"Most interesting and valuable book in the whole range of English literature!"—A genuine photographed reprint in reduced facsimile of the famous

1623 First Folio Edition of Shakespeare’s Plays

Some of the plays were possibly edited from Shakespeare’s own original MS., and all are free from the censoring and changes of later editions. The First Folio was priced at 20 shillings 300 years ago. Average price of a perfect copy today, $40,000. You get your facsimile copy for $2.50 net, $2.62, postpaid. Cloth, 8vo. More than 900 pages, including an engraving of Shakespeare.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers
354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York

Adv. in 1923
The reader may have gathered from this review that Cannan is a pessimist. And as far as the family group is to be regarded as the spiritual power the charge would seem to be sustained, of course, Cannan admits the necessity of the family as an atomic and social unit. But as he makes one of Bennett’s brood say: “A family like this, or any family, is dangerous. The family is in articulo mortis.” Obviously, however, he is equally so in his opinion that the individual, if sufficiently an individual, emerge from the group, and by the assertion of his individuality change the group for the better. This way salvation lies, in homelier words of Mary Lawrie, grasping at last the significance of her brother’s life: “You’ve moved us at last, Jamie.”

And this is the philosophy of Gilbert Cannan. It is not a technical philosophy; it is sheer wisdom, it is sagacity applied to the business of life. Cannan is of English-Scotch descent; his wisdom is a fusion of the social sense of the Anglo-Saxon and the biting shrewdness of the Scot. The result is a rare sagacity. Gilbert Cannan will go down in English literature as one of his country’s wisest writers, and one most humane. “Roun’ Corner” and “Annette and Bennett” will be accorded high as comedies of manners.
The person charging this material is responsible for its return to the library from which it was withdrawn on or before the **Latest Date** stamped below.

Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books are reasons for disciplinary action and may result in dismissal from the University.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

\[\text{May 18, 1976}\]

\[\text{May 14, 1976}\]

\[\text{Feb 20, 1976}\]

\[\text{Mar 21, 1976}\]

\[\text{Apr 21, 1976, Jun 14, 1976}\]
SHAKESPEARE:
THE FIRST FOLIO
THE FIRST EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE.

THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

IN REDUCED FACSIMILE
FROM THE FAMOUS FIRST FOLIO EDITION OF
1623.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY J. O. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS.

NEW YORK:
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY.
1906.
PREFACE.

It may be safely asserted, without fear of the writer being accused of exaggeration, that the First Folio Edition of Shakespeare is the most interesting and valuable book in the whole range of English literature. There is no work in that literature at all approaching near to it in critical value. When it is mentioned that this volume is the sole authority for the texts of such masterpieces as the Tempest, Macbeth, Twelfth Night, Measure for Measure, Coriolanus, Julius Caesar, Timon of Athens, Antony and Cleopatra, Cymbeline, As You Like It, and The Winter's Tale—were the rest of the book waste-paper, enough will have been said to confirm its unrivalled importance. And its value increases every day; for day by day it is more clearly ascertained that many of the subtler meanings of passages in the works of Shakespeare depend upon minute indications and peculiarities which are alone to be traced in the original printed text.

A few of the dramas in the First Folio were possibly edited from Shakespeare's original manuscripts. This may be conjectured to have been probably the case with some of the author's latest
productions, single copies of which might have sufficed for some years for the necessities of the theatres; but there can be no doubt that most of the autographs of the plays had been lost some time before the writer's decease, many possibly having been destroyed by the fire at the Globe Theatre in the year 1613. The editors of the Folio, however, boldly assert that they "have published them as where before you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them, even those are now offered to your view cured and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he conceived them; who, as he was a happy imitator of nature, was a most gentle expresser of it; his mind and hand went together, and what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." This evidently is meant to imply that the whole of the volume was carefully edited from the author's manuscripts, whereas it is certain that in several instances Heminge and Condell used printed copies of the old quarto editions, in which were certain manuscript alterations, some of the latter being valuable, but others the re-
verse. Horne Tooke, indeed, inconsiderately followed by numerous others, goes so far as to say that “the First Folio is the only edition worth regarding;” adding,—“it is much to be wished that an edition of Shakespeare were given literatim according to the First Folio, which is now become so scarce and dear that few persons can obtain it; for, by the presumptuous license of the dwarfish commentators, we risk the loss of Shakespeare's genuine text which that Folio assuredly contains, notwithstanding some few slight errors of the press.” Horne Tooke was not so well read as were the commentators, none of whom could have exhibited such an entire ignorance of the value of the Quartos. Every one, however, who has really studied the question, must admit that his opinion is correct in regard to no inconsiderable portion of the Folio volume, and that, even in those cases in which the texts of the Quartos are on the whole to be preferred, no student of Shakespeare could possibly dispense with incessant references to the collective edition. The value of the First Folio is so unequivocal, that there is no necessity for its wildest partizan to resort to exaggeration.

The reader will more readily understand the
purport of these observations, if we add a list of the plays in the order in which they are here printed, with observations on the relative authorities of the texts. It will, of course, be understood that the mention of the circumstance of any drama in this volume being a first edition, conveys also the fact that it is the only authoritative text: — 1. The Tempest. First edition. Perhaps edited from the author's own manuscript, which we know was not amongst those destroyed in the fire at the Globe Theatre. 2. The Two Gentlemen of Verona. First edition. 3. The Merry Wives of Windsor. First edition of the play in its complete state. A surreptitious quarto appeared in 1602, but it is merely an imperfect copy of the author's first sketch of the comedy. 4. Measure for Measure. First edition. 5. Comedy of Errors. First edition. 6. Much Ado About Nothing. Printed from a quarto edition which appeared in 1600, with a few omissions and variations. 7. Love's Labour's Lost. Printed from a quarto edition published in 1598, with a few alterations of slight consequence. 8. A Midsummer Night's Dream. Printed from Roberts's quarto edition of 1600. 9. The Merchant of Venice. Printed from Heyes's quarto of 1600,
PREFACE.

tion of the "True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the Death of good King Henry the Sixth, with the whole Contention between the two Houses, Lancaster and York," 1595. 23. Richard the Third. Edited from a playhouse copy of the quarto edition of 1602, which must, however, have had numerous manuscript alterations and additions. 24. Henry the Eighth. First edition. 25. Troilus and Cressida. Printed from the quarto of 1609, with certain omissions and some valuable additions. 26. Coriolanus. First edition. 27. Titus Andronicus. Edited from a playhouse transcript. It is nearly impossible to believe that this drama could have been written by Shakespeare, and I rather incline to conjecture that the editors of the First Folio inserted the older play on the subject, first printed in 1594, through either mistake or ignorance knowing that Shakespeare had written a drama on the same theme, and finding no other version of it in their collection of plays. 28. Romeo and Juliet. Edited from a playhouse copy of the quarto edition of 1609. 29. Timon of Athens. First edition. 30. Julius Caesar. First edition. 31. Macbeth. First edition. 32. Hamlet. Edited from a playhouse transcript. 33. King Lear.

The First Folio was originally issued at the selling price of twenty shillings. The present average value of a perfect copy is £500, and one very fine example in the possession of Lady Burdett-Coutts cost that lady, at the Daniel sale, no less a sum than £714. There is no doubt that these prices will be largely exceeded in the future. It is scarcely necessary to say that the volume has been for generations the almost exclusive property of wealthy collectors, and a sealed book to the generality of readers and students. By the aid of modern science it is now placed in a conveniently reduced form within the reach of all. It is not of course pretended that any facsimile of any old book will in all cases of minute research entirely supersede the necessity of a reference to copies of the ancient impression, but for all usual practical objects of study this cheap reproduction will place its owner on a level with the envied possessors of the far-famed original.

J. O. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS.
SHAKESPEARE:

THE FIRST FOLIO.

[1623.]

A Reduced Facsimile.
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 have drawne his wit
   As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face, the Print would then surpass
   All, that was ever writ in brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
   Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

(BEN JOHNSON.)

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

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

AND

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

Right Honourable,

Hilf we finde to be thankful in our particular for
the many favours we have received from your L.L.
we are fafhe upon the ill fortune, to mingle,
two the most diverse things that can bee, feare,
and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and
feare of the successe. 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
depriued our felves of the defence of our Dedication. But since your
L.L. haue beene pleased to thinke these trifles some-thing, becreto-
fore; and haue prosequited both them, and their A[n]tours living,
with so much favour: we hope, that (they out-living him, and be not
hauing the fate, common with some, to be exequitor to his owne wri-
tings) you will use the like indulgence toward them, you haue done
A 2 unto
The Epistle Dedicatone.

unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Book e 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 alive, as was our Shakespeare, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we haue justly observed, no man to come neere your L.L. but with a kind of religious address, it hath bin the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your H.H. by the perfection. But there we must also crave our abilities to be consider’d, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach forth milke, creame, frui tes, or what they haue: and many Nations (we have 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 moost humbly consecrate to your H.H. these remains of your servuant Shakespeare; that what delight is in them, may be ever your L.L. the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden.

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

From the most able, to him that can but spell: There you are numbered. We had rather you were weighed. Especially, when the fate of all Books depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! It is now publick, & you will stand for your privileges we know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Book, the Stationer saith. Then, how odd soeuer your brains be, or your wisedomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your sixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your fiue shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the iust rates, and welcome. But, what euery you do, Buy. Censure will not drive a Trade, or make the lacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at Black-Friers, or the Cock-pit, to arraigne Playes daily, know, these Playes have had their triall already, and stood out all Appeals; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to have bene wished, that the Author himfelfe had liu'd to have set forth, and overfeen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to have collected & publish'd them; and so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diuerse stolen, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors, that expos'd them: even thofe, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbs; and all the reft, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived the. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expreffer of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he vterred with that easiness, that wee haue scarce receiued from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who onely gather his works, and give them you, to praise 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 lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your selues, and others And such Readers we wish him.
To the memory of my beloved,
The AUTHOR
Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:
And what he hath left us.

O draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy Bookes, and Fame:
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither Man, nor Muses, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these praises
were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For sectional Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echo's right;
Or blinde Affection, which doth ne're advance
The truth, but gropes, and forgets all by chance:
Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise,
And thinke to ruine, where it seems to raise.
These are, as some infamous Baud, or whore,
Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and indeed
Above all fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore will begin. Soul of the Age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakespeare, rife, I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenfer, or bid Beaumont by
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a Monument, without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy Bookes doth live.
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mixe thes so, my brains excuses;
I mean with great, but disproportion'd Muses
For, if I thought my judgement were of yeres,
I should commit thee surely with thy poore.
And tell, how faire thou didst our Lily cast-shine,
Or porting Kid, or Marlowes mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latine, and lese Greeks,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
For names, but call forth bound ring AESchylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Paccadius, Accius, him of Cordous dead,
To life againe, to beare thy Buskin tread,
And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Sockes were on,
Leave thee alone, for the comparison
Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
sent forth, or since did from their abodes 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 he came forth to warne
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charmme!
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, he will vouchsafe no other Wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, not not please;
But antiquated, and deferted eye
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 calls to write a living line, must sweat,
(such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses anuile: turne the same;
(And himselfe with it) that he thinkes to frame;
Or for the lawnell, he may gaine a scorne,
For a good Poet's made, as well as borne.
And such wert thou. Look how the fathers face
Lines in his issue, even so, the race
Of Shakespeare's mind, and manners brightly shines
In his well turned, and true, filed lines:
In each of which, he seemes to shake a Lance,
As brandish't at the eyes of Ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appeare,
And make those flights upon the banches of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our Iames!
But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere
Adun&d, and made a Constellation therewith.
Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or chere the drooping Stage;
Which, since thy flight so hunc, hath mouri'd like night,
And despaireth day, but for thy Volumes light.

Ben: Ionson.
Vpon the Lines and Life of the Famous Sckenicke Poet, Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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

HUGH HOLLAND.
TO THE MEMORIE

of the deceased Author Maister

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare, 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 dissolues thy Stratford Moniment,
Here we shall view thee still. This Booke,
When Brass and Marble fade, shall make thee looke
Fresh to all Ages: when Posterity
Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodigie
That is not Shakespeare; eu'ry Line, eu'ry Verse
Here shall renewe, redeeme thee from thy Herse.
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as Naso said,
Of his, thy wits-srought Booke shall once invade.
Nor shall here beleue, or thinke thee dead
(Though mist) until our bankrupt Stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new straine t'out-do
Pations of Juliet, and her Romeo;
Or till I hear a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy halfe-Sword parling Romans speak.
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest
Shall with more fire, more feeling be express,
Be sure, our Shakespeare, thou canst never dye,
But crowned with Laurell, live eternally.

L. Digges.

To the memorie of M. W. Shakespeare.

VEE wondered (Shake-speare) that thou went'st so soone
From the Worlds - Stage, to the Graves - Tyring-room.
Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
Tells thy Spectators, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An Actors Art,
Can dye, and live, to alive a second part.
That's but an Exit of Mortalitie,
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.
The Workes of William Shakespeare,
containing all his Comedies, Histories, and
Tragedies: Truely set forth, according to their first
ORIGJNALL.

The Names of the Principall Actors
in all these Playes.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>William Shakespeare</th>
<th>Samuel Gilborne.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Richard Burbadge.</td>
<td>Robert Armin.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Augustine Phillips</td>
<td>Nathan Field.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thomas Poope.</td>
<td>Nicholas Tooley.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George Bryan.</td>
<td>William Eccleston.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Samuel Crosse.</td>
<td>John Shancke.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
A CATALOGUE
of the severall Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies contained in this Volume.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>COMEDIES</th>
<th>TRAGEDIES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Tempest.</td>
<td>The Tragedy of Coriolanus.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The two Gentlemen of Verona.</td>
<td>Fol. 1.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Merry Wives of Windsor.</td>
<td>Titus Andronicus.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Measure for Measure.</td>
<td>Romeo and Juliet.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Comedy of Errors.</td>
<td>Timon of Athens.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Much adoe about Nothing.</td>
<td>The Life and death of Julius Caesar.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Loves Labour lost.</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Midsummer Night's Dream.</td>
<td>The Tragedy of Macbeth.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Merchant of Venice.</td>
<td>131</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As you Like it.</td>
<td>The Tragedy of Hamlet.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Taming of the Shrew.</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All is well, that Ends well.</td>
<td>King Lear.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twelfth-Night, or what you will.</td>
<td>283</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Winters Tale.</td>
<td>Othello, the Moor of Venice.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>310</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Anthony and Cleopater.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>346</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Cymbeline King of Britaine.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>369</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>HISTORIES</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Life and Death of King John.</td>
<td>Fol. 1.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Life &amp; death of Richard the Second.</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<p>| | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The First part of King Henry the fourth. 46
The Second part of King Henry the fourth. 74
The Life of King Henry the Fift. 69
The First part of King Henry the Sixth. 96
The Second part of King Henry the Sixth. 120
The Third part of King Henry the Sixth. 147
The Life & Death of Richard the Third. 173
The Life of King Henry the Eight. 205
Atempefhative noise of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-master, and a Boatswaine.

**Master.**

*Boatswaine.*

**Master.** Heere Master: What breake ?

**Boatswaine.** Good. Speak to the Mariners: fall back, back, or we run our scules a ground, back, back. Exit.

Enter Master.  

**Boatswaine.** Heigh my hearts, cheerly, cheerly my hearts: your, your, take the toppe-sail: Tend to the Masters whistle: Blow blow: though our winds be strong enough.

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

**Alon.** Good Boatswaine have care: where's the Master? Play the men.

**Boatswaine.** I pray now keepe below.

**Anth.** Where is the Master, Boson? Do you not hear him? you marre our labour, keep your Cabines: you do assist the storme.

**Conz.** Nay, good be patient.

**Boatswaine.** When the Sea is: hence, what care these rowers for the name of King? to Cabine; silence: trouble us not.

**Conz.** Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

**Boatswaine.** None that I more iueze then my selfe. You are a Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to silence, and worke the peace of the present, wee will not hand a rope more, vse your authorities: If you cannot, Ile warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger then a Nut-shell, and as leaky as an unfastened wench.

**Boatswaine.** Lay her a hold, a hold, set her two course of Sea agane, lay her off.

Enter Mariner.

**Mar.** All lost, to prayers, to prayers, all lost.

**Boatswaine.** What must our mouths be cold?

**Geoz.** The King and Prince at prayers, let's all inter then, for our case is as theirs.

**Sebas.** I am out of patience.

**Anth.** We are meerly cheated of our lives by drunkards, This wide-chop-rafchaw could thou mightly lye drowning the washing of ten Tides.

**Conz.** Hee'll be hang'd yet, though every drop of water sweare against it. And gape at widde to glut him. A confused mass within. Mercy on vs.

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

**Anth.** Let's all sinke with the King

**Sebas.** Let's take leave of him. Exit.

**Geoz.** Now would I give a thousand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Browne stairs, any thing: the wills above be done, but I would faine dye a dry death. Exit.

**Scena Secunda.**

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

**Mir.** If by your Art (my dearest father) you have Put the wild waters in this Rosieplay them: The skye it seemes would powre down flinking pitch, But that the Sea, mounting to the welkins cheeke, Dafhes the fire out. Oh! I have suffered With those that I saw suffer: A braue vellell
(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)

Daf't it all to pieces: O the cry did knocke
Against my very heart: to pieces, they perish'd.
Had I any God of power, I would
Have freek'd the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It should do the Ship to have swallow'd, and
The fraughting Souls within her.

Prof. Be collected.

No more amazement: Tell your pitious heart
there's no harme done.

Mira. O woe, the day.

Prof. No harme:
I have done nothing, but in care of thee
Of thee my 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 Prefpero, Master of a full poore cell,
And thy no greater Father.

Mira. More to know

Did never medle with my thoughts.

Prof. 'Tis time

I should informe thee farther: Lend thy hand
And plucke my Magick garment from me: So,
Lye there my Art: wipe thine thine eyes, have comfort,
The diseaful spectacle of the wrack which touch'd
The very vertue of compassion in thee:
I have with such prouision in mine Art
So safely ordered, that there is no foule
No so much perdition as an hayre
Betwixt to any creature in the welles.

Thou hast heard cry, which thou shalt not finde: Sit
For thou shalt now know farther. [downe,
Mira. You have often

Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt
And left me to a bootelefle Inquifition,
Concluding, say not yet.

Prof. The howr's now come

The very minute byds thee ope thine ear,
Obey, and beattentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came vnto this Cell?
I do not thinke thou canft, for then thou was't not
Out three yeeres old.

Mira. Certainly Sir, I can.

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

Mira. 'Tis farre off:

And rather like a dreame, then an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
For once, or twice women once, that tended me
Prof. Thou hastt; and more: Mirenda: But how is it
That this lies in thy minde? What feeth thou els
In the dark-backward and Abime of Time?
Yf thou rememberst ought ere thou canst here,
How thou canst not here thine life.

Mira. But that I do no

Prof. Twelve yeere since: (Miranda) twelve yeere since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milane, and
A Prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are you my Father?

Prof. Thy Mother was a piece of verite, and
She faid thou waft my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milane, and his only here,
And Prince of no worse title.

Mira. O the heavens,

What fowle play had we, that we came from thence?

Or blessed was't we did?

Prof. Both, both my Girls,
By fowle-play (as thou fay'ft) we were heau'd thence,
But blessedly holpe hithe.

Mira. O my heart bleedes

To thinke oth' thee that I haue turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance, please you, farther;
Prof. My brother and thy vncle, call'd Antonio:
I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
Be fo peridious: he, whom next thy selfe
Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put
The manage of my fate, as at that time
Through all the signes it was the fift,
And Prespero, the prime Duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal Arts,
Without a parallell: thofe being all my studie,
The Government I caft vpoin my brother,
And to my State grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studie, thy fale vnce

(Do'ft thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Prof. Being once perfected how to grant suiter,
how to deny them: who t'advanc, and who
To traff for outer-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine, fy, or chang'd 'em,
Or els new form'd: hauing both the key.
To what tune plea'd his eare, that now he was
That was hid from my princely Trunck,
And murder'd as a murtherer: I was a murtherer.

Mira. O good Sir, I doe.

Prof. I pray thee marke me:
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To cloathes, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which but by being fo retir'd
One prize'd all popular races in my fale brother
Awak'd an euill nature, and my trust
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falfehood in it's contraric, as great
As my trust was, which had indeede no limits,
A confidence fans bound. He being thus Lordeled,
Not onely with what my reuenue yeelded,
But what my power might els excett. Like one
Who hauing into truth, by telling of it,
Made fuch a synner of his memorie
To creduce his owne lie, he did beleue
He was indeed the Duke, out of the Subftitution
Made fuch a fynner of his memorie
To creduce his owne lie, he did beleue
He was indeed the Duke, out of the Subftitution
Made fuch a fynner of his memorie
To creduce his owne lie.

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would care deafenefce.

Prof. To haue no Schreene between this part he plaid,
And his he plaide it for, he needs will be
Abolute Milane, Me (poore man) my Librarie
Was Dukedome large enough: of temporal realities
He thinks me now incapable. Confedrates
(fo drie he was for way) with King of Naples
To giue him Annuall tribute, doe him homage
Subiect his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend
The Dukedom yet vnbow'd (as poore Milane)
To most ignoble flooping.

Mira. Oh the heavens:

Prof. Marke his condition, and the event, then tell me
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should fince

To thinke but Noble of my Grand-mother,
For still 'tis beating in my minde: your reason
For raying this Seas-storme?

Pro. Know thus far forth,
By accident moft strange, bountifull Fortune
(Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: And by my preffence
I finde my Zephyr doth depend upon
A most upbuilding force, whose influence
I know I couet not, but omit: my fortunes
Will euer after droope: Hearc cease more questions,
Thou art inclinde to fleee 'tis a good dudneffe,
And give it way: I know thou canst not chafe:
Come away, Scruntan, come; I am ready now,

Ari. All haile, great Master, grave Sir, hailes! I come
to anfwer thy beft pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to die into the fire: to ride
On the curld crowds: to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his Qualitie.

Pro. Half thou, Spirit,
Perform'd to point, the Tempest that I bad thee,
To every Article.

I boorded the Kings ship now on the Beakes,
Now in the Waite, the Decke, in every Cabyn,
I flam'd amazement, sometime I'd diuide
And burne in many places; on the Top-mast,
The Yards and Bore-spirit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meete, and ioync. Jovis Lightning, the prefure
Oth dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie
And fight out-running were not; the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the moft mighty Neptune
Seems to besiege, and make his bold waues tremble,
Yes, his dread Trident, shake.

Pro. My brave Spirit,
Who was so firme, so confant, thart this coyle
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soule
But felt a Feator of the madde, and plaid
Some tricks of derperation; all but Mariners
Plung'd in the foaming brynde, and quit the veffell;
Then all a fire with me the Kings fonne Ferdinand
With hose vp, staning (then like reeds, not hose)
Was the firll man that leapt; cride hell is empty.
And all the Diews are heere.

Pro. Why that's my spirit:
But was not this naye thare?

Ari. Clofe by, my Master.

Pro. But are they (Ariell) safe?

Ari. Not a soule perill'd
On their sustaineing garments not a blencmth,
But frether then before: and as thou badst me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the ifle:
The Kings fonne haue I landed by himfelfe,
Whom I left cooling of the Ayrc with fighes,
In an oddc Angle of the ifle, and fitting
His armes in this fad knot.

Pro. Of the Kings ship,
The Marinners, fhew how thou haft difpofd,
And all the reft oth' Fleece?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the Kings shippe, in the depe Nooke,where once
Thou calldft me vp at midnignt to fetch dewe
From the full-rect Bermonkes, there the's hird;
The Marinners all vnder hatches ftood,
Who, with a Charme joyned to their fouflid labour
I have left afeep: and for the reft oth' Fleet

Aris. Which

The Tempeft.
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not againe vnco: it was mine Art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out.
Ax. I thanke thee Master.
Pro. If thou more murrurft, I will rend an Oak,
And peg-thee in his knotty entresiles, till
Thou haft howd' away twelve winteres,
Ax. Pardon, Master, I will be correspondent to command
And doe my sprying, gently.
Pro. Doe fo: and after two daies
I will discharge thee.
Ax. That's my noble Master:
What shall I doe ? say what? what shall I doe?
Pro. Goe make thy selfe like a Nymph o'th Sea,
Be subiect to no sight but thine, and mine: insufible
To every eye-ball else: goe take this shape
And hither come in't: goe: hence
With diligence. Exit.
Pro. Awake, deere hart awake, thou haft slept well,
Awake.
Mr. The frangener of thy story, put
Heauineffe in me.
Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
We'll visit Caliban, my flave, who neuer
Yeelds vs kinde anwser.
Mr. 'Tis a villaine Sir, I doe not loue to looke on.
Pro. But as'tis
We cannot mishe him: he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and furnes in Offices
That profit vs: What has a flave: Caliban :
'Thau Earth, thou: speake.
Cal, within. There's wood enough within.
Pro. Come forth I say, there's other busines for thee:
Come thou Tortoy, when? Enter Ariel like a water-
Fine apparition: my quent Ariel, Nymph.
Heartke in thine eare.
Mr. My Lord, it shall be done. Exit.
Pro. Thou poysonous flave, goe, by judeil himselfe
Upon thy wicked Dam; come forth. Enter Caliban.
Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother bruf'ed
With Rauens feather from vnwholeome Fen
Drop on you both: A Southwest blow on yee,
And blister you all o're.
Pro. For this be faire, to night thou shalt haue cramps,
Side-fitches, that shall pen thy breath vp, Vtchins
Shall for that vaft of night, that they may worke
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thicke as honie-combe, each pinch more ringing
Then Bees that made em.
Cal. I must eat my dinner:
This Island's mine by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou taks't from me: when thou canst not
Thou fostak me, & made much of me: wouldst give me
Water with berries in't: and teach me how
to name the bigger Light, and how the lefse
That burne by day, and night: and then I lou'd thee
And thew'd thee all the qualities o'th life,
The refesi Springs, Briste-pits; barten place and fretull,
Curs'd be I that did fo: All the Charnes
Of Sycorax: Toades, Beetles, Bats light on you:
For I am all the Subjects that you haue,
Which first was min owne King: and here you fly-me
In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me
The ref o'th Island.
Pro. Thou
That the earth owes: I hear it now about me.

Pro. The fringed Curtains of thine eye advance;
And say what thou feest I yound.

Mira. What is't a Spirit?
Lord, how it looks about: Beleve me sir,
It carries a braxe forme. But's it a spirit.

Pro. No wench, it eates, and sleepes, & hath such fenses
As we have: such, This Gallant which thou scetst
Was in the wracke: but he's something thin'd
With greene, (the beaties canker) 'tis might'f call it him
A godly person: he hath left his fellores,
And strays about to finde 'em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so Noble.

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

Fer. Mofi sure the Goddesse
On whom these ayces attend: Vouchsafe my pray'r
May know if you remaine upon this Iland,
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may beare me heere: my prime requesr
(Which I do last pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be Mayd, or no?

Mir. No wonder Sir,
But certainly a Mayd.

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

Pro. What was't thou if the King of Naples heard thee?
Fer. A sngle thing, as I am now, that wonder
To heare thee speake of Naples: he do's heere me,
And that he do's, I weepe: my felfe am Naples,
Who, with mine eyes (neuer fince at ebbe) beheld
The King my Father wrack't.

Mir. Alacke, for mercy.

Fer. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of Milaine
And his brave fone, being swaine.

Pro. The Duke of Milaine
And his more brauer daughter, could controld thee
If now 'twer feue to do: At the firft fight
They haue chang'd eyes: Delicate Ariel,
He let thee free for this. A word good Sir,
I feare you have done your felfe some wrong: A word,
Mir. Why speakes my father so vngently? This
Is the third man that ere I faw: the firft
That ere I figh'd for: piety moue my father
To be enclin'd my way.

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

Pro. Soft fir, one word more,
They are both in eyther pow'r: But this swift bufines
I must veneafe make, leaft too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me: Thou do'ft heere ufurpe
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee.

Mir. Their nothing ill, can dwell in such a Temple
If the ill-spirit have so faire a boule,
Good things will ftrue to dwell with't

Pro. Follow me.
To fee a goodlier man.

My affections Are then more humble: I have no ambition

Mine enemy has more pow'r.

The fresh-brooke Muffels, withered roots, and husks

Sea water (halt thou drinke: thy food shall be

I will resist such entertainment, till

Make not too rash a trial! of him, for

My foot my Tutor? Put thy sword up Traitor,

Wherein the Acorne cradle. Follow.

For I can heete disarme thee with this sticke,

And make thy weapon drop,

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

Whomak'ft a cheat, but dar'st not strike: thy confidence

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

Sirs, you have taken it withlier then I meant you

should.

Con. Therefore my Lord.

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue.

Alan. I pre-thee spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet

Seb. He will be talking,

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

First begins to crow?

Seb. The old Cocke.

Ant. The Cockrell.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A Laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this Island seeme to be desert,

Seb. Has, ha, ha.

Ant. So: you're paid,

Seb. Vnhabitable, and almost inaccessible,

Ant. Yet

Adr. Yet.

Ant. He could not mist'st.

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

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench,

Seb. And a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The eye's breathes upon us here most sweetly.

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

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

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life,

Ant. True, saue means to live.

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

Gon. How lusty and lusty the grass looks?

How green is?

Ant. The ground indeed is dry.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He milks not much.

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

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

beyond credit.

Seb. As many vouchs certaine.

Adr. That our Garments being (as they were) drench'd

in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their fleathness and
gloves, being rather now dye'd then stain'd with false

water.

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

it not say he lyes?

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

### Scene Prima

Enter Alonzo, Sebastian, Anthony, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gon. Befeech you Sir, be merry; you have cause,

(As haue we all of toy; for our escape

Is much beyond our losse; our hint of wee

Is common, every day, some Slayser wife,

The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant

Have inst our Theme of wee: But for the miracle,

(I meant our preferution) few in millions

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

Our forrow, with our comfort,

Alonzo. Prethee peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The Visitour will not glue him ore fo.

Seb. Looke, he's winding vp the watch of his wit,

By and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir.

Seb. One: Tell.

Gon. When every greefe is entertain'd,

That's offer'd comes to th entertainer.

Seb. A dollor.

Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you have spoken

true thereto you purpos'd.

Seb. You have taken it withlier then I meant you

should.

Con. Therefore my Lord.

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue.

Alan. I pre-thee spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet

Seb. He will be talking,

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

First begins to crow?

Seb. The old Cocke.

Ant. The Cockrell.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A Laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this Island seeme to be desert,

Seb. Has, ha, ha.

Ant. So: you're paid,

Seb. Vnhabitable, and almost inaccessible,

Ant. Yet

Adr. Yet.

Ant. He could not mist'st.

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

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench,

Seb. And a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The eye's breathes upon us here most sweetly.

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

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

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life,

Ant. True, save means to live.

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

Gon. How lusty and lusty the grass looks?

How green is?

Ant. The ground indeed is dry.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He milks not much.

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

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

beyond credit.

Seb. As many vouch certaine are.

Adr. That our Garments being (as they were) drench'd

in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their fleathness and
gloves, being rather now dye'd then stain'd with false

water.

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

it not say he lyes?

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

Gen. Me thinks our garments neare as fresh as when we put them on first in Affricke, at the marriage of the kings faire daughter Claridet to the king of Tunis. Scb. 'twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our returne.

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

Gen. Not since widdow Dido's time.

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

Scb. What if he had said Widdower Dido too?

Good Lord, how you take it?

Dido! Dry off your returne.

Gen. This Tunis Sir was Carthage.


Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

Scb. He hath rais'd the walls and houses too.

Adri. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

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

Ant. And fowling the kernels of it in the Sea, bringing forth more Islands.

Gen. 1. 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 rarest of all came there.

Gen. Bathe (I beleeeh you) widdow Dido.


Gen. Is not Sir my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I meant in a fort.

Ant. That fort was well finish'd for.

Gen. When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

Alo. You cram these words into mine ears, against the stomacke of my senfe: would I had never Marris'd my daughter there: For coming thence My soule is loft, and (in my rate) she too, Who is so farre from Italy removed, Tho' she seares saine shall see her: O thou mine heire Of Naples and of Antillaine, what strange fish Hath made his meates on thee?

Frau. Sir he may live,

I saw him beare the furges under him, And ride upon their backes; he trod the water Whole enimy he flung aside: and brasted The furge moff finewine that met him: his bold head Boute the contentious waues he kept, and oared Himselfe with his great armes in Julie stroke To th'isle; that ote his woe-wome bafs bowed As slooping to relese him: I doubt not He came alue to Land.

Alo. No, no, hee's gone.

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

Alo. Pre-three peace.

Scb. You were kneel'd too, & importun'd other wise

By all of vs: and the faire foule her selfe

Waige'd be twixt loathnesse, and obedience, at

Which end oth'beame shou'd bowe we have loft your I fear for euer. \textit{Alcione and Nefte hauce} (fon, Mo widdowes in them of this bulisme making, Then we bring men to comfort them:

The faults your owne.

\textit{Alc.} So is the deere both loose.

Gen. My Lord Sebagian, The truth you speake doth lacke some gentlenesse, And time to speake in: you rub the sore, When you should bring the plaiter.

Scb. Very well. \textit{Ant.} And most Chirurgeon only.

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

Scb. Fowle weather? \textit{Ant.} Very soule.

Gen. Had I plantation of this Isle my Lord.

Ant. Hee'd not with Needle-feed.

Scb. Or docker, or Malloves.

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

Scb. Scape being drank, for want of Wine.

Gen. I'lie Common wealth I wou'd (by contrary) Exeuct all things: For no kinde of Traffick.

Wou'd I admit? No name of Magiftrate:

Letters should not be knowne: Riches, pouerty, And vfe of servite, none; \textit{Contrab.} Succession, Borne, bound of Land, Title, Vineyard none: No vfe of Metall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle: No occupation, all men idle, all:

And Women too, but innocent and pure:

No Souerainety.

Scb. Yet he wou'd be King on't.

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

Gen. All things in common Nature should produce Without fwear or endeavour; Tresforn, fellony, Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine Would I not haue: but Nature should bring forth Civit owne kinde, all fezymon, all abundance To feed my innocent people.

Scb. No marrying 'mong his fabiciea?

\textit{Ant.} None (man) all idle; Whores and knaues, Gen. I wou'd with fuch perfection gouerne Sir:

\textit{T'Excell the Golden Age.}

Scb. 'Saue his Majestie. \textit{Ant.} Long live Gentleman.

Gen. And do you marke me, Sir? \textit{(me.}

Alo. Pre-thee no more; thou dofst talke nothing to

Gen. I do well beleue your Highness, and did it to minister occasion to these Gentleman, who are of such fensible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes vfe to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'T was you we laugh'd at.

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

\textit{Ant.} What a laugh was there given?

Scb. And is it not faine flat-long.

Gen. You are Gentleman of braue mettal: you would lift the Moone out of her sphare, if this would continue in five weekes vvoid changing.

\textit{Enter Ariel playing Iphome Musick.}

Scb. We wou'd fo, and then go a flat-fowling.

\textit{Ant.} Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

Gen. No I warrant you, I will not adventure my diferention so weakly: Will you laugh me alone, for I am very heay.

\textit{Ant.} Go alone, and here vs.

Alo. What, all to foule alone? with mine eyes Would (with themselfes) Guit vp my thoughts, They are they inclin'd to do it.

Scb. Please you Sir,

Do not omit the heavie offer of it:

It fildome visits forrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter. \textit{Ant.}
The Tempest

---

Art. O, we two my Lord, will guard your person,
While you take your rest, and watch your safety.

Art. Thank you: Wondrous heavy.

Sec. What a strange dream this posseth them?
Another is the quality of 'Olympe.'

Sec. Why.

Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I finde
Not my selfe disposed to sleep.

Sec. Nor I, my spirits are nimble:
They fell together all, as by consent
They drop, as by a Thunder-stroke: what might
Worthy Sebastian? O, what might? no more:
And yet, me thinks I see it in this face,
What though she's not! but this occasion speaks there,
And my strong imagination sees a Crowne.

Dropping upon thy head.

Sec. What art thou waking?
Art. Do you not hear him speake?
Sec. I do, and surely
It's a sleepy Language; and thou speakest!
Out of thy sleeper: what is thou didst speak?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep.
With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, moving:
And yet, I seem asleep.

Noble Sebastian,
That let's thy fortune sleep: die rather: wnst'ft
Whiles thou art waking.

Sec. Thou dost not smile differently,
There's meaning in thy looks.

Art. I am more serious then my countenance: you
Must be too, if he'd use me: which to do,
Troubles these o're.

Sec. Well, I am standing water.
Art. Be ready how you to flow:
Sec. Do so: to ebb.

Hereditary Sloth instructs me.
Art. O!

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish,
Whiles you mocke it how in flattering it
You more molest it: ebbing men, indeed
(Most often) do so more the buttercups
By their ownesse ease, or force.

Sec. 'Pre-thee fay on,
The setting of thinne eye, and checke proclaims
A matter from thee: and a birth, indeed,
Which throws thee much to yield.

Art. Thus Sir:
Although this Lord of weakce remembrance, this
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is ear'd, hath here almost persuad'd
(For hee's a Spirit of perfuasion, one.)
Proflites to perfuade) the King his sonne's allite,
'Tis as impossible that hee's vnwearnd,'
As he that sleeps here, waketh.

Sec. I have no hope
That hee's vndrawn.

Art. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you? No hope that way, Is
Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wond beyond
But doubt discomfey there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd.

Sec. He's gone.

Art. Then tell me, who's the next heir of Naples?
Sec. Claribel.

Anh. She that is Queen of Tunis: she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond mans life: she that from Naples
Can have no note, unlesse the Sun were set.
The Man i'th Moone's too slow, till new-borne Chieftains
Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from them
We all were fee-slew'nd, though some cast again
(And by that destiny) to perform an act
Whereof, what's past is Prologue; what to come
In yours, and my discharge.

Sec. What stuffe is this? How fay you?
'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queen of Tunis,
So is the heyre of Naples, twixt which Regions
There is some space.

Art. A space, whose e'er cubic
Seem to cry out, how shall that Claribel
Measure vs backe to Naples? keepe in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake. Say, this were death
That now hath feiz'd them, why they were no worse
Then now they are: There be thee that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleepest: Lords, that can prate
As amply, and voiceecefary
As this Genealo: I my fely could make
A Check of as deep as chat: O, that you bore
The minions that I do; what a speech were this
For your advancement? Do you understand me?
Sec. Me thinkes I do.
Art. And how doe your content
Tender your owne good fortune?
Sec. I remember
You did supplant your Brother Prospero.

Art. True:
And looke how well my Garments fit upon me,
Much fafer then before: My Brothers servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Sec. But for your confidence.

Art. I Sir, where lies that? If twere a kybe
'Twound me to my flder: But I feele not
This Deity in my bosome: Twenty confcieces
That stand 'twixt me, and Millinaire, candied be they,
And mette re, they mollel: Here he lies your Brother,
No better then the earth he lies upon,
If the were that which now hee's like (that's dead)
Whom I with this obedient fleck (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for euer: whiles you doing thus,
To the perpetual winke for eye might put this
This ancient morfell: this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course: for all the rest
They'd take suggestion, as a Cat laps milke,
'They'll tell the clocke, to any businesse that
We fay befits the honre.

Sec. Why safe, deare Friend
Shall your present: As thou goest Millinaire,
I come by Naples: Draw thy sword, one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paifeth,
And the King shall love thee.

Art. Draw together:
And when I vear my band, do you the like
To fall on Genealo.

Sec. O, but one word,
Enter Ariel with Musicke and Song.
Ariel. My Master through his Art foresayes the danger
That you (his friend) are in, and finds me forth
(For the his profect dies) to keep them living,

Sings to Gonzalo none.

While you here do hearing lies,
Open ye'd Conspiracie.
This time doth take

---
To make an earthquake: fear it was too late.

Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Of a whole herd of Lyons.

If awe their weapons drawn;

Euen now we heard a hollow burst of bells below

For my poor son; the king is sure in't the wind.

And that a strange one too; which did awake me.

So King, go safely on to seek thy son.

Exeunt.

(Back'd you, Sir, and cried: as mine eyes opened, fell, and make him

From boggy fens, flats, on meal adisease; his spirits hear me.

By inch fright me with urchyn-shoves, pitch me in the mire,

Nor lead me like a foster-brain in the dark.

Lye tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount.

Sometime like Apes, that moan and chatter at me.

For entry three are they seen upon me,

Then pricks at my foot-fall; some am I

And after bite me: then like Hedge-hogs, which

He comes a spirit of his, and to torment me

Truly.

For bringing wood in flowly: Thus fall stab:

Perchance he will not mind me.

Truly, heres neither bustle, nor shrub to bear off any weather at all; and another stormy brewing, I hear it

Fing ith' wind: yond fame blacke cloud, yond huge one, looks like a soul, bumbard that would flied his heciones; if it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond fame cloud cannot chose but fall by paile-falls. What have we here, a man, or a fish? dead or alive? a fish, bee mens like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell: a kind of, not of the

Sceena Secunda.

Enter Caliban, with a barrel of wood (a noose of Thunder board.)

Cal. All the Infections they the Sunne sticks vp

From Bogs, fens, flats, on Profper fall, and make him

By yoch-meale a deliac: his Spirits are here.

