-like, vpon the very Heart.
All the fior'd Vengeances of Heauen, fall On her ingratefull top: strike her yong bones You taking Ayres, with Lamentifie.

**Corn.** Eye fit, fie.

**Lat.** You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames Into her fcornefull eye: Infetl her Beauty, You Fen-fuck'd Foggles, drawne by the powfull Sunne, To fall, and blifter.

**Reg.** O the bleft Gods!
So will you with on me, when the raff moode is on.

**Lear.** No Regan, thou fhalter neuer have my curfe:
Thy tender-hefted Nature shall not giue Thee o're to hardnesse: Her eyes are fierce, but thine Do comfort, and not burne. 'Tis not in thee To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my Traine, To bandy haffy words, to fcnt my fizes, And in conclusion, to oppole the bolt Against my comming in. Thou better know'ft The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood, Effects of Curyfie, dues of Gratitude:
Thy halfe o'th'Kingdome haft thou not forgot, Wherein I thee endow'd.

**Reg.** Good Sir, to'th'purpofe.

**Lear.** Who put my man i'th'Stockes?

**Enter Steward.**

**Corn.** What Trumpet's that?
**Reg.** I know't, my Sifters: this approves her Letter, That the would foone be heere. Is your Lady come?

**Lear.** This is a Slaue, whole eafie borrowed pride Dwells in the fickly grace of her he follows, Out Variet, from my fight.

**Corn.** What means your Grace?

**Enter Cornewall.**

**Lear.** Who flockt my Servant? Regan, I haue good hope Thou did't not know on't.

Who comes here? O Heauens!
If you doe loue old men; if your sweet fway Allow Obedience; if you your felues are old, Make it your caufe: Send downe, and take my part. Art not afham'd to looke vpon this Beard? O Regan, will you take her by the hand?

**Gen.** Why not by'th'hand Sir? How haue I offended? All's not offence that indiñeration findes, And dotage termes fo.

**Lear.** O fides, you are too tough! Will you yet hold?
How came my man i'th'Stockes?

**Corn.** I fet him there, Sir: but his owne Diforders

Defier'd

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The Tragedie of King Lear.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Deferu’d much leffe advancememt.
Lear. You? Did you?
Reg. I pray you Father being weake, feme fo.
If till the expiration of your Moneth
You will return to fowrourne with my Sister,
Difmissing halfe your traine, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that prouicion
Which shall be needfull for your entertainment.
Lear. Returne to her? and fifty men difmis’d?
No, rather I abufe all rooffes, and chufe
To wage against the emmity oth’yare,
To be a Comrade with the Wolfe, and Owle,
Neeceflities sharpe pincon. Returne with her?
Why the hot-blooded Flame, that dowerliffe tooke
Our yongeft borne, I could as well be brought
To knee his Throne, and Squire-like penfon beg,
To kepee base life a foothe returne with her?
Perfwade me rather to be flue and sump’ter
To this dexted groome.
Gen. At your choice Sir.
Lear. I prythee Daughter do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee my Child;farewel:
Weel no more meete, no more fee one another.
But yet thou art my fleth, my blood, my Daughter,
Or rather a difafe that’s in my fleth,
Which I muft needs call mine. Thou art a Byle,
A plague for, or imbofTed Carbulence
In my corrupted blood. But Ile not chide thee,
Let fame come when it will, I do not call it,
I do not bid the Thunder-bearer fhoote,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove,
Mend when thou can’t, be better at thy leisur,
I can be patient, I can ftay with Regan,
I and my hundred Knights.
Reg. Not altogether fo,
I look’d not for you yet, nor am prouided
For your fit welcome, glee eare Sir to my Sifter,
For thofe that mingle reafon with your paffion,
Muft be content to thinke you old, and fo,
But the knowes what the doe’s.
Lear. Is this well spoken?
Reg. I dare auouch it Sir, what fifty Followers?
Is it not well? What fhould you need of more?
Yea, or fo many? Sith that both charge and danger,
Speake gainft fo great a number? How in one houfe
Should many people, under two commands
Hold amity? ’Tis hard, almost imppofible.
Gen. Why muft not you my Lord, receive attendence
From thofe that she calls Servants, or from mine?
Reg. Why not my Lord?
If then they chanc’d to fackle ye,
We could comptrroll them, if you will come to me,
(For now I fpe a danger) I entreate you
To bring but flue and twentie, to no more
Will I gue fpace or notice.
Lear. I gue you all.
Reg. And in good time you gue it.
Lear. Made you my Guardians, my Depositaries,
But kept a refleration to be followed
With fuch a number? What, muft I come to you
With flue and twentie? Regan, fayd you fo?
Reg. And speake’t againe my Lord, no more with me.
Lear. Thofe wicked Creatures yet do look wel fano’d
When others are more wicked, not being the worft
Stands in fome ranke of praffe, Ile go with thee,
Thy flue yet doth double flue and twentie,
And thou art twice her Loue.
Gen. Heare me my Lord;
What need you flue and twenty? Ten? Or flue?
To follow in a houfe, where twice fo many
Have a command to tend you?
Reg. What need one?
Lear. O reafon not the need: our bafeft Beggers
Are in the pooreft thing fuperfluous,
Allow not Nature, more then Nature needs:
Mans life is cheaper as Beaffes. Thou art a Lady;
If onely to go warme were gourgeous,
Why Nature needs not what thou gourgeous wear’ft,
Which fcarcely keeps thee warme, but for true need;
You Heauens, give me that patience, patience I need,
You fee me heere (you Gods) a poore old man,
As full of griefe as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that flares these Daughters hearts
Against their Father, foole me not fo much,
To beare it tamely’touch me with Noble anger,
And let not womens weapons, water drops,
Staine my mans cheeckes. No you vn naturall Hags,
I will have fuch reuenges on you both,
That all the world fhall——— I will do fuch things,
What they are yet, I know not, but they shalbe
The terrors of the earth? you thinke Ile weepwe,
No, Ile not wepe, I have full caufe of weeping,
Storme and Tempeft.
But this heart fhall break into a hundred thoufand flaws
Or er Ile wepe; O Foole, I fhall go mad.
Exeunt.
Corm. Let vs withdraw, ’twill be a Storme.
Reg. This house is little, the old man ands people,
Cannot be well beftow’d.
Gen. ’Tis his owne blame hath put himfelfe from reft,
And muft needs taffe his folly.
Reg. For his particular, Ile receive him gladly,
But not one follower.
Gen. So am I purpof’d.
Where is my Lord of Glofter?
Enter Glofter.
Corm. Followed the old man forth, he is return’d.
Glo. The King is in high rage.
Corm. Whether is he going?
Glo. He cala to Horfe, but will I know not whether.
Corm. ’Tis beft to gue him way, he leads himfelfe.
Gen. My Lord, entreate him by no meanes to stay.
Glo. Alacke the night comes on, and the high windes
Do forely ruffle, for many Miles about
There’s feare a Bufh.
Reg. O Sir, to wilfull men,
The injuries that they themfellues procure,
Mufi be their Schoole-Maters: that vp your doores,
He is attended with a desperate traine,
And what they may incende him too, being apt,
’To haue his care aboud, wifdomes bids feare.
Car. Shut vp your doores my Lord, ’tis a wil’d night,
My Regan counsells well; come out other’wise. Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Storme Hill. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman feverally.
Kent. Who’s there befides foule weather?
Gen. One minded like the weather, moft vnquietly.
So old, and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foule.
Fool. He that has a house to put's head in, has a good
Head-peece:
The Codpiece that will house, before the head has any;
The Head, and he shall Lowfe: so Beggers marry many.
The man y makes his Toe, what he his Hart hold mak,
Shall of a Corne cry woe, and turns his sleepe to wake.
For there was never yet faire woman, but shee made
mouthes in a glasse.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will say nothing.
Kent. Who's there?
Fool. Marry here's Grace, and a Codpiece, that's a
Witman, and a Foole.
Kent. Alas Sir are you here? Things that lone night,
Lowe not such nights as these: The wrathfull Skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the darke
And make them keepe their Courses: Since I was man,
Such sheets of Fire, such burfs of horrid Thunder,
Such groanes of roaring Winde, and Raine, I never
Remember to haue heard. Mans Nature cannot carry
Th'afliction, nor the feare.

Lear. Let the great Godes
That keepe this dreadful padder o're our heads,
Finde out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
That haft within thee undivulged Crimes
Wavnymph of Justice. Hide thee, thou Bloudy hand;
Thou Periur'd, and thou Simular of Vertue
That art Inceffuous. Catiffe, to peeces shoke
That vnder couer, and conuenient seeming
Ha's praftis'd on mans life. Clofe pent-vp guilts,
Riue your concealing Continents, and cry
Thefe dreadful Summonses grace. I am a man,
More finn'd against, then finning.
Kent. Alacke, bare-headed!
Gracious my Lord, hard by heere is a Houell,
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the Tempest:
Repose you there, while I to this hard houfe,
( More harder then the fones whereof 'tis rais'd,
Which euen but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) returne, and force
Their scantred curteffe.

Lear. My wits begin to turne.
Come on my boy. How doft my boy? Art cold?
I am cold my selfe. Where is this flame, my Fellow?
The Art of our Necellities is strange,
And can make vile things precious.Come, your Houell:
Poore Foole, and Knaue, I have one part in my heart
That's forry yet for thee.
Fool. He that has and a little-tyne wit,
With heigh-ho, the Winde and the Raine,
Muft make content with his Fortunes fit,
Though the Raine it raineth every day.

Le. True Boy: Come bring vs to this Houell. Exit. Fool.

Fool. This is a brave night to coole a Curtizan:
Ile speake a Prophesie ere I go:
When Priests are more in word, then matter;
When Brewers marre their Malt with water;
When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors,
No Heretiques burn'd, but wenches Sutors;
When every Cafe in Lawe, is right;
No Squire in debt, nor no poore Knight;
When Slanders do not live in Tongues;
Nor Cut-purfs come not to throngs;
When Vlurers tell their Gold 1' th'Field,
And, Baudes, and whores, do Churches build,  
Then shall the Realme of Albion, come to great confusion:  
Then comes the time, who liues to see't,  
That going halfe vs'd with feet. (time.  
This prophecie Merlin shall make, for I liue before his  

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gloucester, and Edmund.

Glo. Alacke, alacke Edmund, I like not this vnnatural dealing; when I defired their levele that I might pity him, they tooke from me the vfe of mine owne house, charg'd me on paine of perpetuall displeasure, neither of speake of him, entreat for him, or any way suftaine him.

Bpf. Moft saue and vnnatural.

Glo. Go too; say you nothing. There is diuision betwene the Dukes, and a worlde matter then that: I haue received a Letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken, I haue lock'd the Letter in my Cloffet, these injuries the King now beares, will be reuenged home; ther is part of a Power already footeed, we muft incline to the King, I will looke him, and priuily relieve him; goe you and maintaine talke with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceiued: If he askes me, for I am ill, and gone to bed, if I die for it, (as no leffe is threaten'd me) the King my old Mafter muft be relieued. There is strange things toward Edmund, pray you be careful. Exit.

Bpf. This Cartefie forbid thee, shal the Duke Infantly know, and of that Letter too;  
This seemes a faire deferuing, and muft draw me  
That which my Father looefean leffe then all,  
The younger rites, when the old doth fall. Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Poole.

Kent. Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter,  
The tirrany of the open night's too rough  
For Nature to endure. Storme still  
Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord enter heree.

Lear. Wilt breake my heart?  
Kent. I had rather breake mine owne,  
Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious  
Inuades vs vs to the skino 'tis to thee,  
(Storme)  
But where the greater malady is first,  
The leffer is scarce felt. Thou'dft shun a Bearre,  
But if they flight lay toward the roaring Sea,  
Thou'dft meete the Bearre i' th' mouth, when the mind's  
The bodies delicate: the tempet in my mind, free,  
Doth from my fences take all feeling else,  
Sawe what beates there, Filliill ingratiate,  
Is it not as this mouth should teare this hand  
For lifting food too' t But I will punish home;  
No, I will wepe no more; in such a night,

To shut me out? Poure on, I will endure:  
In such a night as this? O Regan, Gonerill,  
Your old kind Father, whose ranke heart gauw all,  
O that way madneffe lies, let me thun that:  
No more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord enter here.

Lear. Prythee goe in thy felle, fekke thine owne eafe,  
This tempeft will not give me leave to ponder  
On things that would hurt me more, but Ie goe in,  
In Boy, go firth. You houfes feuere,  
Nay get thee in; I le, pray, and then Ie flepe.  
Poore naked wretches, where fo ere you are  
That bide the pelting of this pittileffe storme,  
How shall your Houfie-felle heads, and vnfed sides,  
Your lop'd, and window'd ragg'dnesse defend you  
From feaons such as these? O I haue tane  
Too little care of this: Take Phyficke, Pompe,  
Expoe thy felle to feele what wretches feele,  
That thou maift shake the superfluex to them,  
And shew the Heauen more luft.

Enter Edgar, and Poole.

Edg. Fathom, and halfe, Fathom and halfe; poore Tom.  
Poole. Come not in hereee Nuncle, here's a spirit, helpe me, helpe me.  
Kent. Gie me thy hand, who's there?  
Poole. A spiritie, a spiritie, he sayes his name's poore Tom.  
Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i'th storm? Come forth.

Edg. Away, the foule Fiend follows me, through the sharpe Hauthorne blow the windes. Humh, goe to thy bed and warne thee.

Lear. Did'thou gie all to thy Daughters? And art thou come to this?  
Edgar. Who giues any thing to poore Tom? Whom the foule fiend hath led though Fire, and through Flame, through Sword, and Whirl-Poole, o're Bog, and Quagmire, that hath laid Knives under his Pillow, and Haltiers in his Pue, let Ras-bane by his Porridge, made him Proud of heart, to ride on a Bay trotting Horie, oure foure incht Bridges, to courte his owne shadow for a Traitor. Blifie thy five Wits, Tom's a cold. O do, de, do, de, do de, blifie thee from Whirl-Windes, Starre-blaffing, and taiking, do poore Tom some charite, whom the foule Fiend vexes. There could I haue him now, and there, and there ag ai ne, and there. Storme still.

Lear. Ha's his Daughters brought him to this passe?  
Could'th thou faue nothing? Would'th thou gie 'em all?  
Poole. Nay, he referu'd a Blanket, elie we had bin all sham'd.

Lea. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre  
Hang fated o're mens faults, light on thy Daughters.  
Kent. He hath no Daughters Sir.

Lear. Death Traitor, nothing could have gub'd To fuch a lowneffe, but his vnkind Daughters. (Nature  
Is it the fashion, that discarded Fathers,  
Should haue thus little mercy on their fieles:  
Judicious punishment, twas this fieles begot  
Those Pelican Daughters.

Edg. Pillock fat on Pillock hill, alow, alow, too, too.

Poole. This cold night will turne vs all to Foole's, and Madmen.

Edgar. Take heed o'thou Fiend, obey thy Parents, keepe thy words iustice, sweare not, commit not,
with mans sworne Spoufe ; let not thy Sweet-heart on proud array. Tom's a cold.

Lear. What haft thou bin?

Edg. A Seruingman? Proud in heart, and minde; that cur'd my haire, wore Gloues in my cap; fer'd the Luft of my Miftris heart, and did the oyle of darkenesse with her. Swore as many Oathes, as I spake words, & broke them in the sweet face of Heaven. One, that leapt in the contriving of Luft, and wak'd to doe it. Wine lou'd I dereely, Dice dereely; and in Woman, out-Paramour'd the Turke. Falfe of heart, light of eare, bloody of hand; Hog in sloth, Foxe in stealth, Wolfe in greedinesse, Dog in madness, Lyon in prey. Let not the creaking of flokes,Nor the ruffling of Silkes, betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foote out of Brothels, thy hand out of Plackets, thy pen from Lenders Bookes, and defye the foule Fiend. Still through the Hauthorne blowes the cold winde: Szes feem, mun, nonny, Dol in my Boy, Boy & Boy; let him trot by.

Storme still.

Lear. Thou wert better in a Graue, then to answere with thy vncour'd body, this extremity of the Skies. Is man no more then this? Consider him wel. Thou owf't the Worme no Silke ; the Beast, no Hide; The Sheep, no Wool; the Cat, no perfume. Ha? Here's three on's are so sophisticated. Thou art the thing it selfe; vnaccommodated man, is no more but such a poor, bare, forked A-nimall as thou art. Off, off you Lendings: Come, vn-button heere.

Enter Gloucester, with a Torch.

Foot. Prythee Nuncle be contented, 'tis a naughtie night to swimme in. Now a little fire in a wildle Field, were like an old Letchers heart, a small spark, all the rest on's body, cold: Looke, heere comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foule Flibbertigibbet; hee begins at Curfew, and walkes at first Cocke: Hee gives the Web and the Pin, fquints the eye, and makes the Hare-lippe; Mildewes the white Wheate, and hurts the poore Creature of earth.

Swithin footed thrice the old, He met the Night-Mare, and her nine-fold; Bid her a-light, and her truth-pitch; And aroyn thee Witch, aroyn thee.

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't that you seeke?

Glu. What are you there? Your Names?

Edg. Poore Tom, that eates the swimming Frog, the Toad, the Tod-pole, the wall-Neut, and the water: that in the furie of his heart, when the foule Fiend rages, eats Cow-dung for Sallets; itswallows the old Rat, and the ditch-Dogge; drinks the green Mantle of the standing Poole: who is whipt from Tything to Tything, and flockt, pinufht, and imprifht: who hath thre' Suutes to his backe, five shirts to his body: But Mice, and Rats, and Suck small Deare, Haue in Tom's food, for feuen longe yeare: Beware my Follower. Peace Smulkin, peace thou Fiend.

Glu. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of Darkenesse is a Gentleman. Made he's call'd, and Made.

Glu. Our flesh and blood, my Lord, is growne so vilde, that it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poore Tom's a cold.

Glu. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer

T'obey in all your daughters hard commands:
Though their Injunction be to barre my doores,
And let this Tyrannous night take hold vpon you,
Yet haue I ventured to come seeke you out,
And bring you where both fire, and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talle with this Philosopher,
What is the caufe of Thunder?

Kent. Good my Lord take his offer,
Go into th'house.

Lear. Ile talke a word with this famed learned Theban:
What is your judy?

Edg. How to preuent the Fiend, and to kill Vermine.

Lear. Let me aske you one word in priuate.

Kent. Importune him once more to go my Lord,
His wits begin t'vnfitte.

Glu. Canst thou blame him?

Stormes fill.

His Daughters seeke his death: Ah, that good Kent,
He faid it would be thus: poore banish'd man:
Thou sayest the King growes mad, Ile tell thee Friend
I am almoft mad my selfe. I had a Sonne,
Now out-law'd from my blood: he bought my life
But lately: very late: I lou'd him (Friend)
No Father his Sonne deerer: true to tell thee,
The greefe hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this?
I do befeech your Grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir:
Noble Philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a cold.

Glu. In fellow there, into th'Houe; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him;
I will keepe still with my Philosopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, footh him:
Let him take the Fellow.

Glu. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirra, come on: go along with vs.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glu. No words, no words, hush.

Edg. Childe Rowland to the darke Tower came,
His word was still, fi, fo, and fumme,
I smell the blood of a Britifh man.

Exeunt

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.

Corn. I will haue my reuenge, ere I depart his house.

Baft. How my Lord, I may be censured, that Nature thus gius way to Loyalty, somethings feares mee to think of.

Corn. I now perceiue, it was not altogether your Brothers euill Diposition made him seeke his death: but a pronouncing merit fet a-worke by a reprouable badnesse in himselfe.

Baft. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be luft? This is the Letter which hee spake of; which approveth him an intelligent partie to the advantage of France. O Heauens that this Treason were not; or not I the detector.

Corn. Go with me to the Dutchefe.

Baft. If the matter of this Paper be certain, you have mighty buinesse in hand.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

The Tragedie of King Lear.

Corn. True or falle, it hath made thee Earle of Gloucester: feeke out where thy Father is; that hee may bee ready for our apprehension.

Bag. If I finde him comforting the King, it will stiffe his fulpition more fully. I will peruse in my course of Loyalty, though the conflict be fore betwixt that, and my blood.

Corn. I will lay true on thee: and thou shalt finde a deere Father in my loue.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Kent, and Gloucester.

Glo. Heere is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully: I will pece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Exit Kent. All the powre of his wits, haue given way to his impatience: the Gods reward your kindnesse.

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Poole.

Edg. Fraterreto calls me, and tells me Nero is an Angler in the Lake of Darknesse: pray Innocent, and beware the foule Fiend.

Poole. Prythee Nunkle tell me, whether a madman be a Gentleman, or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King.

Poole. No, he’s a Yeoman, that ha’s a Gentleman to his Sonne: for hee’s a mad Yeoman that sees his Sonne a Gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hazing in von ‘em.

Edg. Bleffe thy fue wits.

Kent. O pitty: Sir, where is the patience now That you fo oft haue boaste to retaine?

Edg. My teares begin to take his part so much, They marre my counterfecting.

Lear. The little dogges, and all; Trey, Blanch, and Sweet-heart: fee, they barke at me.

Edg. Tom, will throw his head at them: Auaunt you Curses, be thy mouth or blacke or white: Tooth that yoylons if it bite: Maffiffe, Grey-hound, Mongrill, Grim, Hound or Spaniell, Brache, or Hym: Or Bobtailie tight, or Trouble tait, Tom will make him wepe and waile, For with throwing thus my head; Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de: see, Come, march to Wakes and Fayres, And Market Townes: poore Tom thy horne is drye.

Lear. Then let them Anatomize Regan: See what breeds about her heart. Is there any caufe in Nature that make thefle hard-hearts. You fir, I entertaine for one of my hundred: only, I do not like the fashon of your garments. You will fay they are Perian; but let them bee chang’d.

Enter Gloucester.

Kent. Now good my Lord, lye heere, and rest awhile. Lear. Make no noife, make no noife, draw the Curtains: fo, fo, we’ll go to Supper i’th’morning.

Poole. And Ile go to bed at noone. Glo. Come hither Friend: Where is the King my Mafter?

Kent. Here Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gon.

Scena Septima.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Bagstaff, and Servants.

Corn. Poole speedily to my Lord your husband, shew him this Letter, the Army of France is landed: feeke out the Traitor Gloufter.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gen. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. Edmund, keepe you our Sifter company: the reuenges wee are bound to take vppon your Traitorous Father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the Duke where you are going, to a most feflituate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our Poltes shall be fwiift, and intelligen betwixt vs. Farewell deere Sifter, farewell my Lord of Gloufter.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where’s the King? Srew. My Lord of Gloufter hath consuey’d him hence Some fiiue or fix and thirty of his Knights Hot Quefrifats after him, met him at gate, Who, with some other of the Lords, dependants, Are gone with him toward Douer, where they boast To haue well armed Friends.

Corn. Get horfes for your Miftris.

Gen. Farewell sweet Lord, and Sifter.

Exit. Corn. Edmund farewell: go seek the Traitor Gloufter, Pinnion him like a Theefe, bring him before vs: Though well we may not paife vppon his life Without the forme of Justice: yet our power Shall do a cur’tie to our wrath, which men May blame, but not comproll.

Enter Gloucester, and Servants.

Whos there? the Traitor?

Reg. Ingrateful Fox, ’tis he.

Corn. Binde faft his coryk armes.

Glo. What means your Graces?

Who are your Friends confider you are my Ghetta:

Do me no foule play, Friends.

Corn. Binde him I say.


Glo. Vnmercifull Lady, as you are, I’me none.

Corn. To this Chaire binde him,

Villaine, thou shalt finde.

Glo. By the kinde Gods, ’tis most ignobly done To plecke me by the Beard.

Reg. So white, and such a Traitor?

Glo. Naughtie Ladie,

These haires which thou doft rauffh from my chin Will quiccken and acceu thee. I am your Hoft, With Robbers hands, my hospitable favours

You
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?
Corn. Come Sir.
What Letters had you late from France?
Reg. Be simple answer'd, for we know the truth.
Corn. And what confederacie have you with the Traitors, late footed in the Kingdom?
Reg. To whomse hands
You have sent the Lunaticke King : Speake.
Glov. I have a Letter ghostsingly set downe
Which came from one that's of a newtrall heart,
And not from one oppos'd.
Corn. Canning.
Reg. And falfe.
Corn. Where haft thou sent the King?
Glov. To Douer.
Reg. Whereto Douer? Let him answer that.
Glov. I am tyed to'th'Stake,
And I must fland the Courfe.
Reg. Whereunto Douer?
Glov. Because I would not see thy cruelle Nailes
Plucke out his poor old eyes : nor thy fierce Sifer,
In his Anointed fleth, flikke boarish phangs,
The Sea, with fuch a florne as his bare head,
In Hell-blacke-night Indur'd, would haue buoy'd vp
And quench'd the Stelled fires:
Yet poor old heart, he holpe the Heauens to raine.
If Wolues had at thy Gate howl'd that florne time,
Thou shoul'dt have fad, good Porter turne the Key:
All Cruels else subscribe : but I shall fee
The winged Vengeance ouertake such Children.
Corn. See'th shalt thou newer,Fellowes hold ? Chaire,
Vpon these eyes of thine, Ile fet my foote.
Glov. He that will thinke to live, till he be old,
Give me fome helpe.——O cruel! O you Gods.
Reg. One fide will mocke another : Th'other too.
Corn. If you fee vengeance.
Seru. Hold your hand, my Lord:
I have feuer'd you euer since I was a Childe:
But better fervice haue I never done you,
Then now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dogge?
Ser. If you did weare a beard vpon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?
Corn. My Villaine?
Seru. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.
Reg. Glue me thy Sword. A pezant fland vp thus.
Kills him.
Ser. Oh I am flaine : my Lord,you have one eye left
To fee fome miffchefe on him. Oh.
Corn. Left it fee more, preuent it; Out vilde gelly:
Where is thy luft now?
Glov. All darke and comfortleffe?
Where's my Sonne Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the flarke of Nature
To quit this horrid acte.
Reg. Out treacherous Villaine,
Thou call'st on him, that hates thee. It was he
That made the ouverture of thy Treafons to vs:
Who is too good to pitty thee.
Glov. O my Follies ! then edgar was abus'd,
Kinde Gods, forgive me that,and prosper him.
Reg. Go thruft him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Douer.
How is't my Lord? How looke you?

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Edgar.
Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contempt'd,
Then still contempt'd and flatter'd, to be worft:
The loweft, and moft delected thing of Fortune,
Stands still in eperance, lies not in feare:
The lamentable change is from the beft,
The worft returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou vafubflantiall ayre that I embrace:
The Wretch that thou haft blowne vnto the worft,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.

Enter Glouffer, and an Oldman.
But who comes here? My Father poorly led
World, World, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make vs hate thee,
Life would not yeeld to age.
Oldm. O my good Lord, I haue bene your Tenant,
And your Fathers Tenant, threfe fourrefoye yeares.
Glov. Away, get thee away : good Friend be gone,
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee, they may hurt.
Oldm. You cannot see your way.
Glov. I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I fumbled when I faw. Full oft 'tis feene,
Our meanes secure, and our meere defects
Prove our Commodities. Oh deere Sonne Edgar,
The food of thy abused Fathers wrath:
Might I but liue to fee thee in my touch,
I'd fay I had eyes againe.
Oldm. How now? who's there?
Edg. O Gods! Who is't can fay I am at the worft?
I am worfe then ere I was.
Old. 'Tis poore mad Tom.
Edg. And worfe I may be yet: the worft is not,
So long as we can fay this is the worft.
Oldm. Fellow, where goeft?
Glov. Is it a Beggar-man?
Oldm. Madman, and beggar too.
Glov. He has some reafon, elfe he could not beg.
I'th'laften nights florne, I fuch a fellow faw;
Which made me thinke a Man, a Worme. My Sonne
Came then into my minde, and yet my minde
Was then scarce Friends with him.
I haue heard more fince:
As Flies to wanton Boyes, are we to th'Gods,
They kill vs for their fport.
Edg. How shou'd this be?
Bad is the Trade that mutt play Foose to forrow,
Ang'ring it felfe, and others. Bleffe thee Master.
Glov. Is that the naked Fellow?
Oldm. I, my Lord.
Glov. Get thee away : If for my fake
Thou wilt ore-take vs hence a mile or twaine
I'th'way toward Douer, do it for ancient love,
And bring some courer for this naked Soule,
Which Ile intreate to leade me.
Old. Alacke sir, he is mad.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Glu. 'Tis the times plague, When Madmen leade the blinde: Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure: Above the rest, be gone. 
Oldm. Ile bring him the best Parrell that I have Come on't, what will. Exit.

Glu. Come hither fellow. Edg. And yet I must: Bleeffe thy sweete eyes, they bleede. Glou. Know'lt thou the way to Douer? Edg. Both style, and gate; Horleway, and foot-path: poore Tom hath bin carr'd out of his good wits. Bleeffe thee good mans sonne, from the foule Fiend. Glou. Here take this purfe, y whom the heau'n's plagues Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched Makes thee the happier: Heauen's deale fo fill : Let the superfluous, and Luft-dieted man, That flau's your ordinance, that will not see Because he do's not feele, feele your powre quickly: So disdraction should vnado excess, And each man have enough. Doft thou know Douer? Edg. 1 Matter. Glou. There is a Cliffe, whose high and bending head Lookes fearfully in the confined Deepe: Bring me but to the very brimme of it, And Ile repaire the miferf thou do'lt beare With something rich about me: from that place, I hall no leading neede.

Edg. Give me thy arme; Poore Tom shall leade thee. 

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Generil, Boffard, and Steward.

Gen. Welcome my Lord.I meruell our mild husband Not met vs on the way. Now, where's your Matter? Stew. Madam within, but neuer man fo chang'd: I told him of the Army that was Landed: He fmail'd at it. I told him you were comming, His anwser was, the worfe. Of Gloufter Treachery, And of the Loyall Service of his Sonne When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sot, And told me I had turn'd the wrong fide out: What moft he should diflike, feemes pleafant to him; What like, offenufe.

Gen. Then ball ye go no further. It is the Cowish terror of his spirit That dares not undertake: Hee'll not feele wrongs Which tye him to an anwser: our wives on the way May proue effects. Backe Edmund to my Brother, Haften his Mufters, and conduet his powres. I muft change names at home, and glue the Diftaffe Into my Husbands hands. This truffle Seruant Shall paffe betwenee vs: ere long you are like to hear (If you dare venture in your owne behalfe) A Mistrefles command. Weare this; fpare speech, Decline your head. This kiffe, if it durft speake Would fretch thy Spirits vp into the ayre: Conceiue, and fare thee well.

Boft. Yours, in the ranke of death. 
Gen. My moft deere Glofter.

Oh, the difference of man, and man, To thee a Womans feruices are due, My Poole vfurpes my body. 
Stew. Madam, here come's my Lord. 
Enter Albany.

Gen. I haue beene worth the whistle. 
Alb. Oh Gloufter, You are not worth the duft which the rude winde Blows in your face. 
Gen. Milke-Liuer'd man, That beart' a cheeke for blowes, a head for wrongs, Who haft not in thy browes an eye-difcerning Thine Honor, from thy suffering. 
Alb. See thy felie diuell: Proper deformitie feemes not in the Fiend So horrid as in woman. 
Gen. Oh vaine Poole. 
Enter a Maffenger.

Mef. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of Carnwals dead, Slaine by his Seruant, going to put out The other eye of Gloufter. 
Alb. Gloufters eyes. 
Mef. A Seruant that he bred, thrill'd with remorfe, Oppos'd against the act: bending his Sword To his great Matter, who, threat-enrag'd Flew on him, and among't them fell'd him dead, But not without that harmefull stroke, which Since Hath pluckt him after.

Alb. This fhwes you are aboue You fulfices, that thefe our neather crimes So speedily can venge. But (O poore Gloufter) Loft he his other eye? 
Mef. Both, both, my Lord. 
This Letter Madam, craues a speedy anwser :
'Tis from your Sifter. 
Gen. One way I like this well, But being widnow, and my Gloufter with her, May all the building in my fancie plucke Upon my hatefull life. Another way The Newes is not fo tart. He read, and anwser. 
Alb. Where was his Sonne, When they did take his eyes? 
Mef. Come with my Lady hither. 
Alb. He is not here. 
Mef. No my good Lord, I met him backe againe. 
Alb. Knowes he the wickedneffe? 
Mef. I my good Lord: twas he inform'd against him And quit the house on purpofe, that their punishment Might haue the freer courfe. 
Alb. Gloufter, I lye 
To thanke thee for the loue thou shew'dst the King, And to reuenge thine eyes. Come hither Friend, Tell me what more thou know't. 

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen, and Souliuers.

Cor. Alacke, 'tis he: why he was met eu'n now As mad as the next Sea, finging alow, Crown'd with ranke Fenitar, and furrow weades, With Hardokes, Hemlocke, Nettles, Cuckoo flowres, 
Darnell
Enter Regan, and Steward.

Reg. But are my Brothers Powres set forth?
Stew. I Madam.

Reg. Himself in person there?
Stew. Madam with much ado:
Your Sister is the better Souldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your Lord at home?
Stew. No Madam.

Reg. What might import my Sisters Letter to him?
Stew. I know not, Lady.

Reg. Faith he is poofed hence on serious matter:
It was great ignorance, Gloufiers eyes being out
To let him live. Where he arrives, he mouses
All hearts against vs: Edmund, I think is gone
In pitty of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life: Moreouer to defcry
The strength o'th'Enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, Madam, with my Letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to morrow, stay with vs:
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not Madam:
My Lady charg'd my dutie in this busines.

Reg. Why should the write to Edmund?
Might not you transport her purpofes by word? Belike,
Some things, I know not what. Ile loue thee much
Let me vnfeale the Letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather ——

Reg. I know your Lady do's not loue her Husband,
I am sure of that: and at her late being here,
She gave strange Ellads, and moft speaking looke
To Noble Edmund. I know you are of her boforme.

Stew. I, Madam?
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrell with your great beneficent wiles,
My snuffe, and loathed part of Nature should
Burne it selfe out. If Edgar live, O bless him:
Now Fellow, fare thee well.

Edg. Gone Sir, farewell:
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The Treasury of life, when life it selfe
Yeelds to the Theft. Had he bin where he thought,
By this had thought bin past. Alieve, or dead?
Hoa, you Sir: Friend, hear you Sir, speake:
Thus might he peace indeed; yet he reuies.
What are you Sir?

Glu. Awaie and let me dye.

Edg. Had't thou beene ought
But Goezmore, Feathers, Ayre,
(So many fathome downe precipitating)
Thou'dst think'd like an Egge: but thou do'tt breath:
Hast heauen substance, bleed't not, speake't, art found,
Ten Mafts at each, make not the altitude
Which thou haft perpendicularly fell,
Thy life's a Myracle. Speake yet againe,
Glu. But haue I falsne, or no?

Edg. From the dread Sonnet of this Chalkie Bourne
Looke vp a height, the thrill-gord' Larke so farre
Cannot be feene, or heard: Do but looke vp.
Glu. Alacke, I haue no eyes:
Is wretchednesse depli'd, that benefit
To end it selfe by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When milery could beguile the Tyranne rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Glu. Give me your arme.

Vp, fo : How is't? Feele you your Legges? You stand,
Glu. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangesesse,
Upn the crowne o'th'Clippe. What thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glu. A poore unfortunat Beggar.

Edg. As I stood heere belowe, me thought his eyes
Were two full Monoes: he had a thousand Nose,
Hornes would't, and waue like the enraged Sea:
It was some Fiende: Therefore thou happy Father,
Thinke that the clearest Gods, who make them Honors
Of mens Impoffibilities, haue preferred thee.

Glu. I do remember now; henceforth Ile beare
Affiliation, till it do cry out it selfe
Enough, enough, and dye. That thing you speake of,
I tooke it for a man : often'twould say
The Fiend, the Fiend, he led me to that place.

Edgar. Beare free and patient thoughts.

Enter Lear.

But who comes heere?
The faier fenfe will ne're accommodate
His Mafter thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the
King himselfe.

Edg. O thou side-piercing fight!

Lear. Nature's aboue Art, in that respect. Th'ers your
Preife-money. That fellow handles his bow, like a Crow-
keeper : draw mee a, Cloathiers yard. Looke, looke, a
Mouse : peace, peace, this peece of toasted Cheefe will
do'tt. There's my Gauntlet, Ile prowe it on a Gyant.
Bring vp the browne Billes. O well flowne Bird : I'th
clout, I'th clout : Hewgh. Glue the word.

Edg. Sweet Mariorum.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

The bountie, and the benizone of Heauen
To boot, and boot.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize : most happie
That cycellfe head of thine, was first fram'd fleth
To raise my fortunes. Thou old, vnhappy Traitor,
Breefely thy fefe remember : the Sword is out
That must deftroy thee.

Glu. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough too't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold Pezant,
Dar't thou support a publifh'd Traitor? Hence,
Leaft that th'infecution of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arme.
Edg. Chill not let go Zir,
Without vurther caution.

Stew. Let go Slaue, or thou dy'rt.

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, and let poore
volke passe ; and 'chud ha' bin swaggard out of my life,
'twould not ha'bin so long as 'tis, by a vortnight. Nay,
come not neere th'old man : keepe out che voy'rc, or ice
try whither your Confard, or my Ballow be the harder;
chill be plaine with you.

Stew. Out Daunghill.

Edg. Chill picke your teeth Zir : come, no matter vor
your foynes.

Stew. Slaue thou ha't finde me?Villain, take my purfe ;
If euer thou wilt thrieve, bury my bodie,
And glue the Letters which thou find'ft about me,
To Edmund Earl of Gloufter: feeke him out
Vpon the English party. Oh vntimely death, death.
Edg. I know thee well. A fortureable Villaine,
As duteous to the vices of thy Miftris,
As badneffe would defire.

Glu. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you downe Father : reft you.
Let's fee thefe Pockets ; the Letters that he speaks of
May be my Friends : hee's dead ; I am onely forry
He had no other Deathman. Let vs fee :
Leaue gentle waxe, and manners : blame vs not
To know our enemies minides, we rip their hearts,
Their Papers is more lawfull.

Rade the Letter.

Let our reciprocall owes be remembred. You haue manie
opportunities to cut him off ; if your will want not, time
and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done. If bee
returns the Conqueror, then am I the Prifoner, and bid my
Gaole, from the lootted warmth whereof, deliver me, and supply
the place for your Labour.

Your (Wife, fo I would say) affec[tio]-nate Servant. Gonerill.

Oh indinguish'd space of Womans will,
A plot upon her vertuous Husbands life,
And the exchange my Brother : heere, in the sands
Thee Ile rake vp, the pothe vnflanchifi'd
Of martherous Letchers : and in the mature time,
With this vragious paper strike the fight
Of the death-praft'd Duke : for him 'tis well,
That of thy death, and busineffe, I can tell.

Glu. The King is mad :
How stiffe is my vile fenfe
That I stand vp, and have ingeneous feeling
Of my huge Sorrowes? Better I were distract,
So shoud my thoughts be feuer'd from my greefes,

Drum asfarre off.

And woes, by wrong imaginations loofe

The
The knowledge of themselues.

Edg. Give me your hand:
Farre off methinks I heare the beaten Drumme.
Come Father, Ile beftow you with a Friend. Exeunt.

Scena Septima.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentleman.

Cor. O thou good Kent,
How shall I live and worke
To match thy goodnesse?
My life will be too short,
And euerie meafure faile me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd Madam is ore-pal'd,
All my reports go with the mofted truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but fo.

Cor. Be better futed,
These weedes are memories of those worfer hours:
I prythee put them off.

Kent. Pardon deere Madam,
Yet to be knowne fhortsens my made intent,
My boone I make it, that you know me not,
Till time, and I, thinkes meet.

Cor. Then be't fo my good Lord;
How do's the King?

Gent. Madam sleepeas fill.
Cor. O you kind Gods!
Cure this great breach in his abused Nature,
Th'vnun'd and iarring fenfes, O winde vp,
Of this childe-changed Father.

Gent. So pleafe your Maiefty,
That we may wake the King, he hath fleep long?
Cor. Be gouern'd by your knowledge, and proceede
I'th'fway of your owne will: is he array'd?

Enter Lear in a chair carried by Servants

Gent. I Madam: in the heaunefle of sleep,
We put freth garments on him.
Be by good Madam when we do awake him,
I doubt of his Temperance.

Cor. O my deere Father, refturation hang
Thy medicine on my lippes, and let this kife
Remove thofe violent harmes, that my two Sifters
Hauie in thy Reuerence made.

Kent. Kind and deere Princesse.

Cor. Had you not bin their Father, these white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd againft the iarring winde?
Mine Enemies dogge, though he had bit me,
Should hauie fhould that night againft my fire,
And was't thou faie (poore Father)
To houell thee with Swineand Rogues forlorne,
In foart, and mufty fhaw? Alack, alacke,
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once
Had not concludef all. He whyke,spake to him.

Gen. Madam do you, 'tis fitteft.

Cor. How does my Royall Lord?
How faires your Maiefty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out 'th'grave,
Thou art a Soule in bliffe, but I am bound

Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
Do fcal'd,like molten Lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit I know, where did you dye?

Cor. Still, fill, farre wide.

Gen. He's Scarfe awake,
Let him alone a while.

Lear. Where haue I bin?
Where am I? Fair day light?
I am mightily abus'd; I should eu'n dye with pity
To fee another thus. 'I know not what at faie:
I will not fwear thofe are my hands: let's fee,
I feele this pin pricke, would I were affur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O looke vpon me Sir,
And hold your hand in beneficition o're me,
You must not kneele.

Lear. Pray do not mocke me;
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourescore and vpward,
Not an hour more, nor leffe:
And to deale plainly,
I feare I am not in my perfect mind.
Me thinkes I should know you, and know this man,
Yet I am doubtfull: For I am mainly ignorant
What place this isand all the skill I haue
Remembers not thofe garments: nor I know not
Where I did lodge laft night. Do not laugh at me,
For (as I am a man) I thinke this Lady
To be my childe Cordelia.

Cor. And fo I am: I am.

Lear. Be your teares wet?
Yes faith: I pray wepe not,
If you haue poelyn for me, I will drinke it:
I know you do not loue me, for your Sifters
Haue (as I do remember) done me wrong.
You have fome caufe, they have not.

Cor. No caufe, no caufe.

Lear. Am I in France?
Kent. In your owne kingdome Sir.

Lear. Do not aibufl me.

Gent. Be comforted good Madam, the great rage
You fee is kill'd in him:defire him to go in,
Trouble him no more till further settling.

Cor. Wilt pleafe your Highnesse walke?

Lear. You must beare with me:
Pray you now forget, and forgue,
I am old and foollifh. Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter with Drumme and Colours, Edmund, Regan.
Gentlemen, and Souldiers.

Bafli. Know of the Duke if his laft pu'pose hold,
On whether he is adu's'd by ought
To change the courfc, he's full of alteration,
And felfereprouing, bring his conftant pleafure.

Reg. Our Sifters man is certainly mifcarried.

Bafli. 'Tis to be doubted Madam.

Reg. Now sweet Lord,
The Tragedie of King Lear.

You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me but truly, but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my Sifter?
Bass. In honour'd Love.
Reg. But have you never found my Brothers way,
To the fore-fended place?
Bass. No by mine honour, Madam.
Reg. I never shall endure her, deere my Lord
Be not familiar with her.
Bass. Fear not, she and the Duke her husband.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Albany, Gonerill, Soldiers.

Alb. Our very loving Sitter, well be-met:
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our State
For'd to cry out.
Regan. Why is this reafond?
Goneril. Combine together 'gainst the Enemie:
For these demetick and particular broiles,
Are not the question here.
Alb. Let's then determine with th'ancient of warre
On our proceeding.
Reg. Sitter you'll go with us?
Gon. No.
Reg. 'Tis most convenient, pray go with us.
Gon. Oh ho, I know the Riddle, I will goe.

Exeunt both the Armies.

Enter Edgar.
Edg. If ere your Grace had speech with man so poore,
Heare me one word.
Alb. Ile overtake you, speake.
Edg. Before you fight the Battale, ope this Letter:
If you have vict'ry, let the Trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seeme,
I can produce a Champion, that will prove
What is awouched there. If you miscarry,
Your bauneffe of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune loves you.
Alb. Stay till I have read the Letter.
Edg. I was forbid it:
When time shall ferue, let but the Herald cry,
And Ile appear again.
Alb. Why fare thee well, I will o're-looke thy piper.

Enter Edmund.

Bass. The Enemy's in view, draw vp your powers,
Heere is the gueffe of their true strengthe and Forces,
By diligent dillcuoure, but your haft
Is now wrapt on you.
Alb. We will greet the time.

Edg. To both these Sitters hauie I sworne my love:
Each jealous of the other, as the sting
Are of the Adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd
If both remaine alius: To take the Widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her Sitter Gonerill,
And hardly shall I carry out my fide,
Her husband being alius. Now then, we'll vfe
His countenance for the Battale, which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him, deute
His speedy taking off. As for the mercie
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The Battale done, and they within our power,
Shall never se his pardon: for my flate,
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Alarum wit bin. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Souldiers, over the Stage, and Exeunt.

Enter Edgar, and Gloster.

Edg. Hearer Father, take the shadoe of this Tree
For your good hoist: pray that the right may trie:
If ever I returne to you againe,
Ile bring you comfort.
Glo. Grace go with you Sir. 

Exeunt.

Alarum and Retreat within.

Enter Edgar.

Edgar. Away old man, glue me thy hand, away:
King Lear hath loit, he and his Daughter tane,
Give me thy hand : Come on.
Glo. No further Sir, a man may rot euon heere.
Edg. What in ill thoughts againe?
Men mutt endure
Their going hence, euon as their comming hither,
Ripeness is all come on.
Glo. And that's true too.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter in conquest with Drum and Colours, Edmund, Lear, and Cordelia, as prisoners, Souldiers, Captaine.

Bass. Some Officers take them away; good guard,
Vastill their greaeter pleasures first be knowne
That are to censure them.
Cor. We are not the first,
Who with beft meaning have incurrel'd the worfe:
For thee oppreffed King I am call'd downe,
My selfe could els eftowne falle Fortunes frowne.
Shall we not fee these Daughters, and these Sitters?
Lear. No, no, no, no: come let's away to prifon,
We two alone will finge like Birds i'th'Cage:
When thou doft afke me fbleffing, Ile kneele downe
And afke of thee furgeoneffe: So we'll lie
And pray, and finge, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gidded Butterflies: and heere (poore Rogues)
Talk of Court newes, and we'll talke with them too,
Who loofe, and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take vp'n the mystery of things,
As if we were Gods fipes: And we'll weare out
In a wall'd prifon, packs and fefts of great ones,
That ebe and flow by th'Moone.
Bass. Take them away.
Lear. Vpon fuch sacrifice my Cordelia,
The Gods themrefelves throw Incenfe.
Haue I caught thee?
He that parts vs, shall bring a Brand from Heauen,
And fire vs hence, like Foxes with fire eyes,
The good yeares shall deoure them, fleth and fell,
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Ere they shall make vs wepe?
Weele see e'm flaru’d first: come.

-BAU. Come hither Captaine, hearke.
Take thou this note, go follow them to prifon,
One Rep I have advanc’d thee, if thou do’st
As this infructs thee, thou doft make thy way
To Noble Fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender minded
Do’s not become a Sword, thy great imployment
Will not beare question either fay thou’dt o’er.
Or thrive by other meanes.

-CAPT. I’l doe my Lord.

-BAU. About it and write happy, when thy haft done,
Marke I say faintly, and carry it fo
As I have fet it down.

exit Captaine.

Flourish. Enter Albany, Gonersill, Regan, Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you haue shew’d to day your valiant firaine
And Fortune led you well; you have the Captuies
Who were the opposites of this dayes firifes:
I do require them of you to vfe them,
As we shall find their merites, and our safety
May equally determine.

BAU. Sir, I thought it fit,
To send the old and miferable King to some retention,
Whole age had Charmes in it, whose Title more
To plucke the common boosome on his fide,
And turn our imperft Laurences in our eies
Which do command them. With him I fent the Queen:
My reafon all the fame, and they are ready
To morrow, or at further space, I’l appeare
Where you shall hold your Seffion.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subiect of this Warre,
Not as a Brother.

Reg. That’s as we lift to grace him.
Methinks our pleafure might haue bin demanded
Erre you had fpoke fo farre. He led our Powers,
Bore the Commiſtion of my place and perfon,
The which immediatly may well stand vp,
And call it felle your Brother.

Gen. Not fo hot:
In his owne grace he doth exalt himfelfe,
More then in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
By me inueded, he compeares the beft.

Alb. That were the moft, if he fhould haue you.
Reg. Lefters do oft proue Prophets.

Gen. Hola, hola,
That eye that told you fo, look’d but a squint.

Rega. Lady I am not well, elfe I should anfwer
From a full flowing flomack. General,
Take thou my Souldiers, prifoners, patrimony,
Difpoke of them, of me, the walls is thine:
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My Lord, and Matter.

Gen. Meane you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.

-Baft. Nor in thine Lord.

Alb. Halfe-blud ed fellow, ye’s.

Reg. Let the Drum strike, and proue my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet, heare reaſon: Edmund d, I arreft thee
On capittall Trafon; and in thy arreft,
This gilded Serpent: for your claime faire Sifthers,
I bare it in the intercet of my wife,

'Tis he is sub-contract’d to this Lord,
And I her husband contradicter your Banes.
If you will marry, make your loues to me,
My Lady is befpeke.

Gen. An enterlude.

Alb. Thou art armed Glofter,
Let the Trumpet found:
If none appeare to proue upon thy perfon,
Thy heynous, manifeft, and many Treasons,
There is my pledge: Ie make it on thy heart
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing leffe
Then I have heere proclaim’d thee.

Reg. Sicke, O sicke.

Gen. If not, Ie nere truft medicine.

-BAU. There’s my exchange, what in the world he’s
That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies,
Call by the Trumpet: he that dares approach;
On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine
My truth and honor firmly.

Enter a Herald.

Truft to thy fingle vertue, for thy Souldiers
All leuiad in my name, haue in my name
Tooke their discharge.

Regan. My fickneffe growes vpon me.

Alb. She is not well, conuey her to my Tent.
Come hither Herald, let the Trumper found,
And read out this.

Herald reads.

I if any man of qualitie or degree, within the lift of the Ar-
my, will maintaine vpon Edmund, Ejposed Earle of Glofter,
that he is a manifald Traitor, let him appeare by the third
found of the Trumpet: e he bold in his defence.

Exit Trumpet.

Her. Again.

Trumpet answers within.

Alb. Aske him his purpofes, why he appeares
Vpon this Cal2 o’th Trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality, and why you anfwer
This preffent Summons?

Edg. Know my name is loft
By Treasons tooth: bare-cgnawne, and Canker-bit,
Yet am I Noble as the Aduerfary
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that Aduerfary?

Edg. What’s he that Speakes for Edmund Earle of Glo-

-BAU. Himfelfe, what likt thou to him ?

Edg. Draw thy Sword,

That if my Speech offend a Noble heart,
Thy arme may do thee Justice, heere is mine:
Behold it is my privilage,
The pruifie of mine Honours,
My oath, and my profession. I proteft,
Maugre thy ftrength, place, youth, and eminence,
Defpite thy victor-Sword, and fire new Fortune,
Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a Traitor:
Falle to thy Gods, thy Brother, and thy Father,
Confpriant gainft this high illuftrious Prince,
And from th’eextremely vpward of thy head,
To the difcent and dunt below thy footes,

ff2

A
A most Toad-pocket Traitour. Say thou no, This Sword, this arme, and my bell spirits are bent To prove upon thy heart, whereeto I speake, Thou lyest.

'Baft. In widowsome I should ask thy name, But since thy out-side looks so faire and Warlike, And that thy tongue in some law of breathing breathes, What safe, and nicely I might well delay, By rule of Knight-hood, I dilate and spurne: Backe do I toffe these Treasons to thy head, With the hell-hated Lynce, or-welme thy heart, Which for they yet glance by, and fearfully bruife, This Sword of mine shall give them infant way, Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets speake.


Gen. This is prafticie Glorier,
By th'law of Warre, thou walt not bound to answer An vnknowne oppolite; thou art not vanquished, But cozed, and be gild.

Alb. Shut your mouth Dame, Or with this paper shall I stop it: hold Sir, Thou worfe then any name, reade thine owne euille : No treading Lady, I perceu you know it.

Gen. Say if I do, the I awers are mine not thine, Who can ariaigne me for't? Exit.

Alb. Most monftrous ! O, know'th thou this paper?

Baft. Aske me not what I know.

Alb. Go after her, she's desperate, goure her.

Baft. What you haue charg'd me with,
That haue I done, And more, much more, the time will bring it out. 'Tis past, and so am I : But what art thou That haft this Fortune on me? If thou'tr Noble, I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity; I am no lefe in blood then thou art Edmond, If more, the more th'haft wrong'd me. My name is Edgar and thy Fathers Sonne, The Gods are juft, and of our pleafant vices Make instruments to plague vs : The darke and vizious place where thee he got, Cott him his eyes.

Baft. Th'haft spoken right,'tis true, The Wheele is come full circle, I am herehe.

Alb. Me thought thy very gate did prophetic A Royall Noblenesse: I must embrace thee, Let sorrow fliume my heart, if euer I Did hate thee, or thy Father.

Edg. Worthy Prince I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid your selfe ?

How have you knowne the miferies of your Father?

Edg. By nurfing them my Lord. Lift a briefe tale, And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burn.

The bloody proclamation to escape That follow'd me so neere(O our lives sweetneffe, That we the pains of death would hourely dye, Rather then die at once) taught me to shift Into a mad-mans rage, t'assume a fumble That very Dogges defi'd, and in this habit Met I my Father with his bleeding Rings, Their precious Stones new loft: became his guide, Led him, begg'd for him, fau'd him from dispaire. Neuer(O fault)resue'd I my selfe vnto him, Vntill some halfe houre paft when I was arm'd, Not sure, though hoping of this good succeffe, I ask'd hisbleffing,and from first to last-Told him our pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart (Alacke too weake the conflict to support) Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and greefe, Burnt limplying.

Baft. This speech of yours hath mou'd me, And shall perchance do good, but speake you on, You looke as you had something more to say. Alb. If there be more, more wofull, hold it in, For I am almost ready to dissole, Hearing of this.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gen. Helpe, helpe : O helpe,
Edg. What kinde of helpe?