And yet I needes must curse. But they're no pinch, fright me with th' by-the-waes, pitch me in the mire,

Nor lead me like a foster-brain, in the darke;

Out of my way, vnlesse he bid em; but

For every trifle, are they fet upon me.

Sometime like Apes, that moan and chatter at me,

And after bite me: then like Hedge-hogs, which

Lye tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount;

These pricks at my foot-fall: sometime em I

All wound with Adders, who with eleven tongues

Do hisse into madrife; Lo, now Lo, Enter

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me

Truly.

For bringing wood in flowly: I'll fall flat,

Perchance he will not mind me.

Truly. Here's neither bustle, nor shrub to bear off any weather at all; and another stormy brewing, I hear it

Fing ith' wind: yond fame blacke cloud, yond huge one, looks like a soul, bumbard that would flied his heciones; if it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond fame cloud cannot chose but fall by paile-falls. What have we here, a man, or a fish? dead or alive? a fish, bee mens like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell: a kind of, not of the

Seventh floor- John: a strange fish; were I in England now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted; not a holiday-fish there but would give a piece of fluer; there, would this Monster, make a man: any strange beast there, makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian: Leg'd like a man; and his Finnes like Armes: warme o' my tooth: I doe now loofe my opinion; hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an Ilanden, that hath lately suffered by a Thunderbolt: alas, the flomer is come again: my belt way is to creep under his Gaberdine: there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows: I will here flowd till the dregges of the flomer be past.

Enter Stephano singing.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I dye offshore.

This is a very feury tune to sing at a mans

Funereal: well, here's my comfort.

Drinker, Singer, The Master, the Swabber, the Boats-man & c;

The Gunner, and his Mate.

Lord's Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margeris,

But none of us call'd for Kate.

For she had a tongue with a tang;

Would cry to a sailor go on:

She said not the favour of Tar nor of Pitch,

To a tailor might scratch her to bore or fit did it stich,

Then to sea boys, and let her go on:

This is a feury tune too:

But here's my comfort.

Drinks.

Cal. Does not torment me: oh.

Ste. What's the matter?

Have we duels here?

Do you put tricks upon's with Salusges, and Men of Indef ha? I have not fear'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs: for it hath bin said: as proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes as noth.

Cal. The Spirit torments me oh.

Ste. This is some Monster of the life, with four legs; who hath got (as I take it) an ague: where this devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief of it be but for that; if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any Emperor that ever trod on Neates-leather.

Cal. Does not torment me prethee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and doe's not talk after the wife's; hee shall taste of my Bottle: if hee have never drunken wine afore, it will goe nere to remove his fit: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; hee shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou do'st me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways: open your mouth: here is that which will give language to you Cat; open your mouth; this will shake thy flasking: I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chops again.

Truly. I should know that voice:

It should be

But
The Tempest

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be some Sports are painfull; & their labor Delight in them set off: Some kindes of bafe
Are nobly vndergo; and most poore matters
Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske
Would be as heavy to me, as obdious, but
The Misfortunes which I suffer, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours, pleasures.

Pinf. He's a wondrous man.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be some Sports are painfull; & their labor Delight in them set off: Some kindes of bafe
Are nobly vndergo; and most poore matters
Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske
Would be as heavy to me, as obdious, but
The Misfortunes which I suffer, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours, pleasures.

Pinf. He's a wondrous man.
Scene Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drink water, nor a drop before; therefore beare vp, & board me! Servant Monfter, drinke to me.

Trin. Servant Monfter: the folly of his hand, they say there's but five upon this life; we are three of them, if't other two be brain'd like vs, the State rotten.

Ste. Drink monfter monfter when I bid thee, thy eies are almost set in thy head.

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

Ste. My man-Monfter hath drown'd his tongue in sacke: for my part the Sea cannot drowne me.

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

Ste. Moore-calle, speake once in thy life, if thou beest a good Moore-calle.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me licks thy shooe: doe not sease him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest most ignorazt Monfter, I am in case to little a Contable: why, thou deboutd Fid thuou, was there ever man a Coward, that had drunk so much Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell me monstrous lie, being but halfe a Fid, and halfe a Monfter?

Cal. Lo, how he muckes me, wilt thou let him my Lord?
Enter Ariel insensible.

Cal. Lo! lo! a strange sight! A monster, a Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ariel. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou lewd Monkey thou; I would my valiant Master would destroy thee.

Ariel. I know no more.

Cal. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Ariel. What a jape Nannie's this? Thou searey patch!

Cal. No, no; he will be Lord of it, and serve thee.

Ariel. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. He that dies pays all debts; I defy thee.

Ariel. I will supplant some of your teeth.

Cal. I will stand, and so shall I.

Ariel. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and He farewell.

Ariel. How now will this be compassed?

Cal. That's more dangerous than I. Let's be wise, and then put on his books. Oh, keep a good tongue in your head; if you must know, I will have my music for nothing.

Ariel. That's the tune of our Catch, played by the pipes.

Cal. This is the tune of our Catch, played by the pipes.

Ariel. What is this same? From me, he got it. If you will have a house, he'll decke without. And I know thou dost.

Cal. But he as farre surpasses the rest. Let us sing.

Ariel. If you be a devil, take that as you list.

Cal. Take it as you list.

Ariel. Thou liest, thou lies as deeply as I. But one! By our Graces! and Trinculo and thy selfe shall be vice-royes; doft thou like the plot Trinculo?

Trinculo. Excellent.

Ste. Give me my hand, I am sorry I bestee thee; but while thou hast not a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this halfe hour he will be asleep, wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. No, I am mine honour.

Ariel. This will I tell my Master, that I will be King and Queen, take our Graces; and Trinculo and thy selfe shall be vice-royes.

Cal. I do not lie.

Ste. This will prove abraun'd some time to me.

Cal. This is the tune of our Catch, played by the pipes.

Ste. What is this same? This is the tune of our Catch, played by the picture of No body.

Cal. Ste. What is this same? This is the tune of our Catch, played by the picture of No body.

Ste. If thou beest a devil, there is no more.

Cal. This is the tune of our Catch, played by the pipes.

Ste. I will destroy him then?

Cal. Ste. At thy request Monfort, I will do reason. Any reason: Do not trouble the Catch.

Cal. Where I shall have my Mischke for nothing.

Ste. It's a thousand twangling instruments. Will it harm about mine ears; and sometimes voices, that if I then had wak'd before long asleep, it will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreaming, the clouds methought would open, and them riches Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd I cri'd to dream again.

Cal. I remember the story.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my Mischke for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by; I remember the story.

Trinculo. The sound is going away, let's follow it, and after do our works.

Ste. Leade Monfort, we'll follow; I would I could see this Taborer, he lays it on.

Trinculo. Will come? He follow Stephano.
To the dulking of my spirits: Sit downe and reft; Our frustrate search on land, well, let him goe. For the purpose Tempus No longer for my Flatterer, he is drown'd Through fourth rights, & Meanders: by your patience That you resolu'd to esteem. Who, am my selfe attach'd with wearinesse I needes must reft me. Whom thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks Euen here wilt put off my hope, and keepe it e trod indeede: here's a man My old bones are oppress'd with mauaile. They are not nor cannot vse such vigilance. The name of this? my good friends, harke. Gen. Maruellous sweet Muficke. A huing Scb. now wilt beleue. Pro. He vanishes in Thunder: then (to left Muficke.) Enter the shapes against, and dance (with mockes and moves) and carrying out the Table. Gen. I'm in Naples. I should report this now, would they beleue me? If I should goe I law such Islands; (For certes, these are people of the Island) Who thought they are of monstrous shape, yet note Their manners are more gentle, kind, then of Our humane generation you shall finde. Many, may almost any. Pro. Honct Lord, Thou hast said well: for some of you thence present: Are worse then duels. Al. I cannot too much muse Such shapes, such gefuir, and such found expreffing (Although they want the vse of tongue) a kinde Of excellent dume discourse. Pro. Prate in departing. Fr. They vanish'd strangely. Scb. Nomatter, fine. (macks. They have left their Viands behinde; for wee have no more. Will please your taste of what is here? Al. Not I. (Boyes Gen. Faith Sir, you need not fae: when we were Would who beleue that there were Mountauns,etc, Dew-lapt, like Bulls, whose throat's had hanging at'em Wallers of fielth: or that there were such men

Who's heads flood in their brefts? which now we finde Each patter out of flue for one, will bring vs Good warrant of. Al. I will stand to, and fede. Although my left, no matter, see I feel The beft is past: brother: my Lord the Duke, Stand too, and doe as we.

Thunder and Lightnings. Enter Ariel (like a Harpie) claps his wings upon the Table, and with a quient device the Banquet casues.

Ar. You are three men of faine, whom definy That hath to infrument this lower world, And what is in's: the newer furprised Sea, Hath caus'd to belch vp you; and on this Island, Where man doth not inhabit, you mongift men, Bring monftrous fhyes to live: I have made you mad; And even with fuch like valour, men hang, and drowne Their proper felues: you fooles, and my felowes Are minimres of Fate, the Elements Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well Wound the proud winds, or with bemoet-at-Stabs Kill the full cloathing waters, as diminish One dowlde that's in my plumb: My felow minimers Are like-unsuelt: if you could hurt, Your swords are now too maffe for your strengths, And will not be vplifted: But remember (For that's my businesse to you) that you three From Mileane did fupplicant good Portuguese, Expot'd unto the Sea (which hath requit it) Him, and his innocent child: for which foule deed, The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) have Incend'd the Seas, and Shores; yes, all the Creatures Against your peace: Thee of thy Sonne, Alfonso They haue betray'd: and doe pronounce by me Lingring perdition (worse then any death Can be at once) shall step, step attend You, and your wayes, whole wrathes to guard you from, Which here, in this moft defolate life, else fals Upon your heads, is nothing but hearts-sorrow, And a cerele life enfuing.

Enter Alonfo, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalvo, Adriam, Francisco, etc.

Gen. By Jamin, I can doe no further, Sir,

My old bonesakes there's a maze trod indeede Through fourth rights, & Meanders: by your patience I needes must reft me.

Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee, Who, am my selfe attach't with wearinesse To the duling of my spirits: Sit dwon, and reft; Our frustrate search on land, well, let him goe. For the purpose Tempus No longer for my Flatterer, he is drown'd Through fourth rights, & Meanders: by your patience That you resolu'd to esteem. Who, am my selfe attach'd with wearinesse I needes must reft me. Whom thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks Euen here wilt put off my hope, and keepe it e trod indeede: here's a man My old bones are oppress'd with mauaile. They are not nor cannot vse such vigilance. The name of this? my good friends, harke. Gen. Maruellous sweet Muficke. A huing Scb. now wilt beleue. Pro. He vanishes in Thunder: then (to left Muficke.) Enter the shapes against, and dance (with mockes and moves) and carrying out the Table. Pro. Bruelly the figure of this Harpie, halth thou Perform'd (my Ariel?) a grace it had decouring: Of my Instruction, halth thou nothing bated In what thou hadst to faie: and with good life, And obleration strange, my meaner minimers Their feuerall kindes have done: my high charmes work, And these (mine enemies) are all knit vp In their diftraftions: they now are in my powre; And in thefe fits, I loose them, while I visit Yong Ferdinand (whom they suppose is drown'd) And his, and mine lou'd darling.

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

Al. O't is monstrous: monstrous: I mean the billowes spoke, and told me ofit, The windes did fing to me: and the Thunder That deep and dreadful Ogan-Pipe pronounced The name of Professor: it did base my Trepasse, Therefore my Sonne's Ooeze was bedded; and I'te feke him deeper then ere plummet founded, And with him there eye mudded.

Seb. But one feend at a time, I'te fight them Legions are.
That are of fuppler ioynts) follow them swiftly.

Now gins to bite the fpints; I doe befecch you

Like poyfon giuen to worke a great time after

Sower-ey'd difdaine, and difeord fhall be strew

Your corrspenfation makes amends, for i

And hinder them from what this extafse

Doe not smile at me, that I boaft her of,

May now prouoke them to.

For quiet dayes, faire time, and long life,

That you (hall hate it both: Therefore take heed

Worthily purchas'd, takemy daughter; But

With full and holy right, be miniftred.

Or that for which I liue: who, once againc

Haue giuen you here, a third of mine ownt life.

All fan£shmomous ceremonies may

if thou do*lt break her Virgin-knot, before

The molt opportune place, the ftrongft fuggfion.

Sit then, and talk with her, she is thinde owne

What Ariel, my induftrious fervant Ariel. Enter Ariel.

Ats. What would my potent mafter? here I am.

Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellows, your Isf service

Did worthy performe: and I muft vie you

In each another tricke: goe bring the rabble

(One whom I giue thee powne) here, to this place:

Invite them to quicker motion, for I muft

Below upon the eyes of this yong couple

Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise,

And they expext it from me,

At. Presently?

Pre. I with a twinncke.

Aris. Before you can flye come, and goe,

And breathe twice; and cry, fo fo.

Each one tripping on his Toe,

Will be here with mop, and more.

Do you love me Master? no?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: do not approach

Till thou doft hie me call.

Aris. Well: I conceive.

Pro. Look thou be true: do not giue dalliance

Too much the rage of the ftrongeft estates, are fraw

To th'fire ith' blood: be more ambitious,

Or els good night your vow.

Ferd. I warrant you, Sir,

The white cold virgin Snow, upon my heart

Abastes the ardour of my Louter.

Pro. Well,

Now come my Ariel, bring a Corollary,

Rather then want a Spirit; appear, & percy.

Soft mufick.

No tongue: all eyes: be filent.

Ferd. Here is a gracious woman, I come.

Pro. Farely fpoke; And she be thy Second.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I have too suftinently pun'd you,

Your compenlation makes amends, for I

Have giuen you here, a third of mine owne life,

Or that for which I liue: who, once againc

I rendr to thy hand: All thy vexation*

And make it halt. behind her.

Ferd. I do beleue it

Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then,as my gueft, and thine owne acquisition

Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But

If thou do't break her Virgin-knot, before

All fan£shmomous ceremonies may

With full and holy right, be miniftred.

Or that for which I liue: who, once againc

Haue giuen you here, a third of mine ownt life.

All san£shmomous ceremonies may

if thou do*lt break her Virgin-knot, before

The molt opportune place, the ftrongft fuggfion.

Sit then, and talk with her, she is thinde owne

What Ariel, my induftrious fervant Ariel. Enter Ariel.

Ats. What would my potent mafter? here I am.

Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellows, your Isf service

Did worthy performe: and I muft vie you

In each another tricke: goe bring the rabble

(One whom I giue thee powne) here, to this place:

Invite them to quicker motion, for I muft

Below upon the eyes of this yong couple

Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise,

And they expext it from me,

At. Presently?

Pre. I with a twinncke.

Aris. Before you can flye come, and goe,

And breathe twice; and cry, fo fo.

Each one tripping on his Toe,

Will be here with mop, and more.

Do you love me Master? no?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: do not approach

Till thou doft hie me call.

Aris. Well: I conceive.

Pro. Look thou be true: do not giue dalliance

Too much the rage of the ftrongeft estates, are fraw

To th'fire ith' blood: be more ambitious,

Or els good night your vow.

Ferd. I warrant you, Sir,

The white cold virgin Snow, upon my heart

Abastes the ardour of my Louter.

Pro. Well,

Now come my Ariel, bring a Corollary,

Rather then want a Spirit; appear, & percy.

Soft mufick.

No tongue: all eyes: be filent.

Ferd. Here is a gracious woman, I come.

Pro. Farely fpoke; And she be thy Second.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I have too suftinently pun'd you,

Your compenlation makes amends, for I

Have giuen you here, a third of mine owne life,

Or that for which I liue: who, once againc

I rendr to thy hand: All thy vexation*

And make it halt. behind her.

Ferd. I do beleue it

Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then,as my gueft, and thine owne acquisition

Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But

If thou do't break her Virgin-knot, before

All san£shmomous ceremonies may

With full and holy right, be miniftred.

Or that for which I liue: who, once againc

Haue giuen you here, a third of mine ownt life.

All san£shmomous ceremonies may

if thou do*lt break her Virgin-knot, before

The molt opportune place, the ftrongft fuggfion.

Sit then, and talk with her, she is thinde owne

What Ariel, my induftrious fervant Ariel. Enter Ariel.

Ats. What would my potent mafter? here I am.

Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellows, your Isf service

Did worthy performe: and I muft vie you

In each another tricke: goe bring the rabble

(One whom I giue thee powne) here, to this place:

Invite them to quicker motion, for I muft

Below upon the eyes of this yong couple

Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise,

And they expext it from me,
Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold To think these spirits? My present fancies. Makes this place Paradise.

Jorareawondred Father, and aweful

U>so*n&Ceres

whisper softly,

There's something else to do: hark, and be mute Or else our spell is marred.

With your ledged crowns, and ever-harmless Mokes, Leave your citadels, and on this green LAND Anfire your hymnoms. Let's do a command. Come temperate and help to celebrate Nymphs, A Comcast of true Love: be not too late. Come hither from the furrow, and be merry, And these fresh Nymphs encounter ever one

In Country footing.

Enter certaine Nymphes. You burn'd Sickness of August weary, Can her ether from the furrow, and be merry, Make holly day: your Rye.straw hats put on, And these fresh Nymphes encounter every one

Of the beast Calliban, and his confederates Against my life: the minute of their plot Is almost come: Well done, at this instant I go, I go. Exit.

Enter Certaine Nymphes.

Pro. Certaine Nymphes

You Sun-burn'd Sickness of August weary, Can her ether from the furrow, and be merry, Make holly day: your Rye.straw hats put on, And these fresh Nymphes encounter ever one

In Country footing.

Enter certaine Nymphes. They signe with the Nymphes, in a gracefull dance, towards the end whereof, Prospero startes suddenly and speaks, after which both a strange fellow and confused noise, they beautify wrong. Pro. I had forgot that foule conspiracy Of the beast Calliban, and his confederates Against my life: the minute of their plot Is almost come: Well done, at this instant I go, I go. Exit.

Enter Certaine Nymphes.

Pro. This is strange: your fathers in past time

Saw him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd. Pro. You doe looke (my fon) in a mordrort, As if you were dismay'd: be chearefull Sir, Our Resent now are ended: These our actors, As I foretold you were all Spirits, and Are met into Ayre, into thin Ayre, And like the bafketeel fabricke of this vision The Cloud-kept Towers, the gorgeous Pallasce, The solemnne Temples, the great Globe it selfe, Yea, all which it inherit, shall disinte, And like this unfinished Pageant fadded I feare not a racke behind; we are such fluffe As dreams are made on; and our little life Is rounded with a lippo; Sir, I am vex'd, Bear with my weaknesse, my old braine is troubled: Be not distemper'd with my infirmer, If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell, And there repose, a turne or two, I'll walke To fill my breathing minde.

Fer. Mist. We with your peace.

Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee Ariel. Enter Ariel.

Ar. Thy thoughts I cleanse to, what's thy pleasure? Pro. Spirit: We must prepare to meet with Caliban. Ar. I my Commander, when I preferred Ceres I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd Left I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets? Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking, So full of valor, that they molest the synce For breathing in their faces; beat on the ground For killing of their fetes; yet alwaies bending Towards their plot: then I beatse my Tabor, At which like veyne-bats they prick't their ears, Aduane'd their eye-lids, his'd vp their noses As they smelt muffick, so I charmed their ears That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through Toode' their brats, sharpe huzes, prickting goffe, & thorns, Which entred their faile shins: so left I left them I'll' filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell, There dancing vp to th'chins, that the fowle Lake Or-funch their feet.

Pro. This was well done (my bird) Thy shape invisible retains thou still: The thurpiny in my house, goe bring it hither For fiale to catch these theues. Ar. I go, I goe. Exit.

Pro. A Deuill, a borne-Deuill, on whose nature Nurture can never flike: on whom my paynes Humanely taken, all, all loft, quite loft, And, as with age, his body ougters growes, So his minde cankers: I will plague them all. Even to roasting: Come, hang on them this line.

Enter Ariel, loaded with glittering apparel, &c. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. They tread softly, that the blind Mole may not see a foot fall: we now are neere his Cell. St. Monfier, your Fairy, yf you fay is a harmsles Fairy, Has done little better then plaid the Sacke with vs. Trim. Monfier, I do fl nue all horse-pufle, st which My nofe is in great indignation. Sey. Sois mine. Do you heare Monfier: If I shou'd Take a difpfaufe againft you: Looke you. Trim. Thou wert but a loft Monfier. Cal. Good my Lord, give me thy favout fill, Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too Shall had wintke this mischance: therefore speake softly, All's bueltas midnight yet. Trim. I, but to loofe our bottles in the Poole. Sey. There is not onely disgrace and disonor in that Monfier, but an infinite losse. Tr. That's more to me then my wetting: Yet is this is harmlesse Fairy, Monfier. Sey. I will fetch off my bottle, Though I be olde cares for my labour. Cal. Pri-thee (my King) be quiet. Sey. This is the mouth o'th Cell: No noife, and ente. Do that good mischief, which may make this fland Thine owne for euer, and I thy Caloba. For aye thy foot-licker. Sey. Gie me thy hand, I do begin to have bloody thoughts. Trim. O King Stephano, O Peer: O worthy Stephano, Look in what a wardrobe heere is for thee. Cal. Let it alone thou fool, it is but trash.

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

Ste. Put off that gowne (Trunculo) by this hand I'll have that gowne.

Tru. Thy grace shall have it. (meanes)

Cal. The droptis droynwe this foule, what doe you

To daute thus on fuch luggage? but's a lone

And doo the muster firft: if he awake,

From to to to crowne he'll fill our skins with pinches,

Make vs strange fluffe.

Ste. Be you quiet (Monifter) Misfris line, is not this my Jerkin? now is the Jerkin under the line: now Jerkin you are like to lose your haires, & provoke a bald Jerkin.

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

Ste. I thank thee for that leefe: her's a garment for't:

Wit shall not goe vn-rewarded while I am King of this Country: Steale by Line and leuell, is an excellent paflle of pate: there's another garment for't.

Tru. Monifter, come put some Line upon your fing'ers, and away with the reft.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall loose our time, And all be turn'd to Barnesets, or to Apes

With foreheads villanous low.

[Enter spirits in hope of Hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits in shape of Dogs and Hounds, baying them about; Prospero and Ariel setting upon them.]

Pro. Hey Mountaine, hey.

Ari. Silver: there it goes, Silver.

Pro. Fury, Fury: thare Tyrant, thare: harke, harke. Go, charge my Goblins that they grind their toynts

With dry Convulsions, shorten vp their finewes

With aged Cramps, & more pinch-spofterd make them, Then Pard, or Cat o'Mounuine.

Ari. Harke, they rere.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly; At this borne

Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:

And this.

Ste. And this.

Pro. & this. A noise of Hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits in shape of Dogs and Hounds, baying them about; Prospero and Ariel setting upon them.

Pro. Hey Mountaine, hey.

Ari. Silver: there it goes, Silver.

Pro. Fury, Fury: thare Tyrant, thare: harke, harke. Go, charge my Goblins that they grind their toynts

With dry Convulsions, shorten vp their finewes

With aged Cramps, & more pinch-spofterd make them, Then Pard, or Cat o'Mounuine.

Ari. Harke, they rere.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this house

Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt haue the ayre at freedome: for a little Follow, and doe me service. Exeunt.

Aditus quintus: Scena Prima.

[Enter Prospero (in his Magicke robe) and Ariel.]

Pro. Now do's my Proiect gather to a head:

My charmes crack not: my Spirits obey, and Time.

Goes vp right with his carriage: how's the day?

w.e. On the fat hower, at which time, my Lord
You gaid our worke should cease,

Pro. I did say so,

When first I rai'd the Tempest: say my Spirit,

How fares the King, and is followers?

Ar. Confid'd together

In the same fashion, as you gaue in charge, luft as you left them; all prisoners Sir

In the Line-groune which weather-fends your Cell,

They cannot bougod till your release: The King, His Brother, and yours, abide all three distraffed,

And the remainder mourning over them, 

Brut full of sorrow, and difmay: but chiefly

Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord Gonzalo,

His tears runs downe his beard like winters drops

From eases of seeds: your charm fo strongly works'em That if you now beheld them, your affections

Would become tender.

Pro. Doft thou think so, Spirit?

Ar. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine shall.

Haft thou (which art but sire) a touch, a feeling

Of their affections, and shall not my selfe,

One of their kinde, that rellift all as sharply,

Pasion as they, be kindler mould then thou art?

Though with their high wrongs I am brook'd to th'quick,

Yet, with my nobler reafon, gainft my fury

Do I take part: the rarer Action is

In vertue, then in vengances they, being penitent,

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend

Not a frowne further: Go, releafl them Ariel,

My Charms I'll breake, their fences I'll refore,

And they shall be themfelves.

Ar. I'll fetch them, Sir.

Pro. Ye Eagles of his, brooks, flading lakes & groues,

And ye, that on the fands with printlefte foote

Doe chafe the ebbing-Neptune, and doe flic him

When he comes backe: you deny.\n
Puppets, that

By Moone-fhine doe the greene fowre Ringless make,

Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whose paflime

Is to make midnife-Mufhrumps, that reioyce

To hear the folcme Curfewe, by whose ayle

(Weake Mallers though ye be) I have by arme'd

The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the muienous windes,

And twist the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault

Set roaring wate: To the dreed rating Thunder

Hawe I gien fire, and riffed Oke

With his owne Bolt: The ronge bafa'd promontorie

Hawe I made bale, and by the purs pluckt vp

The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my command

Hawe wak'd their flepees, op'd, and let'em forth

By my fo potent Art. But this rough Magicke

I heere abjure: and when I haue requir'd

Some heavenly Mufick (which euen now I do)

To worke mine end vpon their Senccs, that

This Ayrie-charme is for, le breake my ftaffe,

Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth,

And deeper then did euer Plummets found

I'll droonne my booke.

Solemane musick.

[Enter Ariel before: Then Alonso with a frantick ge-

fure, attended by Gonzalo, Sebastian and Anthonio in

like manner attended by Adrian and Francisco: They all

enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there fland

cham'd: which Prospero obferuing, 

A solennce Ayre, and the bell comforte,

To an vfered fancie, Cure thy braynes

(Now veleffe) boile within thy skull: there fland

For you are Spell-flote.

Holy Gonzalo, Honourable man,

Mine eyes ev'n fociable to the shew of thine

Fall fellowly drops: The charmé dissolves apace,

And as the morning fteales vpone the night

(Melting the darkeoffe) so their riling fencer

Wond all their Senccs, and doo difsolve them.

Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth,

And deeper then did euer Plummets found

I'll droonne my booke.

Solemane musick.

Heere enters Ariel before: Then Alonso with a frantick ge-

fure, attended by Gonzalo, Sebatian and Anthonio in

like manner attended by Adrian and Francisco: They all

enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there fland

cham'd: which Prospero obseruing, 

A solennce Ayre, and the bell comforte,

To an vfered fancie, Cure thy braynes

(Now veleffe) boile within thy skull: there fland

For you are Spell-flote.
The Tempest

Did thou, Alceste, weep me, and my daughter: Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act, Thou art pinch'd for't now Sebastian. Fleet, and blood, You, brother mine, that enterlude ambition, Expell'd remorse, and nature, whom, with Sebastian (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong) Would heate have kill'd your King: I do forgive thee, Thy brother was a furtherer in the Adi, 0 the Kings (hip, inuifible as thou art.

Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell, That now lioue, and muddy: not one of them Will horribly fill the reafonable shore (VYhofe inward pinches therefore are most strong)

Expelld remorfe, and nature, whom, with STHJAHN.

There halt thou finde the Marriners asleep Where the Bee seeks, thereof, / On the Batt's hacke I do flee After Sommer, merily, Merely, merily, shall I live now. Under the blossom that hangs on the Bow. Where the Bee seeks, thereof, / On the Batt's back I do fly After Sommer, merily, Merely, merily, shall I live now. Under the blossom that hangs on the Bow.

Behold Sir King

Pro. The wronged Duke of Millane, Prospero: For more allience 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 bee't he or no, Or some enchanted tiffle to abufe me, (As late I have bene) I do know: thy Pulse Beats as of fleet, and blood: and since I saw thee, Thy effection of my minde amends, with which I feare a madneffe held me: this must eraze (And if this be at all) a most strange story,

Thy Duke done I resigne, and doe entreat Thou pardon me my wrongs: but how shold Prospero Belisinge, and be heere? Pro. First, noble Frend, Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot Be mesur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be, Or be not, I'm not swaare.

Pros. You do not taffe

Some subtilties o' the life, that will not let you Believe things certaine: Welcome, my friends all. But you, my brace of Lords, were I so minded I here could plecke his Highnesse browne upon you And in life time you Traitors: at this time I will tell no tales.

Sch. The Diewell speaks in him:

Pros. No:

For you (most wicked Sir) whom to call brother Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive

Thy ranket faults all of them: and require

My Dukedom of thee, which, perforce I know

Thou must restore.

Alc. If thou beest Prospero

Gives us particulars of thy pretention,

How thou haft once at seere, whom three hours since Were wrackt upon this shore? where I have left (How sharp the point of this reminiscence is) My deere: Soun Ferdinand.

Pros. I am wont for't, sir.

Alc. Irreparable is the losse, and patience

Saies, it is past her eure.

Pros. I rather thinke

You have not sought her helpe, of whose soft grace

For she like losse, I have her Jouraigne aid,

And rest my selfe content.

Alc. You the like losse?

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

To make the deere losse, have I meanes much weaker

Then you may call to comfort you, for I

Have loft my daughter.

Alc. A daughter?

Oh heauen, that they were living both in Naples

The King and Queen there, that they were, I wish My selfe were mad in that too sieve:

Beare my name lies: when did you lose your daughter?

Pros. In this last Tempest. I perceive these Lords

At this encounter doe so much admire,

That they dispose their resion, and scarce think

Their eies doe offices of Truth: Their words

Are naturally breath: but how can't you have

Bene intoed from your eymes, know for certain

That I am Prospero, and that very Duke

Which was wrackt forth of Millane, who most strangely

Upon this shore (where you were wrackt) was landed

To be the Lord on' : no more yet of this,

For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,

Not a relation for a break-faft, nor

Believing this first meeting: Welcome, sir;

This Cell's my Court: here haue I few attendants.

And Subjects none abroad; pray you looke in:

My Duke done I resigne you have given me againe,

I will require you with as good a thing,

At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye

As much, as my Dukedom.

Here Prospero discourses Ferdinand and Miranda, play ing at Chess.

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me false.

Ferd. No my dearest loue.

Mir. Yes, for a faire of Kingdome, you should

And I would call it faire play.

Alc. If this proue

A vision of the Island, one deere Sonne

Shall I twice losse.

Sch. A most high miracle.

Ferd. Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,

I haue cures them without caufe.

Alc. Now all the blessings

Of a glad father, compasse thee about:

Ah, and faie how thou cam'ft heere.

Mir. A wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there heere?

How beauteous mankinde is? O brave new world

Btw. That.
That has such people in't.

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

Alb. What is this Maid, with whom thou wast at
Your old acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hast feuer'd vs,
And brought vs thus together: 

Fro. Sir, she is mortall;
But by immortal prudence, she's mine;
I chose her when I could not ask my Father
For his advice: not thought! had one: She

Aiullmt

Is daughter to this famous Duke of

Receu'd a second life; and second Father

Of whom, so often I have heard renowne,
&nd on this couple drop a blest crowne;
This lady makes him come.

But neuer saw before: of whom I have

O lookelSir.looke Sir.here is more of us:

It were all of vs, our felues,

Where he himselfe was lost: /'r.'s hisDukedome

Muft

But O.how odly will it sound, that I

Where, but euen now, with strange, and seuerall noyse

Haft thou no mouth by land?
[473x55]And

Doest thou not feeme probable) of euery

Thefhe happen accidents: till when, be cheerefull
And thinke of each thing well: Come bitter Spirit,Set Caliban, and his companions free:

Vonde the Spell: How fares my gracious Sir?

There are yet misty of your Company

Some few odd Ladies, that you remember not

Enter Aretell, driving in Caliban, Stephano, AndTrinculo in their plain Apparel.

Stc. Every man shift for all the rest, and let

No man take care for himselfe: for all is

But fortune: Cenagio Bully-Monster Corafo.

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

Cal. O Setelb, these be brave Spirits indeede

How fine my Maller is? I am afraid

He wilt chaffife me.

Set. Ha, ha:

What things are these, my Lord Anthony?

Will money buy em?

Ant. Very like: one of them

Is a plaine Fift, and no doubt marketable.

Fro. Marke but the badges of these men, my Lords,
Then say if they be true: This misshapen knowe;
His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong
That could controle the Moon: make flowers, and esb
And deale in her command, without her power:
These three have rodb me, and this derry-duell;
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these Fellowes, you

Must know, and owne, this Thing of darknesse, I

Akenowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alb. Is not this Stephano, my drunken Butler?

Sub. He is drunken now;

Where had he wine?

why, And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they

Find this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?

How can't thou in this pickle?

Tri. I have bin in such a pickle since I saw you last,
That I fear me will never out of my bones;

I shall not cease fly-blowing.

Sub. Who know how now Stephano?

Tri. Touch me not, I am not Stephano, but aCramp.

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

Tri. I should have bin a fore one then.

Alb. This is a strange thing as we look'd on.

Pro. He is as dyspepticke in his Manners

As in his shape: Go Sirha, to my Cell,

Take with you your Companions: as you look to

That I fear me will: I'll be wife hereafter,
And seek for grace: what a choice double
Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
And worship this dull fool?
Pro. Go to, away. (found it
Alc. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
Said. Or hide it rather.
Pro. Sit, I invite your Highness, and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest.
For this oneness, which part of it, I wrote
With such discourse, as I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: The story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by
Since I came to this isle; And in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples.

Wheres he hopes to see
Or the fair deere-bell'd, solemnized,
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alc. I long
To hear the story of your life; which must
Take the care, flantingly.
Pro. I'll deliver all,
And promise you safe seas, auspicious gales,
And so expedite, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off: My Ariel; take
That is thy charge: Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well: please you draw near.
Exeunt emus.

FINIS.

The Scene, an un-inhabited Island

Names of the Actors.

Alanò, K. of Naples.
Sebastian his brother.
Prospero, the right Duke of Milan.
Anthony his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.
Conza, an honest old Councillor.
Adrian, & Francesco, Lords.
Caliban, a savage and deformed slave.
Trinculo, a Lutet.
Stephano, a drunken Butler.
Maiier of a Ship.
Boat-Swain.
Marriners.
Miranda, daughter to Prospero.
Artem, an airy spirit.
Iris, Cores
Uran Nymphes
Reapers

EPITHE.
spoken by Prospero.

Now my Charms are alter'd browne,
And what strength I have's mine owne.
Which is most faire: now'tis true
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples, let me not
Since I have my Duke alone,
And pardon'd the deceiver,
With his bare isle, by your Spell,
But releas'd me from my bands:
With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours, my Sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce: Art to inchant,
And my ending is dispair,
Farewell be releas'd by prayer.
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy it selfe, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

Exit.
THE
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Attus primus, Scena prima.

Valentine: Protheus, and Speed.

Valentine.
Ease to persuade, my loving Protheus:
Home-keeping youth, have ever homely wits,
We're not affected, have tender days.
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd Loue, I
rather would entertain thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad.
Then (lining dally sluggardis'd at home)
Wear out thy youth with shapelle idleesse.
But since thou losest love, fill, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to loue begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine adew,
Think on thy Protheus, when thou havest sue;
Some rare note-worthy object in thy traveille.
With me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
(If ever danger doe environ thee)
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers.
For I will be thy best friend, Valentine.
Val. And on a love-book pray for my success;
How youngsweet Lover craft the Hellasfont.
Pro. That's a deep Stone, of a deeper love,
For he was more than ouer-woo'd in love.
Val. 'Tis true; for you are ouer-bootes in love,
And yet you neuer (sworn the Hellasfont.)
Pro. Quer the Bootes? nay give me not the Boots.
Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.
Pro. What?
(grones:)

Val. To be in loue; where sorne is bought with
Coy looks, with hart-fore fighes; one fadning
Moments
With twenty watchfull, wrothy, tedious nights; (mirth,
If haply won, perhaps a hapelle game,
If sol, why then a griefous labour won,
How euer - but a folly bought with wit.
Or eile a wit, by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.
Val. So, by your circumstance, I feere you'1l prove true.
Pro. Tis love you caull you, at I am not Loue.
Val. Love is your matter, for he matters you;
And he that is so yoked by a fool.
Methinks should not be chronicled for wife.

Pro. Yet Writers say; as in the sweetest Bud,
The eating Canker dwells; so eating Loue
Inhabits in the sweetest wits of all.
Val. And Writers say; as the most forward Bud
Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow.
Even fo by Loue, the yong, and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blustering in the Bud,
Loosing his verude, even in the prime.
And all the faire effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsaile thee?
That art a voyer to fond defire?
Once more adieu, there to fee me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee Valentine.
Val. Sweet Protheus, no; Now let us take our leave;
To Shakespeare let me hear from thee by Letters
Of thy success in love; and what news else
Betwixt herein absence of thy Friend;
And like wise will vist thee with mine.

Pro. All happiest bechance to thee in Milamem;
Val. As much to you at home; and so farewell. Exit.
Pro. He after Honour hunts, and after Loue;
He leaues his friends, to digleem them more;
Thou试卷 thou hast metamorphis'd me.
Made me neglect my Studies, loose my time;
Waste with good counsaile, set the world at nought;
Made Wit with musing, weak; hart fick with thought.

Pro. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.
Val. Why then my homes are his Hornes, whether I
wake or sleepe.

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

Sp. Sit frothou; save yeu: saw you my Matter?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embarque for Aires.

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

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

Sp. You conclude that my Matter is a Shepheard then,
And I sleepe.

Pro. I doe.

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

Pro. A folly answere, and fitting well a Sheepe.

Sp. This proues me still a Sheepe.

Sp. True: and thy Matter a Shepheard,
Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. Indeed a Shepheard doe very often stay,
And if the Shepheard be awhile away.

Sp. You conclude that my Matter is a Shepheard then,
And I sleepe.

Pro. I doe.

Sp. Such another proofe will make me cry ban-

Pro. But do thou heare: gaull thou my letter
to faith?
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?
Lu. Pleece you repeat their names, I'll swear my mind,
According to my shallow simple skill.
Lu. What thinkst thou of the faire Sir Balthasar?
Lu. As of a Knight, well-spoken, neat, and fine;
But were I you he never should beseeme.
Lu. What think'st thou of the rich Mercutio?
Lu. Well of his wealth; but of himselfe, so so,
Lu. What think'st thou of the gentle Fra[kenus?]
Lu. Lord, Lord: I've no friends, I do not hear for invs,
Lu. How now! what means this passion at his name?
Lu. Pardon dear Madam, 'tis a pating shame,
That I am unworthy body as I am.

Should服务中心 those lovely Gentlemen
Lu. Why none of Fra[kenus, as of all the rest?
Lu. Then thus: of many good, I think him best.

"Your reason?"
Lu. I have no other but a woman's reason.

I think him fo because I think him fo.

And would I thou have me cast my love on him?
Lu. If you thought your love not cast away.
Lu. Why here, of all the rest. I have never knew me.
Lu. Yet he, of all the rest, I think best knowes ye.
Lu. His little speaking, shews his love but small,
Lu. Fire that's cloest kept, burns most of all.
Lu. They do not love, that do not shew their love.
Lu. Oh, they love least, that men know the least.
Lu. I would I knew his minde.
Lu. Peruse this paper Madam,

And to Julia: say, from whom?
Lu. That the Contents will shew.

Lu. Say, say, who gaue it thee?
Lu. Sir Valentine page & sent, I think from Fra[kenus;
He would have gluen it you, but I being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault I pray.
Lu. Now (by my modesty) a goody Broker:
Dare you presume to cast off wanont lines?
To whisper, and confide against my youth?
Now trust me, tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place: 
There take the paper: see it be return'd,
Or else return no more into my sight.

Lu. To plead for love, derogates more so, then hate.
Lu. Will ye be gone?
Lu. That you may ruminate.

Lu. Yet I would I had on-look'd the Letter;
I would it were.

Lu. That you may ruminate.

Luc. But say Lucetta (now we are alone)
Would it thou then counsile me to fall in love?
Luc. Madam, so you humble not vainefully.
Luc. Of all the faire reft of Gentlemen,
That every day with partie encounter me,

Scena Secunda.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say Lucetta (now we are alone).

Jul. Would it thou then counsile me to fall in love?
Luc. Madam, so you humble not vainefully.
Luc. Of all the faire reft of Gentlemen,
That every day with partie encounter me,

In thy opinion which is worthiest love?
Lu. Pleece you repeat their names, I'll swear my mind,
According to my shallow simple skill.
Lu. What thinkst thou of the faire Sir Balthasar?
Lu. As of a Knight, well-spoken, neat, and fine;
But were I you he never should beseeme.
Lu. What think'st thou of the rich Mercutio?
Lu. Well of his wealth; but of himselfe, so so,
Lu. What think'st thou of the gentle Fra[kenus?]
Lu. Lord, Lord: I've no friends, I do not hear for invs,
Lu. How now! what means this passion at his name?
Lu. Pardon dear Madam, 'tis a pating shame,
That I am unworthy body as I am.

Should服务中心 those lovely Gentlemen
Lu. Why none of Fra[kenus, as of all the rest?
Lu. Then thus: of many good, I think him best.