Alb. Speake man.

Edg. What means this bloody Knife?

Gen. 'Tis hot, it smoke's, it came even from the heart of—O she's dead.


Gen. Your Lady Sir,your Lady; and her Sitter
By her is poyfon'd: she confesse's it.

Baft. I was contracted to them both, all three Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead;
Gonerill and Regan bodiessbrought out.

This judgement of the Heauens that makes vs tremble. Touches vs not with pitty: O, is this he?
The time will not allow the complement Which very manners vrges.

Kent. I am come To bid my King and Master aye good night. Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of vs forgot, Speake Edmund, where's the King? and where's Cordelia? Seest thou this obiect Kent?

Kent. Alacke, why thus?

Baft. Yet Edmund was belou'd: The one the other poison'd for my fake, And after flew herelfe.

Alb. Even fo toouer their faces.

Baft. I pant for life : some good I meane to do Delight of mine owne Nature. Quickly fend, (Be briefe in it) to' th'Caftle, for my Writ Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia: Nay, fend in time.

Alb. Run, run, O run.

Edg. To who my Lord? Who ha's the Office? Send thy token of repreuue.

Baft. Well thought on, take my Sword, Give it the Captaine.

Edg. Haft thee for thy life.

Baft. He hath Commiffion from thy Wife and me, To hang Cordelia in the prifon, and To lay the blame upon her owne dispaire, That she for did her selfe.

Alb. The Gods defend her,beare him hence awhile.

Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.

Lear. Howle, howle, howle: O your are men of stones, Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd vfe them so, That Heauens vault should crack : she's gone for euer. I know when one is dead, and when one liues, She's dead as earth: Lend me a Looking-glaffe,
If that her breath will mist or stable the stone,
Why then she lies.
Kent. Is this the promis’d end?
Edg. Or image of that horror.
Alb. Fall and cease.
Lear. This feather flies, she lies: if it be so,
It is a chance which do’s redeem all sorrowes
That ever I have felt.
Kent. O my good Master.
Lear. Prythee away.
Edg. ’Tis Noble Kent your Friend.
Lear. A plague upon you Murderers, Traitors all,
I might haue fa’d her, now she’s gone for ever:
Cordelia, Cordelia, say a little. Ha:
What is’t thou faid? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill’d the Slave that was a hanging thee.
Gent. ’Tis true (my Lords) he did.
Lear. Did I not fellow?
I haue seene the day, with my good biting Faulchion
I would haue made him skip: I am old now,
And these same croffes spoile me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o’th’best, Ile tell you straight.
Kent. If Fortune brag of two, she lou’d and hated,
One of them we behold.
Lear. This is a dull fight, are you not Kent?
Kent. The same: your Seruant Kent,
Where is your Seruant Calus?
Lear. He’s a good fellow, I can tell you that,
He’ll strike and quickly too, he’s dead and rotten.
Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man.
Lear. Ile fee that straight.
Kent. That from your first of difference and decay,
Haue follow’d your sad steps.
Lear. Your are welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no man else.
All’s cheerliffe, darke, and deadly,
Your eldest Daughters haue fore-done themselues,
And desperately are dead
Lear. I fo I thinke.
Alb. He knowes not what he faies, and vaine is it

That we present vs to him.

Enter a Messenger.

Edg. Very bootleffe.
M. Edmund is dead my Lord.
Alb. That’s but a trifle heere:
You Lords and Noble Friends, know our intent,
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be appli’d. For vs we will regine,
During the life of this old Maiesty
To him our absolute power, you to your rights,
With boote, and fuch addition as your Honours
Hauing more then merited. All Friends shall
Talke the wages of their vertue, and all Foes
The cup of their deferings: O fee, fee.
Lear. And my poore Foole is hang’d: no, no, no life?
Why should a Dog, a Horfe, a Rat haue life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou’lt come no more,
Neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer.
Pray you vndo this Button. Thanke you Sir,
Do you fee this? Looke on her? Looke her lips,
Looke there, looke there.

Edg. He faints, my Lord, my Lord.
Kent. Break heart, I prythee break.
Edg. Looke vp my Lord.
Kent. Vex not his ghost, O let him passe, he hates him,
That would vpon the wracke of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.
Edg. He is gon indeed.
Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur’d so long,
He but vforpht his life.
Alb. Beare them from hence, our present busineffe
Is generallye wo: Friends of my soule, you twaine,
Rule in this Realme, and the gor’d flate sustaine.
Kent. I haue a journey Sir, shortly to go,
My Mafter calls me, I must not faie no.
Edg. The weight of this sad time we must obey,
Spreake what we feele, not what we ought to say:
The eldest hath borne moff, we that are yong,
Shall not fee so much, nor live so long.

Exeunt with a dead March.

FINIS.
Enter Roderigo and Iago.

Roderigo.

Euer tell me, I take it much unkindly
That thou (Iago) who haft had my purse,
As if 'tis frings were thine, should't know of this.
In. But you'll not heare me, if euer I did dream
Of such a matter, abhorre me.

Rodo. Thou toldst me,
Thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Defpife me
If I do not. Three Great-ones of the Cittie,
(To personall suithe to make me his Lieutenant)
Off-capt to him: and by the faith of man
I know my price, I am worth no worde a place.
But he (as loving his owne pride, and purpofe)
Euaes them, with a humblaf Circumstance,
Horribly stufft with Epithites of warre,
Non-fuites my Mediators. For certes, faies he,
I haue already chose my Officer. And what was he?
For-footh, a great Arithmatian,
One Michael Caffo, a Florentine,
(A Fellow almost damn'd in a faire Wife)
That never yet a Squadron in the Field,
Nor the deuilion of a Battale knowes
More then a Spinifter. Vnleffe the Bookifh Theorice:
Wherein the Tongued Confus can propofe
As Mafterly as he. Meere prattle (without prattife)
Is al his Soulardhip. But he (Sir) had th'elecution;
And I (of whom his eies had feene the profe
At Rhodes, at Ciprus, and on others grounds
Christen'd, and Heathen'must be be-lee'd, and calm'd
By Debtor, and Creditor. This Counter-cater,
He (in good time) muft his Lieutenant be,
And I (blief the marke) his Moorehips Auentient.

Rod. By heauen, I rather would haue bin his hangman.

Iago. Why, there's no remedie.
'Tis the curfe of Service;
Preferment goes by Letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood Heire to th'first. Now Sir, be judge your felue,
Whether I in any luft terme am Aflin'd
To loue the Moore?

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. Sir content you.

I follow him, to ferue my turne vpon him.

We cannot all be Mafter, nor all Mafter.

Iago. Why? Wherefore ask you this?

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Iago. Why? Wherefore ask you this?
Your heart is burnt, you have lost half your soule
Even now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tapping your white Ewe. Arife, Arife,
Awake the sitting Citizens with the Bell,
Or else the devil will make a Grand-fire of you.

Arife I say.

_Bra._ What, haue you loft your wits?
_Rod._ Moft reverend Signior, do you know my voice?
_Bra._ Not I: what are you?
_Rod._ My name is Rodorigo.
_Bra._ The worfer welcome:
I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores:
In honest plainenesse thou haft heard me say,
My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madnesse
(Being full of Supper, and diftempering draughtes)
Upon malitious knauerie, doth thou come
To falt my quiet.

_Rod._ Sir,Sir,Sir.
_Bra._ But thou muft needs be sure,
My spirits and my place haue in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

_Rod._ Patience good Sir.
_Bra._ What tell'st thou me of Robbing?
This is Venice: my house is not a Grange.

_Rod._ Most graue Brabantio,
In simple and pure soule, I come to you.

_La._ Sir: you are one of those that will not ferue God,
If the devil bid you. Because we come to do you servile,
And you thinke we are Ruffians, you haue your Daughter
couer'd with a Barbary horse, you haue your Nephewes neigh to you,
You haue Courfiers for Cozens: and Gennets for Graumies.

_Bra._ What profane wretch art thou?

_La._ I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daughter
and the Moore, are making the Beait with two backs.

_Bra._ Thou art a Villaine.

_La._ You are a Senator.

_Bra._ This thou haft anfwere. I know thee Rodorigo.

_Rod._ Sir, I will anfwere any thing. But I befeech you
If't be your pleasure, and moft wise confent,
(As partly and partly as you faire Daughter,
At this odde Euen and dull watch o'th'night
Transported with no worfe nor better guard,
But with a knaue of common hire, a Gunderlier,
To the groffe clafpes of a Lafticulous Moore:
If this be knowne to you, and your Allowance,
We then have done you bold, and fauie wrongs.
But if you know not this, my Manners tell me,
We have your rogue rebuke. Do not beleue
That from the fenc of all Civilitie,
I thus would play and triphe with your Reuerence.
Your Daughter (if you haue not given her leave)
I fay againe, hath made a groffe reuole,
Tying her Duke, Beaufte, Witt, and Fortunes
In an extravagant, and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and every where: fraught fatisfe your felfe.
If she be in her Chamber, or your house,
Let offe on me the juftice of the State.
For thus deluding you.

_Bra._ Strike on the Tinder, hoa:
Giu me a Taper: call vp all my people,
This Accident is not unlike my dreame,
Beliefe of it opprefes me alreadie.
Light, I fay, light.

_Lag._ Farewell: for I muft leave you.
It feme not meete, nor wholefome to my place

To be produc'd, (as if I fly, I fhall,) Again't the Moore. For I do know the State,
(How euer this may gull him with some checke)
Cannot with fatisfe cafe him. For he's embarke'd
With fuch loud reafon to the Cyprus Warres,
(Which even now flands in Aef) that for their soules
Another of his Fadome, they have none,
To lead their Bifiniere. In which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell apines,
Yet, for neceffity of prefent life,
I muft show out a Flag, and figne of Loue,
(Which is indeed but figne) that you fhal surely find him
Lead to the Sagitary the raifed Search:
And there will I be with him. So farewell,

Enter Brabantio, with Servants and Torches.

_Bra._ It is too true an euill. Gone she is,
And what's to come of my defpifed time,
Is naught but bitterneffe. Now Rodorigo,
Where didft thou fee her? (Oh vnhappie Girle)
With the Moore fai't thou? (Who would be a Father?)
How didft thou know 'twas she? (Oh she deceaves me
Palt thought:) what faid she to you? Get moe Tapers:
Raffe all my Kindred. Are they married thinke you?

_Rod._ Truely I thinke they are.

_Bra._ Oh Haueuen: how got the out?
Oh treafion of the blood.
Fathers, from hence truft not your Daughters minds
By what you fee them aef. Is there not Charmes,
By which the property of Youth, and Maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read Rodorigo,
Of fome fuch thing?

_Rod._ Yes Sir: I have indeed.

_Bra._ Call vp my Brother: oh would you had had her.
Some one way, fome another. Do you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?

_Rod._ I thinke I can difcouer him, if you pleafe
To get good Guard, and go along with me.

_Bra._ Pray you lead on. At every houfe Ie call,
(I may command at moft) get Weapons (hoa)
And raife fome fpecial Officers of might:
On good Rodorigo, I will deferve your paines.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, Attendants, with Torches.

_Ia._ Though in the trade of Warre I haue flaine men,
Yet do I hold it very Stuffe o'th'confidence
To do no contriu'd Murder: I lacke Iniquitie
Sometime to do me Seruice. Nine, or ten times
I had thought I haue yerkt him here vnder the Ribbes.
Othello. 'Tis better as it is.

_Ia._ Nay but he prated,
And Spoke fuch fcrunny, and provoking terms
Against your Honor, that with the little godlineffe I have
I did full hard forbeare him. But I pray you Sir,
Are you fay married? Be affur'd of this,
That the Magnifico is much belo'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potentail
As double as the Dukes: He will divorce you.
Or put vpon you, what refraint or greuance,
The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will glue him Cable.

Oth. Let him do his spight;
My Services, which I have done the Signorie
Shall out-tongue his Complaints, 'Tis yet to know,
Which when I know, that boating is an Honour,
I shall promulgate. I fetch my life and being,
From Men of Royall Seige. And my demerites
May speake (vnbonnetted) to as proud a Fortune
As this that I have reach'd, (For know Iago,
But that I lace the gentle Dejdemona,
I would not my vnhoufed free condition
Put into Circumfcription, and Confine,
For the Seas worth. But looke, what Lights come yond?

Enter Caffio, with Torches.

Iago. Those are the raiied Father, and his Friends:
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found.
My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soule
Shall manifold me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By lanus, I think no.
Oth. The Servants of the Dukes?
And my Lieutenant?
The goodneffe of the Night upon you (Friends)
What is the Newes?

Caffio. The Duke do's greet you (Generall)
And he requires your harte, Poff-harte appearance,
Enen on the infant.

Othello. What is the matter, thinke you?

Caffio. Something from Cyprus, as I may diuine:
It is a buifeneffe of some heate. The Gallies
Have fent a dozen frequent Meffengers
This very night, at one anothers heele:
And many of the Confuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the Dukes already. You have bin hotly call'd for,
When being not at your Lodging to be found,
The Senate hath fent about three feueral Ouets,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but fpend a word here in the house,
And goe with you.

Caffio. Auncient, what makes he heere?

Iago. Faith, he to night hath boarded a Land Carra'd,
If it prove lawfull prize, he's made for ever.

Caffio. I do not vnderfand.

Iago. He's married.

Caffio. To who?

Iago. Marry to———Come Captaine, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Caffio. Here come anoither Troope to feke for you.

Enter Brabantio, Rodrigo, with Officers, and Torches.

Iago. It is Brabantio:General he adua'd,
He comes to bad intent.

Othello. Holla, stand there.

Rod. Signior, it is the Moore.

Bra. Downe with him, Theefe.

Iago. You, Rodrigo, come Sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keeepe vp your bright Swords, for thedew will
ruft them. Good Signior, you shallmmore command with
yeares, then with your Weapons.

Bra. Oh thou foule Theefe,
Where haft thou flow'd my Daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou haft enchantd her

For Ile referre me to all things of fense,
(If she in Chains of Magick were not bound)
Whether a Maid, so tender, Faire, and Happie,
So oppofite to Marriage, that she shoud
The wealthy curled Dearel ing of our Nation,
Would euer haue (t'encurre a generall mocke)
Run from her Guardageto the footie before,
Of fuch a thing as thou: to feare, not to delight?
Judge me the world, if'tis not groffe in fene,
That thou haft praftis'd on her with foule Charmes,
Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,
That weakens Motion. Ile haue't diputed on,
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuer of the World, a prafticer
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;
Lay hold vpon him, if he do refrift
Subdue him, at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands
Both you of my inicling, and the reft.
Were it my Cue to fight, I shoud haue knowne it
Without a Prompter. Whether will you that I goe
To anfwere this your charge?

Bra. To Prifon, till fit time
Of La w, and course of direct Session
Call thce to anwier.

Oth. How may the Duke be therewith fati'd,
Whole Meffengers are heere about my fide,
Vpon fome prefent buifonne of the State,
To bring me to him.

Officer. 'Tis true moft worthy Signior,
The Dukes in Counfell, and your Noble felfe,
I am fure is fent for.

Bra. How? The Duke in Counfell?
In this time of the night? Bring him away;
Mine's not an idle Caufe. The Duke himfelfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as 'twere their owne:
For if fuch Actions may haue paffage free,
Bond-flaues, and Pagans shall our Statefmen be.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duke. There's no composition in this Newes,
That gives them Credite.

1. Sen. Indeed, they are disproportionately
My Letters say, a Hundred and feuen Gallies.

Duke. And mine a Hundred fortie.

2. Sena. And mine two Hundred:
But though they jump not on a fuft accompt,
(As in thefe Cafes where the ayme reports,
'Tis oft with difference)yet do they all confirme
A Turkish Fleeze, and bearing vp to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is poiffible enough to judgement:
I do not fo fecure me in the Error,
But the maine Article I do approue
In fearfull fene.


Enter Saylor.

Officer. A
And you of her; the bloody Book of Law,
You shall your felle read, in the bitter letter,
After your own feme: yea, though your proper Son
Stood in your Adton.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace,
Here is the man; this Moore, whom now it feemes
Your speciall Mandate, for the State affaires
Hath hithe brought.

All. We are verieorry fort.

Duke. What in your owne part,can you fay to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is fo.

Oth. Most Potent, Graue, and Reueren'd Signiors,
My very Noble, and approvd good Mafter,
That I haue tane away this old mans Daughter,
It is moft true: true I haue married her;
The verie head, and front of my offending,
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I,in my speeche,
And little blef'd with the foft phrase of Peace;
For since thefe Armes of mine, had feuen yeares pith,
Till now,fone nine Moones wafted, they haue vs'd
Their deerest action, in the Tented Field:
And little of this great world can I speake,
More then pertaines to Feats of Broyles, and Battleale,
And therefore little shall I grace my caufe,
In speaking for my felle. Yet, (by your gratious patience)
I will a round vn-varnish'd u Tale deliuer,
Of my whole courfe of Loe.
What Drugges, what Charmes,
What Coniuration, and what mighty Magickie,
(For fuch proceeding I am charg'd withall)
I won his Daughter.

Bra. A Maiden,neuer bold:
Of Spirit fo still, and quiet,that her Motion
Bludh'd at her felle, and fhe, in fipht of Nature,
Of Yeares, of Country, Credite, every thing
To fall in Loeue, with what the fear'd do looke on;
It is a judgement main'd, and most imperfect.
That will confeffe Perfection fo could erre
Againft all rules of Nature, and muft be drieuen
To find out praftices of cunning hell.
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with fome Mixtures, powrfule o're the blood,
Or with fome Dram,(coniur'd to this effeft)
He wtought vp on her.
To vouch this, is no prooffe,
Without more wider, and more ouer Teft
Then thefe thin habitts, and poore likely-hoods
Of moderne feeming, do prefer againft him.

Sen. But Othello, speake,
Did you, by indirec't, and forced courfe
Sublue, and poylon this yong Maides affections?
Or came it by request, and fuch faire question
As foule, to foule affordefeth?

Othel. I do belfee you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagitary.
And let her speake of me before her Father;
If you do finde me foule, in herreport,
The Truft, the Office, I do hold of you,
Not onely take away, but let your Sentence
Euen fall upon my life.


Oth. Aunciant,conduft them:
You beft know the place.
And tell he come, as truely as to heaven,
I do confedere the vices of my blood,
So iuftly to your Grace cares, Ile præsent
How
The Tragedie of Othello

How I did thriue in this faire Ladies loue,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it Othello.

Oth. Her Father lou'd me oft invited me:
Still question'd me the Storie of my life,
From yeare to yeare: the Batalla, Sieges, Fortune,
That I have past.

I ran ye through, even from my boyish daies,
Toch'very momont that he bad me tell it.

Wherein I spoke of most disadraught chances:
Of mourning Accidents by Flood and Field,
Of haire-breath icept's t'illuminate deadly breas;
Of being taken by the Inflent Foe,
And fold to bluary. Of my redemption thence,
And portance in my Trauerlours hifroie.

Wherein of Antars vaft, and Defarts idle,
Rough Quarries, Rocks, Hills, whose head touch heauen,
It was my hint to speake. Such was my Procede,
And of the Canibals that each others eate,
The Antrepogone, and men whose heads
Grew beneath their shoulders. These things to heare,
Would IDefdemona serioufly incline:
But till the house Affaires would draw her hence:
Which euer as she could with hate dispatch,
She'd come againe, and with a greedie care
Deououre vp my difcourfe. Which I obseruing,
Tooke once a pliant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of eareft heart,
That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not indifcutiously: I did confent,
And often did beguiue her of her teares,
When I did speake of some di/greous stroke
That my youth fuffer'd: My Storie being done,
She gaue me for my paines a world of kiffes:
She fwore in faith 'twas strange: 'twas paffing strange,
'Twas pittifull: 'twas wondrous pittifull.
She wish'd she had not heard it:yet the wish'd
That Heauen had made her such a man. She thanke'd me,
And bad me, if I had a Friend that lou'd her,
I thould but teach him how to tell my Story,
And that would wooe her. Upon this hint I speake,
She lou'd me for the dangers I had past,
And I tou'd her, that she did pity them.
This onely is the witch-craft I laue va'd.
Here comes the Ladie: Let her witnefe it.

Enter Defdemona, Iago, Attendants.

Duke. I thinkne this tale would win my Daughter too,
Good Brabantius, take vp this mangled matter at the belft:
Men do thier broken Weapons rather vfe,
Then their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you heare her speake?
If she confesse that she was halfe the wooer,
Destrucion on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle Misfris,
Do you perceue in all this Noble Companie,
Where mort you owe obedience?

Def. My Noble Father,
I do perceue heere a divided dutie,
To you I am bound for life, and education:
My life and education both do learn me,
How to reapee you. You are the Lord of duty,
I am bitherto your Daughter. But heere's my Husband;
And so much dutie, as my Mother shew'd

To you, preferring you before her Father:
So much I challenge, that I may professe
Due to the Moore my Lord.

Bra. God be with you: I haue done.
Please it your Grace, on to the State Affaires;
I had rather to adopt a Child, then get it.
Come hither Moore:
I here do giue thee that with all my heart,
Which but thou haft already, with all my heart
I would keepe from thee. For your fake (Iewell)
I am glad at soule, I haue no other Child,
For thy escape would teache me Tiranie.
To hang clogges on them, I haue done my Lord.

Duke. Let me speake like your selfe:
And lay a Sentence,
Which as a grieff, or step may helpe these Louers.
When remedies are past, the griefes are ended
By feeing the worft, which late on hopes depended.
To mourne a Mischeefe that is past and gon,
Is the next way to draw new mishcife on.
What cannot be prefern'd, when Fortune takes:
Patience, her Inury a mock'ry makes.
The rob'd that smiles, feales something from the Thife,
He robs himfelfe, that spends a bootlefle griefe.

Bra. So let the Turke of Cyprus vs beguile,
We leafe it not fo long as we can smile:
He bears the Sentence well, that nothing heares,
But the free comfort which from thence he heares.
But he bears both the Sentence, and the forrow,
That to pay grieue, muft of poore Patience borrow.
These Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall,
Being strong on both sides, are Equiuocall.
But words are words, I neuer yet did heare;
That the bruized heart was pierc'd through the eares.
I humbly beseech you proceed to th'Affaires of State.

Duke. The Turke with a most mighty Preparation
makes for Cyprus: Othello, the Fortitude of the place is
briet knowne to you. And though we have there a Substitute
of most allowed fufficiencie; yet opinion, a more fouveraigne Mihi's of Effeets,
throws a more fafer voice on you: you must therefore be content to flubber
the glaffe of your new Fortunes, with this more fubborne,
and boyfrious expedition.

Oth. The Tirant Cuftome, most Graue Senatos,
Hath made the fainty and Steele Coach of Warre
My thrice-driuen bed of Downe. I do aognize
A Naturall and prompt Alacartie,
I finde in hardneffe: and do vndertake
This prefent Warres againft the Ottalmites.
Moft humbly therefore bending to your State,
I craue fit dipollition for my Wife,
Due reference of Place, and Exhibition,
With fuch Accomodation and bafort
As leuels with her breeding.

Duke. Why at her Fathers?
Bra. I will not haue it fo.

Oth. Nor I.

Def. Nor would I there recide,
To put my Father in impatien thoughts
By being in his eye. Mofl Graious Duke,
To my vnfolding, lend your prosperous ear,
And let me finde a Charter in your voice
'Taffift my ampleness.

Duke. What would you Defdemona?

Def. That I loue the Moore, to liue with him,
My downe-right violence, and formes of Fortunes,
May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd
Even to the very quality of my Lord;
I saw Otello's vantage in his mind,
And to his Honours and his valiant parts,
Did I my foule and Fortunes conacrate.
So that (deere Lords) I be left behind
A Moth of Peace, and he go to the Warre,
The Rites for why I loue him, are bereft me;
And I a heauie interim shall support
By his deere abfence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Let her haue your voice.
Vouch with me Hauean, I therefore beg it not
To pleafe the pallate of my Appetite:
Nor to comply with heat the yong affects
In my defunct, and proper satisfaction.
But to be free, and bounteous to her minde:
And Hauean defend your good foules, that you think
I will your seruous and great busynesse scant
When she is with me. No, when light wing'd Toyes
Of feather'd Captie,feele with wanton dulneffe
My speculatue, and offic'd Instrument:
That my Disports corrupt, and taint my busynesse:
Let Houfe-wiues make a Skillet of my Helme,
And all indigne, and base aduerfities,
Make head againft my Effimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her flay, or going: th'Affaire cries haft:
And speed muft anwer it.

Sen. You muft away to night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'th'morning, here we'll meete againe.

Otello, leave some Officer behind
And heall our Comission bring to you:
And such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.

Oth. So pleafe your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honeftie and tru't:
To his conueyance I affigne my wife,
With what else needful, your good Grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so:
Get your right to every one. And Noble Signior,
If Vertue, with height, and Bravery lacke,
Your Son-in-law is fairer more Faire then Blacke.

Sen. Adieu braue Moore, vs Defdemona well.

Bra. Looke to her (Moore) if thou haft eies to see:
She ha's deceiu'd her Father, and may thee.

Oth. My life upon her faith. Honest Iago,
My Defdemona muft I leave to thee:
I prythee thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Come Defdemona, I haue but an hour
Of Loue, of wordly matter, and direcition
To spend with thee. We muft obey the the time. Exit.

Red. Iago.

Iago. What faith thou Noble heart?
Red. What will I do, think'd thou?

Iago. Why go to bed and fleape.

Red. I will incontinently drowne my felfe.

Iago. If thou dost, I shall neuere loose thee after. Why
thou fility Gentleman?

Red. It is filityneffe to liue, when to liue is torment:
and then haue we a prescription to dye, when death is
our Phyfion.

Iago. Oh villanous: I haue look'd vpon the world
for foure times feuen yeares, and fince I could distinguifh
betwixt a Benefit, and an Injuriue: I neuer found man that
knew how to use himfelfe. Ere I would fay, I would
drown my felfe for the loue of a Gyney Hen, I would
change my Humanity with a Baboone.

Red. What fhould I do? I confeffe it is my shame
to be fo fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iago. Vertue? A figge, 'tis in our felues that we are thus,
or thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which,
our Wills are Gardeners. So that if we will plant Net-
tels, or fowe Lettice: Set Hifope, and weede vp Time:
Supply it with one gender of Hearbes, or diuert it with
many; either to haue it terrill with idlenesse, or manu-
red with Industry, why the power, and Corrigable au-
tority of this lies in our Wills. If the braine of our luies
had not one Scale of Reafon, to pooze another of Senfu-
allitie, the blood, and bafeneffe of our Natures would
conduc't vs to moft preprouifous Conclufions. But we
have Reafon to coule our raging Motions, our carnall
Stings, or abhitted Lufts: whereof I take this, that you
call Loue, to be a Seaf, or Syen.

Red. It cannot be,

Iago. It is meere a Luft of the blood, and a permiffion
of the will. Come, be a man: drown thy felfe? Drown
Cats, and blind Puppies. I haue profèct me thy Friend,
and I confefte me knit to thy defieruing, with Cables of
perduvable toughneffe. I could never better fee the thee
then now. Put Money in thy purfe: follow thou the
Warres, defeate thy fauvour, with an vfurp'd Beard. I fay
put Money in thy purfe. It cannot be long that
Defdemona fhould continue her loue to the Moore. Put Money in
thy purfe nor he his to her. It was a violent Commence-
ment in her, and thou falt fee an anfwerable Seque-
fration, put but Money in thy purfe. These Mores
are changeable in their wills: fill thy purfe with Money.
The Food that to him now is as lufious as Locuits,
Shalbe to him shortly, as bitter as Colouquitida. She
muft change for youth: when the is fated with his body
she will find the errors of her choice. Therefore, put Mo-
oney in thy purfe. If thou wilt needs damne thy felfe, do
it a more delicate way then drowning. Make all the
Money thou canft: If Sanétmonie, and a fraile voice, be-
twixt an erring Barbarian, and fuper-fible Venetian be
not too hard for my wife, and all the 'Trible of hell, thou
falt enjoy her: therefore make Money: a pox of drown-
ing thy felfe, it is clean out of the way. Seeke thou
rather to be hang'd in Compaffing thy ioy, then to be
drown'd, and go without her.

Red. Wilt thou be fai't to my hopes, if I depend on
the iuffe?

Iago. Thou art fure of me: Go make Money: I haue
told thee often, and I re-tell thee againe, and againe,
I hate the Moore. My caufe is hearted; thine hath no leffe
reafon. Let vs be conjunclue in our reuenge, against
him. If thou canft Cuckold him, thou doft thy felfe a
pleaure, me a fport. There are many Euenets in the
Wombe of Time, which wilbe delivered. Trauerfe, go,
prouide thy Money. We will have more of this to mor-
row. Adieu.

Red. Where shall we meete i'th'morning?

Iago. At my Lodging.

Red. Ile be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go too, farewel. Do you hear Rodorigo?

Red. Ile fell all my Land.

Exit.

Iago. Thus do I euer make my Foole, my purfe:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophanne
If I would time expend with such Snpe,
Enter Secundus. Scena Prima.

Mon. What from the Cape, can you difcerne at Sea? 

1 Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood: 
I cannot 'twixt the Heauen, and the Maine, 
Defcry a Saile. 

Mon. Me thinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at Land, 
A fuller blast ne're shooke our Battlements: 
If it hath ruffian fo upon the Sea, 
What ribbes of Oake, when Mountains melt on them, 
Can hold the Mortsles. What shall we heare of this? 

2 A Segregation of the Turkish Fleet: 
For do but fland upon the Foaming Shore, 
The chidden Billow seemes to pelt the Clouds, 
The winde-shak'd-Surge, with high & monftrous Maine 
Seemes to caft water on the burning Beare, 
And quench the Guards of th'euer-fixed Pole: 
I neuer did like mollelation view 
On the enchafed Flood. 

Mon. If that the Turkish Fleete 
Be not enhelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd, 
It is imposible to beare it out.

Enter a Gentleman. 

3 Newes Ladders: our warres are done: 
The desperate Tempeft hath fo bang'd the Turkes, 
That their deignement halts. A Noble ship of Venice, 
Hath seene a greewe wracke and fufferance 
On moft part of their Fleet. 

Mon. How? Is this true? 

3 The Ship is heere put in: A Verennessa, Michael Caffio 
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore, Othello, 
Is come on Shore: the Moore himselfe at Sea, 
And is in full Commision heere for Cyprus. 

Mon. I am glad on't: 
'Tis a worthy Gouernour. 

3 But this fame Caffio, though he speake of comfort, 
Touching the Turkish loffe, yet he looks sadly, 
And pray the Moore be safe: for they were parted 
With fowle and violent Tempeft. 

Mon. Pray Heauens be he:

For I haue seru'd him, and the man commands 
Like a full Soldier. Let's to the Sea-fide (hoa) 
As well to see the Veffell that's come in, 
As to throw-out our eyes for brave Othello, 
Euen till we make the Maine, and th'Eriall blew, 
An indiftinct regard. 

Gent. Come, let's do so; 
For every Minute is expedience 
Of more Arruiance.

Enter Caffio. 

Caffio. Thanks you, the valiant of the warlike Ile, 
That so approoue the Moore: Oh let the Heauens 
Glie him defence against the Elements, 
For I haue loft him on a dangerous Sea. 

Mon. Is he well ship'd? 

Caffio. His Barke is stoutly Timber'd, and his Pylot 
Of verie expert, and approou’d Allowance; 
Therefore my hope's (not forfettet to death) 
Stand in bold Cure. 

Within. A Saile, a Saile, a Saile. 

Caffio. What noise? 

Gent. The Towne is empty; on the brow o'th'Sea 
Stand rances of People, and they cry, a Saile. 

Caffio. My hopes do shape him for the Gouernor. 

Gent. They do difcharge their Shot of Courtesie, 
Our Friends, at leaft.

Caffio. I pray you Sir, go forth, 
And giae vs truth who 'tis that is arriu'd. 

Gent. I shall. 

Exit. 

Mon. But good Lieutenant, is your Generall wi'd? 

Caffio. Moft fortunately: he hath archieued a Maid 
That paragon's description, and wilde Fame: 
One that excels the quirkes of Blazoning pens, 
And in th'effentiall Vexture of Creation, 
Do's tyre the Ingeniuer. 

Enter Gentleman. 

How now? Who ha's put in? 

Gent. 'Tis one Lago, Auncient to the Generall. 

Caffio. His ha's moft faufurable, and happy speeed: 
Tempefts themfelues, high Seas, and howling winds, 
The gutter'd-Rockes, and Congregated Sands, 
Traitors enfeep'd, to encloge the guilteſfe Keele, 
As hauing fence of Beautie, do omit 
Their mortall Natures, letting go safely by 
The Divine Desdemona. 

Mon. What is the? 

Caffio. She that I speake of: 

Our great Captains Captaine, 
Left in the conduct of the bold Lago, 
Whose footing heere anticipates our thoughts, 
A Senignts speed, Great love, Othello guard, 
And swell his Saile with thine owne powerfull breath, 
That he may bleffe this Bay with his tall Ship, 
Make loues quicke pants in Desdemonas Arms, 
Gue renew'd fire to our extincted Spirits.

Enter Desdemona, Lago, Roderigo, and Aemilia. 

Oh behold, 
The Riches of the Ship is come on Shore: 
You men of Cyprus, let her haue your knees. 
Haile to the Ladie: and the grace of Heauen, 
Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand 
Enwheele thee round. 

Def. I thanke you, Valiant Caffio, 
What tydings can you tell of my Lord?

Caffio.
Oth. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Def. Oh, but I fear:

How long you company?

Caffo. The great Contention of Sea, and Skies
Parted our fellowship. But hearken, a Saile.

Witkin. A Saile, a Saile.

Gent. They give this greeting to the Cittadell:
This likewise is a Friend.

Caffo. See for the News:

Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Mistris:
Let it not gaule your patience (good Iago)
That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold shew of Curtefye.

Iago. Sir, would she give you somuch of her lippes,
As of her tongue she oft bestowed on me,
You would have enough.

Def. Alas: she has no speech.

Iago. Infaith too much:
I finde it still, when I have leave to sleepe.

Marry before your Ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have small cause to say so.


Def. Oh, fie upon thee, Slanderer.

Iago. Nay, it is true: or else I am a Turke,
You rife to play, and go to bed to worke.

Emil. You shall not write my praife.

Iago. No, let me not.

Dejde. What would write of me, if thou shouldst praife me?

Iago. Oh, gentle Lady, do not put me too,
For I am nothing, if not Critical.

Def. Come on, alway.

There's one gone to the Harbour?

Iago. I Madam.

Def. I am not merry: but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.
Come, how would thou praife me?

Iago. I am about it, but indeed my inention comes from my pate, as Birdlyme do's from Freeze, it pluckes out Braine and all. But my Mufe labours, and thus she is deliu'd.

If she be faire, and wise faireness, and wit,
The ones for wife, the other refet it.

Def. Well prais'd:

How if she be Blacke and Witty?

Iago. If she be blacke, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white, that shall her blackness fit.

Def. Worse, and worse.

Emil. How if Faire, and Foolifh?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was faire,
For even her folly helpt her to an beare.

Dejde. These are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fools

laugh 'tis'th'Alchofue. What miserable praife haft thou for her that's Foulc, and Foolifh.

Iago. There's none so foule and foolish thereunto,
But do's foule pranks, which faire, and wife-ones do.

Dejde. Oh hateful ignorance: thou prai'eft the worst beft. But what praife couldst thou befoffe on a defering woman indeed? One, that in the autherity of her

merit, did lustly put on the vouch of very malice

it.

Iago. She that was euer faire, and never proud,

Had Tongue at will, and yet was never loud:

Neuer lackt' Gold, and yet went never gay,

Fled from her wifh, and yet said now I may.
She that being angred, her reuenge being nie,

Bad her wrong flay, and her diffidu: will she:
That in wisdome neuer was jo fraile,

To change the Cods-head for the Solomons tale:

She that could think, and neur disclose her mind,

See Sutors following, and not looks behind:

She was a wight, (if ever such wightes were)

Def. To do what?

Iago. To fuckle Fools, and chronicle small Beere.

Dejde. Oh moft lame and impotent conclusion. Do not learne of him Emilia, though he be thy husband.

How say you (Caffio) is he not a moft prophane, and liberal Councilor?

Caffio. He speakes home (Madam) you may rellish him more in the Soullier, than in the Scholler.

Iago. He takes her by the palme: I, well said, whiper.
With as little a web as this, will I enfrage as great a Fly as Caffio. I smile upon her, do: I will give thee in thine owne Courtship. You say true, 'tis so indeed.
If such tricks as these stripe you out of your Lieutenan-trie, it had bene better you had not kid'd your three fngers fo oft, which now agane you are moft apt to play the Sir in. Very good: we'll kid'd, and excellent Curtie: 'tis so indeed. Yet agane, your fngers to your lippes? Would they were Clutter-pipes for your fake.

The Moore I know his Trumpet.

Caffio, 'Tis truely fo.

Def. Let's meete him, and recieve him.

Caffio. Loe, where he comes.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. Q, my faire Warriour.

Def. My deere Othello.

Oth. It givens me wonder great, as my content

To fee you heere before me.

Oh my Soules joy:
If after every Tempeft, come such Calmes,
May the windeas blow, till they have waken'd death:
And let the labouring Barke clime hills of Seas

Olympos high: and duck againe as low,

As hell's from Heauen. If it were now to dye,

'Twere now to be moft happy. For I care,

My Soule hath her content to absolote,

That not another comfort like to this,

Succeedes in vnknowne Fate.

Def. The Heauens forbid
But that our Loues
And Comforts should encreafe
Even as our dayes do grow.

Oth. Amen to that (Sweet Powers)

I cannot speake enough of this content,
It stoppes me heere: it is too much of joy.
And this, and this the greatest discordes be

That ere our hearts shall make.

Iago. Oh you are well tun'd now: But Ie set downe the pegges that make this Musicke, as honest as I am.

Otbe.
Defdemona. Exit. 

Iago. Sir, he's rafh, and very sodaine in Choller: and happily may strike at you, prouoke him that he may: for even out of that will I caufe thefe of Cyprus to Mutiny. Whole qualification chalk come into no true tafe a-gaine, but by the diplanting of Caffio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the meanes I shall then have to preferre them. And the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperitie.

Rodo. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meete me by and by at the Cittadell. I muft fetch his Neccesaries a Shore. Farewell.


Iago. That Caffio loves her, I do well beleev't.
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great Credite.
The Moore (howbeit that I endure him not) Is of a confiant, louing, Noble Nature,
And I dare thinke, he'll proove to Defdemona
A moft deere husband. Now I do love her too,
Not out of absolute Lufl, (though peraduenture I fland accomptant for as great a fin)
But partely led to dyet my Reveune,
For that I do fuppref the luftie Moore
Hath leaped into my Seat. The thought whereof,
Doth (like a poiyfonous Mineral) graw my Inwardes:
And nothing can, or fhall content my Soule
Till I am eu'en with him, wife, for wift.
Or faying fo, yet that I put the Moore,
At leaft into a lelouzie fo ftrong
That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poore Trafh of Venice, whom I trace
For his quickke hunting, fland the putting on,
Ile haue our Michael Caffio on the hip,
Abufe him to the Moore, in the right garbe
(For I fear Caffio with my Night-Cape too)
Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an Afle,
And prafticing vpon his peace, and quiet,
Euen to madneffe. 'Tis heere: but yet confus'd,
Knauries plaine face, is neuer feene, till vs'd.

Exit.
Enter Otello, Desdemona, Caffo, and Attendants.

Otho. Good Michael, looke you to the guard to night.

Let's teach our selves that Honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Caff. Iago, hath direction what to do.
But notwithstanding with my personall eye
Will I looko't.

Otho. Iago, is most honest:

Michael, goodnight. To morrow with your earliest,
Let me haue speech with you. Come my deere Loue,
The purchase made, the fruits are to enuie,
That profit's yet to come 'tweene me and you.

Goodnight.

Enter Iago.

Caff. Welcome Iago: we must to the Watch.

Iago. Not this houre Lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten o'th'Clocke. Our Generall caft vs thus earely for the love of his Desdemona: Who, let vs not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and she is sport for love.

Caff. She's a most exquisite Lady.

Iago. And Ile warrant her, full of Game.

Caff. Indeed she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she had's? Methinks it founds a parley to prouocation.

Caff. An imitating eye:

And yet she thinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speakes,

Is it not an Alarm to Loue?

Caff. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well: happineffe to their Sheetes. Come Lieutenant, I haue a swope of Wine, and heere without are a brace of Cyprus Gallants, that shall faine haue a measure to the health of blacke Otello.

Caff. Not to night, good Iago, I have very poore, and vnhappie Braines for drinking. I could well with Curtifesse would inuent some other Cufome of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our Friends: but one Cup, Ile drinke for you.

Caff. I haue drunkne but one Cup to night, and that was crafty qualified too: and behold what inuocation it makes heere. I am infortune in the infirmity, and dare not taske my weakenesse with any more.

Iago. What man? 'Tis a night of Reuels, the Gallants defire it.

Caff. Where are they?

Iago. Here, at the doore: I pray you call them in.

Caff. Ile do't, but it dislikes me.

Exit Iago.

Iago. If I can fatten but one Cup vpon him
With that which he hath drunkne to night already,
He'll be as full of Quarrell, and offence
As my yong Miftis dogge.

Now my fickle Poole Rodrigo,
Whom Loue hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to night Carrodes'd.

Potations, pottle-deepe, and he's to watch.

Three elfe of Cyprus, Noble swelling Spirits,
(That hold their Honours in a wary defiance,
The very Elements of this Warlike Ile),
Haue I to night flutter'd with flowing Cups,
And they watch too.

Now 'mongst this Flocke of drunkards
Am I put to our Caffo in some Action
That may offend the Ile. But here they come.

Enter Caffo, Montano, and Gentlemen.

If Consequence do but approve my dreame,
My Boarie fails freely, both with wind and streame.

Caff. Fore heauen, they haue given me a rowe already.

Mont. Good-faith a little one: not paft a pint, as I am a Souldier.

Iago. Some Wine hoa.

And let me the Cannakin clinke, clinke:

And let me the Cannakin clinke.

A Souldiers a man: Oh, mans life's but a span,

Why then let a Souldier drinke.

Some Wine Boys.

Caff. Fore Heauen: an excellent Song.

Iago. I learn'd it in England: where indee they are most potent in Potting. Your Dane, you Germaine, and your swag-belly'd Hollander, (drinke hoa) are nothing to your Englisht.

Caffo. Is your Englishmen so exquisite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facillity, your Dane dead drunkne. He sweates not to overthrow your Almaine. He giues your Hollander a vomit, ere the next Pottle can be fill'd.

Caff. To the health of our Generall.

Mont. I am for it Lieutenant: and Ile do you juifice.


King Stephen was as a worthy Peere,
His Breeches cob him but a Crowne,
He held them Six pence all to deere,
With that be caft 't the Tailor Loune:
He was a wight of high Renowne,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis Pride that pulls the Country downe,
And take thy awl'd Cloake about thee.

Some Wine hoa.

Caffo. Why this is a more exquisite Song then the other.

Iago. Will you heart again?

Caff. No: for I hold him to be vnworthy of his Place, that do's those things. Well: hean'ms above all: and there be foules must be fauned, and there be foules must not be fauned.

Iago. It's true, good Lieutenant.

Caff. For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of qualitie: I hope to be fauned.

Iago. And fo do I too Lieutenant.

Caffo. I (but by your leave) not before me. The Lieutenant is to be fauned before the Ancient. Let's haue no more of this: let's to our Affaires. Forgive vs our finnes: Gentlemen let's tocke to our businesse. Do not thinke Gentlemen, I am drunke: this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunke now: I can stand well enough, and I speake well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Caff. Why very well then: you must not thinke then, that I am drunke.

Exit Montano. To the Platforme (Maffren) come, let's fet the Watch.

Iago. You see this Fellow, that is gone before,
He's a Souldier, fit to stand by Caffar,
And giue direction. And do but fee his vice,
'Tis to his vertue, a luff Equinox,
The one as long as th'oother. 'Tis pittie of him: I fear the truth Othello puts him in, On some odd time of his infortune Will shake this Island.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore his prologue to his sleepe, He'll watch the Horologe a double Set, If Drink he rocke not his Cradle.

Mont. It were well The Generall were put in mind of it: Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature Prizes the vertue that appears in Caffio, And lookes not on his cuills: is not this true?

Iago. How now Rodorigo?

I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.

Mont. And 'tis great pitty, that the Noble Moore Should hazard such a Place, as his owne Second With one of an infranch Infortune, It were an honest Action, to lay fo To the Moore.

Iago. Not I, for this faire Island, I do loue Caffio well: and would do much To cure him of this cuill, But hearke, what noise? Enter Caffio pursuing Rodorigo.

Caffio. You Rogues: you Rafcall.

Mont. What's the matter Lieutenant?

Iago. A Knaue teach me my dutie? Ile beate the
Knaue into a Twiggen-Bottle.

Rod. Beate me?

Caffio. Doft thou prate, Rogue?

Mont. Nay, good Lieutenant:

I pray you Sir, hold your hand.

Caffio. Let me go(Sir)

Or Ie knocke you ou're the Mazard.

Caffio. Come, come: you're drunken.

Iago. Away I fay: go out and cry a Mutinie.

Nay good Lieutenant: Ahas Gentlemen:


Who's that which rings the Bell? Diabolo, hoa: The Towne will rife. Fie, fie Lieutenant, You'll be afham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to th'death. He dies.

Oth. Hold for your lives.


Oth. Why how now hoa? From whence ariseth this? Are we turn'd Turkes? and to our felues do that Which Heauen hath forbid the Otamittes.

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous Brawle: He that defines next, to carue for his owne rage, Holds his foule light: He dies upon his Motion. Silence that treadfull Bell, it frightes the Ile, From her propriety. What is the matter, Masters? Honest Iago, that lookes dead with greening, Speake: who began this? On thy loue I charge thee?

Iago. I do not know: Friends all, but now, euens now. In Quarrer, and in termes like Bride, and Groome Deuelling them for Bed: and then, but now:

(As if some Planet had vntwitted men)

Swords out, and tilting one at others breastes,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
Any beigning to this peevish oddes.
And would, in Action glorious, I had loft
Thohe legges, that brought me to a part of it.

Oth. How comes it (Michael) you are thus forgot?
Caffio. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont to be ciuill: The grauite, and fillineffe of your youth The world hath noted. And your name is great In mothes of wisdome Cenfure. What's the matter That you vnlace your reputation thus, And fpend your rich opinion, for the name Of a night-brawler? Give me anwser to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer Iago, can informe you,
While I spare speech which something now offends me.
Of all that I do know, nor know I ought
By me, that's fai'd, or done amiffe this night,
Vnleffe felte-charitie be sometimes a vice,
And to defend our felues, it be a finne
When violence afaisles vs.

Oth. Now by Heuen,
My blood begins my fater Guides to rule,
And passion(having my bell judgement called)
Affiates to lead the way. If I once fir,
Or do but lift this Arme, the beft of you
Shall finke in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foule Rout began: Who fet it on,
And he that is approu'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loose me. What in a Towne of warre,
Yet wide, the peoples hearts brim-full of fear,
To Manage priuate, and dometick Quarrell?
In night, and on the Court and Guard of fafety?
'Tis monstrous: Iago, who began't?

Mon. If partially Affin'd, or league in office,
Thou do tell more, or leffe then Truth,
Thou art no Souller.

Iago. Touch me not so neere,
I had rather haue this tongue cut from my mouth,
Then it should do offence to Michael Caffio.
Yet I perfwade my felte, to speake the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. This it is Generall:
Montano and my felse being in speach,
There comes a Fellow, crying out for helpe,
And Caffio following him with determin'd Sword
To execute vpon him. Sir, this Gentleman,
Steppes in to Caffio, and entreats his paufe:
My felse, the crying Fellow did purfue,
Left by hisc lamenour (as it to fell out)
The Towne might fall in fright. He,(swift of foote)
Out-ran my purpofe; and I return'd then rather
For that I heard the clinke, and fall of Swords,
And Caffio high in oath: Which till to night
I nere might fail before. When I came backe
(For this was briefe) I found them clofe together
At blow, and thurf, euens as againe they were
When you your felte did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report,
But Men are Men: The beft sometines forget,
Though Caffio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage ftriike thofe that with them beft,
Yet furly Caffio, I beleue receiv'd
From him that fled, fome strange Indignitie,
Which patience could not paffe.
Our thinke, and I loue thee,

Enter Desdemona attended.

Looke if my gentle Loue be not rais'd vp:
Ile make thee an example.

Def. What is the matter (Deere?)

Otbe. All's well, Sweeting:
Come away to bed. Sir for your hurts,
My leffe will be your Surgeon. Lead him off:

Iago, looke with care about the Towne,
And silence those whom this vil'd brawl distracted.
Co me Desdemona, 'tis the Soldiers life,

To haue their Balmy flumbers wake'd with strife. Exit. Iago.

What are you hurt Lieutenant?

Caf. I paft all Surgery.

Iago. Marry Heaven forbid.


Iago. As I am an honest man I had thought you had receiv'd some bodily wound; there is more fencen in that then in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and most faile impostion: oft got without merit, and lost without defending. You have loft no Reputation at all, vnlesse you repute your felse such a loofer. Whate man, there are more wayes to recover the Generall againe. You are but now cast in his mode,(a punishment more in policie, then in malice ) even fo as one would beate his offenecelesse dogge, ro affright an Imperious Lyon. Sue to him againe, and he's yours.

Caf. I will rather fuee to be despis'd, then to deceiue fo good a Commander, with fo flight, fo drunken, and fo indifferet an Officer. Drunkne? And Spake Parrat? And intelligible? Swagger? Swear? And discourse Futilian with ones owne shadow? Oh thou invisible spirit of Wine, if thou haue not name to be knowne by, let vs call thee the Dineel. Iago.

What was he that you follow'd with your Sword? What had he done to you?

Caf. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Caf. I remember a maffe of things, but nothing distinctly: a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an Enemy in their mouthes, to sleepe away their Braines ? that we should with loy, pleasance, reuell and applafe, transforme our felues into Beafs.

Iago. Why? But you are now well enough: how came you thus recover'd?

Caf. It hath pleas'd the diuell drunkenesse, to give place to the diuell wrath, one vnpерfectнe бешье, shewes another to make me frankly despie my felse.

Iago. Come, you are too seuer a Moraller. As the Time, the Place, & the Condition of this Country stands I could hartly with this had not befallen: but since it is, as it is, mend it for your owne good.

Caf. I will ask him for my Place againe, he shall tell me, I am a drunckard: had I as many mouthes as Hydra, such an answer would fllope them all. To be now a fensible man, by and by a Fool, and preffently a Beatt. Oh irrange! Every inordinate cup is vnblefs'd, and the Ingre- dient is a diuell.

Iago. Come, come : good wine, is a good familiar Creature, if it be well vs'd: exclaime no more againt it. And good Lieutenant, I thinke, you thinke I loue you.

Cafio. I haue well approv'd it, Sir. I drunke?

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunke at a time man. I tell you what you shall do: Our General's Wife, is now the Generall. I may say so, in this reffept, for that he hath devouted, and giuen vp himselfe to the Contemplation, marke: and deuouement of her parts and Graces. Confesse your felse freely to her: Impor-tune her helpe to put you in your place againe. She is of fo free, fo kinde, fo apt, fo blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodnesse, not to do more then she is requir'd. This broken loynt betweene you, and her husband, entreat her to splinter. And my Fortunes against any lay worth naming, this cracke of your Loue, shall grow stronger, then it was before.

Cafio. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest in the sincerite of Loue, and honest kindnesse.

Cafio. I thinke it freely : and betimes in the morn-ings, I will beseech the vertuous Desdemona to vndertake for me: I am depeare of my Fortunes if they check me.

Iago. You are in the right: good night Lieutenant, I muft to the Watch.

Cafio. Good night, honest Iago.

Iago. And what's he then, That faies I play the Villaine? When this aduise is free I glue, and honest, Proball to thinking, and indeed the courfe To win the Moore againe.

For 'tis most easie
Th'inclyning Desdemona to subdue
In any honest Suite. She's fram'd as fruitefull As the free Elements. And then for her To win the Moore, were to renowne his Baptifime, All Seales, and Symbols of redeemed fin: His Soule is fo enfefer'd to her Loue,
That she may make, vnmake, do what the lift, Even as her Appetite shall play the God, With his weake Function. How am I then a Villaine, To Counsel Caffio to this parallell courfe, Direcly to his good? Diunitie of hell, When diuels will the blackest finnes put on, They do fugget at first with heavenly fhewes, As I do now. For whils this honest Foole Piles Desdemona, to repair his Fortune, Aud the for him,pleades strongly to the Moore, Ie powre this perfellence into his eare :
That she repeales him, for her bodies Luft ' And by how much the friues to do him good, She shall vndo her Credite with the Moore, So will I turne her vertue into pitch, And out of her owne goodnesse make the Net, That shall en-maft them all.

How now Rodrigo?

Enter Rodrigo.

Rodrigo. I do follow here in the Chace, not like a Hound that hunts, but one that files vp the Cree. My Money is almost spent; I have bin to night exceedingly well Cudgell'd: And I thinke the issue
Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Caffio, Musitians, and Clowne.

Caffio. Masters, play here, I will content your paines, something that's briefe: and bid Goodmorrow General.

Clo. Why Masters, have you your Instruments bin in Naples, that they speake I' th' Noise there? 

Muf. How Sir? how? 

Clo. Are these I pray you, with these Instruments? 

Muf. I marry are they Sir. 

Clo. Oh, they hang a tale. 

Muf. Whereby hangs a tale, Sir? 

Clow. Marry Sir, by many a winde Instrument that I know. But Masters, here's mony for you: and the generall so likes your Musicke, that he defires you for loues sake to make no more noise with it. 

Muf. Well Sir, we will not. 

Clo. If you have any Musicke that may not be heard, too't againe. But (as they say) to heare Musicke, the generall do's not greatly care. 

Muf. We have none such, Sir. 

Clow. Then put vp your Pipes in your bagge, for Ile away. Go, vanish into ayre away. 

Exit Mus. 

Caffio. Doth thou heare me, mine honest Friend? 

Clo. No, I heare not your honest Friend: I heare you. 

Caffio. Prythee keepe vp thy Quillets, there's a poore piece of Gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends the generall be stirring, tell her, there's one Caffio entertains her a little favoure of Speech. Wilt thou do this? 