"Your reason?"
Lu. I have no other but a woman's reason.

I think him fo because I think him fo.

And would I thou have me cast my love on him?
Lu. If you thought your love not cast away.
Lu. Why here, of all the rest. I have never knew me.
Lu. Yet he, of all the rest, I think best knowes ye.
Lu. His little speaking, shews his love but small,
Lu. Fire that's cloest kept, burns most of all.
Lu. They do not love, that do not shew their love.
Lu. Oh, they love least, that men know the least.
Lu. I would I knew his minde.
Lu. Peruse this paper Madam,

And to Julia: say, from whom?
Lu. That the Contents will shew.

Lu. Say, say, who gaue it thee?
Lu. Sir Valentine page & sent, I think from Fra[kenus;
He would have gluen it you, but I being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault I pray.
Lu. Now (by my modesty) a goody Broker:
Dare you presume to cast off wanont lines?
To whisper, and confide against my youth?
Now trust me, tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place: 
There take the paper: see it be return'd,
Or else return no more into my sight.

Lu. To plead for love, derogates more so, then hate.
Lu. Will ye be gone?
Lu. That you may ruminate.

Lu. Yet I would I had on-look'd the Letter;
I would it were.

Lu. That you may ruminate.

Jul. But say Lucetta (now we are alone)
Would it thou then counsile me to fall in love?
Luc. Madam, so you humble not vainefully.
Luc. Of all the faire reft of Gentlemen,
That every day with partie encounter me,
Thus will I fold them, one upon another; He couples it, to his complaining rods. Yet here they shall not lye, for catching cold. I see you have a months minde to them. You would be singing them, to anger me. And did request me, to importune you. To let him spend his time no more at home: Which would be great impeachment to his age. In having knowne no trauaille in his youth. Nor need’st thou much importune me to that. I see things too, although you judge I winke. What, shall these papers lye, like Tel-tales here? If you respect them; best to take them vp. Nay, I was taken vp, for laying them downe. Yet here they shall not lye, for catching cold. I see you have a months minde to them. 

Enter Antonio and Pantalone. Prologue.

Ant. Tell me Pantalone, what sad tale was that, Where with my brother held you in the Citty? Pant. Twas of his Nephew Protho’s, our Sonne. Ant. Why? what of him? Pant. He wondered that your Lordship Would suffer him, to spend his youth at home, While other men, of slender reputation Put forth their Sons, to seek preferment out. 

But for theire Soules, to fecke pretende out. Some to the warres, to try their fortune there; Some, to discover Islands far away; Some, to the studious Universities; For any, or for all these exercise. He said, that Problem, your Sonne, was meet; And did request me, to importune you. To let him spend his time no more at home: Which would be great impeachment to his age. In having knowne no trauaille in his youth. Ant. Nor need’st thou much importune me to that. Whereon, this month I have bin laming, I have consider’d well, his loffe of time, And how he cannot be a perfect man, Not being trained, and tutor’d in the world: Experience is by industrie achiev’d, And perfected by the swift course of time. Then tell me, whether you intended him to send him? Pant. I think your Lordship is not ignorant How his companion, youthful! attendeth the Emperor in his royal Court. Ant. I know it well. (thither.) Pant. Twere good, I think, your Lordship sent him There shall he practise. Titles, and Tournaments; Hear sweet discourse, converse with Noble-men, And be in eye of every exercise. Worthy his youth, and noblenesse of birth. 

Ant. I like thy counselle: well hast thou advis’d: And that thou mist perceiue how well I like it, The execution of it shall make knowne; Even with the speediest expedition, I will dispatch him to the Emperors Court. Pant. To morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonse, With other Gentlemen of good esteeme, Are journing, to salute the Emperor, And to commend their seruice to his will. 

Ant. Good company: with them shall Protho go: And in good time now will we wreake with him. Pro. Sweet Love, sweet lines, sweet life, Here is her hand, the agent of her heart; Here is her oath for love, her honors pause;
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Enter Valentine, Speed, Silvia.

Val. Go to, sir, tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

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

Speed. Marry by these speciall marks: first, you have learnt'd (like Sir Prapes) to weed your Armes like a Male-content: to telleth a Love-song, like a Robin-red-breast: to walke alone like one that had the peffillence: to figh, like a Schelle-boy that had loft his A. B. C. to weep like a young wench that had buried her Grandam: to falt, like one that takers diet to watch, like one that fears robbing: to speake puleing, like a beggar at Hai-tow-Maffe: You were wont, when you laughed, to crow, like a cocke: when you walkd, to walke like one of the Lions: when you fafted, it was prefently after dinner: when you lookd'flatly, it was for want of money: And now you are Metamorphis'd with a Miftris, that when I looke on you, I can hardly thinke you my Mifler.

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

Speed. They are all percei'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you I say, that's certaine: for without you were fo fimple, none else would: but you are fo without these follies, that these follies are within you, and thine through you like the water in an Vrinall: that not an eye that fsee you, but is a Physicin to comment upon your Malady.

Val. But tell me Sir, thou know my Lady Silvia?

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

Val. Haft thou obferved that? even the I mean.

Speed. Why Sir, I know her not.

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

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

Val. Not fo fauer (boy) as well fauer'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What doft thou know?

Speed. That flec is not fo fauer, as (of you) well-fau-

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite, But her fauer infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the o-

Val. Has he painted? and how out of count?

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

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

Speed. You neuer saw her fince she was deformed.

Val. How long haft the beene deformed?

Speed. Ever since you lou'd her.

Val. I haue lou'd her ever since I saw her, And full I fee her beautifull.

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

Val. Why? Speed. Because Loue is blinde: O that ye had mine eyes, or your owne eyes had the lights they were wont to hauve, when you chidde at Sir Prapes, for going un-garter'd.

Val. What should I fee then?

Speed. Your owne prefent folly, and her passing de-

Val. Belike (boy) then you are in loue, too much mor-

You could not fee to wipe rr.myfhoes.

Val. Why?

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

Val. What should I fee then?

Speed. Your owne prefent folly, and her passing de-

Val. Delike (boy) then you are in loue, for left mor-

You could not fee to wipe my fhoes.

Speed. True Sir: I was in loue with my bed, I thank you, you ping'd me for my loue, which makes me the bolder
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Val. Why she hath not writ to me?
Speed. What need she,
When she hath made you write to your selfe?
Why, do you not perceive the right?
Val. No, believe me,
Speed. No believing you indeed sir;
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 write to her friend.
Speed. And I letter hath she deliver'd, & there an end.
Val. I would it were no worse.
Speed. Ile warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often have you writ to her: and the in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not answer reply,
Or fearing else some meffenger, might her mind discover
Her self hath taught her Loue himself, to write vnto her
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.

Vc. Why muse you sir, 'tis dinner time.
Val. I have dined.
Speed. I, but harken sir: though the Cameleon Loue
Can feed on the ayre, I am one that am nourish'd by my
Vicitals: and would fame have made: oh bee not like
your Mistrefs, be mowed, be mowed.

Scena secunda.

Enter Protheus, Julia, Paschiano.
Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia:
Jul. I must where is no remedy.
Pro. When possibly I can, I will returne.
Jul. If you turn not: you will return the sooner.
Kepe this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
Pro. Why then wee'll make exchange;
Here, take you this.
Jul. And seal the bargainse with a holy kisse.
Pro. Here is my hand, for my true constant
And when that howre once slips me in the day,
Wherein I ought not (Julia) for thy sake,
The next ensuing houre, some soule mischance
Torment me for my Loues forgetfulness:
My father flaketh my comings: answeres not:
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of teares,
That tide will stay me longer then I should,
Julia, farewell: what, gen without a word? I
To true loue should doe: it cannot speak,
For truth hath better deeds, then words to grace it.
Pasch. Sir Protheus: you are flaid for,
Pro. Go, I come, I come
Alas, this parting strikes poore Louers dumb.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Louvre, Paschiano.
Louvre. Nay, 'twill bee this howre ere I have done
weeping: all the kinde of the Louvers, have this very
fault: I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious
fame,
Sonne, and am going with Sir Pantby to the Imperialle Court: I think my dog be the fourest natur'd dogge: no, the dogge is himselfe and I am the dogge: no eyes, looke you, wept he selfe on my parting: more piety in him then a dogge: a wea would haue wept dogge that Haues: My Mother weeping : my Father our maid: 1 am the 

Lam. It is no matter if the tide were loft, for it is the 

Stl. Made vfe.-and fouldauontage of his dales: 

Thu. Comes all the praife* that I nowbeftow.)

Sir, for that's his name) 

Yet hath 

You haue faid Sir. 

You change colour. 

Sir,if you fpend word for word with me, I (hall 

I know it well fir : you haue'an Exchequer of 

Thu. Sir, you alwaies end tre you begin. 

I,my good Lord,l know the Gentlemaa 

Know ye© 

Duk; 

Hath he not a Sonne? 

I knew him as my felfe: for from our Infaocie 

Duk. Know ye Den Antonio,your Countriman? 

Val. I, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman 

To be of worth, and worthy effimation, 

And not without defect fo well reputed. 

Duk, Hath henot a Sonne? 

Val. I, my good Lord, a Son, that well deferves 

The honor, and regard of fuch a father. 

Duk. You know him well ? 

Val. I knew him as my felfe: for from our Infancie 

We haue conferrit, and spent our howres together, 

And though my felfe haue bene an idle Trewannt, 

Omitting the sweet benefit of time 

To cloath mine age with Angel-like petfeflioo t 

Omitting the fweet benefit of time 

And though my felfe haue beene an idle Trewant. 

Thu. My Lord, I will be thankfull, 

To any happy meffenger from thence. 

Duk. Know ye Den Antonio,your Countriman? 

Val. I, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman 

To be of worth, and worthy efimation, 

And not without defect so well reputed. 

Duk, Hath henot a Sonne? 

Val. I, my good Lord, a Son, that well deferves 

The honor, and regard of fuch a father. 

Duk. You know him well ? 

Val. I knew him as my felfe: for from our Infancie 

We haue conferrit, and spent our howres together, 

And though my felfe haue bene an idle Trewannt, 

Omitting the sweet benefit of time 

To cloath mine age with Angel-like petfeflioo t 

Omitting the sweet benefit of time
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

He is compleat in feature, and in minde,
With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman,
Dek. Bethrew me fis, but if he make this good
He is as worthy for an Empirick loue,
As meet to be an Emperors Councellor:
Well, Sir: this Gentleman is come to me
With Commendation from great Potentates,
And heere he meanes to spend his time a while,
I think he will not stay to wanton:
Vpon the very naked name of Loue.

S.rown. Should I have with'da thing, it had bene he.
Dek. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Silus. I speak to you, and you Sir Tho's.
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it,
I will send him hirer to you presently.

S.rown. This is the Gentleman I told your Ladiship
Had come along with me, but that his Mistrefie
Did hold his eyes, lackt in her Chriflian lookes,
But nightly Maides, and daily hart-fore fighes,
Sweet Lady, enterains him for your Service
To have a looke of such a worthy a Mistrefie.

Pro. I know you ioy not in a Leac-difcourie.

Thur. We are betroathd: nay more, our manage
Plotted, and 'greed on for my happinefle.

Pro. Then let her alone.

S.rown. Not for the world: why man, she is mine owne,
And as rich in hauing, fuch a Jewell
As twenty Seas, all their sand were pearle,
The water, Nectar, and the Rocks pure gold,
For I do not dare to envy her,

Pro. Thy Servant, for to beare thy Ladiestraine,
To beare thy loue, the weight is light,
For Loue (thou know'll is full of icaloufie.

S.rown. Thow, you do not flatter her.

Pro. When I was sick, you gaue me
With all the cunning manner of our flight
Determin'd of: how 1 mull dirr. be her window.
I rouft vrit© the Road, to dif-embarque
With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman.

Thur. That you are worthlefe, (you.

Pro. But thou fhowes me not.

S.rown. Why fhowes me not, if thou beares me not.

Pro. I will, and we are betroathd: nay more, our marriage
With all the cunning manner of our flight
Determin'd of: how I must climbe her window,
The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on for my happinefle.

Thur. Pardon me, Sir, but if she make this good


S.rown. Pardon me, all I can is nothing.

Pro. Then fpeake the truth by her; if not diuiney
I muft minifler the like to you.

S.rown. No; But she is an earthly Paragon.

Pro. Then let her alone.

S.rown. Is she pot a heauenly Euen Se-

Pro. When I was sick, you gaue me

S.rown. Except not any.

Pro. Except not any, except thou wilt except against my Loue.

S.rown. Vale. I will not flatter her.

Pro. Then enquire me:

S.rown. By the very naked name of Loue.

Pro. Then let her alone.

S.rown. No; But fhe is an earthly Paragon.

S.rown. Then let her alone.

Pro. I will.

S.rown. Even as one heat, another heat expels,
Or as one naile, by ftrengtb drlues out another.

The two Gentlemen of Verona.
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Speed and Launce.

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

**Launce.** For shame, not by fortune, and for I am not welcome. I reckon this alway, that a man is not wont to love him not so: and that with worse advice, on some how I shall adore her, and I shall be blind. If I can check my wrong love, I will, not to compose her, in my skill.

*Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Protheas and Launce.

**Protheas.** To lose my Julia, shall I be forsworn? To lose my Silvia shall I be forsworn?

**Launce.** No, neither. Why, Fool, I meant not thee, I meant thy Master. If I lose them, thou hast failed to execute it.

**Protheas.** Eext. (Hark, Protheas, so.)

**Speed.** Why, thou whorson Ass, thou mislike'st me, Fool, I meant not thee, I meant thy Master.

**Protheas.** I tell thee, my Master is become a hot Lover.

**Launce.** Why, I tell thee I care not, thou burnest thyself in love. If thou wilt goe with me to the Alcouse; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

**Protheas.** Why? For Love, because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to goe to the Alcove with a Christian: wilt thou goe?

**Launce.** At thy service.

*Exeunt.*
Scena septima.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. Countenance, Lucetta, gentle girl, assist me,
And every kind lover, I do conjure thee,
Who is the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly Charact'red, and engrai'd,
To lefion me, and tell me some good meaning
How with my honour I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteous.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long
Jul. A true-devoted Pilgrimage is not weary
To measure Kingdoms with his feeble Heaps,
Much less shall the that hath Loues wings to flee,
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection as Sir Proteous.

Luc. Better forbear, till Proteous make returns.
Jul. Oh, know'st not, his looks are my fountain food?
Pity the death that I have pined in
By longing for that food so long a time.

Luc. Thou wouldst at once goe kindle fire with snow
But didst thou but know the inly touch of Loue,
Are visibly Charter'd, and engravi'd,
Who 'tis the Table wherein all my thoughts
And even unkind Loue, I doe enquire thee,
To lefion me, and tell me some good meaning
How with my honour I may undertake
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
And present goe with it to my chamber
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my long journey
All that is mine I leave at thy disposal.
My goods, my lands, my reputation,
Onely, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come; answere not: but to it presently,
I am impatient of thy tardance.

Exeunt.

Allus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Thorne, Proteous, Valentine, Lucine, Speed.

Duke Sir Thorne, how is leasue (I pray) a while,
We have some secrets to confer about.
Now tell me Proteous, what's your will with me?
Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I wold discover,
The Law of friendship bids me to conceal,
But when I call to minde your gracious favours
Done to me (vnderferuing as I am)
My duty pricks me on to vter that
Which else, no worldly good should draw from me.
Know (worthy Prince) Sir Valentine my friend
This night intends to steal away your daughter
My selfe am ond made privy to the plot
I know you have determin'd to bellow her
On Thorns, whom your gentle daughter hates
And should this be inform'd away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus (for my duties sake) I rather chuse
To cloath my friend in his intended drift,
Then (by concealing it) keep on your head
A pack of forrowes, which would proue you downe
(Being unpercei'd by time at length) to be
Duke, Proteous, I think thee for thine honest care,
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs, my selfe have often feene
Happily when they had judg'd me fast asleep,
And of ten times had purples to forbid

Sir
Sir Valentine her companie, and my Court.
But fearing me, I mean not to do it, for
And (unwittingly) disgrace the man
(Alec who that I see yet haver bin'd)
I see that gentle looks, thereby to finde
That which thy felfe hast now disclos'd to me.
And that thou mayst perceive my free at this,
Knowing that tender youth is too soon foggysed,
I mightly lodge her in an upper Towre.
The key whereof, I shall my felfe haue euer kept:
And with a Corded-ladder fetch her downe.

Valentine
Sir her companie, sod my Court.
For, lotie of you, not hate veno
That rcy difeouery be not aimed at:
That no man hath access by day to her.
And this way comes he with it prefcntly.

Duke. Upon mine Honor, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Know (noble Lord) they have deuiced a meanre
How he her chamber-window will he send,
And that thou maft perceiue my tear; ci this,
That Hayes to beat e my Letters to my friends.

Val. A woman sometime comes what best countis her,
Send her another: never glue her ore,
For Conne at fish, makes after-love the more.
If she doe frowne, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beger more love in you.
If the doe chide, 'tis not to hate you gone,
For why, the fooleys are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulfe, what ever the doth fay,
Forget you gone, she doth not mean away.
Flatter, and praise, commend, extoll their graces:
Though here be blacke, say they have Angells faces,
That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot wins a woman.

Duk. But she the I mane, is promis'd by her friends
Vote a youthfull Gentleman of worth,
And kept secretly from reform of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would refer to her by night.
Duk, I, but the doores be lockt, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath resoufe to her by night.

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

Val. Why then a Ladder quainty made of Cords
To caft vp, with a pair of anchoring hookes,
Would serve to scale another Hero's towre,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

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

Val. When would you use it? pray fir, tell me that,
Duk. This very night; for Love is like a childle
That longs for euery thing that he can come by.

Val. By feauen a clock, I'll get you fuch a Ladder.

Duk. But haft thee: I will go to her alone,
How shall I best convey the Ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, that you may bare it
Vnder a cloake, that is of any length.

Duk. A cloake as long as feme will serve the turne?

Val. I my good Lord.

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

Val. Why any cloake will serve the turne (my Lord)
Duk. Yours will serve to sceale another.
I pray thee let me feel thy cloake vpon me.
What Letter is this fame? what's here? to

Val. Wilt thou reach stars, becaufe they seem on thee?

Duk. But she the I mane, is promis'd by her friends
Vote a youthfull Gentleman of worth,
And kept secretly from reform of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would refer to her by night.
Duk, I, but the doores be lockt, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath resoufe to her by night.

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

Val. Why then a Ladder quainty made of Cords
To caft vp, with a pair of anchoring hookes,
Would serve to scale another Hero's towre,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

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

Val. When would you use it? pray fir, tell me that,
Duk. This very night; for Love is like a childle
That longs for euery thing that he can come by.

Val. By feauen a clock, I'll get you fuch a Ladder.

Duk. But haft thee: I will go to her alone,
How shall I best convey the Ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, that you may bare it
Vnder a cloake, that is of any length.

Duk. A cloake as long as feme will serve the turne?

Val. I my good Lord.

Duk. Then let me see thy cloake,
He get me one of fuch another length.

Val. Why any cloake will serve the turne (my Lord)
Duk. Yours will serve to sceale another.
I pray thee let me feel thy cloake vpon me.
What Letter is this fame? what's here? to

Val. Wilt thou reach stars, becaufe they seem on thee?

Duk. But she the I mane, is promis'd by her friends
Vote a youthfull Gentleman of worth,
And kept secretly from reform of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would refer to her by night.
Duk, I, but the doores be lockt, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath resoufe to her by night.

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

Val. Why then a Ladder quainty made of Cords
To caft vp, with a pair of anchoring hookes,
Would serve to scale another Hero's towre,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

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

Val. When would you use it? pray fir, tell me that,
Duk. This very night; for Love is like a childle
That longs for euery thing that he can come by.

Val. By feauen a clock, I'll get you fuch a Ladder.

Duk. But haft thee: I will go to her alone,
How shall I best convey the Ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, that you may bare it
Vnder a cloake, that is of any length.

Duk. A cloake as long as feme will serve the turne?

Val. I my good Lord.

Duk. Then let me see thy cloake,
He get me one of fuch another length.

Val. Why any cloake will serve the turne (my Lord)
Duk. Yours will serve to sceale another.
I pray thee let me feel thy cloake vpon me.
What Letter is this fame? what's here? to

Val. Wilt thou reach stars, becaufe they seem on thee?

Duk. But she the I mane, is promis'd by her friends
Vote a youthfull Gentleman of worth,
And kept secretly from reform of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would refer to her by night.
Duk, I, but the doores be lockt, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath resoufe to her by night.

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

Val. Why then a Ladder quainty made of Cords
To caft vp, with a pair of anchoring hookes,
Would serve to scale another Hero's towre,
So bold Leander would adventure it.
The two Gentlemen of Verona

(Which vn-reuerit stands in effeueall force)
A Sea of meeling peale, which eone call tears;
Those at her fathers churh shee feene the tendered,
With them vpon her knees her humble feele,
Wringing her hands, whose whitenes fo became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woes:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held vp,
Sad fighes, deepe groanes, nor fluer-shedding teares
Could penetrater her vncompasionate Sirs : 
But Valentine, if he be tame, must die.
Befides, her interceffion chaft'd him fo,
When she for thy repeale was simpatic
That to close prifon he commended her,
With many bitter threats of hiding there.

Val. No more rules the next word that thou speakest
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so: I pray thee breath it in mine eare,
As ending Anthemle of my endless dolor,
And ending Caele to lament for that thou canst not helpe,
And fludy helpe for that which thou lamented,
Time is the Nurse, and breeder of all good;
Here, if thou play'st, thou canst not fee thy else:
Befides, thy playing will abridge thy life:
Hope is a lovers staife, walks hence with that
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence.
Which, being went on to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milke-white bosome of thy Lour.
The time now serues not to expellulare,
Come, Il eonneys then through the City-gate,
And ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy Love-affaires:
As thou lout'st Silvia (though not for thy fee)
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

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

Pro. See fishe, finde him out: Come Valentine.
Val. Oh my deere Silvue; haplesse Valentine.

Launces. I am but a fool, looke you, and yet I have the wier to thinke my Master is a knaue: but that's all one, if he be but one knaue: He lies not now that knows me to be in loue, yet I am in loue, but a Teeme of horte shall not plucke that from me: nor who 'tis I loue: and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell my selfe: and yet 'tis a Milke-maid: yet 'tis not a maid: for she hath had Godfip: yet 'tis a maid, for she is her Masters-maid, and serves for wages: Shee hath more qualities then a Water-Spaniell, which is more in a bare Christian: Here is the Gate-log of her Father:

Pro. If I be not by bet faire influence

Val. Nether,

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

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

Val. Who wouldft thou strike?

Pro. Nothing.

Val. Villaine, forbear.


Val. Sirha, I say forbear: friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My eares are ftopp'd, & cannot hear good newes,

Pro. Then in dumber silence will I bury mine,

Val. For they are battl, vn-samable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvie dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine indeed, for lacke Silvia,

Hath the forsworne me?

Val. No, Valentine.

Pro. What is your newes?

Val. Sir, there is a procation, you are vanisht,

Pro. Thou art unchristell: oh that's the newes,

From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend,

Val. Oh, I have feen upon this wee already,

And now exceed of it will make me fuffer.

Dost Silvia know that I am banish'd?

Pro. I, and the harts bereft of the doome

Goe bafe Intruder, over-weening Silvue,
Befow thy fawning newes on qualmas,
And thinke my patience, (more then thy defert)
Is prudish for thy depature hence.

Thank me for this, more then for all the fowers
Which (all too-much) I have befowen on thee.

But if thou linger in my Territories
Longer then brieveft expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royall Court,
By heaven, my wrath fhalj faire exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thy felfe.

By heaven, my wrath faile the loue

Hath fhe forsworne me?

Pro. Sir, there is a procation, and you are banish'd.


Pro. Why man? how blacke?


Pro. Whaft fiveft thou? Why, as blacke as ink.

Launces. Valentine.

Pro. Why, as blacke as ink.

Launces. Valentine.

Pro. Whaft fiveft thou? Why, as blacke as ink.

Launces. Valentine.

Pro. Why, as blacke as ink.

Launces. Valentine.

Pro. Why, as blacke as ink.

Launces. Valentine.

Pro. Why, as blacke as ink.

Launces. Valentine.

Pro. Why, as blacke as ink.

Launces. Valentine.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts.

Trenched in ice, which with an hour's beat
Now dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.

That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
And worthier Valentine shall be forgot.

How now sir Proteus, is your countryman
(According to our Proclamation) gone?

Pro. Gone, my good Lord.

Du. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

To. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,
Forsworne my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Du. This weake unprofit of Loue, is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Diffolves to water, and doth lose his form.

A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

How now sir Proteus, is your countryman
(According to our Proclamation) gone?

Pro. Sir, I believe: but Thurio thinks not:
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert)
Makes me the better to confide with thee.

Pro. 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 between Sir Thurio, and my daughter?

Pro. I doe my Lord.

Du. And also, I thinke, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes him against my will?

Pro. She did my Lord, when Valentine was here.

Du. And pervertly, she persuades to
What might we doe to make the girls forget
The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine,
With falsehood, cowardize, and poore dissemble:
Three things, that women highly hold in hate.

Du. I, but she'll thinke, that it is spoken in hate.

Pro. I, if his enemy deliver it.

Therefore it must with circumspection be spoken
By one, whom the officer as his friend,

Du. Then you must undertake to slander him.
By ought that I can speake in his dispraise.

'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman, especially against his very friend.

By walsefull Sonnets, whose composed Rimes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vowes.

You must lay Lyne, to tangle her desires
But say this worshipper loue from talent me,
Indifferent,

Mold it againe: and frame forne feeling line,
Write till your inkebedry: and with your teares
You sacrifice your teares, your sighs, your heart?

Which must be done, by praising me as much

As you, in worth dispraise, for Valentine.

Du. And Protheus, we dare trust you in this kinde,
Because we know (on Valentines report)
You are already loues fir me votary.

Enter Velentine, sped, and certaine Outs, and a passenger.

Pro. And that (my Lord) I shall be lost to doe:
This is an ill office for a Gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.

Du. Where your good word cannot aduance him,
Your slander never can endanger him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intended to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevailed (my Lord) if I can doe it
By ought that I can speake in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue to doe him;
But say this worshipper loue from talent me,
Left I should rue, and be good to none,
You must proude to botome it on me
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you, in worth dispraise, for Valentine.

Du. And Protheus, we dare trust you in this kinde,

Because we know (on Valentines report)
You are already loues fir me votary.

And cannot soone revoult, and change your minde.
Upon this warrant, shall you haue success,
Where you, with Sibyl, may confere at large
For the is lusith, heavy melancholly,
And (for your friends sake) will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perswafion,
To hate yong Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can doe, I will effect;
But you sir Theus, are not sharpe enough;
You must lay Lyne, to tangle her desires
By walefull Sonnets, whose composed Rimes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vowes.

Du. I, much is the force of heaven-bred Pocifie,
Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrific your tearres, your fighters, your heart;
Write till your inke be dry, and with your tearres
Mooft it againe: and frame some feeling line,
That may discoer such integrity:
For Orpheus Lute, was strung with Poets sinewes,
Whole golden touch could fofen steel and fones;
Make Tygers tame, and huge Leoniathan
Forsake unfoundered, doe to dance on Sands.
After your dire lamenting Elegies,
Visit by night your: Ladies chamber-window
With some sweet Confort: To their Instruments
Tune a deploring dumpe: the nights dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance;
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Du. This discipline, showes thou haft bin in love
Thb. And thy advices, this night, ill put in prafife.
Therefore, sweet Protheus, my dire&ion—gluer,
Let vs into the City prefently
To fort some Gentlemen, well skil'd in Musick.
I have a Sonnet, that will ferue the turne
To glue the on-set to thy good advice.

Du. About it Gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace, till after Supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Du. Euen now about it, I will pardon you. Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.
Under the colour of commending him,
When I profess true loyalty to her.
And give false evening Music to her ear.
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts
But sue access to my own love to prefer.
The more it grows, and fawneth on her dill;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
I would, when it is so.

She bids me think how have been forsworn
And now must be as virtuous to

The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Enter Proserpine, Thora, Ilia, Hoft, Musitian, Silvia.

Pro. Already have I bin false to Valentine
And now I must be as vnkind to Thora;
Under the colour of commending him,
I haveacrified my own love to prefer.
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts;
When I profess true loyalty to her,
She swears me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vowes
She bids me think how I have bin forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia, whom I love;
And notwithstanding all her fandye quirps,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope;
Yet (Spaniel-like) the more she purrs my lute,
The more it growes, and fawneth on her dill;
But here comes Thora; now must we to her window,
And give some evening Music to her ear.
Th. How now, Sir? Are you crave before us?
Sil, I gentle Thora, for you that love will creep in, if it be, where it cannot go.

Sil. But I hope, Sir, that you love not here.
Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I should be hence.
Th. Who is Silvia?
Pro. Sir, for your sake.
Th. I thank you for your own sake; Now Gentlemen let's tune and to it lastly a while.
He. Now, my song goes; I think your affably chaly
I pray you why is it?

He. Marty (mine Hoft) because I cannot be merry.
He. Come, we'll have you merry; I'll bring you where you shall hear Music, and fee the Gentleman that you ask'd for.
In. But I shall hear him sooner.
He. That you shall.
In. That will be Music.
He. Hark, hark.
In. Is he among these?
He. I but speak, let him hear'em.

Song. Who is Silvia? what is she?
That all our Swains commend her?
Holy, faire, and wife is she,
The heaven's fairest grace did lend her,
That he might be admired be.

And being help'd, perhaps she there,
Then to Silvia, let us sing,
Then Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upo'n the dull earth dwelling,
To her let us Garland bring.

Ho. How now? are you fadder then you were before;
How do you, man? the Musicke likes you not.
In. You mistake: the Musician likes me not.
Ho. Why, my pretty youth?
In. He plays false (father).
Ho. How, out of tune on the string.
In. Not so: but yet
So false that he grieues my very heartstrings.
Ho. You have a quicker ear
In. I, I would I were desir'd: it makes me have a slow
Ho. I perceive you delight not in Musicke.
In. Not a whit, when it is so.
Ho. Harke, what fine change is in the Musicke.
In. That change is the flight.
Ho. You would have them always play but one thing.
In. I would always have one play but one thing.
But Hoft doth this Sir Proserpine, that we talk on,
OftenReturn into this Gentlewoman?
Ho. I tell you that Launc his man told me,
He's lovd her out of all nickes.
In. Where is Launc?
Ho. Gone to seek his dog, which to morrow, by his Masters command, he must carry for a present to this Lady.
In. Peace, stand aside, the company parts.
Pro. Sir Thora, fear not you, I will so please.
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.
Th. Where mette we?
Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.
Th. Farewell.
Pro. Madam, good cu'd to your Ladiship.
Sil. I thank you for your Musicke (Gentleman).
Who is that that spake?
Pro. One (Lady) if you knew his pure hearts truth.
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir Proserpine, as I take it.
Pro. Sir Proserpine (gentle Lady) and your Servant.
Sil. What's your will?
Pro. That I may compass your,
Sil. You have your wish: my will is even this,
That presently you hie you home to bed:
Thou fubtle, perjur'd, false, diabolical man:
Think it chieft I am too shallow, so concoctible,
To be edified by thy fineswery,
That's he desir'd so many with thy vowe:
Returns, returns, and make thy love amend:
For me (by this pale queen of night I sweare)
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee, for thy wrongfull fuite,
And by and by intend to chide my selfe,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant (sweet love) that I did love a Lady,
But she is dead.
In. Twice false; if I should speake it;
For I am sure she is not butted.
Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend
Surprises; to whom (thy selfe art witness):
I am betroth'd; and art thou not astonish'd
To wrong him, with thy importance?

Pro.
Scene Tertia.

Enter Eglamore, Silvia.

Eg. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind
There's some great matter she'll employ me in.
Madam, Madam.
Sil. Who calls?
Eg. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your Ladyship's command.
Sil. Sir Eglamore, a thousand times good morrow.
Eg. As many (worthy Lady) to your selfe:
According to your Ladyships impose,
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.
Sil. Oh Eglamore, thou art a Gentleman:
Think not I flatter (for I swear I do not).
Valiant, wise, remoreful, well accomplish'd,
Thou art not ignorant what deeds good will
I beseech unto the benevolence Valentine:
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vaine Tunoro (whom my very soul abhor'd).
Thy false haft loud, and I have heard thee say
No griefe did euer come to necere thy heart,
As when thy Lady, and thy true-love died;
Vpon whose faith and honor, I repose,
Verge not my fathers anger (Eglamore)
But think upon my griefe (a Ladies griefe)
And on the suffice of my flying hence,
To keepe me from a most unholy match.
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.
I doe declare thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows, as the sea of lands,
To beare me company, and goe with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.
Eg. Madam, I pity much your grievances,
Which, since I know they vertuously are plac'd,
I give content to goe along with you,
Wresting a little what betidesthe me.
As much, I with all good before you.
When will you goe?
Sil. This evening coming.
Eg. Where shall I meete you?
Sil. At Prior Patricks Cell,
Where I intend holy Confession.
Eg. I will not fail your Ladyship:
Good morrow (gentle Lady.)
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

not I bid thee still make me, and do as I do; when did’st thou see me? he saw my leg, and make water against a Gentlewoman fastening? did’st thou ever see me do such a trick?

Prs. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.
In what you please, do what I can.
Prs. I hope thou wilt.

How now you whom I sent to you?
Where have you bin these two days lovering?
La. Marry Sir, I caused Mistress Silvia the dogge you had me.
Prs. And what farts she to my little Jewell?
La. Marry she saw your dog was a cur, and tells you cur-rill thanks is good enough for such a present.
Prs. But free receive my dog?
La. No, this deed did the not.
Here have I brought him backe againe
Prs. What, did they offer her this from me?
La. I sir, the other Squall was flowne from me
By the Hangmanes boys in the market place.
And then I offered her mine owne, who is a dog.
As big as ten of yours, & therefore the guiltie greater
Prs. Goe, get thee hence, and finde my dog againe,
Or never returne againe into my sight.
Away, I say: stay thou to vexe me here;
A Slur, that shall an end, turns me to shame:
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly that I have neede of such a youth,
That can with some discretion doe my businesse:
For’tis not trauaing to yond foolish Lover,
But chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour,
Which (if my Augury deceiue me not)
For’r no crufting to yond foolish Lover.
Partly that he haue neede of such a youth.
Away, I say: stay thee to vex me here;
By the Hangmanes boys in the market place.

And thinking on it, makes me cry alas
You dante on her, that cares not for your love.
As you doe love your Lady
Stittia offer’d her mine owne, who is a dog
And then I haue brought him backe again.

Uhur. This Letter to your Ladyship.
Sd. Pray me, let me looke on that againe.
It may not be: good Ladyship pardon me.
Sd. There’s hold.
I will not looke upon your Masters lines.
I know they are full of protestations,
And full of new-sound othes, which he will brake
As easily as I do tears in his paper.
Madam, he sends your Ladyship this Ring.
Sd. The more shame for him, that he sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times,
His Inda gave it him, at his departure.
Though his false finger haue prophane’d the Ring,
Mine shall not doe his fauce to much wrong
Sd. She thanks you.
Sd. What fainst thou?
Sd. I thank you Madam, that you tender her.
Poore Gentlewoman, my Master wrongs her much.
Sd. Do’t thou know her?
Sd. Almost as well as I doe know my selfe.
To thine upon her woes, I doe protest
That I haue wept a hundred seueaine times.
Sd. Belike she thinks that Prohose hath forsook her!
Sd. I chuse the depth: and that’s her cause of sorrow.
Sd. Is the not palling face?
Sd. She hath bin favour (Madam) then she is,
When the did chuse my Master leaved her well;
She, in my judgiment, was as faire as you.
But since the did neglect her looking-glass,
And through her Sun-exploding Mask away,
The ayre hath star’d the toyes in her cheeks,
And pinch’d the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as blacke as I.
Sd. How tall was she?
Sd. About my stature: for as Pene loosen
When all our Pages of delight were plaid,
Our youth got me to play the women part,
And I was trim’d to Madam Silvias showe,
Which caused me as fair, by all mens judgements.
As if the garment had bin made for me:
Therefore I know the is about my height,
And at that time I made her wepe a good.
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

For I did play a lamentable part,
(Madam) 'twas Amorous, passioning
For the puerty, and youthful flight;
Which I so houly adted with my teares,
That my poor Mistis moued therewithall,
Weppt bitterly: and would I might be dead,
If I thought fel'd not her very sorrow.

Sil. She is beholding to thee (gentle youth).
Alas (poore Lady) desolate, and left;
I wepte my felle to thinke upon thy words.
Here youth: there is my purée: I gave thee this (well.
For thy sweet Mistis fake, because thou fould'lt her. Fare-
 meddling. And she fhall thank you too; if ere you know
a virtuous gentlewoman, milde, and beauful.

Pro. That vs'd'mefo: ot elfe by foue.
My fubftance fhould be ftatue in thy ftead.

W)f this refpekt I be come before their time.
Thou shalt be worfhipp'd, kiss'd, jou'd, and ador'd;
And were tehere fence in his Idolaty,
For'tis thy rivall fio thou fcellefte forme,
Come shadow, come, and take this shadow vp,
If his fond Loue, were not a blinded god.
But I can make refpektive in my fclfe:
What fhould it be that he refpeks in her,
I, but her forerhead's low, and mine's as highs
He get me fuch a coulour'd Periy wig:
If chat be all the difference in his loue.
Ahurne.

Alas, how loue can trifle with it fclfe:
Since she refpeks my Miftris loue fo much,
Here is her Piftur •• let me lec. I thmkc
That my poore Miftris moutd therewithal!

And I will follow, more for to croffe that loue
Pros. Why thi3 it is to bee a peuffile Girle,
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
He call'd me: she knew well: and guefd that it was the
But being mask'd, he was not fure out.
As he, in pennanre wander'd through the Forreft:
Him he knew well: and guefd that it was fhe.
She is beholding to thee (gentle youth).
Alas (poore Lady) desolate, and left;
I wepte my felle to thinke upon thy words.
Here youth: there is my purée: I gave thee this (well.
For thy sweet Mistis fake, because thou fould'lt her. Fare-
meddling. And she fhall thank you too; if ere you know
a virtuous gentlewoman, milde, and beauful.

Pro. That vs'd'mefo: ot elfe by foue.
My fubftance fhould be ftatue in thy ftead.

W)f this refpekt I be come before their time.
Thou shalt be worfhipp'd, kiss'd, jou'd, and ador'd;
And were tehere fence in his Idolaty,
For'tis thy rivall fio thou fcellefte forme,
Come shadow, come, and take this shadow vp,
If his fond Loue, were not a blinded god.
But I can make refpektive in my fclfe:
What fhould it be that he refpeks in her,
I, but her forerhead's low, and mine's as highs
He get me fuch a coulour'd Periy wig:
If chat be all the difference in his loue.
Ahurne.

Alas, how loue can trifle with it fclfe:
Since she refpeks my Miftris loue fo much,
Here is her Piftur •• let me lec. I thmkc
That my poore Miftris moutd therewithal!

Enter Thuro, Procreus, Julius, Duke.
Th. Sir Procreus, what faites Silua to my fuit?

Pro. Oh Sir, I finde her minder then a fire was,
And yet she takes exceptions at your perfon.
Thu. What? that my leg is too long?
Pro. No, that it is too little.
Thu. He wears a Boote, to make her somewhat more.
Pro. But loue will not be forced to what it doth.
Thu. What faites fio to my face?
Pro. She fhares it is a faire one.
Thu. Nay then the wanten eyes: my face is blacke
Pro. But Pearles are fiares; and the old faying is,
Black men are Pearles, in beaufetous Ladie eyes.
Thu. 'Tis true, such Pearles as put out Ladies eyes,
For I had rather whine, then looke on them,
Thu. How fhares the my diſcoſe 
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.
Thu. But weel, when I diſcoſe of loue and peace.
Thu. But better indeeſe, when you hold you peace.
Thu. What faies fio to my valour?
Pro. Oh Sir, she makes no doubt of that.
Thu. She needes not, when fhe knows it converfate,
Thu. What faies fio to my birth?
Pro. That you are well derr'd,
Thu. True: from a Gentleman, to a foole.
Thu. Confiders fhe my Poſſefions 
Pro. Oh, I: and pitittes them,
Thu. Wherefore?
Thu. That fuch an Affe (hould owe them.
Pro. That they are out by Leafe, 
Thu. Here comes the Duke,
Pro. That they are fled: 
Thu. The. 
Pro. That fuch an Affe (hould owe them.
Thu. Here comes the Duke,
Pro. What is this, that he doth not know?
Pro. That you are well derr'd,
Thu. True: from a Gentleman, to a foole.
Thu. Confiders fhe my Poſſefions 
Pro. Oh, I: and pitittes them,
Thu. Wherefore?
Thu. That fuch an Affe (hould owe them.
Pro. That they are out by Leafe, 
Thu. The. 
Pro. That fuch an Affe (hould owe them.
Thu. Here comes the Duke,
Pro. What is this, that he doth not know?
Pro. That you are well derr'd,
Thu. True: from a Gentleman, to a foole.
Thu. Confiders fhe my Poſſefions 
Pro. Oh, I: and pitittes them,
We must bring you to our Captaine.
SII. A thousand more mischances then this one
Have taught me how to brooke this patiently.
3 Our. Come, bring her away.
4 Our. Where is the Gentleman that was with her?
5 Our. Being nimble foazed, he hath out-run vs.
Bart. Myself and Valentine follow him.
Goe thou with her to the West end of the wood.
Ther is our Captaine: We'll follow him that's fled,
The Thicket is bett' he cannot escape.
Moffet. Valerian and But.
And will not use a woman liveliy.
I better brooke then sourifhing people Townes:
This shadowy driflit, unfrequented woods
Here can I sit alone, vn-seeect of any.
Silv. Keep me, with thy presence,
Tune my distreftes, and record my howes.
O them that dost inhabit in ray breft,
And have no memory of what it was,
Thou god tie Nymph, cherifh thy forlorne swaine.

Heaven be judge how I use Valentine.
My howe does breed a habit in a man?
This shadowy driflit, unfrequented woods.
Here can I sit alone, vn-seeect of any.

Val. How oft haue I brooke a habit in a man?
This shadowy driflit, unfrequented woods.
I better brooke then sourifhing people Townes:
Here can I sit alone, vn-seeect of any.
And to the Nightingales complaining Notes
Tune my distreftes, and record my howes.
O thou that doft inhabit in my breft,
I leave not the Manion so long Tenant-lisse,
Left growing ruinous, the building fall.
They loue me well: yet I haue much to doe
Withdraw thee! who's this comes heere
Though you refpekt not aught your ftsar, t doth
Vouchsafe me for my meed, but one fairs looker

Plot. Where is that ring? Boy?
Ind. Oh, cry you mercy, I haue mislooke:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

Pro. But here is no mislooke:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

Silv. Oh, cry you mercy ftr, I haue mislooke:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

Pro. But here is no mislooke:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

Silv. Oh, cry you mercy ftr, I haue mislooke:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

Pro. But here is no mislooke:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.
The Merry Wives of Windfor.

Be thou sham'd that I haveooked upon me
Such an immodest reymant of shame live
In a disguise of love?
If is the lester blor modestly finds
Women to change theirshapes, then then their minds.

Pro. Then men their minds? is true: oh heuen, were man
But Content, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults: makes him run through all th'bins;
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spee
More fresh in Julia's, with a confitant eye?

Val. Come, come: a hand from eithcr
Let me be bled to make this happy clothe
'Twere pretty two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Before wittes (heaven) I have my wish for ever.

Val. And I mine


Val. For bare, for bare I say: It is my Lord the Duke.

Your Grace is welcome to a nrsand if grac'd,
Banished Valentines

Duke. Sir Valentine?

Thou. Yonder is Siluia: and Silvia's mine.

Val. This man give backe; or elle embrace thy death:
Come not within the meafure of my wrath
Do not name Silvia thine: if once againe,
Note shall not hold thee: here the fleas stands,
Take but possessio of her, with a Touch
I dare thee, but to breath upon my Loue.

Thou. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His Body, for a Girle that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore fle is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou
To make such meanes for her, as thou hast done,
And leave her on such flight conditions.

Now, by the honor of my Ancestry
I doe applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And thinke thee worthy of an Empresse love:
Know then, I here forget all former griefes,
Conceal all grudge, repel the home againe,
Plead a new face in thy un-rivald merit,
To which I thus subscrib e: Sir Valentine,
Thou art a Gentleman, and well deserv'd,
Take thou thy Siluia, for thou hast preval'd her,

Val. I thank your Grace, gift hath made me happy:
I now befriend you (for your daughters sake)
To grant one Boome that I shall aske of you.

Duke. I grant it (for thine owne) what er it be.

Val. Thees banish'd men, that I have kept withall,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities.
Forbge them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their Exile:
They are reformed, cruel, full of good,
And fit for great employment (woothy Lord.)

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd! pardon them and thee:
Dispofe of them as thou knowest their deserts.

Val. And as we walke along, I dare be bold
With our discourse, to make your Grace to smile.
What thankes you of this Page (my Lord?)

Duke. I think the Boy hath grace in him, he blushe.

Val. I warrant you: my Lord, then grace, then Boy.

Duke. What meanes you by that saying?

Val. Please you, let me tell you, as we passe along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned:
Come Problem, 'tis your penance, but to heare
The story of your Loues discouered.

That done, our day of marriage shall be yours
One Feast, one house, one mutuall happiness. Exeunt.

The names of all the Actors.

Duke: Father to Siluia

Valentine: one of the two Gentlemen.

Protheus: father to Protheus.

Anthonie: father to Protheus.

Launce: servant to Protheus.

Siluia: beloved of Valentine.

Luceia: a waiting woman to Siluia.

FINIS.
Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Evans, Master Page, Falstaffe, Bardolph, Nym, Pistoil, Anne Page, Mistress Ford, Mistress Page, Simple.

Shalow. It is Hugh, persuade me not: I will make a Star Chamber matter of it, if he were twenty. Sir John Falstaff, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow Esquire. (Coram. Slender. In the County of Gloucester, Justice of Peace and Stad. 1 (Coten Slender) and Cuff-ajorum. Slend. I, and Rate laram too; and a Gentleman borne (Master Parson) who writes himself Armitage, in any Bill, Warrant, Quitance, or Obligation, Armitage. Stad. That I do, and have done any time the three hundred yeares. Slend. All his succedors (gone before him) hath dont; and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may they may give the dozen white Luces in their Coate. Shalt. It is an old Coate. Euans. The dozen white Lions doe become an old Coate well: it agrees well pastant: It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies Love. Shad. The Lion is the sharpest fish, the salt-fish is an old Coate. Shat. I may quarter (Cox). Shad. You may, by marrying. Euans. It is marrying indeed, if he quarter it. Shal. Not a whit. Euan. Yes per-law; the ha's a quarter of your coat, there is but three Skirts for your selfe, in my simple conceit; but that is all one: if Sir John Falstaffe have committed disparagements vnto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make attonements and compromizes between you. Shal. The Counsell shall heare it; it is a Riot. Euans. It is not the Counsell hear the Riot: there is no fear of God in a Riot; The Counsell (I look ye) shall deposite the fear of God, and not to heare a Riot: take your viza-ments in that. Shal. Ha; of my life, if I were young againe, the sword should end it. Euans. It is better that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my praine, which peradventures prings good dispositions with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page which is pretty virginity. Shal. Mistress Anne Page? She hath brown haires, and speakes small like a woman. Euans. It is that fery person for all the old, as just as you will desire, and seven hundred pounds of Monies, and Gold, and Silver, is her Grand-fire upon his death-bed, (Got defier to a joyfull refolutions give, when she is able to overtake fourteen yeeres old. It were a good motion, if we leave our prubbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage betweene Master Abraham, and Mistress Anne Page. Slend. Did her Grand-fire leave her seven hundred pound? Euans. I, and her father is make her a petter penny. Shal. I know the young Gentlewoman, she has good gifts. Euans. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts. Shal. Well, let vs see whether Master Page is Falstaffe there? Euans. Shall I tell you a lyer? I doe despise a lyer, as I doe despise one that is false, nor I despise one that is not true: the Knight Sir John is there; and I beseech you be ruled by your well-willers: I will beat the doore for Master Page. What hos? Got-pleffe your house here. M'Page. Who's there? Euans. Here is got's pleffing and your friend, and Justice Shallow, and heere yong Master Slander; that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings. M'Page. I am glad to see your Worships well: I thank you for my venion Master Shallow. Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good doe it your good heart; I wis'd your venion better, it was ill killed: how doth good Mistress Page, and I thank you always 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 Slander. Shal. How do's your fellow Greyhound, Sir, I heard he was out-run on Cesfall. M'Pa. It could not be judging'd, Sir. Shal. You'll not confess, you'll not confess. Shal. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault; 'tis a good dogge. M'Pa. A Cur, Sir. Shal. Sir: he's a good dog, and a faire dog, can there be more faid? he is good, and faire. Is Sir John Falstaffe here? M'Pa. Sir, he is within: and I would I could doe a good office to be tweeke you. Euans. It is spoke a s Christians ought to speake. Shal. He hath wrong'd me (Master Page). M'Pa. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Shal. If it be confess'd, it is not retract'd; is not that so (M. Page)? he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, as a word he hath; believe me, Robert Shallow Esquire, he is wronged.

Fal. Here comes Sir John.

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

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my dere, and 'oke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kids' you Keepers daughter?

Shal. Tut, a plus this shall be answer'd.

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

That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Counsell shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in coun-\n
try; you'll be laugh'd at.

Eus. Passae voca (Sir John) good words.

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

Shal. Marry, Sir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your cony-catchers Rascalls, Bardolf, Nym, and Pifolf.

Bar. You Banbery Cheefe.

Sten. I, it is no matter.

Pifolf. How now, Mepholophilus?

Sten. I, it is no matter.

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

Sten. Where's Simple my man? can you tell, Cofen?

Eua. Peace, I pray you; now let vs understand; there is three Vampires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page (fidelicet Master Page) & there is my selfe, (fidelicet my selle) and the three party is (lately, and finally) mine Holf of the Gater.

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

Eua. Ferry good, I will make a profe of it in my note-book, and we will afterwards orke vspon the caufe, with as great difficulty as we can.

Fal. Pifolf. He hears with ears.

Eua. The Teull and his Tam; what phrase is this? he hears with ears? why, it is affirmations.

Fal. Pifolfal. did you picke M. Slender parfe?

Sten. I, by these gloies did he, or I would me never come in mine owne great chamber againe cife, of feauen greater in mill-fixpences, and two Edward Shooleboords, that cost me two shilling and two pence of Yeal Miller: by these gloies.

Shal. Is this true, Pifolf?

Eua. No, it is falle, if it is a picke-purse.

Pifolf. Ha, thou mountaine Foreyners: Sir John, and Master mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word of denial in thy Inbras here; word of denial froth, and feum thou liest.

Sten. By these gloies, then was he.

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

Shal. By this hat, then he in the red face hitd: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunks, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What faie you Scarlet, and John?

Bar. Why was, (for my part) I faie the Gentleman had drunks himselfe out of his fiue sentences.

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

Bar. And being fap, fie, was (as they faie) caffeur'd: and fo conclusions pait the Car-cieres.

Sten. I, you speake in Lattsen then too but his no mat-

ter; be here be drunk whilst I line againe, but in honest, civil, godly company for this trickey: if I be drunke, th'o be drunke with thee that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knowes.

Eua. So got-udge me, that is a vertuous minde.

Fal. You hear all these matters den'td, Gentlemen; you hear it.

M. Page. Nay daughter, carry the wine in, we'll drinke within.

Sten. Oh heauen: this is Mistrelle Anne Page.

M. Page. How now Mistrelis Ford?

Fal. Mistrelis Ford, by my tooth you are very well:

by you leve good Mistrelis.

M. Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: come, we haue a hot Venison pasty to dinner; Come gentle-

men, I hope we shall drinke downe all vnkindneffe.

Sten. I had rather then fours strofflings I had my books of Songs and Sonorre here: How now Simple, where hast thou verse? I muft waite on my selfe, muft I? you have not the books of Riddles about you, hate you?

Sten. Books of Riddles? why did you not lend it to Alice Short-cake upon Alhlowman tatt, a fortified a-

forest Michaelis.

Shal. Come Coze, come Coze, we pay for you: a word with you Coze; marry this, Coze: there is as 'twere a ten-

der, a kinde of tendeur, made a faire-off by Sir Hugh here: do you undersand me?

Sten. Is Sir, you shall finde me reasonabe; if it be fo.

I shall doe that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but undersand me.

Sten. So I doe Sir.

Eua. Give ear to his motions; (M. Slender) I will decription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Shal. Nay, I will doe as my Coze Shallow fakes: I pray you pardon me, he's a Justice of Peace in his Coun-

trie, simple though I stand here.

Eua. But that is the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. I, there's the point Sir.

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

Sten. Why if it be so Sir, I will marry her upon any rea-

sonable demands.

Eua. But can you affeection the o-men, let vs command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for durers Philosophers hold, that the lips is paccell of the mouth therfore preciely, ca you carry your good will to ʃ maid?

Sh. Coze Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Sten. I hope sir, I will do as it shall become one that would doe reason.

Eua. Nay, got's Lords, and his Ladies, you must speake poaltible, if you can carry-her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must:

Will you, (upon good dowry) marry her?

Sten. I will doe a greater thing then that, upon your requrest (Cozen) in any reftion.

Shal. Nay conceive me, conceive mee, (sweet Coze): what I doe is to pleasure you (Coze:) can you love the maid?

Sten. I will marry her (Sir) at your requrest; but if there bee no great love in the beginning, yet Heauen may decrease it uppon better acquaintance, when we are married, and haue more occasion to know one another: I hope uppon familiarity will grow more content: but if you say marry-her, I will marry-her, that I am freely dissolued, and dissolutely.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Evans, and Simple.

Ev. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius house, which is the way; and there dwells one Mistress Quickly; which is in the manner of his Nurse; or his dry-Nurse; or his Cooke; or his Laundry; his Waster, and his Ringer.

Si, Well Sir.

Ev. Nay, it is better yet: give her this letter; for it is a man that altogether acquaints with Mistress Anne Page; and the Letter is to desire, and require to solicit your Master's desires, to Mistress Anne Page: I pray you be gone: I will make an end of my dinner; their's Pippins and Cheefeto come.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaff, Hoft, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, Page.

Fal. Mine Hoft of the Garter?


Fal. Truely mine Hst; I must turne away some of my followers.

Ho. Diliced,(bully Hstwtes) cathers let them wag; tror, trost.

Fal. I fit at ten pounds a weke.

Hst. Thou'rt an Emperor (Cesar, Keifer and Pleaserc) I will entertaine Bardolph: he shall draw; he shall tap; I well (bully Hstler?)

Fal. Doe so (good mine Hst)

Hst. I haue spoke; let him follow; let me see thee froth, and live: I am a word: follow.

Fal. Bardolph; follow him: a Tapfer is a good trade.

Ho. Is it a life that I haue desired? I will thrive.

Pst. O bafe hungarian wight: wilt thy spigot wield

Ni. He was gotten in drink; is not the humor edacted?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this Tinderbox: his Thiefs were too open. his filching was like an vnskilled Singer, he kept not time.

Ni. The good humor is to Steele at a minutes rest.

Pst. Comayy: the wife it call: Steale for a fic for the phrase.

Fal. Well sir, I am almost out at hecles.

Pst. Why then let Kibes enuze.

Fal. There is no remedy. I muft conicatch. I muft drift.

Fal. Of the Towne? Which of you know Ford of this Towne?

Pst. I ken the wight: he is of fubftance good.

Pst. The good humor is to stifte at a minute; reft.

Fal. I glad I am so acquit of this Tinderbox: his Thiefs were too open: his filching was like an vnskilling Singer, he kept not time.

Ni. The humor is to Steele at a minute rest.

Pst. Comayy: the wife it call: Steale for a sic for the phrase.

Fal. Well sir, I am almost out at hecles.

Pst. Why then let Kibes enuze.

Fal. There is no remedy. I muft conicatch. I muft drift.

Fal. I ken the wight: he is of sub stance good.

Fal. My honest Ladies, I will tell you what I am about.

Pst. Two yards, and more.

Fal. Doe no quips now Pistell: (indeede I am in the waste two yards about: but I am now about no waste: I am about thirft) briefly: I doe mean to make loue to Fords wife: I spie entertainment in her: free discourses. free carres: she gives the leere of imitation: I can confite the action of her familier fite, & the hardell voice of her behavior (to be english'd right) I am Sir John Falstaff.

Pst. He hath studied her will; and translated her will: out of honesty, into English.

Ni. The Anchor is deepe: will that humor passe?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husbands Purfe: he hath a legend of Angels.

Pst. As many duels entertain: and to her Boy say I.

Ni. The humor is fites: it is good; humor me the angels.

Fal. I haue wrote me here a letter to her & here anoter to Page wife, who even now gane mee good eyes tooexamine my parts with most judicious illiads: sometime the beams of her view, guided my foote: sometimseys most penny belly.
Scena Quarta.

Enter Misfris Quickly, Simple, John Rugby, Doster, Cairn, Fenton.

Misfris. What, John Rugby, I pray thee goe to the Case-ment and see if you can see my Master, Master Doster Cairn comming: if he doe (I'sith) and finde any body in the house; here will be an old sbufing of Gods patience, and the Kings English.

Ru. What is, Sir?

Misfris. What is, Sir?

Ru. I am glad hee went not in by him selfe: if he had found the yong man he would have bin home-mad.

Ru. Sir, you are John Rugby, and you are Lacke Rugby: Come, take-a-your Rapier, and come after my heeiecow.

Exeunt.

The Merry Wives of Windsor.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

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

Q. Fm. Fare-well to your Worship: truly an honest Gentleman: but Anne loues him not: for I know a minde as well as another do's: out upon't: what have I forgot.

Exe.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Mistres Page, Mistris Ford, Master Page, Master Ford, Pistoill, Nim, Quickly, Holf, Shalow.

Mist. Page. What, haue trap'd Loue-letters in the hollow, day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subsecon for them? let me see.

Ask me no reason why I leave you, for though Loue be Reason for his precision, hee admiseth him not for his Countenance. You are not yong, no more are I: got to them, there's sympathey: you are weary, so am I: ha, ha, ha, there's more sympathey: you lowe facke, and do fo: would you defire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee (Mistres Page) at the least of the Loue of Souder, can suffice, that I looke thee: I will not say pitty mee, to not a Sordan-like phrase: but I say, looke mee: By me, three times true Knight, by day or night. Or any kind of light, with all my might: For thee to fight. John Falstaff.

What a Herow of love is this? O wicked, wicked world: One that is well-nere worne to peece with age. To how his mirth: heaven forgiue mee:) why lie heere and there. I am a great charge to come vnder one bodies, and am I now a subsecon for them? let me see.

What a Herow of love is this? O wicked, wicked world: One that is well-nere worne to peece with age. To how his mirth: heaven forgiue mee:) why lie heere and there. I am a great charge to come vnder one bodies, and am I now a subsecon for them? let me see.

Enter Mistres Page, Mistris Ford, Master Page, Master Ford, Pistoill, Nim, Quickly, Holf, Shalow.

Mist. Page. What, haue trap'd Loue-letters in the hollow, day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subsecon for them? let me see.

Ask me no reason why I leave you, for though Loue be Reason for his precision, hee admiseth him not for his Countenance. You are not yong, no more are I: got to them, there's sympathey: you are weary, so am I: ha, ha, ha, there's more sympathey: you lowe facke, and do fo: would you defire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee (Mistres Page) at the least of the Loue of Souder, can suffice, that I looke thee: I will not say pitty mee, to not a Sordan-like phrase: but I say, looke mee: By me, three times true Knight, by day or night. Or any kind of light, with all my might: For thee to fight. John Falstaff.

What a Herow of love is this? O wicked, wicked world: One that is well-nere worne to peece with age. To how his mirth: heaven forgiue mee:) why lie heere and there. I am a great charge to come vnder one bodies, and am I now a subsecon for them? let me see.

Ask me no reason why I leave you, for though Loue be Reason for his precision, hee admiseth him not for his Countenance. You are not yong, no more are I: got to them, there's sympathey: you are weary, so am I: ha, ha, ha, there's more sympathey: you lowe facke, and do fo: would you defire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee (Mistres Page) at the least of the Loue of Souder, can suffice, that I looke thee: I will not say pitty mee, to not a Sordan-like phrase: but I say, looke mee: By me, three times true Knight, by day or night. Or any kind of light, with all my might: For thee to fight. John Falstaff.

What a Herow of love is this? O wicked, wicked world: One that is well-nere worne to peece with age. To how his mirth: heaven forgiue mee:) why lie heere and there. I am a great charge to come vnder one bodies, and am I now a subsecon for them? let me see.

Ask me no reason why I leave you, for though Loue be Reason for his precision, hee admiseth him not for his Countenance. You are not yong, no more are I: got to them, there's sympathey: you are weary, so am I: ha, ha, ha, there's more sympathey: you lowe facke, and do fo: would you defire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee (Mistres Page) at the least of the Loue of Souder, can suffice, that I looke thee: I will not say pitty mee, to not a Sordan-like phrase: but I say, looke mee: By me, three times true Knight, by day or night. Or any kind of light, with all my might: For thee to fight. John Falstaff.

What a Herow of love is this? O wicked, wicked world: One that is well-nere worne to peece with age. To how his mirth: heaven forgiue mee:) why lie heere and there. I am a great charge to come vnder one bodies, and am I now a subsecon for them? let me see.

Ask me no reason why I leave you, for though Loue be Reason for his precision, hee admiseth him not for his Countenance. You are not yong, no more are I: got to them, there's sympathey: you are weary, so am I: ha, ha, ha, there's more sympathey: you lowe facke, and do fo: would you defire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee (Mistres Page) at the least of the Loue of Souder, can suffice, that I looke thee: I will not say pitty mee, to not a Sordan-like phrase: but I say, looke mee: By me, three times true Knight, by day or night. Or any kind of light, with all my might: For thee to fight. John Falstaff.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

praise women's modestly; and gauze such orderly and well-behaved reproves to al women line on, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do more adhere and keep place togethe, then the hundred Pilms to the tune of Green- fleasers: What tempeset (I trost) threw this Whale, (with so many Tuns of stage in his belly) a' thore at Windsor? How shall I bee reuenged on him? I think the best way was, to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire of luft haue melted him in his owne grease: Did you ever hear the like? Mdr. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs: so thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twen-brother of thy Letter: but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine never shall: I warrant he hath a thousand of thefe Letters, writ with blanke-space for different names (sure more): and these are of the second edition: see will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what her pufts into the preffe, when he will put vs two: I had rather be a Giant, and Ie under Mount Pelion: Well, I will find you twentie lacustrous Turtles are one chaffe man.

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

Mdr. Page. Nay I know not it; it makes one almost readi to wrangle with mine owne honestly: Ile entertaine my felye like one that I am not acquainted withall: for sure vnaile he know some unwrane in mee, that I know not my felys, hee would never haue borded me in this fune.


Mdr. Page. So will I: if hee come vnder my hatches, hee neuer to Sea againe: Let's bee reuengd on him: let's appoint him a meeting: give him a show of comfort in this cause, and that (I hope) is an unsulliable dih.

Mdr. Ford. Nay, I will conferre to all my allies against him, that may not fally the channelles of our honesty: oh that my husband saw this Letter it would gite eternell food to his jealoufe.

Mdr. Page. Why look where he comes; and my good man too: he's as farre from iealoufie, as I am from gi¬

Mdr. Ford. Why this is the very same: the very hand: Mdr. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs: so thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twen-brother of thy Letter: but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine never shall: I warrant he hath a thousand of thefe Letters, writ with blanke-space for different names (sure more): and these are of the second edition: see will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what her pufts into the preffe, when he will put vs two: I had rather be a Giant, and Ie under Mount Pelion: Well, I will find you twentie lacustrous Turtles are one chaffe man.

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

Mdr. Page. Nay I know not it; it makes one almost readi to wrangle with mine owne honestly: Ile entertaine my felye like one that I am not acquainted withall: for sure vnaile he know some unwrane in mee, that I know not my felys, hee would never haue borded me in this fune.


Mdr. Page. So will I: if hee come vnder my hatches, hee neuer to Sea againe: Let's bee reuengd on him: let's appoint him a meeting: give him a show of comfort in this cause, and that (I hope) is an unsulliable dih.

Mdr. Ford. Why this is the very same: the very hand: Mdr. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs: so thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twen-brother of thy Letter: but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine never shall: I warrant he hath a thousand of thefe Letters, writ with blanke-space for different names (sure more): and these are of the second edition: see will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what her pufts into the preffe, when he will put vs two: I had rather be a Giant, and Ie under Mount Pelion: Well, I will find you twentie lacustrous Turtles are one chaffe man.

Mdr. Ford. Why this is the very same: the very hand: Mdr. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs: so thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twen-brother of thy Letter: but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine never shall: I warrant he hath a thousand of thefe Letters, writ with blanke-space for different names (sure more): and these are of the second edition: see will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what her pufts into the preffe, when he will put vs two: I had rather be a Giant, and Ie under Mount Pelion: Well, I will find you twentie lacustrous Turtles are one chaffe man.

Mdr. Ford. Why this is the very same: the very hand: Mdr. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs: so thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twen-brother of thy Letter: but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine never shall: I warrant he hath a thousand of thefe Letters, writ with blanke-space for different names (sure more): and these are of the second edition: see will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what her pufts into the preffe, when he will put vs two: I had rather be a Giant, and Ie under Mount Pelion: Well, I will find you twentie lacustrous Turtles are one chaffe man.

Mdr. Ford. Why this is the very same: the very hand: Mdr. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs: so thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twen-brother of thy Letter: but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine never shall: I warrant he hath a thousand of thefe Letters, writ with blanke-space for different names (sure more): and these are of the second edition: see will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what her pufts into the preffe, when he will put vs two: I had rather be a Giant, and Ie under Mount Pelion: Well, I will find you twentie lacustrous Turtles are one chaffe man.
Ford. Good mine Host, and Garter, a word with you.

Host. What faith thou, my Bully-Rooke?

Shal. Will you goe with vs to behold it? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and (I think) hath appointed them contrary places: for (believe me) I have the Parson is no Letter: haste, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Halft thou no suit against my Knight? my guest-Casleire?

Shal. None, I protest: but lie give you a potton of burn'd facke, to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Broome: onely for a self.

Host. My hand, (Bully:) thou shalt have egresse and regresse, (said I well?) and thy name shall be Broome. Is it a merry Knight: will you goe An-heeres?

Shal. Have with mine Host.

Page. I have heard the French-man had good skill in his Rapier.

Shal. Tut fis: I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance: your Passes, Strockado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart (Master Page)'tis here, 'tis here: I have seene the time, with my long-fword, I have made you fowre tall fellows: I haue disguife to bond me. I was in his company at house: stirrely on hit wiuet frailty; yet, I cannot put-off my o-

Page. Would haue made you fowre tall fellowe: skippelike and what they made there, I know not. Well, I wi! looke your Coach-fellow on my good friends for three Repreeses, and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will looke your Coach-fellow on my good friends for three Repreeses, and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will looke your Coach-fellow on my good friends for three Repreeses, and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will looke your Coach-fellow on my good friends for three Repreeses, and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will looke your Coach-fellow on my good friends for three Repreeses, and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will looke your Coach-fellow on my good friends for three Repreeses.

Page. I could lay my countenance to pawns: I haoe grated up-

Ford. Though Page be a secure foolie, and famed so firmly on his wines frailty yet, I cannot put off my opinion to easily: she was in his company at Page's house: and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will looke further into't, and I have a disguise to found Falstaffe; if I finde her honest, I looke not my labor: if the be other wife, 'tis labour well bestowed.

Excus.

The Merry Wines of Windsor.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaff, Pistol, Robin, Quickly, Bardolffe, Ford.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pif. Why then the world's mine Oyster, which, with fword will open.

Fal. Not a penny: I have been content (Sir,) you should lay my countenance to pawnes: I have granted you on my good friends for three Repreeses for you, and your Coach-fellow Nam or else you had look'd through the grate, like a Geminy of Beboones: I am damn'd in hell, for swearing to Gentlemen my friends, you were good Souldiers, and tall-fellowes. And when Mistrefle Briger left the handle of her Fan, I took upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Fal. Did not thou share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you tongue, reason: thinkst thou Ile en-danger my foule: grate as a word, hang me more about me: I am not better for you: goe, a short knife, and a strong, to your Manne of Pistol-hand: goe, you'll not beare a Letter for mee you rogue? you stand upon your honor: why, (thou unconfinable bailliff) it is as much as I can doe to keep the terms of my honoror precise: I, I, my selfe fometime, laying the feste of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am taine to thuffile: to hedge, and to lurch, and, you Rogue, will en sacre your ragges, your Cat-in-Moun- tain-lookes, your red-bartie phrases, and your bold- beating-oathes, under the shield of your honor: you will not doe it you?

Pif. I doe relent: what would thou more of me?

RobH. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Qui. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife.

Qui. Not so and please your worship.

Fal. Good madd then.

Qui. Ile be for ever.

As my mother was the first hour I was borne.

Fal. I doe believe the freerter, what with me?

Qui. Shall I vouch-safe your worship a word, or two?

Fal. Two thousand (faire woman) and ile vouchsafe the hearing.

Qui. There is one Mistrefle Ford, (Sir) I praye come a little nearer this waies: I my selfe durst with M. Doctor Cano:

Fal. Well, on; Mistrefle Ford, you say.

Qui. You worship faias very true: I praye your wor-

Fal. I warrant thee, no bloudy hearts: taints owere people, mine owne people.

Qui. Are they to heauen-blissen them, and make them his Servassa?

Fal. Mistrefle Ford, what of her?

Qui. Why, Sir, the's a good-creature, Lord, Lord, your Worship's a wanten: well: beneath farger you, and all of vs, I pray———.

Fal. Mistrefle Ford: come, Mistrefle Ford.

Qui. Marry this is the short, and the long of it: you have brought her into fuch a Canaries, as 's wonder-

Fal. I warrant thee, no-bodie heares: taints owere people, mine owne people.

Qui. What faies IQ} heauen-blissen them, and make them his Servassa?

Fal. Mistrefle Ford, what of her?

Qui. Why, Sir, she's a good-creature, Lord, Lord, your Worship's a wanten: well: beneath farger you, and all of vs, I pray———.

Fal. Mistrefle Ford: come, Mistrefle Ford.

 Qui. They say you have brought her into such a Canaries, as 's wonder-
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

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

Qu. Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistrefle Page hath her bettie commendations to you: and let me tell you in your care, she's as fastuous a curvil model wife, and one (I tell you,) that will not mist you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, who cre be the other: and five bade me tell your worship, that her husband is fel dom home from, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so doate upon a man; surely I think you have charms, la: yes in truth.

Fal. Not I, I desire thee: setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charmes

Qu. Bleffing on your heart fois: Fal. But I pray thee tell me this, has Fords wife, and Page wife acquainted each other, how they love me?

Qu. That were a test indeed: they have not so little grace I hope, that were a trinke indeed: But Mistrefle Page would deffire to send her young Page to all: her husband has a very good love for the little Page: and truly Master Page is an honest man, never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she do's. doe what thee will, say what the will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when the lift, rise when the lift, all is as will: and truly the defieres is; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one: you must send her your Page, no reauot.

Fal. Why, I will

Qu. Nay, but doe so then: and looke you, he may come and goe between you both, and in any case have a try word, that you may know one another's minde, and the Boy never need to understand any thing; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one: you must send her your Page, no reauot.

Fal. Fouterthee: well, commend me to them both: there's my purse: I am yet thy debtor: Boy, goe along with this woman, this newes diffraules me with this woman, this newes diffraules me.

Fal. This Punceke is one of Cupids Carriers, Clap on more fares, pursue it with your fights: Gue fie: she is my prize, or Ocean whelm them all.

Fal. Salfith tho (old Jack) go thy waters: he make more of thy old 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 it's grossely done, so bee fairely done, no matter.

Bar. Sir John, there's one Master Broome below would fame speake with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath fent your worship a mornings draught of Sacke.

Fal. Broome is his name?

Bar. I Sir.

Fal. Call him in. Such Broome we are welcome to mee, that are blows. how hee, ahaha, Mistrefle Ford and Mistrefle Page, have I encompas'd you? goe to, ma.

Ford. ^Bifie I'll bleffe you Sir.

Fal. And you fir, would you speake with me? Ford. I make bold, to profee, with fo little prepara -

You're welcome, what's your will? give vs leave.

Qu. I am a Gentleman that have spent much, my name is Broome.

Fal. Good Master Broome, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you, for I must let you understand, I think my selfs in better plight for a Lender, than you are: the which hath something emboldned me to this unseasonable inclination for they say, if money goe before, all wares doezly open.

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

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money hecz trouble me: if you will help to bear it (Sir John) take all, or halfe, for eating of me the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may defere to bee your Pouret.

Ford. I will tell you Sir, if you will give mee the heering.

Fal. Speake (good Master Broome) I shall be glad to be your Seruans.

Ford. Sir, I heare you are a Scholler: (I will be briefe with you) and you have been a man long knewne to me, though I had never so good means as defire, to make my selfe acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine owne imperfection: but (good Sir John) as you have one eye up on your follies, as you heare them untold, turne another into the Register of your owne, that I may passe with a reproof the easier, fith you your felle know how easie it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Towne, her husbands name is Ford.

Fal. Well Sir

Ford. I have long lodg'd her, and I protest to you, behove much on her: followed her with a doating observance: Ingrafts opportunities to meete her fcolce every flight occasion that could but misguided gue of fight of her: not only bought many presents to gine her, but have gien largely to many, to know what fhee would have gien: briefly, I have 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 meanes, neede I am sure I have receu'd none, unless Experience be a lewell, that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught mee to fay this:

"Lone like a shadow flees, when substance Loue pursu'd, Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues"

Fal. Have you receu'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never

Fal. Have you imparted her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never

Fal. Of what quallity was your loue then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built on another mans ground, so that I have loft my edifice, by mistaking the place, where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all: Some fay, that though she appeare honest to mee, yet in other places she enlargeth her minde to fure, that there is shewed construdtion made of her. Now (Sir John) here is the key of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable difcourse, of great admiration, authentick in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many warlike, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir

Ford. Believe it, for you know it: there is money, spend it, spend it, spend more: spend all I have, only
give me so much of your time in exchange for it, as to lay
an amiable figure to the beauty of this Ford's wife; viz
your Art of wooing; with her to contract with: & any
man may you make so soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your
affection that I should win what you would enjoy? Me
thinks you prefer to be of your selfe very preposterously.

Ford. O understand my drift: she dwells so facetiously
on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my foule
dares not present it selfe: thee is too bright to be look'd
against. Now, could I come to her with any declaration
in my hand; my desires had in force and argument to
money: next, giue me your hand: and last, as I am a
Sir Mu?

too strongly embarrased against me: what say you to't,
your Art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any
an amiable liege to the honesty of this

wise; use

Fords

gentleman,you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Fal. O good Sir.

Ford. I say you shall.

Fal. Want no money (Sir John)you shall want none.

Fal. Want no more (Ford) (Master Brooke)you shall
want none: I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her
own appointment, even as you came in to me, her affi-
stant, or goe-betwene, parted from me: I say I shall be
with her betwene ten and elen even: for at that time the
jealous, rashly-knaue her husband will be forth: come
with me at once, you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blitt 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 jealous worryingly-knaue hath masses of money, for
the which his wife seems to me well-favoured: I will use
her as the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffers, & there's
my靶eat-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might a
void him, if you law him.

Fal. Hang him, mechnically-fat-butter rogue; I will
pore him out of his wits: I will awre him with my cud-
gell: it shall hang like a Meteor ort the Cuckolds hogs:
Master Brooke, thou shalt know, I shall predominate o
over the pezen, and than flie lay with his wife. Come
to me soon at night: Ford, a knaue, and I will aggrav
ate his little thine (Master Brooke) that knaue he is for
knaue, and Cuckold. Come to me soon at night.

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurian-Rafell is this? my
heart is ready to cracke with impatience: who fakes this
is an improvident jealouse; any wife hath fent to him, the
bowre is fast, the match is made: would any man have
thought this? see the hell of hauing a fally woman: my
bed shall be shud, my Coffers rankeft, my reputation
grasweg at, and I shall not receive this villainous wrong,
but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and
by him that does mee wrong: Termes, names: Ananias
found well: Lucifer, well: Barbajon, well: yet they are Divets additions; the names of Bruid:
But Cuckold, Wittle, Cuckold? the Divets himselfe
hath not such a name. Pages is an Aife, a secure Aife; hie
will truff his wife, hee will not be icelous: I will rather
truff a Fleming with my butter, Paffon Hough the Wurf-
man with my Cheefe, an Irishman with my Aqua-vite-
ottle, or a Thefeters wife my ambling gelding, then
my wife with her felfe. Then the plots, then fee tumult-
states, then thee defires; and what they thinke in their
hearts they may effe; they will breake their hearts but
they will effe. Heaven be praid for my jealoufie:
eleven o'clock the bowre, I will prevent this, derece,
my wife, bee reueing'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I
will about it, better three hours too soon: then a my-
minute too late: fie, fie, fie, Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Caius, Rugby, Page, Shallow, Sturleur, Hol.


Rug. Sir.

Caius. Ver is the clocke, Jack.

Rug. 'Tis past the hour(Sir) that Sir Hugh promis'd
to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has faue his foule, dat he is no-com:e
hee has pray his Pible well, dat he is no-come: by gar
(Tack Rugby) he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. Hee is wife Sitt: shew your worship would
kill him if he came.

Caius. By gar, he herring is no dead, So will I kill
him: take your Rapier, (Tack) I will tell you how I will
kill him.


Caius. Villains, take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbeare: there's company.

Hol. Bleffe thee, bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Sue you Mr. Doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good Mr. Doctor.

Sent. 'Gie you good-morrow, sir:

Caius. Vat be all you one, two, tree, fowre, come for?

Hol. To fee thee fight, to fee thee soigne, to fee thee
trauere, to fee thee here, to fee thee there, to fee thee
paffe thy pun do, thy stock, thy reverfe, thy distance, thy
heart of Elder? ha? is he dead ? my

Page. It wil be found so, (M. Forge:) M. Doctor
Caius,

Page. Thou art a Caftalion-king-Vrinall: Heliot

Greec (my Boy)

I pray you heere witneffe, that me have lay, fhee, fhee, two, tree, howres for him, and hee is
no-come.

Shal. He is the wiser man (M. Doctor) he is a curer of
foules, and you a courer of bodys: if you should fight, you
go against the haits of your profession: is it not true,

Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow; you hace your selfe beene a
great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-hims M. Page, though I now be old, and
of the peace: if I see a sword out, my finger itches to
make one: though we are luffices, and Doctors, and
Churchmen (M. Page) we have some fall of our youth
in vs, we are the sons of women (M. Page.)

Page. Tis true, Mr. Shalium.

Shal. It will be found so (M. Page) M. Doctor Caius,
I am come to fetch you home: I am sworn of the peace:
you have thow'd your selfe a wife Physician, and Sir
Hugh hath owne him selfe a wife and patient Church-
man: you must goe with me, M. Doctor.

Hol. Pr-
Meleagrid birds sing Madrigalls: — When as I sit in Pab- 
bile: and a thousand ungruin Poesy, To shallow, &c.
Sim. You he is comming, this way, Sir Hugh.
Euan. Here's welcome: To shallow Rivers, to seabe falls: 
Heauen prosper the right: what weapons is he?
Sim. No weapon, Sir; there comes my Master, Mr. 
Shallow, and another Gentleman; from Frogmore, 
over the file, this way.
Euan. Pray you give me my gowne, or else keepe it 
in your armes,
Shal. How now Master Parson? good morrow good 
Sir Hugh? keep a Gamester from the dice, and a good 
Student from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

Page. "Sav'e you, good Sir Hugh,
Euan. 'Pleffe you from his mercy-fake, all of you.
Shal. What? the Sword, and the Word?

Page. And youthfull ftil, in your doublet and hose, 
this raw-rumstickie day?
Euan. There is reasons, and caufes for it.
Page. We are come to you, to doe a good office, Mr. 
Parson,
Euan. Very well: what is it?
Page. Yonder is a moft reverent Gentleman; who 
(he-like) having receiued wrong by some perfon, is at 
most odd's with his owne grauity and patience, that ever 
you saw.

Shal. I have luted four-score yeres, and upward: I 
ever heard a man of his place, grauity, and learning, to 
wide of his owne respect.
Euan. What is he?

Page. I thinke you know him: Mr. Doctor Saul the 
renowned French Physician.
Euan. God's will, and his paffion of my heart: I had 
as lief you would tell me of a meaffe of porridge.

Page. Why?
Euan. He has no more knowledge in Eliberates and 
Galen, and he is a knaue besides; a cowardly knaue, as 
you would defire to be acquituated withall.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man shall fight with 
him.
Shal. Of sweet Anne Page.

Page. Shal. It appeares so by his weapons: keep them a 
finder: here comes Doctor Saul.
Page. Nay good Mr. Parson, keep in your weapon.
Shal. So doe you, good Mr. Doctor.
Euan. Disarme them, and let them queftion: let them 
keepe their limbs whole, and back our Englifli.

Euan. Pray you let not be laughing-rocks to other 
men humors: I defire you in friendship, and I will one 
way or other make you amend: I will knock your Vrinal 
about your knaues Cogs-combe.
Cai. 'Dio: Jack Rugby's mine. Doctor latters: have I not 
feey for him, to kill him? I have not at de place I did 
appoint?
Euan. As I am a Christian-foule, now looke you: 
this is the place appointed. He be judgement by mine:

Hoff. Pardon, Gues-Justice; a Mounfeur Mock-
water.

Cai. Mock-water? vat is dat?
Hoff. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is Valour 
(Bully.)

Cai. By gar, then I have as much Mock-water as de 
Englishman: secny-Jack-dog-Priest: by gar, mee will 
cut his ears.
Hoff. He will Clapper-claw me tightly (Bully.)
Cai. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?
Hoff. That is, he will make thee amend.
Cai. By-gar, mee doe looke hee thing clapper-de-claw 
me, for by-gar, mee will haue it.
Hoff. And I will prouoke him to 't, or let him wag.
Cai. Me tack you for dat.
Hoff. And moreover, (Bully) but firft, Mr. Guesft, 
and M. Page, and Icke Cauleiro Sleeder, goe you through 
the Towne to Frogmore.