Clo. She is stirring Sir: if she the will stirre hither, I shall seeme to notice vnto her. 

Exit Clo.

Enter Iago. 

In happy time, Iago. 

Iago. You haue not bin a-bed then? 

Caffio. Why no: the day had broke before we parted. 

I haue made bold (Iago) to send in to your wife: 

My fuite to her is, that she will to vertuous Desdemona Procure me some acceffe. 

Iago. Ile send her to you prefentely: 

And Ile desife a meane to draw the Moore 

Out of the way, that your converse and busines 

May be more free. 

Exit 

Caffio. I humbly thanke you for't. I neuer knew 

A Florentine more kinde, and honest. 

Enter Aemilda. 

Aem. Goodmorning (good Lieutenant) I am forrie 

For your displeasure; but all will fure be well. 

The generall and his wife are talking of it, 

And the speakes for you flattering. The Moore replies, 

That he yous is of great Fame in Cyprus, 

And great Affinity: and that in wholesome Wisedome 

He might not but refuse you. But he protefts he loues you 

And needs no other Suitor, but his likings 

To bring you in againe. 

Caffio. Yet I beseech you, 

If you thinke fit, or that it may be done, 

Give me advantage of some breve Discourse 

With Desdemona alone. 

Aem. Pray you come in: 

I will beforow where you shall haue time 

To speake your bosome freely. 

Caffio. I am much bound to you.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen. 

Oth. These Letters giue (Iago) to the Pylot, 

And by him do my duties to the Senate: 

That done, I will be walking on the Workes, 

Repair there to mee. 

Iago. Well, my good Lord, Ile do't. 

Oth. This Fortification (Gentlemen) shall we see't? 

Gent. Well waite vpon your Lordshipp. 

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Desdemona, Caffio, and Aemilda. 

Def. Be thou affir'd (good Caffio) I will do 

All my abilities in thy behalfe. 

Aem. Good Madam do: 

I warrant it greeues my Husband, 

As if the caufe were his. 

Def. Oh that's an honest Fellow, Do not doubt Caffio 

But I will have my Lord, and you againe 

As friendly as you were. 

Caffio. Bounteous Madam, 

What euer shall become of Michael Caffio, 

He's never any thing but your true Servant. 

Def. I know't: I thanke you: you do loue my Lord: 

You haue knowne him long, and be you well affir'd 

He shall in strangenesse stand no farther off, 

Then in a politike distance. 

Caffio. I, but Lady, 

That policie may either laft so long, 

Or feede vpon fuch nice and waterfide diet, 

Or breede it felle so out of Circumstances, 

That I being abente, and my place suply'd, 

My Generall will forget my Loue, and Service. 

Def. Do not doubt that: before Aemilda here,
Enter Otello, and Iago.

_Exeunt._ Madam, heere comes my Lord. Caffio. Madam, Ile take my leave. Def. Why stay, and hear me speake. Caffio. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease, What for mine owne purpos. Def. Well, do your discretion. _Exit Caffio._ Iago. Hah! I like not that. Otbel. What doft thou say? Iago. Nothing my Lord; or if—I know not what. Otbel. Was not that Caffio parted from my wife? Iago. Caffio my Lord! No sure, I cannot thinke it. That he would steale away so guilty-like, Seeing your comming. Otbel. I do beleue 'twas he, Def. How now my Lord? I haue bin talking with a Sultor heere, A man that languishes in your displeasure. Otbel. Who is't you mean? Def. Who is your Lieutenant Caffio? Good my Lord, If I have any grace, or power to move you, His present reconciliation take, For if he be not one, that truly loves you, That erres in Ignorance, and not in Cunning, I have no judgemen in an honest face. I prythee call him backe. Otbel. Went he hence now? Def. I sooth; fo humbled, That he hath left part of his greefe with mee. To suffer with him. Good Loue, call him backe. Otbel. Not now (sweet Dejulias) some other time. Def. But shal'le be shortly. Otbel. The sooner (sweet) for you. Def. Shal'l he be to night; at Supper? Otbel. No, not to night. Def. To morrow Dinner then? Otbel. I shall not dine at home: I meete the Captaines at the Cittadel. Def. Why then to morrow night, on Tuesday morne, On Tuesday noone, or night; on Wensday Morn. I prythee name the time, but let it not Exceed three daies. Infault hee's penitent: And yet his Treipafe, in our common reason (Saue that they say the warres must make example) Out of her beft, is not amoff a fault Tenure a private checke. When shall he come? Tell me Otello. I wonder in my Soule. What you would ask me, that I should deny, Or stand fo mam'ring on? What? Michael Caffio, That came a woing with you? and so many a time (When I haue spoke of you dispreasingly) Hath tane your part, to have so much to do To bring him in? Trust me, I could do much. Otbel. Prythee no more: Let him come when he will: I will deny thee nothing. Def. Why, this is not a Boone:
The Tragedie of Othello

The worke of words.

Iago. Good my Lord pardon me,
Though I am bound to every Acte of dutie,
I am not bound to that: All Sliaues are free:
Vtter my Thoughts? Why say, they are vild, and false?
As where's that Palace, whereinto foule things
Sometimes intrude not? Who ha's that breadth so pure,
Wherein vncleanely Apprehensions
Keepe Leetes, and Law-dayes, and in Sessions fit
With meditations full?

Oth. Thou do'st confpire against thy Friend (Iago)
If thou but think'ft him wrong'd, and mak'ft his care
A stranger to thy Thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my gueffe
(As I confesse it is my Natures plague
To spy into Abuses, and of my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not) that your wifedome
From one, that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your felle a trouble
Out of his scattering, and vnfore observance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my Manhood, Honeftry, and Wifedome,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What doth thou name?

Iago. Good name in Man, & woman (deere my Lord)
Is the immediate Jewell of their Soules;
Who flealeth my purfe, flealeth traff:
'Tis something, nothing;
'Twars mine, 'tis his, and has bin flue to thousands:
But he that flitches from me my good Name,
Robes me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.

Oth. I le know thy Thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor shall not, whilft 'tis in my cutdofie.

Oth. Ha?

Iago. Oh, beware my Lord, of jealoufie,
It is the green-ey'd Monster, which doth mocke
The meate it feeds on. That Cuckold lives in bliffe,
Who certaine of his Fate, loues not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes tels he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts? Suspects, yet foundly loues?

Oth. O miserie.

Iago. Poore, and Content, is rich, and rich enough,
But Riches findelesse, is as poore as Winter,
To him that euer fears he shall be poore:
Good Hauean, the Soules of all my Tribe defend
From Jealoufie.

Oth. Why? why is this?

Think'ft thou, I'd make a Life of Jealoufie;
To follow still the changes of the Moone
With fresh suspition? No: to be once in doubt,
Is to be refolvd: Exchange me for a Goat,
When I shall turne the businesse of my Soule
To such exufficiate, and blow'd Surmifles,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me Jealous,
To say my wife is faire, feeds well, loues company,
Is free of Speech, Sings, Plays, and Dances:
Where Vertue is, there are more vertuous,
Nor from mine owne weake merites, will I draw
The smallest feare, or doubt of her reuolt,
For she had eyes, and chose me. No Iago,
I le see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proofe, there is no more but this,
Away at once with Loue, or Jealoufie.

Iago. I am glad of this: For now I shall have reason
To shew the Loue and Duty that I bear thee
With franker spirit. Therefore (as I am bound)
Receive it from me. I speake not yet of proofe:
Looke to your wife, obserue her well with Caius
Weare your eyes, thus: not Jealous, nor Secure:
I would not haue your free, and Noble Nature,
Out of felfe-Bountye, be abus'd: Looke too't:
I know our Country dispoſition well:
In Venice, they do let Haueen fee the pranes
They dare not shew their Husbands.
Their beft Conſcience,
Is not to leave't undone, but kept vnknowne.

Oth. Doth thou fy so?

Iago. She did deceuie her Father, marrying you,
And when she feem'd to shake, and feare your lookes,
She lou'd them moft.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why go too then:
Shee that fo young could glue out fuch a Seeming
To feele her Fathers eyes vp, clofe as Oake,
He thought 'twas Witchcraft.
But I am much too blame:
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I fee this hath a little daftd your Spirits:

Oth. Not a lot, not a lot.

Iago. Truft me, I feare it has:
I hope you will confider what is spoke
Comes from your Loue.
But I do fee y'are mou'd:
I am to pray you, not to straine my speech
To groffer ifues, nor to larger reach,
Then to Sufficion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do fo (my Lord)
My speech should fall into such vilde successe,
Which my 'Thoughts sym'd not.
Caius my worthy Friend:
My Lord, I fee y'are mou'd.

Oth. No, not much mou'd:
I do not thinke but Deſdalem's honett.

Iago. Long live the fo;
And long live you to thinke fo.

Oth. And yet how Nature erring from it felle.

Iago. I, there's the point:
As (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many propofed Matches
Of her owne Clime, Complexion, and Degree,
Whereeto we fee in all things, Nature tends:
Foh, one may finel in fuch, a will moft ranke,
Foule difpofitions, Thoughts vnnatural.
But (pardon me) I do not in opinion
Difinfolly speake of her, though I may feare
Her will, recouling to her better judgement,
May fal to match you with her Country formes,
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou doft percieue, let me know more:
Set on thy wife to obferue.

Leave me Iago.

Iago. My Lord, I take my leave.

Othel. Why did I marry?

This honett Creature (doubtlesse)
Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnfolds.

Iago
Lago. My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honor To fear this thing no farther: Leave it to time, Although 'tis fit that Caffio have his Place; For sure he fills it vp with great Ability; Yet if you please, to him off a-while: You shall by that perceive him, and his meanes: Note if your Lady straine his Entertainment With any strong, or vehement importunitie, Much will be seene in that: In the meantime, Let me be thought too busie in my feares, (As worthy caufe I have to fear I am) And hold her free, I do beseech your Honor. Oth. Fear not my gouernment. Lago. I once more take my leave. Exit. Oth. This Fellow's of exceeding honesty, And knows all Quantities with a learn'd Spirit Of humane dealings. If I do proove her Haggard, Though that her Jefles were my deere heart-stringes, I'd whittle her off, and let her downe the winde To pray at Fortune. Haply, for I am blacke, And have not those soft parts of Conseruation That Chamberers have: Or for I am declin'd Into the vale of yeares (yet that's not much) She's gone. I am abus'd, and my releefe Must be to loathe her. Oh Curfe of Marriage! That we can call these delicate Creatures ours, And not their Appetites? I had rather be a Toad, And live upon the vapour of a Dungeon, Then keepe a corner in the thing I love For others vses. Yet 'tis the plague to Great-ones, Prerogatiu'red are they left then the Base, 'Tis deffiny vnhandable, like death: Euen then, this forked plague is Fated to vs, When we do quicken. Looke where she comes:

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, Heauen mock'd it false: Ile not beleue't. Def. How now, my deere Othello? Your dinner, and the generous Ilanders By you inuited, do attend your presence. Oth. I am too blame. Def. Why do you speake so faintly? Are you not well? Oth. I have a paine vpon my Forehead, heere. Def. Why that's with watching, 'twill way again. Let me but binde it hard, within this houre It will be well. Oth. Your Napkin is too little: Let it alone: Come, Ile go in with you. Exit. Def. I am very forry that you are not well. Emilia. I am glad I haue found this Napkin: This was her firt remembrance from the Moore, My wayward Husband hath a hundred times Wool'd me to steele it. But she fo loues the Token, (For he conu'rd her, she should euer keepe it) That she refers it euermore about her, To kiffe, and talke too. Ile haue the worke tane out, And giu't Lago: what he will do with it Heauen knows, not I: I nothing, but to pleae his Fantacie.

Enter Lago.


Lago. You have a thing for me? It is a common thing——

Emilia. Ha? Lago. To have a foolish wife. Emilia. Oh, is that all? What will you give me now For that fane Handkerchief. Lago. What Handkerchiefe? Emilia. What Handkerchiefe? Why that the Moore firft gae to Desdemona, That which so often you did bid me steele. Lago. Haft staine it from her? Emilia. No: but the let it drop by negligence, And to th'advantage, I being heere, took't vp:

Looke, heere 'tis.

Lago. A good wench, give it me. Emilia. What will you do with't, that you haue bene fo earnest to haue me fliech it? Lago. Why, what is that to you? Emilia. If it be not for some purpose of import, Giu't me againe. Poore Lady, shee'l run mad When she shall lacke it. Lago. Be not acknowne on't:

I haue vfe for it. Go, leaue me. Exit Emilia. I will in Caffio's Lodging looke this Napkin, And let him finde it. Trifles light as ayre, Are to the jealous, confirmations strong, As proofs of holy Writ. This may do something. The Moore already changes with my poyfon: Dangerous conceites, are in their Natures poysons, Which at the firft are scarce found to diflafte: But with a little ake vpon the blood, Burne like the Mines of Sulphure. I did fay fo. Enter Othello. Looke where he comes: Not Poppy, nor Mandragora, Nor all the drowsie Syrrups of the world Shall euer medicine thee to that sweete sleepe Which thou owd'lt yesterday. Oth. Ha, ha, falfe to mee? Lago. Why how now General? No more of that. Oth. Auant, be gone: Thou haft fet me on the Racket; I swere 'tis better to be much abus'd, Then but to know'lt a little. Lago. How now, my Lord? Oth. What fense had I, in her ftole hours of Luft? I faw't not, thought it not: it harm'd not me: I flept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merrie. I found not Caffio's kifes on her Lippes: He that is rob'd, not wanting what is roline, Let him not know't, and he's not rob'd at all. Lago. I am forry to heare this? Oth. I had bene happy, if the generall Campe, I Pyoners and all, had taffe'd her sweet Body, So I had nothing knoune. Oh now, for euer Farewell the Tranquill minde; farewell Content; Farewell the plumed Troopes, and the bigge Warres, That makes Ambition, Vertue! Oh farewell; Farewell the neiging Steed, and the thrill Trumpe, The Spirit-firing Drum, th'Eare-piercing Fife, The Royall Banner, and all Qualitie, Pride, Pompe, and Circumfance of glorious Warre: And O you mortall Engines, whole rude thrautes Th'immortall Ioues dread Clamours, counterfeit, Farewell: Othello's Occupation's gone. Lago. Is't poffible, my Lord? Oth. Villaine, heare thou prove my Loeue a Whore; Be sure of it: Give me the Occular proove,
Or by the worth of mine eternall Soule,
Thou hadst bin better haue bin borne a Dog
Then anfwer my wak’d wrath.

_Iago._ 1st come to this?

_Oth._ Make me to fee’t: or (at the leaft) fo proue it,
That the probation beare no Hindge, nor Loope,
To hang a doubt on: Or woe vpon thy life.

_Iago._ My Noble Lord,

_Oth._ If thou doft fland her, and torture me,
Neuer praye more: Abandon all remorfe
On Horrors head, Horrors accumula: Do deeds to make Heauen weep, all Earth amaz’d;
For nothing canft thou to damnation add;
Greateft then that.

_Iago._ O Grace! O Heauen forgive me!
Are you a Man? Have you a Soule? or Senfe?
God buy you: take mine Office. Oh wretched Foole,
That lou’t to make thine Honeyfey, a Vice!
Oh monftrous world! Take note, take note (O World)
To be direft and honeft, is not fate.
I thanke you for this profit, and from hence
Ile loue no Friend, fith Loue breeds fuch offence.

_Oth._ Nay fray: thou shoul’d be honeft.

_Iago._ Ie should be wife; for Honofey’s a Foole,
And loofes that it workes for.

_Oth._ By the World,
I thinke my Wife be honeft, and thinke she is not:
I think that thou art luft, and thinke thou art not:
Ile haue fome profes. My name that was as freth
As _Dians_ Vifage, is now begrim’d and blacke
As mine owne face. If there be Cords, or Kniewes,
Poyfon, or Fire, or fuffocating streames,
Ile not induce it. Would I were fatis fied.

_Iago._ I fee you are eaten vp with Faffion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

_Oth._ Would! Nay, and I will.

_Iago._ And may: but how? How fatisfis’d, my Lord?
Would you the super-vifion groffely gape on?
Behold her top’d?

_Oth._ Death, and damnation. Oh!

_Iago._ It were a tedious difficulty, I thinke,
To bring them to that Propfeft: Damne them then,
If euer mortall eyes do fe thern boulfer
More then their owne. What then? How then?
What fhall I fay? Where’s Satisfaction?
It is impoffible you should fee this,
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkeys,
As falt as Wolues in pride, and Fooles as groffe
As Ignorance, made drunke. But yet, I fay,
If imputation, and ftrong circumftances,
Which leade direftly to the doore of Truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you might haue’t.

_Oth._ Give me a living reafon she’s diſloyall.

_Iago._ I do not like the Office.
But fith I am entred in this caufe fo farre
(Prick’d too’t by foolifh Honofey, and Loue)
I will go on. I lay with _Caffio_ lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not feepe. There are a kind of men,
So loofe of Soule, that in their feepes will mutter
Their Affayes: one of this kinde is _Caffio:_
In feepes I heard him fay, sweet _Desdemona,_
Let vs be wary, let vs hide our Loues,
And then (Sir) would he griepe, and wring my hand:
Cry, oh sweet Creature: then kiffe me hard,
As if he plucked vp kiffes by the roots,
That grew vpon my lippes, laid his Leg ore my Thigh,
And figh, and kiffe, and then cry cursed Fate,
That gauze thee to the Moore.

_Oth._ O monftrous! monftrous!

_Iago._ Nay, this was but his Dreame.

_Oth._ But this denoted a fore-gone conclufion,
’Tis a fhre’d doubt, though it be but a Dreame.

_Iago._ And this may helpe to thicken other proffes,
That do demonfrate thinly,
Ie teare her all to peeces.

_Iago._ Nay yet be wife: yet we fee nothing done,
She may be honeft yet: Tell me but this,
Hauue you not fometimes feene a Handkercheif
Spotted with Strawberries, in your wiues hand?

_Oth._ I gaue her fuch a one: ’twas my firft gift.

_Iago._ I know not that: but fuch a Handkercheif
(I am fure it was your wiuas) did I to day
See _Caffio_ wipe his Beard with.

_Oth._ If it be that.

_Iago._ If it be that, or any, it was hers.
It speaks againft her with the other proffes.

_Oth._ That the Slaue had forty thoufand liues:
One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge.
Now do I fee ’tis true. Looke heere _Iago_,
All my fond loue thus do I blow to Heauen. ’Tis gone.
Arie blacke vengeance, from the hollow hell,
Yeeld vp (O Loue) thy Crowne, and hearted Throne
To tyrannous Hate. Swell bofome with thy fraught,
For ’tis of Afiickes tongues.

_Iago._ Yet be content.

_Oth._ Oh blood, blood, blood.

_Iago._ Patience I fay: your minde may change.

_Oth._ Neuer _Iago_. Like to the Ponticke Sea,
Whole Icie Current, and compulfive courfe,
Ner’ keepes retyring edbe, but keepes due on
To the Propontitce, and the Hellepont:
Euen to my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall ner’ looke backe, ner’ ebe to humble Loue,
Till that a capalbe, and wide Reuenge
Swallow them vp. Now by yond Marble Heauen,
In the due reuerence of a Sacred vow,
I heere engage my words.

_Iago._ Do not rife yet:
Witneffe you euer-burning Lights aboue,
You Elements, that clip vs round about,
Witneffe that heere _Iago_ doth giue vp
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong’d _Othello’s_ Seruice. Let him command:
And to obey shall be in me remorfe,
What bloody buſineſfe euer.

_Oth._ I greet thy loue,
Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will vpon the infant put thee too’t.
Within theſe three dayes let me heare thee fay,
That _Caffio’s_ not alie.

_Iago._ My Friend is dead:
’Tis done at your Request.
But let her live.

_Oth._ Damne her leuede Minx:
O damne her, damne her.
Come go with me a-part, I will withdraw
To furnifh me with some swift means of death
For the faire Diuell.
Now art thou my Lieutenant.

_Iago._ I am your owne for euer.

_Exeunt._

_Scena._ 816
Scena Quarta.

Enter Desdemona, Emissia, and Clown.

"Def. Do you know Sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?"

"Clown. I dare not say he lies any where."

"Def. Why man?"

"Cl. He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Souldier lies, 'tis flagging."

"Def. Go too : where lodges he?"

"Cl. To tell you where he lodges, is to tel you where I lie."

"Def. Can any thing be made of this?"

"Cl. I know not where he lodges, and for mee to deceive a lodgling, and say he lies here, or he lies there, were to lye in mine owne throat."

"Def. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?"

"Cl. I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make Questions, and by them answer."

"Def. Seeke him, bidde him come hither : tell him, I have mou'd my Lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

"Cl. To do this, is within the compass of mans Wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it."

Exit Cl."

Def. Where should I loufe the Handkerchiefe, Emissia?"

"Emiss. I know not Madam."

"Def. Beleeue me, I had rather haue loft my purse Full of Cruzadoes. And but my Noble Moore Is true of minde, and made of no such baseneffe, As Iealous Creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill-thinking."

"Emiss. Is he not Iealous?"

"Def. Who, he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne, Drew all such hurnors from him."

"Emiss. Louke where he comes."

Enter Otello.

"Def. I will not loufe him now, till Cassio be called to him. How is't with you, my Lord?"

"Orb. Well my good Lady. Oh hardnes to dissemble!"

"Def. How do you, Desdemona?"

"Orb. Well, my good Lord."

"Def. Glue me your hand."

This hand is moist, my Lady.

"Def. It hath felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow."

"Orb. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart: Hot, hat, and moylt! This hand of yours requires A fequester from Liberty : Fasting, and Prayer, Much Catisfaction, Exercize deouet, For heere's a yong, and sweating Diuell heere That commonly rebels: 'Tis a good hand, A franke one.

"Def. You may (indeed) say fo:'"

"For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart."

"Orb. A liberal hand. The hearts of old, gaue hands: But our new Heraldry is hands, not hearts."

"Def. I cannot speake of this:"

Come, now your promife.

"Orb. What promife, Chucke?"

"Def. I haue lent to bid Cassio come speake with you."

"Orb. I haue a fait and forry Rhewme offends me:"

Lend me thy Handkerchiefe.

Def. Heere my Lord."

"Orb. That which I gave you."

"Def. I haue it not about me."

"Orb. Not?"

"Def. No indeed, my Lord."

"Orb. That's a fault: That Handkerchiefe Did an Egyptian to my Mother gue:

She was a Charmer, and could almost read The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it, 'T would make her Amiable, and subdue my Father Intirely to her loue: But if she loft it, Or made a Guift of it, my Fathers eye Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits should hunt After new Fancies. She dying, gave it me, And bid me (when my Fate would haue me Wiu'd) To glue it her. I did to; and take heede on't, Make it a Darling, like your precious eye: To loofe't, or glue't away, were such perdition, As nothing els could match."

"Def. Is't possible?"

"Orb. 'Tis true: There's Magicke in the web of it:

A Sybil that had numbred in the world
The Sun to course, two hundred compasses,
In her Prophetick furie fow'd the Workes:
The Wormes were hallowed, that did breede the Silke, And it was dye in Mummeys, which the Skillfull

Confer'd of Maidens hearts."

"Def. Indeed? Is't true?"

"Orb. Moft verable, therefore looke tooo wel."

"Def. Then would to Heauen, that I had never eene't?"

"Orb. Ha? wherefore?"

"Def. Why do you speake so startingly, and raf?"

"Orb. Is't los't? Is't gon? Speak, is't out o'th'way?"

"Def. Bleffe vs.

"Orb. Say you?

"Def. It is not los't: but what and if it were?

"Orb. How?"

"Def. I say it is not los't."

"Orb. Fetch't, let me fee't."

"Def. Why fo I can: but I will not now: This is a tricke to put me from my faire, Pray you let Cassio be receiued againe."

"Orb. Fetch me the Handkerchiefe, My minde mi-fglues."

"Def. Come, come: you'll never meete a more suffici-

ent man."

"Orb. The Handkerchiefe."

"Def. A man that all his time

Hath founded his good Fortunes on your loue;
Shar'd dangers with you."

"Orb. The Handkerchiefe."

"Def. Inoffloth, you are too blame."

"Orb. Away."

"Emiss. Is not this man Iealous?"

"Def. I neuer law this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this Handkerchikfe, I am moit vnhappy in the losse of it."

"Emiss. 'Tis not a yeare or two Iewes vs a man: They are all but Stomackes, and we all but Food, They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full They belch vs."

Enter Iago, and Cassio.

Looke you, Cassio and my Husband."

"Iago. There is no other way: 'tis the moit doo't: And loe the happinesse: go, and importune her."

Def.
The Tragedie of Othello

Def. How now (good Caffio) what’s the newes with you?

Caffio. Madam, my former suite, I do beseech you, That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe Exeit, and be a member of his loue, Whom I, with all the Office of my heart Entirely honour, I would not be delayed. If my offence, be of such mortall kinde, That nor my Service past, nor present Sorrowes, Nor purpos’d merit in futurity, Can ranforme me into his loue againe, But to know so, must be my benefit: So shall I cloath me in a forc’d content, And shat my selfe vp in some other course To Fortunes Almes.

Def. Alas (thrice-gentle Caffio) My Advocation is not now in Tune; My Lord, is not my Lord; nor shoul I know him, Were he in Favour, as in Humour alter’d. So helpe me every spirit sanctified, As I have spoken for you all my best, And stood within the blanke of his displeasure For my free speech. You must awhile be patient: What I can do, I will: and more I will Then for my selfe, I dare. Let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my Lord angry?

Cass. He went hence but now: And certainly in strange vnquietnesse.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seene the Cannon When it hath blowne his Ranks into the Ayre, And like the Diuell from his very Arme Puff’t his owne Brother: And is he angry? Something of moment then: I will go meet him, There’s matter in’t indeed, if he be angry. Exit

Def. I prythe do so. Something fure of State, Either from Venice, or some vnhand’t prachie Made demonstrable heere in Cyprus, to him, Hath pul’d his cleare Spirit: and in such cafes, Mens Nature strength, with inferiour things, Though great ones are their object, ‘Tis even so. For let our finger ake, and it endues Our other healthfull members, euen to a sense Of paine. Nay, we must thinke men are not Gods, Nor of them looke for such obseruance As fits the Bridall. Behold me much, Emilia, I was (vnhandome Warrior, as I am) Arraigning his vnkindnesse with my foule: But now I finde, I had suborn’d the Witneffe, And he’s Indited falsely.

Emilia. Pray heauen it bee State matters, as you thinke, and no Conception, Nor no leaues Toy, concerning you. Exit

Iago. Alas the day, I neuer gave him causie. Emilia. But leaual foules will not be answer’d so; They are not euer leaual for the causie, But leaual, for they’re leaual. It is a Monster Begot vp on it selfe, borne on it selfe.


Def. I will go fecke him. Caffio, walke heere about: If I doe finde him fit, Ie moue your suite, And fecke to effect it to my vtermolt. 

Cass. I humbly thanke your Ladyship.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. ‘Saue you (Friend Caffio.)

Caffio. What make you from home? How is’t with you, my most faire Bianca? Indeed (sweet Loue) I was comming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your Lodging, Caffio. What keepes a weeke away? Seven days, and Nights? Eight score hours? And Louers abento howres More tedious then the Diall, eight score times? Oh weare reck’n.ing.

Caffio. Pardon me, Bianca: I haue this while with leaden thoughts beene preft, But I shall in a more continuat time Strike off this score of absience. Sweet Bianca Take me this worke out.

Bianca. Oh Caffio, whence came this? This is some Token from a newer Friend, To the felt-Absence: now I feele a Caufe: Is’t come to this? Well, well.

Caffio. Go too, woman: Throw your vile geffes in the Diuels teeth, From whence you haue them. You are leaual now, That this is from some Mitris, some remembrance; No, in good troth Bianca.

Bian. Why, who’s is it?

Caffio. I know not neither: I found it in my Chamber, I like the worke well; Ere it be demanded (As like enough it will) I would have it coppied: Take it, and doo’t, and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you? Wherefore?

Caffio. I do attend heere on the Generall, And thinke it no addition, nor my wish To haue him mee woman’d.

Bian. Why, I pay you?

Caffio. Not that I loue you not.

Bian. But that you do not loue me. I pray you bring me on the way a little, And say, if I shall fee you foone at night?

Caffio. ‘Tis but a little way that I can bring you, For I attend heere: But Ie fee you foone.

Bian. ‘Tis very good: I must be circumfanc’d.

Exit omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. Will you thinke so?

Oth. Thinke so, Iago?

Iago. What, to kisse in priuate?

Oth. An vnauthoriz’d kisse?

Iago. Or to be naked with her Friend in bed, An houre, or more, not meaning any harme? Oth. Naked in bed (Iago) and not meane harme? It is hypocrifie against the Diuell: They that meane vertuously, and yet do so, The Diuell their vertue temptes, and they tempt Heauen.

Iago. If they do nothing, ’tis a Veniall slip: But if I gue my wife a Handkerchiefe.

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then ’tis hers (my Lord) and being hers, She may (I thinke) befo’t on any man.

Oth. She is Protechtere of her honor too: May the gue that?
the Moor of Venice.

Iago. Her honor is an Essence that's not seene, They have it very oft, that haue it not.

But for the Handkerchief.

Otho. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:
Thou saidst (oh, it comes ore my memorie, As doth the Rauen o're the infectous house: Boading to all) he had my Handkerchief.

Iago. 1: what of that?

Otho. That's not so good now.

Iago. What if I had said, I had seen him do you wrong?

Or heard him say (as Knaues be such abroad, Who hauing by their owne importunate suit, Or voluntary doation of some Miftris, Convinced or supply'd them, cannot chuse But they must blae.)

Otho. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath (my Lord) but be you well affir'd,
No more then he'se vn-sware.

Otho. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that he did: I know not what he did.

Otho. What? What?

Iago. Lye, Otho. With her?


Otho. Lye with her? lye on her? We say lye on her, when they be lye-her. Lye with her: that's fulsome: Handkerchief: Confessions: Handkerchief. To confess, and he hang'd for his labour. Firth, to be hang'd, and then to confess: I tremble at it. Nature would not inueft her selfe in such shadowing passion, without some Infruption. It is not words that shakes me thus, (pish) Nofes, Eares, and Lippes: is't possible. Confesse? Handkerchief? O diuell.

Falls in a Trance.

Iago. Workes on, My Medicine workes. Thus credulous Fools are caught, And many worthy, and chaft Dames eu'en thus, (All guitleffe) meetre reproch: what hoa? My Lord?

My Lord, I say: Otello.

Enter Caffio.

How now Caffio?

Cass. What's the matter?

Iago. My Lord is faine into an Epilepsie, This is his second Fit: he had one yesterday.

Cass. Rub him about the Temples.

Iago. The Lethargie must haue his quyet course: If not, he foames at mouth: and by and by Breakes out to faugue madneffe. Looke, he flirres: Do you withdraw your selfe a little while, He will recover straight: when he is gone, I would on great occasion, speake with you. How is it General? Have you not hurt your head? Otho. Doft thou mooke me?

Iago. I mooke you not, by Heauen: Would you would beare your Fortune like a Man.

Otho. A Horned man's a Monfier, and a Beaff.

Iago. Ther's many a Beaff then in a populous City, And many a ciull Monfier.

Otho. Did he confeffe it?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man: Thinke every bearded fellow that's but yoak'd May draw with you. There's Millions now aliue, That nightly lye in those vnproper beds, Which they dare feware peculier. Your cafe is better. Oh, 'tis the fipt of hell, the Fiends Arch-mock, To lip a wanton in a fecure Cowch; And to suppofe herchaft. No, let me know, And knowing what I am, I know what the fhallbe. Otho. Oh, thou art wise, 'tis certaine.

Iago. Stand you a while apart, Confine your felfe but in a patient Lift, Whilf't you were heere, o're-whelmed with your grieue (A fpassion moft refulting fuch a man) Caffio came hither. I flipt him away, And layd good fcutes vpon your Extasie, Bad him anon returne: and heere speake with me, The which he promis'd. Do but encaue your felfe, And marke the Friers, the Cybes, and notable Scornes That dwell in euery Region of his face. For I will make him tell the Tale anew:
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when He hath, and is againe to cope your wife, I say, but marke his geftere: marry Patience, Or I shall fay y'are all in all in Spieene, And nothing of a man.

Otho. Do'th thou heare, Iago, I will be found moft cunning in my Patience: But (do'th thou heare) moft bloody.

Iago. That's not amiffe, But yet keepe time in all: will you withdraw?
Now will I queftion Caffio of Bianca,
A Hufwife, that by felling her defires
Buies her felfe Bread, and Cloath. It is a Creature
That dotes on Caffio, (as 'tis the Strumpets plague
To be-guil'd many, and be-guil'd by one)
He, when he heares of her, cannot refraine
From the excesse of Laughter. Heere he comes.

Enter Caffio.

As he shall smile, Otello shall go mad:
And his vnbookid Ielouide muft conferue
Poor Caffio's ifmes, fgetures, and light behaviours
Quite in the wrong. How do you Lieutenant?

Caffio. The worfer, that you gue me the addition, Whole want eu'en killes me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't:
Now, if this Suit lay in Bianca's dowre,
How quickly should you speed?

Caffio. Alas poore Caflfio.

Otho. Looke how he laughe already.

Iago. I neuer knew woman loue man fo.

Caffio. Alas poore Rogue, I thynke indeed she loues me.

Otho. Now he denies it faintly: and laughe it out.

Iago. Do you heare Caffio?

Otho. Now he importunes him
To tell it o're: go too, well fald, well fald.

Iago. She gues it out, that youshall marry her.

Do you intend it?

Caffio. Ha, ha, ha.

Otho. Do ye triumph, Romaine? do you triumph?

Some Charitie to my wif, do not thinke it
So vnwholefome. Ha, ha, ha.

Otho. So, so, fo, fo: they laugh, that winnes.

Iago. Why the cry goes, that you marry her.

Cassio. Prythee lay true.

Iago. I am a very Villaine elfe.
Otho. Haue you leart'd me? Weli.

Cassio. This is the Monkeys owne guing out:
She is perfwaded I will marry her
Out of her owne loue & flattery, not out of my promife.
Enter Bianca.

Cajf. 'Tis such another Fitchew; marry a perfum'd one?
What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the diuell, and his dam haunt you: what did you mean by that fame Handkercheifee, you gave me euen now? I was a fine Foole to take it: I must take out the worke? A likely piece of worke, that you should find it in your Chamber: and know not who left it there. This is some Minxes token, & I must take out the worke?

Enter Lodowice, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Othe. Excellent good: What Trumpet is that fame?

Lago. I warrant something from Venice, "Tis Lodowice, this, or a Letter from the Duke.

See, your wife's with him.

Lodo. Save you worthy Generall.

Othe. With all my heart Sir.


Othe. I kiffe the Instrument of their pleasures.

Def. And what's the newes, good cozen Lodowice?

Lago. I am very glad to see you Signior:

Welcome to Cyprus.

Lodo. I thanke you: how do's Lieutenant Cajffio?

Lago. Lives Sir,

Def. Cozen, there's faire betwenee him, & my Lord, An vnkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Othe. Are you sure of that?

Def. My Lord?

Othe. This faile you not to do, as you will——

Lodo. He did not call: he's busy in the paper,

Is there declension twixt my Lord, and Cajffio?

Def. A most vnhappy one: I would do much

T'attire them, for the loue I bear to Cajffio.

Othe. Fire, and brimestone.

Def. My Lord,

Othe. Are you wife?

Def. What is he angrie?

Lodo. May be his Letter mou'd him.

For as I thinke, they do command him home,

Deputing Cajffio in his Governement.

Def. Troft me, I am glad on't.

Othe. Indeed?

Def. My Lord?

Othe. I am glad to fee you mad.

Def. Why, sweete Othello?

Othe. Duell.

Def. I have not defer'd this.

Lodo. My Lord, this would not be beleeu'd in Venice,

Though I should swear I faw't: 'Tis very much,

Make her amends: the weepes.

Othe. Oh diuell, diuell:

If that the Earth could teeme with womans teares,

Def. I will not play to offend you.

Euen the bed she hath contaminated.

Othe. Good good:

The Iustice of it pleases: very good.

Lago. And for Cajffio, let me be his vndertaker:

You shall heare more by midnight.
the Moore of Venice.

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Oth. Miftris.
*Def. My Lord.
Oth. What would you with her, Sir?
Lod. Who I, my Lord?
Oth. I, you did wish, that I would make her turne: Sir, she can turne, and turne : and yet go on And turne againe. And she can wepe,Sir, wepe. And she's obedient : as you say obedient. Very obedient: proceed you in your teares. Concerning this Sir, (oh well-painted passion) I am commanded home: get you away : Ile send for you anon. Sir I obey the Mandate, And will returne to Venice. Hence, auant : Caffo shall haue my Place. And Sir, to night I do entreat, that we may fup together. You are welcome Sir to Cyprus.
Goates, and Monkeys. Exit.
Lod. Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate Call all in all sufficient? Is this the Nature Whom Passiou could not shake? Whose fold vertue The fact of Accident, nor dart of Chance Could neither graze, nor pierce?
Iago. He is much chang'd.
Lod. Are his wits safe? Is he not light of Braine?
Iago. He's that he is : I may not breath my censure. What he might be if what he might, he is not, I would to heauen he were.
Lod. What? Strike his wife?
Iago. 'Faith that was not so well : yet would I knew That froke would prove the worst.
Lod. Is it his vf?
Or did the Letters, worke vpon his blood,
And new create his fault?
Iago. Alas, alas: It is not honestie in me to speake
What I haue seene, and knowne. You shall obserue him,
And his owne courtes will deonte him fo,
That I may faue my speech : do but go after
And marke how he continueth.
Lod. I am forry that I am deceiu'd in him. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Emilia.

Oth. You have seene nothing then?
*Emil. Nor eu'er heard : nor eu'er did susect.
Oth. Yes, you have seene Caffo, and the together.
*Emil. But then I saw no harme : and then I heard,
Each syllable that breath made vp betweene them.
Oth. What? Did they never whisper?
*Emil. Neuer my Lord.
Oth. Nor send you out o'th'way?
*Emil. Neuer.
Oth. To fetch her Fan, her Gloues, her Mask, nor no-
*Emil. Neuer my Lord, (thing?)
Oth. That's strange.
*Emil. I durft(my Lord)to wager, she is honest: Lay downe my Soule at flanke : If you thinke other,
Remoue your thought. It doth abuse your bosome:
If any wretch haue put this in your head,
Let Heauen requit it with the Serpents curfe,
For if she be not honest, chaite, and true,
There's no man happy. The pureft of their Wifes
In foule as Slaender.
Oth. Bid her come hither: go, Exit Emilia.
She faies enough: yet she's a simple Baud
That cannot lay as much. This is a subtile Whore:
A Clofet Lockeand Key of Villanous Secrets,
And yet the'le kneele, and pray: I haue seene her do't.

Enter Delfdena, and Emilia.

Def. My Lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray you Chucke come hither.
Def. What is your pleasoure?
Oth. Let me fee your eyes: looke in my face.
Def. What horrible Fancie's this?
Oth. Some of your Function mistris:
Leave Procrants alone, and that the doore:
Cough, or cry hemy; if any bod ycome:
Your Mystery, your Mystery: May dispatch. Exit Emili.
Def. Vpon my knee, what doth your speech import?
I vnderstand a Fury in your words.
Oth. Why? What art thou?
Def. Your wife my Lord: your true and loyall wife.
Othello. Come sware it: damne thy selfe, leaft being like one of Heauen, the diuells themselues should scare to cease thee. Therefore be double damn'd: sware thou art honest.
Def. Heauen doth truly know it.
Oth. Heauen truly knowes, that thou art false as hell.
Def. To whom my Lord?
With whom? How am I false?
Oth. Ah Delfdena, away, away, away.
Def. Alas the heay day: why do you weepe?
Am I the motiue of these tears my Lord?
If happily you my Father do supleet,
An Infrument of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me: if you have loft him,
I have loft him too.
Oth. Had it please Heauen,
To try me with Affliction, had they rain'd
All kind of Sores, and Shames on my bare-head:
Steep'd me in pouerity to the very lippes,
Guen to Captuitle, me, and my virtuous hopes,
I should have found in some place of my Soule
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
The fixed Figure for the time of Scorne,
To point his bow, and mowing finger at.
Yet could I beare that too, wel, very wel; But there where I haue garner'd vp my heart,
Where either I muft lye, or beare no life,
The Fontaine from the which my currant runnes,
Or else dryes vp: to be dierced thence,
Or keepe it as a Cetereffe, for foule Toades
To knott and gender in. Turne thy complexion there:
Patience, thou young and Rofe-lip'd Cherubin,
I heere looke grim as hell.
Def. I hope my Noble Lord esteemes me honest.
Oth. O I, as Sommer Flyes are in the Shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. Oh thou weed:
Who art so louely faire, and smelleth so sweete,
That the Senfe akes at thee,
Would thou had'ft never bin borne.
Def. Alas, what ignorant fin haue I committed?
Oth. Was this faire Paper? This most goodly Book
Made to write Whore vpon? What committed,

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The Tragedie of Othello

Committed? Oh, thou publicke Commoner,
I shou'd make very Forges of my cheekes,
That would to Cynkers burne vp Moodefife,
Did I but speake thy deedes. What committed?
Heauen flippes the Nofe at it, and the Moone winks:
The baudy winde that kiffe all it meetes,
Is hush'd within the hollow Myne of Earth
And will not heare'. What committed?
Def. By Heauen you do me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a Strumpet?
Def. No, as I am a Chriflian.
If to preferre this vefwell for my Lord,
From any other foule vnlawfull touch
Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a Whore?
Def. No, as I shall be fail'd.
Oth. Is't poiffible?
Def. Oh Heauen forgive vs.
Oth. I cry you mercie then.
I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice,
That married with Othello. You Miftiris,
Enter eEmilia.
That have the office oppofite to Saint Peter,
And keeps the gate of hell. You know me.
We haue done our courfe: there's money for your paines:
I pray you turne the key, and keep our confaule. Exit.
Æmil. Alas, what do's this Gentleman conceive?
How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady?
Def. Faith, halfe a sleepe.
Æmil. Good Madam,
What's the manner with my Lord?
Def. With who?
Æmil. Why, with my Lord, Madam?
Def. Who is thy Lord?
Æmil. He that is yours,weet Lady.
Def. I have none: do not talke to me,Æmilia,
I cannot weepe: nor anweres haue I none,
But what should go by water. Pray thee to night,
Lay on my bed, my wedding fletcher, remember,
And call thy husband hither.
Æmil. Heere's a change indeed. Exit.
Def. 'Tis meete I shou'd be vs'd so: very meete.
How haue I bin behau'd,that he might thicke
The small'rt opinion on my left mifvfe?
Enter Iago, and eÆmilia.
Iago. What is your pleafure Madam?
How is't with you?
Def. I cannot tell: thofe that do teach yong Babes
Do it with gentle meanes, and Cafe taskes.
He might haue chid me fo: for in good faith
I am a Child to chiding.
Iago. What is the matter Lady?
Æmil. Alas(Iago)my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Throwe fuch diligift, and heavy termes upon her
That true hearts cannot bear it.
Def. Am I that name, Iago?
Iago. What name,(faire Lady)?
Def. Such as the faid my Lord did fay I was.
Æmil. He call'd her whom: a Beggar in his drinke:
Could not haue laid fuch termes upon his Cajlet.
Iago. Why did he fo?
Def. I do not know: I am sure I am none fuch.
Iago. Do not weepe, do not weepe: alas the day.
Æmil. Hath the forfooke fo many Noble Matches?
Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?
To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one weep?
Def. It is my wretched Fortune.
Iago. Befrew him for't;
How comes this Tricke vpon him?
Def. Nay, Heauen doth know.
Æmil. I will be hang'd,if some eternall Villaine,
Some bufie and infinuating Rogue,
Some coggling,cozening Slaine, to get some Office,
Haue not deu'd this Slander: I will be hang'd elfe.
Iago. Fie, there is no fuch man: it is impoffible.
Def. If any fuch there be, Heauen pardon him.
Æmil. A halter pardon him:
And ad hell gnaw his bones.
Why should he call her Whore?
Who keeps her companie?
What Place? What Time?
What Forme? What liklyhood?
The Moore's abus'd by some moft villainous Knaue,
Some bafe notorious Knaue, some fcurry Fellow.
Oh Heauens, that fuch companions thou'dt vnfold,
And put in every honeft hand a whip
To laifi the Raifcalls naked through the world,
Euen from the East to th'Wett.
Iago. Speake with me no more.
Æmil. Oh fie vpon them: fome fuch Squire he was
That turn'd your wit, the feamy-fide without,
And made you to fufpeft me with the Moore.
Iago. You are a Foole: go too.
Def. Alas Iago,
What shall I do to win my Lord againe?
Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,
I know not how I loft him. Heere I kneele:
If ere my will did trepafe' gainft his Loue,
Either in difcourfe of thought, or actuall deed,
Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence
Delighted them: or any other Forme,
Or that I do not yet, and euer did,
And euer will,(though he do shake me off
To beggerly diuorcement) Loue him dearely,
Comfort forfware me. Vnkindneffe may do much,
And his vnkindneffe may defeat my life,
But neuer taynt my Loue. I cannot fay Whore,
It do's abhorre me now I speake the word,
To do the Act, that might the addition earne,
Not the worlds Maffe of vanitie could makeme.
Iago. I pray you be content: 'tis but his humoure:
The buineffe of the State do's him ofence.
Def. If'twere no other.
Iago. It is but fo, I warrant,
Hearke how thefe Infruments fummon to fupper : 
The Meffengers of Venice fiales the meare,
Go in, and weepe not: all things shall be well.

Excut Defdemona and Æmilia.
Enter Roderigo.

How now Roderigo?
Rod. I do not finde
That thou deal'st luftly with me.
Iago. What in the contrarie?
Roder. Every day thou daftes me with fome deffe
Iago, and rather, as it feemes to me now, keeff from
me all conuenience, then fupplie me with the leaft ad-
vantage of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor
am I yet perfuaded to put vp in peace, what already I
have foolifly fuffered.
Iago. Will you heare me Roderigo?
Roder. 1
I have heard too much: and your words and performances are no kin together.

I charge you most solemnly.

With naught but truth: I have wafted my selfe out of my meanes. The Jewels youe have had from me to deliver Desdemona, would halfe haue corrupted a Votarist. You haue told me the heath recei'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of soidaine respect, and acquaintance, but I finde none.

Well, go to: very well.

Rod. Very well, go too: I cannot go too, (man) nor tis not very well. Nay I think it is scurvy; and begin to finde my selfe foipt in it.

Very well.

I tell you, tis not very well: I will make my selfe knowne to Desdemona. If she will returne me my Jewels, I will give ouer my Suit, and repent my vnlawfull solicitation. If not, affure your selfe, I will seek satisfaction of you.

You haue said now.

I: and said nothing but what I protest intendement of doing.

Why, now I see there's mettle in thee: and even from this iniant do build on thee a better opinion then ever before: give me thy hand Rod. Thou haft taken against me a most unjust exception: but yet I protest I have dealt most directly in thy affairs.

It hath not appeard.

I grant indeed it hath not appeard: and your fumption is not without wit and judgement. But Rod. if thou haft that in thee indeed, which I haue greater reason to beleue now then euer (I meane purpose, Courage, and Valour) this night shew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with Treacherie, and devote Engine for my life.

Well: what is it? Is it within, reason and com parte?

Sir, there is especiall Commission come from Venice to depute Caffio in Otelllos place.

Is that true? Why then Otello and Desdemona returne againe to Venice.

Oh no: he goes into Mauritania and taketh away with him the faire Desdemona, vnlesse his a bode be lingred here by some accident. Wherein none can be so determinate, as the remouing of Caffio.

How do you mean remouing him?

Why, by making him vnapcable of Otello's place: knocking out his braines.

And that you would have me to do.

I: if you dare do your selfe a profit, and a right. He fups to night with a Harlotry: and thither will I go to him. He knowes not yet of his Honourable Fortune, if you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall out betweene twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure. I will be neere to second your Attempt, and he shall fall betweene vs. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me: I will shew you such a necifitie in his death, that you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time: and the night growes to waff.

About it.

I will heare further reason for this.

And you thilbe satisf'd. Exeunt.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you Sir, trouble your selfe no further. Oth. Oh pardon me: 'twill do me good to walke.

Lodovico. Madam, good night: I humbly thank you your Ladyship.

Def. Your Honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walke Sir? Oh Desdemona.

Def. My Lord.

Othello. Get you to bed on th'instant, I will be return'd forthwith: dismisse your Attendant there: look't be done. Exit.

Def. I will my Lord.

Aem. How goes it now? He looks gentler then he did.

Def. He faies he will returne incontinent, and hath commanded me to go to bed, and bid me to dismisse you.

Emilia. Dismisse me?

Def. It was his bidding: therefore good Emilia, Glue me my nightly wearing, and adieu.

We must not now displease him.

Emilia. I, would you had never seene him.

Def. So would not I: my loue doth fo approve him, That eueen his stubborneffe, his checks, his brownes, (Prythee vn-pin me) haue grace and fauour.

Emilia. I haue, laid thofe Sheetes you bad me on the bed.

Def. All's one: good Father, how foolish are our minds? If I do die before, prythee throw'd me in one of these fame Sheetes.

Emilia. Come, come: you talke.

Def. My Mother had a Maid call'd Barbaris, She was in loue: and he the lou'd proud'd mad, And did forfake her. She had a Song of Willough, An old thing 'twas: but it express'd her Fortune, And she dy'd finging it. That Song to night, Will not go from my mind: I haue much to do, But to go hang my head all at one fide

And sining it like poore Brabaries: prythee dispatch.

Emilia. Shall I go fetch your Night-gowne?

Def. No, vn-pin me here,

This Lodowice is a proper man.

Emilia. A very handsome man.

Def. He speaks well.

Emilia. I know a Lady in Venice would haue walk'd barefoot to Palestyne for a touch of his nether lip.

Def. The poore Soul! fat singing, by a Stealamour tree.

Sing all a greene Willough:

Her band on her before her head on her knee,

Sing Willough, Willough, Willough.

The freshest Streames ran by her, and murmur'd her noanes

Sing Willough, &c.

Her faste tears fell from her, and fastned the fones,

Sing Willough, &c. (Lay by thee)

Willough, Willough. (Prythee high thee: he's come anon)

Sing all a greene Willough my selfe be your Garland.

Let no body blame him, he's none I approve.

(Nay that's not next. Harke, who is't that knocks?

Emilia. It's the wind.

Def. I call'd my Loue falsc Loue: but what said be then?

Sing Willough, &c.

If I count me women, you're coush with mo men.
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So get thee gone, good night: mine eyes do itch:
Doth that base weeping?

\textit{æmil.} Tis neyther heere, nor there.

\textit{def.} I haue heard it saide fo. O thefe Men, these men!
Do'th thou in confcience think(e tell me \textit{æmilia})
That there be women do abufe their husbands
In such gauche kinde?

\textit{æmil.} There be some such, no question.

\textit{def.} Would'th thou do such a deed for all the world?

\textit{æmil.} Why, would not you?

\textit{def.} No, by this Heauenly light.

\textit{æmil.} Nor I neither, by this Heauenly light:
I might doo't as well i'th'darke.

\textit{def.} Would'th thou do such a deed for all the world?

\textit{æmil.} The world's a huge thing:
It is a great price, for a small vice.

\textit{def.} In troth, I thinke thou would'nt.

\textit{æmil.} In troth I thinke I shoul'd, and vndoo't when
I had done. Marry, I would not doe such a thing for a loynt Ring, nor for meares of Lawne, nor for Gownes, Petticoats, nor Caps, nor any pettty exhibition. But for all the whole world: why, who would not make her husbands Cuckold, to make him a Monarch? I should venure Purgatory for't.

\textit{def.} Bedrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

\textit{æmil.} Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th'world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.

\textit{def.} I do not thinke there is any such woman.

\textit{æmil.} Yes, a dozen ; and as many to'th'vantage, as wouldbre the world they paid for.
But I do thinke it is their Husbands faults
If Wives do fall: (Say, that they flacke their duties, And powre our Treasures into forrage laps;
Or else breake out in peeuish Jealoufies, Throwing reftraint upon vs: Or lay they strike vs, Or (cant our former hauing in desfitgh)
Why we haue galles: and though we haue some Grace, Yet haue we some Reuenge. Let Husbands know,
Their wives haue fenfe like them: They see, and smell,
And haue their PATals both for stweet, and fowre,
As Husbands haue. What is it that they do,
When they change vs for others? Is it Sport?
I thinke it is: and doth Affeclion breed it?
I thinke it doth. Is't Fraillty that thus erre's
It is fo too. And haue not we Affeclions?
Defires for Sport? and Fraillty, as men haue?
Then let them vs be well: else let them know,
The illes we do, their illes infruct vs fo.

\textit{def.} Good night, good night:
Heaune me fuch yfes fend,
Not to picke bad, from bad; but by bad, mend. \textit{Exeunt}

\textit{æÆnus Quintus. Scena Prima.}

\textit{Enter Iago, and Rodorigo.}

\textit{Iago.} Heere, stand' behind this Barke,
Straight will he come:
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home:
Quicke,quicke, feare nothing; Ile be at thy Elbow,
It makes vs, or it marres vs, thinke on that,
And fixe moft firme thy Resolution.

\textit{Rod.} Be neere at hand, I may mifcarry in't.

\textit{Iago.} Heere, at thy hand: Be bold, & take thy fland.

\textit{Rod.} I haue no great deuotion to the deed,
And yet he hath gien me satisfying Reafons:
'Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword: he dies.

\textit{Iago.} I haue rub'd this yong Quat almoit to the fene,
And he growes angry. Now, whether he kill \textit{Caffio,}
Or \textit{Caffio} him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gaine. Lieue Rodorigo,
He calles me to a refitution large
Of Gold, and Jewels, that I bob'd from him,
As Guifts to \textit{Defdemona.}
It muft not be: If \textit{Caffio} do remaine,
He hath a dayly beauty in his life,
That makes me vgy: and besides, the Moore
May vnfold me to him: there fland I in much peril:
No, he muft dye. But fo, I heard him comming.

\textit{Enter Caffio.}

\textit{Rod.} I know his gate, 'tis he: Villaine thou dyet.

\textit{Caff.} That thruft had beene mine enemy indeed,
But that my Coute is better then thou know'rt:
I will make profe of thine.