Page. Sir Euan is there, is he?
Hoff. He is there, fee what humor he is in and I will 
bring the Doctor about by the Fields will it doe wel? 
Shal. We will doe it.

All. Adieu. good M. Doctor.
Cai. By-gar, mee will kill de Priest, for he speake for a 
Jack-an-Ape to Anne Page.

Hoff. Let him diet: sheath thy impatience: throw cold 
water on thy Choller: goe about the fields with mee 
through Frogmore, I will bring thee where Misfirs Anne 
Pages is, at a Farm-houfe a Feasting: and thou (halt 
woo, I will bring thee where Misfirs 

Shall. 'Sav'e me, for by-gar, mee vill haue it.

Euan. 'Pleffe my soulc: how full ©f QJollers I arft, aed 
I will fir.

Sim. jmoft fchemently delire you, you will alfp 
Euan,

Cai. To the Towne to Frogmore.

Page. 'Sav'e you, good Sir Hugh,
Euan. 'Pleffe you from his mercy-fake, all of you.
Shal. What? the Sword, and the Word?

Page. And youthfull ftil, in your doublet and hose, 
this raw-rumstickie day?
Euan. There is reasons, and caufes for it.
Page. We are come to you, to doe a good office, Mr. 
Parson,
Euan. Very well: what is it?
Page. Yonder is a moft reverent Gentleman; who 
(he-like) having receiued wrong by some perfon, is at 
most odd's with his owne grauity and patience, that ever 
you saw.

Shal. I have luted four-score yeres, and upward: I 
ever heard a man of his place, grauity, and learning, to 
wide of his owne respect.

Page. Why?
Euan. He has no more knowledge in Eliberates and 
Galen, and he is a knaue besides; a cowardly knaue, as 
you would defire to be acquituated withall.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man shall fight with 
him.
Shal. Of sweet Anne Page.

Page. Shal. It appeares so by his weapons: keep them a 
finder: here comes Doctor Saul.

Page. Nay good Mr. Parson, keep in your weapon.

Page. So doe you, good Mr. Doctor.

Hoff. Difarme them, and let them queftion: let them 
keepe their limbs whole, and back our Englifli.

Euan. Pray you let not be laughing-rocks to other 
men humors: I defire you in friendship, and I will one 
way or other make you amend: I will knock your Vrinal 
about your knaues Cogs-combe.

Cai. 'Dio: Jack Rugby's mine. Doctor latters: have I not 
seey for him, to kill him? I have not at de place I did 
appoint?

Euan. As I am a Christian-foule, now looke you: 
this is the place appointed. He be judgement by mine:

Hoff. Pardon, Gues-Justice; a Mounfeur Mock-
water.
Shall I lose my Doctor? No, be glad, you take the Potions.
Follow me, Lad of peace, follow. And let burn'd Sacke be the issue: Come lay their wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are Art, I have deceiv'd you both. I haue directed you to never-verbs. Give me thy hand (Celestial) so Boys of Hugh? No, my cogging-companion the Host of the Garter. I desire you that we may be friends: and let us knock out of us, ha,ha? by gar, he thioue me too. Me where is Anne Page. Then follow him like a dwarf. (Courtier.) Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your mistress? Were wont to be a follower, but now you are a Leader, Retshelles? Of us. Sette. I, and as idle as she may hang together for want of company. I think if your husbands were dead, you husband had him of, what do you call your Knights name? league between my good man, and he is your Wife at this time. He make him dance. Will you go Gentle? Enter. I warrant. What say you to young Mist. Fenton? He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks verily, he feels his holiday, he feels April and May, he will carry it, I will carry it; in his buttons, he will carry it.

Scena Secunda.

Miss Page, Robin Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Enam, Caius.
Miss Page. Nay keep your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a Leader: whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your masters heels? Reb. I had rather (forfooth) go before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarf. (Courtier.) Reb. What say you to young Mist. Fenton? He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth: he writes verses, he speaks verily, he feels his holiday, he feels April and May, he will carry it, I will carry it; in his buttons, he will carry it.

Page. Nay keep your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a Leader: whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels? Reb. I had rather (forsooth) go before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarf. (Courtier.) Reb. What say you to young Mist. Fenton? He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth: he writes verses, he speaks verily, he feels his holiday, he feels April and May, he will carry it, I will carry it; in his buttons, he will carry it.

Scena Tertia.

Enter M. Ford, M. Page, Sermants, Robin Falstaff, Ford, Page, Caius, Enam.


M. Page. Give your men the charge, we must be briefe, M. Ford. Marry, as I told you before (John & Robert) he ready here hard-by in the Brew-house, & when I do daily call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or putting on this basket on your shoulders: yea door, trudge within in all haste, and carry it among the Whittlers to Doctor Mead, and there empty it in the muddied ditch, close by the Thames side. M. Page. You will do it? (Direction.) M. Ford. I ha told them over and over, they lack no
The Merry Wives of Windsor

Be gone, and come when you are call'd.
M. Page. Here comes little Robin. (with you)
M. Ford. How now my Eys-Musket, what news
Roh. M. Sir John is come in at your backe doore
M. Ford, and requests your company.
M. Page. You little lack-a-lent, have you bin true so to
Rob. M. Ile be sworn none Master knows not of your
being here; and hath threatened to put me into euerla-
ing liberty, if I tell you of it: for he sweares he'll turne
me away.
M. Ford. Thou art a good boy: this secrecy of thine
shall be a Tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new
double and hole. Hee go hide me.
M. Ford. Do so; go tell thy Master, I am alone: M.
Page, remember you my Que.
M. Ford. Warrant thee, if I do not see it, hinder me.
M. Ford. Go too then: we live this unwelcome humdrum,
this gosple- worthy Pompion; we shall teach him
to know Turtles from Isles.
F. I hear he caught thee, my heavenly Jewell? Why
now you say me die, for I have liued long enough; This is the
period of my ambition: O this blessed bourne.
F. Ford. How am I mistake in you?
M. Page. Thou art a tyrant to lay so: thou wouldst make
me to swear if he be of any reasonable figure, he may creepe
in here, and thrive fouleinnen upon him, as if it were
him. Oh, how base you decei'd me! Looke, here is a
basket, if he be of any reasonable figure, he may crepe
in here, and thrive fouleinnen upon him, as if he were
going to bucking: Or it is whiting time, send him by
out of the house.
M. Ford. What shall I do? There is a Gentleman my
deer friend and I feare not mine owne shame so much,
as his gerill. I had rather then a thousand pound he were
out of the house.
M. Page. For shame, not stand (you had rather, and
you had rather); your husband's here at hand, doth make you
of some conveinance: in the house you cannot hide
him. Oh, how base you decei'd me! Looke, here is a
basket, if he be of any reasonable figure, he may crepe
in here, and thrive fouleinnen upon him, as if it were
going to bucking: Or it is whiting time, send him by
out of the house.
M. Ford. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?
F. Let me feete, let me seete, O let us see:
Ile in, Ile in: Follow your friends counsell, Ile in.
M. Page. What Sir John. Castaff? Are these your Let-
ters. Knight?
F. I loute thee, helpe mee away: let mee crepe in
here: ile neuer——
M. Page. Do hee you love me? Then let that partake
there. Their's somthing extraordinary in thee: Come, I
cannot see and say thou art this and that, like a manne
of these sliping-hauntse buds, that come like women
in mens apparell, and smell like. Backers-berry in sim-
tile time: I cannot, but I love thee, none but thee; and
then deferve it.
M. Ford. Do not betray me sir, I fear you love M. Page.
F. Thou mightst as well say, I love to walke by the
Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me, as the recke of
a Lime-kill.
F. Ford. Well, heauen knows how I love you,
And you shall one day find it.
F. Keep in that minde, I'll deferve it.
M. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you doe;
Or else I could not be in that minde.
Rob. M. Master Ford, Master Ford; here's M. Page at
the doore, sweating, and blowning, and looking wilde-
ly, and would needs speake with you pretently.
F. She shall not fee me, I will entence mee behinde
the Arras
M. Ford. Pray you do so; she's a very talling woman.
What is the matter? How now?
Enter Fenton, Anne, Page, Shallow, Slender, Quickly, Page, Mist. Page.

Fen: I see I cannot get thy Fathers love, Therefore no more turne to him (sweet Nan) or Anne. Alas, how then?

Feu: Why thou must be thy selfe. He doth object, I am too great of birth, And that my state being gall'd with my expence, I seeke to have it solely by his wealth. Besides thee, other barres he layes before me, My Roys past, my wilde Societies, And tells me 'tis a thing impossible I should love thee, but as a property.

An. May be he tells you true.

Feu: No, heaven so speed me in my time to come, Albiet I will confesse, thy Fathers wealth Was the first motion that I woud thee (An.) Yet wounding thee, I found thee of more value Then lampes in Gold, or fummes in seeded bagges, And 'tis the very echnies of thy selfe, That now I wondrest.

An. Gentie M. Fenton, Yet feake my Fathers love, still feake it for, If opportunity and humbleiture Cannot attaine it, why then harke you bither.

Shal. Breake them thus Mistris Quickly, My Kinman shall speak for himselfe, Shal. He make a shaft or a bolt on't, fid, but venus, Skal. Be not dismaid.

Shal. No, fie shall not dismay me: I care not for that, but that I am affraid.

Quickly. M. Slender would speak a word with you. An. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice: O what a world of wilde ill-favor'd faults Lookes handfome in three hundred pounds a yere?

Shal. And how do's good Master Fenton?

Pray you a word with you.

Shall. Shee's comming; to her Coze: O boy, thou hadst a father.

Slender. I had a father (M. An) my vnkle can tel you good tests of him: pray you Vnkle tel Mist. Anne the self how my Father fide to two Greefe out of a Pen, good Vnkle.

Mist. Slender, my Coze looke you.

Shal. I that I do, as well as I love any woman in Gloucesterhure.

Shal. He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.

Shal. I that I will, come cut and long-taile, under the degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds inoynture.

Anne. Good Master Shallow let him woo for him-selfe.

Shal. Marrie I thanke you for it: I thanke you for that good comfort: she calls you (Coze) He leave you.

Anne. Now Master Slender.

Shal. Now good Mistris Anne,

Anne. What is your will?

Shal. My will? Odd's heart-lings, that's a prettie jest indeed: I 'ert made my Will yet (I thank Heaven) I am not such a tickely creature, I give Heaven praise.

E2
Bar. Here's M. Quickly Sir to speake with you.
Fal. Come, let me pour in some Sack to the Thames water; for my bellies as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs, for pilles to cool the reines. Call her in.
Bar. Come in woman.
Qui. By your leave: I cry mercy!
Gue your worship good morrow.
Fal. Take away these Challicies:
Go, brew me a pottle of Sack finely.
Bard. With Egges, Sir?
Fal. Simple of sir felfe: Ile no Puller-Spermine in my brewage. How now?
Qui. Marry Sir, I come to your worship from M. Ford.
Fal. M'st. 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: The do's to take on with her men; they mistake their excitation. (promise.
Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish Womans Qui. Well, the lament Sir for it, that it would yern your heart to feel it: her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her, between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly, she'll make you amend I warrant you.
Fal. Well, I will visit her, tell her so: and bidde her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.
Qui. I will tell her.
Fal. Do fa. Betweene nine and ten faft thou?
Qui. Eight and nine Sir.
Fal. Well, be gone; I will not misheer.
Qui. Peace be with you Sir.
Fal. I merrie thes or of M'st. Brown: he lent me word to stay within: I like his money well.
Oh, here be comes.
Ford. Blest be you Sir.
Fal. Now M. Brown, you come to know What hath pass betwene me, and Ford's wife.
Ford. That indeed (Sir John) it my businesse.
Fal. M. Brown I will not lye to you,
I was at her house the hours she appointed me.
Ford. And sped you Sir?
Fal. very ill-favourdly M. Brown.
Ford. How so Sir, did she change her determination?
Fal. No (M. Brown) but the peaking Curtuso her husband (M. Brown) dwelling in a continual larum of insolence, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrase, kiss, proteced, (as it were) spoke the prologue of our Comedy and at his heels, a rabble of his companions, thickest proressed and inflagitated by his distermer, and (totho) to ferch his house for his wifes Loue.
Ford. What! While you were there?
Fal. While I was there.
Fal. And did be search for you, would not find you?
Fal. You shall heare. As good buckle would have it, comes in our bob. Page, gives intelligence of Ford's approch and in her incrention, and Fords whilst diffuthion, they companie'd me in a bucket basket.
Ford. A Buck-basket?

Fal. Nay, you shall have (Master Brooke) what I have suffered, to bring this woman to euill; for your good: Being thus strung in the Basket, a couple of Fords' knaves, his hindes, were cold forth by their Mistris, to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to Ditchet-lane: they tooke mee on their shoulder, who asked them once or twice what they had in their Basket? I quak'd for feare lest the Lustynque Knave would have search'd it: but Fate (ordaining he should be a Cuckold) held his hand: well, on went her, for a search, and away went I for soule Cloathes: But marke the sequell (Master Brooke) I suffer'd the pangs of three several deaths: First, an intolerable fright, to be detect'd with a jealous rotten Bell-weather: Next to be compass'd like a good Bilbo in the circumference of a Peck: hilt to point, heele to head. And then to be flipp'd in like a strong diedition wish'd in. In the height of this Bath (when I was more then halfe dew'd in greafe (like a Dutchman) to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing-hot, in that serge like a Horse-hog: thinke of that; bleeding hot: thinke of that (Master Brooke).

Ford. In good faith Sir, I am sorry, that for my sake you have suffer'd all this. My suite then is desperate: You'll undertake her no more.

Fal. Master Brooke: I will be thrown into Enn, as I have beene into Thames: ere I will leave her thus; her Husband is this morning gone a Birding: I have receiv'd from her another Ambaffe of meeting: 'twixt eight and nine is the hour (Master Brooke).

Ford. 'Tis past eight already Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then addresse mee to your appointment: Come to mee at your convenient leasure, and you shall know how I speede: and the conclusion shall be crownd with your enjoying her; adieu: you shall have her (Master Brooke) Master Brooke, you shall cuckold Ford.

Ford. Hum ha! Is this a vision? Is this a dream? do I sleepe? Master Ford awake, awake Master Ford: that's a hole made in your befit coarse (Master Ford): this 'tis to be married? this 'tis to haue Lynnen, and Buck-baskets: Well, I will proclaim my selfe what I am: I will now take the Letcher: hee is at my house: he cannot flie mee: 'tis impossible hee should: hee cannot flie mee into a halfe-penny purse, nor into a Pepper-Boxe: But lest the Diuell that guides him, should aide him, I will search impossible places though what I am, I cannot suade; yet to be what I would not, sholl not make me tame: If I have hornes, to make one med; let the proverbe goe with me, I labe hornead.
Mist. Ford. I would you were as foolish Chrstian creatures, as your vayres and by. go.

Get you home boy, Come we ftay too long. Exeunt.

besides your felfe ?

in the simpte office of loue, but in all the accuftrenienc,

your husband now? 

r ance; I see you are obfequious in your loue, and I pro.

Hee's a birding(sweet Sir John.)

Mist.Page. How now (sweete heart) whofe at home

Why woman, your husband is m his oide

Mist.Ford. How might we disguise him?

Some declenfions of your

Shew me now (William)some declenfions of your Pronouns

will. Forfooth, Thaue forgot.

It is qui, que, quod ; if you forget your Quites,

your Quetes, and your Quads you must be prayers: Goe

your vayres and play, go.

Mist. Ford. He is a better Scholler then I thought he was.


Scena Secunda.


Fal. Mist. Ford. Your sorrow hath eaten vp my suffe-

Fal. Why none but mine owne people, Mist. Page. Indeed?

Miss. Ford. No certainly : Speake louder.

Mist. Page. Truly, I am fo glad you have no body here.


lines again: he toakes on yonder with my husband, fo

failes against all married mankinde: he curses all Eves daughters, of what complection fairest; and fo buffettes

himself in the for-head: crying peer-out, peer-out, ere

that any madnede I ever yet beheld, feem'd no tame-

doore with Pifhols, tbit none ftiaU iffue out other*

Fal. How now (sweete heart) whofe at home besides your felde ?

Mist. Ford. Why none but my owne people, Mist. Page. Indeed?


Mist. Page. Truly, I am fo glad you have no body here, Mist. Ford. Why?

Mist. Page. Why woman, your husband is in his old

lines again: he toakes on yonder with my husband, fo

failes against all married mankinde: he curses all Eves daughters, of what complection fairest; and so buffettes

himself in the for-head: crying peer-out, peer-out, ere

that any madnede I ever yet beheld, feem'd no tame-

Fal. Where is it s' 

Mist. Page. Where is it s'? What fhall I do?IIc creepe vp into the chimney.

Mist. Ford. There they alwayes we to discharge their

Birding-peesee: creepe into the Kill-hole.

Mist. Page. Mist. Ford. He will feek thereon my word : Neyther

Mist. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mist. Ford. Hee will feeke thereon my word: Neyther

Mist. Page. Hee's a birding(sweet Sir John.)

Mist. Ford. Why does he talke of him?

Mist. Page. Of none but him, and sweares he was ca-

ried out the lafte time hee search'd for him, in a Basket:

Protestes to my husband he is noe nowte, & hath drawne

him and the rest of their company from their sport, to

make another experiment of his fulpiotions: But I am glad

the Knight is not heere; now he fhall fee his owne soo,

Weill leaue a proofe by that which we will doo,

Ah! three of Mr. Fords brothers watch

the door with Pistols, that none shall ifieu out : other-

wise you might flip away ere he come: But what make

you hurte ?

Fal. What fhall I do? IIe creepe vp into the chimney.

Mist. Ford. There they alwayes we to discharge their

Birding-peesee: creepe into the Kill-hole.

Mist. Page. Hee's a birding(sweet Sir John.)


Mist. Page. Indeed?

Mist. Ford. I in good fadneffe is he, and talkes of the


him and the reft of theif company from their fpozc, to

Mist. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mist. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir

Mist. Page. Quicke, quicke, wee'ie come drefleyou

Mist. Page. Quicke, quicke, wee'ie come drefleyou

Mist. Ford. Mist. Ford. I would my husband would meete him

Mist. Page. He will feeke thereon my word: Neyther

Mist. Ford. Come, come, take it vp.

Mist. Ford. Hee will feeke thereon my word: Neyther

Mist. Ford. I will goe to the basket againe, to meece him at the door with

Fal. May I not goe out ere he come.

Fal. Ile go out then.

Mist. Ford. If you goe out in your owne semblance,

Mist. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mist. Ford. I would my husband would meete him

Mist. Ford. But is my husband cornmmg ?

Mist. Page. He will feeke thereon my word: I seem'd no

Mist. Page. Againe The merry wives of Windsor. 54 


Fel. Mist. Ford, Your sorrow hath eaten vp my suffer-

ance; I see you are obficious in your loue, and I pro-

fees requital to a hairs breath, not onely Mist. Ford,

in the simple office of loue, but in all the accultrenienc,

complement, and ceremony of it: But are you sure of

your husband now?

Mist. Ford. Hee's a birding(sweet Sir John.)

Mist. Page. How now (sweete heart) whofe at home besides your felde ?

Mist. Page. How now (sweete heart) whofe at home besides your felde ?

Mist. Ford. Why none but my owne people, Mist. Page. Indeed?


Mist. Page. Truly, I am fo glad you have no body here, Mist. Ford. Why?

Mist. Page. Why woman, your husband is in his old

lines again: he toakes on yonder with my husband, fo

failes against all married mankinde: he curses all Eves daughters, of what complection fairest; and so buffettes

himself in the for-head: crying peer-out, peer-out, ere

that any madnede I ever yet beheld, feem'd no tame-

Fal. Where is it s'? What fhall I do?IIc creepe vp into the chimney.

Mist. Ford. There they alwayes we to discharge their

Birding-peesee: creepe into the Kill-hole.

Mist. Page. Hee's a birding(sweet Sir John.)


Mist. Page. Indeed?

Mist. Ford. I in good fadneffe is he, and talkes of the


him and the reft of theif company from their fpozc, to

Mist. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mist. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir

Mist. Page. Quicke, quicke, wee'ie come drefleyou

Mist. Page. Quicke, quicke, wee'ie come drefleyou

Mist. Ford. I in good fadneffe is he, and talkes of the


him and the reft of theif company from their fpozc, to

Mist. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mist. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir

Mist. Page. Quicke, quicke, wee'ie come drefleyou

Mist. Ford. But is my husband comming ?

Mist. Page. I in good fadneffe is he, and talkes of the


him and the reft of theif company from their fpozc, to

Mist. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mist. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

neat cloathcs you fend forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this paffes. M. Ford: you are not to goe tooe oftoone you, more, you must be pinn'd d.'

Eua. Why, this is Lunaticks: this is madde, as a mad dogge.

Shall. Indeed M. Ford, this is not well indeed.

Ford. So fay I too Sir, come hither Mistifs Ford, Mis
fris Ford, the honeft woman, the modest wife, the veru-
ous creature, that hath the jealous fool on her husband: I
ulpeth without caufe (Miftris)do I? 

Mif. Ford. Heaven by my wyntetfe you doe, if you
ulpeth me in any difhonesty.

Ford. I fufept without caufe (Miftris)do I ?

Mif. Ford. The honeft woman, the modeft wife, the vertu-
Ford, sirrah.

Maddogge.

imaginations of youe owne heart: this is iealousy.

Ford. Are you not ashamed, Iet the cloths alone.

This passes.

Page. Why, this paffes.

Mif. Ford. Are you not afham'd, let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall finde you anon.

Eua. 'Tis unreaflonable; will you take vp your wieres

cloathces? Come, away.

Ford. Empty the basket I fay.

M. Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Mift. Page, as I am a man, there was one con-
uss'y out of my house yesterfay in this basket: why
may not he be there againe, in my houfe I am fure he is:

Mif. Ford. Heaven by my wynteffe you doe, if you
ulpeth me in any difhonesty.

Ford. With what?-yea, and no, I thinkke the o'man is a witch in-
deede: I like not when a o'man has a great peard; I fipe
a great peard vnder his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I befeech you fol-
low: fee but the ilufe of my realoufe: If I cry out thus
upon no trade, neuer trull me when I open againe.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further:

Come Gentlemen,

Mif. Page. Truth me he beate him molt pittfully.

Mif. Ford. Nay by t'il Maffe that he did not: he beate
him molt pittfully, one thought.

Mif. Page. Ile have the eudgell hallow'd, and hung
ore the Altar, it hath done meritorious service.

Mif. Ford. What thynke you? May we with the war-
rant of woman hood, and the wittifte of a good confci-
ence, pursue him with any further reueenge?

M. Ford. The spirit of wantonneffe is sure fcar'd out of
him, if the diuell have him not in feet-simple, with
fine and recouery, he will neuer (I thinkke) in the way of
waffe, attempt vs againe.

Mif. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have
feru'd him?

Mif. Page. Yes, by all meanes: if it be but to fcrpe
the figures out of your husbands braines: if they can find
in their hearts, the poore verucreous fat Knight fhall be
any further afflicted, we twio will ftil bee the mini-
flers.

Mif. Ford. Ife warrant, they ll have him publiquely fham'd, and me thinkes there would be no period to the left,
should he not be piblickly fham'd.

Mif. Page. Come to the Forge with it, then fhape it:
I would not haue things coole.

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hoft and Bardolfe.

Bar. Sir, the Germane defires to have three of your
horfes: the Duke himfelfe will be to morrow at Court,
and they are going to meet him.

Hoift. What Duke should that be comes fofecretly?
I beare not of him in the Court: let me fpeake with the
Gentlemen, they fpeake English?

Bar. I Sir? Ile call him to you.

Hoift. They fhall have my horfes, but Ile make them
pay: Ile fauce them, they have had my houfes a week at
command: I have turn'd away my ocher guests, they
must come off, Ile fauce them, come.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Page, Ford, Miftris Page, Miftris Ford, and Exeunt.

Eua. Tis one of the beft defcretions of a o'man as e-
er 1 did looke vp

Page. And did he fend you both thefe Letters at an
instant?

Mif. Page. Within a quarter of an houre.

Ford. He fent me, he fent me, he fent me.

Page. And did he fend you both thefe Letters at an
instant?

Mif. Page. Within a quarter of an houre.

Ford. Ile Prat-het: Out of my doore, you Witch,
you Ragge, you Baggage, you Pouletar, you Rummion,
out, out: Ile conure you, Ile fortune-tell you.

Mif. Page. Are you not ashamed?

I thinkke you have kill'd the poore woman.

Mif. Ford. Nay he will do it, 'tis a goodly crede-
tive for you.

Ford. Hang her witch.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

(In him that was of late an Hereticke).
As from as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more:
Be not at extreme in submission of an offense,
But let our plot go forward: Let our wines
Yet once againe (to make vs publike sport)
Appoint a meeting with this old fat-fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.
Ford. There is no better way then that they spake of.
Page. Howe to send him word they 'll meete him in
the Parke at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll never come.

En. You say he has bin throwne in the Riuers: and
has bin gruesomely peaten, as an old oman: me-thinks
there should be terrors in him, that he should not come: Me-thinks his fiue is punifhed, hee shall hau no de-

Page. So think I too.

Ford. Deny but how you 'll use him whe he comes,
And let vs two deuise to bring him thether.

Page. There is an old tale goes, that Horne the
Hunter (sometimes a keeper here in Windsor Forrest)
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight
Walk round about an Oak, with greaye rag'd-hornes,
And there he blaffs the tree, and takes the cattle,
And make mitch-kine yeeld-blood, and flakes a chaine
In a mott hideous and deadfull manner.
You have heard of such a Spirit, and well you know
The superstitious idea-headed old
Receiu'd, and did deluere to out ege
By these, the Hunter, for a truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many that do fear
In depe of night to walke by this Herne Oak:
But what of this?

Mift. Ford. Marry this is our deuise,
That Falstaff at that Oak 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. Page. That likewise we have thege upon:
Non Page (my daughter) and my little fomme,
And three or foure more of their growth, we 'll dreffe
Like Vrchins, Ouphs, and Fairies, greene and white,
With rounds of waxen Tspers cm their heads,
And mitch-kine yeeld-blood, and flakes a chaine
In a mott hideous and deadfull manner,
You have heard of such a Spirit, and well you know
The superstitious idea-headed old
Who receiu'd, and did deluere to out ege
This tale of Herne the Hunter, for a truth.

Page. Whet yet there want not many that do fear
In depe of night to walke by this Herne Oak:
But what of this?

Mift. Ford. Marry this is our deuise,
That Falstaff at that Oak 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. Page. That likewise we have thege upon:
Non Page (my daughter) and my little fomme,
And three or foure more of their growth, we 'll dreffe
Like Vrchins, Ouphs, and Fairies, greene and white,
With rounds of waxen Tspers cm their heads,
And mitch-kine yeeld-blood, and flakes a chaine
In a mott hideous and deadfull manner,
You have heard of such a Spirit, and well you know
The superstitious idea-headed old
Who receiu'd, and did deluere to out ege
This tale of Herne the Hunter, for a truth.

Page. Whet yet there want not many that do fear
In depe of night to walke by this Herne Oak:
But what of this?

Mift. Ford. Marry this is our deuise,
That Falstaff at that Oak 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. Page. That likewise we have thege upon:
Non Page (my daughter) and my little fomme,
And three or foure more of their growth, we 'll dreffe
Like Vrchins, Ouphs, and Fairies, greene and white,
With rounds of waxen Tspers cm their heads,
And mitch-kine yeeld-blood, and flakes a chaine
In a mott hideous and deadfull manner,
You have heard of such a Spirit, and well you know
The superstitious idea-headed old
Who receiu'd, and did deluere to out ege
This tale of Herne the Hunter, for a truth.

Page. Whet yet there want not many that do fear
In depe of night to walke by this Herne Oak:
But what of this?

Mift. Ford. Marry this is our deuise,
That Falstaff at that Oak 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. Page. That likewise we have thege upon:
Non Page (my daughter) and my little fomme,
And three or foure more of their growth, we 'll dreffe
Like Vrchins, Ouphs, and Fairies, greene and white,
With rounds of waxen Tspers cm their heads,
And mitch-kine yeeld-blood, and flakes a chaine
In a mott hideous and deadfull manner,
You have heard of such a Spirit, and well you know
The superstitious idea-headed old
Who receiu'd, and did deluere to out ege
This tale of Herne the Hunter, for a truth.

Page. Whet yet there want not many that do fear
In depe of night to walke by this Herne Oak:
But what of this?

Mift. Ford. Marry this is our deuise,
That Falstaff at that Oak 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. Page. That likewise we have thege upon:
Non Page (my daughter) and my little fomme,
And three or foure more of their growth, we 'll dreffe
Like Vrchins, Ouphs, and Fairies, greene and white,
With rounds of waxen Tspers cm their heads,
And mitch-kine yeeld-blood, and flakes a chaine
In a mott hideous and deadfull manner,
You have heard of such a Spirit, and well you know
The superstitious idea-headed old
Who receiu'd, and did deluere to out ege
This tale of Herne the Hunter, for a truth.

Page. Whet yet there want not many that do fear
In depe of night to walke by this Herne Oak:
But what of this?

Mift. Ford. Marry this is our deuise,
That Falstaff at that Oak 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. Page. That likewise we have thege upon:
Non Page (my daughter) and my little fomme,
And three or foure more of their growth, we 'll dreffe
Like Vrchins, Ouphs, and Fairies, greene and white,
With rounds of waxen Tspers cm their heads,
And mitch-kine yeeld-blood, and flakes a chaine
In a mott hideous and deadfull manner,
You have heard of such a Spirit, and well you know
The superstitious idea-headed old
Who receiu'd, and did deluere to out ege
This tale of Herne the Hunter, for a truth.

Page. Whet yet there want not many that do fear
In depe of night to walke by this Herne Oak:
But what of this?

Mift. Ford. Marry this is our deuise,
That Falstaff at that Oak 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. Page. That likewise we have thege upon:
Non Page (my daughter) and my little fomme,
And three or foure more of their growth, we 'll dreffe
Like Vrchins, Ouphs, and Fairies, greene and white,
With rounds of waxen Tspers cm their heads,
And mitch-kine yeeld-blood, and flakes a chaine
In a mott hideous and deadfull manner,
You have heard of such a Spirit, and well you know
The superstitious idea-headed old
Who receiu'd, and did deluere to out ege
This tale of Herne the Hunter, for a truth.

Page. Whet yet there want not many that do fear
In depe of night to walke by this Herne Oak:
But what of this?
her selfe, I had other things so wrought with her toon from him.

Fal. What are they? let vs know

Hoff. I come: quicke.

Fal. I may not conceal them (Sir.)

Hoff. Conceale them, or thou diit.

Sim. Why sir, they were nothing but about Misstris Anne Page, to know if it were my Master fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What sir?

Fal. To have her, or not goe; say the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so Sir?

Fal. I Sir, like who more bold.

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my Master glad with these sidayings.

Hoff. Thou art cleary; thou art clearly (Sir John) was there a wife woman wish thee?

Fal. I that there was mine (Hoff) one that hath taught me more wit, then ever I learned of my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Bar. Out alas (Sir) cozondage: meer cozondage.

Hoff. Where be my horse? speak well of them variette.

Bar. Run away with the cozonders: for so soon as I came beyond Eaton, they threw me off, from behinde one of them, in a flough of myre; and let sputres, and away; like three German-ducks; three Doftor Faust's.

Hoff. They are gone but to mee the Duke (villaine) does not by they beadded: Germans are honest men.

Sim. Where is mine Hoff?

Hoff. What is the matter Sir?

Eaton. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to Toome, tis meet there is three Cozen-I兰man, that has cozond all the Htis of Readint, of Maidenthal; of Cole-books, of horses and money: I tell you for good will (look you) you are wife, and full of gibes, and voluting-flocks: and 'tis not conuent you should be cozond. Fare you well.

Cai. Ver's mine Htis de lartere?

Hoff. Here (Mafter Fonten) in perplexitie, and doubtfull delerama.

Cai. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a-me, dat you make grand preparation for a Duke de Lamanic: by my troth: der is no Duke that the Courtis know, to come: I tell you for good will: adieu.

Hoff. Huy and cry, (villaine) goe: assist me Knight, I am undone: fly, run: huy, and cry (villaine) I am undone.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozond, for I have beene cozond and beaten too: if it shoulde come to the care of the Court, how have I beene transformed; and how my transformation hath beene wafted, and cudgeld, they would meate me out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor Bishermens-boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as creet-faine as a dride-peare: I never prosper'd, since I forsoke my felle at Primor: well, if my winde were buftong long; I would repent: Now: Whence come you?

Qui. From the two parties forsooth.

Fal. The Diuell take one partie, and his Dam the other: and so they shall be both beftowed; I have ful-

fer'd more for their takes; more then the villainous in-confancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Qu. And have not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant: specioius one of them; Misstris Firtl (good heart) is beaten blacke and blew, that you cannot fee a white spot about her.

Fal. What call'ft thou mee of blacke, and blew? I was beaten my felle into all the colours of the Raine-bow: and I was like to be appronded for the Witch of Brainford, but that my admirable discretion of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman declared me, the k Suzanne, Coftable had fet me in 'Stocks, in't common Stocks, for a Witch.

Qu. Sir: let me speake with you in your Chamber, you shall heare how things goe, and (I warrant) to your content: here is a Letter will say somewhat: (good hearts) what a doe here is to bring you together? Sure, one of you do's not serve heauen well, that you are so crost'd.

Fal. Come vp into my Chamber.

Exeunt.

Scene Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Hoff.

Hoff. Mafter Fenton, talke not to me, my minde is heavy: I will giue over all.

Fenton. Yet heare me speake: assist me in my purpose, And (as I am a gentleman) lie giue thee A hunred pound in gold, more then your loffe.

Hoff. I will heare you (Mafter Fenton) and I will (at the leaft) keepe your counsell.

Fenton. From time to time, I haue acquainted you With the dese loue I beare to faire Anne Page, Who mutually, hath anfwer'd my affection, (So farre forth, as her felle might be her chooser) Even to my wish: I haue a letter from her Of such contents, as you will wonder at;
The which whereof, so laded with my matter, That neither (ingly) can be manifested Without the fllew of both that Faftaft And hath a grete Scene; the image of the left lie show you here at large (harke good mine Hoff.)

To night at Hermes-Ojuts twis twelue and one, Must my sweet Non prefent the Faucri-Quenee:
The purpose why, is here: in which difguife WWhile other Lefts are something rankes on ftooe, Her father hath commanded her to flip Away with S lender, and with him, at Eaton Immadiately to Marry: she hath contended: Now Sir, Her Mother, (even strong against that match And firme for Doctor Cain) hath appointed That he shall like wise shuffle her away, While other Sports are tasking of their minds, And at the Deamy, where a Prieft attendeth Strait marry her: to this her Mothers plot She seemingly obedient: in the left. Made promise to the Dollar: Now, thus it refieth, Her Father means the shall be all in white; And in that habit, when S lender leaves his time To take her by the hand, and bid her goo, She shall goo with him: her Mother hath intended (The better to devote her to the Dollar, For they must all be mask'd: and vizarded)
That quinn in green, she shall be loose en-rest'd,
With Ribbands-pendant, flaring about her head;
And when the Doctor spies his vantage trip,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath given content to go with him.

Exeunt Broome, Squease, Ford, Caines.

Arie Quintus, Scena Prima.

Enter Falstaff, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Pre'thee no more prating: go, I'll hold, this is the third time; I hope good lucke lies in odd numbers: Away, go, they say there is Divinity in odd Numbers, either in natiuity, chance, or death: away.

Quickly. He provide you a chaine, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away I say: time waster, hold up your head & mince. How now Mr. Brooks! Master Brooks, the matter will be known to night, or never. See you in the Park about midnight, at Hernes-Oake, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday (Sir.) as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her (Master Brooks) as you fee, like a poore-old-man, but I come from her (Master Brooks) like a poore-old-woman; that fame knave (Ford his husband) hath the finest med clockwise of substance in him (Master Brooks) that ever govern'd France. I will tell you, he beate me grievously, in the shape of a woman, (for in the shape of Man (Master Brooks) I fear) not Goliah with a Weavers beam, because I know also, life is a Shuttle. I am in haft, go along with mee, He tell you all (Master Brooks) since I pluckt Geese, plaid Trewets, and whipt Top, I know not what twas to be beaten, till lastly. Follow mee, He tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to night I will be resued, and I will deliuer his wife into your hand. Follow, Strange things in hand (M. Brooks) follow.

Exeunt.

Scena Secundas.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.

Page. Come, come, we'll couch i'th' Castle-ditch, till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember son Slender, my

Slender. I sooth, I have spoket with her, & we have any-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry Mum; she cries Budget, and by that

we know one another.

Shal. That's good too I But what amends either your Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath strooke ten's clocke.

Page. The night is darke. Light and Spirits will become us well: Heauen proffer our sport. No man means still but the deuell, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away! follow me.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter M'st. Page, M'st. Ford, Caines.

M'st. Page. Mr. Doctor, my daughter is in green, when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Desneric, and dispatch it quickly: go before into the Park we two must go together.

Cai. I know v'rt haue to do, adieu.

M'st. Page. Fare you well (Sir.) my husband will not rejoice so much at the shuфe of Falstaff, as he shall chase at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-breaks.

M'st. Ford. Where is Nan now? and her troop of Fairies? and the Welch-devill Hernes? M'st. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Hernes Oake, with observ'd Lights; which at the very instant of Falstaff and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

M'st. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

M'st. Page. If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd. If he be amaz'd he will every way be mock'd.

M'st. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

M'st. Page. Against such Lyesters, and their jecherie, those that betray them, do no treacherie.

M'st. Ford. The house draws-on to the Oake, to the Oake.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Essays and Fairies.

Envoys. Trib, trib Fairies: Come, and remember your parts: be bold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-ords, dos as I bid you: Come, come, trib, trib.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaff, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, Essays, Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly, Slender, Fentous, axes, Pall Vol.

Fal. The Windsor-bell hath stroke twelve: the Minute-drawes are now the hot-blooded Gods assist me. Remember loans, that was a bulk for thy Europa, Louis fea on thy horns. O powerful Lion, that in some respects makes a Beast a Man: in one other, a man a beast. You were also (Jupiter) a Swan, for the love of Gods: O omnipotent
omnipotent Loue, how were the God drew to the completion of a Goose: a fault done first in the form of beaul (O loue, a beauly fault,) and then another fault in the semblance of a Fowle, think he not (Tone) a fowl-fault. When Gods have hot backs, what shal poor men do? For me, I am heere a Windor Stagge, and the fairest (I thinke) I thither. Send me a coole rue-time (Lute) or who can blame me to pisse my Fellow? Also, who comes here? My Deere!

M. Ford. Sir Iohn! Att thou there (my Deere)?

My male-Deere!

Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scett? Let the skie raine Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-Cricket, to Windor-chimnies shalt thou leape; and now Eligines: Let there comeat tempere of provocation, I will shelter roee thee.

M. Ford. Miftris Page is come with me (sweet hart.)

Fal. Diale me like a brbib'd-Bucke, each a Harque: I will keepe my fides to my felfe, my shoulders for the fellow of this walke; and my horses I bequeath your husbands: Am I a Woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of confidence, Wile Herne husbands: Am I a Woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the Hunter?

M. Ford. Heere are his hornes Master Broome: I do begin to perceiue that

Fal. I am made an Arte.

M. Ford. John, att we haue had ill lucke: wee could not get our blades: and then another fault

M. Ford. And thefe are not Fairies:

Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire.

M. Ford. Sir Iohn! Hoo! have ye heard me? Would you be made a Lack-a-Lent, when it is upon ill employment.

M. Ford. John, att we haue had ill lucke: wee could not get our blades: and then another fault

M. Ford. And thefe are not Fairies:

M. Ford. Sir Iohn! Hoo! have ye heard me? Would you be made a Lack-a-Lent, when it is upon ill employment.

The Merry Wiues of Windor.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VWell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.

Fal. VVell said Fairys Figh.
Ford. I will Never mistrust my wife agane, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Haue I laid my braine in the Sun, and drincke it, that it wants matter to present to groffe ore-reaching as this? Am Tridden with a Welch Goate too? Shall I have a Cokcombe of Frize? Tis time I were choak'd with this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goate too? Shall I haue taunt of one that makes Fritters of English? This ise.

M' that you haue cozon'd of money, to whom

"""""""""""""""""""""

I am desisted: I am not able to answer the Welch Sacke, and Wine, and Methglins, and drinking you shou'd haue bin a pander: over and above that you as you will.

Page. Upon my life then, you tooke the wrong.

Slen. What neede you tell me that? I think so, when I took a Boy for a Girle: if I had bene married to him, (for all he was in womans apparel) I would not have had him.

Page. Why this is your owne folly, Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter, By her garments?

Slen. I went to her in green, and cried Mum, and the credit build, as Anne and I had appointed, and yet it was not Anne, but a Post-masters boy

Miss: Page. Good George be not angry, I knew of your purpose: turn'd my daughter into white, and in-deed this is now with the Doctor at the Deanrie, and there married.