\textit{Rod.} Oh, I am faine.

\textit{Caffio.} I am may'd for euer:
Helpe hoa: Murthor, murthor.

\textit{Enter Othello.}

\textit{Oth.} The voyce of \textit{Caffio, Iago} keeps his word.

\textit{Rod.} O Villaine that I am.

\textit{Oth.} It is euen fo.

\textit{Caff.} Oh helpe hoa: Light, a Surgeon.

\textit{Oth.} 'Tis he: O braue \textit{Iago}, honeft, and iuift,
That haft fuch Noble fenfe of thy Friends wrong,
Thou teacheft me. Minion, your deere eyes dead,
And your vnbleft Fate highes: Strumpet I come:
For of my heart, thofe Charmes thine Eyes, are blotted.
Thy Bed luft-flain'd, flall with Lufts blood bee spotted.

\textit{Exit Othello.}

\textit{Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.}

\textit{Caff.} What ha? no Watch? No pauffage?

Murthor, Murthor.

\textit{Gra.} 'Tis fome mischance, the voyce is very direfull.

\textit{Caff.} Oh helpe.

\textit{Lodo.} Hearke.

\textit{Rod.} Oh wretched Villaine.

\textit{Lodo.} Two or three groane. 'Tis heavy night;
These may be counterfeits: Let's think't vnfafe
To come into the cry, without more helpe.

\textit{Rod.} Nobody come: then flall I bleed to death.

\textit{Enter Iago.}

\textit{Lodo.} Hearke.

\textit{Gra.} Here's one comes in his shirt, with Light, and Weapons.

\textit{Iago.} Who's there?

Who's noyfe is this that cries on murther?

\textit{Lodo.} We do not know.

\textit{Iago.} Do not you heare a cry?

\textit{Caff.} Heere, heere: for heauen fake helpe me.

\textit{Iago.} What's the matter?

\textit{Gra.} This is Othello's Ancient, as I take it.

\textit{Lodo.} The fame indeede, a very valiant Fellow.

\textit{Iago.} What are you heere, that cry fo greuouely?

\textit{Caff.} Iago? Oh I am fpoil'd, vndone by Villaines:
Give me some helpe.

\textit{Iago.} O mee, Lieutenant!

What Villaines have done this?

\textit{Caff.} I thinke that one of them is heereabout,
The Moor of Venice.

And cannot make away.

Iago. Oh treacherous Villaines:
What are you there? Come in, and give some helpe.
Rod. O helpe me there.
Cafl. That's one of them.
Iago. Oh murd'rous Slave! O Villaine!
Rod. O dam'nd Iago! O inhumane Dogge!
Iago. Kill men I'th'darke?

Where be these bloody Theeeue's?
How silente is this Towne? Hoa, murther, murther.
What may you be? Are you of good, or euill?
Lod. As you shall prove vs, proue vs.
Iago. Signior Lodovico?
Lod. He Sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy: here's Caffio hurt by Villaines.
Gra. Caffio?
Iago. How is't Brother?
Cafl. My Legge is cut in two.
Iago. Marry heauen forbid:
Light Gentlemen, Ile binde it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter hoa? Who is't that cry'd?
Iago. Who is't that cry'd?
Bian. Oh my deere Caffio,
My sweet Caffio? Oh Caffio, Caffio, Caffio.
Iago. O notable Strumpet. Caffio, may you supesct
Who they should be, that haue thus mangled you?
Cafl. No.
Gra. I am sorry to finde you thus;
I haue beene to feeke you.
Iago. Lend me a Garter. So: Oh for a Chaire
To beare him ealisy hence.
Bian. Alas he faints. Oh Caffio, Caffio, Caffio,
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do supesct this Trash
To be a party in this Injurie.
Patience awhile, good Caffio. Come, come;
Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?
Alas my Friend, and my deere Countryman
Rodrigo, No: Yes sure: Yes, 'tis Rodrigo.
Gra. What, of Venice?
Iago. Even be Sir? Did you know him?
Gra. Know him? I.
Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry your gentle pardon:
These bloody accidents must excuse my Manners,
That so neglectedy you.
Gra. I am glad to fee you.
Gra. Rodrigo?
Iago. He, he, 'tis he:
Oh that's well said, the Chaire.
Some good man bearde him carefully from hence,
He fetch the Generall's Surgeon. For you Mistris, 
Sawe you your labour. He that lies flaine heere (Caffio)
Was my deere friend. What mallice was betweene you?

Caf. None in the world: nor do I know the man?

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?
Do you perceiue the gathneffe of her eye?
Nay, if you stare, we shall haue more anon.
Behold her well: 1 pray you looke upon her:
Do you see Gentlemen? Nay, guiltineffe will speake
Though tongues were out of vife.
Emil. Alas, what is the matter?

What is the matter, Husband?
Cafl. Caffio hath heere bin set on in the darke
By Rodrigo, and Fellowes that are esp'd:

He's almost flaine, and Rodrigo quite dead.
Emil. Alas good Gentleman: alas good Caffio.
Iago. This is the fruits of whoring. Prythe Emilia,
Go know of Caffio where he fupt to night.
What, do you shakke at that?
Bian. He fupt at my house, but I therefore shakke not.
Iago. O did he so? I charge you go with me.
Emil. Oh fie upon thee Strumpet.
Bian. I am no Strumpet, but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.
Emil. As I? Fie upon thee.
Iago. Kinde Gentlemen:
Let's go see poore Caffio dreft.
Come Mistris, you must tel's another Tale.
Emilia, run you to the Cittadell,
And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath happ'd:
Will you go on afore? This is the night
That either makes me, or foredoes me quight.

Excut

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Desdemona in her bed.

Oth. It is the Caufe, it is the Caufe (my Soule)
Let me not name it to you, you chaife Starres,
It is the Caufe. Yet Ile not shed her blood,
Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers, then Snow,
And smooth as Monumentall Alablater:
Yet sheh must dye, else thee'll betray more men:
Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:
If I quench thee, thou flattering Miniater,
I can againe thy former light restore,
Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,
Thou cunning't Pattern of excelling Nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heate
That can thy Light re-Lume,
When I have pluck'd thy Rofe,
I cannot give it vitall growth againe,
It needs must wither. Hee smel thee on the Tree.
Oh Balmy breath, that dof almoft perfwade
Justice to breake her Sword. One more, one more:
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And loue thee after. One more, and that's the laft.
So sweet, was ne're fo fatall. I muft wepe,
But they are cruell Teares: This forrow's heavenly,
It strikes, where it doth loue. She wakes.

Def. Who's there? Othello?
Oth. I Desdemona.

Def. Will you come to bed, my Lord?
Oth. Haue you pray'd to night, 'Desdemona?
Def. I my Lord.
Oth. If you bethinke your selfe of any Crime
Vnreconcil'd as yet to Heauen, and Grace,
Solicite for it straigte.

Def. Alacke, my Lord,
What may you meane by that?
Oth. Well, do it, and be breefe, I will walke by:
I would not kill thy vnprepared Spirit,
No, Heauens fore-fend) I would not kill thy Soule.

Def. Taleke you of killing?
Oth. I do,
Def. Then Heauen haue mercy on mee.
The Tragedie of Othello

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Def. If you say, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Humh.
"Def. And yet I fear you : for you're fatall then
When your eyes rowle so.
Why I should feare, I know not,
Since guilteinfe I know not : But yet I feele I fear.
Oth. Thinke on thy finnes.
"Def. They are Loues I bear to you.
Oth. I, and for that thou dy't.
"Def. That death's vnnatural, that kills for lustng.
Alas, why gnaw you fo your nether-lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very Frame :
These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be still.
"Def. I will so : What's the matter?
Oth. That Handkerchiefe
Which I fo lou'd, and gaue thee, thou gaul't to Caflfio.
"Def. No by my Life, and Soule : fend for the man,
And ask him.
Oth. Sweet Soule, take heed, take heed of Periury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.
"Def. I, but not yet to dye.
Oth. Proudly.
Therefore confede thee freely of thy finne:
For to deny each Article with Oath,
Cannot remoue, nor choke the strong Conception
That I do done withall. Thou art to dye.
"Def. O Heauen have mercy on me.
Oth. I say, Amen.
"Def. And have you mercy too. I never did
Offend you in my life : neuer lou'd Caflfio,
But with fuch generall warrantie of Heauen,
As I might love. I neuer gaue him Token.
Oth. By Heauen I faw my Handkerchiefe in's hand.
O periu'd woman, thou do'lt flone my heart,
And makes me call, what I intend to do,
A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.
I faw the Handkerchiefe.
"Def. He found it then :
I neuer gaue him it : Send, for him hither :
Let him confede a truth.
Oth. He hath confed.
"Def. What, my Lord?
Oth. That he hath vs'd thee.
"Def. How? vnlawfully?
Oth. I.
"Def. He will not fay fo.
Oth. No : his mouth is stopp'd :
Honest Luys hath 'tane order for't.
"Def. Oh, my feare interprets. What is he dead?
Oth. Had all his haires bin liues, my great Reuenge
Had flamacke for them all.
"Def. Alas, he is betray'd, and I vndone.
Oth. Out Strumpet: weep'lt thou for him to my face?
"Def. O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Downe Strumpet.
"Def. Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.
Oth. Nay, if you ftriu.e.
"Def. But halfe an houre.
Oth. Being done, there is no pawfe.
"Def. But while I fay one prayer.
Oth. It is too late.
Smothers ber.
"Emil. My Lord, my Lord? What hoa ?!
Emil. Villany, villany, villany:
I thinke wpon't, I thinke: I smel't; O Villany:
I thought so then: Ile kill my saile for greefe.
O villany! villany!

Iago. What, are you mad?
I charge you get you home.

Emil. Good Gentlemen, let me have leave to speake:
'Tis proper I obey him; but not now:
Perchance Iago, I will ne're go home.

Otb. Oh, oh, oh.

Emil. Nay, lay thee downe, and roare:
For thou hast kill'd the sweeteft innocent,
That ere did lift vp eye.

Otb. Oh she was fowle!
I scarce did know you Vnkle, there lies your Neece,
Whose breath (indeed) these hands haue newly stopp'd:
I know this afe shewes horrible and grim.

Gro. Poore Defdemon:
I am glad thy Father's dead,
Thy Match was mortall to him: and pure greefe
Shore his old thred in twaine. Did he live now,
This fight would make him do a desperate turne:
Yea, curfe his better Angell from his fide,
And fall to Reprobance.

Otb. 'Tis pitifull! but yet Iago knowes
That she with Caffio, hath the Act of thame,
A thousand times committed. Caffio confed it,
And she did gratifie his amorous works
With that Recognizance and pledge of Loue
Which I firt gaue her: I faw it in his hand:
It was a Handkerchief, an Antique Token
My Father gaue my Mother.

Emil. Oh Haueen! oh heausely Powres!
Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace?

Emil. No, I will speake as liberall as the North;
Let Haueen, and Men, and Duels, let them all,
All, all, crie thame against me, yet Ile speake.

Iago. Be wife, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

Gro. Fye, your Sword wpon a Woman.

Emil. Oh thou dull Moore,
That Handkerchief thou speake't of
I found by Fortune, and did gue my Husband:
For often, with a solemne earneftnefe,
(More then indeed belong'd to fuch a Trife)
He begg'd of me, to fleaste.'

Iago. Villanous Whore.

Emil. She gie it Caffio? No, alas I found it,
And I did giu't my Husband.

Iago. Filth, thou lyeft.

Emil. By Haueen I do not, I do not Gentlemen:
Oh mur'drous Coxcombe, what should fuch a Foole
Do with fo good a wife?

Otb. Are there no fones in Haueen,
But what feres for the Thunder?

Precious Villaine.

Gro. The woman falles:
Sure he hath kill'd his Wife.

Emil. I, I: oh lay me by my Miftris fide.

Gro. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Men. 'Tis a notorious Villain: take you this weapon
Which I haue recover'd from the Moore:
Come guard the doore without, let him not pafe,
But kill him rather. Ile after that fame villaine,
For 'tis a damned Saue.

Exit.

Otb.
### The Tragedie of Othello

**Oth.** I am not valiant neither:
But every Punic whisper gets my Sword,
But why should honor out-live honesty?

Let it go all.

**Emil.** What did thy Song boad Lady?

Heare, canst thou hear me? I will play the Swan,
And dye in Muficke: Willough, Willough, Willough.

Moore, she was chaste: She lou’d thee, cruel Moore,
So come my Soule to blisse, as I speake true:
So speaking as I think, alas, I dye.

**Oth.** I have another weapon in this Chamber,
It was a Sword of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper:
Oh heere it is: Vnkle I must come forth.

**Fra.** If thou attempt it, it will coft thee deere;
Thou haft no weapon, and perfere must suffer.

**Oth.** Looke in vpone me then, and speake with me,
Or naked as I am I will affault thee.

**Fra.** What is the matter?

**Othel.** Behold, I haue a weapon:
A better neuer did it felpe uftaine
Vpon a Soldiers Thigh. I haue feene the day,
That with this little Arme, and this good Sword,
I haue made my way through more impediments
Then twenty times your frop. But (oh vaie boath)
Who can toll his Fate? 'Tis not fo now.
Be not afraid, though you do fee me weapon’d:
Heere is my journyes end, heere is my but
And verie Sea-marke of my vmtost Saile.

Do you go backe difmisad? 'Tis a loft hear:
Man but a Ruth against Othello’s breft,
And he retires. Where shoul Othello go?

Now: how doft thou looke now? Oh ill-Starr’d wench,
Pale as thy Smocke: when we shall mette at compt,
This looke of thine will hurle my Soule from Heauen,
And Fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girle?
Even like thy Chaffity. O cursed, cursed Saue!
Whip me ye Dutels,

From the pestilence of this Heauenly fight:
Blow me about in winges, roaft me in Sulphure,
Wafh me in freepe-downe gulfes of Liuid fire.
Oh Desdemion’l dead Desdemon: dead. Oh, oh!

Enter Lodovico, Caffio, Mantonio, and Iago,
with Officers.

**Lod.** Where is this rafh, and moft vnfortunate man?

**Oth.** That’s he that was Othello: heere I am.

**Lod.** Where is that Viper?

Bring the Villaine forth.

**Oth.** I look down towards his feet; but that’s a Fable,
If that thou bee’t a Dutell, I cannot kill thee.

**Lod.** Wrench his Sword from him.

**Iago.** I bleed Sir, but not kill’d.

**Oth.** I am not sorry neither, I’d haue thee live:
For in my fente, ’tis happinesse to die.

**Lod.** Oh thou Othello, that was once fo good,
Falne in the pracliffe of a cursed Saue,
What shall be faide to thee.

**Oth.** Why any thing:
An honourable Murderer, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in Honour.

**Lod.** This wretch hath part confent his Villany:
Did you and he confent in Caffio’s death.

**Oth.** I.

**Caff.** Deere Generall, I neuer gaue you caufe.

**Oth.** I do beleue it, and I aske your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-Duell,

Why he hath thus enfnar’d my Soule and Body.

**Lod.** Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth, I neuer will speake word.

**Lod.** What! not to pray?

**Caffio.** Torments will ope your lips.

**Oth.** Well, thou doft beft.

**Lod.** Sir,
You shall vnderstand what hath befallen,
(Which, as I thinkke, you know not) heere is a Letter
Found in the pocket of the flowe Rodorige,
And heere another, the one of them imports
The death of Caffio, to be vndertooke
By Rodorige.

**Oth.** O Villaine!

**Caffio.** Moft Heathenish, and moft groffe.

**Lod.** Now, heere’s another discontenented paper
Found in his pocket too: and this it feemes
Rodorige meant t’haue fet this damned villaine:
But that (belike) Iago in the interim
Came in, and fatiﬁ’d him.

**Oth.** Oh thou pernicious Calife!

**Lod.** How came you (Caffio) by that Handskerchief
That was my wifes?

**Caffio.** I found it in my Chamber:
And he himselfe confett it but eu’n now,
That there he dropt it for a speciall purpose,
Which wrought to his deffe.

**Othel.** O Foole, foole, foole!

**Caffio.** There is beﬁdes, in Rodorige’s Letter,
How he vpbraides Iago, that he made him
Braye me vpon the Watch: whereon it came
That I was caft: and eu’n now he fpake
(After long seeming dead) Iago hurt him,
Iago fet him on.

**Lod.** You must forfaie this roome, and go with vs:
Your Power, and your Command is taken off,
And Caffio rules in Cyprus. For this Saue,
If there be any cunning Crueltie,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall cloze Prisoner refi
Till that the Nature of your fault be knowne
To the Venetian State. Come, bring away.

**Oth.** Soft you; a word or two before you goe:
I haue done the State some feruice, and they know’t: No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,
When you shall thefe vnluckie deeds relate,
Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor fet downe ought in malice.
Then muft you speake,
Of one that lou’d not wisely, but too well:
Of one, not eaily Jealous, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreame: Of one, whose hand
(Like the base Judean) shee threw a Pearle away,
Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whose subdu’d Eyes,
Albeit vn-vfed to the melting mood.

Drags teares as fas as the Arabian Trees
Their Medicinable gumme. Set you downe this:
And say beﬁdes, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turke
Beate a Venetian, and traduc’d the State,
I tooke by th’throat the circumcised Dogge,
And smote him, thus.

**Lod.** Oh bloody period.

**Caffio.** All that is spoke, is marr’d.

**Oth.** I kif thee, ere I kill’d thee: No way but this,
Killing my falte, to dye vpon a kiffe.

**Dyes**

**Caffio**.


The Moore of Venice.

Caf. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon:
For he was great of heart.
Led. Oh Spartan Dogge:
More fell then Anguiff, Hunger, or the Sea:
Looke on the Tragicke Loading of this bed:
This is thy worke:
The Objecf poyfons Sight,
Let it be hid. Gratiano, keepe the house,
And feize upon the Fortunes of the Moore,
For they succeede on you. To you, Lord Gouernor,
Remaines th eCenfure of this hellifh villaine:
The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh inforce it:
My selfe will straight aboard, and to the State,
This heauie Act, with heauie heart relate. Exeunt.

FINIS.

The Names of the Actors.

( : • : )

Thello, the Moore.
Brabantio, Father to Desdemona.
Caffio, an Honourable Lieutenant.
Iago, a Villaine.
Rodorigo, a gull'd Gentleman.
Duke of Venice.

Senators.
Montano, Gouernour of Cyprus.
Gentlemen of Cyprus.
Lodouisco, and Gratiano, two Noble Venetians.
Sailors.
Clowns.

Desdemona, Wife to Othello.
Æmilia, Wife to Iago.
Bianca, a Curtezan.
Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Philo.

Ay, but this doage of our Generals
Or-flowes the measure: those his goodly eyes
That o're the Files and Mutteres of the Warre,
Hau eau low'd like plated Mars:
Now bend, now turne
The Office and Deuotion of their view
Vpon a Tawny Front. His Captaines heart,
Which in the scuffles of great Fights hath burn't
The Buckles on his breaf, reneges all temper,
And is become the Bellowes and the Fan
to coole a Gypsis Luft.

Flourish. Enter Anthony, Cleopatra her Ladies, the
Traine, with Enuchs fanning her.
Looke where they come:
Take but good note, and you shall fee in him
(The triple Pillar of the world) transform'd
Into a Strumpets Foole. Behold and fee.
Cleo. If it be Loue indeed, tell me how much.
Ant. There's beggery in the loue that can be reckon'd
Cleo. Ile fet a bourse how farre to be belou'd.
Ant. Then muft thou needs finde out new Heauen,
new Earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Msf. Newes (my good Lord) from Rome.
Ant. Grates me, the summe.
Cleo. Nay heare them Anthony.
Fulvia perchance is angry: Or who knowses,
If the scarf-bearded Caesar haue not fent
His powerfull Mandate to you. Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdom, and Infranchife that:
Perform't, or else we damne thee.
Ant. How, my Loue?
Cleo. Perchance? Nay, and moft like:
You muft not stay heere longer, your diffimifion
Is come from Caesar, therefore heare it Anthony.
Where's Fulvia? Proceed? (Cesars I would fay) both?
Call in the Messengers: As I am Egyptians Queene,
Thou blufheft Anthony, and that blood of thine
Is Caefars homager: elle fo thy checke payes shame,
When yeel-tongu'd Fulvia scolds. The Messengers.
Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
Of the raing'd Empire fall: Heere is my space,
Kingdomes are clay: Our dungie earth alike
Feeds Beast as Man: the Nobleneffe of life
Is to do thus; when fuch a mutuall paire,
And fuch a twaine can don't, in which I binde
One paine of punishment, the world to weete
We stand vp Peereleffe.

Cleo. Excellent falhod:
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not loue her?
Ile feeme the Foole I am not. Anthony will be himselfe.
Ant. But flitt'd by Cleopatra.

Now for the loue of Loue, and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with Conference hard;
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleafure now. What sport to night?
Cleo. Hearre the Ambaffadors.
Ant. Fye wrangling Queene:
Whom evey thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weepe: who evey passion fully fritues
To make it felfe (in Thee)faire, and admir'd
No Messenger but thine, and all alone, to night
We'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come my Queene,
Laft night you did defire it. Speake not to vs.

Exeunt with the Traine.

Dem. Is Caesar with Antonius priz'd do flight?
Philo. Sir sometime when he is not Anthony,
He comes too short of that great Property
Which fill should go with Anthony.
Dem. I am full forry, that hee approves the common
Lyar, who thus speaks of him at Rome: but I will hope
Of better deeds to morrow. Reft you happy.

Exeunt

Enter Endeburas, Lamprius, a Southlayer, Rannius, Lucillius,
Charmian, Iudas, Mardian the Eunuch,
and Alexas.

Char. L. Alexas, sweet Alexas, moft any thing Alexas,
almost moft abolute Alexas, where's the Soothfayer
that you prais'd fo toth'Queene? Oh that I knewe this
Husband, which you fay, muft change his Hornes with
Garlands.

Alex. Soothfayer.

Soth. Your will?

Char. Is this the Man? Is't you fir that know things?

Soth. In Natures infinite booke of Secrecie, a little I
can read,

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enob. Bring in the Banket quickly: Wine enough,

Cleopa
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Cleopatra's health to drinke.
Char. Good sir, give me good Fortune.
Sooth. I make not, but foresee.
Char. Pray then, foresee me one. 
Sooth. You shall be yet farre fainier then you are.
Char. He meanes in fleth.
Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.
Char. Wrinkles forbid.
Alex. Vex not his prudence, be attentive.
Char. Huh.
Sooth. You shall be more belouing, then beloued.
Char. I had rather heate my Luer with drinking.
Alex. Nay, heare him.
Char. Good now some excellent Fortune : Let me be married to three Kings in a forenoon, and Widdow them all ; Let me haue a Childe at fifty, to whom Herode of Iewry may do Homage. Finde me to marrie me with Octavius Caesar, and companion mee with my Miftris.
Sooth. You shall out-live the Lady whom you ferue.
Char. Oh excellent, I loue long life better then Figs. Sooth. You have feene and prouded a fairer for- tune, then that which is to approach.
Char. Then belike my Children shall haue no names: Prythee how many Boyes and Wenches mutt I haue.
Sooth. If euer of your wishes had a wombe, & fore- tell every with, a Million.
Char. oat Foole, I forgie thee for a Witch.
Alex. You thinke none but your fcheets are priue to your wishes.
Char. Nay come, tell Iras hers.
Alex. We'll know all our Fortunes.
Eno. Mine, and most of our Fortunes to night, shall be drunkne to bed.
Iras. There's a Palme presages Chaffity, if nothing els.
Char. E'ne as the o're-flowing Nylus prefigeth Fa- mine.
Iras. Go you wilde Bedfellow, you cannot Sootthay.
Char. Nay, if an oly Palme bee not a fruitfull Prog- nofication, I cannot forgue mine ear. Prythee tel her but a worke day Fortune.
Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike.
Iras. But how, but how, give me particulars.
Sooth. I haue faid.
Iras. Am I not an inch of Fortune better then she?
Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better then I : where would you choose it.
Iras. Not in my Husbands nofe.
Char. Our worfer thoughts Haueens mend.
Alex. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him mary a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beeffe thee, and let her dye too, and glue him a worfe, and let worfe follow worfe, till the worfe of all follow him laughing to his graue, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good Isis hear me this Prayer, though thou denie me a matter of more weight: good Isis I beeffe thee.
Iras. Amen,deere Godleefe, heare that prayer of the people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to fee a handfome man loose-Wili'd, fo it is a deadly forrow, to beholde a foule Knaue vncoocked : Therefore deere Isis keep de- corum, and Fortune him accordingly.
Char. Amen.
Alex. Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make mee a Cuckold, they would make themfellues Whores, but they'd don't. Enter Cleopatra.
Ench. Huh, heere comes Anthony.

Char. Not he, the Queene.
Cleo. Saue you, my Lord.
Eno. No Lady.
Cleo. Was he not heere?
Char. No Madam.
Cleo. He was difpos'd to mirth, but on the sodaine
A Romane thought hath strooke him.
Enobarbus ?
Eno. Madam.
Cleo. Seeke him,and bring him hither: wher's Alexius ?
Alex. Heere at your feruice.
My Lord approaches.

Enter Anthony, with a Messenger.
Cleo. We will not looke vpon him :
Go with vs.
Meffen. Fulvia thy Wife,
Firt came into the Field.
Ant. Against my Brother Lucius ?
Meffen. 1 : but boone that Warre had end,
And the times flate
Made friends of them, ioynting their force 'gainst Caesar,
Whofe better iffue in the warre from Italy,
Vpon the fift encounter drave them.
Ant. Well, what worfeit.
Meff. The Nature of bad newes infects the Teller.
Ant. When it concerns the Foole or Coward : On.
Things that are paft, are done, with me. 'Tis thus,
Who tells me true, though in his Tale lye death,
I heare him as he flatter'd.
Meff. Labenus (this is fife-newes)
Hath with his Parthian Force
Extended Aphia : from Eurphates his conquering
Banner fhooke, from Syria to Lydia,
And to Ionia, whilft—–
Ant. Anthony thou would'ft say.
Meff. Oh my Lord,
Ant. Speake to me home,
Mince not the general tongue, name
Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome : 
Raife thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults
With fuch full Licenfe, as both Truth and Malice
Haue power to vter. Oh then we bring forth weedes,
When our quicke windes lye still, and our illes told vs
Is as our earing : fare thee well'atwhile.
Meff. At your Noble pleafure. Exit Messenger.
Enter another Messenger.
Ant. From Scion how the newes ? Speaketh there.
1. Meff. The man from Scion,
Is there fuch an one ?
2. Meff. He fayes vpon your will.
Ant. Let him appear : 
These ftrong Egyptian Fetters I muft breake,
Or loose my felie in dotage.

Enter another Messenger with a Letter.

What are you?
3. Meff. Fulvia thy wife is dead.
Ant. Where dyed the.
Meff. In Scion, her length of fickneffe,
With what elle more ferior,
Importeth thee to know, this bearers.
Ant. Forbear me
There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I defire it:
What our contempts doth often hurle from vs,
We with it ours againe. The present pleasure, 
By resolution bowing, does become 
The oppose of it selfe : she's good being gon, 
The hand could plucke her backe, that shou'd her on. 
I must from this enchanting Queene breake off, 
Ten thousand harmes, more then the iles I know 
My idlenesse doth hatch. 

Enter Erobarbus. 

How now Erobarbus. 

Eno. What's your pleasure, Sir ? 

Antb. I must with haste from hence. 

Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We see how 
mortall an vnkindnesse is to them, if they suffer our de-
parture death's the word. 

Ant. I must be gone. 

Eno. Vnder a compelling an occasion, let women die. 
It was pitty to call them away for nothing, though be-
tweene them and a great cause, they should be esteemed 
nothing. Cleopatra catching but the leafe noyse of this, 
dies infantly: I haue seene her dyes twenty times vpon 
farre poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, 
which commits some lounge acte vpon her, she hath such 
a celerity in dying. 

Ant. She is cunning paft mans thought. 

Eno. Alacke Sir no, her passions are made of nothing 
but the finest part of pure Loue. We cannot call her winds 
and waters, fighes and teares: They are greater stormes 
and Tempefts then Almanackes can report. This cannot 
be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a howre of Raine 
as well as Loue. 

Ant. Would I had neuer seene her. 

Eno. Oh but if thou hast then left vnseene a wonderful 
peece of worke, which not to haue seene blest withall, 
would have difcredited your Trauail. 

Ant. Pulbis is dead. 

Eno. Sir. 

Antb. Pulbis is dead. 

Eno. Pulbis? 

Ant. Dead. 

Eno. Why sir, giue the Gods a thankfull Sacrifice ; 
when it pleafeth their Deities to take the wife of a man 
from him, it shews to man the Tailors of the earth: com-
forting therein, that when olde Robes are worn out, 
there are members to make new. If there were no more 
Women but Pulbis, then had you indeed a cut, and 
the cafe to be lamented: This greene is crown'd with Confo-
lation, your old Smocke brings forth a new Petticoate, 
and indeed the teares liue in an Onion, that should water 
this forrow. 

Ant. The buffeene she hath broached in the State, 
Cannot endure my absence. 

Eno. And the buffeene you haue brouched'd heare 
cannot be without you, especially that of Cleopatra's, 
which wholly depends on your abode. 

Ant. No more light Anwers: 

Let our Officers 
Haue notice what we purpose. I shall breake 
The caufe of our Expendence to the Queene, 
And get her loue to part. For not alone 
The death of Pulbis, with more vrgent touches 
Do strongly speake to vs : but the Letters too 
Of many our contriuing Friends in Rome, 
Petition vs at home. Sexus Pompeius 
Haue giuen the dare to Cæsar, and commands 
The Empire of the Sea. Our slippery people, 
Whole Loue is newer link'd to the defuerer,

Till his deferts are paft, begin to throw 
Pompey the great, and all his Dignities 
Vpon his Sonne, who high in Name and Power, 
Higher then both in Blood and Life, flande vp 
For the maine Souldier. Whose quality going on, 
The fides o'th world may danger. Much is breeding, 
Which like the Couriers heare, hath yet but life, 
And not a Serpents poyfon. Say our pleasure, 
To fuch whole places vnder vs, require 
Our quicke remoue from hence. 

Enob. I shall doo't. 

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexias, and Iras. 

Cleo. Where is he ? 

Char. I did not see him since. 

Cleo. See where he is, 

Whose with him, what he does : 
I did not fend you. If you finde him sad, 
Say I am dauncing : if in Myrth, report 
That I am sodaine sicke. Quicke, and returne. 

Char. Madam, me thinkes if you did louse him deelyr, 
You do not hold the method, to enforce 
The like from him. 

Cleo. What should I do, I do not ? 

Ch. In each thing giue him way, croffe him in nothing. 
Cleo. Thou teachest like a foollette way to lose him. 
Char. Tempt him not fo too farre. I with forbeare, 
In time we hate that which we often feare. 

Enter Antony. 

But heere comes Antony. 

Cleo. I am sicke, and fullen. 

Ant. I am forry to giue breathing to my purpose. 

Cleo. Help me away deere Charmian, I shall fall, 
It cannot be thus long, the fides of Nature 
Will not fufaine it. 

Ant. Now my deere Queene. 

Cleo. Pray you fland farther from mee. 

Ant. What's the matter ? 

Cleo. I know by that fame eye ther's fome good news. 

What fayes the married woman you may goe ? 
Would she had neuer giuen you leaue to come. 
Let her not fay "tis I that kepe you heere, 
I haue no power vpon you : Hears you are. 

Ant. The Gods neuer know. 

Cleo. Oh neuer was there Queene 
So mightilly betrayed : yet at the ftill 
I faw the Treafons planted. 

Ant. Cleopatra. 

Cleo. Why should I thinke you can be mine, & true (Though you in sweareing shake the Throaned Gods) 
Who haue bene False to Pulbis ? 
Riotous madneffe, 
To be entangled with thofe mouth-made vowels, 
Which breake themfelves in sweareing. 

Ant. Mofte sweet Queene. 

Cleo. Nay pray you leexe no colour for your going, 
But bid farewell, and goo : 
When you ftay, ftaying, 
Then was the time for words : No going then, 
Eternity was in our Lippes, and Eyes. 
Bliffe in our browses bent : none our parts fo poore, 
But was a race of Heauen. They are fo still, 
Or thou the greatest Souldier of the world, 
Art turn'd the greatest Lyar. 

Ant. How now Lady ? 

Cleo.
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou should'st know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me Queene:
The strong necessity of Time, commands
Our Surreyles a-while: but my full heart
Remains in vse with you. Our Izaly,
Shines o're with cuill Swords; Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the Port of Rome,
Equality of two Domestickie powers,
Breed scrupulous faction: The hated groove to strenth
Are newly grove to Loue: The condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his Fathers Honor, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such, as have not thirved
Upon the present state, whose Numbers threaten,
And quietneffe growing fickle of reft, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulusia death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom
It does from childifhneffe. Can Fulusia dye?

Ant. She's dead my Queene.

Looke heere, and at thy Soueraine legifure read
The Garboyles the awak'd: at the last, beft,
See when, and where thee die.

Cleo. O moft falle Loue!
Where be the Sacred Violles thou should'ft fill
With forrowfull water? Now I fee, I fee
In Fulusia death, how mine receuil'd shall be.

Ant. Quarel no more: but bee prepar'd to know
The purpoifes I beare: which are, or ceafe,
As you shall give th'advice. By the fire
That quickens Nylus flime, I go from hence
Thy Souldier, Searuat, making Peace or Warre,
As thou affects.

Cleo. Cut my Lace, Charming come,
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
So Anthony loues.

Ant. My precious Queene forbeare,
And give true evidence to his Loue, which flands
An honourable Triall.

Cleo. So Fulusia told me.

I prythee turne aside, and wepe for her,
Then bid adiew to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent diffembling, and let it looke
Like perfected Honor.

Ant. You'll heat my blood no more?

Cleo. You can do better yet: but this is meetly.

Ant. Now by Sword.

Cleo. And Target. Still he mends.
But this is not the bent. Looke prythee Charming,
How this Hercules Roman do's become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. Ile leave you Lady.

Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word:
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lou'd, but there's not it:
That you know well, something it is I would:
Oh, my Oblusion is a very Anthony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your Royalty
Holds Idlenesse your fubiec't, I should take you
For Idlenesse it fellc.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating Labour,
To bear such Idlenesse to neere the heart
As Cleopatra this. But Sir, forgive me,

Since my becommings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your Honor calles you hence,
Therefore be deafe to my wrapp't Folly,
And all the Gods go with you. Upon your Sword
Sit Lawrell vict'ry, and smooth successe
Be strew'd before your feet.

Ant. Let vs go.

Come: Our separafio abides and flies,
That thou recyling heere, goes yet with mee:
And I hence fleeting, heere remaine with thee.

Away. 

Exit.

Enter Otho vna reading a Letter, Lepidus,
and their Traine.

Ces. You may fee Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cefar's Naturall vice, to hate
One great Competitor. From Alexandria
This is the newes: He fishes, drinkes, and waits
The Lamps of night in reuell: Is not more manlike
Then Cleopatra: nor the Queene of Ptolomy
More Womanly then he. Hardy gaue audience
Or vouchsafe to thinke he had Partners. You
Shall finde there a man, who is th'abtraftes of all faults,
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not thinke
There are, euels snow to darken all his goodneffe:
His faults in him, feme as the Spots of Heauen,
More ferie by nights Blackneffe; Hereditarie,
Rather then purchafe: what he cannot change,
Then what he choofes.

Ces. You are too indulgent. Let's grant it is not
Amiffe to tumble on the bed of Ptolomy,
To giue a Kingdom for a Mirth, to fit
And keepe the turne of Tipling with a Sliae,
To relea the streets at noone, and hand the Buffet
With knaues that finels of Iweate: Say this becomes him
(As his compofure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must Anthony
No way excuse his foyles, when we do beare
So great weight in his lightneffe. If he fill'd
His vacancie with his Voluptuousneffe,
Full surfets, and the drinffe of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound fuch time,
That drummes him from his sport, and speaks as lowd
As his owne State, and ours, 'tis to be chid:
As we rate Boyes, who being manure in knowledge,
Pawne their experience to their preffent pleafure,
And fo rebell to judgement.

Enter a Miftfenger.

Lep. Heere's more newes.

Mel. Thy biddings have bene done, & euerie hour
Moft Noble Cefar, fhalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at Sea,
And it appears, he is belou'd of those
That only have feared Cefar: to the Ports
The discontentes repair, and mens reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Ces. I shou'd have knowne no leffe,
It hath bin taught vs from the primall flate
That he which is was wifht, vntil he were:
And the ebb'd man,
Ne're lou'd, till ne're worth loue,
Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common bodie,
Like to a Vagabond Flagge vpon the Strame
Goes too, and backe, lacking the varying tyde

x 2

To
The Tragedy of

To rot it selfe with motion.

_Mej. Cæsar_ I bring thee word,

_Menacrates_ and _Menas_ famous Pyrates

Makes the Sea ferue them, which they eare and wound
With keele of every kinde. Many hot inrodes
They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime
Lacke blood to thinke on't, and flush youth revolt,
No Vextell can peepe forth: but 'tis as soone
Taken as soone: for _Pompeyes_ name strikes more
Then could his Warre refuted.

_Cæsar. Antony_,

Leave thy lascivious Vaffailes. When thou once
Was beaten from _Medena_, where thou flew't?
_Hirfus, and Paufa_ Confults, at thy heele
Did Famine follow, whom thou f ought'ft against,
(Though daintily brought vp) with patience more
Then Sauages could fuffer. Thou didst drinke
The tale of Horfes, and the gilded Puddle
Which Beafs would cough at. Thy pallat the did daine
The rougheft Berry, on the rudeft Hedge.
Yes, like the Stagge, when Snow the Paffure fheets,
The barks of _Trees_ thou brow'st. On the Alpes,
It is reported thou didft eate strange fhees,
Which fome did dye to looke on: And all this
(It wounds thine Honor that I fpeak it now)
Was borne fo like a Soldier, that thy cheeke
So much as lank'd not.

_Lept._ 'Tis pitty of him.

_Cæf._ Let his fhames quickly
Drue him to Rome, 'tis time we twaine
Did thew our felues i'th'Field, and to that end
Assemble me immediate counfell, _Pompey_
Thrives in oure Idleneffe.

_Lept._ To morrow _Cæfar_,
I shall be furnifht to informe you rightly
Both what by Sea and Land I can be able
To front this present time.

_Cæf._ Til which encounter, it is my bufines too. Farwell.

_Lept._ Farwell my Lord, what you fhall know mean time
Of ftrifes abroad, I shall befeech you Sir
To let me be partaker.

_Cæfar._ Doubt not fir, I knew it for my Bond. _Excunt_

Enter _Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras_, & _Mardian_.

_Cleo._ Charmian.

_Char._ Madam.

_Cleo._ Ha, ha, I have you to drinke Mandragorw.

_Char._ Why Madam?

_Cleo._ That I might sleepe out this great gap of time:

_My Antony_ is away.

_Char._ You thinke of him too much.

_Cleo._ O 'ts Treafon.

_Char._ Madam, I truth not fo.

_Cleo._ Thou, Eunuch _Mardian_?

_Mar._ What's your Highneffe pleasure?

_Cleo._ Not now to heare thee finge. I take no pleafure
In ought an Eunuch ha's: 'Tis well for thee,
That being vnfeem'd, thy freer thoughts
May not flye forth of Egypt. Haft thou Affections?

_Mar._ Yes gracious Madam.

_Cleo._ Indeed?

_Mar._ Not in deed Madam, for I can do nothing
But what in deede is honest to be done:
Yet haue I fierce Affections, and thinke
What Venus did with Mars.

_Cleo._ Oh Charmian:

Where thinke't thou he is now? Stands he, or fits he?

Or does he walke? Or is he on his Horfe?

Oh happy horfe to beare the weight of _Antony_!

Do brauely Horfe, for wo'th thou whom thou moueft,
The demy _Atlas_ of this Earth, the Arme
And Burganet of men. Hee's speaking now,
Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nyle,
(For fo he calls me:) Now I feaie my felfe
With moft deffice payfon. Thinke on me
That am with Phebus amorous pinches blacke,
And wrinkled deep in time. Broad-fronted _Cæfar_,
When thou was't herebe above the ground, I was
A morcell for a Monarke: and great _Pompey_
Would fland and make his eyes grow in my brow,
There would he anchor his _Apeæt_, and dye
With looking on his life.

_Enter Alexas from Cæsar.

_Alex._ Soueraigne of Egypt, haile.

_Cleo._ How much vnlike art thou _Markæ_ _Antony_?
Yet comming from him, that great Med'cine hath
With his Tir'd gilded thee. What
How goes it with my braue _Markæ_ _Antonie_?

_Alex._ Laft thing he did (deere Qu eue)
He kift the laft of many doubled kinnes
This Orient Pearle. His speech ftickes in my heart.

_Cleo._ Mine eare must pluckle it thence.

_Alex._ Good Friend, quoth he:

Say the firme Roman to great Egypt sends
This treASURE of an Oyster: at whole ftoke
To mend the petty prefent, I will peece
Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the East,
(Say thou) fhall call her _Miftis_. So he nodded,
And feoberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steede,
Who neigh'd fo blye, that what I would haue fpoke,
Was beafly dumbe by him.

_Cleo._ What was he fad, or merry?

_Alex._ Like to the time o' the year, between the extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor fad nor merrie.

_Cleo._ Oh well diuided diuifion: Note him,
Note him good _Charmian_, 'tis the man; but note him
He was not fad, for he would thine on thofe
That make their lookes by his. He was not merrie,
Which feem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his loy, but betwenee both.
Oh heavenely mingle! Bee't thou fad, or merrie,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So do's it no mans elfe. Met'th thou my Poets?

_Alex._ I Madam, twenty feuerall Messengers.

Why do you fend fo thick?

_Cleo._ Who's borne that day, when I fend to _Antonie_,
Shall dye a Begger. Inke and paper _Charmian_
Welcome my good _Alexas_. Did I _Charmian_, e-
er love _Cæsar_ fo?

_Char._ Oh that braue _Cæfar_!

_Cleo._ Be choak'd with fuch another Emphafis,
Say the braue _Antony_.

_Char._ The valiant _Cæsar_.

_Cleo._ By _Ifts_, I will gue thee bloody teeths,
If thou with _Cæfar_ Parago nagnicke:
My man of men.

_Char._ By your moft gracious pardon,

I fing but after you.

_Cleo._ My _Sallad_ dayes,

When I was greene in judgement, cold in blood,
To fay, as I faide then. But come, away,
Get me Inke and Paper,
Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to intreat your Captaine
To soft and gentle speech.

Emb. I shall intreat him
To answer like himselfe : if Cesar move him,
Let Anthony looke over Cefars head,
And speake as lowd as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius's Beard,
I would not have't to day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private flomaking.

Emb. Every time serues for the matter that is then
borne in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must glue way.

Emb. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion ; but pray you stirre
No Embers vp. Heere comes the Noble Anthony.

Enter Anthony and Pudentius.

Emb. And yonder Cesar.

Enter Cesar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia :
Hearke Pudentius.

Cefar. I do not know Mecenas, aske Agrippa.

Lep. Noble Friends:
That which combin'd vs was moost great, and let not
A leaner action rend vs. What's amisse,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our triuall difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds. Then Noble Partners,
The rather for I earnestly befeech,
Touch you the lowest points with sweetest tearmes,
Nor curfynesse grow to'th matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well :
Were we before our Armies, and to fight,
I should do thus,

Flourib.

Cef. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thanke you.

Cef. Sit.

Ant. Sit fir.

Cef. Nay then.

Ant. I learne, you take things ill, which are not fo:
Or being,concerne you not.

Cef. I must be laugh'd at, if or for nothing, or a little, I
Should lay my felse offended, and with you
Chiefely 'tis your pleasure. More laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately : when to found your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt Cesar, what was't to you?

Cef. No more then my reciding here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt : yet if you there
Did pracliffe on my State,your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intende you, praRth'sd?

Cef. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did heere befal me. Your Wife and Brother
Made warres vpon me, and their contestation
Was Theame for you, you were the word of warre.

Ant. You do mistake your busines, my Brother neuer
Did vrg'e me in his Act : I did inquire it,
And have my Learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you, did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the warres alike against my homacke,
Having alike your caufe. Of this, my Letters
Before did fatifie you. If you'll patch a quarrell,
As matter whole you have to make it with,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts: Yet if I knew,
What Hoope should hold vs flaunch from edge to edge
Athy world: I would perfue it.

Agri. Glie me leave Cefar.
Cefar. Speake Agrippa.

Agri. Thou haft a Sifter by the Mothers side, admir'd
Othavia! Great Mark Anthony is now a widower.
Cefar. Say not, say Agrippa; if Cleopatra heard you, your
proofs were well defended of rathemefe.

Antb. I am not married Cefar: let me heere Agrippa
further speake.

Agri. To hold you in perpetuall amtie,
To make you Brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an vn-flipping knot, take Anthony,
Othavia to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worfe a husband then the best of men: whole
Vertue, and whose generall graces, speake
That which none else can vter. By this marriage,
All little Jeoulousies which now seeme great,
And all great feares, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truths would be tales,
Where now halfe tales be truths: her loue to both,
Would each to other, and all loues to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Antb. Will Cefar speake?
Cefar. Not till he heares how Anthony is toucht,
With what is spoke already.

Antb. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would speake Agrippa, be it fo,
To make this good?
Cefar. The power of Cefar,
And his power, vnto Othavia.

Antb. May I nower
(To this good purpose, that fo fairely shewes)
Dreame of impediment: let me haue thy hand
Further this act of Grace: and from this howre,
The heart of Brothers gouerne in our Loues,
And fwayne our great Deuignes.

Cefar. There's my hand:
A Sifter I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did euer loue fo deereely. Let her lye
To loyne our kingdomes, and our hearts, and nouer
Fille off our Loues again.


Ant. I did not think to draw my Sword 'gainft Pompey,
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great
Of late vpon me. I must thanke him onely,
Leafe my remembrance, fuffer ill report:
At heele of that, defe him.

Lepi. Time cal's vpon's,
Of vs must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seekes out vs.

Antb. Where lies he?
Cefar. About the Mount-Mefena.

Antb. What is his strength by land?
Cefar. Great, and encreasing:
But by Sea he is an absolute Master.

Antb. So is the Fame,
Would we had spoke together. Haft we for it,
Yet ere we put our felues in Armes, dispath we
The businesse we have tale of.

Cefar. With most gladness,
And do inuite you to my Sisters view,
Whether straight I lead you.

Antb. Let vs Lepidus not lacke your company.

Lep. Noble Anthony, not sickneffe should detaine me.

FLOURISHS. Exit omnes.

Manet Enoberbus, Agrippa, Mecenas.

Mec. Welcome from Egypt Sir.

Eno. Halfe the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecenas. My honourable Friend Agrippa.

Agri. Good Enoberbus.

Mec. We have caufe to be glad, that matters are so well digested: you said well by't in Egypt.

Enob. I Sir, we did sleepe day out of countenaunce: and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight Wilde-Boares rodet whole at a breakfast: and but twelve peffons there. Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a Flye by an Eagles: we had much more monstrous matter of Feafe, which worthy defcribed notting.

Mecen as. She's a moft triumphant Lady, if report be fquare to her.

Enob. When the firft met Mark Anthony, the purft vp his heart vpon the Rier of Sidinis.

Agri. There the appear'd indeed: or my reporter deu'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you,
The Barge she sat in, like a burnifh Throne
Burnt on the water: the Pooper was beaten Gold, Purple the Sailes: and so perfumed that
The Windes were Loue-sickes.

With them the Owers were Siluer,
Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beate, to follow faster;
As amorous of their strokes. For her owne perfon,
It beggar'd all defcription, she did lief
In her Paullion, cloth of Gold, of Tiffue,
O're-painting that Venus, where we fee
The fancie out-workes Nature. On each fide her,
Stood pretty Dimples Boyes, like smiling Cupids,
With diuers curious'd Fannes whose winde did fume,
To gloue the delicate cheeckes which they did coole,
And what they vndid.

Agri. Oh rare for Anthony.

Eno. Her Gentlewoman, like the Nereides,
So many Mer-maides tended her i'th'eyes,
And made their bends adorning, at the Helme.
A feeming Mer-maidie fteeres: The Silken Tackle,
Swell with the touches of thofe Flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the Barge
A strange infinitely perfumes hits the fene
Of the adjacent Wharves. The City caft
Her people out vpon her: and Anthony
Enthron'd i'th'Market-place, did fit alone,
Whilting to'th'ayre: which but for vacancie,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in Nature.

Agri. Rare Egyptian.

Eno. Vpon her landing, Anthony sent to her,
Inuited her to Supper: she replied,
It should be better, he became her guest:
Which the entreated, our Courteous Anthony,
Whom nere the word of no woman hard speake,
Being barber'd ten times o're, goes to the Feaft;
And for his ordinary, pales his heart,
For what his eyes eate onely.

Agri. Royall Wench:

She made great Cæsar lay his Sword to bed,
He ploughed her, and the crop.

Eno. I faw her once
Hop forty Paces through the publicke fireete,
And having loft her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And breathleffe powre breath forth.

Mec. Now Anthony, must leave her vterly.

Eno. Neuer he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor cutume ftaile
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feede, but she makes hungry,
Where mof't she satisfies. For wielded things
Become themfelues in her, that the holy Priefe
Blaffe her, when she is Rigiff.
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I'th'East my pleasure lies. Oh come Ventigius.

Enter Ventigius.

You must to Parthia, your Commissions ready:
Follow me, and rescue't.  

Exit

Enter Lepidus, Mecenas and Agrippa.

Lepidus. Trouble your souls no further: pray you
haften your Generals after.

Agg. Sir, Mark Antony, will e're but kisse Othoia,
and weele follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your Soulidres dress'd,
Which will become you both: Farewell.

Mec. We shall: as I conceive the journey, be at
Mount before you Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter, my purposes do draw me
much about, you win two dayes vpone you.

Bett. Sir good fucceffe.

Lep. Farewell.  

Exit

Enter Cleopater, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some Musicke: Musicke, moody foode
of vs that trade in Lour.

Omnes. The Musicke, hoa.

Enter Maridian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to Billards: come Charmian.

Char. My arme is sore, best play with Maridian.

Cleopa. As well a woman with an Eunuch plaid, as
with a woman. Come you play with me Sir?

Mardi. As well as I can Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shewed,
Thought'c com to short
The Actor may please pardon. Ile none now,
Glue me mine Angle, weele to th'River there
My Musicke playing farre off. I will betray
Tawny fine fitches, my bended hooke shall pierce
Their flamy iawes: and as I draw them vp,
Ile think them every one an Antony,
And fay, ah has'y are caught.

Char. 'Twas merry when you wagger'd on your Ang-
ling, when your dier did hang a falt fishe on his hooke
which he with fermenfie draw vp.

Cleo. That time! Oh times:
I laught him out of patience: and that night
I laught him into patience, and next mornre.
ERE the ninth houre, I drunke him to his bed:
Then put my Tires and Mantles on him, whilst
I wore his Sword Philippian. Oh from Italie,

Enter a Messenger.

Ramme thou thy fruitesfull tidings in mine cares,
That long time haue bin barren.

Mef. Madam, Madam.

Cleo. Antony's dead,
If thou say so Villaine, thou kilst thy Miftris:
But well and free, if thou do yield him.

There is Gold, and heere
My bleeve valveines to kiffe: a hand that Kings
Haue lpt, and trembled killing.

Mef. First Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why there's more Gold
But sirrah marke, we vfe
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The Gold I give thee, will I melt and powr
Downe thy ill vittering throate.

Mef. Good Madam heare me.

Cleo. Well, go too I will:
But there's no goodnesse in thy face if Antony
Be free and healthfull: so tart a fauour
To trumpet such good tidings. I f not well,
Thou shoul'dt come like a Furie crown'd with Snakes,
Not like a formall man.

Mef. Wilt pleafe you heare me?

Cleo. I have a mind to stroke thee ere thou speak'ft:
Yet if thou say Antony lives, 'tis well,
Or friends with Caesar, or not Captive to him,
Ile set thee in a shaven of Gold, and halie
Rich Pearles upon thee.

Mef. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well fai'd.

Mef. And Friends with Caesar.

Cleo. Th'art an honest man.

Mef. Caesar, and he, are greater Friends then euers.

Cleo. Make thee a Fortune from me.

Mef. But yet Madam.

Cleo. I do not like but yet, it does aly
The good precedence, fie upon but yet,
But yet is as a laylor to bring fourth
Some monifrous Malefactor. Prythee Friend,
Powe out the packe of matter to mine ears,
The good and bad together: he's friends with Caesar,
In state of heal th thou fai'd, and thou fai'd free.

Mef. Free Madam, no: I made no such report,
He's bound vnto Othoia.

Cleo. For what good turne?

Mef. For the bef turne i'th'bed.

Cleo. I am pale Charmian.

Mef. Madam, he's married to Othoia.

Cleo. The most infectious Petitlence upon thee.

Strikes him downe.

Mef. Good Madam patience.

Cleo. What say you?

Hence horrible Villaine, or Ie spurne thine eyes
Like balls before me: Ile vnhaire thy head,
Smarting in lingring pickle.

Mef. Gratious Madam,
I that do bring the newes, made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not fo, a Prouince I will gue thee,
And make thy Fortunes proud: the blow thou had'st
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what guift befire
The modelle can begge.

Mef. He's married Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou haft li'd too long. Draw a knife.

Mef. Nay then he runnes
What meanes you Madam, I haue made no fault. Exit.

Char. Good Madam kepe your felfe within your felfe,
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some Innocents began not the thunderbolt:
Melt Egypte into Nyle: and kindly creatures
Turne all to Serpents. Call the faigne againe,
Though I am mad, I will notbyte him: Call?

Char. He is afeard to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him,
These hands do lacke Nobility, that they strike
A meaner then my felfe: since I my felfe
Haue gien my felfe to thefaite. Come hither Sir.

Enter the Messenger againe.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad newes: give to a gratulous Message

A11

838
To scourge th’ingratitude, that desfrightfull Rome
Caft on my Noble Father.
Cesfar. Take your time.

Ant. Thou can’t not fear vs Pompey with thy sailes.
Weele speake with thee at Sea. And land thou know’ft
How much we do o’re-count thee.
Pom. At Land indeed
Thou doft ocreount me of my Fathers house:
But since the Cuckor buildes not for himselfe,
Remaine in’t as thou maifit.