Cai. Ver is Mistris Page: by gar I am cozened. I ha married one Garfoon, a boy; one peafant, by gar. A boy, it is not An Page, by gar, I am cozened.

"""""""""""""""""""""""

Page. Why did you take her in white?

Cai. I bee gar, and tis a boy: be get, lie raise all Windfor.

Ford. This is strange; Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me, here comes Mr. Fenton.

How now Mr. Fenton?

Anne Pardon good father, good my mother pardon

Page. Now Mistreis:

How chance you went not with Mr. Slander?

M. Page. Why went you not with Mr. Doctore, maid?

Fen. You do amaze her; her the truth of it.

You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love: The truth is, she and I (long since contracted) Are now so sure that nothing can disfoue vs; T'offense is holy, that she hath committed, And this deceit les the name of craft, Of disobeidence, or vnduteous title.

Since therein she doth elate and then A thousand irrelelous surfeid hours Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no comedie: In Loage, the heauens themselves do guide the flare, Money buyes Lands, and w'ues are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have taken a special stand to strike me, that your Arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy, what cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogges run, all forts of Deere are char'd.

Page. Well, I will mufe no further: Mr. Fenton, Heaven give you many, many merry days:

Good husband, let vs every one go home, And laugh this sport ore by a Countrie fire.

Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so (Sir John)

To Master Browne, you yet shall hold your word, For he, to night, shall lye with Mistris Ford: Endure

FINIS.
Enter Duke, Esclus, Lords.


Esclus. My Lord.

Duke. Of Government, the properties to vi-

Would seem in me 'tis affect speech & discourse,
Since I am put to know, that your owne Science
Exceeds (in that) the lift of all advice
My strength can give you: Then no more remaines
But that, to your sufficieney, at your worth is able.

And let them worke •• The nature of our People,

Duke. Scattta

Our Cities InJlitutimj, and the Termes

For Common Justice: y'are

As Art, and pra&ifc.hach inrkhed any

Efc. If any in Vienna be of worth

It is Lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.

Angelo. Always obedient to your Graces will,
I come to know your pleasure,

Angelo. There is a kind of Character in thy life,

But to the observer, doth thy history

Fully unfold: Thy selfe, and thy belongings

And you must know, we have with speciall foule

Elected them absence to supply ;

Lent him our terror, drifht him with our love,

And given his Depuration all the Organs

Of our owne powre • What thinke you of it ?

Angelo. If any in Vienna be of worth

To undergoe such ample grace, and honour,

It is Lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.

Angelo. Always obedient to your Graces will,
I come to know your pleasure,

Angelo. There is a kind of Character in thy life,

But to the observer, doth thy history

Fully unfold: Thy selfe, and thy belongings

And you must know, we have with speciall foule

Elected them absence to supply ;

Lent him our terror, drifht him with our love,

And given his Depuration all the Organs

Of our owne powre • What thinke you of it ?

Angelo. If any in Vienna be of worth

To undergoe such ample grace, and honour,

It is Lord Angelo.

Enter Duke.

Duke. Look where he cometh.

Angelo. Always obedient to your Graces will,
I come to know your pleasure,

Angelo. There is a kind of Character in thy life,

But to the observer, doth thy history

Fully unfold: Thy selfe, and thy belongings

And you must know, we have with speciall foule

Elected them absence to supply ;

Lent him our terror, drifht him with our love,

And given his Depuration all the Organs

Of our owne powre • What thinke you of it ?

Angelo. If any in Vienna be of worth

To undergoe such ample grace, and honour,

It is Lord Angelo.

Enter Duke.

Duke. Look where he cometh.

Angelo. Always obedient to your Graces will,
I come to know your pleasure,

Angelo. There is a kind of Character in thy life,

But to the observer, doth thy history

Fully unfold: Thy selfe, and thy belongings

And you must know, we have with speciall foule

Elected them absence to supply ;

Lent him our terror, drifht him with our love,

And given his Depuration all the Organs

Of our owne powre • What thinke you of it ?

Angelo. If any in Vienna be of worth

To undergoe such ample grace, and honour,

It is Lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.

Angelo. Always obedient to your Graces will,
I come to know your pleasure,

Angelo. There is a kind of Character in thy life,

But to the observer, doth thy history

Fully unfold: Thy selfe, and thy belongings

And you must know, we have with speciall foule

Elected them absence to supply ;

Lent him our terror, drifht him with our love,

And given his Depuration all the Organs

Of our owne powre • What thinke you of it ?

Angelo. If any in Vienna be of worth

To undergoe such ample grace, and honour,

It is Lord Angelo.

Enter Duke.

Duke. Look where he cometh.

Angelo. Always obedient to your Graces will,
I come to know your pleasure,

Angelo. There is a kind of Character in thy life,

But to the observer, doth thy history

Fully unfold: Thy selfe, and thy belongings

And you must know, we have with speciall foule

Elected them absence to supply ;

Lent him our terror, drifht him with our love,

And given his Depuration all the Organs

Of our owne powre • What thinke you of it ?

Angelo. If any in Vienna be of worth

To undergoe such ample grace, and honour,

It is Lord Angelo.

Enter Duke.

Duke. Look where he cometh.

Angelo. Always obedient to your Graces will,
I come to know your pleasure,

Angelo. There is a kind of Character in thy life,

But to the observer, doth thy history

Fully unfold: Thy selfe, and thy belongings

And you must know, we have with speciall foule

Elected them absence to supply ;

Lent him our terror, drifht him with our love,

And given his Depuration all the Organs

Of our owne powre • What thinke you of it ?

Angelo. If any in Vienna be of worth

To undergoe such ample grace, and honour,

It is Lord Angelo.

Enter Duke.

Duke. Look where he cometh.

Angelo. Always obedient to your Graces will,
I come to know your pleasure,

Angelo. There is a kind of Character in thy life,

But to the observer, doth thy history

Fully unfold: Thy selfe, and thy belongings

And you must know, we have with speciall foule

Elected them absence to supply ;

Lent him our terror, drifht him with our love,

And given his Depuration all the Organs

Of our owne powre • What thinke you of it ?

Angelo. If any in Vienna be of worth

To undergoe such ample grace, and honour,

It is Lord Angelo.

Enter Duke.

Duke. Look where he cometh.

Angelo. Always obedient to your Graces will,
I come to know your pleasure,

Angelo. There is a kind of Character in thy life,

But to the observer, doth thy history

Fully unfold: Thy selfe, and thy belongings

And you must know, we have with speciall foule

Elected them absence to supply ;

Lent him our terror, drifht him with our love,

And given his Depuration all the Organs

Of our owne powre • What thinke you of it ?

Angelo. If any in Vienna be of worth

To undergoe such ample grace, and honour,

It is Lord Angelo.
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, when then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1. Gent. Heaven grant ye its peace, but not the King of Hungary.


Luc. Thou wouldst like the Sanctimonious Priest, that went to sea with the ten Commandments, but split off out of the Table.

2. Gent. Thou listest not Scale?

Luc. I, that he raz'd.

1. Gent. Why? twas a commandement, to command the Captain and all the rest from their funilities: they shall send off the Table.

1. Gent. That, as for example, Thou thy selfe art a wicked villaine, despight of all Grace.

Any proportion, or in any language.

Luc. I, why not? Grace, is Grace, despight of all conscience: as for example: Thou thy selfe art a wicked villain, despight of all Grace.

2. Gent. Well: there went but a pair of sheares betweene us.

1. Gent. And thou the Veluet; thou art good Veluet; thou art a three piddle-piece I warrant thee: I had as well be a Lyfle of an English Kersey, as be pidd'd, as thou art pidd'd, for a French Veluet. Do I speake feelingly now?

Luc. I think thou dost; and indeed with most painfull feeling of thy speech: I will, out of chaste owne conscience, learn to begin thy health; but whilst I live I long to drink that of thee.

1. Gent. I think I have done my felow wrong, have I not?

2. Gent. Yet, that thou hast; whether thou art taint'd, or free. Enter Bawd.

Luc. Behold, behold, where Misdomination comes. I have purchas'd as many disastes under her Roofe, as come to.

2. Gent. To what, I pray?

Luc. Judge.

2. Gent. To three thoufand Dollours a yeare.

Luc. I, and more.

Luc. A French crowne more.

1. Gent. Thou art always figuring disastes 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: Impiety has made a feast of thee.

1. Gent. How now, which of your hips has the most profound Castrica?

Bawd. Well, well: there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

2. Gent. Who's that I pray thee?

Bawd. Mary Sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.
Like Rats that raun doyne their proper Bane,
A thirsty euill, and when we drinke, we doe.
Luc. If I could speake so wisely under an artifice,
I would for certaine of my Creditors: and yet, to say
the truth, I had as lief haue the hoppery of freedome, as
the mortallity of imprisonment: what's thys offence,
Claudius?
Cla. What (but to speake of) would offend again.
Luc. What, is't murder?
Cla. No.
Luc. Letchry?
Cla. Call it so.
Pre. Away, Sir, you must goe.
Cla. One word, good friend
Lucio, a word with you.
Luc. A hundred:
If they'll doe you any good
look'd after?

With Character too grosse, is writ on
Juliet.
From whom we thought it meet to hide our Love
With Chara&er too grofs, is writ on
Luliet.
It land it with me: upaij a true controul
Cla. And how it is receiu'd
Now (pious Sir)
C/4, Lucia.
Luc. Within two hours.
Cla. Come Officer, away.


Scene Quarta.


Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duk. No: holy Father, throw away that thought,
Becouse not that the dribling dart of Loue
Can pierce so compleat a bofe : why, I defire thes
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpofe
More graue, and wrinkled, then the aimes, and ends
Of burning youth.
Fri. May your Grace speake of it?
Duk. My holy Sir, none better knowes then you
How I have ever lou'd the life removed
And held in idle price, to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and cofl, wildiffe bravery keeps.
I have dehured to Lord Angelo
(A man of strifture and firme obfervance)
My absolute power, and place here in Vienna,
And he fuppofes me trauaild to
Poland,
(For fo I have frend it in the common care)
And fo it is recei'd:
You will demand of me, why I do this.
Fri. Gladly, my Lord.
Duk. We hue strict Statutes, and most bitting Laws,
(Which for this foueene years, we have let slip
Euen like an ore-growne Lyon in a Cauce)
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers,
Hauing bound vp the threatening twigs of birch,
Onely to flike it in their childrens fight
To for terror, not to vfe
More mock'd, then fear'd: to our Decrees,
Dead to infliktion, to themselves are dead,
And liberre, plucks Justice by the nofe;
The Baby beats the Nurse, and quite a how are
Goes all decorum.
Fri. It refled in your Grace
To vulnice this tyde-vp Justice, when you plea'd?
And it in you more dreadfull would have seem'd
Then in Lord Angelo.

Fri. I doe forse : too dreadful:
Sith'twas my fault, to guie the people scope,
'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them,
For what I bidthem doe: For, we bid this be done
When euill deeds have their permittive passe,
And not the punishment: therefore indee (my father)
I have on Angelo impos'd the office,
Who may in th'ambus of my name strike home,
And yet, my nature neues in the fight
To do in flande:
I will, as twere a brother of your Order,
Visit both Prince, and People: Therefore I pre'thee
Supply me with the habit, and influft me
How I may formally in perfon beare
Like a true Friar: Moe reasons for this action
At our more leysure, shall I render you;
Onely, this one: Lord Angelo is precise
Stands at a guard with Emuie: scarce conf rifles
That his blood flows: or that his appetite
Is more to bread then stone: hence shall we fee
If power change purpoze: what our Seemers be.


Exeunt.

F 2

Scene
Scene Quinta.

Enter Isabella and Francesca a Nun.

Isa. I see the measure, do you. Nun: no further privileges? 
Nun.. Are not these large enough?
Isa. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more, 
But rather wishing a more fixt restraint.
Ivan the Sibyl's a flood, the Votaries of Saint Clare,
Lucio we thin.
Luc. Hoa? peace be in this place.
Isa. What's that which calls?
Nun. It is a main voice: gentle Isabella.
Turne you the key, and know his business of him;
You may; I may not, you are yet withborne;
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the Prioresse;
Then if you speake, you must not show your face;
Or if you shaw your face, you must not speake:
He calls againe: I pray you answer him.
Isa. Peace and prosperity: who is that calls?
Luc. Hail Virgin, (If you be) as those cheek-Roses
Proclaim you are no leffe: can you so deed me.
Isa. Peace and prosperity: who is that calls?
Luc. Hail Virgin, (If you be) as those cheek-Roses
Proclaim you are no leffe: can you so deed me.
Isa. Peace and prosperity: who is that calls?
Luc. Hail Virgin, (If you be) as those cheek-Roses
Proclaim you are no leffe: can you so deed me.
Isa. Peace and prosperity: who is that calls?
Luc. Hail Virgin, (If you be) as those cheek-Roses
Proclaim you are no leffe: can you so deed me.
Isa. Peace and prosperity: who is that calls?
Luc. Hail Virgin, (If you be) as those cheek-Roses
Proclaim you are no leffe: can you so deed me.
Another thing to say: not deny
The Jury passing on the Prisoner's life
May in the fow-bane-twelve have a thief, or two
Guillter then him they try, what's open made to Justice,
That Justice censes; what knowest thou the Laws
That thee doas passe on theeues? This is very pregnant,
The Jewell that we finde, we floope, and take't,
Because we fee it; but what we doe not see,
We tread upon, and never thinke of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I hate had such faults; but rather tell me
When I, that cenfure him, do so offend,
Because we see it; but what we doe not see.

Enter Proost.

Esb. Be it as your wifedome will.
Ang. Where is the Proost?
Proo. Here if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudia
Be executed by nine to morrow morning,
Bring him his Confitellor, let him be prepar'd,
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

Ang. Secretary Sir, and my name is
Elbow; I doe intende vpon lu-

Esb. None run from brakes of Ice, and answer none.

Esb. Com, bring them away, if thefe be good peo-

Ang. How now Sir, what's your name? And what's
the matter?

Esb. If it pleaseth your honour, I am the poore Dukes
Constable; and my name is Elbow; I doe leave upon
Justice Sir, and doe bring in here before your good honor,
two notorious Benefactors,

Esb. See here, Sir, he is a very bad woman: whofe houfe Sir
was (as they fay) one that cenfure him, do fo offend,
Lecture mine own judgement perrute out my death,
And nothing come in partill. Sir, he must dye.

Ang. This comes off well: here's a wifte Officer.

Ang. Go to: What quality are they of?

Esb. Gentlemen, that hee hath caufeto
Elbowes diet, as I told you.

Esb. Here is it like your honour.

Ang. This will laft out a night in
Ang. Why very well: I hope here be truthes: he Sir,

Esb. I befeech your honor, aske me.

Ang. Why very well then.

Esb. 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 woot; unde they kept very good
dier, as I told you.

Ang. All this is true.

Esb. Why very well then.

Esb. Come: you are a tedious fool: to the purpose:
what was done to Elbowes wife, that here hath cauffe
to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Ang. Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

Esb. No sir, nor I meant it nor.

Esb. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honors
leave: And I befeech you, looke into Mafter Froth here
Sir, a man of four score pound a yeare; whose father
died at Hallemmas: Was't not at Hallemmas Mafter Froth?

Esb. All halloud-Eue.

Esb. Why very well: I hope here be truthes: he Sir,
sitting (as I lay) in a lower chaire, Sir, I was in the banch
of Grapes, where indea you have a delight to sit, haue
you nor.

Esb. I haue so, because it is an open roome, and good
for watter.

Ang. Why very well then: I hope here be truths.

Esb. This will laft out a night in Regina
When nights are longest here: Ite take my leve,
And leave you to the hearing of the caufe;
Hoping youe finde good caufe to whip them all.

Esb. I thinkne no leffe: good morrow to your Lord-
ship. Now Sir, come on: What was done to Elbowes
wife, once more?

Esb. Once Sir there was nothing done to her once.

Esb. I befeech you Sir, aske him what this man did to
my wife.

Esb. I befeech your honor, take me.

Esb. Why very well: I hope here be truths.

Esb. This will laft out a night in Regina
When nights are longest here: Ite take my leve,
And leave you to the hearing of the caufe;
Hoping youe finde good caufe to whip them all.

Esb. I thinkne no leffe: good morrow to your Lord-
ship. Now Sir, come on: What was done to Elbowes
wife, once more?

Esb. Once Sir there was nothing done to her once.

Esb. I befeech you Sir, aske him what this man did to
my wife.

Esb. I befeech your honor, take me.

Esb. Well sir, what did this Gentleman to her?

Esb. I befeech you Sir, looke in this Gentlemans face:
good Mafter Froth looke uppon his honor; 'tis for a good
purpose: dash your honor marke his face?
Measure for Measure.

Etc. I sir, very well.
(Clo. Nay, I beseech you make it well.
Etc. Well, I doe so.
ClO. Doth your honor see any harmes in his face?
Etc. Why no.
ClO. Ile be supposed 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 harm? I would know that of your honour,
Etc. He's in the right (Constable) what say you to it?
Elb. First, and it like you, the house is a respected house next; this is a respected fellow; and his Mistress is a respected woman.
ClO. By this hand Sir, his wife is a more respected person then any of us all.
Elb. Varlet, thou lyest; thou lyest wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that face was ever respected with man, woman, or child.
ClO. Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.
Etc. Which is the wiser here; Justice or Iniquity? Is this true?
Elb. O thou curtife: O thou varlet: O thou wicked Hamblett, I respected with her, before I was married to her: If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let nor your worship think me the poore Dukes Officer: proud thou, thou wicked Hamblett, or Ile have mine action of battery on thee.
Etc. If he tooke you a box 'th' eare, you might have done with this wicked varlet now, what's come vpon thee. Thou wicked varlet now, what's come vpon thee. Thou wicked varlet, what doe you think of the trade Pompey? is it a lawfull trade?
ClO. If the Law would allow it, sir.
Etc. But the Law will not allow it Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.
ClO. Do's your Worship mean to geld and slay all the youth of the City?
Etc. No, Pompey.
ClO. Truly Sir, in my poore opinion they will too's then: if your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.
Etc. There is pretty orders beginning I can tell you: It is but heading, and hanging.
ClO. If you head, and hang all that offend that way but for ten yeares together, you'll be glad to give out a Commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten yeares, it ren the fairest house in it after three pence a Boy: if you like to fee this come to passe, say Pompey told you so.
Etc. Thank you good Pompey; and in requitall of your prophesie, barke you: I advise 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 bear you to your Tent, and prove a shrewed Cifer to your: in plaine dealing Pompey, I shall have you whipt if for this time, Pompey, face you well.
ClO. I thank your Worship for your good counsell; but I shall follow as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. Whip me? no, no, let Carman whip his Jade, The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. Exit.
Etc. Come hither to me, Master Elbow: come hither Master Constable: I have long hauie you in this place of Constable?
Elb. Seauen yeares, and a halfe sir.
Etc. I thought by the readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say seauen yeares together.
Elb. And a halfe sir.
Etc. Alas, it hath beene great paines to you: they do you wrong to put you so oft vpon't. Are there not men in your Ward sufficient to ferue it?
Pompey, But the Law will not allow it
Etc. Faith sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to chose me for them: I do it for some piece of money, and goe through with all.
Elb. Looke you bring mee in the names of some seaven or feuen, the moist sufficient of your paish.
Etc. To your Worshipes house sir?
Elb. To my house: face you well: what's a cloche, think you?
Pompey, Pardon is still the nurce of second woe.
Elb. I pray you home to dinner with me.
Pompey, You say seaven yeares together.
Froth. To my houfe: farewell: what's a cloche, think you?
Etc. I thanke your Worfhip for your good counsell: I thanke your Worfhip for your good counsell: I thanke your good Worfhip for it; I thanke your Worfhip for your good counsell.
Froth. Here in Vienna, Sir.
Etc. You have of fourscore pounds a yeare?
Froth. Yes, and 't please you sir.
Etc. So: what trade are you of, sir?
ClO. A Tapster, a poore widowes Tapster.
Etc. Your Mistress name?
ClO. Mistress Over-dow.
Etc. Hath she had any more then one husband?
ClO. Nine, sir: Over-dow by the last.
Etc. Nine? come hether to me, Master Froth: Master Froth, I would not haue you acquainted with Tapsters; they will draw you Master Froth, and you will hang them: get you gone, and let me heare no more of you.
Froth. I thanke your worship: for mine owne part, I never come into any roome in a Tap-houfe, but I am drawne in.
Etc. Well: no more of it Master Froth: farewell: Come you hether to me, Mr. Tapster; what's your name Mr. Tapster?
Pompey.
Etc. What else?
ClO. Banm, Sir.
Etc. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the bestleft fence, you are Pompey the...
**Scena Secunda.**

Enter Provost, Servant.

Ser. He's hearing of a Case; he will come straight. I'll tell him of you.

Luc. Pray you do; I know His pleasure, may he be well relent; alas He hath but as offended in a dream, All Seals, all Ages smack of this vice, and he To die for't?

Enter Angela.


Ang. Go to; let that be mine, Doe you your office, or giue vp your Place, Desires accede to you, Sites's very neereherhowre.

Pro. I cause your Honours pardon When what's done Sir, with the groaning sultrit

Ang. Be you content, (faire Maid) As mercy does: If he had bin as you, and you as he, You would haue dipt like him, but he like you Would not have beene so serne.

Ang. Pray you be gone.

Ifab. I would to heauen I had your potencie, And you were Ifabet; should it then be thus? No; I would tell what 'twere to be a Judge, And what a prisoner. Let us meet the blow of justice, 

Ang. Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law, And you but waft your words.

Ifab. Alas, alas: Why all the soules that were, were forfeit once, And he that might the vantage he had tooke, Found out the remedie: how would you be, If he, which is the top of judgement,should But judge you, as you are? Oh, think on that, And mereit then will breathe within your lips Like man new made.

Ang. Alas! alas! Why all the foules that were, were forfeit once, And he that might the vantage he had tooke, Found out the remedie: how would you be, If he, which is the top of judgement,should But judge you, as you are? Oh, think on that, And mereit then will breathe within your lips Like man new made.

Ang. Alas! Alas! Why all the foules that were, were forfeit once, And he that might the vantage he had tooke, Found out the remedie: how would you be, If he, which is the top of judgement,should But judge you, as you are? Oh, think on that, And mereit then will breathe within your lips Like man new made.

Ang. Beyou content, (faire Maid) It is the Law, not I, I condemn your brother, We're he my kinfman, brother, or my sene, It should be thus with him: he muft die to morrow.


Ifab. There is a vice that most I doe abhorre, And most detest should meet the blow of justice; For which I would not plead, but that I muft, For which I must not plead, but that I am At warre, twixt will, and will not,

Ang. Well: the matter? Ifab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die, I doe before you let it be his fault, And not my brother.

Pro. Haue you giue them mourning graces.

Ang. Condemn 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 finde the faults, whose fine are gaine record, And let goe by the actor: Ifab. Oh juift, but sever Law: I had a brother then; heauen keepes your honour. Luc. Giue 't not ore fo to him againe, entreat him, Kneele downe before him, hang upon his gowne, You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
And doe him right, that answeringe one faulte wrong.
And not to set another, be factitious;
Your Business dies to morrow; be content.
I say, you must be 
And her, that suffers; Oh, it is excellent
To save a Giant strength: but it is tyrannous
To visit it like a Giant.

Luc. That's well said.
Ifab. Could great men thunder
As tome himself d o do's, love would never be quiet
For every peling petty Officer
Would eke his heaven for thunder:
Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heaven,
Thou seest with thy sharpes and sulphurous bolt
Splits the vn-wedgable and sportled Oke,
Then the fust Mertill: But man, proud man,
Dreft in a little briefe authority,
Moft ignorant of what he's most affir'd,
( hygiene Issue) like an angry Ape
Plais such phantastick tricks before high heaven,
As makes the Angels weep, who with our spleen,
Would all themselves laugh mortally.

Luc. Oh, to him, to him wench: he will relent,
He's comming, I perceive it.

Pro. Pray heaven she win him.

Ifab. We cannot weagh our brother with our felfe,
Great men may left with Saints; tis vfit in them,
But in the felle fowle prophanation.

Luc. Thou art th' right (Girle) more of that
Itab. That in the Captaine's but a cholkricke word,
As raakcs rise Angels weeps: who with our spleen,
That in the Captainte but a cholkricke word,
Ifab. Because Authoritie, though it erre like others,
That's like my brother's fault: if it confesse

Pro. Why doe you put thefe faying upon me?

Ifab. Because Authoritie, though it erre like others,
That's like my brother's fault: if it confesse
That in the Captainte but a cholkricke word,

Ifab. That in the Captaine's but a cholkricke word,
Luc. Art auid d o that? more on't.

Ang. Why doe you put thefe faying upon me?

Ifab. Because Authoritie, though it erre like others,

Ang. How doe you put thefe faying upon me?

Ifab. -Because Authoritie, though it erre like others,

Ang. Why doe you put thefe faying upon me?

Ifab. Because Authoritie, though it erre like others,

Ang. Why doe you put thefe faying upon me?

Ifab. Because Authoritie, though it erre like others,

Ang. Why doe you put thefe faying upon me?

Ifab. Because Authoritie, though it erre like others,

Ang. Why doe you put thefe faying upon me?

Ifab. Because Authoritie, though it erre like others,
Measure for Measure.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray, & think, I thine, and pray To see all fabrics heaven hath my empty words, Whilest my Intentions, hearing not my Tongue, Anchors on Isabella: heaven in my mouth, As I did but only chew his name, And in my heart the strongest and swelling will Of my conception: the flate wherein I studied Is like a good thing, being often read Grown most, and tedious: yea, my Saviour Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride, Could I, with boaste, change for an idle plume Which the eye beats for vanity: oh place, oh forme, Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride.

Ifab. There rest: Your partner (as I hear) must die to morrow, And I am going with instruction to him: Your partner (as I care) must die to morrow, And take the frame with joy. Is still a dying horror. That resists me so fierce, whose very comfort As that the sin hath brought you to this frame. And in my heart the strongest and swelling will Of the all-building-Law: and that there were No earthly mean© to save him, but that either Must needs appear offence: bow now fair Maid. Your Brother is to dye. To be received pleas, I speak more gently. Your Brother is to dye.

Ang. Thus wildsome wishes to appease most bright, When he doth taste is selfe: as these blacke Masques Proclaim an ens-field beauty ten times louder Then beauty could displais: but mark me, To be received pleas, I speak more gently. Your Brother is to dye.

Ifab. Let me know thy pleasure, (me, That you might know it, would much better please Then to demand what is: your Brother cannot live. Isabella. I come to know your pleasure.

Ang. You may be false a while: and it may be As long as you, or I: yet he must die. Then you demand what is: your Brother cannot live.

Ifab. Where, I beseech you: that in his Reprieve (Longer, or shorter) he may be as fitted That his soul be fitted. Ang. Ha! these filthy vices: it were as good To pardon him, that hath from nature sinned A man already made, as to remit Their lawful sweetness, that doe the heavens Image in stamps that are forbid: this is all as easy, Falsely to take away a life true made, As to put mettle in restrained means To make a false one.

Ifab. Tis set downe so in heauen, but not in earth. Ang. Say you for then I shall poze you quickly. Which had you rather, that the most guilt Law Now take your brothers life, and to redeem him Give vp your body to such sweet valueless As the that he hath staid? Ifab. Sir, believe this. I had rather glue my body, then my soule.

Ang. I talk not of your soule: our compell'd sins Stand more for number, then for accompt.

Ifab. Nay I lie not warrant that: for I can speak Against the thing I say: Answere to this, I (how the voyce of the recorded Law) Pronounce a sentence on your Brothers life, Might there not be a charitie in faire, To save this Brothers life?

Ifab. Plead you now your case.

Ifab. I take it as a peril to my soule, It is no name at all, but charitie.

Ang. Plead you now your case, at peril of your soule Were equal peace of soule, and charitie.

Ifab. That I do beg his life, if it be faire Heaven let me beare it: you granting of my suit, If that be faire, I make it my Morn-peer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me,

Your fentence pursues not mine: either you are ignorant, Or seem to be crafty; and that's not good.

Ifab. Let be ignorant, and in nothing good, But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wildsome wishes to appease most bright, When he doth taste is selfe: as these blacke Masques Proclaim an ens-field beauty ten times louder Then beauty could displais: but mark me, To be received pleas, I speak more glogie. Your Brother is to dye.

Ifab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appeares, Accountant to the Law, upon that point.

Ifab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life (As I subscribe not that, nor any other. But in the sense of question) that you, his Sifier, Finding your sife desir'd of such a perfon, Whose credit 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 means to save him, but that either You must lay down the trefures of your body, To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer: What would you doe?

Ifab. As much for my poore Brother, as my selfe; That is: were I under the tenners of death, Th'impresion of keen whipes, I'd wear as Rubies, And thrip my sife to death, as to a bed, That longing have bin fickle for, ere I'd yield My body vp to shame.

Ang. That
Then that a fitter by redeeming him
That you haue Sandef to Chromy, and free pardon
Are of two houses: lawfull mercie,
By patting on the therein's Liuetie.
Is nothing to him a fowle redemption,
You feem'd of late to make the Law a tirant,
And rather prou'd the fidding of your brother
A meriment, then a vice.
Oh pardon me my Lord, it is fatis fatis
Have, what we would have,
We fpeak not what we meane:
That you fhall flifle in your owne porr,
We are loft, as our complexions are.
If I fpeake of a thing I hate,
For all th'accommodations that you beaifl.
Du. Haif little honor, to be much bdesu'd.
Of pafticd Eld. and when thou art old, and ifb
Thou bearft thy heauie riches but a iournie.
Of pacification, and free pardon
Signs me a pretests pardon for my brother.
If it be true, I fhall die for ever.
To picke cn others.
Ifa. His brother did loue Sinist.
My brother did haue Juliet,
And you tell me that he fhall die for't.
Thou wilt not Isakell if you give me love.
Ifa. I know your vowe bath a licence in't
Which feemes a little fouler then it is.
To plucke on others.
Hence me on mine Honor,
My words exprefle my purpofe.
Isakell! and to be much belea d,
My vindiief name, th suffer benefice of my life,
My vouch againft you, and my p lace i th Stat.
Your accufation outreweigh,
You fhall f缔 in your owne report,
Thou haft twcnty heads to tender downs
That fhad lie twcnty heads to tender downs
To lingreing ifannahce! Answer me to morrow,
Or by the effection that now guides me moft.
I fhall not becaue you?
That who would becaue me? O perfidious mouther
That beare in them, one and the felffame tongue,
Either of condemnation, or approof.
Bidding the law make curfe to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th'appealte,
To follow as it drawes. He to my brother,
Though he hath faine by prompture of the blood,
Yet fare he in him fuch a mine of Honor,
That had he twentie heads to tender downe
On twentie bloody blocks; he'd yield them vp,
Before his fitter fhould be bodie floops
To fuch abhood pollution.
Then Isakell the chaffe, and brother die;
More then our Brothei, is our Chafftie.
He tell him yet of Angola's request,
And fit his minde to death, for his foules left. 
Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.

Du. So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angola?
Cla. The inferable have no other medicine
But onely hope: I have hope of livi, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death: either death or life
Shall thereby be the fteerer. Reafon thus with life:
If I do loose thee, I do loose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breadth shouart,
Sereile to all the skye influences,
That doft this habitation where thou keepest
Hourly afflict: Merely, thou art deathes foole,
For him thou labourft by thy flight to shun,
And yet runft toward him fill. Thou art not noble,
For all th'accommodations that thou bearst,
Are cursed by beneffe 
Thou'rt by no meanes valiant,
For thou dost fear the seat and tender forke
Of a poore worme: thy heft of reft is sleepe,
And that thou oft prooweft, yet prooffe sleepe
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy felf,
For thou exifts on manie a thousand grainer
That flies out of daft. Happie thou art not,
For what thou haft not, full thou thin'tt to get,
And what thou haft forgett. Thou art not certaine,
For thy complication frifts to strange effects,
After the Moone: If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,
For like an Afle, whose backe with Ingoe bowes
Theur beauty herein riches but a lourne,
And death vnloocks thee; Friend haft thou none.
For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire
The more effusion of thy proper loines
Do curfe the Gowt, Sapago, and the Rheume
For ending thee no fooner. Thouhaft nor youth, nor age
But as it were an after-dinner sleepe
Dreaweing on both, for all thy bleffed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes
Of palfed-eld: and when thou art old, and sth
Thou
As Falcon doth the Fowlie, is yet a duell:\nHis fisht within being cast, he would appeare
A pond, as deep as hell.

Clu. The prenzia, Angelo?
Ifa. Oh 'ti the cunning Litterie of hell,
The damnefl body to intext, and court
In prenzia garde; doth thou thinke Claudius,
If I would yeeld him my virginitie
Thou might'be freed?

Clu. Oh heavens, it cannot be.
Ifa. Yes, he would glit'they, from this rank offence
So to offend him still; This night's the time
That I should do what I abhorre to name,
Or else thou diest to morrow.

Clu. Thou shalt not do it.
Ifa. O, were it but my life,
I'de throw it downe for your deliuerance
As frankly as a pin.

Clu. Thanks desire Isabella.
Ifa. Be speedy Claudio, for your death to morrow.

Clu. Yes. Has the affection in him
That thus can make him bite the Law by th'noose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no sinne,
Or of the deadly soule it is the least.

Ifa. Which is the least?

Clu. Hft were damnable, he being so wife,
Why would he for the momentarie tricke
Be perdurable sinn'de? Oh Isabella.

Ifa. What sates my brother?

Clu. Death is a fearefull thing.

Ifa. And tormented life, a hateful.

Clu. I, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obscurition, and to rot,
This sensible warme motion, to become
A neaded coat; And the delighted spirit
To bath in fiery floods, or to recide
In thrilling Region of thicken-nbbed Ice,
To be impos'd in the viewless windes
And bloune with restless violence round about
The pendant world, or to be worse then wors'd
Of those, that lawleffe and incertaine thought,
Imaginate howling, 'tis too horrible.
The wearieft, and most loathed worldly life
That Age, Ache, periufy, and imprifonment
To what we feare of death.

Ifa. Sweet Sister, let me line.

Whate faire ye do, to save a brothers life,
Nature dispenses with the deed to faire,
That it becomes a vertue.

Ifa. Oh heavens, it cannot be.

Oh faithfelle Ceward, oh dishonest wretch,
What fame you do, to save a brothers life,
Nature dispenses with the deed to faire,
That it becomes a vertue.

Ifa. Oh you beft,
Oh faithfelle Ceward, oh dishonest wretch,
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
If it not a kind of Inceft, to take life
From thine owne sifter's shame? What should I thinke,
Heauen presch my Mother plaid my Father faire:
For such a weaped fip of wildermeffe
Nere fou'd from his blood. Take my defance,
Die, perfifie: Might my beading downe
Roperete thee from thy fate, it should procede,
Yl pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to faue thee.

Clu. Nay hear me Isabella.
Ifa. Oh fie, fie, fie:
Thy sinner's not accidental, but a Trade.

Mercie
Mercy to thee would prove it false a bread,
Tis best thou dost die quickly.

Cia. Oh hear me Isabella.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young filfer, but one word.

Isabella. What is your Will.

Duke. Might you dispence with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

Isabella. I have no superfluous leisure, my stay must be stolen out of other affairs: but I will attend you a while.

She (having the truth of honour in her) hath made him Angelo. had no purpose to correct her: only he hath made an essay of her virtue, to practise his judgement with the disposition of nature. She (having the truth of honour in her) hath made him Angelo, how could to my understanding and but that your simplicity hath this gracious denial, which he is most glad to receive: I am Confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true, therefore prepare your selfe to death: do not to this man live? But how out of this can thee a-unile?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isabella. Shall we how (good Father.)

Duke. This fore-named Maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his vail unkindness (that in all reason should have quenched her love) hath made an impediment in the Current: it made it more violent and very; doe you to Angelo, answer this requiring with a plausible obedience, agree with his demands to the point: only referre your selfe to this advantage: first, that your stay with him may not be long: that the time may have all shadow, and silence in it, and the place answer to convenience: this being granted in course, and now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to feed up your appointment, doe in your place: if the encounter acknowledge it selfe hereafter, it may compass him to her recompense; and hence, by this is your brother faued, your honor unstained, the poore Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy sealed. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if the encounter acknowledge it selfe hereafter, it may compass him to her recompense; and hence, by this is your brother faued, your honor unstained, the poore Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy sealed. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if the encounter acknowledge it selfe hereafter, it may compass him to her recompense; and hence, by this is your brother faued, your honor unstained, the poore Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy sealed.

Duke. What a merit were it in death to take this poors maid from the world? what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live? But how out of this can thee a-unile?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isabella. Shew me how (good Father.)

Duke. This fore-named Maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his vail unkindness (that in all reason should have quenched her love) hath made an impediment in the Current: it made it more violent and very; doe you to Angelo, answer this requiring with a plausible obedience, agree with his demands to the point: only referre your selfe to this advantage: first, that your stay with him may not be long: that the time may have all shadow, and silence in it, and the place answer to convenience: this being granted in course, and now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to feed up your appointment, doe in your place: if the encounter acknowledge it selfe hereafter, it may compass him to her recompense; and hence, by this is your brother faued, your honor unstained, the poore Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy sealed. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempts: if you think well to carry this as you may, the doublets of the benefit defends the deceit from reproofe. What think you of it?

Isabella. The image of it gives me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperouf perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding vp: haffe you spedity to Angelo? if for this night he interrest you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction: I will presently to S. Luke, thre at the moated-Grange recides this deterried Mariana: at that place call upon me, and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isabella. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well good father.

Enter Elbow, Clumpe, Officers.

Elbow. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beafs, we shall have all the world drinke brownie & white bastard.

Duke. Oh hauens, what raiffe is here.

Enter Folw, Crome, Officers.

Folw. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beafs, we shall have all the world drinke brownie & white bastard.

Duke. Oh hauens, what raiffe is here.

Crome. Twas never merry world since of two volaties the merritt was put downe, and the worser allow'd by order of Law: a surd gowne to kepe him warme; and ford with Fose and Lamb-skins too, to signifie, that craft being richer then Innocency, stands for the facing.

Folw. Come your way sir: bleffe you good Father.

Duke. And you good Brother Fa'her WHAT OFFENCE HATH THIS MAN MADE YOU, SIR?
Measure for Measure.

Eliz. Marry Sir, he hath offended the Law; and Sir, we take him to be the very same Sir, for wee have found upon him Sir, a strange Pick-lock, which we have sent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah, a Basev, a wicked bawd, The cess that thou causest to be done, That is thy means to live. Do thou but think What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a backe From such a filthy vice: say to thy selfe, From their abominable and beastly touches I drink, I cate away my selfe, and live From our faults, as faults from seeing free.

Eliz. He must before the Deputy Sir, he has given him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-master: if he be a Whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seeme to bee from our faults, as faults from seeing free.

Enter Lucio.

Eliz. His necke will come to your waists, a Cord sir.

Clown. I spy comfort, I cry balie: Here's a Gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Luc. How now noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of Cefar? Art thou lod in triumph? What is there none of Pigmalions Images newly made woman to bee had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extrading clutch'd what? What reply? Ha? What saith thou to this Tune, Master, and Method? Is't not drown'd th' laft raine? Ha! What saith thou Troit? Is the world as it was Man? Which is the vwy? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The tricke of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus: still worse?

Luc. How doth my deere Mofell, thy Mistrust? Procures the fill? Ha?

Clown. Troth sir, thee hath caenet vp all her breake, and five is her selfe in the sub.

Luc. Why's too good? Is the right of it: it must be so. Enter your fres: Where, and your peunder'd Bud, an ensims'd confederace, it must be so. Art going to prifon Pompey?

Clown. Ye faith sir.


Eliz. For being a base, for being a bawd.

Luc. Well, then imprison him: If imprisonment be the one of a bawd, why 'tis his right. Band is he double-de, and of saucyness too: Band bome. Farewell good Pompey: Command me to the prifon Pompey, you will turne good husband now Pompey, you will keep the house.

Clown. Oh, hope Sir, your good Worship will benye baile.

Luc. No indeed will I not Pompey: it is not the way: I will pray (Pompey) to encase your bondsage if you take it not patiently: Why, your mettle is the more: Adieu toof Pompey. Bleff thee, and happy Pompey. Bleff thee, and happy掘ge.

Duke. And you, you, and you.

Luc. Do's Bridget paints fill, Pompey? Ha?

Eliz. Come your waies sir, come.
Measure for Measure.

Luc. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Looke, takest with better knowledge, & knowledge with desir love.

Luc. Come Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can but believe that, since you know not what you speak. But if the Duke returne (as our prayers &c. shall) let mee desire you to make your answer before him; if he believe you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it; I am bound to call youpon 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 live to report you.

Luc. I fear you not.

Duke. O you hope the Duke will return noe more; or you imagine me to vntrustfull an opponent; but indeed I can doe you little harme: You'll forswear this againe.

Luc. Ile be hanged first. Thou art deceiued 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 Tunner dish: I would the Duke were told of what return'd againe: this vnkind Agent will rs-people the Province with Continence. Sparrows will not build in his house, because they are lecherous: The Duke yet would have dark deeds darklie answered, hee would never bring them to light: I would heere were return'd. Marrie this Claudio is condemned for vntrustfull Fervergood Frizz, I prethee pray for me: The Duke (I faid so t) they againe) would care Mutton on Fridayes. He's now past it, yet (and I say to thee) hee would mowth with a beggar, though the smelt brownes-bread and Garlick: say that I said so: Farewell.

Lucio. No might, nor greatness in mortality.

Can century scape Back wounding calumne
The whitest virtue striketh. What King so strong
Can tie the gal! vp in the landerous tong?

But who comes heere?

Enter Esi, Tranio, and Bawd.

Esi. Go, away with her to prifon.

Bawd. Good my Lord be good to mee, your Honor is accounted a mercifull man: good my Lord.

Esi. Double, and truble admonition, and still forfeite in the fame kind: This would make mercy fivare and play the Tirant.

Pro. A Bawd of eleven yeares continuance, may it please your Honor.

Bea-d, My Lord, this is one Davio's information a-gainst me, Militris Kate Keeper-downe was with child by . I am in the Duke time, he promised her marriage: his Childe is a yeare and a quarter olde come Philip and La-zo. I have kept it my fitle, and fee how blowes about to abuse me.

Esi. That fellow is a fellow of much Licens: Let him be call'd before vs. Away with her to prifon: Goa too, no more words. Prouo, my Brother Angelo will not be alter'd, Claudio must die to morrow: Let him be furnish'd with Diuines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrongt by my pitie, it should not be so with him.

Pro. So please you, this Fearnath beene with him, and aduis'd him for the entertainement of death.

Esi. Good eaten, good Father

Duke. Bliffe, and goodness on you.

Esi. Of what are you?

Duke. Not of this Countrie, though my chance is now To vie for my time: I am a brother

Of gracious Order, late come from the See, In special businesse from his Holiness.

Esi. What newes abroad the World?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a Favour to goodnesse, that the dissolution of it must cure it. Nothinge is only in request, and as it is so dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is vertuous to be constant in any undertaking. There's fcarce truth enough alue to make Societies secure, but Securitee enough to make Fellowships accurst. Much vpon this ridelle runs the wisdomome of the world: This newes is old enough, yet it is curing dates newes. I pray you Sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Esi. One, that above all other trifles, Contended especially to know himselfe.

Duke. What pleasure was be given to

Esi. Rather retouching to fee another merry, that merrie at suche thing which profess to make him returne.

A Gentleman of all temeritie. But leave weee him to his events, with a praze they may prose prosperoues, & let me desire to know, how you finde Claudio propos'd? I am made to understand, that you have lent him instruct.

Duke. He professes to have receiv'd no further measure from his Judge, but most willingly humbles himselfe to the determination of Lucio: yet had he frame himselfe (by the instruction of his frailty) mane decaying promises of life, which I (by my good biforn) have disceritied to him, and now is he resolv'd to die.

Esi. You have paid the heavens your Function, and the prisoner the vte debt of your Calling. I have laboured for the poore Gentleman, to the extreme Shorn of his modeite, but my brother-Lucio haue I found so feuer, that he hath forst me to tell him, hee is indevoue Lucio.

Duke. If his owne life, Anwere the straitez of his proceeding, It shall become him well: wherein if he chance to faile he hath forstne'd himselfe.

Esi. I am going to visit the prisoner, Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you.

He who the word of Heauen will bear,
Should be as holy, as wiser:
Pattern in himselfe to know,
Grace to faad, and Vertue go:
More, nor lesse to others paying,
Then by felle-offences weighting,
Shame to him, whose cruell strinking,
Kills for faultes of his owne liking:
Two trebble flame on Angelo,
To wet de my vace, and let his grow.
Oh, who, may Man with in him hide,
Though Angel on the outward side?
How may like cesse made in crime,
Making praeifie on the Times,
To draw with yde Spiders findings
Most ponderous and subuantial things?
Craft against vice, I must apple,
With Angels to night shall lye
His old berootched (but defip'd.)
So difguise fall by th disguised
Pay with faithfull, faffe enacting,
And performe an olde contraet.
Measure for Measure.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.

Song. Take, oh take those Zips away,
    that so sweetly were forsworne,
And those eyes - the break of day
lights that does mislead the Morne
But my kisses bring against, bring again
Seals of love, but seal'd in veins, seal'd in veins.

Enter Duke

Mar. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away,
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
I pray you render, and believe me so,
Today much upon this time have I promised here to see thee.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Mar. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but soft and low,
Remember now my brother.
Duke. Fear me not.

Mar. Not gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract.
To bring you thus together in no sinne,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let vs goe.
Our Come's to escape, yet our Tithes to sow.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Provost and Clowne.

Pro. Comte, give me your snitches, and yield mee a direct answer. To morrow morning are to die Claudia and Barabas; heere is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper, if you take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your Guises, if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an uncertain whipping: for you have beene a notorious bawd.

Clown. Sir, I have beene an unlawfull bawd, time out of mind, but yet I will bee content to be a lawfull hangman: I would bee glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.


Abh. Do you call sir?

Pro. Sitha, here's a fellow will helpe you to morrow in your execution: if you thinke it meet, compound with him by the yeere, and let him abide here with you, if not, we him for the present, and disimpose him, he cannot plead his election with you: he hath beene a Bawd.

Abh. A Bawd Sir? fie upon him, he will differect our mysterie.

Pro. Go to Sir, you weare equallie: a feather will turne the Scale.

Clown. Pray Sir, by your good fauor: for surely Sir, a good fauor you have, but that you have a hanging look: Do you call Sir, your occupation a Mysterie?

Abb. 1.
**Measure for Measure.**

*Abb.* Sir, a Misthee.

*Clu.* Painter Sir, I have heard say, is a Mistere, and your Whores fir, being members of my Occupation, u- fging painting, do prove my Occupation, a Mistere, but what Mistere there should be in hang, if I Should be hang'd, I cannot imagine. *Abb.* Sir, it is a Mistere.

*Proose.*

*Abb.* Every true man appalls you, Your Theefe. *Clu.* If't be too little for your theefe, your true man thinks it big enough. If't be too big for your Theefe, your Theefe thinks it little enough: So every true man appalls you, Your Theefe.

*Enter Proose.*

*Pro.* Are you agreed? *Abb.* Sir, I will serve him: For I do finde your Hang- man is a more penitent Trade then your Bawd; he doth ofter ask for forgiveness. *Pro.* You statt, provide your boket and your Aze to Morrow, have a clock. *Abb.* Come on (Bawd) I will instruct thee in my Trade: follow. *Clu.* I do desire to leave Sir: and hope, if you have occasion to vie me for your own name, you shall finde me y'as. For truly Sir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn. *Exe.*

*Call heret Bernardine & Claudio.* Thone has my pite; not so the other, Being a Murtherer, though he were my brother. *Enter Claudius.*

Looke, here's the Warrant (Claudiv, for thy death, This is now dead midnight, and by eight to Morrow Thou must be made immortall. Where's Bernardine. *Clu.* As fall lock'd vp in sleepe, as guileffe labour, When it lies slackely in the Travellers bones, He will not wake. *Pro.* Who can do good on him? Well, go prepare your selfe. But ha'ke, what noise? Heaven give thy spirits comfort by, and by, I hope it is some pardon, or reprove For the most gentle Claudio. Welcome Father.

*Enter Duke.*

*Duke.* The best, and wholefom spirits of the night, Intueilop you, good Proufaft, who call'd hence of late? *Pro.* None since the Guphe bew rung. *Duke.* Not I, Sir? *Pro.* No. *Duke.* They will then rest be long *Pro.* What comfort is for Claudio? *Duke.* There's some in hope. *Pro.* It is a bitter Depeus. *Duke.* Not fo, not fo: his life is parralled *Enter with the flocke and line of his great Juflice He doth with holie abstinence subdue That in himelfe, which he spurreth on his powre To quaffifie in others: were he meal'd with that Which he corrects, then were he tirannous, But this being fo, he's inf. Now are they come. This is a gentle Proufaft, fliemone when The fleeced Gaaier is the friend of men: How now, what noise? That spirit's posseft with haft, That wounds theirfinning Polisms with their strokes. *Pro.* There he must fly valt the Officer Arife to let him in: he is call d vp. *Duke.* Have you no countermand for Claudio yet? But he must die to morrow? *Pro.* None Sir, none. *Duke.* As necere the dawning Proufaft as it is, You shall hear more in the Morning. *Pro.* Happily

You something know: yet I believe there comes No countermand: no such example have we. Besides, upon the verie siege of Juflice, Lord Angelo hath to the publike eare Prooffed the contrarie. *Enter a Miffenger.*

*Duke.* This is his Lords man. *Pro.* And here coms Claudio's pardon. *Miff.* My Lord hath sent you this noore, And by mee this further charge; That you ferue not from the smallest Article of it, Neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good Morrow: for as I take it, it is almost day. *Pro.* I shall obey him. *Duke.* This is his Pardoner purchas'd by such fun, For which the Pardoner himself is in: Hence hath offence his quickce celerity, When it is borne in high Authority. When Vice makes Mercie; Mercie's so extended. That for the faults lour, is offender friended. Now Sir, what newes? *Pro.* I told you: Lord Angelo (be-like) thinking me remiss In mine Office, awakens mee With this yawnew putting on, mithinks strangled: For he hath not vs'd it before. *Duke.* Pray you let's have. The Letter. Whatserer you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by force of the clockes and in the afternoon Bernardine: For my better satisfaction, let noe house Claudio head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed with a thought that more depends on it, then we may yet deliver. Tis false not to doe your Office, as you shall answer at your perill, What lay you to this Sir? *Duke.* What is that Bernardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon? *Pro.* A Bohemian borne: But here nutr dvp & bred, One that is a prisoner nine yeers old. *Duke.* How came it, that the abfen Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberate, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do fo. *Pro.* His friends still wrought Reprises for him; And indeed his fate till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to a vndoubtedt full proofs. *Duke.* It is now apparent? *Pro.* Most manifeft, and not denied by himselfe. *Duke.* Haste he borne himselfe penitently in prison How ferenes he to be touch'd? *Pro.* A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleepe, careless, weakke, and careless of what's past, present, or to come: Insensible of mortaliety, and desperately morall, *Duke.* He wants aduice. *Pro.* He will not hear some he hath euermore had the liberry of the privision;gave him leave to escape hence, bee would not. Drunke many times a day, if not many daies entirely drunk. We have very ofte awaken'd him, as if to carrie him to execution and shou'd him a seeming war- rant for it, it hath not movad him at all. *Duke.*
Measure for Measure

Duke. More of him anon: There is written in your brow Prouast, honestly and constancie; if I reade it not truly, my ancient skill beguil me: thus in the boldnes of my cunning, I will lay my selfe in hazarde: Claudio, whom hear ye have warrant to execute, is no greater haftener than the Law, then Angelo hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four daies to set it: for which, you are to do me both a present, and a dangerous courte.

Pro. Pray Sir, in what!

Duke. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alaske, how may I do it: Haung the hour limited, and an expresse command, vnder penalty, to deliuer his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio’s, to crosse this in the smalleft.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide, Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Pro. Angelo hath seene them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death’s a great disguiser, and you may make you underftand this in a manifested effect, I may make my case as Claudio’s, to crosse this in the smalleft.

Pro. Pardon me, good Father, it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Pro. To him, and to his Substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke aoust the unjust of your dealing?

Pro. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a refemblance, but a certainty: yet since I see you fearfull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor perfusion, can with safe attempt you, I will go further then I meant, to plucke all feares out of you. Looke you Sir, here is the hand and Seale of the Duke: you know the course is common. If any thing fail to you upon this, more then thankes and good fortune, by the Saint whom I profeffe, I will plead against it with my life.

Pro. What’s the newes with you?

Duke. Sir, and induced by my charitie, and hearing how you haue bin drinking hard all night, I am not fitted for’t.

Pro. Oh, the better Sir: for he that drinkes all night, Looke you Sir, heere comes your giuestely Father; I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Misris

Out-dore owne house, for heere be manie of her old Customers. First, here’s yong Mr Pugh, he’s in for a commodity of browne paper, and olde Ginger, nine score and fourteen pounds, of which hee made five Markees readie money: marrie then, Ginger was not much in request, for the olde Women were all dead. Then is there heere one Mr Capre, at the suitte of Master Three-Pile the Mercer, for some foure lutes of Peach-colour’d Satin, which now pesches him a beggar. Then haue we heere, yong Disce, and yong Mr Depe- ver, and Mr Copperferre, and Mr Storer. Ladyke the Rapier and daggett man, and yong Drephec that kill’d飞行的 Padding, and Mr Forthlight the Tilter, and brave Mr Shootes the great Traveller, and wildt Halfe-Came that fabs’d Potts, and I thinke fortle more, all great doers in our Trade, and are newe for the Lords fake.

Enter Abbarbon.

Abh. Sirrah, bring Barnardine tither.

Clo. Mr Barnardine, you must rife and be hang’d,

Mr Barnardine.

Abh. What hoa Barnardine.

Barnardine within.

Bar. A pax o’your throats: who makes that noyle there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends Sir, the Hangman!

Bar. You must be good Sir to rife, and be put to death.

Clo. Away you Rogue, away, I am sleepe.

Abh. Tell him he must awake,

And that quickly too.

Clo. Pray Master Barnardine, awake will you ereexcuted, and sleepe afterwards.

Bar. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Abh. He is comming Sir, he is comming: I heare his Straw ruffle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abh. Is the Axe upon the blocke, Sirrah?

Clo. Very readie Sir.

Bar. How now Abbarbon?

What’s the newes with you?

Abh. Truly Sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers: for looke you, the Warrants come.

Bar. You Rogue, I haue bin drinking all night, I am not fitted for’t.

Clo. Oh, the better Sir: for he that drinkes all night, and is hanged betwixt in the morning, may sleepe the founders all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abh. Lookoe Sir here comes your ghostly Father: do wele we now think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charitie, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to admine you, Comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I haue bin drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to reprehense, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that’s certain.

Duke. Oh sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you Looke forward on the journine you shall go.

Bar. I fware I will not die to day for any mens perswasion.

Duke. But hear you:

Bar. Not a word: if you haue anie thing to lay to me, come to my Ward: for thence will not I to day.

Enter Provaunt.

Duke. Vintt to line, or die: oh grauell heart.

G 3

After

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Misris

Enter Provaunt.
After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke.
Pre. Now Sir, how do you finde the prisoner?
Duke. A creature vnprcpard. vnmeet for death, 
And to transport him in the minde he is,
Were damnable. 
Pre. Here he in the prison, Father, 
There died this morning of a cruel Feasor, 
Offlaudio's yaares: his beard, and head
A mod notorious Pirate, 
Were damnable. 
Duke. Oh, 'tis an accident that heaven proudes. 
Dispatch it preffently, the houre draws on
Prefby: Angelo: See this be done, 
And preffure according to command, whiles I 
Perwade this rude wretch willingly to die. 
Angelo. Prefist by 
Sec this be done.
Duke. Eighty, 
Of more like to 
That wantnoeare but yours.
For I would commonc with you of fuch things.
To make her heauenly comforts of dispair^ 
To meet me st the ^onfccraced Fount. 
To enter publikely •* him lie defire.
Duke. If he were knowr.ealiue 
I will. 
Angelo. Now wil I write Letters to
To yond generation, you fbal finde
Ere twice the Sun hath made his lournal! greeting
Put them in fccret holds, 
Claudio., both Earnar dine
And how (shall we continue 
Claudio,
When it is leaft expe&ed.
But I will keepe her ignorant of her good,
By cold gradation, and weale-ballanc'd forme.
Your fafetietnanifefted.
Duke. If yet her brothers p3rdonbe come hither:
Oh, I wil to him, and plucke out his eies.
Pre. Duse.
Duke. You fhal not be admitted to His sight.
Ths Letter then to Friar 
'Tis that he fent me of the Dukes returne:
Then he fha! beare them) whofc contents 
Sbal witneffe to him I am ncerc at home : 
Duke. Quicke.difpatch,and fend the head to
Angelo
Now wil I write Letters to 
Duke. Quicke,dispatch, and fend the head to 
Angelo,
(The Prooft he fial bear bees thome contents 
Balf witneffe to him I am ncere at home : 
And that by great IniumftionsI am bound
See thine eyes so red: thou muft be patient; I stnfaine
Suce them eyes for red : thou must be patient; I stnfaine
By euerfy fillable a faithful rcritic.
By euery fillable a faithful rcritic.
This (hall be done (good Father) prefemty;
There to giue vp their powr« Ifyou can pace your wif-
This (hall be done (good Father) prefemty;
To meake all fpeede. 
Enter Prooft.
Pro. Here is the head, Ile carrie it my felfe.
Duke. Conuenient is it: Make a fwih returne.
Duke. Ifabell within.
Duke. You haue told lire too many of him already fsr
Duke. Sir, the Duke is marueilous little beholding 
to your reports, but the beft is, he lines not in them.
Duke. Sir your company is fairer then honeft.reft you
Duke. Did you fuch a thing?
Duke. Well; you'll answer this one day.Fare ye well. 
Duke. You have told me to many of him already fsr
Duke. You have told me to many of him already fsr
Lucio. I am divefled by you.
Ifa. Peace hot, be heere.
Duke. The tongue of Ifabell. She's come to know,
Duke. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke fo wel as I
Luc. Iam pale at mine heart, to
Luc. Nay tarry, Ile go along with thee,
Luc. Nay tarry, Ile go along with thee,
Luc. Nay tarry, Ile go along with thee,
Duke. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke fo wel as I
Luc. An the Duke is marueilous little beholding 
to your reports, but the beft is, he lines not in them.
Duke. Sir your company is fairer then honeft.reft you
Luc. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke fo wel as I
Luc. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke fo wel as I
Luc. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke fo wel as I
Luc. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke fo wel as I
Luc. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke fo wel as I
Luc. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke fo wel as I
Luc. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke fo wel as I
Luc. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke fo wel as I
Luc. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke fo wel as I
Luc. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke fo wel as I
Luc. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I
Luc. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I
Luc. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I
Luc. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I
Luc. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I
Luc. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I
Luc. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I
Luc. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I
Luc. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I
Luc. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I
Luc. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I
Luc. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I
Luc. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I
Luc. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I
Luc. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I
Luc. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I
Luc. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I
Luc. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I
Luc. Lord, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I
Measure for Measure.

An. In most unen and distraught manner, his actions show much like to madneffe, pray heaven his wisdome bee not tainted: and why meet him at the gates and re-lucer on authoritie there?

Efc. I gheffe not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an howre before his entring, that if any craue redrefle of iniustie, they should exhibit their petition in the street?

Efc. He shews his reason for that: to have a dispatch of Complaints, and to delver vs from devises hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against vs.

Ang. Well! I beleeve you let it bee proclamed be-comes, it’s morne, lie call you at your house: giue notice to fuch men of fort and fuite as are to meete him.


Ang. Goodnight.

This deede vnfhap’t me quite, makes me vpregnant before his entring, that if any craue redrefle of iniustie, how much like to madneffe, pray heaven his wifdom and why meet him at the gates and redrefle from devises heereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against vs.

Ang. Where you may haue fuch vantage on the Duke, he shall not paffe you: Twice haue the Trumpets founded. The generous, and graueft Citizens haue hent the gates, and very neere vpon the Duke is entring: Therefore hence away.

Exit.

Alus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Varius, Lords, Angelf, Ender, Laucio, Citizens at several loaces.

Duke. My very worthy Cofen, fairely met, Our old, and faithful friend, we are glad to fee you. Ang. Efc. Happy returne be to your royall grace.

Duke. Many and harty thankings to you both: We have made enquirie of you, and we hearsuch goodneffe of your luftice, that our foule cannot but yeeld you forth to publique thankes Forerunning more requitall.

Ang. You make my bonds full greater, Duke:Oh your defect speake loud, & I should wrong it To locke it in the wards of couert bosome When it deferves with characters of braffe A forted residence gainft the tooth of time, And rature of oblivion: Gine you your hand And let the Subject fee, to make them know That outward curtefies would faine prodainje Favoura that keeps within: Come & take you. You must walke by vs, on our other band.

And good supporters are you.

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time

Speake loud, and kneele before him.

Ifab. Justice, O royall Duke, vade your regard Upon a wrong’d I would faine haue faid a Maid) Oh worthy Prince, difhonor not your eye By throwing it on any other obiedl,

Till you have heard me, in my true complaint, And given me Justice, Justice, Justice, Justice.

Duke. Relate your wrongs:

In what, by whom? be briefes:
Here is Lord Angell shall give you Justice, Reulce your feloe to him.

Ifab. Oh worthy Duke,

You bid me feake redemption of the diuell, Heare me your feloe: for that which I muft speake Must either punifh me, or being benefted, Or wring redrefle from you:

Heare me: oh hear me, hear.

Ang. My Lord, her wis I hear me are not firme: She hath bin a suitor to me, for her Brother Cut off by courfe of justice.

Ifab. By courfe of justice.

Ang. And she will speake most bitterly, and strange.

Ifab. Most
The phrase is to the matter.

Ifah. In briefe, to set the needlesse proceed by:
How I perswaded, how I praid, and kneel'd,
How he refolved, and how I replied
(For this was of much length) the wilde conclusion
I now begin with griefe, and frame to vter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaft ftreight
To his concupifible intemperate luft
Release my brother: and after much debate,
My fittily remove, confutes mine honour,
And I did yeeld to him: But the next morne betimes,
His purpose forfeeting, he fends a warrant
For my poore brothers head.
Duke. This is moft litle.

Ifah. Oh that it were as like as it is true. (speak'ft,
Duke. By heaven (and wretch) I know not what thou
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honor
In hatefull pracke: furt his Integritie
Stands without blemife: it imports no reaoning,
That with fuch vhemencie he should pursue
Faults proper to himfelfe: if he had go offended
He would have waigh'd thy brother by himfelfe,
And not have cut him off: one hath fet you on:
Confede the truth, and fay by whose advice
Thou canft heere to compaine.
Ifah. And is this all?
Then oh you bleffed Minifteres above
Keeme me in patience, and with ripened time
Vntoold the cuill, which is heere wrapp'd
In countenance: heaven shield your Grace from woes
As I thus wrong'd, hence vnbeliev'd goe.
Ifah. I know you'd faine be gone: An Officer:
To prifon with her: Shall we thus permit
A blasting and scandalous breath to fall,
On him to necre vs? This needs mu ft be a prafifie:
Who knew of your intent and comming higher?
Ifah. One that I would were heere. Frier Lodowick,
Duke. A ghoylifh Father, belike:
Who knowes this?: Lodowick?
Luc. My Lord, I know him, tis amending Fryer,
I do not like the man; had he been Laid my Lord,
For certane words he fpeake againft your Grace
In your retirment, I had waigh'd him foundly.
Duke. Words againft mee? this 'a good Fryer belike
You were not bid to fpeake.
Luc. Words againft mee? this 'a good Fryer belike
In your retirment, I had waigh'd him foundly.
Duke. Words againft mee? this 'a good Fryer belike
For this was of much length
How I perfwaded, how I praid, and kneel'd.
Duke. Words againft mee? this 'a good Fryer belike
And to fet on this wretched woman here
Against our Substitute: Let this Fryer be fended
Luc. But yeftemight my Lord, fhe and that Fryer
I faw them at the prifon: a fawey Fryer,
A very fawey fellow.
Peter. Bleffed be your Royall Grace:
I have ftood by my Lord, and I have heard
Your royall ear abus'd: firft hath this woman
Moft wrongfully accus'd your Substitute,
Who is as free from touch, or foyle with her
As the from one vngot.
Duke. We did beleue no leffe.
Know you that Frier Lodowick, that the speakes of?
Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy,
Not coniuy, nor a temporary medler
As he's reported by this Gentleman:
And on my truth, a man that newer yet
Did (as he vouches) mis-report your Grace.
Luc. My Lord, moft villainouly, beleue it.
Peter. Well: he in time may come to cleeve himfelfe:
But at this instant he is fike, my Lord :
Measure for Measure.

Of a strange favor: upon his mere request.
Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint.
Intended; gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither.
To speak 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 clear.
Whensoever he's contented: First for this woman,
To disturb this worthy Noble man.
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you hear directed to her eyes.
Till the her selfe confess it.

Duk. Good Frier, let's hear it.

Do you not mindful this, Lord Angelo?
Oh heaven, the vanity of wretched fools.

In this impartial: be you Judge.

Angelo. Do you not smile at this, Lord Duke?

They, are neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife.

She that accuseth him of Fornication,
Have known my husband, yet my husband
1

When he depose

And you, my noble and well-warranted Csefent
Your Proovst knowes the place where he abides,
Hath set the women on to this Complaint;

For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so to.

Duk. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mar. My Lord, I doe confess I never was married,
And he may fetch him.

Mar. Not that I know.

Luc. But in his Clothes and one that hath spake most vil-

Duk. Go, doe it instantly:

And you, my noble and well-warranted Cofen
Whom it concernes to heare this matter forth.

In any chastisement; I for a while

Whom it concernes to heare this matter forth.

Mar. My Lord, we'll doe it throughly: Signsor

My patience here is touch't: I do perceive
That's sealed in approbation; you, Lord Ejeclus
Sit with my Cosen, lend him your kinde pains
To finde out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.

There is another Frier that see them on.

Luc. My Lord, the may be a Puncke: for many of
them, are neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife.

Duk. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause
To prattle for himself.

Luc. Well my Lord.

Mar. My Lord, I doe confess I never was married,
And I confess before, I am no Maid,
That known my husband, yet my husband
Knowes not, that ever he knew me.

Mar. He was drunk then, my Lord, it can be no better.

Luc. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so to.

Well, my Lord.

Mar. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Now I come to't, my Lord.

He was drunk then, my Lord, it can be no better,
For the Duke, would he were here, my Lord, for he indeed
Hath for the women on to this Complaint;

Thou foolish Frier, and thou pernicious woman
Compact with her that's gone: thinkst thou, thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular Saint,
'Twas fear'd in approbation? you, Lord Ejeclus
Sit with my Cosen, lend him your kinde pains
To finde out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.

There is another Frier that see them on.

Luc. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Eje. Call that name Ifabel here once again, I would
Speak with her: pray you, my Lord, give mee leave to
question, you shall see how I handle her.

Luc. Not better then he, by her owne report.

Eje. Say you?

Luc. Marry, I thinke, if you handled her privately

Duk. Sirra, no more.

Luc. Enouga my Lord.

Ang. My Lord, I must confess, I know this woman,
And five yeres since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt my selfe, and her: which was brake off,
Partly for that her promis'd proportions
Came short of Composition: But in chiefes
For that her reputation was dif-valued
In leuitie: Since which time of five 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 heaven, and words fro breath,
As there is fence in truth, and truth in verue,
I am affianced this mans wife, as strongly
In any thing, as my selfe doth know.

Thou foolifh Frier, and thou pernicious woman

That sees them on. Let me have way, my Lord
To finde this practife out.

Duk. I, with my heart,

And punish them to your height of pleasure.

Thou foolish Frier, and thou pernicious woman
Compact with her that's gone: thinkst thou, thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular Saint,
'Twas fear'd in approbation? you, Lord Ejeclus
Sit with my Cosen, lend him your kinde pains
To finde out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.

There is another Frier that see them on.

Luc. My Lord, we'll doe it throughly: Signsor

My patience here is touch't: I do perceive
That's sealed in approbation; you, Lord Ejeclus
Sit with my Cosen, lend him your kinde pains
To finde out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.

There is another Frier that see them on.

Luc. My Lord, the may be a Puncke: for many of
them, are neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife.

Duk. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause
To prattle for himself.

Luc. Well my Lord.

Mar. My Lord, I doe confess I never was married,
And he may fetch him.

Mar. Not that I know.

Luc. But in his Clothes and one that hath spake most vil-

Duk. Go, doe it instantly:

And you, my noble and well-warranted Cofen
Whom it concernes to heare this matter forth.

In any chastisement; I for a while

Whom it concernes to heare this matter forth.

Mar. My Lord, I doe confess I never was married,
And he may fetch him.

Mar. Not that I know.

Luc. But in his Clothes and one that hath spake most vil-

Duk. Go, doe it instantly:

And you, my noble and well-warranted Cofen
Whom it concernes to heare this matter forth.

In any chastisement; I for a while

Whom it concernes to heare this matter forth.

Mar. My Lord, I doe confess I never was married,
Enter Duke, Provost, Isabella.

Eft. I will goe darkely to worke with her.

Luc. That's the way: for women are light at midnight.

Eft. Come on Minitris, here's a Gentlewoman, Denies all that you haue saide, 

Luc. My Lord, here comes the rascall I spoke of, Here, with the Provost.

Eft. In very good time: speake not you to him, till we call upon you.

Luc. Mum.

Eft. Come Sir, did you let these women on to flander Lord Angelo? they haue confed you did.

Duk. Th' tale.

Eft. How? Know you where you are?

Duk. Refpe& to your great place; and let the diuell Be sometime honour'd, for his burning threne.

Where is the Duk? 'tis he shou'd heare me speake.

Eft. The Duke's in vs: and we will heare you speake, Looke you speake fluently.

Duk. Boldly at last. But oh poor foule, Come you to feke the Lamb here of the Fox; Where I haue feene corruption boyle and bubble.

Vienna, Made me a looker on here in the Duke? himselfe, to taxe him with Injuftice? To call him villain, and then to glance from him.

But faults so countenaund, that the strong Statutes laynt by ioynt, but we will know his purpofe: To accufe this worthy man? but in soulemouth.

Is't not enough thou haft subom'd thefe women. What? vnJuift?

Thus to retort your manifeft Appeale, Then is your caufe gone too: The Duke vnJuift, And put your trial! in the villeines mouth.

Come you to seeke the Lamb here of the Fox; Or here Provinciale: My busineffe in this State Dare racke his owner his Subie& am I not, o more stretch this finger of mine, then he

Angela der Lord? they haue confed you did.

Duk. Some Refpe& to your grear place; and let the divell beare me fpeake.

Luc. Do you the office, which confummate, If thou haft or word, or wit, or impudence. If thou haft or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can doe thee office? If thou haft or word, or wit, or impudence.

Duk. No longer Seilion hold vpon my shame.

Eft. But no more: away with thofe Giglets too, and with the o-

Aug. Oh thou damnable fellow: did not I plucke thee by the nofe, for thy speecches?

Duk. I protest, I loue the Duke, as I loue my felfe.

Ang. Harke how the villaines would close now, after his treasonable abuues.

Eft. 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 bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more: away with those Siglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duk. Stay Sir, stay a while.

Ang. What reflifts he? hepleth him Lucio.

Luc. Come fir, come fir, come fir: feke fir, why you bald-pated lying rascall: you muft be hooded muft you? show your knaues vifage with a passe to you; show your hypocriting face, and be hang'd an houre: will't not off?

Duk. Thou art the first knave, that ere mad't a Duke.

First Provost, let me bayle thee gentle three: Sneake nor away Sir, for the Fryer, and you, Muft have a word anon: lay hold on him.

Luc. This may prove worsen then hanging.

Duk. What have you spoke, I pardon: fit you downe, We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your leauce: Ha'ft thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can doe thee office? If thou haft or word, or wit, or impudence.

Rely upon 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 vnrecognizable, When I perceiue your grace, like powre divine, Hash look'd upon my paffes. Then good Prince, No longer Saffon hold upon my fame, But let my Trial, be mine owne Confefion; Immediate sentence then, and fquent death, Is all the grace I beg.

Duk. Come hitche Mariana, Say: was't thou ere contraSed to this woman?

Ang. I was my Lord.

Duk. Go take her hence, and marry her infantly, Do you the office (Fryer) which confummate, Returne him here againe: goe with him Provost. Exit.

Eft. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonor, Then at the strangenefle of it.

Duk. Come hitche Isabella, Your Fryer is now your Prince: At I was then Aduertyfing, and holy to your busineffe, (Not changing heart with habit) I am still, Attuned at your fervice.

Isab. Oh give me pardon

That I, your vailfell, haue implod, and pain'd Your vnknowne Soueraigne.

Duk. You are pardon'd Isabella:

And now, dere Maid, be you as free to vs, Your Brothers death I know first at your heart: And you may maruaile, why I obfer'd my felfe, Labouring to faue his life: and would not rather Make rash remonftrance of my hidden powre, Then let him fo be lockt: oh moft knde Maid, It was the swift celerity of his death, Which I did think, with flower foot came on, That brain'd my purpofe: but peace be with him, That life is better life paff fearing death, Then that which liues to feare: make it your comfort.
Measure for Measure.

So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter, Provost.

Ifab. I do my Lord,

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,

Whose false imagination yet hath wrong'd

Your well defended honor: you must pardon

For Marius's false: but as he adjudg'd your Brother,

Being criminal, in double violation

Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breath,

Thereon dependant for your Brother's life.

Whofe false imagination yet hath wrong'd

I craue no other, nor no better man.

And choake good to come: For his possessions,

Your consenting to the safe-guard of your honor,

Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.

We doe condemne thee to the very Blocke

The very mercy of the Law cries out

Of fraught Chastity, and of promise-breath,

For to he succeth you.

So happy is your Brother.

I'll lend you all my life to doe you service.

For that he knew you, might reproach your life.

Mali audible, even from his proper tongue.

Being criminal, in double violation

Your well defended honor: you must pardon

As if my Brother liu'd: I partly think,

Looket fit please you, on this man condemn'd.

That perich'd: by the way: thoughts are no fabric's intents,

But meerely thoughts.

Mar. Merely my Lord,

Duke. Your fuite's vs profitable: stand vp I say:

I have bethought me of another fault.

Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded

At an unnuflul hower?

Pro. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Pro. No my good Lord: it was by private message.

Duke. For which I doe discharge you of your office,

Give vp your keys.

Pro. Pardon me, noble Lord,

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,

Yet did repent me after more advice,

For tellimony whereof, one in the prifon

That should by private order else haue diede,

I haue refer'd alioe.

Duke. What's he?

Pro. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou haft done so by Claudio;

Goe fetch him hither, let me looke vpom him.

Efc. I am sorry, one so learned, and so wise

As you, Lord Angelo, base fiel appear'd.

Should flip so greuell, both in the heat of blood

And lacke of temper'd judgement afterward.

Ang. I am forre, that fuch forrow I procure,

And fo deepc flicks it in my penitent heart,

That I craue death more willingly then mercy.

'Tis my defering, and I doe entreat it.

Enter Barnardine and Provost, Claudio, Julietta.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Pro. This is my Lord.

Duke. There was a Friar told me of this man.

Sitha, thou art fai'd to have a hubborne foule

That apprehends no further then this world,

And I quar't thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd,

And fquareft thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd,

Which is that

Duke. Thy fault's thut manifefted;

Angelo

Goe fetch him hither, let me look e vpon him.

Duke. If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow

I doe my Lord.

Methinkes I see a quickning in his eye:

Loofe that you loue your wife: her worth, worth yours

Is he pardon'd, and for your loue iFake

And prye thee take this mercie to prouide

For better times to come; Frier aduife him,

I haue bethought me of another fault.

Claudio's death.

Ifabell, take my part.

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come.

Claudio a

As like almost to Claudio, as himselfe.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake

I befeech your Hignefs doe not recompence the same.

Duke. Good my Lord, do not recompence the same.

Duke. What's he?

Pro. One of Luzurie, an efe, a mad man:

Who shou'd have di'd when Claudio loft his head;

As like almost to Claudio, as himselfe.

Duke. If he pardon'd, and for your loue iFake

Give me your hand, and fay you will be in iFake.

He is my brother too: But fitter time for that:

By this Lord Angelo perceiues he's fafe,

Methinkes I fee a quickning in his eye:

Well Angelo, your euii quitt you well;

Looke that you loue your wife: her worth, worth yours

I finde an apr commendation in my selfe;

And yet heere's one in place I cannot pardon,

You hire, that knew me for a foule, a Coward;

One all of Luzurie, an efe, a mad man:

Wherein haue I fo defu'd of you

That you exall me thus?

Luc. Faith my Lord, I spoke it but according to the trick:

If you will hang me for it you may: but I had rather

It were pleasant to you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first, fir, and hang'd after.

Proclaim it Provost round about the Citie;

If any woman wrong'd by this eflf Fellow

(As I haue heard him swear he himselfe there's one

Whom he begot with childe) let her appeare.

And he shall marry her: the nuptial nois'd

Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Luc. I befeech your Highness do not marry me to

A Whore: your Highness faid eu'n now I made you a

Duke, good my Lord do not recompence me, in making me a Cuckold.
Measure for Measure.

Duke. Upon mine honor thou shalt marry her.

Vpori mine honoi thou shalt marrie her.

Remit thy other forfeits : take him to prison,

And see our pleasure herein executed.

Luc. Marrying a punke my Lord, is pressing to death,

Whipping and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a Prince deserveth.

She Claudio that you wrong'd, look you restore.

Joy to you Mariana, love her Angelo:

I haue confess'd her, and I know her vertue.

Thanks good friend, Escalus, for thy much goodnde.

There's more behinde that is more gratulate.

Thanks Provost for thy care, and secret.

We shall impoy the in a worthier place.

Forgive him Angelo, that brought you home.

The head of Ragozine for Claudio's,

Th'o'toffence pardons it selfe. Deere Isabe.

I have a motion much imports your good,

Where to if you'll a willing ear incline;

What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.

So bring vs to our Palace, where we'll shew

What's yet behinde, that meete you all should know.

FINIS.
The Comedie of Errors.

Aetas primus, Scena prima.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, with the Merchant of Siracusa, Tyler, and other attendants.

Merchant.

Proceed Salinus to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Siracusa, plead no more.

I am not partial to infringe our Lawes;
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,
To Merchants our well-dealing Countrymen,
Who wanting gilders to redeem their Hues,
Have sealed his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threatening lookes:
For since the mortal and interline iastes
Twixt thy sedulous Countrymen and vs.
It hath in solemn Synodes been decreed,
Both by the Siracusan and our seizes:
To admit no trastke to our aduerse towns;
Nay more, if any borne at Ephesus
Beseane at any Siracusan Mart and Fayres:
Again, if any Siracusan borne
Come to the Bay of Ephesus, he dies;
His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose,
Unlesse a thoufand matkes be levied
To quitt the penalcy, and to ransom him,
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred Markes,
Therefore by Lawe thou art condemn'd to die.

Her. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done.

Duke. Well Siracusan; say in briefe the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home?
And for what cause thou cam'ft to Ephesus

Mr. A heuie task could not have been impost'd,
Then I to speake my griefes unspeakable;
Yet that the world may witnessse that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I will utter what my broo gives me leane.

In Siracusa was I borned, and wedde
Vmo a woman, happy but for me,
And by me; had not our hap beene bad:
With her I liv'd in joy, our wealth increas'd
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidaurus, till my fathers death,
And he great cares of goods at randoone lefte,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse;
From whom my absence was no five moneths olde,
Before her felle (almost as fainting vnder

The pleasing punishment that women beare)
Had made provision for her following me,
And foonne, and safe, arriv'd where I was:
There had the not beene long, but the became
A joyfull mother of two goodly fommes:
And, which was strange, the one fo like the other,
As could not be disinguished but by names.
That very howre, and in the felle-same Inne,
A meane woman was deliered
Of such a burthen Male, twins both alike:
Tho'fors, for their parents were exceeding poor:
I bought, and brought vp to attend my fommes,
My wife, not meanely prou'd of two such boyes,
Made daily motions for our home resume:
When willing I agreed, alas, too soonne we came aboard.
A league from Epidaurus had we faild
Before the always wind:obeying depe:
Gave any Tragicke instance of our harme:
But longer did we not retaine much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearfull minds
A doubtfull warrant of immediate death,
Which though my felle would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the inceflant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she must come,
And piteous playnings of the prettie babes
That mound'd for fashion ignorant what to feare,
Forril me to fette 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 w
My wife, more carefull for the latter borne,
Had fadned him vnto a fmall spare Maff,
Such as sea-faring men prouide for storms:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had bene heuedfull of the other.
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Fastned our felues at eather end the Maff,
And floating straight, obedient to the streame.
Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought
At length the fonne gazing vp the earth,
Disperft those vapours that offended vs,
And by the benefite of his visited light
The seas was calm, and we discobered
Two shippes from farre, making amain to vs:
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this,
But ere they came, oh let me say no more,
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay forward old man, doe not break off so.
Duke.

Merr. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily transport'd them mercurial to vs;
For in all the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encoun'd by a mighty rocke,
Which being violently borne vp,
Our helpfull ship was splitt in the midst;
So that in this vnfruitful doce of vs,
Fortune had left to both of vs alike,
What to delight in, what to sorrow for,
Her part, poor foule, seeming as burdened
With lesser weare, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind,
And in our fight they three were taken vp
By Fishermen of Carinith, as we thought.
At length another ship had feiz'd on vs,
And knowing how in what their haps to be,
Guests healthfull welcome to their ship-wrackt guests,
And would have left the Fishers of their prey,
Had not their backe beene very low of sale;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me bou'd from my blisse,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
And knowing whom it was their hap to free,
I hazarded the losse of whom I lou'd.
My yongest bey, end yet my dearest care,
As Eightene yeares became inquisition
After his brother, and importuned me
That his attendant, so his case was like,
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whil'st I laboured of a love to see,
And would haue red the Fishers of their prey,
With my preterit businesse cais me from you now.
Hope to make much benefit:
To pay the Sadler for my Mistress crupper:
This very day a Synclaw Marchant
Is apprehended for a riuall here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the justices of the towne,
Diers ere the weares stoundest in the well:
There is your money that I had to keepe.