Lep. Be pleas’d to tell vs,
(For this is from the present how you take)
The offers we have lent you.

Cesfar. There’s the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated too,
But waigh what it is worth imbrac’d
Cesfar. And what may follow to try a larger Fortune.
Pom. You haue made me offer
Of Cicelle, Sardinia: and I muft
Rid all the Sea of Pirats. Then, to fend
Measures of Wheate to Rome: this greed vp, on
To part with vnhaclt edges, and bare backe
Our Targes vn dinted.

Omnes. That’s our offer.
Pom. Know then I came before you heere,
A man prepar’d
To take this offer. But Markes Anthony,
Put me to some impatience: though I loafe
The praise of it by telling. You muft know,
When Cesfar and your Brother were at blowes,
Your Mother came to Cicelle, and did finde
Her welcome Friendly.

Ant. I have heard it Pompey,
And am well flu’ded for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.
Pom. Let me haue your hand:
I did not thinke Sir, to haue met you heere,

Ant. The beds i’th’East are soft, and thanks to you,
That cal’d me timelier then my purpose hither:
For I haue gained by’t.

Cesfar. Since I saw you laft, ther’s a change vp you.
Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts harth Fortune caft’s vp on my face,
But in my bosome shall she never come,
To make my heart her vallasse.

Lep. Well met heere.
Pom. I hope fo Lepidus, thus we are agreed:
I craue our composion may be written
And feal’d betweene vs,

Cesfar. That’s the next to do.
Pom. Weele feast each other, ere we part, and lett’s
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I Pompey.
Pompey. No Anthony take the lot: but firft or laft,
your fine Egyptian cookerie shall haue the fame, I haue
heard that Iulius Cesfar, grew fat with feasting there.

Antb. You haue heard much.
Pom. I haue faire meaning Sir.
Ant. And faire words to them.
Pom. Then fo much haue I heard,
And I haue heard Appoloborus carried
Eno. No more that: he did fo.
Pom. What I pray you?

Eno. A certaine Queene to Cesfar in a Matri.
Pom. I know thee now, how far’st thou Souldier?

Eno. Well, and well am I like to do, for I perceiue

Four
Four Feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand,
I neuer hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have enuied thy behauiour.

Emob. Sir, I neuer lou'd you much, but I ha'prais'd ye,
When you haue well defera'd ten times as much,
As I haue faid you did.

Pom. Injoy thy plainneffe,
It nothing ill becomes thee:
Aboord my Gally, I inuite you all.

Will you leade Lords?

All. Shew's the way, Sir.

Men. Thy Father Pompey would ne're haue made this
Treaty. You, and I have knowne fir.

Emob. At Sea, I think.

Men. We haue Sir.

Emob. You haue done well by water.

Men. And you by Land.

Emob. I will praife any man that will praife me, thogh
it cannot be denied what I haue done by Land.

Men. Nor what I haue done by water.

Emob. Yes, some-thing you can deny for your owne
safety: you haue bin a great Theefe by Sea.

Men. And you by Land.

Emob. There I deny my Land seruice: but glue mee
your hand Menes, if our eyes had authority, heere they
might take two Theuces kiling.

Men. All mens faces are true, whatfoeme their hands are.

Emob. But there is neuer a frayre Woman, ha's a true
Face.

Men. No flander, they faile hearts.

Emob. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a Drinking.
Pompey doth this day laugh away his Fortune.

Emob. If he do, sure he cannot weep' backe againe.

Men. Y'haue faid Sir, we look'd not for Mark Antony heere, pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Emob. Cefar's Siter is call'd Othavia.

Men. True Sir, she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Emob. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray ye're fir.

Emob. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cesar and he, for ever knit together.

Emob. If I were bound to Duine of this vanity, I wold
not Propheze so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose, made more
in the Marriage, then the love of the parties.

Emob. I thinke so too. But you shall finde the hand
that feemes to tye their friendship together, will bee
the very strangler of their Amity: Othavia is of a holy, cold,
and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Emob. Not he that himselfe is not so; which is Mark Antony; he will to his Egyptian dith, againe; then shall
the sighes of Othavia blow the fire vp in Cesar, and (as I
fald before) that which is the strength of their Amity,
shall prooue the immediate Author of their variance. An-
tony will vfe his affection where it is. Hee married but
his occasion heere.

Men. And thus it may be, Come Sir, will you aboard?
I haue a health for you.

Emob. I shal take it fir: we haue vs'd our Throats in
Egypt.


Musicke played.

Enter two or three Servants with a Basket.

1 Heere they'll be men: some o'th'ir Plants are ill
rooted already, the least wintes in'th'world will blow them
downe.

2 Lepidus is high Conlord.

1 They have made him drinke Almes drinke.

2 As they pinch one another by the dispoision, hee
cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreatie, and
himselfe to'th'drinke.

1 But it raises the greatest warre betweene him & his
discretion.

2 Why this it is to have a name in great mens Fel-
lowship: I had as line have a Reede that will doe me no
feruce, as a Partizan I could not have.

1 To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be seen
to move in't, are the holes where eyes should bee, which
pittfully disafer the cheeckes.

A Sennes founded.

Enter Cefar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecenas, Emoburus, Menes, with other Captaines.

Ant. Thus do they Sir: they take the flow o'th'Nyle
By certaine scales i'th'Pyramid: they know
By'th'height, the lowneffe, or the mane: If deahr
Or Foizon follow. The higher Nilus swees,
The more it promisses as it enioes, the Seedman
Vpon the lyme and Ooze scatters his graine,
And shortly comes to Harueft.

Lep. Y'haue strange Serpents there?

Antb. I Lepidus.

Lep. Your Serpent of Egypt, is bred now of your mud
by the operation of your Sun: fo is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are fo.

Pom. Sit, and some Wine: A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be:
But Ile ne're out.

Emob. Not till you have slept: I feare me you'll bee in
till then.

Lep. Nay certainly, I haue heard the Ptolomies Pyra-
mists are very goddy things: without contradiction I
haue heard that.

Menes. Pompey, a word.

Pomp. Say in mine care, what is't.

Menes. Forsake thy feate I do beseech thee Captaine,
And heare me speake a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon. Whiffers in'Eare.

This Wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd fir like it selfe, and it is as broad as it
hath breath; It is luft fo high as it is, and mooves with it
owne organs. It luies by that which nourifheth it, and
Elements once out of it, it Transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it owne colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange Serpent.

Ant. 'Tis fo, and the tears of it are wet.

Caf. Will this description satisfie him?

Ant. With the Health that Pompey givs him, else he
is a very Epicure.

Pomp. Go hang fir, hang: tell me of that? Away:
Do as I bid you. Where's this Cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the fake of Merit thou wilt heare mee,
Rife from thy flooe.

Pom. I thinke th'art mad: the matter?

Men. I have euery moment mov'd to thy Fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast rer'd me with much faith: what's
defe to say? Be Jolly Lords.

Ansb. These Quicke-fands Lepidus,

Kepe off, them for you finke.

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?

Pom. What faight thou?

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world?

That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertaine it, and though thou thinke me
poore, I am the man will give thee all the world.

Pom. Haft thou dranke well.

Men. No Pompey, I haue kept me from the cup,
Thou art if thou dar'lt be, the earthly Jove:
What ere the Ocean pales, or skie inclipped,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Shew me which way?

Men. These three World-sharers, these Competitors
Are in thy vessef. Let me cut the Cable,
And when we are put off, fall to their throates:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shoul'dt haue done,
And not haue spoke on't. In me 'tis villanie,
In thee, 't had bin good service: thou muft know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour:
Mine Honour it, Repeat that ere thy tongue,
Hath so betrade thine acte. Being done vnknowne,
I shoul'd have found it afterwards well done,
But muft condemne it now: desist, and drinke.

Men. For this, Ile neuer follow
Thy paul'd Fortunes more,
Who seekes and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall neuer finde it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bearre him aforhe,
Ile pledge it for him Pompey.

Eno. Heere's to thee Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong Fellow Menas.

Men. Why?

Eno. A beares the third part of the world man: seeft
not?

Men. The third part, then he is drunk: would it were
all, that it might go on wheelers.

Eno. Drinke thou ere the Reees.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian Feast.

Ant. It ripen's towards it: strike the Vessefls hoa.

Heere's to Caesar.

Cæsar. I could well forbear't, it's monstrous labour
when I waft my braine, and it grow fouler.

Ant. Be a Child o'th'ime.

Cæsar. Possesse it, Ile make answ'rer: but I had rather
fast from all, four days, then drinke so much in one.

Enob. Ha my brave Emperour, shall we dance now
the Egyptian Backenals, and celebrate our drinke?

Pom. Let's ha't good Souldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering Wine hath flep't our senfe,
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands:
Make battery to our cares with the loud Muficke,
The Tragedie of

Should my performance perih.
Rom. Thou haft Venitius that, without the which a Souldier and his Sword grants scarce distinction: thou wilt write to Antony.
Ven. Ile humbly signifie what in his name, That magical word of Warre we have effectuated, How with his Banners, and his well paid ranks, The nere-yet beaten Horfe of Parthia, We have laded out o'th'Field.
Rom. Where is he now?
Ven. He purposeth to Athens, whither with what haft The weight we must convey with's, will permit: We shall appear before him. On there, passe along.

Enter Agrippa at one doore, Enobarbus at another.
Agri. What are the Brothers parted?
Emo. They have dispute with Pompey, he is gone, The other three are Sealing. Ophelia weepes
To part from Rome: Cesar is fad, and Lepidus
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas laces, it troubled
With the Greene-Sickneffe.
Agri. 'Tis a Noble Lepidus.
Emo. A very fine one: oh, how he loves Cesar.
Agri. Nay but how deerely he adores Mark Antony.
Emo. Cesar why he's the loyester of men.
Ant. What's Antony, the God of Jupiter?
Emo. Spake you of Cesar? How, the non-parell?
Agri. Oh Antony, oh thou Arabian Bird!
Emo. Would you praise Cesar, say Cefariso no further.
Agri. Indeed he pried them both with excellent praises.
Emo. But he loves Cesar beft, yet he loves Antony:
Hoo, Hearts, Tongues, Figure,
Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot
Think speake, caft, write, fing, number: hoo,
His love to Antony. But as for Cesar,
Kneele downe, kneele downe, and wonder.
Agri. Both he loves.
Emo. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, so:
This is to horror: Adieu, Noble Agrippa.
Agri. Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell.

Enter Cesar, Antony, Lepidus, and Ophelia.
Anto. No further Sir.
Cesar. You take from me a great part of my selfe: Vfe me well in't. Sister, proue such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest Band Shall passe on thy approoche: most Noble Anthony,
Let not the piece of Vertue which is fet
Betwixt vs, as the Cyment of our loue
To keepe it builded, be the Ramme to batter
The Fortreffe of it:for better might we
Have loue without this meane, if on both parts
This be not cheriffit.
Ant. Make me not offended, in your diftrust.
Cesar. I haue said.
Ant. You shall not finde,
Though you be therein curious, the left caufe
For what you seeme to feare, fo the Gods keepe you,
And make the hearts of Romaines ferue your ends:
We will heere part.
Cesar. Farewell my dearer Sister, fare thee well,
The Elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirites all of comfort: fare thee well.
Oph. My Noble Brother.
Ant. The April's in her eyes, it is Loues spring,
And thefe the flowers to bring it on: be cheerfull.

Oph. Sir, looke well to my Husbands house: and——
Cesar. What Ophelia?
Oph. Ile tell you in your care.
Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart informe her tougue.
The Swannes downe feather
That flonds upon the Swell at the full of Tide:
And neither way inclines.
Emo. Will Cesar weep?
Agri. He ha's a cloud in's face.
Emo. He were the worse for that were he a Horfe, fo is
he being alman.
Agri. Why Enobarbus:
When Anthony found Julius Caesar dead,
He cried almoft to roa ring: And he wept,
When at Philippis he found Brutus slain.
Emo. That yearindeed, he was troubled with a rheume,
What willingly he did confound, he will'd,
Beleeu't till I weep too.
Cesar. No sweet Ophelia,
You shall heare from me still: the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come Sir, come,
Ile wrastle with you in my strengthe of loue,
Looke here I have you, thus I let you go,
And gue you to the Gods.
Ces. Adieu, be happy.
Lep. Let all the number of the Starres guie light
To thy faire way.
Cesar. Farewell, farewell.
Kisses Ophelia.
Ant. Farewell. Trumpets found. Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Ira, and Alexas.
Cleo. Where is the Fellow?
Alex. Halfafe afraid to come.
Cleo. Go too, go too: Come hither Sir.
Enter the Messinger as before.
Alex. Good Maifie: Hered of lury dare not looke
upon you, but when you are well pleased.
Cleo. That Herods head, Ile haue: but how? When
Anthony is gone, through whom I might command it:
Come thou here.
Mes. Most gratious Maiefie.
Cleo. Did'th thou behold Ophelia?
Mes. I dread Queene.
Cleo. Where?
Mes. Madam in Rome, I looke her in the face:
And saw her led betweene her Brother, and Mark Antony.
Cleo. Is she as tall as me?
Mes. She is not Madam.
Cleo. Didst hearhe her speake?
Is she thrill tongu'd or low?
Mes. Madam, I heard her speake, she is low voic'd.
Cleo. That's not so good: he cannot like her long.
Char. Like her? Oh Ija: it's impossible.
Char. I think she to Charmian, dull of tongue, & dwarfish
When Maiefie is in her gate, remember
If ere thou look'rt on Maiefie.
Mes. She creepsisher motion, & her stattion are as one:
She shewes a body, rather then a life,
A Statue, then a Breather.
Cleo. Is this certaine?
Mes. Or I haue no obseruance.
Cleo. Three in Egypt cannot make better note.
Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceiue,
There's nothing in her yet.

The
The Fellow ha’s good judgement.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Gueffe at her yeares, I prythe.
Meff. Madam, she was a widdow.
Meff. And I do think she’s thirtie.
Ch. Bear’t thou her face in mind? Is’t long or round?
Meff. Round, even to faultiness.
Cleo. For the most part too, they are foolish that are so. Her hair what colour?
Meff. Browne Madam: and her forehead
As low as she would with it.
Cleo. There’s Gold for thee,
Thou muft not take my former sharpenesse ill,
I will employ thee backe againe: I finde thee
Moff fit for businesse. Go, make thee ready,
Our Letters are prepar’d.
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why then think’s by him,
This Creature’s no fuch thing.
Char. Nothing Madam.
Cleo. The man hath seene some Maiesty, and should
know.
Char. Hath he seene Maiestie? I’s elfe defend : and
seruing you fo long.
Cleo. I haue one thing more to ask him yet good
Charmian: but ‘tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me
where I will write, all may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you Madam.
Exeunt. Enter Anthony and Othoiauia.
Ant. Nay, nay Othoiauia, not onely that,
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of fomblable import, but he hath wag’d
New Warres ’gainst Pompey. Made his will, and read it,
To publicke ear, spoke scantily of me,
When perforce he could not.
But pay me teares of Honour: cold and fickly
He ventured then moft narrow measure; lent me,
When the beft hint was given him: he not look’d,
Or did it from his teeth.
Othoiauia. Oh my good Lord,
Believe not all, or if you muft beleue,
Stomacke not all. A more vnhappy Lady,
If this deuillish chance, ne’re ftood betwenee.
Praying for both parts:
The good Gods will mocke me presently,
When I shall pray;Oh bleffe my Lord, and Husband,
Vndo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh bleffe my Brother. Husband winne, winne Brother,
Prayes, and diftroyes the prayer, no midway
‘Twixt thefe extremes at all.
Ant. Gentie Othoiauia,
Let your beft loue draw to that point which feeks
Beft to preferve it: if I loose mine Honour,
I lose my selfe: better I were not yours
Then your fo branchlleffe. But as you requested,
Your selfe shall goe between’s, the humane time Lady,
Ie raife the preparation of a Warre
Shall flaine your Brother, make your fooneft haft,
So your defires are yours.
Oth. Thanks to my Lord,
The Ioue of power make me moft weake, moft weake,
You reconcile: Warres ’twixt you twaine would be,
As if the world should cleaue, and that flaine men
Should foade vp the Riff.

Anthony and Cleopatra.
The Tragedie of

That he his high Authority abus'd,
And did deferve his change: for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part: but then in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I demand the like.

Mr. He'll neuer yeeld to that.
Cef. Nor must not then be yeelded to this.

Enter Ofelia with her Traine.
Oef. Halle Cæsar, and my L. halle moft deere Cæsar.
Cæfar. That ever I shoul call thee Cæf-away.
Oef. You have not call'd me so, nor have you caufè.
Cef. Why have you stolin upon vs thus? you come not
Like Cæ[ercise] Sifer, 'The wife of Antony
Should have an Army for an Vfther, and
The neighes of Horfe to tell of her approach,
Long ere the did appeare. The trees by'th-way
Should have borne men, and expectation faidt,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the duft
Should have ascended to the Roofe of Hauean,
Rais'd by your populous Troopes: But you are come
A Maker-tall to Rome, and have preventt
The o[ntation of our love; which left vn[ewne,]
Is often left vn[eul'd: we shoul have met you
By Sea, and Land, supplying every Stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oef. Good my Lord,
To come thus was I not conftrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My Lord Mrake Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted
My greeu'd ear withall: whereon I begg'd
His pardon for returne.
Cef. Which foon he granted,
Being an abftracr'tweene his Luft, and him.
Oef. Do not fay so, my Lord.
Cef. I haue eyes upon you,
And his affaires come to me on the windwher is he now?
Oef. My Lord, in Athens.
Cæfar. No mo[e wroght Sifer, Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his Empire
Vp to a Whore, who now are leuing
The Kings o'th'earth for Warre. He hath assembled,
Bocbus the King of Lybia, A[rchilau
Of Cappadocia, Phileadelphia King,
Of Paphlagonia: the Thracian King Adullus,
King Mannous of Arabia, King of Pont,
Herod of Lewyie, M[tiridates King
Of Comagae, Pol[mens and A[mmas,
The Kings of Mede, and Licoania,
With a more larger Lift of Scepters.
Oef. Aye me moft wretched,
That haue my heart partes betwixt two Friends,
That does affift each other. (breaking forth
Cef.) Welcom hither: your Letters did with-holde our
Till we percei'd both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger: cheere your heart,
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O're your content, these strong necellities,
But let determin'd things to definie
Hold vn[eway'd their way. Welcome to Rome,
Nothing more deere to me: You are abu'd
Beyond the marke of thought: and the high Gods
To do you Juffice, makes his Minifters
Of vs, and thofe that loue you. Beft of comfort,
And ever welcom to vs.

Mr. Welcome deere Madam,
Each heart in Rome does loue and pity you,
One ly th'adulterous Antony, moft large
In his abominations, turnes you off,
And glues his potent Regiment to a Trull
That noyts it againft vs.
Oef. Is it fo fit?
Cæf. Moft certaine: Sifer welcome: pray you
Be ever knowne to patience. My dear'f Sifer.

Exeunt Enter Cleopatra, and Eoscharus.
Cle. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.
Eos. But why, why, why?
Cle. Thou haft forespake my being in these warres,
And fay't it not fo fit.

Eos. Well: I could reply: if we should ferue with
Horfe and Mares together, the Horfe were meerly loft:
the Mares would beare a Solidour and his Horfe.

Cle. What is't you fay?

Eos. Your prefence needs moft pule Anthony,
Take from his heart, take from his Braine, from's time,
What should not then be fpar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Leuyt, and 'is faid in Rome,
That Phoebus an Eunuch, and your Maides
Mannage this warre.
Cle. Sinke Rome, and their tongues rot
That fpeake againft vs. A Charge we beare i' th'Warre,
And as the preffident of my Kingdome will
Appeare there for a man. Speake not againft it,
I will not flay behinde.

Enter Antony and Camidius.
Eos. Nay I have done, here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not strange Camidius,
That from Tarrentum, and Branduflum,
He could fo quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
And take in Troine. You haue heard on't (Sweet?)

Cle. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Then by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might haue well becom'd the beft of men
To taunt at flackneffe. Camidius, wee
Will fight with him by Sea.

Cle. By Sea, what elfe?

Cam. Why will my Lord, do fo?

Ant. For that he dares vs too't.

Eos. So hath my Lord, dar'd him to fingle fight.
Cam. I, and to wage this Battell at Pharalfe,
Where Cæfar fought with Pompey. But thofe offers
Which ferue not for his vantage, he shak's off,
And fo {hould you.

Eos. Your Ships are not well mann'd,
Your Mariners are Militers, Reapers, people
Ingroft by swift Impreff. In Cæfars Fleete,
Are thofe, that often haue gainst Pompey fought,
Their fifpette are yare, yours heauy: no difgrace
Shall you for reufing him at Sea,
Being prepar'd for Land.

Ant. By Sea, by Sea.

Eos. Moft worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The abolute Soldiery you haue by Land,
Diftraft your Armie, which doth moft conftit
Of Warre-markt-Footmen, leuant
Of your owne renowned knowledge, quite fgnore
The way which promifes affurance, and
Give vp your felue meerly to chance and hazard,
From firme Securitie.

Ant. He fight at Sea.

Cle.
**Anthony and Cleopatra.**

Cle. I have sixty Sailes, Caesar none better.

Ant. Our ouer-plus of shipping will we burne,
And with the rest full many, from th'head of Action
Beate th'approaching Caesar. But if we faile,
We then can doot at Land. Enter a Meffenger.

Thy Buisine? 

Mef. The Newes is true, my Lord, he is defcried,
Caesar ha's taken Tveryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'Tis impossible
Strange, that his power should be. Camidius,
Our nineteene Legions thou shalt hold by Land,
And our twelve thousand Horfe. Wee'lt to our Ship,
Away my Tho't. Enter a Solliour.

How now worthy Soulciur.

Soul. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
Trueft not to rotten planks: Do you miffoubt
This Sword, and thefe my Wounds; let th'Egyptians
And the Phoenicians go a ducking: wee
Haue vs't to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away. exit Ant. Cleo. & Enob.

Soul. By Hercules I thinke I am I' th'right.
Cam. Soulciur thou art: but his whole action growes
Not in the power on't: fo our Leaders leade,
And we are Womens men.

Soul. You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horfe
whole, do you not?

Ven. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Iuflus,
Publius, and Celius, are for Sea:
But we keepe whole by Land. This speede of Cefars
Carries beyond beleefe.

Soul. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in fuch diuaffions,
As begulde all Spies.
Cam. Who's his Lieutenant, heare you?
Soul. They fay, one Tovrus.
Cam. Well, I know the man.

Enter a Meffenger.

Mef. The Emperor cais Camidius.
Cam. With Newes the times wit a Labour,
And throwes forth each minute, fome.

Enter Cefar with his Army, marching.

Cef. Towrus? 

Tov. My Lord.

Cef. Strike not by Land,
Keepe whole, pronouke not Battale
Till we have done at Sea. Do not exceede
The Prefcript of this Scroule: Our fortune lyes
Vpon this lump.

Enter Anthony, and Evobarbus.

Ant. Set we our Squadrions on yond fide o'th'Hill,
In eye of Cefars battale, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And fo proceed accordingly.

Camidius. 

Marebath with his Land Army one way over the flagge,
And Tovrus the Lieutenant of Cefar the other way:
After their going in, is heard the warfe of a Sea fight.

Allarum. Enter Enobarbus and Scarus.

Eno. Naught, naught, al naught, I can behold no longer:
Thatemad, the Egyptian Admirall,
With all their sixty fye, and turne the Rudders:

To fee't, mine eyes are blafhed.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods, & Goddesfs, all the whol synod of them! 

Eno. What's thy fpassion.

Scar. The greater Cantle of the world, is loft
With very ignorance, we have kift ayy
Kingdomes, and Proutences.

Eno. How appears the Fight?

Scar. On our fide, like the Token'd Pelifence,
Where death is fure. Yon ribaudred Nagge of Egypt,
(Whom Leproffe o're-take) I'll midift o'th'fight,
When vantage like a payre of Twinnes appeareth.
Both as the fame, or rather ours the elder;
(The Breeze vpon her) like a Cow in Inne,
Hofts Sailes, and flyes.

Eno. 'Tis that I beheld:
Mine eyes did fcken at the fight, and could not
Indure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof.
The Noble ruine of her Magick, Anthony,
Claps on his Sea-wing, and (like a doting Mallard)
Leaues the Fight in height, flyes after her:
I neuer faw an Action of fuch fame:
Experience, Man-hood, Honor, ne're more,
Did violate fo it felfe.

Enob. Alackle, alackle.

Enter Camidius.

Cam. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And finkes moft lamentably. Had our Generall
Bin what he knew himfelfe, it had gone well:
Oh his ha's given example for our flight,
Moft groffely by his owne.

Enob. I, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight indeede.

Cam. Toward Peloponnefus are they fled.
Scar. 'Tis eafe too.

And there I will attend what further comes.
Camid. To Cefar will I render
My Legions and my Horfe, fexe Kings alreadie
Shew me the way of yeolding.

Eno. Ile yet follow
The wounded chance of Anthony, though my reafon
Sits in the winde againft me.

Enter Anthony with Attendants.

Ant. Hearke, the Land bids me tread no more vp'on,
It is afham'd to beare me. Friends, come lither,
I am fo lated in the world, that I
Have loft my way for ever. I have a shippe,
Laden with Gold, take that, divide it: fye,
And make your peace with Cefar.


Ant. I haue fleyd my felfe, and haue infructed cowards
To runne, and shew their shoulders. Friends be gone,
I haue my felfe resolvd vp'na courfe,
Which has no neede of you. Be gone,
My Treafure's in the Harbour. Take it: Oh,
I follow'd that I blufhe to looke vp'on,
My very haires do mutiny: for the white
Reproue the browne for rafhneffe, and they them
For feare, and dotinge. Friends be gone, you shall
Have Letters from me to some Friends, that will
Sweepe. Your way for you. Pray you looke not fad,
Nor make replyes of loathneffe, take the hint
Which my difpare proclames. Let them be left
Which leaves it felfe, to the Sea-fide ftraight way;
I will poftiffe you of that ship and Treafure.
The Tragedie of

Leave me, I pray a little: pray you now,
Nay do so: for indeed I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you, Ile fee you by and by. Sits downe

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Eros.

Eros. Nay gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.

Cleo. Do moit deere Queene.

Char. Do, why, what ells?

Cleo. Let me sit downe: Oh Juno.

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you heere, Sir?

Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam.

Ira. Madam, oh good Empresse.

Eros. Sir, fir.

Ant. Yes my Lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
His fword e’ne like a dancer, while I strooke
The leane and wrinkled Caffius, and ’twas I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on Lietenantry, and no praife had
In the brane squares of Ware: yet now: no matter.

Cleo. Ah stand by.

Eros. The Queene my Lord, the Queene.

Ira. Go to him, Madam, speake to him,
Hee’s vnquelled with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustaine me: Oh.

Eros. Most Noble Sir arife, the Queene approaches,
Her head’s declin’d, and death will ceafe her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended Reputation,
A moit vnable fweruing.

Eros. Sir, the Queene.

Ant. Oh whether haft thou lead me Egypt, fee
How I conuey my shame, out of thine eyes,
By looking backe what I have left behind
Stroy’d in dif hono.

Cleo. Oh my Lord, my Lord,
Forgive me fearfull sayles, I little thought
You would haue followed.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew’st too well,
My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by th’th’frings,
And thou shou’dt fowre me after. O’r my spirit
The full fupremacie thou knew’st, and that
Thy becke, might from the bidding of the Gods
Command mee.

Cleo. Oh my pardon.

Ant. Now I muft
To the young man fend humble Treasies, dodge
And palter in the shifs of Iownes, who
With halfe the bulke o’t’world plaid as I pleas’d,
Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know
How much you were my Conqueror, and that
My Sword, made weake by my affection, would
Obeay it on all caufe.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fare noit a teare I fay, one of them rates
All that is wonne and loft: Give me a knife,
Even this repays me.

We fent our Schoolemaister, is a come backe?
Loue I am full of Lead: some Wise
Within there, and our Viands: Fortune knowes,
We fcorne her moft, when moft she offers blowes. Exeunt

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Dollibello, with others.

Cæsar. Let him appeare that’s come from Anthony.
Know you him.
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Ant. To him againe, tell him he weares the Rose
Of youth vpon him : from which, the world should note
Something particular : His Colne, Ships, Legions,
May be a Cowards, whosee Ministres would preualle
Vnder the seruice of a Childe, as foone.
As i'th'Command of Cæsar. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay Comparisons a-part,
And anfwer me declin'd, Sword against Sword,
Our felues alone : Ile write it : Follow me.

Eno. Yes like enough : hye battell'd Cæsar will
Vntate his happinnesse, and be Stag'd to'th'new
Against a Sworder. I fee mens judgements are
A parcell of their Fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them
To suffer all alike, that he should dreame,
Knowing all meafures, the full Cæsar will
Anfwer his emptinesse; Cæsar thou haft subdu'de
His judgement too.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A Messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What no more Ceremony? See my Women,
Against the blowne Rose may they flop their noife,
That kneel'd vnto the Buds. Admit him fir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, beginne to square,
The Loyalty well held to Fools, does make
Our Faith meere folly; yet he that can endure
To follow with Allegeance a false Lord,
Does conquer him : Cæsar his Master conquer,
And earns a place i'th'Story.

Enter Thidias.

Cleo. Cæsars will.

Thid. Hear ye it apart.

Cleo. None but Friends : say boldly.

Thid. So haply are they Friends to Anthony.

Enob. He needs as many (Sir) as Cæsar ha's,
Or needs not vs. If Cæsar pleafe, our Matter
Will leape to be his Friend: For vs you know,
Who he is, we are, and that is Cæsars.

Thid. So. Thus then thou moft renoun'd, Cæsar intreats,
Not to confider in what cafe thou stand'st
Further then he is Cæsars.

Cleo. Go on, right Royall.

Thid. He knowes that you embrace not Anthony
As you did loue, but as you feared him.

Cleo. Oh.

Thid. The fcare's vpon your Honor, therefore he
Does pity, as conftraine blemifhes,
Not as defuered.

Cleo. He is a God,
And knowes what is moft right. Mine Honour
Was not yeelded, but conquer'd meereely.

Eno. To be fure of that, I will ask Anthony.]

Sir, fir, thou art fo leacle
That we must leave thee to thy finking, for
Thy defecte quit thee.

Thid. Shall I fay to Cæsar,
What you require of him; for he partly begges
To be defir'd to giue. It much would pleafe him,
That of his Fortunes you should make a flafe
To leaue vpon. But it would warme his fpirits
To heare from me you had left Anthony,
And put your felfe vnder his throwd, the vnuerfal Land-
Cleo. What's your name? (lord.

Thid. My name is Thidias.

Cleo. Moll kinde Meffenger,
Say to great Cæfar this in disputacion,
I kiffe his conqu'ring hand: Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my Crowne at's feete, and there to kneele.
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath, I heare
The doome of Egypt.

Thid. 'Tis your Noblest courfe:
Wifedome and Fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My dutie on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsars Father oft,
(When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in)
Befow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kiffe.

Enter Anthony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favour? By loue that thunders. What art thou
Thid. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullfet man, and worthifet
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipt.

Ant. Approach there: ah you Kite.Now Gods & diuels
Authority melts from me of late. When I cried hoa,
Like Boyes vnto a muffle, Kings would flart forth,
And cry, your will. Haue you no cares?
I am Anthony yet. Take hence this fack, and whip him.

Enter a Servant.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a Lions whelpe,
Then with an old one dying.

Ant. Morrow and Carres,
Whip him: we't twenty of the greaftest Tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I finde them
So fawcy with the hand of the heere, what's her name
Since the was Cleopatra? Whip him Fellowes,
Till like a Boy you fee him crinde his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thid. Marks Anthony.

Ant. Tugge him away: being whipt
Bring him againe, the lacke of Cæsars hall
Bear vs an arrant to him. Exeunt with Thidius.
You were halfe blaffed ere I knew you: Ha?
Haue I my pillow left vnpreft in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawfull Race,
And by a Jem of women, to be abus'd
By one that lookes on Feeder's?

Cleo. Good my Lord.

Ant. You haue beene a boggeler euer,
But when we in our viciouſneffe grow hard
(Oh misery on') the wife Gods feele our eyes
In our owne filth, drop our cleare judgements, make vs
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a Morfell, cold vpon
Dead Cæsars Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment
Of Gneiu Pompeyes, befides what hotter hours
Vnregiftred in vulgar Fame, you have
Luxuriously picke dout. For I am fure,
Though you can guesse what Temperance shoule be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a Fellow that will take rewards,
And fay, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this Kingij Seale,
And plibter of high hearts. O that I were
Vpon the hill of Bifan, to out-roare
The honned Heard, for I haue fuaage cauf,
And to proclaime it ciuilly, were like

y 3  A
The Tragedie of

A halter'd necke, which do's the Hangman thankes,
For being yare about him. Is he whipt?

Enter a Servant with Thidias.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord.

Ant. Cried he? and bega'd a Pardon?

Ser. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy Father live, let him repent
Thou was't not made his daughter, and be thou forie
To follow Caesar in his Triumph, once
Thou haft bin whipt. For following him, henceforth
The white hand of a Lady Feauer thee,
Shake thou to looke on't. Get thee backe to Caesar,
Tell him thy entertainment: looke thou say
He makes me angry with him. For he leemes
Proud and diddinsfull, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time moft easie 'tis to doo't:
When my good Starres, that were my former guides
Haue empy left their Orbes, and shot their Fires
Into th' Abisme of hell. If he mislike,
My speech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchized Bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like to quit me. Vrge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, be gone.

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alacke our Terrene Moone is now Eclipst,
And it portends alone the fall of Anthony.

Cleo. I must fly his time?

Ant. To flatter Caesar, would you mingle eyes
With one that eyes his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah (Deere) if I be fo,
From my cold heart let Haueen ingender haile,
And poyson it in the fourfe, and the first stone
Drop in my necke: as it determines fo
Dissoule my life, the next Caefarian smile,
Till by degrees the memory of my wombe,
Together with my braue Egyptians all,
By the disfandering of this pelleted floorne,
Lye grauleffle, till the Flies and Gnats of Nyle
Haue buried them for prey.

Ant. I am satisfied:

Caesar lies downe in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his Fate. Our force by Land,
Hath Nobly held, our feuer'd Naaue too
Haue knit againe, and Flee, threatening most Sea-like.
Where haft thou bin my heart? Doft thou heare Lady?
If from the Field I shall returne once more
To kiffe these Lips, I will appeare in Blood
I, and my Sword, will earne our Chronicle,
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my braue Lord.

Ant. I will be trebble-linewed, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did rambome liues
Of me for lees: But now, Ie fet my teeth,
And send to danderesse all that flop me. Come,
Let's haue one other gawdy night: Call to me
All my fad Captaines, fill our Bowles once more:
Let's mocke the midnight Bell.

Cleo. It is my Birth-day,
I had thought t'haue held it poore. But since my Lord
Is Antony againe, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his Noble Captaines to my Lord.

Ant. Do fo, we'll speake to them,
And to night Ie force
The Wine pepee through their scarres.
Come on (my Queene).

There's fap in't yet. The next time I do fight
Ie make death love me: for I will contend
Even with his pelifent Sythe.

Exeunt.

Eno. Now hee'el out-flare the Lightning, to be furious
Is to be frighted out of feare, and in that moode
The Doue will pecke the Efridge; and I fee still
A diminution in our Captaines braine,
Refores his heart; when valour prays in reazon,
It eates the Sword it fights with: I will seeke
Some way to leave him.

Exeunt.

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, & Mecenas with his Army,
Caesar reading a Letter.

Caf. He calleth me Boy, and chides as he had power
To beate me out of Egypt. My Meffenger
He hath whipt with Rods, dares me to perfonal Combat.
Caesar to Antony: let the old Russian know,
I haue many other ways to dye: meane time
Laugh at his Challenge.

Mec. Caesar must thinke,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Euen to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boote of his dilraction: Neuer anger
Made good guard for it felphe.

Caf. Let our best heads know,
That to morrow, the laft of many Battailes
We meane to fight. Within our Files there are,
Of those that feru'd Mark Anthony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And Feast the Army, we haue store to doo't,
And they haue earn'd the waffe. Poore Antony.

Exeunt.

Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,
Iara, Alexas, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Demitian?

Eno. No?

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To morrow Soldier,
By Sea and Land Ie fight: or I will lye,
Or bathe my dying Honor in the blood
Shall make it lyue againe. Woo't thou fight well.

Eno. Ie strike, and cry, Take all.

Ant. Well said, come on:
Call forth my Houfhold Servants, lets to night

Enter 3 or 4 Servitors.

Be bounteous at our Meale. Give me thy hand,
Thou haft bin rightly honest, fo haft thou,
Thou, and thou, and thou: you haue feru'd me well,
And Kings have beene your fellowes.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odde tricks which forow shoots
Out of the minde.

Ant. And thou art honest too:
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapt vp together, in
An Antony: that I might do you seruice,
So good as you have done.

Ommes.

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Enter Anthony and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. Eros, mine Armour Eros.
Cleo. Sleepe a little.
Ant. No my Chucke. Eros, come mine Armor Eros.
Enter Eros.

Come good Fellow, put thine Iron on,
If Fortune be not ours to day, it is
Because we brake her. Come.

Cleo. Nay, Ile helpe too, Anthony.
What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art
The Armourner of my heart: Falfe, Falfe: This, this,
Sooth-law Ile helpe: Thus it mufit bee.
Ant. Well, well, we shall thrive now.
Seeft thou my good Fellow. Go, put on thy defences.
Eros. Briefely Sir.
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that vn buckles this, till we do pleafe
To daft for our Repofe, shall heare a Storme.
Thou fumblest Eros, and my Queens a Squire
More tight at this, then thou: Dispatch. O Loue,
That thou couldft fee my Warres to day, and knew'ft
The Royall Occupation, thou shoul'dft fee
A Workeman in't.

Enter an Armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee, welcome,
Thou look'ft like him that knowes a warlike Charge:
To bufiniffe that we loue, we rife betime,
And go too' with delight.
Soul. A thoufand Sir, early though't be, haue on their
Riueted trim, and at the Port expect you.

Enter Captaines, and Soldiers.

Alex. The Morne is faire: Good morrow Generall.
Ant. 'Tis well bwayne Lads.

This Mornig, like the fpirit of a Youth
That meanes to be of note, begins betimes.
So, fo: Come give me that, this way, well-fed.
Fare thee well Dame, what ere becomes of me,
This is a Soldiers kiffe: rebuskeable,
And worthy Shamefull checke it were, to fand
On more Mechanick Complement, Ile leave thee.
Now like a man of Steele, you that will fight,
Follow me clofe, Ile bring you too't: Adieu.

Char. Please you retyre to your Chamber?
Cleo. Lead me:
He goes forth gallantly: That he and Cezar might
Determine this great Warre in fingle fight;
Then Anthony; but now. Well on.

Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Eros. The Gods make this a happy day to Anthony.
Ant. Would thou, & thofe thy Scarvs had once preuaile
To make me fight at Land.
Eros. Had"ft thou done fo,
The Kings that have revolued, and the Soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Followed thy heels.
Ant. Who goes this morning?
Eros. Who? one euer neere thee, call for Enobarbus,
The Tragedie of

He shall not hear thee, or from Cæsar Campe,
Say I am none of thine.

_Ant._ What sayest thou?

_Sold._ Sir he is with Cæsar.

_Eres._ Sir, his Chefs and Treasure he has not with him.

_Ant._ Is he gone?

_Sold._ Moit certain.

_Ant._ Go Eres, fend his Treasure after, do it,
Detaine no lot I charge thee; write to him, 
(I will subscribe) gentle adieu's, and greetings;
Say, that I will he newer finde more caufe
To change a Mafter. Oh my Fortunes have
Corrupted honest men. Dispatch Enobarbus.

_Exit.

_Flourish._ Enter Agrippa, Cæsar, with Enobarbus, and Dollabella.

_Cæs._ Go forth Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is Anthony be tooke alioe :
Make it so knome.

_Agro._ Cæsar, I shall.

_Cæsar._ The time of winterfall peace is neere:
Proue this a propitious day, the three nook'd world
Shall bear the Olyue freely.

_Enter a Messenger.

_Mes._ Anthony is come into the Field.

_Cæs._ Go charge Agrippa,
Plant thoe that have resolted in the Vant,
That Anthony may feeme to spend his Fury
Upon himselfe.

_Enob._ Alexas did reuolt, and went to Iewry on
Affaires of Anthony, there did iffuate
Great Herod to incline himselfe to Cæsar,
And leave his Mafter Anthony. For this paines,
Cæsar hath hang'd him: Camindius and the reft
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trut: I have done lil,
Of which I do accufe my selfe to forely,
That I will joy no mote.

_Enter a Soldier of Cæsars.

_Sold._ Enobarbus, Anthony
Hath after thee fent all thy Treasure, with
His Bounty ouer-plus. The Messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now
Vloading of his Mules.

_Eno._ I glue it you.

_Sold._ Mocke not Enobarbus,
I tell you true: Belt you fa't the bringer
Out of the hoff, I must attend mine Office,
Or would have done't my selfe. Your Emperor
Continues still a love.

_Enob._ I am alone the Villaine of the earth,
And feele I am fo moft. Oh Anthony,
Thou Mine of Bounty, how would't thou haue payed
My better seruice, when my turpitude
Thou doft fo Crowne with Gold. This blowes my hart,
If twift thought breake it not: a twifter meane
Shall out strike thou, but thought will doot. I feel
I fight against thee: No I will go feeke
Some Ditch, wherein to dye: the foul'll beft fits
My latter part of life.

_Exit._

_Enobarbus._

_Alarum._ Drums and Trumpets.

_Enter Agrippa.

_Agro._ Retire, we have engag'd our felues too farre:
Cæsar himselfe's warke, and our oppreffion
Exceeds what we expected.

_Exit._

_Alarum._ Enter Anthony, and Scarrus wounded.

_Scar._ O my brave Emperors, this is fought indeed,
Had we done fo at first, we had drown'd them home
With cloath about their heads. 

_Far off._

_Ant._ Thou bleed'st space.

_Scar._ I had a wound heere that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

_Ant._ They do retyre.

_Scar._ We'll beat them into Bench-holes, I haue yet
Rooome for fix frothes more.

_Enter Eres.

_Eres._ They are beaten Sir, and our aduantage ferues
For a faire victory.

_Scar._ Let vs score their backes,
And snatch 'em vp, as we take Hares behindes,
'Tis sport to maull a Runner.

_Ant._ I will reward thee
Once for thy prightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

_Execut._

_Alarum._ Enter Anthony againe in a March.

_Scar._, with others.

_Ant._ We haue beate him to his Campe: Runne one
Before, & let the Queen know of our gueffs: to morrow
Before the Sun shall fee's, wee'll spill the blood
That ha's to day escap'd. I thanke you all,
For doughty handed are you, and haue fought
Not as you feru'd the Caufe, but as't had beene
Each mans like mine: you haue shewn all Hectors.
Enter the City, clip your Wyes, your Friends,
Tell them your feats, whilft they with joyfull tears
Wah the congealment from your woundes, and kilfe
The Honour'd-gaftes whole.

_Enter Cleopatra.

_Give me thy hand,
To this great Fairey, Ile commend thy afts,
Make her thanke's bleefe thee. Oh thou day o'th world,
Chaine mine arm'd necke, leape thou, Attyre and all
Through proofes of Harneffe to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

_Cleo._ Lord of Lords,
Oh infinite Vertue, comm'ft thou smilling from
The worlds great inare vnaught.

_Ant._ Mine Nightingale,
We haue beate them to their Beds.
What Gyre, though gray
Do somthing mingle with our yonger brown, yet ha we
A Braine that nourishes our Nerves, and can
Get gole for gole of youth. Behold this man,
Commend vnlo his Lippes thy fauouring hand,
Kiffe it my Warriour: He hath fought to day,
As if a God in hate of Mankinde, had
Destroyed in such a shape.

_Cleo._ Ile glue thee Friend
An Armour all of Gold : it was a Kings.

_Ant._ He has defer'd it, were it Carbunkled
Like holy Phæbus Carre. Glue me thy hand,
Through Alexandria make a lolly March,
Bare our hackt Targets, like the men that owe them.
Had our great Pallece the capacity
To Campe this hoff, we all would fup together,
And drinke Carowles to the next dayes Fate

Which
Enter a Centurie, and his Company, Enobarbus follows.

Cent. If we be not releau’d within this hour, We must returne to’th’Court of Guard : the night Is shyny, and they fay, we hall embatalla By’th’second houre i’th’Morne.

1. Watch. This laft day was a fhrewd one too’s. Enob. Oh beare me witneffe night.

2. What man is this ?

1 Stand cloe, and lift him.

Enob. Be witneffe to me (O thou bleffed Moone) When men rewolted shall vpon Record Beare hatefull memory : poore Enobarbus did Before thy face repent.

Cent. Enobarbus?

2 Peace : Hearke further.

Enob. Oh Soueraigne Miftris of true Melancholly, The poyfonous dampe of night difpunge vpon me, That Life, a very Rebell to my will, May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart Against the flipt and hardneffe of my fault, Which being dried with greffe, will breake to powder, And finish all foule thoughts. Oh Anthony, Nobler then my reuolt is Infamous, Forgive me in thine owne particular, But let the world ranke me in Register A Mafter leauer, and a fugitive : Oh Anthony! Oh Anthony!

1 Let’s speake to him.

Cent. Let’s hearre him, for the things he speakes May concerne Caesar.

2 Let’s do fo, but he sleepe.

Cent. Swoonds rather, for fo bad a Prayer as his Was neuer yet for sleepe.

1 Go we to him.

2 Awake fir, awake, speake to vs.

1 Hearre you fir ?

Cent. The hand of death hath raught him.

Druomes afarre off.

Hearke the Drummes demurely wake the sleepeers:
Let vs beare him to’th’Court of Guard : he is of note: Our house is fully out.

2 Come on then, he may recoouer yet.

Enter Anthony and Scarrus, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to day by Sea, We pleafe them not by Land. Scarr. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would they’d fight i’th’Fire, or i’th’Ayre, We’d fight there too. But this it is, our Foote Vpon the hilles adioying to the Citty Shall stay with vs. Order for Sea is giuen, They have put forth the Hauen:
Where their appointment we may beft diucover, And looke on their endeauoure.

Enter Caesar, and his Army.

Caes. But being charg’d, we will be fhy by Land, Which as I tak’t we shall, for his beft force Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales, And hold our beft advantage.

Alarum afarre off, as at a Sea-fight.

Enter Anthony, and Scarrus.

Ant. Yet they are not loynd: Where you’d Pine does fland, I hall dioucer all. Ile bring thee word straight, how’reis like to go.

Scarr. Swallowes haue built In Cleopatra’s Salies their nets. The Auguries Say,they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly, And dare not speake their knowledge. Anthony, Is valiant, and defeacted, and by ftarts His fretted Fortunes glue him hope and feare Of what he has, and has not.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. All is loft: This fowle Egyptian hath betrayed me:

My Fleeche hath yeelded to the Foe, and yonder They caft their Caps vp, and Carowfe together Like Friends long loft. Triple-turn’d Whore, ’tis thou Hast foold me to this Notice, and my heart Makes onely Warres on thee. Bid them all flye:
For when I am reveng’d vp my Charme, Ihaue done all. Bid them all flye, be gone. Oh Sunne, thy vertue hall I fee no more, Fortune, and Anthony part heere, even heere Do we shake hands? All come to this? The hearts That pannelled me at heelles, to whom I gaue Their wishes, do dif-Candie, melt: their sweets On blooming Cesar : And this Pine is barkt, That ouer-top them all. Betray’d I am. Oh this falle Soule of Egypt! this graue Charme, Whose eye beck’d forth my Wars, & cal’d them home: Whose Bofome was my Crownet, my chiefe end, Like a right Gypifie, hath at falt and loofe Beguill’d me, to the very heart of loffe.

What Eros, Eros?

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou Spell! Auant.

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag’d against his Loue?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy defiring, And flemish Cefar’s Triumph. Let him take thee, And hoift thee vp to the fhouting Plebeians, Follow his Chariot, like the greateft spot Of all thy Sex. Most Monfter-like be fhewne For poor’d Diminuities, for Dolts, and let Patient Oftuus, plough thy vilage vp With her prepared nailes.

’Tis well th’art gone. If it be well to live. But better t’were — Thou fell’ft into my furie, for one death Might have prevented many. Eros, hoa!
The shirt of Neffeus is vpon me, teach me Aciide, thou mine Ancestor, thy rage. Let me lodge Licas on the hornes o’th’Moone, And with those hands that grafft the hauefief Club, Subdue my worthiefle felfe: The Witch hall die, To the young Roman Boy she hath fold me, and I fall Vnder this plot: She dyes for’t. Eros hoa!

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian.

Cleo. Helpe me my women: Oh hee’s more mad Then Telamon for his Shield, the Boare of the Heffally Was neuer fo imboft.

Char. To’th'Monument, there locke your felfe, And fend him word you are dead:

The
The Tragedie of

The Soule and Body rieu not more in parting,
Then greatnesse going off.

Cleo. To'th Monument:

Mardian, go tell him I haue slaine my selfe:
Say, that the last I spake was Anthony,
And word it (prythee) piticously. Hence Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death to'th Monument.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet beholde'rt me?
Eros. I Noble Lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's Dragonish,
A vapour somewhat, like a Beare, or Lyon,
A toward Cittadell, a pendent Rocke,
A forked Mountain, or blew Promontorie
With Trees vpon't that nodde vnto the world;
And mocke our eyes with Ayre.

Thou haft seene these Signes,
They beblacke Veipers Pageants.
Eros. I my Lord.

Ant. That which is now a Horfe, euyn with a thought
The Racke dillimes, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.
Eros. It does my Lord.

Ant. My good Knaue Eros, now thy Captaine is
Euen such a body: Heere I am Anthony,
Yet cannot hold this viuible shape (my Knaue)
I made these warres for Egypt, and the Queene,
Whole heart I thought I had, for she had mine:
Which whil't it was mine, had annex't vnto't
A Million moe, (now loft:) thee Eros has
Packt Cards with Cefars, and faile plaide my Glory
Vnto an Enemies triumph.
Nay, wepe not gentle Eros, there is left vs
Our felues to end our felues.

Enter Mardian.

Oh thy vilde Lady, she has rob'd me of my Sword.
Mar. No Anthony,
My Miftris lou'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.

Ant. Hence sawy Eunuch peace, she hath betrayed me,
And shall dye the death.

Mar. Death of one person, can be paide but once,
And that he's discharg'd. What thou would'rt do
Is done vnto thy hand: the last the spake
Was Anthony, most Noble Anthony:
Then in the mild't a tearing grone did breake
The name of Anthony: it was divided
Betweene her heart, and lips: the rendred life
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?
Mar. Dead.

Ant. Vnarme Eros, the long dayes taske is done,
And we must sleepe: That thou depart'rt hence safe
Does pay thy labour richly: Go, exit Mardian.

Off, plucke off,
The leuen-fold shield of Ajax cannot keepe
The battery from my heart. Oh cleave my sides.
Heart, once be stronger then thy Continent,
Cracke thy fraile Cale. Apace Eros, apace;
No more a Soldier: bruiued pieces goe,
You have bin Nobly borne. From me awhile. exit Eros
I will o're-take the Clespatra, and
Weepe for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is Torture: since the Torch is out,
Lye downe and stray no farther. Now all labour

Marres what it does: yea, very force entangles
It fell't with strength: Seale then, and all is done.

Eros? I come my Queene. Eros? Stay for me,
Where Soules do couch on Flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our frightly Port make the Ghostes gaze:
Dido, and her Aeneas shall want Troopes,
And all the haunt be ours. Come Eros, Eros.

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?
Ant. Since Cleopatra dyed.
I haue liued in such dishonour, that the Gods
Detest my basenefe. I, that with my Sword,
Quarter'd the World, and o're greene Neptunesbacke
With Ships, made Cities; condemne my selfe, to lacke
The Courage of a Woman, leffe Noble minde
Then the which by her death, our Cesar tells
I am Conqueror of my selfe. Thou art sworne Eros,
That when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed: When I should see behind me
Th'excellent prosecution of disgrace and horror,
That on my command, thou then would'lt kill me.
Don't, the time is come: Thou strik'ft not me,
'Tis Cefar thou defeat'rt. But colour in thy Checcke.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me,
Shall I do that which all the Parthian Darts,
(Though Enemy) loft ayme, and could not.

Ant. Eros,
Would'lt thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy Mafter thus with pleasch Armes, bending downe
His corrigible necke, his face subdu'd
To penetratue flame; whil't the wheel'd seate
Of Fortune Cesar drawn before him, branded
His Bafeneffe that enflued.

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then: for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest Sword, which thou haft wore
Most viefull for thy Country.

Eros. Oh sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'ft y' not then
To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent Serviues are all
But accidents vnpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turne from me then that Noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world les.

Ant. Loe thee.
Eros. My fword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou haft drawn it.

Eros. My deere Mafter,
My Captaine, and my Emperor. Let me pay
Before I strike this bloody stroke, Farwell.

Ant. 'Tis said man, and farewell.

Eros. Farewell great Cheife. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now Eros.

Eros. Why there then:
Thus I do escape the sorrow of Antiones death.

Ant. Thrice-Nobler then my selfe,
Thou teacheft me: Oh valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou cou'dst not, my Queene and Eros
Have by their brave infruction got vpon me
A Noblenesse in Record. But I will be
A Bride-grome in my death, and run intoo't
As to a Lovers bed. Come then, and Eros,
Thy Mafter dies thy Scholler; to do thus
I learnt of thee. How, not dead? Not dead?
The Guard, how? Oh dispatch me.
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Enter a Guard.
1. Guard. What's the noise? 
Ant. I have done my worke ill Friends: Oh make an end of what I have begun, 2. The Starre is faie. 
1 And time is at his Period. 
All. Alas, and woe. 
Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead. 1 Not I. 
2 Not I. 
3 Not nor any. 

Exeunt. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly
This sword but shewne to Cæfar with this tydings, Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's Anthony? 
Decr. There Diomed there.
Dir. Luies he: wilt thou not answer man? 
Ant. Art thou there Diomed? 
Dio. Draw thy sword, and give mee, Suffing strokes for death.
Diom. Moft abolute Lord:
My Miftifir Cleopatra sent me to thee.
Ant. When did thee fend thee? 
Dio. Now my Lord.
Ant. Where is he? (scream)

Dio. Lookt in her Monument: she had a Prophecying
Of what hath come to passe: for when the saw
(Which Ier is shall be found) you did sufpeft
She had dipos'd with Cæfar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, the sent you word she was dead:
But fearing once it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaime the truth, and I am come.
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late good Diomed: call my Guard I prythee.
Dio. What hoa: the Emperour Guard,
The Guard, what hoa? Come, your Lord calles.

Enter 4. or 5. of the Guard of Anthony.
Ant. Bear me good Friends where Cleopatra bides,
'Tis the latte feruice that I shall command you. 
1 Woe, woe are we fir, you may not liue to weare
All your true Followers out.
All. Moft heauy day.
Ant. Nay good my Fellowes, do not pleaze sharp fate
To grace it with your forrowes. Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish vs, and we punish it
Seemimg to bear it lightly. Take me vp,
I haue led you oft, carry me now good Friends,
And haue my thankes for all.

Exit bearing. Anthony

Enter Cleopatra, and her Maides aloft, with
Charmian & Iras.

Cleo. Oh Charmian, I will never goe from hence.
Char. Be comforted dere Madam.
Cleo. No, I will not:
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we dispise; our fize of forrow
Proportion'd to our caufe, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomed.

How now! is he dead?
Dir. His death's vpnom, but not dead. 
Looke out o'th other fide your Monument,
His Guard haue brought him thither.

Enter Anthony, and the Guard.

Cleo. Oh Sunne,
Burne the great Sphere thou mou't in, darkling fland
The varying flore o'th world.O Anthony, Anthony, Anthony
Helpe Charmian, helpe Iras helpe: helpe Friends
Below, let's draw him bither.
Ant. Peace,
Not Cæfar Valour hath o'rethrown our Anthony,
But Antoni's hath Triumph't on it elfe. 
Cleo. So it shou'd be,
That none but Anthony should conquer Anthony,
But woe 'tis fo.
Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying; onely
I heere importune death a-while, until
Of many thousand kiffes, the poore left
I lay vp on thy lippes.
Cleo. I dare not Deere,
Deere my Lord pardon: I dare not,
Leat I be taken: not th'Imperious fhew
Of the full—Fortun'd Cæfar, euer fhall
Be brooch'd with me, if Knife, Drugges, Serpents haue
Edge, fling, or operation. I am safe:
Your Wife Oeliaus, with her modest eyes,
And fift Conclufion, fhall acquire no Honour
Demuring vpon me: but come, come Anthony,
Helpe me my women, we muft draw thee vp:
Affift good Friends.
Ant. Oh quicke, or I am gone.
Cleo. Heere's Corpore indeed:
How heauy weighs my Lord?
Our strength is all gone into heauinesse,
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,
The strong wing'd Mercury fhould fetch thee vp,
And let thee by louses fide. Yet come a little,
Wifhers were euer Foole. Oh come, come, come,
They haue Anthony aloft to Cleopatra.

And welcome, welcome. Dye when thou haft liu'd,
Quicken with kifing: had my lippes that power,
Thus would I weare them out.
All. A heauy fight.
Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying.
Give me Sone Wine, and let me speake a little.
Cleo. No, let me speake, and let me rayle so blee,
That the falfe Huwife Fortune, break her Wheele,
Prouok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word (Sweete Queene)
Of Cæfar feek ye your Honour, with your fafety. Oh.
Cleo. They do not go together.
Ant. Gentle hear me,
None about Cæfar truf, but Proculius.
Cleo. My Refolution, and my hands, I le truf,
None about Cæfar.

Ant. The miferable change now at my end, I
Lament nor forrow at: but pleaze your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former Fortunes
Wherein I liued. The greaet Prince o'th world,
The Nobleft: and do now not bafely dye,
Not Cowardly put off my Helmet to
My Countreyman. A Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my Spirit is going,
I can no more.
Cleo. Nobleft of men, woo't dye?
Haff thou no care of me, I'll abide
In this dull world, which in th'abience is
No better then a Style? Oh fee my women:
The Crowne o'th earth doth melt. My Lord?
Oh wither'd is the Garland of the Warre,
The Gods rebuke me, but it is Tydings
To wash the eyes of Kings.

Dol. And strange it is,
That Nature must compell vs to lament
Our most perlished deeds.

Mec. His taints and Honours, wag'd equal with him.

Dola. A Rarer spirit neuer
Did feere humanity; but you Gods will giue vs
Some faults to make vs men. Cefar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious Mirror's let before him,
He needs must see him felle.

Cefar. Oh, Antony,
I have followed thee to this, but we do launch
Diseases in our Bodies. I must perforce
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or looke on thine: we could not fait together,
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With teares as Soueraigne as the blood of hearts,
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,
In top of all defigne; my Mate in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,
The Arme of mine owne Body, and the Heart
Where mine thoughts did kindle; that our Starres
Unreconcillable, should divide our equalnesse to this.
Hear me good Friends,
But I will tell you at some meetter Season,
The businesse of this man lookses out of him,
We'll hear him what he sayes.

Enter an Egyptian.

Whence are you?

Egyp. A poore Egyptian yet, the Queen my mistris
Confin'd in all, she has her Monument
Of thy intents, desires, instruction,
That she preparedly may frame her selfe
To th'way shee's forc'd too.

Cefar. Bid her hauue good heart,
She loone shall know of vs, by some of ours,
How honourable, and how kindly Wee
Determine for her. For Cefar cannot leave to be vengent
Egypt. So the Gods preferue thee.

Exit.

Cef. Come hither Ptolemeus. Go and fay
We purpose her no blame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Left in her greatnesse, by some mortall stroke
She do defeate vs. For her life in Rome,
Would be eternall in our Triumph: Go,
And with your speedieth bring vs what she sayes,
And how you finde of her.

Pro. Cefar I shall.

Exit Ptolemeus.

Cef. Gallius, go you along: where's Dolabella, to sec
cond Ptolemeus?

All. Dolabella.

Cef. Let him alone: for I remember now
How bee's imploied: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawne into this Warre,
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my Writings. Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Ira, and Mardian.

Cleo. My defolations does begin to make
A better life: 'tis paltry to be Cefar:
Not being Fortune, hee's but Fortunes knauze,
A minifter of her will: and it is great

To
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which slackles accedents, and bolts vp change;
Which sleepe, and neuer pallates more the dung,
The beggers Nurfe, and Cefars,
    Enter Proculeus,
Pro. Cefar fends greeting to the Queene of Egypt,
And bids thee study on what faire demands
Thou mean't to haue him grant thee.
Cleo. What's thy name ?
Pro. My name is Proculeus .
Cleo. Anthony
Did tell me of you, bad me trueth you, but
I do not greestly care to be decei'd
That haue no vfe for trueth. If your Master
Would have a Queene his begger, you must tell him,
That Malefey to kepe decorum, muft;
No leffe begge then a Kingdom : If he pleafe
To gue me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne,
He gives me so much of mine owne, as I
Will kneele to him with thanks.
Pro. Be of good cheere :
Y'are faine into a Princely hand, feare nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is fo full of Grace, that it flows ouer
On all that neede. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependacie, and youall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnefe,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.
Cleo. Pray you tell him,
I am his Forunes Vaffall, and I fend him
The Greatnefe he has got. I hourly learne
A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him i'th Face.
Pro. This Ile report ( deere Lady )
Haue comfort, for I know your plight is pitt'd
Of him that caus'd it .
Pro. You fee how easily she may be surpriz'd : Guard her till Cefar come.
Iras. Royall Queene.
Char. Oh Cleopatra, thou art taken Queene.
Cleo. Quicke, quicke, good hands.
Pro. Hold worthy Lady, hold ;
Doe not your felfe fuch wrong, who are in this
Releu'd, but not betrayed.
Cleo. What of death too that rids our dogs of languifh
Pro. Cleopatra, do not abufe my Maffers bounty, by
Th'vndoing of your felfe : Let the World fee
His Noblenefe well act't, which your death
Will neuer let come forth.
Cleo. Where art thou Death ?
Come hither come ; Come, come, and take a Queene
Worth many Babes and Beggers.
Pro. Oh temperance Lady.
Cleo. Sir, I will eate no meste, Ile not drinke fir,
If idle talke will once bee necessary
Ile not sleepe neither. This mortall houfe Ile ruine,
Do Cefar what he can. Know fir, that I
Will not waite pinnion'd at your Maffers Court,
Nor once be chaftic'd with the fober eye
Of dull Otho. Shall they hoyft me vp,
And fhw me to the flouthing Varlotarie
Of cenfuring Rome ? Rather a ditch in Egypt.
Be gentle graue vnto me, rather on Nulyus muddle
Lay me flanke-nak'd, and let the water-Flies
Blow me into abhorring ; rather make
My Countries high pyramids my Gibbet,
And hang me vp in Chaine.
Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further then you shall
Finde caufe in Cefar . Enter Dolabella.
Dol. Proculeus,
What thou haft done, thy Mafter Cefar knowes,
And he hath fent for thee : for the Queene,
Ie take her to my Guard.
Pro. So Dolabella,
It shall content me beft : Be gentle to her,
To Cefar I will fpake, what you shall pleafe,
If you'll impoy me to him . Exit Proculeus
Cleo. Say, I would dy.
Dol. Moft Noble Emprefs, you haue heard of me.
Cleo. I cannot tell.
Dol. Affuredly you know me.
Cleo. No matter fir, what I haue heard or knowne:
You laugh when Boyes or Women tell their Dreams,
Is't not your tricke ?
Dol. I underland not, Madam.
Cleo. I dreampt there was an Emperor Anthony.
Oh fuch another sleepe, that I might fee
But fuch another man.
Dol. If it might pleafe ye.
Cleo. His face was as the Heau'ns, and therein flucke
A Sunne and Moone, which kept their courfe, & lighted
The little o'th earth .
Dol. Moft Soueraigne Creature.
Cleo. His legs bras the Ocean, his rear'd arme
Crefted the world : His voyce was propertied
As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends:
But when he meant to quail, and shake the Orbe,
He was as ratling Thunder. For his Bounty,
There was no winter in't . An Anthony it was,
That grew the more by reaping : His delights
Were Dolphin-like, they fhw'd his backe aboue
The Element thy luid in : In his Liuer
Walk'd Crownes and Crownets: Realms & Islands were
As plates droppt from his pocket .
Dol. Cleopatra.
Cleo. Thinke you there was, or might be fuch a man
As this I dreampt of ?
Dol. Gentle Madam, no.
Cleo. You Lye vp to the hearing of the Gods :
But if there be, nor euer were one fuch
It's paft the fize of dreaming : Nature wants futte
To vie strange formes with fance, yet t'imagine
An Anthony were Natures peece, 'gainst Fance,
Condemning shadowes quite.
Dol. Hear me, good Madam :
Your loffe is as your felfe, great ; and you bear it
As anfwering to the weight, would I might never
Ore-take purfu'de faccele : But I do feele
By the reound of yours, a greefe that fuites
My very heart at roote .
Cleo. I thanke you fir :
Know you what Cefar means to do with me ?
Dol. I am loath to tell you what, I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay pray you fir.
Dol. Though he be Honourable.
Cleo. He'll leade me then in Triumph.
Dol. Madam he will, I know't.
Fleuris, Enter Proculeus, Cefar, Gallus, Mecnas,
and others of his Trains.
All. Make way there Cefar.
The Tragedie of

Ces. Which is the Queen of Egypt.
Dol. It is the Emperor Madam.

Ces. fly, you shall not kneele:
I pray you rife, rife Egypt.
Cle. Sir, the Gods will haue it thus,
My Master and my Lord I must obey,
Ces. Take to you no hard thoughts,
The Record of what injuries you did vs,
Though written in our field, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cle. Sole Sir oth'World,
I cannot proleft mine owne caufe so well
To make it cleare, but do confesse I haue
Bene laden with like frailties, which before
Haue often sham'd our Sex.

Ces. Cleopatra know,
We will extenuate rather then informe:
If you apply your selfe to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall finde
A benefit in this change: but if you feek
To lay on me a Crueltie, by taking
Antonies courfe, you shall bereave your selfe
Of my good purpouses, and put your children
To that deftruction which Ie guard them from,
If thereon you reliev. Ie take my leave.
Cle. And may through all the world: tis yours, & we
your Scutcheons, and your signes of Conquest shall
Hang in what place you please. Here my good Lord.
Ces. You shal aduise me in all for Cleopatra.
Cle. This is the brefs:e of Money, Plate, & Jewels
I am pooffet of, 'tis exatly valeduc,
Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus?
Sele. Heree Madam.
Cle. This is my Treasurer, let him speake (my Lord)
Vpon his perill, that I haue referu'd
To my selfe nothing. Speake the truth Seleucus.
Sele. Madam, I had rather speake my lippes,
Then to my perill speake that which is not.
Cle. What haue I kept backe.
Sele. Enough to purchase what you have made known
Ces. Nay blusht not Cleopatra, I approue
Your Wifedome in the deede.

Cle. See Ces: Oh behold,
How pome is followed: Mine will now be yours,
And should we shift eftates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus, does
Even make me wilde. Oh Slate, of no more truft
Then love that's hyr'd? What goeoff thou backe, 'tis but
Go backe I warrant thee: but lye catch thine eyes
Though they had wings. Slate, Soule-fife, Villain, Dog,
O rarey base!

Ces. Good Queene, let vs intreat you.

Cle. O Ces: what a woundyng shame is this,
That thou vouchsafing heere to visit me,
Doing the Honour of thy Lordlinesse
To one so meeke, that mine owne Seruant should
Parcell the summe of my difgraces, by
Addition of his Enuy. Say (good Ces)
That I some Lady triues have referu'd,
Immoment toyes, things of such Dignitie
As we geere moderne Friends withall, and say
Some Noble token I have kept apart
For Luiska and Ofelia, to induce
Their mediation, must I be vnfolded
With one that I haue bred: The Gods! it fmites me
Beneath the fall I haue. Prythee go hence,

Or I shall shew the Cynder of my spirits
Through th'ashes of my chance: Wer't thou a man,
Thou would't haue mercy on me.

Ces. Forbeare Seleucus.
Cle. Be it known, that we the greatest are mil-thought
For things that others do: and when we fall,
We answer others merits, in our name
Are therefore to be pitied.

Ces. Cleopatra.
Not what you have referu'd, nor what acknowledg'd
Put we 'troll of Conquest: till bee't yours,
Beflow it at your pleafure, and beleue
Ces. no Merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that Merchants fold. Therefore be cheerd,'d,
Make not your thoughts your prisons: No deere Queen,
For we intend fo to difpose you, as
Your felfe shall glue vs counfell: Feede, and sleepe:
Our care and pitty is fo much vpon you,
That we remaine your Friend, and fo adieu.

Cle. My Master, and my Lord.

Cle. Exeunt Ces. and his Traine.

Cle. He words our Gyrles, he words me,
That I should not be Noble to my felse.
But hearde thee Charmian.
Iras. Finifh good Lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the darke.

Cle. Hye thee againe,
I haue spoke already, and it is prouided,
Go put it to the hafe.

Cle. Madam, I will,

Enter Dolabella.
Dol. Where's the Queene?
Cle. Behold fir.

Dol. Dolabella.

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn, by your command
(Which my love makes Religion to obey)
I tell you this: Ces: through Syria
Intends his iourney, and within three days,
You with your Children will he send before,
Make your beft vfe of this. I haue perform'd
Your pleafure, and my promise.

Dol. Dolabella, I shall remaine your debtor.

Dol. I your Seruant:
Adieu good Queene, I must attend on Ces.

Cle. Farewell, and thankes.

Now Iras, what think it thou?
Thou, an Egyptian Puppet shall be shewne
In Rome aswell as I: Mechanicke Slate
With greaze Aprons, Rules, and Hammers shall
Vplift vs to the view. In their thicke breathes,
Ranke of groffe dyet, shall we be encloewed,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The Gods forbid.

Cle. Nay, 'tis most certaine Iras: fawcie Lictors
Will catch at vs like Strumpets, and fcall Rimer
Ballads vs out a Tune. The quickie Comedians
Extemporally will ffrage vs, and perfent
Our Alexandrian Revels: Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall fee
Some fiqueaking Cleopatra Boy my greatneffe
I'th'poore of a Whore.

Iras. O the good Gods!

Cle. Nay that's certaine.

Iras. He never see's? for I am sure mine Nailes
Are stronger then mine eyes.

Cle.
Anthony and Cleopatra.

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Cleo. Why that's the way to foole their preparation,
And to conquer their most absurd intents. Enter Charmian.

Now Charmian. Shew me my Women like a Queene: Go fetch
My beft Attyres. I am againe for Citrus,
To meete Mark Antony. Sirra Iras, go
(Now Noble Charmian, wee'll dispatch indeede,) And when thou haft done this, car, Ile giue thee leave
To play till Doomefly: bring our Crowne, and all.
A noise within.

Wherefore's this noise? Enter a Guardsman.

Gardf. Heere is a rurall Fellow,
That will not be deny'd your Highness presence,
He brings you Figgex.

Cleo. Let him come in. Exit Guardsman.

What poore an Instrument
May do a Noble deeds: he brings me liberty:
My Resolution plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foote
I am Marble confiant: now the fleeting Moone
No Planet is of mine.

Enter Guardsman, and Clowne.

Guardf. This is the man.


Haft thou the pretty worme of Nylus there,
That kills and paines not?

Clew. Truly I haue him: but I would not be the partie
that should defire you to touch him, for his bying is
immortal: those that doe dye of it, doe fomde or neuer recouer.

Cleo. Rememberst thou any that have dyed on't?

Clew. Very many, men and women too. I heard of
one of them no longer then yesterday, a very honest woman,
but something gien to dye, as a woman should not do,
but in the way of honesty, how they dyed of the bying
of it, what paine she felt: Truly, she makes a very
good report o'th worme: but he that wil beleue all that
they say, shall never be faueed by halfe that they do: but
this is most fallable, the Worme's an odde Worme.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clew. I wiue you all joye of the Worme.

Cleo. Farewell.

Clew. You must thinke this (looke you), that the
Worme will do his kinde.

Cleo. I, I, farewell.

Clew. Looke you, the Worme is not to bee trusted,
but in the keeping of wise people: for indeede, there is
no goodneffe in the Worme.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it shall be heeded.

Clew. Very good: giue it nothing I pray you, for it
is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eate me?

Clew. You must not thinke I am fo simple, but I know
the diuell himselfe will not eate a woman: I know, that
a woman is a dish for the Gods, if the diuell dresse her
not. But truly, these fame whorfon diuets doe the Gods
great harme in their women: for in every tenne that they
make, the diuets marre fiue.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Clew. Yes fortho: I wish you joye o'th worme. Exit

Cleo. Glieue me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue
Immortall longings in me. Now no more
The joyce of Egyptes Grape shall moylt this lip.
Yare, yare, good Iras; quicke: Me thinkeis I heare

Anthony call: I see him rowse himselfe
To praine my Noble Act. I heare him mock
The lucke of Cefar, which the Gods giue men
To execue their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name, my Courage proue my Title.
I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements
I giue to bafer life. So, haue you done?
Come then, and take the laft warmth of my Lippes.
Farewell kinde Charmian, Iras, long farewell.
Haue I the Afphone in my lippes? Doft fall?
If thou, and Naturre can fo gently part,
The stroke of death is as a Louers pinch,
Which hurs, and is defir'd. Doft thou lye still?
If thou vanihieth, thou tell'st it the world,
It is not worth leaue-taking.

Char. Diiflourth thickly cload, & Raine, that I may Fix
The Gods themselfes do weep.

Cleo. This proues me bafe:
If she first meete the Curled Anthony,
He'el make demand of her, and spend that kiffe
Which is my heaven to haue. Come thou mortal wretch,
With thy sharpe teeth this knot intrinicate,
Of life at once vnlye: Poore venomous Foole,
Be angry, and dispatch. Oh could'lt thou speake,
That I might heare thee call great Cesar Asse, vnpoliced.

Char. Oh Easterner Starre.

Cleo. Peace, peace:
Doft thou not fee my Baby at my breat,
That fictures the Nurse aleepe.

Char. O breake! O breake!

Cleo. As sweet as Balme, as soft as Ayre, as gentle.
O Anthony! Nay I will take thee too.

What should I fay——-

Dyes.

Char. In this wilde World! So fare thee well:
Now boaste thee Death, in thy poiffeion lies
A Laifie vnamparlell'd. Downie Windowes cloze,
And golden Phoebus, neuer be beheld
Of eyes againe fo Royall: your Crownes away,
Ile mend it, and then play—— Enter the Guard ruffling in, and Dolabella.

1 Guard. Where's the Queene?

Char. Speake softly, wake her not.

1 Cefar hath fent

Char. Too fow a Meiffenger.

Oh come at pace, dispatch, I partly feele thee.

1 Approach hoo,

All's not well: Cesar's beguiled.
2 There's Dolabella fent from Cesar: call him.

1 What worke is heere Charmian?

Is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princeffe
Defended of fo many Royall Kings.
Ah Soul'dier. Charmian dies.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it heere?

2 Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cefar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this: Thy felue art comming
To fee perform'd the dreaded Act which thou
So fowght't to hinder.

Enter Cefar and all his Traine, marching.

All. A way there, a way for Cefar.

3 Z.
The Tragedie of Anthony and Cleopatra.

Dol. Oh sir, you are too sure an Augurer:
That you did feare, is done.
Cæsar. Braueft at the laft,
She loued at our purpofes, and being Royall
Tooke her owne way: the manner of their deaths,
I do not fee them bleede.
Dol. Who was laft with them?
1. Guard. A simple Countryman, that brought hir Figs:
This was his Basket.
Cæsar. Poyfon'd then.
1. Guard. Oh Cæfar:
This Charman liu'd but now, the flood and spake:
I found her trimming vp the Diadem;
On her dead Miftris tremblingly the flood,
And on the sodeaine dropt.
Cæsar. Oh Noble weakennesse:
If they had swallow'd poyfon, 'twould appeare
By externall swelling: but she lookest like sleepe,
As she would catch another Anthony
In her strong toyle of Grace.

Dol. Heere on her breft,
There is a vent of Bloud, and something blowne,
The like is on her Arme.
1. Guard. This is an Afpickes traile,
And theye Figge-leaues haue flime vpon them, fuch
As th'Afpicke leaues vpon the Caues of Nyle.
Cæsar. Moft probable
That fo she dyed: for her Physitian tels mee
She hath purfu'de Conclufions infinite
Of eafe ways to dye. Take vp her bed,
And beare her Women from the Monument,
She shall be buried by her Anthony.
No Graue vpon the earth shall clip in it
A payre fo famous: high euentes as thefe
Strike thofe that make them: and their Story is
No leffe in pity, then his Glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army shall
In solemnne shew, attend this Funerall,
And then to Rome. Come Dolabelia, fee
High Order, in this great Sollemnity. Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.
Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gent.

Ou do not meet a man but Frownes.
Our bloods no more obey the Heauens
Then our Courtesys:
Still seeme, as do's the Kings.
2. Gent. But what's the matter?
1. His daughter, and the heire of kinckdome (whom
He purpos'd to his wifes sole Sonne, a Widdow
That late he married) hath referr'd her sselfe
Vnto a poore, but worthy Gentleman: She's wedded,
Her Husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all
Is outward sorrow, though I thinke the King
Be touch'd at very heart.
2. None but the King?
1. He that hath loft her too: so is the Queene,
That most defir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the Kings lookes, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowle at.
2. And why so?
1. He that hath mis'd the Princeffe, is a thing
Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I meane, that married her, alacke good man,
And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, fuch,
As to feeke through the Regions of the Earth
For one, his like; there would be something failing
In him, that should compare. I do not thinke,
So faire an Outward, and fuch flufhe Within
Endowes a man, but hee.
2. You speake him faire.
1. I do extend him (Sir) within himselfe,
Crush him together, rather then vnfold
His meare deify.
2. What's his name, and Birth?
1. I cannot delue him to the roote: His Father
Was call'd Sicillius, who did loyne his Honor
Against the Romanes, with Caffidulan,
But had his Titles by Tenamitt, whom
He ferve'd with Glory, and admir'd Succeffe:
So gain'd the Sur-addition, Leonatus.
And had (besides this Gentleman in question)
Two other Sonnes, who in the Warses o'th' time
Dy'de with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father
Then old, and fond of yffe, tooke fuch forrow
That he quit Being: and his gentle Lady

Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) deceaft
As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe
To his proteCtion, cal's him Posthumus Leonatus,
Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the reciever of, which he tooke
As we do aye, fast as 'twas miniftred,
And in's Spring, became a Haruest: Liu'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lou'd,
A fample to the youngete: to th'more Mature,
A glaffe that feated them: and to the grauer,
A Childe that guided Dotards. To his Misfiris,
(For whom he now is banish'd) her owne price
Proclaims how the efteeem'd him; and his Vertue
By her electio may be truly read, what kind of man he is.
2. I honor him, euen out of your report.
But pray you tell me, is the sole childe to'th'King?
1. His onely childe:
He had two Sonnes (if this be worth your hearing,
Marke it) the eldest of them, at three yeares old
I'th'weathering clothes, the other from their Nurfery
Were rolne, and to this howre, no gheffe in knowledge
Which way they went.
2. How long is this ago?
1. Some twenty yeares.
2. That a Kings Children should be fo conuey'd,
So flackely guarded, and the fearch fo slow
That could not trace them.
1. Howfoere, 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at:
Yet is it true Sir.
2. I do well belewe you.
1. We must forbear. Heere comes the Gentleman,
The Queene, and Princeffe.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Queene, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Qg. No, be affur'd you shall not finde me(Daughter)
After the flander of moft Step-Mothers,
Euill-ey'd vnto you. You're my Prifoner, but
Your Gaoler shall deliever you the keyes
That locke vp your restraint. For you Poephilus,  
So soone as I can win th'oFFended King,  
I will be knowne your Advocate; marry yet  
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good  
You lea.vn to his Sentence, with what patience  
Your wisfome may informe you.  
Poef. *Please your Highneffe,  
I will from hence to day.  
Qu. You know the perill:  
Ile fetch a turne about the Garden, pittyng  
The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King  
Hath charg'd you shoul'd not speake together.  
Imo. O difsembling Curtefe! How fine this Tyrant  
Can tickle where she wounds? My deereft Husband,  
I somethings fear my Fathers wrath, but nothing  
(Alwayes refer'd my holy duty) what  
His rage can do on me. You muft be gone,  
And I shall heere abide the houresly fhot  
Of angry eyes: not comforted to liue,  
But that there is this Iewell in the world,  
That I may fee again.  
Poef. My Queene, my Miftris:  
O Lady, weep no more, leaft I glue caufe  
To be suspected of more tendernesse  
Then doth become a man. I will remainge  
The loyall't husband, that did ere plight troth.  
My residence in Rome, at one Florio's,  
Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me  
Knowne but by Letter; thither write (my Queene)  
And with mine eyes, Ile drinke the words you fende,  
Though Inke be made of Gall.  
Enter Queene.  
Qu. Be briefe, I pray you:  
If the King come, I shall incurre, I know not  
How much of his displeasure: yet Ile moue him  
To walke this way: I neuer do him wrong,  
But he do's buy my Inuries, to be Friends:  
Payes deere for my offences.  
Poef. Should we be taking leave  
As long a terme as yet we haue to liue,  
The loathneffe to depart, would grow: Adieu.  
Imo. Nay, stay a little:  
Were you but riding forth to ayre your felse,  
Such parting were too petty. Looke heere (Loue)  
This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (Heart)  
But keepe it till you woo another Wife,  
When Imogen is dead.  
Poef. How, how? Another?  
You gentle Gods, give me but this I haue,  
And fare vp my embracements from a next,  
With bonds of death. Remainge, remainge thou heere,  
While fenfe can keepe it on: And sweeteft, faireft,  
As I (my poore felse) did exchange for you  
To your fo infinite lofie; fo in our trifles  
I still winne of you. For my fake weare this,  
It is a Manacle of Loue, Ile place it  
Upon this fayret Prifoner.  
Imo. O the Gods!  
When shall we fee again?  
Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.  
Poef. Alacke, the King.  
Cym. Thou bafeft thing, auoyd hence, from my fight:  
If after this command thou fraught the Court  
With thy vwhortheffe, thou dyelf. Away,  
Thou'rt poifon to my blood.  
Poef. The Gods protect you,  
And bleffe the good Remainders of the Court:  
I am gone.  
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death  
More harpe then this is.  
Cym. O diffoylall thing,  
That should'ft repayre my youth, thou heap'ft  
A yeares age on mee.  
Imo. I bafeech you Sir,  
Harme not your felse with your vexion,  
I am feneffeffe of your Wrath; a Touch more rare  
Subdles all pangs, all feares.  
Cym. Paff Grace? O obedience?  
Imo. Paff hope, and in difpaire, that way paff Grace.  
Cym. That migh't haue had  
The fole Sonne of my Queene.  
Imo. O bleffed, that I might not: I chose an Eagle,  
And did auoyd a Futtocke.  
Cym. Thou took'ft a Begger, would'ft haue made my  
Throne, a Seat for benefce.  
Imo. No, I rather added a Juftrife to it.  
Cym. O thou vilde one!  
Imo. Sir,  
It is your fault that I haue lou'd Poephilus:  
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is  
A man, worth any woman: Ouer-buyes mee  
Almost the fumme he payes.  
Cym. What? art thou mad?  
Imo. Almoft Sir: Heauen refotre me: would I were  
A Neat-heards Daughter, and my Leonatus  
Our Neighbour-Shepheards Sonne.  
Enter Queene.  
Cym. Thou foolifh thing;  
They were againe together: you haue done  
Not after our command. Away with her,  
And pen her vp.  
Qu. Befeech your patience: Peace  
Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soueraigne,  
Leave vs to our felues, and make your felfe some comfort  
Out of your beft aduice.  
Cym. Nay, let her languifh  
A drop of blood a day, and being aged  
Dye of this Folly.  
Enter Pidanio.  
Qu. Fye, you muft gleue way:  
Heere is your Servant. How now Sir? What newes?  
Pifa. My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Malter.  
Qu. Hah?  
No harme I truft is done?  
Pifa. There might haue beene,  
But that my Mafter rather plaide, then fought,  
And had no helpe of Anger: they were parted  
By Gentlemen, at hand.  
Qu. I am very glad on't.  
Imo. Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part  
To draw upon an Exile. O braue Sir,  
I would they were in Affrick both together,  
My felse by with a Needle, that I might pricke  
The goer backe. Why came you from your Mafter?  
Pifa. On his command: he would not fiffer mee  
To bring him to the Haueun: left thef Notes  
Of what commands I shou'd be fubjeft too,  
When pleas'd you to employ me.  
Qu. This hath beene  
Your faithfull Servant: I dare lay mine Honour  
He will remainge so.  
Pifa. I humbly thanke your Highneffe.  
Qu.
Scena Tertia.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

1. Sir, I would advise you to shift a Shirt; the Violence of Adtion hath made you reek as a Sacrifice; where ayre comes out, ayre comes in: There's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it.

Haue I hurt him?

2 No faith: not so much as his patience.

1 Hurt him? His bodie's a passable Carcasse if he bee not hurt. It is a through-fare for Steele if it be not hurt.

2 His Steele was in debt, it went o'th'Backe-side the Towne.

Clot. The Villaine would not stand me.

2 No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.

1 Stand you? you haue Land enough of your owne: But he added to your hauing, gau that some ground.

2 As many Inches, as you have Oceans (Puppies.)

Clot. I would they had not come betwixt us.

2 So would I, till you had measur'd how long a Foole you were upon the ground.

And that shee should loue this Fellow, and refuze mee. 

2 If it be a fin to make a true election,she is damn'd.

1 Sir, as I told you always: her Beauty & her Braine go not together. She's a good signe, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 She thines not upon Foolies, least the reflection Should hurt her.

Clot. Come, Ile to my Chamber: would there had beene some hurt done.

2 I wth not fo, vnaile it had bin the fall of an Affe, which is no great hurt.

Clot. You'll go with vs?

1 Ile attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

2 Well my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Imogen, and Pifanius.

Imo. I would thou grow'st unto the shores o'th'Hauen, And questioned'st every Saile: if he should write, And I not heue it, 'twere a Paper lost

As offer'd mercy is: What was the laft

That he spake to thee?

Pif. It was his Queen, his Queen.

Imo. Then wou'd his Handkerchief?

Pif. And kift it, Madam.

Imo. Senfeleffe Linmen, happier therein then I:
And that was all?

Pif. No Madam: for so long

As he could make me with his eye, or eare,

Diftinguished from others, he did keepe

The Decke, with Gloun, or Hat, or Handkerchief,

Still waving, as the fits and flirres of a mind

Could best express how low his Soule say'd on,

How swift his Ship.

Imo. Thou shoul'dt haue made him,

As little as a Crow, or leffe, ere left

To after-eye him.

Pif. Madam, fo I did.

Imo. I would haue broke mine eye-string's;

Crack'd them, but to looke upon, till the diminution Of space, had pointed him sharpe as my Needle:

Nay, followed him, till he had melted from

The flameclate of a Gnat, to aye, and then

Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good Pifanius,

When shall we hear from him.

Pif. Be affer'd Madam,

With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leaue of him, but had

Most pretty things to say: Ere I could tell him

How I would thinkke on him at certaine houres,

Such thoughts, and fuch: Or I could make him sweare,

The Shees of Italy shou'd not betray

MINE Intereft, and his Honour: or haue charg'd him

At the first houre of Morn, at Noon, at Midnight,

T'encounter me with Orifons, for then

I am in Heauen for him: Or ere I could,

Gie him that parting kiffe, which I had fet

Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,

And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,

Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

La. The Queene (Madam)

Defires your Highnesse Company.

Imo. Tho'f things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,

I will attend the Queene.

Pif. Madam, I thall.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Philario, Iacobino: a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iacob. Beleeue it Sir, I haue seene him in Britaine: he was then of a Creffent note, expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath beene allowed the name of. But I could then have look'd on him, without the help of Admiration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had bin tabled by his fide, and I to peruse him by Items.

Phil. You spake of him when he was leffe furnish'd, then now hee is, with that which makes him both without, and within.

French. I haue seene him in France: wee had very many there, could behold the Sunne, with as firme eyes as hee.

Iacob. This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her valew, then his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deale from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iacob. I, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable diuorce vnder her colours, are wonderfully to
to extend him, be it but to fortify her judgement, which else an eafe battery might lay flat, for taking a Beggar without lefe quality. But how comes it, he is to fiooerne with you? How creepes acquaintance?

Phil. His Father and I were Souldiers together, to whom I haue bin often bound for no lefe then my life.

Enter Pofthumus.

Here comes the Britaine. Let him be fo entertained a-mongst you, as fuites with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a Stranger of his quality. I befeech you all be better knowne to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a Noble Friend of mine. How Worthy he is, I will leave to appeare hereafter, rather then story him in his owne hearing.

French. Sir, we haue knowne together in Orleans.

Poet. Since when, I haue bin debtor to you for courteys, which I will be euer to pay, and yet pay ftil.

French. Sir, you o're-rate my poore kindniffe, I was glad I did attone my Countryman and you; it had binne pitty you shoule haue beeene put together, with fo mortall a purpofe, as then each bore, vpon importance of fo flight and triall a nature.

Poet. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young Traveller, rather than'd to go euuen with what I heare, then in my evry action to be guided by others experiences: but vpon my mended judgement (if I offend to fay it is mended) my Quarrell was not altogether flight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbitrement of Swords, and by fuch two, that would by all likelhood have confounded one the other, or haue falne both.

Iacl. Can we with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I thinke, 'twas a contention in publicke, which may (without contradiction) fuffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out laft night, where each of vs fell in praiife of our Country-Miftrefles. This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and vpon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more Faire, Vertuous, Wife, Chaffe, Conflant, Qualified, and leffe attemptible then any, the rareft of our Ladies in France.

Iacl. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentleman opinion by this, wore out.

Poet. She holds her Vertue full, and I my mind.

Iacl. You muft not fo farre preferre her, 'fore ours of Italy.

Poet. Being fo farre prouek'd as I was in France: I would abate her nothing, though I profefse my felfe her Adorer, not her Friend.

Iacl. As faire, and as good: a kind of hand in hand comparifion, had beene too much too fare, and too good for any Lady in Britaine: if she went before others. I haue feene as that Diamond of yours out-lufers many I haue beheld, I could not beleeve she excelled many: but I have not feene the moft precious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Poet. I praise'd her, as I ratned her: fo do I my Stone.

Iacl. What do you esteeme it at?

Poet. More then the world enoyes.

Iacl. Either your vnpaeton'd Miftirs is dead, or she's out-price'd by a trine.

Poet. You are mistaken: the one may be folde or given, or if there were wealth enough for the purchaftes, or merite for the guilt. The other is not a thing for fate, and onely the guilt of the Gods.

Iacl. Which the Gods have gien you?

Poet. Which by their Graces I will keepe.

Iacl. You may weare her in title yours; but you know strange Fowle light upon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be folne too, so your brace of vnpriezeable Eftimations, the one is but fraille, and the other Cafeuil. A cunning Thiefs, or a (that way) accomplifh'd Courtieur, would hazard the winning both of firft and laft.

Poet. Your Italy contains none fo accomplifh'd a Courtieur to confine the Honour of my Miftir: if in the holding or loffe of that, you terme her fraille, I do noth-thing doubt you have fure of Those, notwithstanding I feare are not my Ring.

Phil. Let vs leave here, Gentlemen?

Poet. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior I thanke him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar at firft.

Iacl. With five times fo much concurration, I fould get ground of your faire Miftir; make her go backe, even to the yeilding, had I admittance, and opportunitie to friend.

Poet. No, no.

Iacl. I dare thereupon pawne the moyst of my E-fate, to your Ring, which in my opinion o're-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your Confidence, then her Reputation. And to barre your offence herein to, I durft attempt it againft any Lady in the world.

Poet. You are a great deale abus'd in too bold a perfwation, and I doubt not you fuitaine what y'are worthy of, by your Attempt.

Iacl. What's that?

Poet. A Repulfe though your Attempt (as you call it) deferve morea punishment too.

Pbi. Gentlemen enough of this, it came in too fodainely, let it dye as it was borne, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iacl. Would I had put my E-fate, and my Neighbours on that approbation of what I have spoke,

Poet. What Lady would you chufe to affaiye?

Iacl. Yours, whom in confiantie you think flandes fo fafe. I will lay you ten thousands Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage then the opportunity of a fecond conference, and I will bring from thence, that Honor of her, which you imagine fo referu'd.

Poet. I will wage against your Gold, Gold to i t: My Ring I holde deere as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iacl. You are a Friend, and there in the wifer: if you buy Ladies fiche at a Million a Dram, you cannot prefure it from tainting; but I fee you have some Religion in you, that you feare.

Poet. This is but a custome in your tongue: you beare a grauer purpoze I hope.

Iacl. I am the Mafter of my speachs, and would under-go what's spoken, I fwear.

Poet. Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond till your returne: let there be Covenants drawne between's. My Miftir exceeds in goodneffe, the huggage of your vnworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: heere's my Ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iacl. By the Gods it is one: if I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the deereft bodily part of your Miftir: my ten thousand Duckets are your's; so
fo is your Diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have truft in; Shee your Iewell, this your Iewell, and my Gold are yours: prouided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Pofl. I embrace thee Conditions, let vs have Articles betwixt vs: one by one I fare you shall anfwere, if you make your voyage vpon her, and give me directly to underftand, you have preuauly'd, I am no further your Enemy, thee is not worth our debate. If thee remaine vnder-duc'd, you not making it appeare otherwise: for your ill opinion, and th'effault you have made to her charitie, you shall anfwere me with your Sword.

Iacb. Thy hand, a Covenant: wee will have these things set done by lawfull Counfell, and straight away for Britaine, leaff the Bargaine fhould catch colde, and ferue: I will fetch my Gold, and have our two Wagers recorded.


Exeunt

**Scena Sexta.**

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Qu. Whilest yet the dew's on ground, Gather tho' Flowers, Make haife, Who ha's the note of them? Lady. I Madam. Queen. Dispatch. Exit Ladies.

Now Madam Doctor, haue you brought thofe drugges? Cor. Pleafe thy Highnes, I here they are, Madam: But I beftech your Grace, without offence (My Conſcience bids me:ke) wherefore you haue Commanded of me thofe most poſtious Compaunds, Which are the mouoers of a languishing death: But though flow, deadly.

Qu. I wonder, Doctor, Thou ask'd me such a Queſtion: Haue I not bene Thy Pupill long? Haft thou not learn'd me how To make Perfumes? Diftill? Preferve? Yea fo, That our great King himſelfe doth woo me off For my Confequences? Hauning thus farre proceeded, (Vnleffe thou thinke it me diuelfh) is not meete That I did amplifie my judgment in Other Conclusions? I will try the forces Of thofe thy Compounds, on fuch Creatures as We count not worth the hanging (but none humane) To try the vigour of them, and apply Allayments to their Ac, and by them gather Their feueral vertues, and effects. Cor. Your Highneffe Shall from this praféife, but make hard your heart: Beſides, the feeing thofe effects will be Both noſome, and infe]cuous.

Qu. O content thee.

Enter Pifanios.

Here comes a flattering Rafeil, vpon him Will I first worke: He's for his Mafter, And enemy to my Sonne. How now Pifanios? Doctor, your service for this time is ended, Take your owne way.

Cor. I do fufpect you, Madam, But you shall do no harne. Qu. Hearke thee, a word. Cor. I do not like her. She doth thinke she ha's Strange ling'ring poftions: I do know her spirit, And will not truft one of her malice, with A drudge of fuch damn'd Nature. Thofe she ha's, Will fupifie and dull the Senfe a-while, Which firft (perchance) thee're proue on Cats and Dogs, Then afterward vp higher: but there is No danger in what flew of death it makes, More then the locking vp the Spirits a time, To be more freth, renewing. She is fool'd With a moft falfe effe: and I, the truer, So to be falfe with her.

Qu. No further fervice, Doctor, Vntill I fend for thee. Cor. I humbly take my leve. Qu. Weepes the fhill (faift thou?) Dof thou thinke in time She will not quench, and let inftructions enter Where Foily now poetes? Do thou worke: When thou haft bring me word she loues my Sonne, Ile tell thee on the infant, thou art then As great as is thy Mafter: Greater, for His Fortunes all yee fpeecheffe, and his name Is at laft gape: Returne he cannot nor Continue where he is: To shift his being, Is to exchange one misery with another, And every day that comes, comes to decay A dayes worke in him. What haft thou expext To be depender on a thing that leanes? Who cannot be new built, nor ha's no Friends So much, as but to prop him? Thou tak'it vp Thou know'st not what: But take it for thy labour, It is a thing I made, which hath the King Flue times redeem'd from death. I do not know What is more Cordiall. Nay, I prythee take it, It is an earneft of a farther good That I meant to thee. Tell thy Miftris how The cafe fands with her: doo't, as from thy felfe; Think what a chance thou changeft on, but thinke Thou haft thy Miftris still, to boote, my Sonne, Who fhall take notice of thee. Ile moue the King To any shape of thy Preferment, fuch As thou'd defire: and then my felfe, I chefeely, That fet thee on to this defert, am bound To load thy merit richly. Call my women. Exit Pifa. Think on my words. A flye, and confant knawe, Not to be fhak'd: the Agent for his Mafter, And the Remembrancer of her, to hold The hand-faft to her Lord. I haue given him that, Which if he take, shall quite vnpeople her Of Leidgers for her Sweete: and which, the after Except the bend her honor, shall be affur'd To taste of too.

Enter Pifanios, and Ladies.

So, fo: Well done, well done: The Violets, Cowflifles, and the Prime-Frofs Beare to my Clofeft: Fare thee well, Pifanios. Think me on my words. Exit Qu. and Ladies. Pifa. And shall do: But when to my good Lord, I proue vntrue, Ile choake my felfe: there's all Ile do for you. Exit. Scena
Scena Septima.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruel, and a Stepdame false,
A Foolish Suffer to a Wedded-Lady,
That hath her Husband banish'd: O, that Husband,
My supreme Crown of griefe, and those repeated
Vexations of it. Had I bin Theefe-stole,
As my two Brothers, happy: but most miserable
Is the defires that's glorious. Bleffed be those
How meane so ere, that haue their honest wills,
Which feafons comfort. Who may this be? Fye.

Enter Pifianio, and Iachimo.

Pifia. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my Lord with Letters.
Iach. Change you, Madam: The Worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greetes your Highnesse dearly.
Imo. Thanks good Sir,
You're kindly welcome. Iach. All of her, that is out of doore, most rich:
If she be furnish'd with a mind fo rare
She is alone th'Arabian-Bird; and I Haue loft the wager. Boldneffe be my Friend:
Arme me Audacie from head to foote,
Orlike the Parthian I shall flying fight,
Rather direcly fly.
Imogen reads:
He is one of the Noblest, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust.
Leonatus.
So farre I reade aloud.
But even the very middle of my heart Is warm'd by'th'ref, and take it thankfully.
You are as welcome('worthy Sir) as I Haue words to bid you, and shall finde it fo
In all that I can do.
Iach. Thanke's fairest Lady:
What are men mad? Hath Nature given them eyes
To see this vallous, Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land, which can disingenuous 'twixt
The fire Orb es above, and the twain'd Stones
Upon the number'd Beach, and can we not Partition make with Spectacles so precious
Twigt faire, and foule?
Imo. What makes your admiration?
Iach. It cannot be i'th'eye: for Apes, and Monkeys
'Twigt two such She's, would chatter this way, and Contemne with mowes the other. Nor i'th'judgment:
For Idiots in this cafe of fauour, would Be wisely defined: Nor i'th'Appetite.
Sutterly to such naete Excellency, oppo'd
Should make defire vomit emptineffe,
Not fo allur'd, to fed.
Imo. What is the matter trow?
Iach. The Cloyed will:
That satiate yet vnfatisfi'd defire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running: Ruening firft the Lambe,
Longs after for the Garbage.
Imo. What, deere Sir,
Thus rap's you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks Madam, well: Befeech you Sir, Defire my Man's abode, where I did leave him:
He's strange and pecuifi.
Pifia. I was going Sir,
To give him welcome.
Imo. Continues well my Lord?
His health beffeech you.
Iach. Well, Madam.
Imo. Is he difpos'd to mirth? I hope he is.
Iach. Exceeding pleafant: none a stranger there,
So merry, and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Britaine Reueller.
Imo. When he was heere
He did incline to faffness, and oft times
Not knowing why.
Iach. I neuer faw him fad.
There is a Frenchman his Companior, one
An eminent Monfieur, that it feemes much loues
A Gallian-Girle at home. He furnaces
The thicke fighes from him whiles the ily Britaine,
(Your Lord I meane) laughs from's free lungs; cries oh,
Can my fides hold, to think that man who knowes
By Hifory, Report, or his owne proof.
What woman is, yes what she cannot choose
But muft be: will's free houres languifh:
For affured bondage?
Imo. Will my Lord lay fo?
Iach. I Madam, with his eyes in flood; with laughter,
It is a Recreation to be by
And heare him mocke the Frenchman:
But Heauen's knowe some men are much too blame.
Imo. Not he I hope.
Iach. Not he?
But yet Heauen's bounty towards him, might
Be vu'd more thankfully. In himselfe 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all Talents.
While I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pitty too.
Imo. What do you pitty Sir?
Iach. Two Creatures heartly.
Imo. Am I one Sir?
You looke on me: what rack difcerne you in me
Deferves your pitty?
Iach. Lamentable: what
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and folace
I' th'Dungeon by a Snuffe.
Imo. I pray you Sir,
Deliver with more openneffe your anwieres
To my demands, Why do you pitty me?
Iach. That others do,
( I was about to fay) enjoy your —— but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speake on't.
Imo. You do feeme to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Then to be lure they do. For Certainties
Either are palt remedies; or timely knowing,
The remedy then borne. Discouer to me
What both you fipur and flop.
Iach? Had I this checke
To barre my lips vp: this hand, whole touch,
(Whose evey touch) would force the Feelers foule
To 0'th'oth of loyalty. This obiect, which
Takes prifoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fiering it onely heere, fould I (damn'd then)

Slauer.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Slauwer with lippes as common as the styrres That moon in the Capitol: Ioyn egripes, with hands Made hard with hourly filth (filthd as With labour) then by peeping in an eye Bafe and illalicious as the smocke light That's fed with fincking Tallow: it were fit That all the plagues of Hell should at one time Encounter such reuolt. 

I. My Lord, I feare
Has forgot Britaine.

II. And himfelfe, not I
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The Beggary of his change: but 'tis your Graces That from my muteft Conffence, to my tongue, Charms this report out.

I. Let me heare no more.

II. O dearer Soule: your Caufe doth strike my hart With pitty, that doth make me fickle. A Lady So faire, and fain'd to an Emperie Would make the great'ft King double, to be partner'd With Tomboyes hyr'd, with that felfe exhibition Which your owne Coffers yeld: with difeas'd ventures That play with all Infirmityes for Gold, Which rothevflenee can lend Nature. Such boyl'd fuffe As well might poyfon Poyfon. Be reueng'd, Or the that bore you, was no Queene, and you Recoyle from your great Stocke.

I. Reueng'd:
How shou'd I be reueng'd? If this be true, (As I have fuch a Heart, that both mine cares Muft not in hafte afufe) if it be true, How shou'd I be reueng'd?

II. Should he make me Line like 'Diana's Priet, betwixt cold sheets, Whiles he is varting variable Rampes In your deflight, vpon your purfe: reuenge it. I dedicate my felle to your sweet pleafure, More Noble then that runnagate to your bed, And will continue falt to your Affection, Still clofe, as fure.

I. What how, Pifianio?

II. Let me my fervice tender on your lippes.

I. Away. I do condemne mine cares, that haue So long attended thee. If thou wert Honourable Thou wou'dt haue told this tale for Vertue, not For such an end thou feek'ft, as bafe,as strange: Thou wroug't a Gentleman, who is as fure From thy report, as thou from Honor: and Solicites heere a Lady, that delightes Thee, and the Diuell alike. What how, Pifianio? The King my Father fhall be made acquainted Of thy Affault: if he fhall thinke it fit, A Lawye Stranger in his Court, to Mart As in a Romify Stew, and to expound His beaftly minde to vs; he hath a Court He little cares for, and a Daughter, who He not refpects at all. What how, Pifianio?

II. O happy Leonatus I may fay, The credit that thy Lady hath of thee Deferves thy truft, and thy moft perfect goodneffe Her affur'd credit, Blesfed lieu you long, A Lady to the worthiefi Sire, that euer Country call'd his; and you his Mitbris, onely For the moft worthieft fit. Give me your pardon, I haue spoke this to know if your Affiance Were deeply rooted, and fhall make your Lord,

That which he is, new o're: And he is one The truest manner'd: fuch a holy Witch, That he enchant Societies into him: Halfe all men hearts are his.

I. You make amends.

II. He fits 'mongst men, like a defended God; He hath a kinde of Honor fets him off, More then a mortall feeming. Be not angrie (Mech ftong Princeffe) that I haue adventur'd To try your taking of a falle report, which hath Honour'd with confirnation your great Judgement, In the election of a Sir, fo rare, Which you know, cannot erre. The loue I bear him, Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you (Unlike all others) fhaaffeullie. Pray your pardon.

I. All's well Sir: Take my powre in'th Court for yours.

II. Some dozen Romanes of vs, and your Lord (The beft Feather of our wing) have mingled summes To buy a Prefent for the Emperor:

I. Which I (the Faftor for the reft) haue done In France: 'tis Plate of rare dewe, and Jewels Of rich, and exquifie forma, their valewes great, And I am something curious, being strange To haue them in safe fowage: May it please you To take them in protection.

I. Willingly:

II. And pawnne mine Honor for their safety, fince My Lord hath interef in them, I will keepe them In my Bed-chamber.

I. They are in a Trunke

II. Attended by my men: I will make bold To fend them to you, onely for this night:

I. I muft abord to morrow.

II. O no, no.

I. Yes I befeech: or I shall fhort my word By length'nig my returme, From Gallia, I croft the Seas on purpofe, and on promise To fee your Grace.

I. I thanke you for your pains:

II. But not away to morrow.

I. I muft Madam,

II. Therefore I fhall befeech you, if you pleafe To greet your Lord with writing, doo't to night, I haue out-flood my time, which is material To th'tender of our Prefent.

I. I will write:

II. Send your Trunke to me, it fhall fafe be kept, And truely yeelded you: you're very welcome.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clutter, and the two Lords.

Clot. Was there euer man had fuch lucke? when I kit the Jacke vpon an vp-caft, to be hit away? I had a hon- dred pound on't: and then a whorfon Jacke-an-Apes, must.
must take me vp for swearing, as if I borrowed mine
oathes of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.
1. What got he by that? you have broke his pate with
your Bowlie.
2. If his wit had bin like him that broke it: it would
have run all out.
Clot. When a Gentleman is dispa’d to swear: it is not
for any standers by to curtail his oathes. Ha?
2. No my Lord; nor crop the cares of them.
Clot. Whorson dog: I gave him satisfaction: would
he had bin one of my Ranke.
2. To have smelt’d like a Foulle.
Clot. I am not vexed more at any thing in th’earth: a
pox on’t. I had rather not be fo Noble as I am: they dare
not fight with me, because of the Queenne my Mo-
ther: every Jacke-Slaue hath his belly full of Fighting,
and I must go vp and downe like a Cock, that no body
can match.
2. You are Cocke and Capon too, and you crow
Cock, with your combe on.
Clot. Sayeft thou?
2. It is not fit you Lordship shou’d undertake every
Companione, when you give offence too.
Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit
offence to my inferiors.
2. I, it is fit for your Lordship onely.
Clot. Why so I say.
1. Did you heere of a Stranger that’s come to Court
night?
Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on’t?
2. He’s a strange Fellow himselfe, and knowes it not.
1. There’s an Italian come, and ‘tis thought one of
Leonatus Friends.
Clot. Leonatus? A banish’d Rascall; and he’s another,
whatsoever he be. Who told you of this Stranger?
1. One of your Lordships Pages.
Clot. Is it fit I went to looke upon him? Is there no
decoration in’t?
2. You cannot derogate my Lord.
Clot. Not easily I think.
2. You are a Foulle granted, therefore your Iffues
being foolish do not derogate.
Clot. Come, Ile go see this Italian: what I have loft
to day at Bowles, Ile winne to night of him. Come: go.
2. Ile attend your Lordship.
That such a craftie Diuell as is his Mother
Should yeild the world this Affe: A Woman, that
Beares all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne,
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eightenee. Alas poore Princeffe,
Thou diuine Imogen, what thou endure’st,
Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame govern’d,
A Mother hourly couring plots: A Wooer,
More haitfull then the foule expilusion is
Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Aft
Of the duorace, heel mak the Heauens hold firme
The walls of thy deere Honours, Keep ye vnshak’d
That Temple thy faire mind, that thou maist stand
T’enioy thy banish’d Lord: and this great Land. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.
Imo. Who’s there? My woman: Helene?
La. Please you Madam.
Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.
Imo. I have read three hours then:
Mine eyes are weake,
Fold downe the leafe where I have left: to bed.
Take not away the Taper, leave it burning:
And if thou canst awake by foure o’th’clock,
I prythee call me. Sleepe hath ceiz’d me wholly.
To your protection I commend me, Gods,
From Fayries, and the Tempers of the night,
Guard me befleeche yee.

Sleepes.

Ichinos from the Trunk.

Iach. The Crickets singing, and mans ore-labor’d senfe
Repaires it selfe by rest: Our Tarquine thus
Did softly presse the Ruffes, ere he waken’d
The Chafftie he wounded. Cytberia,
How brauely thou becon’t thy Bedfreh Lilly,
And whiter then the Sheeetes: that I might touch,
But kiffe, one kiffe. Rubies vnparagon’d,
How deereely they do’t: ’Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o’th’Taper
Bowes toward her, and would vnder-peep her lids.
To see the cloathed Lights, now Canopied
Vnder those windowes, White and Azure lac’d
With Blew of Heauens owne tinct. But my defigne.
To note the Chamber, I will write all downe,
Such, and such pictures: There the window, fuch
Th’adornment of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,
Why fuch, and such: and the Contents o’th’Story.
Ah, but some naturall notes about her Body,
Aboue ten thousand meaner Moueables
Would tettifie, t’enrich mine Inuentorie.
O sleepe, thou Ape of death, lye dull upon her,
And be her Sene but as a Monument,
Thus in a Chappell liyng. Come off, come off;
As flippery as the Gordian-knot was hard.
’Tis mine, and this will witnesse outwardly,
As strongly as the Confidence do’s within:
To th’madding of her Lord. On her left brest
A mole Cinque-spotte: Like the Crimon drops
I’th’bottome of a Cowflipple. Here’s a Voucher,
Stronger then euer Law could make; this Secret
Will force him thinke I have pick’d the lock, and tane
The trefasure of her Honour. No more: to what end?
Why should I write this downe, that’s riueted,
Screw’d to my memorie. She hath bin reading late,
The Tale of Tarues, heere the leaves his turn’d downe
Where Phiomole gave vp. I have enough,
To th’Truncke againe, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning
May beare the Rauens eye: I lodge in fear,
Though this a heauently Angell: hell is here.

Clockt strike

One, two, three: time, time.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and Lords.

1. Your Lordship is the most patient man in loffe, the
most coldeft that euer turn’d vp Ace.
Clot. It would make any man cold to loffe.
2. But not every man patient after the noble temper of
your Lordship: You are most hot, and furious when
you winne.

Clot.
Winning will put any man into courageous: if I could get
this foolish Imogen, I should have Gold enough: it's almofit morning, is't not?

1 Day, my Lord.
Cloth. I would this Muficke would come: I am aduised
to give her Mufick a mornings, they say it will pene-
trate.

Enter Muficians.

Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your fing-
ering, fo: we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let
her remaine: but Ie neuer give o're. First, a very excel-
 lent good concocted thing; after a wonderful sweet aire,
with admirable rich words to it, and then let her confi-
der.

SONG.

Hearke, hearke, the Larke at Heauens gate sings,
and Phebus gins arife,
His Steeds to water at tbose Springs
on chalice'd Flowres that iese:
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes
With every thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arife:
Arife, arife.

So, get you gone: if this pen trate, I will consider your
Mufick the better: if it do not, it is a voyce in her ears
which Horfe-haires, and Calue-guts, nor the voyce of
vnpanied Eunuch to boot, can neuer amed.

Enter Cymbaline, and Queene.

2 Heere comes the King.
Cloth. I am glad I was vp fo late, for that's the reason
I was vp fo early: he cannot choos but take this Ser-
vice I have done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Ma-
iefty, and to my gracious Mother.

CYM. Attend you here the doore of our stern daughter
Will she not forth?

Cloth. I have aflay'd her with Mufickes, but she vouch-
safes no notice.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new,
She hath not yet forgot him, some more time.
Mush wearie the print of his remembrance on't,
And then she's yours.

Py. You are moft bound to'th'King,
Who let's go by no vantages, that may
Preferve you to his daughter: Frame your selfe
To orderly solicite, and be friended
With aptness of the season: make denials
Encrase your Services: fo seeme, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Sawe when command to your diuision tends,
And therein you be friendes.

Maj. So like you (Sir) Ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caia Luctus.

Cym. A worthy Fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receyve him
According to the Honor of his Sender,
And towards himselfe, his goodnesse fore-spent on vs
We must extend our notice: Our deere Sonne,
When you have gluem good morning to your Miftris,
Attend the Queene, and vs, we shall have neede
T'employ you towards this Romane.

Come our Queene.

Exeunt.

Cloth. If she be vp, Ile speake with her: if not
Let her lye still, and dreame: by your leave hoa,
I know her women are about her: what

If I do line one of their hands, 'tis Gold
Which buyes admittance (oft it dore) yes, and makes
Diana's Rangers falle themfelles, yeild vp
Their Deere to thil'and o'th'Stealer: and 'tis Gold
Which makes the True-man kill'd, and faues the Theefe:
Nay, sometime hangs both Theefe, and True-man: what
Can it not do, and vndoo I will make
One of her women Lawyer to me, for
I yet not vnderstand the cafe my felfe.

By your leae.

Knockes.

Enter a Lady.

La. Who's there that knockes?

Cloth. A Gentleman.

La. No more.
Cloth. Yes, and a Gentlewomans Sonne.

La. That's more
Then some whole Taylors are as deere as yours,
Can iuftly booft of: what's your Lordships pleasure?

Cloth. Your Ladies perfon, is she ready?

La. I, to keepe her Chamber.
Cloth. There is Gold for you,
Sell me your good report.

La. How, my good name? or to report of you
What I shall thinke is good. The Princeffe.

Enter Imogen.

Cloth. Good morrow faireft, Sifter your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much paines
For purchaseing but trouble: the thankes I give,
Is telling you that I am poore of thankes,
And scarce can spare them.

Cloth. Still I fware I love you.

Imo. If you but faid fo, 'twere as deepe with me:
If you fware ftil, your recompence is ftil
That I regard it not.

Cloth. This is no answere.

Imo. But that you fhall not fay, I yeild being afent,
I would not fpeeke. I pray you fpare me, 'faith
I fhall vnfold equalr difcourtefe
To your beft kindueffe : one of your great knowing
Should learnne (being taught) forbearance.

To leave you in your madness, 'twere my fin,
I will not.

Imo. Folees are not mad Folkes.

Cloth. Do you call me Folee?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, Ie no more be mad,
That cures vs both. I am much forry (Sir)!
You put me to forget a Ladies manners
By being fo verbal: and learnne now, for all,
That I which know my heart, do heere pronoune
By th'very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am fo neere the lacke of Charitie
To accufe my felfe, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, then make't my boffe.

Cloth. You finne againft

Obedience, which you owe your Father, for
The Contraft you pretend with that base Wretch,
One, bred of Almes, and fodder'd with cold dishes,
With scrafs o'th'Court: It is no Contraft, none;
And though it be allowed in meaner parties
(Yet who then be more meane) to knit their foules
(On whom there is no more dependance
But Brats and Beggery) in felfe-fugur'd knot,
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by

The
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

The consequent oth' Crowne, and must not, foyle
The precious note of it; with a base Slaue,
A Hiding for a Lirorfe, a Squires Cloth,
A. Pantle, not so eminent.

Imo. Prophane Fellow:
Wert thou the Sonne of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art beside: thou wert' too base,
To be his Groome: thou wert' dignified enough
Even to the point of Ennie. If 'tware made
Comparative for your Vertues, to be fill'd
The vnder Hangman of his Kingdome; and hated
For being prefer'd so well.

Cloth. The South-Fog rot him.

Imo. He never can meete more mishance, then come
To be but nam'd of thee. His mean't Garment
That euer hath but clipt his body; is dearer
In my respect, then all the Heires aboue thee,
Were they all made such men: How now Pifanio?

Enter Pifanio.

Cloth. His Garments? Now the dullest.

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee prefently.

Cloth. His Garment?

* Imo. I am delighted with a Foole,
Frighted, and angred worfe: Go bid my woman
Search for a Jewell, that too casually
Hath left mine Arme: it was thy Mafter. Shrew me
If I would loose it for a Reuenue,
Of any Kings in Europe. I do think,
I faw this morning: Confident I am.
Laft night 'twas on mine Arme; i kifs'd it,
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kiffe aught but he.

Pif. 'Twill not be loft.

Imo. I hope fo: go and search.

Cloth. You haue abus'd me:
His meanest Garment?

Imo. I, I gud to Sir,
If you will make 't an Action, call witnesse to't.

Cloth. I will enforse your Father.

Imo. Your Mother too:
She's my good Lady; and will conclude, I hope
But the worste of me. So I leave you Sir,
To th'worst of discontent.

Cloth. Ile bereueeng'd:

His mean't Garment? Well.

Hee'le grant the Tribute; send th' Arrerages,
Or looke vpon our Romania, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their griefe.

Poif. I do beleue
(Statif though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will proove a Warre; and you hall heare
The Legion now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing-Britaine, than haue tydings
Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Coursymen
Are men more order'd, then when Idian Ceifar
Smil'd at their lacke of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
(No wing-led with their courages) will make knowne
To their Approvers, they are People, such
That mend vpon the world.

Enter Iackimo.

Pbi. See Iackimo.

Pofi. The swifter Harts, hate posed you by land;
And Windes of all the Corners kifs'd your Sails,
To make your vesell nimble.

Pbi. Welcome Sir.

Pofi. I hope the briefeneffe of your awnere, made
The speedinesse of your returne.

Is one of the fayreft that I haue look'd vpon
Pofi. And therewithall the behf, or let her beauty
Looke thorough a Casement to allure falle hearts,
And be falle with them.

Iackibo. Heere are Letters for you.

Pofi. Their tenure good I truft.

Iackibo. 'Tis very like.

Pofi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britaine Court,
When you were there?

Iackibo. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Pofi. All is well yet,
Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iackibo. If I haue loft it,
I should haue loft the worth of it in Gold,
Ile make a journey twice as farre, t'enjoy
A second night of fuch sweet shortneffe, which
Was mine in Britaine, for the Ring is wonne.

Pofi. The Stones too hard to come by.

Iackibo. Not a whit,
Your Lady being fo eafy.

Pofi. Make note Sir
Your loffe, your Sport: I hope you know that we
Muft not continue Friends.

Iackib. Good Sir, we muft
If you keepe Couenant; had I not brought
The knowledige of your Midias home, I grant
We were to question farther; but I now
Profeffe my selfe the winner of her Honor,
Together with your Ring: and not the wronger
Of her, or you hauing proceeded but
By both your wills.

Pofi. If you can mak't apparent
That you haue tafted her in Bed; my hand,
And King is yours. If not, the foule opinion
You had oher pure Honour; gains, or loofes,
Your Sword or mine, or Masterliffe leaue both
To who shall finde them.

Iackibo. Sir, my Circumstances
Being fo near the True, I will make them,
Muff first induce you to beleue; whose strength
I will confirme wit h oth, which I doubt not

You'll
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall finde
You need it not.

Psfl. Proceed.

Iacb. First, her Bed-chamber
(Where I confesse I slept not, but professe
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With Tapifry of Silke, and Siluer, the Story
 Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
 And Sidon Iuell'd aboute the Bankes, or for
 The preffe of Boates, or Pride. A peece of Worke
 So bravely done, so rich, that it did fruite
 In Workemanship, and Value, which I wonder'd
 Could be so rarely, and exactly wrought
 Since the true life on't was —

Psfl. This is true :
And this you might have heard of heere, by me,
Or by some other.

Iacb. More particulars
Must justifie my knowledge.

Psfl. So they must,
Or doe your Honour injury.

Iacb. The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-peece
Chaft Dian, bathing: neuer saw I figures
So likely to report themselues; the Cutter
Was an honest Nature dumbe, out-went her,
Motion, and Breath left out.

Psfl. This is a thing
Which you might from Relation likewise reape,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iacb. The Roofe o'th Chamber,
With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons
(1 had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of Siluer, each on one foote standing, nicely
Depending on their Brands.

Psfl. This is her Honor:
Let it be granted you have seene all this (and praife
Be given to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing faues
The wager you have laid.

Iacb. Then if you can
Be pale, I begge but leave to ayre this Jewell: See,
And now 'tis vp againe: it must be married
To that your Diamond, Ile keepe them.

Psfl. I sue —
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iacb. Sir (I thank thee) that
She stript it from her Arme: I fee her yet:
Her pretty Aelion, did out-fell her guift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gaue it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.

Psfl. May be, the pluck'd it off
To send it me.

Iacb. She writes so to you? doth thee? 

Psfl. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Heere, take this too,
It is a Basilisk vsnte mine eye,
Killes me to looke on't: Let there be no Honor,
Where there is Beauty: Truth, where semblance: Loue,
Where there's another man. The Vowes of Women,
Of no more bondage be, where they are made,
Then they are to their Vertues, which is nothing:
O, aboue measure faile.

Phil. Have patience Sir,
And take your Ring againe, 'tis not yet wonne:
It may be probable the loft it: or

Who knowes if one her women, being corrupted
Hath stolne it from her.

Psfl. Very true,
And so I hope he came by't: backe my Ring,
Render to me some corporall signe about her
More evidant then this: for this was stolne.

Iacb. By Jupiter, I had it from her Arme.

Psfl. Hearke you, he sweares: by Jupiter he sweares.
'Tis true, nay keepe the Ring: 'tis true: I am sure
She would not looke it: her Attendants are
All sworne, and honourable: they induc'd to feale it?
And by a Stranger? No, he hath enjoy'd her,
The Cognizance of her incontinencie.

Is this: the hath bought the name of Whore, thus deerly
There, take thy bye, and all the Fiends of Hell
Divide themselfes betweene you.

Phil. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to beleue'd
Of one perfwaded well of.

Psfl. Neuer talke on't:
She hath bin colted by him.

Iacb. If you feeke
For further satisfying, vnder her Breast
(Where worthy her prifting) lies a Mole, right proud
Of that most delicate Lodging. By my life
I kill it, and it gaues me present hunger
To feede againe, though full. You do remember
This flaine upon her?

Psfl. I, and it doth confirme
Another flaine, as bigge as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iacb. Will you hearre more?

Psfl. Spare your Arithmaticke,
Neuer count the Turnes: Once, and a Million.

Iacb. Ile be sworne.

Psfl. No swearing:
If you will sweare you have not done't, you lye,
And I will kill thee, if thou do't deny
That I made me Cackold.

Iacb. Ile deny nothing.

Psfl. O that I had her heere, to teare her Limbe-melea:
I will go there and doo't, I'th Court, before
Her Father. Ile do something.

Exeunt.

Enter Posthumus.

Psfl. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Must be halves-workers? We are all Baftards,
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my Father, was, I know not where
When I was flainpt. Some Couner with his Tooles
Made me a counterfeit: yet my Mother feem'd
The Dian of that time: fo doth my Wife
The Non-pareil of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawfull pleasure the refrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance: did I with
A peduncle fo Rolfe, the sweetest view on't
Might well have warm'd olde Saturne;
That I thought her
As Chaft, as vn-Sunn'd Snow. Oh, all the Diuels!
This yellow Iacbino in an houre, was't not?

Or
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Or leffe; at first? Perchance he spake not, but
Like a full Acorn'd Boar, a Tarmen on,
Cry'd oh, and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for, should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I finde out
The Womans part in me, for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirme
It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,
The woman: Flattering, hers; Deceiving, hers:
Lust, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers: Reuenges hers:
Ambitions, Comotions, change of Frides, Distraine,
Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability;
All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knowes,
Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all For even to Vice
They are not confiant, but are changing still;
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not halfe so old as that. Ite write against them,
Detest them, curst them: yet 'tis greater Skill
In a true Hare, to pray they have their will:
The very Diuels cannot plague them better. Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at
one door, and atanother, Caius, Lucius,
and Attendants.

Gym. Now say, what would Augustus Caesar with vs?
Luc. When Iulius Caesar (whole remembrance yet
Lies in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues
Be Theame, and hearing euer) was in this Britain,
And Conquer'd it, Caffibalum thine Vnkle
(Famous in Cæfar prayses, no whit lesse
Then in his Feats deuering it) for him,
And his Succession, granted Rome a Tribute,
Yeere by yeere thousand pounds; which(by thee) lately
Is left vntender'd. 
Qg. And to kill the meruelle,
Shall be fo euer.
Clot. There be many Cæfars,
Ere fuch another Iulius Britain's a world
By it selfe, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our owne Nofes.
Qg. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to resume
We have againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,
The Kings your Ancelors, together with
The natural bravery of your life, which stands
As Neptunes Parke, ribb'd, and pal'd in
With Oakes vnscaleable, and roaring Waters,
With Sands that will not bear our Enemies Boates,
But lacke them vp to th' Top-malt. A kind of Conquest
Cæfar made here, but made not heere his bragge
Of Came, and Sow, and Ouer-came: with flame
(The first that euer touch'd him) he was carried
From off our Coaf, twice beaten: and his Shipping
(Poor ignorant Baules) on our terrible Seas
Like Egge-shels mou'd vp on their Surges, crack'd
As easly'gainst our Rockes. For joy whereof,
The fam'd Caffibalum, who was once at point
(Oh giglet Fortune) to make Cæfars Sword,
Made Laud-Towne with reloycing-Fires bright,
And Britaines sturt with Courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid: our
Kingsdom is stronger then it was at that time: and (as I
caid) there is no mou chuf Cæfars, other of them may have
Crook'd Nofes, but to owne such Istrate Armes, none.
Gym. Son, let your Mother end.
Clot. We have yet many among vs, can griepe as hard
as Caffibalum, I do not say I am one: but I have a hand.
Why Tribute? Why should we pay Tribute? If Cæfar
can hide the Sun from vs with a Blanket, or put the Moon
in his pocket, we will pay him Tribute for light: else Sir,
no more Tribute, pray you now.
Gym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans, did extort
This Tribute from us, we were free. Cæfars Ambition,
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o'th World, against all colour heree,
Did put the yoke vp'ns; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Our selves to be, we do. Say then to Cæfar,
Our Ancestor was that Malmunitus, which
Ordain'd our Lawes, whose vfe the Sword of Cæfar
Hath too much mangled: whose repaire, and franchise,
Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed,
Tho Rome be therefor angry. Malmunitus made our lawes
Who was the first of Britaine, which did put
His browes within a golden Crowne, and call'd
Himselfe a King.

Luc. I am sorry Cymbeline,
That I should pronounce Augustus Caesar
(Cæfar, that hath soe Kings his Servants, then
Thy (selfe Domellicke Officers) thine Enemy:
Receive it from me then. Warre, and Confusion
In Cæfars name pronounce 1' gainst thee: Looke
For fury, not to be refited. Thus deside,
I thanke thee for my selfe.

Gym. Thou art welcome Cains,
Thy Cæfar Knighted me: my youth I spent
Much vnder him; of him, I gather'd Honour,
Which he, to secke of me againe, perforce,
Behooues me keepe at vertence. I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their Liberties are now in Armes: a Preident
Which not to reade, would shew the Britaines cold:
So Cæfar shall not finde them.

Luc. Let profe spake.
Clot. His Majestie biddes you welcome. Make pa-
ftime with vs, a day, or two, or longer: if you seek vs af-
wards in other tearmes, you shall finde vs in our Salt-
water-Girdle: if you beare vs out of it, it is yours: if you
fall in the adventure, our Crowes shall fare the better for
you: and there's an end.

Luc. So sir.
Gym. I know your Masters pleasure, and he mine:
All the Remaine, is welcome: Execunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pijiano reading of a Letter.
Pij. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
What Monsters her accufe? Leontius
Oh Master, what a strange infection

Is
Is false into thy care? What false Italian, (As paynous tongued, as handed) hast prevail'd On thy too ready hearing? Diabolay? No. She's punish'd for her Truth; and vndergoes More Goddesse-like, then Wife-like; such Afaulcs As would take in some Vertue. Oh my Matter, Thy mind to her, is now as lowe, as were Thy Fortunes. How? That I shoulth murther her, Vpon the Loue, and Truth, and Vowes; which I Haue made to thy command? I her? Her blood? If it be fo, to do good feruice, neuer Let me be counted feruiceable. How looke I, That I should seeme to lacke humanity, So much as this Fact comes to? Doot': The Letter. That I have sett her, by her owne command, Shall give thee opportunitie. Oh dam'd paper, Blacke as the Inke that's on thee: senfeleffe, baule, Art thou a Fondarie for this A? and look' St So Virgin-like without? Loe here she comes. Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded. Imo. How now Pifianis? Pif. Madam, heere is a Letter from my Lord. Imo. Who, thy Lord? That is my Lord Leonatus? Oh,learn'd indeed were that Astronomer That knew the Starres, as I his Characters, Heel'd lay the Future open. to good Gods, Let what is here contrain'd, relifie of Loue, Of my Lords health, of his content: yet not That we two are afunder, let that grieve him; Some grieues are medicinable, that is one of them, For it doth physcie Loue, of his content, All but in that. Good Wax, thy leave: blet be You Bees that make these Lockes of counfaile. Louers, And men in dangerous Bonds pray not alike, Though Forseytour he cal in prifon, yet You clape young Cupids Tables: good Newes Gods.

If office, and your Fathers wrath (should be take me in his Dominion) could not be so cruel to me, as you: (ob the derelit of Creatures) you, I should not know you with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Hauen: what your owne Loue, well out of this advise you follow. So he wishes you all happineffe, that remains lyall to bis Vow, and your increas in Loue. Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh for a Horfe with wings; Hear't thou Pifianis? He is at Milford-Hauen: Read, and tell me How far 'tis thither. If one of meane affaires May plod it in a weke, why may not I Glide thither in a day? Then true Pifianis, Who long't like me, to see thy Lord; who long't (Oh let me bate) but not like me; yet long't Not in a fainter kinde. Oh not like me: For mine's beyond, beyond: by, and speake thick (Loues Counsellor should fill the boles of hearing, To'th'smothering of the Senfe) how farre it is To this fame bleffed Milford. And by'th'way Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as | T'herit me a Hauen. But first of all, How wetmay feale from hence: and for the gap That we shall make in Time, from our hence-going, And our returne, to excue: but first, how ger hence. Why should excue be borne or ere begot? Wele talk of that hereafter. Prythee speake, How many store of Miles may we well rid

Twixt hourre, and hourre? Pifj. One score twixt Sun, and Sun, Madam's enough for you: and too much too. Imo. Why, one that rode to's Execution Man, Could neuer go to flow: I have heard of Riding wagers, Where Horfes haue bin nimber than the Sands That run 1'Clocks behalfe. But this is Foolife, Go, bid my Woman faigne a Sickenesse, say She'll home to her Father; and prouide me presently A Riding Suit: No coftlier then would fit A Franklins Hufwife.

Pifaj. Madam, you're best consider. Imo. I see before me (Man) nor heere, nor heere; Nor what enues but haue a Fog in them That I cannot lookce through. Away, I prythee, Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say: Acceptible is none but Milford way. 

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Aruragius.

Bes. A goodly day, not to keepe house with such, Whole Roofe's as lowe as ours: Sleepe Boyes, this gate Instructs you how t'adore the Heauens; and bowes you To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarches Are Arch'd so high, that Giants may let through And keepe their impious Turbonds on, without Good morrow to the Sun. Hail thou faire Heauen, We houe i'th'Rocke, yet vse thee not so hardly As prouder liuers do.

Gaid. Haile Heauen.

Arur. Haile Heauen.

Bela. Now for our Mountaine sport, vp to yond hill Your legges are yong: Ie tread these Flats. Consider, When you aboue perceiue me like a Crow, That it is Place, which jeffen's, and sets off, And you may then reuolve what Tales, I haue told you, Of Courts, of Princes; of the Tricks in Warre. This Seruice, is not Seruice; so being done, But being so allowed. To apprehend thus, Drawes vs a profit from all things we fee: And often to our comfort, shall we finde The tharded-Beele, in a safer hold Then is the full-wing'd Eagle. Ohe this life, Is Nobler, when attending for a check: Richer, then doing nothing for a Babes: Prouder, then rufing in vnpay'd-for Silke: Such gaine the Cap of him, that makes him fine, Yet keeps his Booke, wherein he had havel'd no life to ours.

Gal. Out of your proffes you speake:wise poore vnfedg'd Haue neuer wing'd from view o'th'neft; nor knowes not What Ayre's from home. Happily this life is best, (If quiet life be best) sweeter to you That have a harper knowne. Well correponding With your stiffe Age; but vnto vs, it is A Cell of Ignorance: travailing a bed, A Prifon, or a Debtor, that not dares To frilde a limit.

Arur. What should we speake of
When we are old as you? When we shall see The Raine and winde beate darke December? How In this our pinching Caeo, shall we dicourse

The
The freezing hours away? We have feene nothing:
We are beaftly; subtle as the Fox for prey,
Like wariſe as the Wolfe, for what we eate:
Our Valour is to chace what flies: Our Cage
We make a Quire, as doth the prinſon Bird,
Andſing our Bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak.
Did you but know the Cities Œurie,
And felt them knowingly: the Art o'th'Court,
As hard to leave, as kepee: whose top to clime
Is certain falling: or so flipp'ry, that
The feare's as bad as falling. The toyle o'th'Warre,
A paine that onely feemes to feele out danger
I'th' name of Fame, and Honor, which dyes I'th'search,
And hath as oft a fland'rous Epitaph,
As Record of faire Act. Nay, many times
DOTH ill deferve, by doing well: what's worke
Most curt'ſie at the Cenſure. Oh Boyes, this Storie
The World may reade in me: My bodie's mark'd
With Roman Swords; and my report, was once
First, with the beſt of Note. Cymbeline lou'd me,
And when a Souldier was the Theare, my name
Was not farre off: then was I a Tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A Storme, or Robbery (call it what you will)
Shooke down my mellow hangings: nay my Leaues,
And left me bare to weather.

Gu. Vncertaine fauour.

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I haue told you oft)
But that two Villaines, whose falfe Oathes preuy'd I
Before my perfect Honor, swore to Cymbeline,
I was Confederate with the Romanes: fo
Followed my Banishment, and this twenty yeeres,
This Rocke, and these Demesnes, haue bene my World,
Where I haue luy'd at honest freecome, payed
More pious debts to Heauen, then in all
The fore-end of my time. But, vp to 'th'Mountains,
This is not Hunters Language; he that striketh
The Venion firſt, shall be the Lord o'th'Feaſt,
To him the other two Šhall minifie,
And we will feare no poyfon, which attends
In place of greater State:
He meete you in the Valleyes.

Exeunt.

How hard it is to hide the sparkes of Nature?
These Boyes know little they are Sonnes to 'th'King,
Nor Cymbeline dreames that they are alive.
They think they are mine,
And though train'd vp thus meanely
I'th'Cauę, whereon the Bowe their thoughts do hit,
The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them
In amſle and lowe things, to Princes it, much
Beyond the tricke of others. This Paladour,
The heyre of Cymbeline and Britaine, who
The King his Father call'd Guiderius . Ioue,
When on my three-foot flooele I fit, and tell
The warlike feats I haue done, his spirite flye out
Into my Story: fay thus mine Enemy feaſt,
And thus I fet my foote on's necke, euens then
The Princely blood flowes in his Checke, he sweats,
Strains his yong Nerues, and puts himselfe in posture
That reads my words. The yonger Brother Countwill,
Once Aruragus, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my fpeech, and shewes much more
His owne conceyuing. Hearke, the Game is rows'd,
Oh Cymbeline, Heauen and my Conſcience knowes
Thou didst vniftly banifie me: whereon

At three, and two yeeres old, I flote these Babes,
Thinking to barre thee of Succession, as
Thou refes me of my Lands. Euripide,
Thou was't their Nurfe, they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honor to her graue:
My felfe Belarius, that am Mergus call'd
They take for Naturall Father. The Game is vp. Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Pifanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'ſt me when we came frō horfe, y place
Was neere at hand: Ne're long'd my Mother to
To fee me firth, as I haue now. Pifanio, Man:
Where is Pofthamme? What is in thy mind
That makes thee flare thus? Wherefore breaks that figh
From th'intward of thee? One, but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond felfe-explication. Put thy felfe
Into a hauour of leffe fcare, ere wildneſfe
Vanqueth my ftyder Senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'ſt thou that Paper to me, with
A looke vntender? If't be Summer Newes
Smile tooo't before: if Winterly, thou need'ſt
But keepe that count'nance fill. My Husbands hand?
That Drug-dam'd Ifty, hath out-crafified him,
And hee's at fome hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue
May take off fome extreamite, which to reade
Would be even mortall to me.

Pif. Pleafe you reade,
And you shall finde me (wretched man) a thing
The moſt diſtain'd of Fortune.

Imogen reads.

Hy Miftris (Pifanio) bate plaid the Strumpet in my
Bed: the Testimonies whereof, lys bleeding in me. I speak
not out of weake Surmifes, but from proſe as ſtrong as my
grifes, and as certaine as I expect my Revenge. That part, thou
(Pifanio) muſt acte for me, if thy Faith be not tainted with the
breath of hers, let thine owne bands take away her life: I shall
give thee opportunity at Milford Haun. Ŝhe bate my Letter
for the purpoſe; where, if thou feare to ftrike, and to make me
certaine it is done, thou art the Pander to her diſhonour, and
equally to me diſloyall.

Pif. What ſhall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
Hath cut her throat already? No, 'tis Slander,
Whole edge is sharper then the Sword, whose tongue
Out-venomes all the Wormes of Nyle, whose breath
Rides on the polling winde, and doth belye
All corners of the World. Kings, Queens, and States,
Maides, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Graue
This vipersſe flander enters. What cheere, Madam?

Imo. Falle to his Bed? What is it to be falte?
To lye in watch there, and to thinke on him?
To weepe 'twixt clock and clock?If deep charge Nature,
To breake it with a fearful dreame of him,
And cry my felfe awake? That's falte to's bed? Is it?

Pif. Alas good Lady.

Imo. I falle? Thy Conſcience witnife: Lackimo,
Thou didd'ſt accuse him of Inconſciencie,
Thou then look'd like a Villaine: now, me thinke's

Thy
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Thy favours good enough. Some lay of Italy (Whose mother was her painting) hath betray'd him: Poor I am facile, a Garment out of fashion, And for I am richer then to hang by th'walle, I must be ript: To peeces with me: Oh! Mens Vows are womens Traitors. All good feeming By thy resolt (oh Husband) shall be thought Put on for Villainy; not borne where't grows, But worne a Baite for Ladies.

Pijd. Good Madam, heare me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Aeneas, Were in his time thought false: and Synaes weeping Did scandal many a holy teare: tooke pity From most true wretchednesse. So thou, Posthumus Wilt lay the Leauen on all proper men; Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and periur'd From thy great faire: Come Fellow, be thou honest, Do thou thy Masters bidding. When thou seekest him, A little witnesse my obedience. Looke I draw the Sword my selfe, take it, and hit The innocent Mansion of my Loue (my Heart:) Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe: Thy Master is not there, who was indeed The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike, Thou mayst be valliant in a better cause; But now thou feem'it a Coward.

Pijd. Hence vile Instrument, Thou shalt not damme my hand.

Imo. Why, I must dye: And if I do not by thy hand, thou art No Servant of thy Masters. Against Selfe-slaughter, There is a prohibition to Diuine, That cruens my weake hand: Come, heere's my heart: Something's a-foote: Soft, soft, weel'n no defence, Obdient as the Scabbard. What is heere, The Scriptures of the Loyall Leonatus, All turn'd to Herefie? Away, away Corrupters of my Faith, you hall no more Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poore Fools Belov'd false Teachers! Though those that are betray'd Do feel the Trefion sharply, yet the Trealor Stands in worst cafe of woe. And thou Posthumus, That didst let vp my diobedience 'gainst the King My Father, and makes me put into contempt the suites Of Princely Fellowes, shall hereafter finde It is no aé of common passage, but A straine of Rariennesse: and I greeue my selfe, To thinke, when thou shalt be dideg'd by her, That now thou tyest on, how thy memory Will then be pang'd by me. Prythee dispatch, The Lambe entreats the Butler. Where's thy knife? Thou art too flow to do thy Masters bidding When I deire it too.

Pijd. O'h gracious Lady: Since I receiued command to do this businesse, I have not flept one winke.

Imo. Doo't, and to bed then.

Pijd. Ite wake mine eye-balles firft.

Imo. Wherefore then Didst't vndertake it? Why haft thou abus'd So many Miles, with a pretence? This place? Mine Action? and thine owne? Our Horfes labour? The Time inuiting thee? The perturb'd Court For my being abscent? whereunto I never Purpofe returne. Why haft thou gone fo farre To be vn-bent? when thou haft 'tane thy fland,
Alacke no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan: and forget
Your labourome and dainty Trimmes, wherein
You made great Imo angry.

Imo. Nay be briefe?
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pif. First, make your selve but like one,
Fore-thinking this. I have already fit
('Tis in my Cloake-bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hose, all
That answer to them: Would you in their feruings,
(And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a seafon) Fore Noble Lucius
Prefent your selve, defire his seruice: tell him
Wherein you're happy; which will make him know,
If that his head have care in Musick, doublette
With joy he will embrase you: for hee's Honourable,
And doubting that, most holy. Your means abroad:
You have yet rich, and I will never faile
Beginning, nor supplantly.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Prythee away,
There's more to be confider'd: but wee'LL even
All that good time will glue vs. This attempt,
I am Souldier too, and will abide it with

Pif. Well Madam, we must take a short farewell,
Leaf being mist, I be sufperfected
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Miifrias,
Here is a boxe, I had it from the Queene,
What's in't is precious: If you are sick at Sea,
Or Stomacke-qualm'd at Land, a Dramme of this
Will drive away diftemper. To some fadde,
And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods
Direct you to the beft.


Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Queene, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus farre, and so farewell.

Luc. Thankes, Royall Sir;
My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence,
And am right forry, that I must report ye
My Masters Enemy.

Cym. Our Subiects (Sir)
Will not endure his yoke; and for our selve
To shew leffe Soueraignty then they, must needs
Appeare vn-Kinglike.

Luc. So Sir: I defire of you
A Conduite over Land, to Milford-Hauen.
Madam, all joy befall your Grace, and you.

Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office:
The due of Honor, in no point omit:
So farewell Noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my Lord.

Clot. Reccive it friendly: but from this time forth
I weary it as your Enemy.

Luc. Sir, the Euent
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my Lords
Till he have croft the Seuern, Happines. Exit Lucius, &c

Qu. He goes hence frowning: but it honours vs
That we have given him caufe.

Clo. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant Britaines have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor
How it goes here. It firs vs therefore ripely
Our Chariots, and our Horfemen be in readiness:
The Powres that he already hath in Gallia
Will fone be drewne to head, from whence he mues
His warre for Britaine.

Qu. 'Tis not sleepy businesse,
But muft be look'd too speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expecaption that it would be thus
Hath made vs forward. But my gentle Queene,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to vs hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looke vs like
A thing more made of malice, then of duty,
We have noted it. Call her before vs, for
We have beene too flight in Sufferance.

Qu. Royall Sir,
Since the exile of Polichamus, moft retyr'd
Hath her life bin: the Cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time muft do. Befeech your Maiesty,
Forbear sharpe speeches to her. She's a Lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are stroke;
And ftrokes death to her.

Enter a Messenger.

Cym. Where is the Sir? How
Can her contempt be anwser'd?

May. Pleaue you Sir,
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no anwser
That will be given to'th loud of noife, we make.

Qu. My Lord, when laft I went to vift her,
She pray'd me to excufe her keeping fole:
Whereeto contrain'd by her infrimite,
She should that dutie leave vnpaide to you
Which dayly she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make knowne: but our great Court
Made me too blame in memory.

Cym. Her doores lock'd?
Not feene of late? Grant Heauens, that which I
Fear, proue faile.

Qu. Sonne, I say, follow the King.

Clo. That man of hers, Pifarno, her old Servant
I have not feene these two dayes.

Qu. Go, looke after:
Pifarno, thou that fland'ft fo for Polichamus,
He hath a Druge of mine: I pray, his abfence
Proceed by swallowing that. For he beleue
It is a thing moft precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Happily daife hath fel'd her:
Or wing'd with fervour of her love, she's fowe;
To her defir'd Polichamus: gone she is,
To death, or to dilion, and my end
Can make good vie of either. Shee being downe,
I haue the placing of the Brittifh Crowne.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Sonne?

Clo. 'Tis certaine shee is fled:
Go in and cheere the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Qu. All the better: may
This night fore-fall him of the comming day. Exit Qu.

Clo. I love, and hate her: for she's Faire and Royall,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquife

Then
Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from every one
The best the hath, and she of all compounded
Out-felles them all. I love her therefore, but
Dissaining me, and throwing Fawours on
The low Posthumus, flanders so her judgement,
That what’s elfe rare, is chosk’d: and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeede,
To be reueng’d vpon her. For, when Fooles shall—
    Enter Pifano.
Who is heere? What? are you packing Sirrah?
Come hitter: Ah you precious Pandar, Villaine,
Where is thy Lady? In a word, or elfe
Thou art straightsway with the Fiends.
Pif. Oh, good my Lord.
Clot. Where is thy Lady? Or, by Jupiter,
I will not aske againe. Clofe Villaine,
Ile have this Secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to finde it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weightes of bafenelle, cannot
A dram of worth be drawne.
Pif. Alas, my Lord,
How can she be with him? When was the miss’d?
He is in Rome.
Clot. Where is the Sir? Come neerer:
No farther halting: satifie me home,
What is become of her?
Pif. Oh, my all-worthy Lord.
Clot. All-worthy Villaine,
Difcover where thy Misfits is, at once,
At the next word: no more of worthy Lord:
Spatke, or thy silence on the infant, is
Thy condemnation, and thy death.
Pif. Then Sir:
This Paper is the historie of my knowledge
Touching her flight.
Clot. Let’s fee’t: I will pursue her
Euen to Augustus Throne.
Pif. Or this, or perich. She’s farre enough, and what he learns by this,
May prove his trueill, not her danger.
Clot. Hum. Pif. Ile write to my Lord she’s dead: Oh Imogen,
Safe mayth thou wander, safe returne agen.
Clot. Sirra, is this Letter true?
Pif. Sir, as I thinke.
Clot. It is Posthumus hand, I know’t. Sirrah, if thou
wouldst not be a Villain, but do me true service: vnder-
go those Implyments wherein I should haue cause to vfe thee
with a serious industry, that is, what villainy foere I bid thee do to perfomme it, directly and truly, I would
thinke thee an honest man: thou shoul’d never want
my meanes for thy releefe, nor my voyce for thy prefer-
ment.
Pif. Well, my good Lord.
Clot. Wilt thou ferue mee? For since patiently and
constantly thou haft flucke to the bare Fortune of that
Beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the courfe of grati-
tude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou ferue
mee?
Pif. Sir, I will.
Clot. Gieue mee thy hand, heere’s my purfe. Haft any
of thy late Malters Garments in thy poftellion?
Pifan. I haue (my Lord) at my Lodging, the same
Suite he wore, when he tooke leave of my Ladie & Mi-
strate.
Clot. The first service thou dost mee, fetch that Suite
hither, let it be thy first seruice, go.
    Pif. I shall my Lord.
    Exit.
Clot. Meet thee at Milford-Hauen: (I forgot to aske
him one thing, Ile remember anon:) euens there, thou
villaine Posthumus will I kill thee. I would these Gar-
ments were come. She faide vpon a time (the bitterneffe
of it, I now belch from my heart) that shee held the very
Garment of Posthumus, in more respect, then my Noble
and natural person; together with the adornment of my
Qualities. With that Suite vpon my backe will I ra-
uih her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall shee
my valour, which will then be a torment to him contempt.
He on the ground, my speech of infultment ended on his
dead bodie, and when my Luff hath dinde (which, as I say,
to vex her, I will execute in the Cloathes that the fo
prais’d:) to the Court Ile knock her backe, foot her home
againe. She hath defpis’d mee rejoycingly, and Ile be
merry in my Reuenge.
    Enter Pifano.
Be thoe the Garments?
Pif. I, my Noble Lord.
Clot. How long is’t since thee went to Milford-Hauen?
Pif. She can scarce be there yet.
Clot. Bring this Apparrell to my Chamber, that is
the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third
is, that thou wilt be a voluntarie Mute to my defigne. Be
but duteous, and true preferment shall tender it selle to
thee. My Reuenge is now at Milford, would I had wings
to follow it. Come, and be true.
    Exit
Pif. Thou bid’st me to my loffe : for true to thee,
Were to prove false, which I will never bee
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And finde not her, whom thou pursueth. Flow, flow
You Heauenly blessings on her: This Fooles speede
Be croft with flownene; Labour be his meede.
    Exit.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Imogen alone.

Inmo. I see a mans life is a tedious one,
I haue tyr’d my selfe; and for two nights together
Haue made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me: Milford,
When from the Mountaine top, Pifano thow’st thee,
Thou wast within a kenne. Oh loue, I thinke
Foundations flye the wretched: fuch I meane,
Where they should be releu’d. Two Beggers told me,
I could not misfe my way. Will poore Folkes lye
That haue Afflictions on them, knowing ‘tis
A punishment, or Triall? Yes; no wonder,
When Rich-ones scarce tell true. To lapfe in Fulneffe
Is forer, then to lye.for Neede: and Falhoo0d
Is worfe in Kings, then Beggers. My deere Lord,
Thou art one o’th’late Ones: Now I thinke on thee,
My hunger’s gone; but even before, I was
At point to finke, for Food. But what is this?
Heere is a path too’t: ’tis some fauage hold:
I were bett not call; I dare not call: yet Famine
Ere cleaneth it o’re-throw Nature, makes it valiant.
Plente, and Peace breeds Cowards: Hardneffe euer
Of Hardineffe is Mother. Hoa? who’s heere?
If any thing that’s ciuill, speake: if fauage,
Scena Septima.

Enter Belarius, Guidcrius, and Aruragus.

Bel. You Polidore have prou'd beft Woodman, and
Are Matter of the Feat : Cadwall, and I
Will play the Cooke, and Servant, 'tis our match ;
The sweat of Industry would dry, and dye
But for the end it works too. Come, our stomackes
Will make what's homely, fauoury : Wearineffe
Can floure upon the Flint, when reflie Sloth
Findes the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be heere,
Poore house, that keep'ft thy felfe.

Gui. I am throughly weary.

Arui. I am weake with toyle, yet strong in appetite.

Gu. There is cold meall i'th' Caufe, we'II brouz on that
Whil'st what we have kill'd, be Cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in :
But that it eates our victualles, I should thinke
Heere were a Faery.

Gu. What's the matter, Sir ?
Bel. By Jupiter an Angell : if not
An earthly Paragon. Behold Diuneneffe.

No elder then a Boy. 

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good mafter s harmo me not : 
Before I enter'd heere, I calld, and thought
To haue blegg'd, or bought, what I haue took : good troth
I haue ftole none, nor would not, though I had found
Gold frefl'd i'th' Florre. Heere's money for my Meate,
I would haue left it on the Boord, fofoone
As I had made my Meale ; and parted
With Pray's for the Prouider.

Gui. Money? Youth.

Arui. All Gold and Sluer rather turne to durt,
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of thofe
Who worship durtie Gods.

Imo. I fee you're angry :
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have dyed, had I not made it.

Bel. Whether bound ?

Imo. To Milford-Hauen.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele Sir : I haue a Kinman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford,
To whom being gone, amft spent with hunger,
I am falne in this offence.

Bel. Prythee (faire youth)
Thinke vs no Churiles : nor meafeur our good minde
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd,
'Tis almoft night, you hall haue better cheere
Ere you depart; and thankes to fay, and eat it :
Boytes, bid him welcome.

Gu. Were you a woman, youth,
I shoule woow hard, but be your Groome in honfety :
I bid for you, as I do buy.

Arui. Ile make't my Comfort
He is a man, Ile love him as my Brother :
And fuch a welcome as I'd glue to him

(After long abfence) fuch is yours. Moft welcome:
Be fprightly, for you fail's most Friends.

Imo. Most Friends?
If Brothers : would it haue bin fo, that they
Bin my Fathers Sonnes, then had my prize
Bin lefte, and fo more equal ballafling
To thee Poflhumus.

Bel. He wrings at some diftreffe.

Gui. Would I could free't.

Arui. Or I, what ere it be,
What paine it coft, what danger: Gods!

Bel. Hearke Boyes.

Imo. Great men
That had a Court no bigger then this Caufe,
That old attend themfelves, and had the vertue
Which their owne Confcience feal'd them : laying by
That nothing-guilf of differing Multitudes
Could not out-peere thefe twaine. Pardon me Gods,
I'd change my fexe to be Companion with them,
Since Leonatus falle.

Bel. It fhall be fo :
Boytes we'll go dreffe our Hunt. faire youth come in ;
Difcourfe is heavy, fafting: when we haue fupp'd
Wec'll mannerly demand thee of thy Story,
So farre as thou wilt fpake it.

Gui. Pray draw neere.

Arui. The Night to th' Owle,
And Morne to th' Larke lefte welcome.

Imo. Thankes Sir.

Arui. I pray draw neere.

Exit.

Scena Octaua.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

Sen. This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ ;
That since the common men are now in Action
'Gainft the Pannonians, and Dalmatians,
And that the Legions now in Gallia, are
Full weake to undertake our Warres against
The falne-off Britaines, that we do incite
The Gentry to this busineffe. He creates
Lucius Pro-Conful : and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Leuy, he commands
His absolute Commiffion. Long live Caesar.

Tri. Is Lucius Generall of the Forces?

Sen. I.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

Sen. With thofe Legions
Which I haue spoke of, whereunto your leue
Muft be fuppliant: the words of your Commiffion
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will difcharge our duty.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cloten alone.

Clot. I am neere to th' place where they should meet,
If Pijanio haue mapp'd it trueely. How fit his Garments
ferue me? Why should his Mitris who was made by him
that
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (saing
reverence of the Word) for 'tis saide a Womans finnette
comes by fits: therein I must play the Workman, I dare
speake it to my felfe, for it is not Vainglorie for a man,
and his Claffe, to confer in his owne Chamber I meane,
the Lines of my body are as well drainwe as his; no leffe
young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, be-
yond him in the advantadge of the time, aboue him in
Birth, alike conuerfant in generall seruices, and more
remarkable in finge oppositions; yet this imperfeuerant
Thing loues him in my defpit. What Mortalitie is? Poefhauns, thy head (which now is growing vppon thy
shoulders) shall within this houre be off, thy Miftris in-
forced, thy Garments cut to peeces before thy face: and
all this done, furnue her home to her Father, who may
(happily) be a little angry for my fo rough vlage: but my
Mother hauing power of his teftineffe, shall turne all in-
to my commendations. My Horfe is tyed vp fafe, out
Sword, and to a fore purpofe: Fortune put them into my
hand: This is the very description of their meeting place
and the Fellow daret not deceue me. Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and
Imogen from the Cauce.

Bel. You are not well: Remaine heere in the Cauce,
Wee'll come to you after Hunting.

Arui. Brother, stay heere:
Are we not Brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be,
But Clay and Clay, differs in dignitie,
Whole duft is both alike. I am very fickie,

Gui. Go you to Hunting, Ile abide with him.

Imo. So fickie I am not, yet I am not well:
But not fo Citizen a wanton, as
To feeme to dye, ere fickie: So pleafe you, leave me,
Sticke to your Journall course: the breach of Custome,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort
To one not fociable: I am not very fickie,
Since I can reafon of it: pray you trust me heere,
Ile rob none but my felfe, and let me dye
Stealing fo poorely.

Gui. I loue thee: I haue spoke it,
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do loue my Father.

Bel. What? How? how?

Arui. If it be finne to fay fo (Sir) I yoake mee
In my good Brothers fault: I know not why
I loue this youth, and I haue heard you fay,
Loue's reafon's, without reafon. The Beere at doore,
And a demand who is't shall dye, I'd say
My Father, not this youth.

Bel. Oh noble fraiine!
O worthineffe of Nature, breed of Greatneffe!
"Cowards father Cowards, & Bafe things Syre Bace; 
"Nature hath Meale, and Brane; Contempt, and Grace.
I'me not their Father, yet who this shold bee,
Doth myracle it felfe, lou'd before mee.
'Tis the ninth houre o'th'Morne.

Arui. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I with ye sporte.

Arui. You health.———So please you Sir.

Imo. These are kinde Creatures.

Gods, what Iyes I have heard:
Our Courtiers say, all's falue, but at Court;
Experience, oh thou disproue't Report.
Th'emperious Seas breeds Monffers; for the Dift,
Poore Tributary Riuers, as sweet Fish:
I am ficke fill, heart-ficke; Phisio,
Ile now taffe of thy Drudge.

Gui. I could not thirre him:
He faid he was gentle, but vnfortunate;
Difhonestly afflicted, but yet honeft.

Arui. Thus did he auwer me: yet faid heererafter,
I might know more.

Bel. To'th'Field, to'th'Field:

Wee'll leave you for this time, go in, and reft.

Arui. Wee'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not ficke,
For you must be our Hufwife.

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.

Bel. And shal't be euer.
This youth, how ere difreft, appears he hath had
Good Anceftors.

Arui. How Angell-like he fings?

Gui. But his neate Cookerie?

Arui. He cut our Rootes in Charrafters,
And fawc't our Brothes, as Imo had bin ficke,
And he her Dieter.

Arui. Nobly he yoakes
A smiling, with a figh; as if the figh
Was that it was, for not being fuch a Smile:
The Smile, mocking the Sigh, that it would fuye
From fo diuine a Temple, to commix
With winde, that Sylors ralle at.

Gui. I do note,
That greefe and patience rooted in them both,
Mingle their fpurre together.

Arui. Grow patient,
And let the flinking-Elder (Greefe) yntwine
His perifhing roote, with the encreafing Vine.

Bel. It is great morning. Come away: Who's there?
Enter Cloten.

Clo. I cannot finde thofe Runnagates, that Villaine
Hath mock'd me, I am faint.

Bel. Thofe Runnagates?

Meanes he not vs? I partly know him, 'tis

Cloten, the Sonne o'th'Queene. I feeare some Ambush:
I faw him not thefe many yeares, and yet
I know 'tis he: We are held as Out-Lawes: Hence.

Gui. He is but one: you, and my Brother fearch
What Companies are neere: pray you away,
Let me alone with him.

Cloten. Soft, what are you
That fuye me thus? Some villaine-Mountainers?
I have heard of fuch. What Slaue art thou?

Gui. A thing.
More flauifh did I ne're, then anfwering
A Slaue without a knocke.

Cloten. Thou art a Robber,
A Law-breaker, a Villaine; yeeld thee Thefe.

Arui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arme as bigge as thine? A heart, as bigge:
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I weare not
My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art:

Why
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Why should ye yield to thee?

Cloth. Thou Valiant base,

Know'st me not by my Cloathes?

Guis. No, nor thy Taylor, Raffall:

Who is thy Grandfather? He made those cloathes,

Which (as I termes) make thee.

Cloth. Thou precious Varlet,

My Taylor made them not.

Guis. Hence then, and thanke

The man that gaine them thee. Thou art some Foole,

I am loath to bestre thee.

Cloth. Thou inurious Theife,

Heare but my name, and tremble.

Guis. What's thy name?

Cloth. Cloten, thou Valaine.

Guis. Cloten, thou double Valaine be thy name,

I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,

'Twould move me sooner.

Cloth. To thy further fear,

Nay, to thy meere Confusion, thou shalt know

I am Sonne to the Queene.

Guis. I am forry for't: not seeming

So worthy as thy Birth.

Cloth. Art not afraid?

Guis. Tho'f that I reverence, tho' I fear: the Wife:

At Foole's I laugh: not feare them.

Cloth. Dye the death:

When I have flowne thee with my proper hand,

Ile follow tho'f that even now fled hence:

And on the Gates of Ludo-Towne let your heads:

Yeeld Rufftike Mountaineer:

Fight and Exeunt.

Enter Belarius and Aruragus.

Bel. No Companie's abroad?

Ariu. None in the world: you did mistake him sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,

But Time hath nothing blurt'd tho'fe lines of Favour

Which then he wore: the satchets in his voice,

And burft of speaking were as his: I am absolute

'Twas very Cloten.

Ariu. In this place we left them;

I wish my Brother make good time with him,

You say he is fo fell.

Bel. Being scaree made vp,

I meane to man: he had not apprehension

Of roaring terrors: For defect of judgement

Is oft the caufe of Fear:

Enter Guiderius.

But see thy Brother.

Guis. This Cloten was a Foole, an empty purfe,

There was no money in't: Not Hercules

Could have knock'd out his Braines, for he had none:

Yet I not doing this, the Foole had borne

My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Guis. I am perfect what: cut off one Clotens head,

Sonne to the Queene (after his owne report)

Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and foare.

With his owne single hand hee'd take vs in,

Displace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow

And let them on Ludo-Towne.

Bel. We are all vndone.

Guis. Why, worthy Father, what hau'e we to looke,

But that hee swore to take, our Liones? the Law

Protects vs not, then why should we be tender,

To let an arrogant pece of flesh threat vs?

Play Judge, and Executioner, all himselfe?

For we do feare the Law. What company

Difcouer you abroad?

Bel. No single foule

Can we set eye on: but in all safe reason

He must have some Attendants. Though his Honor

Was nothing but mutation, I, and that

From one bad thing to worse: Not Frenzie,

Not absolute madneffe could fo faire have ra'ud

To bring him here: alone! although perhaps

It may be heard at Court, that fuch as we

Cau'e here, hunt here, are Out-lawes, and in time

May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,

(As it is like him) might breake out, and sweare

Heel'd fetch vs in, yet ist not probable

To come alone, either he fo vndertaking,

Or they so sufferinge: then on good ground we feare,

If we do feare this Body hath a tale

More perilous then the head.

Ariu. Let Ordinance

Come as the Gods fore-fay it: howsoere,

My Brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind

To hunt this day: The Boy Fideles fckenesse

Did make my way long forth.

Guis. With his owne Sword,

Which he did waue against my throat, I haue tane

His head from him: Ile throw't into the Creeke

Behind our Rocke, and let it to the Sea,

And tell the Ninnes, hee's the Queenes Sonne, Cloten,

That's all I reache. 

Exit.'

Bel. I feare 'twill be reueng'd:

Would (Polidore) thou had't not done: though valour

Becomes thee well enough.

Ariu. Would I had done:

So the Reuenge alone purf'd me: Polidore

I loue thee brotherly, but enuy must

Thou haft robb'd me of this deed: I would Reuenges

That possible strength might meere, wold seek vs through

And put vs to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:

We'll hunt no more to day, nor fecke for danger |

Where there's no profit. I prythee to our Rocke,

You and Fidele play the Cookies: Ile stay

Till halfe Polidore returne, and bring him

To dinner presently.

Ariu. Poore filke Fidele.

Ile willingly to him, to gaine his colour,

I'll let a parifh of fuch Clotens blood,

And praise my felie for charity. 

Exit.

Bel. Oh thou Goddesse,

Thou diuine Nature: thou thy felie thou blazon't

In these two Princely Boyes: they are as gentle

As Zephires blowing below the Violet,

Not waiggis his sweet head; and yet, as rough

(Their Royall Blood enchant'd) as the rud'ft winde,

That by the top doth take the Mountain Pine,

And make him floope to th'Vale. 'Tis wonder

That anuible intinct shoud frame them

To Royalty vnlearn'd, Honor vntaught,

Ciuitie not feene from other: valour

That wildly grows in them, but yeelds a crop

As if it had beene fow'd; yet still it's strange

What Clotens being heere to vs portends,

Or what his death will bring vs. 

Enter Guiderius.

Guis. Where's my Brother?
I have sent Cloten Clot-pole downe the streame,  
In Embassie to his Mother; his Bodie's hoffage  
For his returne.  

**Solemn Musik.**

Bel. My ingenuous Instrument,  
(Hearke Poldore) it founds: but what occasion  
Hath Cadwall now to give it motion? Hearke,  
Gui. Is he at home?  
Bel. He went hence euen now.  
Gui. What does he meane?  
Since death of my deare' Mother  
It did not speake before. All solemne things  
Should anwer solemne Accidents. The matter?  
Triumphes for nothing, and lamenting Toyes,  
Is solitie for Aifes, and greefe for Boyes.  
Is Cadwall mad?  

Enter Arurragus, with Imogen dead, hearing  
"be in his Armes."

Bel. Looke, heere he comes,  
And brings the dire occacion in his Armes,  
Of what we blame him for.  

Arui. The Bird is dead  
That we have made fo much on. I had rather  
Have skipt from fixteene yeares of Age, to sixty:  
To haue turn'd my leaping time into a Croule,  
Then haue fenne this.  
Gui. O sweetest, faireft Lilly:  
My Brother weares thee not the one halfe so well,  
As when thou grew'ft thy selfe.  

Bel. Oh Melancholly,  
Who euer yet could found thy botome? Finde  
The Ooze, to fhow what Covent thy sluggishe care  Might'ft eafieft harbour in. Thou bleffed man,  Ioue knowes what man thou might'ft haue made: but I,  
Thou dyed'ft a most rare Boy, of Melancholly.  
How found you him?  

Arui. Starke, as you see:  
Thus smiling, as some Fly had tickled flumber,  
Not as deathes dart being laught at: his right Cheeke  Repofing on a Cushion.  
Gui. Where?  

Arui. O' the flores:  
His armes thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put  
My clayed Brogues from off my feate, whose rudeness  Answer'd my flaps too lowd.  

Gui. Why, he but sleepe:  
If he be gone, hee'll make his Graue, a Bed:  
With female Faries will his Tombe be haunted,  
And Wormes will not come to thee.  

Arui. With faireft Flowers  
Whill Sommer laifs, and I lute heere, Fidele,  
Ile sweetness thy fad graue: thou shalt not lacke  The Flower that's like thy face. Pale-Primrofe, nor  The azur'd Hare-bell, like thy Veines: no, nor  The leafe of Egantine, whom not to flander,  Out-sweetned not thy breath: the Raddocke would  With Charitable bill (Oh bill fore flaming  Those rich-left-heyres, that let their Fathers lye  Without a Monument) bring thee all this,  
Yes, and furr'd Mofs beside. When Flowres are none  To winter-ground thy Coarfe—  

Gui. Prythee have done,  
And do not play in Wench-like words with that  Which is fo serious. Let vs bury him,  
And not protract with admiration, what  Is now due debt. To'th graue.  

Arui. Say, where shall's lay him?  

Gui. By good Euripile, our Mother.  

Arui. Bee't fo:  
And let vs (Poldore) though now our voyces  Haue got the mannifh cracke, fing him to the'ground  As once to our Mother: wie like note, and words,  Saue that Euripile, must be Fidele.  

Gui. Cadwall,  
I cannot fing: Ile weep, and word it with thee;  
For Notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worfe  Then Priests, and Phanes that lye.  

Arui. We'll speake it then.  
Bel. Great greefs I fee med'cine the leffe: For Cloten  
Is quite forgot. He was a Queenes Sonne, Boyes,  
And though he came our Enemy, remember  
He was paid for that: though meane, and mighty rotting  Together haue one duft, yet Reuereence  
(That Angell of the world) doth make definction  Of place 'tweene high, and low. Our Foe was Princely,  
And though you tooke his life, as being our Foe,  
Yet bury him, as a Prince.  

Gui. Pray you fetch him hither,  
Tobrefes body is as good as Aux,  
When nether are alie.  

Arui. If you'll go fetch him,  
We'll lay our Song the while: Brother begin.  
Gui. Nay Cadwall, we must lay his head to the Eaft,  
My Father hath a reafon for't.  

Arui. 'Tis true.  
Gui. Come on then, and remove him.  

Arui. So, begin.

**SONG.**

Guid. Fear no more the beate o'th Sun,  
Nor the furious Winters rage:  
Thou by worldly task haft don,  
Home art gou, and tame thy wages.  
Golden Lads, and Girls all muft,  
As Chimney-Sweepers come to duft.  

Arui. Fear no more the frowne o'th Great,  
Thou art past the Tirants brooks,  
Care no more to cloath and eate,  
To thee the Rede is as the Oakes:  

The Scepter, Learning, Physicke muft,  
All follow thu and come to duft.  

Guid. Fear no more the Lightning flafts  
Arui. Nor th' all-dreaded Thunderstone.  

Guid. Fear not Slander, Courage refts,  
Arui. Thou haft finifh'd lay and more.  

Both. All Louers young, all Louers muft,  
Configne to thee and come to duft.  

Guid. No Exorcifor harme thee,  

Arui. Nor no witch-craft charmere thee.  

Guid. Ghost unlaid forbear thee.  
Arui. Nothing ill come neere thee.  

Both. Quiet confusion have,  
And renowned be thy graue.  

Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.  

Gui. We have done our obsequies:  
Come lay him downe.  

Bel. Heere's a few Flowres, but 'bout midnight more:  
The herbes that haue on them cold dew o'th night  Are f'rewings fit't for Graues: upon their Faces.  
You were as Flowres, now with'ther'd: even fo  
Thefe Herbelets shall, which we upon you frewre.  
Come on, away, apart upon our knees:  
The ground that gau them firt, ha's them againe:  
Their pleasures here are past, fo are their paine.  

Exeunt.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Imogen awakes.

Yes Sir, to Milford-Hauen, which is the way?
I thanke you: by yond built? pray how farre thether?
'Ods pittikins: can it be fixe mile yet?
I haue gone all night: Faith, Ile lye downe, and sleepe.
But soft: no Bedfellow? Oh Gods, and Goddefles!
Thefe Flowers are like the pleasures of the World;
This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame:
For fo I thought I was a Cavee-keeper,
And Cooke to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so:
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, not at nothing,
Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,
Are sometimes like our Judgements, blinde. Good faith
I tremble still with feare: but if there be
Yet left in Hauean, as small a drop of pittie
As a Wrens eye; fear'd Gods, a part of it.
The Dreame's heere still: euen when I wake it
Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man? The Garments of Pallas?
I know the shape of his Legge: this is his Hand:
His Foote Mercurialis: his martill Thigh
The brawnes of Hercules: but his Iouiall face—
Murther in heauen? How? 'tis gone. Pifanio,
All Curles madded Hecuba gaue the Grecians,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee: thou
Conspir'd with that Irregulous duell Cloten,
Hath heere cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd Pifanio,
Hath with his forged Letters (damn'd Pifanio)
From this moft braueft veilfull of the world
Stroke the maine top! Oh Pofhimmus, alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Art me! where's that?
Pifanio might haue kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How should this be, Pifanio?
'Tis he, and Cloten: Malice, and Lucre in them
Hauz laid this Woe heere. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The Drugg he gaue me, which hee said was precious
And Cordall to me, haue I not found it
Murd'rous toth'Senfes? That confirmes it home:
This is Pifanio's deede, and Cloten: Oh!
Glue colour to my pale cheeke with thy blood,
That we the horrorrier may feeme to thofe
Which chance to finde vs. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

Enter Lucius, Captaines, and a Couchier.

Cap. To them, the Lections gaine Gallia
After your will, haue croft the Sea, attending
You heere at Milford-Hauen, with your Shippes:
They are heere in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The Senate hath fin'd ye the Confiners,
And Gentleman of Italy, moft willing Spirits,
That promife Noble Seruice: and they come
Vnder the Conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sycena's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit oth'winde.

Luc. This forwardnes
Makes our hopes faire. Command our present numbers
Be murther'd: bid the Captaines looke too't. Now Sir,
What haue you dream'd of late of this warres purpofe.

Sooth. Laft night, the very Gods how'd me a vision
(I fayd, and pray'd for thier Intelligence) thus:
I saw Ioues Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd
From the fpungy South, to this part of the Weft,
There vanish'd in the Sun-beames, which portend
(Valiffe my finnes abufe my Diuination)

Succelte to th'Roman howt.

Luc. Dreame often fo,
And nouer faille. Soft how, what truncke is heere?
Without his top? The ruine speakes, that sometime
It was a worthy building. How? a Page?
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather:
For Nature doth abhorre to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleepe upon the dead.
Let's see the Boyes face.

Cap. Hee's alue my Lord.

Luc. Hee'lt then inquir'd vs of this body: Young one,
Inform vs of thy Fortunes, for it feemes
They craue to be demanded: who is this
Thou mak'ft thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he
That (otherwife then noble Nature did)
Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wretche? How came't? Who is't?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be worse: This was my Master,
A very valiant Britaine, and a good,
That heere by Mountaineen Iyes flaine: Alas,
There is no more such Masters: I may wander
From East to Occident, cry out for Service,
Try many, all good: ferue truly: neuer
Finde such another Master.

Luc. 'Lacke, good youth:
Thou mou't no lefe with thy complaining, then
Thy Malifer in bleeding: say his name, good Friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ: If I do lye, and do
No harme by it, though the Gods heare, I hope
They'lt pardon it. Who is this Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidelis Sir.

Luc. Thou doo'ft approve thy selfe the very fame:
Thy Name well fitts thy Faith; thy Faith, thy Name:
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not fay
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
No lefe belou'd. The Romane Emperors Letters
Sent by a Confill to me, should not fooner
Then thine owne worth preferre thee: Go with me.

Imo. Ile follow Sir. But frift,and't pleafe the Gods,
Ile hide my Master from the Fies, as deepe
As thofe poore Pickaxes can digge: and when
With wild wood-leafes & weeds, I ha' fhou'd his grave
And on it faid a Century of prayers
(Such as I can) twice o're, Ile wepe, and sigh,
And leaving to his feruice, follow you,
So pleafe you entertaine mee.

Luc. I good youth,
And rather Father thee, then Master thee: My Friends,
The Boy hath taught vs many duties: Let vs
Find out the prettieft Dazled-Ploet we can,
And make him with our Pikes and Partizans
A Graue: Come, Arme him: Boy hee'f preferv'd
By thee, to vs, and hee fhall be intern'd
As Souldiers can. Be cheerefull: wipe thine eyes,
Some Falles are means the happier to arise.

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cymbeline,Lords, and Pifanio.

Cym. Againe: and hiringe me word how 'tis with her,
A Feauour with the absence of her Sonne;
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Bel. Sonnes,
Woe'll higher to the Mountaines, there secure vs.
To the Kings party there's no going : newsse
Of Closen death (we being not knowne, not mutter'd
Among the Bands) may drive vs to a renders
Where we have liu'd; and so extort from's that
Which we have done, whose answere would be death
Drawne on with Torture.

Gui. This is (Sir)a doubt
In such a time, nothing becomming you,
Nor satisfying vs.

Arui. It is not likely,
That when they heare their Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd Fires; haue both their eyes
And cares so cloud importantly as now,
That they will wafte their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am knowne
Of many in the Army: Many yeeres
(Though Closen then but young) you fee, not wore him
From my remembrance. And besides, the King
Hath not deffer'd my Service, nor your Loues,
Who finde in my Exile, the want of Breeding;
The certainty of this heard life, aye hopeleffe
To have the courtefe your Cradle promis'd,
But to be fill hot Summers Tanlings, and
The thriving Slaues of Winter.

Gui. Then be fo,
Better to ceafe to be. Pray Sir, toth'Army:
I, and my Brother are not knowne; your felte
So out of thought, and thereto fo ore-growne,
Cannot be question'd.

Arui. By this Sunne that shines
Ile thither: What thing is't, that I never
Did see man dye, scarce euer look'd on blood,
But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Venifon?
Neuer befrid a Horfe faue one, that had
A Rider like my felte, who ne're were Rowell,
Nor Iron on his heele: I am afham'd
To looke vpon the holy Sunne, to haue
The benefit of his bleft Beame, remaining
So long a poore vnknowne.

Gui. By heauens Ile go,
If you will bleffe me Sir, and give me leave,
Ile take the better care ; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romaines.

Arui. So say I, Amen.

Bel. No rea'on I (since of your liues you set)
So flight a valewation) should refere
My crack'd one to more care. Haue with you Boyes:
If in your Country warres you chance to dye,
That is my Bed too (Lads) and there Ile lye.
Lead,lead; the time feems long, their blood thinks scorn
Till it flye out, and thwew them Princes borne.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, & Aruiragus.

Gui. The noyse is round about vs.

Bel. Let vs from it.

Arui. What pleasure Sir, we finde in life, to locke it
From Action, and Adventurn.

Gui. Nay, what hope
Hauie we in hiding vs? This way the Romaines
Must, or for Britaines slay vs or redeem us
For barbarous and vnnatural Reuolts
During their vie, and slay vs after.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, & Aruiragus.

Gui. The noyse is round about vs.

Bel. Let vs from it.

Arui. What pleasure Sir, we finde in life, to locke it
From Action, and Adventurn.

Gui. Nay, what hope
Hauie we in hiding vs? This way the Romaines
Must, or for Britaines slay vs or redeem us
For barbarous and vnnatural Reuolts
During their vie, and slay vs after.

Scena Quarta.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

For wrying but a little? Oh Pisanio,
Every good Servant do's not all Commands:
No Bond, but to do iuft ones. Gods, if you
Should have 'tane vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liu'd to put on this: so had you faued
The noble Imogen, to repent, and strooke
Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alacke,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love
To have them fall no more; you some perfit
To second ill's with ill's, each elder worfe,
And make them dread it, to the doers thrift.
But Imogen is your owne, do your silent wills,
And make me bleft to obey. I am brought hither
Among th'Italian Gentry, and to fight
Against my Ladies Kingdome: 'Tis enough
That (Britaine) I have kill'd thy Miftirs: Peace,
Ie glue no wound to thee: therefore good Heauens,
Heare patiently my purpose. Ie difrobe me
Of these Italian weedes, and suite my felfe
As do's a Britaine Pezant: fo Ie fight
Against the part I come with: fo Ie dye
For thee (O Imogen) even for whom my life
Is every breath, a death: and thus vnknowne,
Pitied, nor hated, to the face of peril .
My felfe Ie dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, then my habits how.
Gods, put the strength o' th' Leonati in me:
To shame the guize o' th'world, I will begin,
The fashion leffe without, and more within. Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Romane Army at one doore:
and the Britaine Army at another: Leonatus Poslibumus
following like a poore Souldier. They march ouer, and goe out.
Then enter againe in Skirmefe Iachimo and Poslibumus:
be vanquisfetb and disfargetb Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Luc. The heauneffe and guilt within my bolome,
Takes off my manhood: I haue belyed a Lady,
The Princeffe of this Country; and the ayre on't
Reuengingly enfeebles me, or could this Carle,
A very drudge of Nature, haue subdu'd me
In my profession: Knighthoods, and Honors borne
As I weare mine) are titles but of ficorne.
If that thy Gentry (Britaine) goe before
This Lows, as he eexceeds our Lords, the oddes
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are Goddess. Exit.

Bel. Stand, and, we haue th'advantage of the ground,
The Lane is guarded: Nothing rovets vs, but
The villany of our feares.

Gui. Arui. Stand, and, and fight.

Enter Poslibumus, and seconds the Britaines. They Rescue
Cymbeline, and Exeunt.

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away boy from the Troopes, and faue thy felfe:
For friends kil friends, and the diforder's fuch
As warre were hood-wink'd.

Luc. "Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly.

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Posthbmus, and a Britaine Lord.

Lor. Can't thou from where they made the stand?

Posth. I did,
Though you it seemes come from the Fliers?

Lor. I did.

Posth. No blame be to you Sir, for all was loft,
But that the Heauens sought: the King himfelfe
Of his wings deflitude, the Army broken,
And but the backes of Britaines fene; all flying
Through a ftrait Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the Tongue with fraught'ring: hauing worke
More plentiful, then Toolees to doo: stroooke downe
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through feare, that the ftrait pffe was damn'd
With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cowsards living
To dye with length'ned flame.

Lor. Where was this Lane?

Posth. Clofe by the batall, ditch'd, & wall'd with turph,
Which gau advantage to an ancient Soldiour
(An honest one I warrant) who defer'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's Country. Atхват the Lane,
He, with two striplings (Lads more like to run
The Country bafe, then to commit fuch slaughter,
With faces fit for Maskes, or rather fayer
Then thofe for prefervation cas'd, or thame)
Made good the paffage, cryed to thofe that fled.
Our Britaines hearts dye flying, not our men,
To darkneffe fteete foules that fley backwards; fland,
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beafts, which you fhon beauiy, and may fave
But to looke backe in frowne: Stand, fland. Thofe three,
Three thoufand confident, in aet in many:
For three performers are the File, when all
The reft do nothing. With this word fland, fland,
Accomodated by the Place; more Charming
With their owne Noblenefe, which could haue turn'd
A Difaffe, to a Lance, guiled pale lookes;
Part fhaie, part spirit renew'd, that fome turn'd coward
But by example (Oh a finne in Warre,
Damn'd in the firft beginners) gan to looke
The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons
Vpon the Pikes o'th' Hunters. Then beganne
A fpop l'th' Chafers: a Retyre: Anon
A Rowt, confusion thicke: forthwith they fley
Chickens, the way in which they loft Eagles: Slaues
The frides the Victors made: and now our Cowsards
Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
The life o'th'need: hauing found the backe doore open;
Of the vnguardred hearts: heauens, how they wound,
Some flaine before some dying; fome their Friends
Ore-borne i'th'former waue, ten chac'd by one,
Are now each one the flaughter-man of twenty:
Thofe that would dye, or ere reift, are grown
The mortal bugs o'th' Field.

Lor
Lord. This was strange chance:  
A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boys.  
Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made  
Rather to wonder at the things you hear, 
Then to worke any. Will you Rime vpon't,  
And vent it for a Mock'rize? Heere is one:  
"Two Boys, an Oldman (twice a Boy) a Lane,  
"Prefer'd the Britaines, was the Romanes bane.  

Lord. Nay, be not angry Sir.  
Post. Lacke, to what end?  
Who dares not stand his Poc, Ile be his Friend:  
For if he'el do, as he is made to doo,  
I know he'el quickly flye my friendship too.  
You have put me into Rime.  

Lord. Farewell, you are angry.  
Exit.  
Post. Still going? This is a Lord: Oh Noble minery  
To be i'th'Field, and aske what newes of me:  
To day, how many would haue given their Honours  
To have fau'd their Carakasses? Tookke heele to doo't,  
And yet dyed too. I, in mine owne wo char'md  
Could not finde death, where I did heare him groane,  
Nor feele him where he strooke. Being an vglie Monster,  
"Tis strange he hides him in freth Cups, soft Beds,  
Sweet words; or hath noe minifters then we  
That draw his kniues i'th'War. Well I will finde him:  
For being now a Faouurer to the Britaine,  
No more a Britaine. I haue return'd againe  
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,  
But yeeld me to the verieft Hinde, that shall  
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is  
Heere made by th'Romane; great the Anfwer be  
Britaines must take. For me, my Ransome's death,  
On eyther side I come to spend my breath;  
Which neyther heere Ile keepe, nor beare athen,  
But end it by some meanes for Imogen.  

Enter two Captaines, and Soldiers.  
1 Great Jupiter was prais'd, Lucius is taken,  
Tis thought the old man, and his fonnas, were Angels.  
2 There was a fourth man, in a filly habit,  
That gaue th'Affront with them.  
So 'tis reported: 
But none of'em can be found. Stand, who's there?  

Post. A Roman,  
Who had not now beene drooping heere, if Seconds  
Had anfwer'd him.  
2 Lay hands on him: a Dogge,  
A legge of Rome shall not returne to tell  
What Crowes haue peckt them here: he brags his feruice  
As if he were of note: bring him toth'King.  

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and  
Romane Captains. The Captains prefent Pofhmumus to  
Cymbeline, who deliers him over to a Gaoler.  

Scena Quarta.  

Enter Pofhmumus, and Gaoler.  
Gas. You shall not now be Rolone,  
You haue lockes vpon you:  
So grace, as you finde Pature.  
2 Gas. I, or a Romaine.  
Post. Moft welcome bondage; for thou art a way  
(I think) to liberty; yet am I better.  
Then one that's fickle o'th'Gows, since he had rather  
Groane fo in perpetuity, then be cur'd  
By'th'ure Phyfitian, Death; who is the key
To vbarre these Lockes. My Confience, thou art fetter'd  
More then my thanks, & wish'st you good Gods give me  
The penitent Instrument to picke that Bolt,  
Then free for ever. Is't enough I am forry?  
So Children temporall Fathers do appeafe;  
Gods are more full of mercy. Muft I repent,  
I cannot do it better then in Gyues,  
Defir'd, more then contrain'd, to satisifie  
If of my Freedom 'tis the maine part, take  
No stricler render of me, then my All.  
I know you are more clement then vilde men,  
Who of their broken Debtors take a third,  
A fixt, a tenth, letting them thrive againe  
On their abatement; that's not my defire.  
For Imogens deere life, take mine, and though  
'Tis not so deere, yet 'tis a life; you coynd it,  
'Tweenee man, and man, they waige not ever flame:  
Though light, take Peeces for the figures fake,  
(You rather) mine being yours: and fo great Powres,  
If you will take this Audit, take this life,  
And cancelle these cold Bonds. Oh Imogen,  
I leke to thee in silence.  

Solemn Musicke. Enter (as in an Apparation) Sicilius Leonatus,  
Father to Pofhmumus, an old man, attired like a warrier,  
leading in his band an ancient Martyr (his wife, &  
Mother to Pofhmumus) with Musicke before them. Then,  
after other Musick, follows the two young Leonati (Brothers  
to Pofhmumus) with wounds as they died in the wars.  
They circle Pofhbumus round as he lies sleeping.  

Scil. No more thou Thunder-Matter  
Shew thy spight, on Mortall Flies:  
With Mars fall out with Iuno childe, that thy Adulteries  
Rates, and Reuenges.  
Hath my poor Boy done ought but well,  
The whole face I never law:  
I dy'le whil'st in the Wombe he flaise,  
attending Natures Law.  
Whose Father then (as men report,  
thou Orphanes Father art)  
Thou should't haue bin, and sheelded him,  
from this earth-vexing smart.  
Math. Lucina lent not me her aye,  
but tooke me in my Throws,  
That from me was Pofhmumus ript,  
came crying 'mong'it his Foes.  
A thing of pitty.  
Scil. Great Nature like his Anceftrie,  
moulded the fluffe fo faire:  
That he d' fer'd the praise o'th'World,  
as great Sicilius heyre.  
1 Bro. When once he was mature for man,  
in Britaine where was hee  
That could fland vp his parallell?  
Or fruitfull obiect bee?  
In eye of Imogen, that beft could deeme  
his dignitude.  
Mz. With Marriage wherefore was he mockt  
to be exil'd, and thrown  
From Leonati State, and cast from her,  
his decreet one:  
Sweete Imogen?  
Sr. Why did you suffer Iackimo, flight thing of Italy,  
To
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

To taint his Nobler hart & braine, with needlelee cloysly,
And to become the geeke and fcone o'th'others vilany?
2 Brs. For this, from fliller Seats we came,
our Parents, and vs twaine,
That flinking in our Countries cause,
fell bravely, and were flaine,
Our Fealty, & Tenantius right, with Honor to maintaine.
1 Br. Like hardiment Pofhumus hath
to Cymbeline perform'd:
Then Jupiter, y' King of Gods, why haft thou thus adiourn'd
The Grace for his Merits due, being all to doers turn'd?
Sciil. Thy Criftall window ope; looke,
looke out, no longer exercife
Vpon a valiant Race, thy harsh, and potent injuries:
Mort. Since(Jupiter) our Son is good,
take off his miseries.
Sciil. Pepe through thy Marble Manfion, helpe,
or we poore Ghosts will cry
to'th'fhining Synod of the refl, against thy Deity.
Brothers. Helpe (Jupiter) or we appeale,
and from thy justice fye.
Jupiter defends in Thunder and Lightning, fitting upon an
Eagle: hee throwes a Thunder-bolt. The Ghostes fall on
their knees.
Jupiter. No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Offend our hearing: hush. How dare you Ghostes
Accufe the Thunderer, whole Bolt (you know)
Sky-plant'd, batters all rebelling Coats.
Poore shadowes of Elizium, hence, and refm
Vpon your meer-withering bances of Flowres.
Be not with mortall accidents oppred,
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
Whom beft I love, I croffe; to make my guft
The more delay'd, delightel. Be content,
Your low-laide Sonne, our Godhead will vplift:
His Comforts thrue, his 'Trials well are fpent:
Our Iouiall Starr reign'd at his Birth, and in
Our Temple was he married: Rife,and fade,
He shall be Lord of Lady Imogen,
And happier much by his Affiction made.
This Tablet lay vpon his Brefl, wherein
Our pleafure, his full Fortune, dothe confine,
And fo away: no farther with your dinne
Exprefse Indifpence, leaft you firre vpp mine:
Mount Eagle, to my Palace Criftalline.

Sciil. He came in Thunder, his Celeftiall breath
Was fulphrous to fmmel; the holy Eagle
Stoop'd, as to foote vs: his Ascension is
More sweet then our bleft Fields: his Royall Bird
Prunes the immortall wing, and closes his Beake,
As when his God is pleas'd.
All. Thankes Jupiter.
Sir. The Marble Paumont cloyes, he is enter'd
His radiant Roofe: Away, and to be bleft
Let vs with care perfone his great behoef.
Vaniff. Psfl. Sleepe, thou haft bin a Grandfire, and begot
A Father to me; and thou haft created
A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh fcone)
Gone, they went hence fo fcone as they were borne:
And fo I am awake. Poore Wretchtes, that depend
On Greatneffe, Favoure; Dreme as I have done,
Wake, and finde nothing. But (alas) I fwere:
Many Dreme not to finde, neither deferue,
And yet are sleepe'd in Favoures; fo am I
That haue this Golden chance, and know not why:
What Fayeries haunt this ground? A Book?Oh rare one,

Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment
Nobler then that it coures. Let thy effects
So follow, to be moft vnlike our Courtiers,
As good, as promife.

Readet.
W hen as a Lyons whelpe, fhall to himselfe unkno(wn,
without seeking fndes, and bee embrac'd by a piece of tender
Ayre: And when from a flately Cedar fshall be loft branches,
which being dead many years, fshall after refumes, bee cpnto
the old Stockes, and ffreely grow, then fhall Pofhumus end his
mifteries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourifh in Peace and Plentie.
'Tis fill a Drame: or else such ftuffe as Madmen
Tongue, and braine not: either both, or nothing,
Or fenlefelefe speaking, or a speaking fuch
As tenfe cannot fintte. Be what it is,
The ActIon of my life is like it, which I le keep
If but for fmpathy.

Enter Gado.
Gao. Come Sir, are you ready for death?
Gao. Hauing is the word, Sir, if you bee ready for
that, you are well Cook'd.
Pofl. So if I prove a good repaft to the Spectators, the
difh pays the shot.

Gao. A heavy reckoning for you Sir: But the comfort
is you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more
Tauerne Bills, which are often the fadneffe of parting, as
the procuring of mirth: you come in fainft for want of meate,
depart reeling with too much drinke: forrie that you have payed too much, and forry that you are payed
too much: Purfe and Braine, both empty: the Brain the
heauier, for being too light; the Purfe too light, being
drawne of haueineffe. Oh, of this contradiction you shall
now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it fummes
vp thousands in a trice: you haue no true Debitor, and
Creditor but it: of what's paft, is, and to come, the dif-
charge: your necke(Sir) is Pen,Booke, and Counters; fo
the Acquaintance follows.
Pofl. I am merrier to dye, then thou art to liue.
Gao. Indeed Sir, he that fleepes, feels not the Tooth-
Ache: but a man that were to fleepc your fleepc, and a
Hangman to helpe him to bed, I think he would change
places with his Officer: for, look you Sir, you know not
which way you shall go.
Pofl. Yes indeed do I, fellow.
Gao. Your death has eyes in his head then: I have not
feene him so pictur'd: you must either bee direcieed by
some that take vpon them to know, or to take vpon your
felfe that which I am sure you do not know: ior lumps the
after-enquiry on your owne perill: and how you shall
fpeed in your inournes end, I thinke you neuer returne
to tell one.
Pofl. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to
diretie them the way I am going, but fuch as winke, and
will not vie them.
Gao. What an infinite mocke is this, that a man shold
have the bext vfe of eyes, to fee the way of blindneffe: I
am sure hanging's the way of winkeing.

Enter a Meffenger.
Mes. Knocke off his Manacles, bring your Prisoner to the
King.
Pofl. Thou bring'ft good newes, I am call'd to bee
made free.
Gao. Ile be hang'd then.
Pofl. Thou fhalt be then freer then a Goleruio bolts
for
for the dead.

Gas. Vnlesse a man would marry a Gallowes, & beget yong Gibbets, I neuer saw one so prone: yet on my Confidence, there are verier Knaues desire to liue, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that dye against their wills: fo should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one minde, and one minde good: O there were defolation of Caclers and Galowles: I speake againft my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guideriis, Aru-ragus, Pijanis, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side you, whom the Gods have made Priemeers of my Throne: woe is my heart, That the poore Souldier that fo richly fought, Whose ragges, tham'd gilded Armes, whose naked breft Stept before Targes of proofe, cannot be found: He shall be happy that can finde him, if
Our Grace can make him fo.

Bel. I never saw
Such Noble fury in so poore a Thing;
Such precious deeds, in one that promit nought
But beggery, and poore looks.

Cym. No tydings of him?
Fij. He hath bin search'd among the dead, & liuing;
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my Cornelius, I am
The heyre of his Reward, which I will add
To you (the Lurer, Heart, and Braine of Britaine)
By whom (I grant) the liues. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria we are borne, and Gentlemen:
Further to boaste, were neyther true, nor modest,
Vnlesse I adde, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Arie my Knights o'th'Battell, I create you
Companions to our perfon, and will fit you
With Dignities becoming your eftates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's businesse in these faces: why so sadly
Greet you our Victo'ry? you looke like Romanes,
And not o'th'Court of Britaine.

Crm. Hayle great King,
To sworre your happinesse, I must report
The Queene is dead.

Cym. Who worre then a Phythian
Would this report become? But I consider,
By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will fase the Doctor too. How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which (being cruell to the world) concluded
Most cruell to her felie. What the convent,
I will report, so please you. These her Women
Can trip me, if I erre, who with wet checkes
Were present when she finisht.

Cym. Prythee say.
Cor. Firft, the convent the newer lou'd you: onely
Affectcd Greatnesse got by you: not you:
Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:

Cym. I haue surely seen him:
His fauour is familiar to me: Boy,
Thou haft look'd thy selfe into my grace,
And art mine owne. I know not why, wherefore,
To say, liue boy: ne're thanke thy Maiter, liue;
And aske of Cymbeline what Boone thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy flate, Ile give it:

Yea,
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Yea, thou dost demand a Prifoner
The Noblest tame.

I. I humbly thank ye your Highness.
L. I do not bid thee begge my life, good Lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

I. No, no, alacke,
There’s other worke in hand : I see a thing
Bitter to me, as death : your life, good Master,
Mufh suffife for it felfe.

L. The Boy deftaines me,
He leaves me, fcornes me : brefly dye their joyes,
That place them on the truth of Gyris, and Boyes.
Why stands he fo perplex?

Gym. What wold’t hou Boy?
I loue thee more, and more : thinke more and more
What’s bett to ask. Know’ft hou thou look’ft on? speak
Wilt haue him live? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?

I. He is a Roman, no more kin to me,
Then I to your Highnesse, who being born your vaffe
Am something neerer.

Gym. Whatere’er ye’ft him fo?
I. Ile tell you (Sir) in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Gym. I, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What’s thy name?

I. Fidelle Sir.

Gym. Thou’rt my good youth : my Page
Ile be thy Master: walke with me : speake freely.

Bel. Is not this Boy reuiu’d from death?

Arul. One Sand another
Not more refulens that fweet Rosie Lad :
Who dyed, and was Fidelle : what thinke you?

Gym. The fame dead thing aliue.
Bel. Peace, peace, fee farther : he eyes vs not, forbear
Creatures may be alike : were’t he, I am sure
He would haue speake to vs.

Gui. But we fee him dead.

Bel. Be filent: let’s fee farther.

Pife. It is my Miftris:
Since she is liuing, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

Gym. Come, f tand thou by our fide,
Make thy demand alow’d. Sir, ftep you forth,
Glue anfwer to this Boy, and do itfreely,
Or by our Greatnesse, and the grace of it
(Whofe, our Honour) bifter torture fhall
Winnow the truth from falhood. One speake to him.

I. My boone is, that this Gentleman may render
Of whom he had this Ring.

Poft. What’s that to him?

Gym. That Diamond upon your Finger, fay
How came it yours?

Iac. Thou’lt torture me to leaue vnfpoken, that
Which to be fpoke, would torture thee.

Gym. How? me?

Iac. I am glad to be conftrain’d to vttter that
Which torments me to confccale. By Villany
I got this Ring :’twas Leonatus Jewell,
Whom thou did’ft banifh : and which more may greeue
As it doth me : a Noble Sir, ne ver li’d
(there,
Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou heare more my Lord?

Gym. All that belongs to this.

Iac. That Paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my faire spirits
Quaife to remember. Give me leaue, I faint.


I had rather thou fhould’t liue, while Nature will,
Then dye ere I heare more : ftrieue man, and speake.

Iac. Upon a time, vnhappy was the clocke
That fpooke the hoare: it was in Rome, accrue
The Manfon where :’twas at a Feaft, oh would
Our Viands had bin poyfon’d (or at leat
Tho’ which I heard to read:) the good Posthumus,
(Whofe fhould I fay? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the beft of all
Among’t the rar’ft of good ones) fitting fadly,
Hearing vs praffle our Louses of Italy
For Beauty, that made barren the fwell’d boate
Of him that beft could fpoke f: for Feature, lamng
The Shrine of Venus, or ftraight-pight Minerva,
Poffures, beyond brefhe Nature. For Condition,
A hop of all the qualities, that man
Louses woman for, besides that hooke of Wuing,
Faireneffe, which ftrikes the eye.

Gym. I ftand on fire. Come to the matter.

Iac. All too foon I fhall,
Vnleffe thou’lt greeue quickly. This Posthumus,
Most like a Noble Lord, in loue, and one
That had a Royall Louer, tooke his hint,
And (not displeafing whom we prai’d, therein
He was as calme as vertue) he began
His Miftris picture, which, by his tongue, being made,
And then a minde put’n, either our bragges
Were crack’d of Kitchen-Trulles, or his description
Proud’r vs vnfeaking Fottes.

Gym. Nay, nay, to’th purpofe,

Iac. Your daughters Chaffity, (there it begins)
He fpoke of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And the lone, were cold : Whereat, I wretch
Made fcruple of his praife, and wadget with him
Peeces of Gold, (gainft this, which then he wore
Vpon his honour’d finger) to attaine
In fuite the place of’s bed, and winne this Ring
By hers, and mine Adultery : he (true Knight)
No leffer of her Honour confident
Then I did truly finde her, fakes this Ring,
And would fo, had it beene a Carbuncle
Of Phoebus Wheele ; and might fo fafely, had it
Bin all the worth of’s Carre. Away to Britaine
Pofte I in this defigne : Well may you (Sir)
Remember me at Court, where I was taught
Of your chaffe Daughter, the wide difference
Twixt Amorous, and Villainous. Being thus quench’d
Of hope, not longing ; mine Italian braine,
Gan in your duller Britaine operare
Most vildely : for my vantage excellent.
And to be breefe, my practise fo preuy’d
That I return’d with fimalur profe enough,
To make the Noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his beleefe in her Renowne,
With Tokens thus, and thus : auerring notes
Of Chamber-hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got) nay fome markes
Of secret on her perfon, that he could not
But thinke her bond of Chaflity quite crack’d,
I hauing ’tane the forfeit. Whereupon,
Me thinks I fee him now.

Poft. I fo thou do’o,

Italian Fiend. Aye me, moft credulous Foole,
Egregious murtherer, Theefe, any thing
That’s due to all the Villaines paff, in being
To come. Oh gue me Cord, or knife, or poyfon,
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Some virtuous Jutifer. Thou King, send out
For Torturers ingenious: it is I
That all that abhorred things o'th'earth amend
By being worse then they. I am Pofibamus,
That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain-like, I lye,
That caus'd a lether villain then my selle,
A sacrilegious Theefe to doo't. The Temple
Of Vertue was she; yea, and the her selle.
Spit, and throw thomes, cast more vpun me, fet
The dogges o'th'street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Pofibamus Leonatus, and
Be villany leffe then 'twas. Oh Imogen!
My Queene, my life, my wife: oh Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen.

Imo. Peace my Lord, heare, heare.
Poff. Shall's have a play of this?
Thou scornd full Page, there lye thy part.
Pi. Oh Gentlemen, helpe,
Mine and your Miftris: Oh my Lord Pofibamus,
You're kill'd Imogen till now: helpe, helpe,
Mine honours Lady.

Cym. Does the world go round?
Poff. How comes these flaggers on mee?
Pi. Wake my Miftris.

Cym. If this be fo, the Gods do meane to strike me
To death, with mortall Ioy.

Pi. How fares my Miftris?

Imo. Oh get thee from my sight,
Thou gait me poyfon: dangerous Fellow hence,
Breath not where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen.

Pi. Lady, the Gods throw thones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you, was not thought by mee
A precious thing, I had it from the Queene.

Cym. New matter fell.

Im. It poyfon'd me.

Corn. Oh Gods!

I let out one thing which the Queene confest,
Which must approue thee honest: If Pofanio
Haue (said he) given his Miftris that Confeception
Which I gave him for Cordiall, he is feru'd,
As I would ferue a Rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Corn. The Queene (Sir) very oft importun'd me
to temper poyfons for her, fill pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, onely
In killing Creatures vile, as Cats and Dogges
Of no efteeme. I dreading, that her purpoe
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certaine fluffe, which being tane, would cease
The prefent powre of life, but in short time,
All Offices of Nature, shou'd againe
Do their due Functions. Haue you tane of it?

Imo. Most lke I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My Boyes, there was our error.

Gui. This is sure Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady fro you?
Think you that you are von a Rocke, and now
Throw me againe.

Poff. Hang there like fruite, my soule,
Till the Tree dye.

Cym. How now, my Flesh? my Childe?
What, mak't thou me a durland in this Act?
Wilt thou not speake to me?

Imo. Your blessing, Sir.

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not,

You had a motiue for't.

Cym. My teares that fall
Prove holy-water on thee; Imogen,
Thy Mothers dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my Lord.

Cym. Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet heere to strangely: but her Sonne
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pi. My Lord,

Now fear is from me, Ile speake trouth. Lord Cloten
Vpon my Ladies misfing, came to me
With his Sword drawne, faid at the mouth, and swore
If I discouer'd not which way she was gone,
It was my infant death. By accident,
I had a feigned Letter of my Masters
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To fecke her on the Mountains neere to Milford,
Where in a frenzie, in my Masters Garments
(Which he infirc'd from me) awaie he poftes
With vnchawe purpoe, and with oath to violate
My Ladies honor, what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the Story: I fled him there.

Cym. Marry, the Gods forefende.

I would not thy good deeds, shoud from my lips
Plucke a hard sentence: Fytheye valiant youth
Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Gui. A moft incomit one. The wrongs he did mee
Were nothing Prince-like; for he did prouoke me
With Language that would make me spurne the Sea,
If it could fo roare to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not fending heere
to tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am forrow for thee:
By thine owne tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our Law: Thou'rt dead,

Imo. That headleffe man I thought had bin my Lord

Cym. Banifie the Offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King.

This man is better then the man he flew,
As well defcended as thy selfe, and hath
More of thee meriteth, then a Band of Clotens
Had eu'er forre for. Let his Armes alone,
They were not borne for bondage.

Cym. Why old Soldier:
Wilt thou vnsee the worth thou art vnpayd for
By tafting of our wrath? How of defcent
As good as we?

Arui. In that he spake too farre.

Cym. And thou shalt dye for't.

Bel. We will dye all three,
But I will prooue that two one's are as good
As I have guen out him. My Sonnes, I must
For mine owne part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though hapily well for you.

Arui. Your danger's ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Haue at it then, by leaue
Thou hadd't (great King) a Subiect, who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? He is a banish't Traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed a banish't man,
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

I know not how a Traitor. 

Cym. Take him hence, The whole world shall not faue him. 

Bel. Not too hot; 

First pay me for the Nursing of thy Sonnes, And let it be conficcate all, to foone As I have receu'd it. 

Cym. Nursing of my Sonnes? 

Bel. I am too blunt, and fawcy: here's my knee: Ere I arise, I will preffe my Sonnes, Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir, These two young Gentlemen that call me Father, And think they are my Sonnes, are none of mine, They are the yeffe of your Loynes, my Liege, And blood of your begetting. 

Cym. How! my Iffue. 

Bel. So sure as you, your Fathers: I (old Morgan) Am that Belarius, whom you sometime banished: Your plesaure was my neere offence, my punishement It felfe, and all my Treafor that I fuffered, Was all the harme I did. These gentle Princes (For fuch, and fo they are) these twenty years Have I train'd vp; those Arts they have, as I Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir) As your Highness knowes: Their Nurse Euriphius (Whom for the Theft I wedded) fpole these Children Upon my Banishment: I mou'd her too, Hauing receu'd the punishement before For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyalties, Excited me to Treafor. Their deere loffe, The more of you 'twas felt, the more it fphep' Vnto my end of healing them. But gracious Sir, Heere are your Sonnes againe, and I muft loffe Two of the sweete'rt Companions in the World. The beneficience of thefe courting Heauens Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthe To in-lay Heauen with Starres. 

Cym. Thou weep'st, and fpakeft: 

The Service that you three have done, is more Unlike, then this thou tell'st. I loft my Children, If thefe be they, I know not how to with A payre of worther Sonnes. 

Bel. Be pleas'd awhile; 

This Gentleman, whom I call Polidore, Moft worthy Prince, as yours, is true Guiderius: This Gentleman, my Cadwall, Aruragius. Your yonger Princes Son, he Sir, was lapt In a most curious Mantle, wrought by th'hand Of his Queene Mother, which for more probacion I can with eafe produce. 

Cym. Guiderius had 

Vpon his necke a Mole, a fanguine Starre, It was a marke of wonder. 

Bel. This is he, 

Who hath vpon him still that natural flampe: It was wife Natures end, in the donation To be his evidence now. 

Cym. Oh, what am I 

A Mother to the byrth of three? Nere Mother Reloyc'd delivernce more: Bleff, pray you be, That after this strange flattering from your Orbes, You may reigne in them now: Oh Imogen, Thou haft loft by this a Kingdome. 

Imo. No, my Lord: 

I haue got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentil Brothers, Haue we thus met? Oh neuer fay hereafter But I am trueft speaker. You call'd me Brother When I was but your Sifter: I you Brothers, When we were fo indeed. 

Cym. Did you ere meete? 

Aru. I my good Lord. 

Gu. And at firft meeting lou'd; Continu'd fo, vntil we thought he dyed. 

Cym. O rare infuf't! 

When shall I heare all through? This fierce abridgment, Hath to it Circumfantiall branches, which Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liu'd you? And when came you to ferve our Romane Captuie? How parted with your Brother? How firft met them? Why fled you from the Court? And whether thfe? And your three motuies to the Battallie? with I know not how much more shou'd be demanded, And all the other by-dependances From chance to chance? But nor the Time, nor Place Will ferve our long Interrogatories. See, 

Psylphamus Anchors vpon Imogen: And the (like harmsleffe Lightning) throws her eye On him: her Brothers, Me: her Mater hitting Each obieft with a Joy: the Counter-change Is feuerally in all. Let's quit this ground, And fmoake the Temple with our Sacrifices. Thou art my Brother, fo wee'll hold thee euer. 

Imo. You are my Father too, and did releeue me: To fee this gracious feaon. 

Cym. All ore-lou'd 

Save thfe in bonds, let them be joyfull too, For they shall taife our Comfort. 

Imo. My good Mater, I will yet do you fervice. 

Luc. Happy be you. 

Cym. The forlorne Soul'dier, that no Nobly bought He would haue well becom'd this place, and grac'd The thankings of a King. 

Psft. I am Sir 

The Soul'dier that did company thfe three In poore befeeming: 'twas a fitment for The purpofe I then follow'd. That I was he, Spake Iacbimo, I had you downe, and might Haue made you finifh. 

Iacb. I am downe againe: 

But now my heauie Confidence finkes my knee, As then your force did. Take that life, beleech you Which I fo often owe: but your Ring firft, And here the Bracelet of the trueft Princeffe 

That euer fwer'd her Faith. 

Psft. Kneele not to me: 

The powre that I haue on you,is to fpare you: The malice towards you, to forgiue you. Liue And deale with others better. 

Cym. Nobly doomd': 

W'e'll learn our Freeneffe of a Sonne-in-Law: Pardon's the word to all. 

Aru. You holpe vs Sir, 

As you did meane indeed to be our Brother, loy'd are we,that you are. 

Psft. Your Seruant Princes.Good my Lord of Rome Call forth your Sooth-fayer: As I fleep, me thought Great Iupiter vpon his Eagle back'd. 

Appeard to me, with other frpightly fhewes 

Of mine owne Kindred. When I wak'd, I found This Labell on my bofome; whose containing Is fo from fense in hardneffe, that I can
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Make no Collection of it. Let him shew His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus.

Sooth. Here, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Reades.

When as a Lyons whelpes shall to himselfe unknown, without seeking finds, and bee embrac’d by a peace of tender Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be loft branches, which being dead many yeares, shall after reuive, bee eyonted to the old Stocke, and fresely grow, then shall Peblhumus end his miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourishe in Peace and Plenty.

Thou Leonatus art the Lyons Whelpe,
The fit and apt Constructions of thy name Being Leonatus, doth import so much:
The peace of tender Ayre, thy vertuous Daughter,
Which we call Mollis Aer, and Mollis Aer
We terme it Mulier; which Mulier I diuine
Is this most confant Wife, who euen now Answering the Letter of the Oracle,
Vnknowne to you vnforthed, were clipt about
With this molt tender Ayre.

Cym. This hath some feeming.

Sooth. The lofty Cedar, Royall Cymbeline
Perfonates thee: And thy loft Branches, point Thy two Sonnes forth: who by Belarius spolne
For many yeares thought dead, are now resu’d
To the Maiefticke Cedar ioyn’d; whose Issue
Promises Britaine, Peace and Plenty.

Cym. Well,

My Peace we will begin: And Caius Lucius,
Although the Victor, we submit to Cesar,
And to the Romane Empire: promising
To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
We were diffwaded by our wicked Queene,
Whom heauens in Juflice both on her, and hers,
Have laid most heauy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the Powres aboue, do tune
The harmony of this Peace: the Vifion
Which I made knowne to Lucius ere the stroke
Of yet this Scarfe-cold-Battale, at this infant
Is full accomplisht: For the Romaine Eagle
From South to Weft, on wing foaring aloft
Leffen’d her felfe, and in the Beames o’th’Sun
So vanisht; which fores-hew’d our Princely Eagle
Th’Imperiall Cesar, should againe vnite
His Faouer, with the Radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the Weft.

Cym. Laud we the Gods,
And let our crooked Smoakes clime to their Nostrils
From our blest Altars. Publish we this Peace
To all our Subiechts. Set we forward: Let
A Roman, and a Britifh Enigne waue.
Friendly together: so through Ludis-Towe March,
And in the Temple of great Jupiter
Our Peace wee’l ratifie: Scale it with Feasts.
Set on there: Neuer was a Warre did ceafe
(Ere bloodie hands were wafht’d) with such a Peace.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

SHAKESPEARE.
COLLATION OF THE EDITION OF 1623.

*** This Collation is given to prevent the chance of the errors and peculiarities of the Original Edition, herein faithfully reproduced, being mistaken as errors of this Reprint.

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

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

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

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

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

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


The Tempest—pages 1 to 19.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona—pages 20 to 38—(the head-lines of pages 37, 38 are, in error, "The Merry Wives of Windor").
The Merry Wives of Windsor—pages 39 to 60—(pages 50 & 59 are misprinted 58 & 51).
Measvre, for Measure—pages 61 to 84.
The Comedie of Errors—pages 85 to 100—(page 86 is misprinted 88).
Much adoe about Nothing—pages 101 to 121.
Loues Labour's loft—pages 122 to 144.
A Midsummer Nights Dreame—pages 145 to 162—(pages 153 and 161 are misprinted 151 and 163).
The Merchant of Venice—pages 163 to 184—(pages 164 and 165 are misprinted 162 and 163).
As you Like it—pages 185 to 207—(page 189 is misprinted 187).
The Taming of the Shrew—pages 208 to 229: in some copies page 214 is printed 212; this affords one of the evidences that copies of the first edition vary, and that corrections were effected during the progress of the work through the press; and it may also be noted that signature V in many copies is indicated by V v.
All's Well, that Ends Well—pages 230 to 254—(page 237 in some copies is misprinted 233, pages 249, 250 are misprinted 251, 252).
Twelve Night, Or what you will—pages 255 to 275—(page 265 is misprinted 273, page 276 is blank).
The Winters Tale—pages 277 to 303, page 304 being blank.
King John—pages 1 to 22.
Richard the Second—pages 23 to 45—(in some copies page 37 is misprinted 39).
Henry the Fourth, Part I—pages 46 to 73—(pages 47, 48, are omitted).
Henry the Fourth, Part II.—pages 74 to 100, with a leaf containing the "Epiologve," and, on its reverse, "The Actors Names"—pages 89, 90, are misprinted 91, 92).
Henry the Fift—pages 69 to 95—(as will be perceived, the pagination of this portion of the work, 69 to 100, has been repeated).
Henry the Sixt, Part I.—pages 96 to 119.
Henry the Sixt, Part II.—pages 120 to 146.
Henry the Sixt, Part III.—pages 147 to 172—(pages 165, 166 are misprinted 167, 168).
Richard the Third—pages 173 to 204.
Henry the Eight—pages 205 to 232—(page 216 is misprinted 218).
The Prologue, and first page of Troylus and Cressida (unpaged)—then pages 79 and 80, then twenty-five pages without pagination, and the last page blank.
Coriolanus—pages 1 to 30.
Titus Andronicus—pages 31 to 52 (page 51 copies vary).
Romeo and Juliet—pages 53 to 79 (pages 77 and 78 wanting).

Tymon
Tymon of Athens—pages 80, 81, 82, then again commencing pages 81 to 98.
The Actors Names—one page, the next page blank.
Julius Cæsar—pages 109 to 130.
Macbeth—pages 131 to 151.
Hamlet—pages 152 to 156, then one hundred pages omitted, and continuing pages 257 to 282 (pages 279 and 282 are misprinted 259 and 280), page 278 copies vary.
King Lear—pages 283 to 309 (page 308 misprinted 38).
Othello—pages 310 to 339.
Anthonie and Cleopatra—pages 340 to 368.
Cymbeline—pages 369 to 399 (pages 379 and 399 misprinted 389 and 993).

The Signatures in the Original Volume are as follows:

A, containing title, verses, and introductory matter, 9 leaves.
The Tempest to the Winter's Tale—A to C c z, in fixes (V is misprinted V v).
King John to Troilus and Cressida—a to g, in fixes (a 3 is misprinted A a 3); gg, 8 leaves; h to x, and t, and t t, in fixes; t t t one leaf (m 3 is misprinted 1 3; x 3 is not marked).
Coriolanus to Cymbeline—a a to f f, in fixes (b b z is misprinted B b 2); g g has 8 leaves (five of which are marked g g, g g 2, G g, g g 2, g g 3); h h, k k to v v, x, y y to b b b, in fixes (n n and n n 2 are misprinted N n and N n 2; o o is misprinted O o; o o 2 has no signature; t t 2 is misprinted t t 3; x x, x x 2, x x 3, are misprinted x, x 2, and x 3; y y 2 and y y 3 are misprinted y 2 and y 3). The volume ends thus:


The signatures in the reprint are from A to 5 U (1 leaf), in fours, commencing with the Tempest; the preliminary leaves being the same as in the original.

A distinct and consecutive pagination throughout the volume, at the bottom of each page, has also been added, to facilitate reference, from the Tempest to Cymbeline, pages 1 to 889.
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