Merr. Goe bear it to the Caneze, where we haft,
And stay there Dromo, till I come to thee;
Within this houre it will be dinner time,
Till that I view the manners of the towne,
Peruse the traders, goe upon the buildings,
And then returne and sleepe with in mine Iane,
For with long trauaile I am flifie and weare.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And goe indeede, having so good a mean.

Merr. I will goe loose my selfe,
And wander vp and downe to view the Citie.

Enter Messer and Erates, a Marchant, and Dramo.

Ant. He that commends mee to mine owne content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get:
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the Ocean seekes another drop,
Who falling there to finds his fellow forth,
According to the subiect of the towne.
And no being able to buy out his life.
The Sa combatant, and Sa will not backe his selfe,
Dier to find a Mother and a Brother,
In quest of them vnhappy a losse myself;
This very day a Synclaw Marchant
Is apprehended for a riuall here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the justices of the towne,
Diers ere the weares stoundest in the well:
There is your money that I had to keepe.

Merr. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily transport'd them mercurial to vs;
For in all the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encoun'd by a mighty rocke,
Which being violently borne vp,
Our helpfull ship was splitt in the midst;
So that in this vnfruitful doce of vs,
Fortune had left to both of vs alike,
What to delight in, what to sorrow for,
Her part, poor soule, seeming as burdened
With lesser weare, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind,
And in our sight they three were taken vp
By Fishermen of Carinith, as we thought.
At length another ship had seiz'd on vs,
And knowing how in what their haps to be,
Guests healthfull welcome to their ship-wrackt guests,
And would have left the Fishers of their prey,
Had not their backe beene very low of sale;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me bou'd from my blisse,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
And knowing whom it was their hap to free,
I hazarded the losse of whom I lou'd.
My yongest bey, end yet my dearest care,
As Eightene yeares became inquisition
After his brother, and importuned me
That his attendant, so his case was like,
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whil'st I laboured of a love to see,
And would have red the Fishers of their prey,
With my preterit businesse cais me from you now.
Hope to make much benefit:
To pay the Sadler for my Mistresses crupper:
This very day a Synclaw Marchant
Is apprehended for a riuall here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the justices of the towne,
Diers ere the weares stoundest in the well:
There is your money that I had to keepe.

Merr. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily transport'd them mercurial to vs;
For in all the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encoun'd by a mighty rocke,
Which being violently borne vp,
Our helpfull ship was splitt in the midst;
So that in this vnfruitful doce of vs,
Fortune had left to both of vs alike,
What to delight in, what to sorrow for,
Her part, poor soule, seeming as burdened
With lesser weare, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind,
And in our sight they three were taken vp
By Fishermen of Carinith, as we thought.
At length another ship had seiz'd on vs,
And knowing how in what their haps to be,
Guests healthfull welcome to their ship-wrackt guests,
And would have left the Fishers of their prey,
Had not their backe beene very low of sale;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me bou'd from my blisse,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
And knowing whom it was their hap to free,
I hazarded the losse of whom I lou'd.
My yongest bey, end yet my dearest care,
As Eightene yeares became inquisition
After his brother, and importuned me
That his attendant, so his case was like,
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whil'st I laboured of a love to see,
And would have red the Fishers of their prey,
With my preterit businesse cais me from you now.
Hope to make much benefit:
To pay the Sadler for my Mistresses crupper:
This very day a Synclaw Marchant
Is apprehended for a riuall here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the justices of the towne,
Diers ere the weares stoundest in the well:
There is your money that I had to keepe.

Merr. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily transport'd them mercurial to vs;
For in all the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encoun'd by a mighty rocke,
Which being violently borne vp,
Our helpfull ship was splitt in the midst;
So that in this vnfruitful doce of vs,
Fortune had left to both of vs alike,
What to delight in, what to sorrow for,
Her part, poor soule, seeming as burdened
With lesser weare, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind,
And in our sight they three were taken vp
By Fishermen of Carinith, as we thought.
At length another ship had seiz'd on vs,
And knowing how in what their haps to be,
Guests healthfull welcome to their ship-wrackt guests,
And would have left the Fishers of their prey,
Had not their backe beene very low of sale;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me bou'd from my blisse,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
And knowing whom it was their hap to free,
I hazarded the losse of whom I lou'd.
My yongest bey, end yet my dearest care,
As Eightene yeares became inquisition
After his brother, and importuned me
That his attendant, so his case was like,
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whil'st I laboured of a love to see,
And would have red the Fishers of their prey,
With my preterit businesse cais me from you now.
Hope to make much benefit:
To pay the Sadler for my Mistresses crupper:
This very day a Synclaw Marchant
Is apprehended for a riuall here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the justices of the towne,
Diers ere the weares stoundest in the well:
There is your money that I had to keepe.

Merr. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily transport'd them mercurial to vs;
For in all the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encoun'd by a mighty rocke,
Which being violently borne vp,
Our helpfull ship was splitt in the midst;
So that in this vnfruitful doce of vs,
Fortune had left to both of vs alike,
What to delight in, what to sorrow for,
Her part, poor soule, seeming as burdened
With lesser weare, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind,
And in our sight they three were taken vp
By Fishermen of Carinith, as we thought.
At length another ship had seiz'd on vs,
And knowing how in what their haps to be,
Guests healthfull welcome to their ship-wrackt guests,
And would have left the Fishers of their prey,
Had not their backe beene very low of sale;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me bou'd from my blisse,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
And knowing whom it was their hap to free,
I hazarded the losse of whom I lou'd.
My yongest bey, end yet my dearest care,
As Eightene yeares became inquisition
After his brother, and importuned me
That his attendant, so his case was like,
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whil'st I laboured of a love to see,
And would have red the Fishers of their prey,
With my preterit businesse cais me from you now.
Hope to make much benefit:
To pay the Sadler for my Mistresses crupper:
This very day a Synclaw Marchant
Is apprehended for a riuall here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the justices of the towne,
Diers ere the weares stoundest in the well:
There is your money that I had to keepe.

Merr. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily transport'd them mercurial to vs;
For in all the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encoun'd by a mighty rocke,
Which being violently borne vp,
Our helpfull ship was splitt in the midst;
So that in this vnfruitful doce of vs,
Fortune had left to both of vs alike,
What to delight in, what to sorrow for,
For the well I scoure your fault upon my pace:

Me thinkes your ear, like mine, should be your cooke,
And thinke you home without a messenger.

Ant. Come Draconio, come, these wills are out of season,

Referre them till a merrier houre then this:

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, have done your foolishnes,

And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you to the Martian

Home to your house, the Phamist, for dinner;

My Mistress and her sister stays for you,

Now as I am a Christian answer me,

In what safe place you have below'd my monte;

Where is the thousand Markes that hid of me?

E. Dro. I have some markes of yours upon my pate:

Some of my Mistresses markes upon my shoulders:

But not a thousand markes between you both.

If I should pay your worships those againe,

But not a thoufand markes between you both.

Cr I Shall breake that merrie Sconce of yours

In what safe place yet: have below'd my monte;

Home to your hoofe, the Phamist, for dinner;

And tell me How thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

And strikeyou home without a tender.

She that doth fast till you come home to dinner:

The gold I gave in charge to thee?

Where referre them till a merrier houre then this:

Me thinkes your ravish like mine, Should be your cooke.

Nav, and you will not sir, take my heeles (hands -

They say this towns is full of thieves:

ne as ore-wrought of all my monte.

The vills

Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

E. Dro. To me sir why you gave no gold to me?

Ant. Thy Mistresses what Misstress have thou?

E. Dro. Your wonted wife, my Mistress at the Phamist.

She that doth fast till you come home to dinner:

And prays that you will hit you home to dinner.

E. Dro. What will thou flourish more thus into my face

Being forbad? There sake you that sir knowe.

E. Dro. What mean you sir, for God sake hold your

Nay, and you will not sir, I rate your heele.

(Hands -

Excuse Draconio Ep.

Ant. Vpon my life by some deute or other, The villains are o'erwarded by all my monie.

They say this town is full of censure:

As nimble fuglers that deceit the eie;

Darke working Sorcers that change the mind:

Soule-killing Witches, that deform the bodie:

Disguised Cheaters, prating Mountebanks;

And manie such like liberties of fame:

If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner:

He to the Centaur to go seeke this slave.

Ant. What means you sir, for God sake hold your

Nay, and you will not sir, I rate your heele.

E. Dro. Nothing, to me sir why you gave no gold to me?

Ant. Say, didst thou speak with him? knowest thou

His mind?

E. Dro. If, he told his mind upon mine ears,

Bethrow his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Speak he so doubtfully thou couldst not judge his meaning.

E. Dro. Nay, he strooke it plainly, I could too well

Judge his blows; and withall so doubtfully, that I could

Forbear to understand them.

A. Br. But say, I prethee, is he comming home?

It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Dro. Why Mistresse, have your Magnet is home mad.

A. Br. Home mad, thou wilt tare?

E. Dro. I mean not Cuckold mad,

But sure he is stafke mad:

When I told him to come home to dinner,

He asked 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 villaine?

The Piggie quoth I, is burn'd: my gold quoth he:

My mistresse, sir, quoth I: hang up thy Mistresse:

I know not thy Mistresse, out of thy mistresse.

Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dro. Quoth my Master, I know quoth he, no house, no

wife, no mistresse: so that my servant deceased

for in conclusion, he did beat me there.

A. Br. Go back again, to fetch him home.

Dro. Goe back again, and be new better borne

For Gods sake fend some other messenger.

H 5

A d r i a n a. wife to Anthphius Scrupius with
Lucius her Sister.

Ant. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,

That in such haste I feel to seeke his Master?

Sure Lucius it is two a clockes.

Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,

And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner:

Good Sister let us dine, and never fret;

A man is master of his libertie:

Time is master, and when they see time,

They'll goe or come; if so, be patient Sitter.

Ant. Why should their libertie than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business full lies on endere.

Ant. Look when I leave him, he takes it thus.

Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.

Ant. There's none but after will be bridled to.
Betweerseyou, I shall have a holy head. That like a foot-ball you doe fpurne me thus: If I lay in this seruice, you must care me in leather. You fpurne me hence, and he will fpurne me hither.

Centaur, Sifier, you know he promis'd me a chaine, I wandred forth in care to seeke me out. Whil'd I at home stare for a merrie Icoke: That's not my fault, bee's mafter of my state.

Hath homelic age th'alluring beauty tooke By computation and mine hofts report. That Others touch, and often touching will. From my poore cheeke? then he hath wafted it. Since that my beautie cannot please his esc, By falfbood and corruption doth it sbamt:

Would that alone, a ioue he would detaine. That thus so nrsadiie thou did didft anfwere me? You know no Ce«r»?you receiu'd no gold?

Will loofe his beautie: yet the gold bides sid! I fee the lewel! beft enamaled And feedes from home poore 1 am but his stale. A funnic lookcofhis,would foone repaire.

If voluble and sharpe difconrfe be mat'd, As you loue stroakes, so ieft with me againe

How now fir, is your merrie humor alter'd? You know no Centaur? you receiu'd no gold? Your Misstress fent to haue me home to dinner? My house was at the Phaenis? Waft thofe mad, That thus fo madly thou did diff anfwere me? S.Dro. What anfwere fir? when fpake I such a word? E.Ant. Even now, even here, not halfe an hofts since. S.Dro. I did not fee you since you fent me hence Home to the Centaur with the gold you gaue me.

Ant. Villaine, thou didt deny the golds recet, And soldit me of a Misstress, and a dinner, For which I hope thou felift I was displeas'd. S.Dro. I am glad to fee you in this merrie vaine, What means this left, I pray you Mafter tell me to.

Ant. Yes, doft thou were & flow me in the teeth? Think it & I fift hold, take thou that, & that. Beast Dro. S.Dr. Hold fir, for Gods fake, now your left is earnest, Vpon what bargain do you give it me?

Antiph. Because that I familiarie sometimes

Doe vic you for my fool, and chat with you, Your favincife will left upon my love, And make a Common of my fercious howses, Where for funne frites, let foolifh eactus make sport, But crepe in crannies, when he hides his beames: If you will left with me, know my afpeed, And fashion your demeanor to my lookes, Or I will beat this method in your fconce.

S.Dro. Scone call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather haue a head, and you vfe these blows long, I must get a fconce for my head, and Ifconce it to, or else I shall feek my wit in my shoulders, but I pray fir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Doft thou not know?

S.Dro. Nothing fir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S.Dro. I fir, and wherefore; for they fay, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why fift for flowting me, and then wherefore, for vrging it the fecond time to me.

S.Dro. Was there euer anie man thus beaten out of feffon, when in the why and the wherefore, is neither time nor reafon. Well fir, I thanke you.

Ant. Thanke me fir, for what?

S.Dro. Marry fir, for this somethings that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. He make you amends next, to give you nothing for somethings. But fay fir, is it dinner time?

S.Dro. No fir, I think the men wants that I haue

Ant. In good time fir what's that?

S.Dro. Bailing.

Ant. Well fir, then 'twill be done.

S.Dro. If it be fir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reafon?

S.Dro. Left it make you chollarick, and purchafe me another drie bailing.

Ant. Well fir, learn to eat in good time, there's a time for all things.

S.Dro. I durft haue denied that before you were so chollerick.

Ant. By what rule fir?

S.Dro. Marry fir, by a rule as plaine as the plaine bald pate of Father time himfelfe.

Ant. Let's have it.

S.Dro. There's no time for a man to recouer his haire that growes bald by nature.

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recuperie?

S.Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a peretwig, and recouer the loft haire of another man.

Ant. Why, is Time fuch a niggard of haire, being (as it is) fo plentifulfull an excrement?

S.Dro. Because it is a bleffing that bee befovvs on beafts, and what he hath flanted 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 those but he hath the wit to lose his haire.

Ant. Why thou didt conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S.Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner loft; yet he looth it in a kind of toollity.

Ant. For what reafon.

S.Dro. For two, and found ones to.

An.Nay
who wafts vs yonder •
Some other Miftrefle hath thy fweet afpe££
The time was once, when thou vn-vrg'd wouldft sow,
cover haire loft by Nature.
for ail things.
Thatneuer touch well welcome to thy hand
Tustneuer tobe pleasing in thine eye,
is no time to recouer.
the other,that at dinner they ftiodd not drop in
trying
That neuer words were muficke to thine eare,
That neuer meat ftveet-fauour'd in thy tafte.
I am not Adriana,
That vndiaidable Incorporate
That thou art then estr'd from thy felfe
?
Tor know my loue as eafie maift thou fall
How dearly would it touch thee to the quicke,
Am better then thy deerc felfes better part.
And teste the slaia'd skin of my Hatlotbrow,
And take unmirgied thence that drop agame
?
Shouldft thou but heare I were licentious
As sake from me thy felfe, and not me too.
And that this body corifecrate to thee.

Enter Adriana and Lusian.

Adri. 1, 1. Antipholus, looke strange and frowne,
Some other Miftrefle hath thy fweet afpe££
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou vn-vrg'd wouldft sow,
That neuer touch well welcome to thy hand.

How comes it now, my Husband,oh how comes it,
That thou art then estr'd from thy felfe 
Thy felfe I call it, being ftrange to me:
That vndiaidable Incorporate
That thou art then estr'd from thy felfe
?

Luc. Dromio, goe bid the fervants fpred for dinner.
S. Dro. Oh for my beads, I croffe me for a finner.
This is the Fairie land,oh fpight of fpightu.
We talke with Goblins, Owls and Sprights;
If we obay them not,this will infuc:
They'll fucke our breash,or pinch vs blacke and blew.
Dromio, thou Dromio, thou fragile, thou flug, thou for.
S.Dro. I am tranfformed Mafter, am I not?
Ant. I thinke thou art in minde, and dom I.
S.Dro. Nay Mafter, both in minde, and in my shape.
Ant. Thou haft thine owne forme.
S.Dro. No.I am an Ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Affe.
S. Dro. 'Tis true she rides me, and I long for graffe.
Tis fo, I am an Affe,elfe it could never be,
But I thould know her as well as th she knowes me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a foole.
To put the finger in the vie and weep.
Whill'man and Mafter laughs my woes to come:
Come fit to dinner, Dromio keepe the gate:
Husband let dine alone with you to day,
And thriue you of a thoufand idle pranks,
Sirs,if any ask you for your Mafter,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter 

The Come die of Errors.
Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the Goldsmith, and Balthasar the Merchant.

E. Ant. Good signior Angelo you must excuse us all. My wife is three weeks when I keep not hours; Say that I lingered with you at your shop To see the making of her Casket, And that to morrow you will bring it home. But here's a villain that would face me downe He met me on the March, and that I beat him, And cheng'd him with a thousand marks in gold, And that I did devise my wife and house; Thou drunkard thou, what dost thou mean by this? E. Dro. Say what you will, but I know what I know. That you bear me at the March I have your hand to show; If my skin were parchment, & y'blows you gave were ink, Your owne hand-writing would tell you what I think. E. Ant. I think thou art an ass.

E. Dro. Marry for to doe that appeares By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear, I should kick being kicked, and being at that pace, You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass. E. Ant. What is that signior Balthasar, pray God our cheer May answer our good will, and you're good welcome here. E. Dro. I hold your dainties cheap sir, and your welcome dear. E. Ant. Oh signior Balthasar, either at flesh or fish. A table full of welcome, makes scarce one dainty dast. E. Dro. Good meat sir is common that every thould be. And that I did devise my wife and house; Thou drunckard thou, what dost thou mean by this? Say that I lingered with you at your shop To day in this place, if you had been Dreams. E. Dro. At thankfull of welcome, takes scarce one dainty dish. E. Ant. And welcome more common, for that's nothing but words. E. Dro. Small cheer and great welcome, makes a merrie feast.

E. Ant. I, to a magnificently Hoft, and more sparing guest But though my cates be meane, take them in good part. Better cheer may you have, but not with better hart. But toft, my doore is locked; go bid them let us in. E. Dro. Mand, Bright, Marian, Cicily, Gillen, Gann. E. Dro. Come, Malthofoe, Capon, Combe, orphan, Patch. E. Ant. Get thee downe from the doore, or fit downe at the hatch: Dost thou conuince with wenches, that call for such fare, When one is too many, goe get thee from the doore. E. Dro. What parch is made our Master? my Master stays in the street. E. Dro. Let him walke from whence he came, left he catch cold on't feet. E. Ant. Who talks within there? hoa, open the doore. E. Dro. Right Sir, Ile tell you when, and you'll tell me wherefore. E. Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner I have not din'd to day. E. Dro. Not to day here you must not come againe when you may. E. Ant. What arch thou that keep'st thee out from the howle I owe? E. Dro. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is Dromio. E. Dro. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name, The one more got me credite, the other mickle blame If thou hadst beene Dromio to day in my place.

Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Enter Luce.

Luce. What a coile is there? who are those at the gate? E. Dro. Let my Master in Luce. Luce. Faith no, he comes too late, and so tell your Master. E. Dro. O Lord I must laugh, haue at you with a Proverb, Shall I set in my flates. Luce. Have at you with another, that's where can you tell? S. Dro. If thy name be called Luce, Luce thou hast answer'd him well. E. Ant. Do you heare you minion, you'll let vs in I hope? Luce. I thought to have askt you. S. Dro. And you said no. E. Dro. So come helpes, well stoooke, there was blow for blow. E. Ant. Thou bagage let me in. Luce. Can you tell for whose fake? E. Dro. Master, knocke the doore hard, Luce. Let him knocke till it sheake. E. Ant. You'll cri for this minion, if I beat the doore downe. Luce. What needs all that, and a paire of stocks in the townes? Enter Adriana.

Adr. Who is that at the doore? keeps all this noise? S. Dro. By my troth your townes is troubled with unruly beastes. E. Ant. Are you there Wife? you might have come before. Adri. Your wife sir knowe? go get you from the doore. S. Dro. If you went in past Master, this knave would goe forere. Angelo. Here is neither cheere sir, nor welcome, we would fame have either. Balth. In debating which was better, wee shall part with neither. E. Dro. They stand at the doore, Master, bid them come hither. Luce. There is something in the winde, that we cannot get in. S. Dro. You would say to Master, if your garments were thin, Your cake here is worse within: you stand here in the cold. It would make a man mad as a Bucke to be so bought and sold. E. Ant. Go fetch me something, Ile break ope the gate. S. Dro. Breake any breaking here, and Ile breake your knaves paste. E. Dro. A man may breake a word with your Sir, and words are but winde: I and breaks it in your face, so he breaks it not behinde. S. Dro. It scorns thou want'st breakeing, out upon thee hinder. E. Dro. Here's too much out upon thee, I pray thee let me in. S. Dro. I when foulers have no feathers, and fish have no fin. E. Ant. Well, Ile breake in, goe borrow me a crow. S. Dro. A crow without feathers, Master meanes you so;
The Comedie of Errors.

For a sight without a finne, ther's a fowl without a feather, is a crow help vs in fruit, wee'll pike a crow togetherto.

Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an Iron Crow.

Dor. Have patience fir, oh let it not be so,

Herein you wrong against your reputation, And draw within the compass of lupect Th'enviowled honor of your wife.

Once this your long experience of your wifdom, Her夫 verter, yeares, and modestie, Plead on your part some caufe to you unknowne; And dwell upon your goods when you are dead.

Her sober vertue, yeares, and modeftie, And draw within the compass of lupect your long experience of your wife done,

Plead on your part some caufe to you unknowne; And dwell upon your goods when you are dead.

Or if you like else-where deed it by stealth,

Muffle your false love with some show of blindneffe:

Let not my filler read it in your eye:

Be not thy tongue thy owne Orator:

Looke sweet, speak with faire faith, become disloyalite:

Apparel vice like vertues harhengere:

Thys double wrong to truant with your bed,

And let her read it in thy lookes at bord:

Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed,

Ill deeds is doubled with an evill word:

Also poor women, make vs not beleue

(Being compact of credit) that you love vs,

Though others have the arme, shew vs the fleese

We in your motion turne, and you may move vs.

Then gentle brother get you in again.

Comfort my fitter, there she is, call her wife;

Tis holy sport to be a little wise,

When the sweet breath of flattering comperes strife.

S. Ant. Sweete Miffirs, what your name is else I know not;

Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:

Lesse in your knowledge, and your grace you throw not,

Then our esteems wonder, more then earth divine.

Teach me decre creature how to think and speake:

Lay open to my carthie groffe conceit,

Smothered in errors, feeble, shalow, weak,

The fouled meaning of your words decreit:

Against my foules pure truth, why labour you,

To make it wander in an unknowne field?

Are you a god? would you create me new?

Transforme me then, and to your powre Ie yeeld

But if that I am, then well I know,

Your weeping filler is no wife of mine,

Nor to her bed no hommage doe I owe:

Fare more, fare more, to you doe I decline:

Oh traine me not sweet Hermas with thy note,

To drowne me in thy filler flood of tears:

Sing Siren for thy felfe, and I will doe:

Spread crete the filler wares thy golden haires;

And as a bud Ie take thee, and there lie:

And in that various supposition thinkie,

He gains by death, that bath fuch means to die:

Let Love being light, be drowned if the sinks.

Luc. What are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. Not mad, but mated, how I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springes from your eie.

Ant. For gazing on your beamsesse faire fune being by.

Luc. Gaze when you should, and that will cere your fight.

Ant. As good to winke sweet loves, does looke on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? Call my filler so.

Ant. Thy fillers filler.

Luc. That's my filler.

Ant. No: it is thy felfe, mine owne fillers better part:

Mine eies cleere eie, my decre hearts dearer heart

If you did wed my fitter for her wealth,

Then fer her wealthes-fake vste her with more kindneffe:

Or if you like else-where deed it by stealth,

Muffle your false love with some show of blindneffe:

Let not my filler read it in your eye:

Be not thy tongue thy owne Orator:

Looke sweet, speak with faire faith, become disloyalite:

Apparel vice like vertues harbinger:

Bear a faire preference, though your heart be tainted,

Teach finne the carriage efa holy Saint,

And let her read it in thy lookes at bord:

Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed,

Ill deeds is doubled with an evill word:

Also poor women, make vs not beleue

(Being compact of credit) that you love vs,

Though others have the arme, shew vs the fleese

We in your motion turne, and you may move vs.

Then gentle brother get you in against,

Comfort my fitter, there she is, call her wife;

Tis holy sport to be a little wise,

When the sweet breath of flattering comperes strike.

S. Ant. Sweete Miffirs, what your name is else I know not;

Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:

Lesse in your knowledge, and your grace you throw not,

Then our esteems wonder, more then earth divine.

Teach me decre creature how to think and speake:

Lay open to my carthie groffe conceit,

Smothered in errors, feeble, shalow, weak,

The fouled meaning of your words decreit:

Against my foules pure truth, why labour you,

To make it wander in an unknowne field?

Are you a god? would you create me new?

Transforme me then, and to your powre Ie yeeld

But if that I am, then well I know,

Your weeping filler is no wife of mine,

Nor to her bed no hommage doe I owe:

Fare more, fare more, to you doe I decline:

Oh traine me not sweet Hermas with thy note,

To drowne me in thy filler flood of tears:

Sing Siren for thy felfe, and I will doe:

Spread crete the filler wares thy golden haires;

And as a bud Ie take thee, and there lie:

And in that various supposition thinkie,

He gains by death, that bath fuch means to die:

Let Love being light, be drowned if the sinks.

Luc. What are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. Not mad, but mated, how I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springes from your eie.

Ant. For gazing on your beamsesse faire fune being by.

Luc. Gaze when you should, and that will cere your sight.

Ant. As good to winke sweet loves, does looke on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? Call my filler so.

Ant. Thy fillers filler.

Luc. That's my filler.

Ant. No: it is thy felfe, mine owne fillers better part:

Mine eies cleere eie, my decre hearts dearer heart

If you did wed my fitter for her wealth,

Then fer her wealthes-fake vste her with more kindneffe:

Or if you like else-where deed it by stealth,

Muffle your false love with some show of blindneffe:

Let not my filler read it in your eye:

Be not thy tongue thy owne Orator:

Looke sweet, speak with faire faith, become disloyalite:

Apparel vice like vertues harbinger:

Bear a faire preference, though your heart be tainted,

Teach finne the carriage efa holy Saint,
The Comedie of Errors.

Ant. What claime liest she to thee?

Dro. Marry sir, such claime as you would lay to your horse, and she would have me as a beast, not that I being a beast she would have me, but that she being a very beastly creature lays claim to me.

Ant. What is the like?

Dro. A very reverent body: I such one, as a man may not speake of, without he lay for reverence. I have but loose lucke in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. How doth thou mean a fat marriage?

Dro. Marry sir, she's the Kitchin wench, & al grease, and I know not what else to put her too, but to make a Lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant her ragges and the Tallow in them, will burn a Poland Winter: if the lives till doome day, she'll burn a weeke longer then the whole World.

Ant. What complexion is she of?

Dro. Swarts like my floor, but her face nothing like so cleanse hope: for why? the sweat a man may gout owt-flooses in the grime of it.

Ant. That's a doubt that water will mend.

Dro. No sir, in grime, Nepps flood could not do it.

Ant. What's her name?

Dro. Ned Sir: but her name is three quarters, that's an Ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. Then the beares some breadth.

Dro. No longer from head to foot, then from hips to hippe: she is spherial, like a glob: I could find our Countries in her.

Ant. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. Marry sir in her buttockes, I found it out by the bogges.

Ant. Where Scotland?

Dro. I found it by the barrenesse, hard in the palmes of the hand.

Ant. Where France?

Dro. In her forehead, arm'd and reuered, making warre against her heire.

Ant. Where England?

Dro. I look'd for the chalke Chiffes, but I could find no whiteesse in them, but I guesse, it flood in her chin by the falt chisme that ranne between France, and it.

Ant. Where Spain?

Dro. Oh I faw it nor: but I felt it hot in her breast.

Ant. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. Oh fit, upon her nofe, all ore embellished with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Aspict to the hot breath of Spaine, who wont whole Armadas of Carretts to be ballaft at her nofe.

Ant. Where flood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. Oh sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge or Dhuiner layd clame to me, call'd mee Dromio, I wore I was affur'd to her, told me what prime marktes I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the Mole in my necke, the great Warst on my left arm, that I am to range from her as a witch. And I think, my brest had not beene made of faith, and my heart of Roses, she had transform'd me to a Currull dog, & made me turn'd with wheele.

Ant. Go bide thee pretently past to theonde, and if the winde blow any way from theore, I will not harbour in this Towne to night.

If any Barks put forth, come to the Mart.

Where I will wake till you returne to me:

If any one knowes you, and we know none,

To you I thinke to judge, packe, and be gone.

Dro. As from a Beast a man would run for life,

So sile I from her that would burn my wife.

Eph. There's none but Witch do inhabit here,

And therefore 'tis his time that I were hence:

She that doth call me husband, even my soul

Dost for a wife abhorre.

But her faire fay she

Poffett with such a gentle frouard grace,

Of such incanting presence and discourse,

Hath also made me Traitor to my felf:

But lett my felfe be guilty to selfe wrong,

Ile stop mine ears against the Mermaids song.

Enter Angelo, with the Chaine.

Ang. Mr Arriphthon.

Ant. I that's my name.

Ang. I know't well sir, loe her the chaine,

I thought to have tane you at the Pertinent,

The chaine vnhurtid'd make me stay thus long.

Ant. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please your felfe sir: I have made it for you.

Ant. Made it for me sir, I booke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twentie times you have:

Go home with it, and please your Wife withall,

And some at fupper time, i' th' night you,

And then receive my money for the chaine.

Ant. I pray you sir receive the money now,

For fear you may not finde chaine, nor many more.

Ang. You are a marry man Sir, fare you well. Exit.

Ant. What I thought of this, I cannot tell

But this I thinke, there's no man is so vane,

That would refuse an offer'd Chaine

I fee a man here needs not live by flitches,

When in the streets he meetes such Golden gifts:

He to the Mars, and there for Dromio's sake,

If any flip put out, then straightaway.

Allus Quartus, Scena Prima.

Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith, and an Officer.

Mar. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,

And since I have not much importun'd you,

Nor now I had not, but that I am bound

To parte, and want Gilders for my voyage.

Therefor make present satisfaction,

Or let me sue you by this Officer.

Gold. Even pluck the sum that I do owe to you,

Is growing to me by Antipholus,

And in the instant that I met with you,

He had of me a Chaine, as fine a clocke

I shall receive the money for the same.

Pleaseth you walk with me downe to his house,

I will discharge my band, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholus Ephes. Dromio from the Countenance.

Off. That labour may you have: See where he comes.

Ant. While I go to the Goldsmiths house, go thou

And
And buy a ropes end, that will I bellow
Among my wife, and their confederates,
For locking me out of my doores by day:
But last I fee the Goldfinch; get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dr. I buy a thousand pound a year, I buy a rope.

Exit Drusio.

**Eph. Act.** A man is well holpe vp that trufts to you,
I promisf your prefence, and the Chaine,
neither
But firrah, you (ball buy this sport as deere.

Gold. Here is thy fee, arreft him Officer.
I would not spare my brother in this cafe,
If he should come to me appartmently.

Off. I do arreft you fir, you have the faire.

Ant. I do obey thee, till I giue thee baile.

But sirrah, you shall buy this sport as deere,
At the mettall in your change will answer.

Gold. Sir, fir, I shall have Law in Ephesius,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Drusio Sirs, from the Bay.

Dro. Master, there’s a Barke of Epidamnium,
That faies but till her Owner comes aboard,
And then fir she heares away. Our fraughtage fir,
I have concea’d aboard, and I have bought
The Oyle, the Balsamum, and Aqua-vitae.
The ship is in her trim, the merrie winde’
Blowes faire from land: they fly for nought at all,
But for their Owner, Master, and your felte.

As. How now? a Madman? Why thou perechieth sheep
What ship of Epidamnium faies for me.

S. Dro. A ship you lent me too, to hier waftage
As. Thou drunken flawe, I lent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

S. Dro. You sent me for a ropes end as foone,
You lent me to the Bay fir, for a Barke.

As. I will debate this matter at befier tinfo
And teach your eares to lift me with more heed.
To Adriana Villaine hie thee ftraight
Give her this key, and tell her in the Deske
That’s couer’d b’rc with Turkifh Tapifterie,
There is a purfe of Duckets, let her fend it to
Tell her, I am arrefted in the ftteete,
And that shall baile me: hie thee flawe, be gone,
On Officer to prifon, till it come.

Exeunt

**S. Dromis. To Adriana, that is where we din’d,**
Where Dowifball did claim me for her husband.
She is too bigge I hope for me to compaffe,
Thither I muft, although against my will:
For feruants must their Matters minds fulfill.

**Enter Adriana and Luciana.**

Adr. Ah Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might’thou perceiue answerly in his tie,
That he did plead in earneft, yes or no:
Look’d he or red or pale, or fad or merrily?
Look’d he that he was a Stranger heere.
What obferuation mad’st thou in his cafe?
Oh, his hearts Motes twing’d in his face.

Luc. First he did praife my beaut is, then my fpeech.
My tongue, though not my heart, (hall haue his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and fere.

Adr. What if I bane not fir, 1 hopa you haue:
What of his defperation, and what end.
He did plead in Earneft, as I fee.
If not, I leame him to the Officer.

Ant. I anfwer you, What should I anfwer you.

Gold. The monie that you owe me for the Chaine.

Ant. I owe you none, till I receive the Chaine.

Gold. You know I gave it you halfe an hour fince.

Ant. You gave me none, you wrong me much to
say fo.

Gold. You wrong me more fir in denying it.

Consider how it flands upon my credit.

Mar. Well Officer, arreft him at my fuite.

Off. I do, and charge you in the Dukes name to- 

beyrne.

Gold. This touches me in reputation.

Either condeft to pay this fum to me,
Or I attach you by this Officer.

Cont. Condeft to pay thee that I neuer had:
Arreft me foolifh fellow if thou dar’n’t.

Adr. What is your purpofe, and what end.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and fere.
Ill-fa’d, worse bodied, shapeless every where.
Vicious, vengent, foolifh, blunt, vokinde,

[Stigma-]
The Comedie of Errors.

Stigmatical in making or else in minde.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No ewill lof e was ill,when it is gone.

Adr. Ah but I thinke him better then I say:
And yet would herein others eyes were worse:
Farre from her net the Lapwing cries awa,
My heart prays for him, though my tongue doe curst.

Enter S. Dromio.

Dro. Here goe: the desk, the purse, sweet now make haste.

Luc. How halft thou lost thy breath?

S. Dro. By running fall.

Adr. Where is thy Master Dromio? Is he well?

S. Dro. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse then hell:
A d awell in a putting garland hath him;
On whose hard heart is button'd with stecele
A FEIND, a FAIRIE, pittance and ruffe:
A WOLFE, no ware, a fellow all in buffe,
A back friend, a shoulder-cupper, one that counterroads
The passages of allies, creek, and narrow lands:
A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws drifoot well,
One that before the Judge caries poor soules to hel.

Adr. Why man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I do not know the matter, he is reft on the case.

Adr. What is he arrest'd? tell me at whose suite?

S. Dro. I know not at whose suite he is arrest'd well,
but in a suite of buffe which refted him, that can I tell,
will you send him Mistress redemption, the monie in his desk.

Adr. Go fetch it Sister: this I wonder at.

Exit Luciana.

Thus he unknowne to me should be in debt:
Tell me, was he arrest'd on a band?

S. Dro. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing
A chaine, a chaine, doe you not here it ring,
As if I were a curious friend,
Coaceis joy comfort and my iniurie.

Exit.

Adr. Go Dromio, there's the monie, bear it straight,
And bring thy Master home immediately.
Come hither, I am preft downe with conceit:
Conceit, my comfort and my iniury.

Enter Antipholus Stranwhere.

There's not a man I meete but doth Glacie me.
As I were their well acquainted friend,
And cucle one doth call me by my name:
Some tender monie to me, some invite me;
Some other gives me thanks for kindneses;
Some offers me Commodities to buy,
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,

And how'd me Silkes that he had bought for me,
And therewithall tooke measure of my body.
Sure thefe are but imaginaries wiles,
And Lapland Sorcerers inhabit 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 don't thou mean?

S. Dro. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise: but that Adam that keeps the prison: hee that goes in the calues-skint, that was kill'd for the Prodigall: hee that came behind you first, like an euill angel, and bid you forfoke your libertie.

Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why'tis a plaine cafe: he that went like a Bad-Viole, in a cafe of leather; the man fir, that when gentlemen are tireed giues them a fob, and reft them: he fir, that takes pittie on decaying men, and giues them suits of durance: he that sets vp his reft to doe more exploits with his Mace, then a Boris Pike.

Ant. What thou meaneft an officer?

S. Dro. Sir, the Seriante of the Band: he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his Band: one that thinkes a man always going to bed, and says, God giue you good reft.

Ant. Well sir, there rest in your fooleerie:
Is there any ships puts forth to night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why sir, I brought you word an house aince, that the Barke Expedition puts forth to night, and then were you hindered by the Seriante to tarry for the Hey Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. The fellow is distraite, and so am I,
And here we wander in illufions:
Some blessed power deliver vs from hence.

Enter a Cuirassian.

Cur. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.
I see, sir you have found the gold-smith now.
Is thiat the chaine you promised me to day?

Ant. Schaun aurole, I charge thee tempt me not,
S. Dro. Master, is this Mistress Scaun?

Ant. It is the diewell.

Cur. Nay, she is worse, she is the diuells dam:
And here she comes in the habit of a light wench, and therof comes, that the wenches say God dam me, That's as much to say, God make me a light wench: It is written, they appeae to men like angels of light, light is an effect of fire, and fire will burne: ergo, light wenchs will burne, come not nere her.

Cur. Your man and you are maraualous miserie fr.
Will you goe with me, we'll mend our dinner here?
S. Dro. Master, if do expect spoon-meez, or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. Why Dromio?

S. Dro. Marrie he must have a long spoon that must eate with the diuell.

Ant. Avoit then fiend, what tell'st thou me of sup-
Thou art, as you are all a for cereffe: (parg? I consine thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cur. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my Diamond the Chaine you promised, And I'll be gone fit, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some diuels ask but the parings of ones nose,
Enter Adriana, Luciana, Cornelia, and a Schole-maister, call'd Pinch.

Ant. Come goe along, my wife is comming yonder.

E.Dro. Mistress fridge from, respect your end, or rather the prophesie like the Parrat, beware the ropes end.


Ant. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adr. His inclemency confirmes no leffe.

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a Conjuror, establish him in his true face againe, and I will pleaze you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas how fiery, and how sharp he lookes.

Car. Mark, how he trembles in his exalte.

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. There is your hand, and let it feel your care.

Pinch. I charge thee, Sithan, hou'd within this man, to yeeld possession to my boile prayers, and to thy state of darknesse hie thee straight, I conjure thee by all the Saints in heauen.

Ant. Peace doing wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Ant. Or that thou wert not, poor disftrefted foule.

Ant. You Minions, you are theft your Cus tomers? Did this Companion with the faffon face Retuell and feast at at my houfe to day, Whilf't upon me the guiltie doores were shut, and I denied to enter in my houfe.

Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home Where would you had remain'd untill this time, Free from the flanders, and this open shame.

Ant. Din'd at home? Thou Villaine, what sayest thou!

Dro. Sit footh to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. Were not your doores lock'd vp, and I shut out?

Dro. Perdie, your doores were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. And did not her selfe repine methere? Sain Fabre, the her selfe reu'd you there.

Ant. Did not her Kitchen maide rule, taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. Ceris the did, the kitchen vessall scorn'd you.

Adr. And did not I in rage depart from thence? Dro. In verity you did, my bones bears witnesse, that since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. 1st good to foot him in their contraries? Pinch. It is no shame, the fellow finds his veins And yielding to him, honors well his frende.

Adr. Thou hast fabborn'd the Goldsmith to streight mee.

Adr. Alas, I fent you Monie to redeem you, By Dromio herre, who came in haft for it.

Dro. Monie by me? Heart and good will you might But surely Master not a ragge of Monie.

Ant. Woulst thou not ther for a purse of Duckers.

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luci. And I am witnesse with her that she did.

Dro. God and the Rope-maker beare me witnesse, That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Mistref, both Man and Master is poss'd, I know it by their pale and deadly lookes.
The Comedie of Errors.

They must be bound and lade in some darke roome.

Ant. Say wherefore didst thou locke me forth to day, and why dost thou deny the bagge of gold?

Adr. I did not gentle husband locke thee forth.

Dro. And gentie M' I receu'd no gold:

But I confesse, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling Villain, thou speakst ill in both 

And art confederate with a damned packe.

To make a loathfome abieft scorn of me:

And art confederate with a damned packe,

That would behold in me his shamefull fport.

But with these nailes, I'll plucke out these falfe eyes,

Do outrage and displeafure to himfelfe?

I am thy prifoner, wilt thou fuffer them to make a re- 

Ihall nothaue him.

Mafter, cry the diuell.

Say now, whose suit is he arrestt.

Offi. Masters let him go: he is my prifoner, and you shall not have him.

Prelb. Go bind this man, for he is franticke too.

What wilt thou do, thou preuifh Officer?

Haft thou delight to see a wretched man

Do outrage and displeafure to himfelfe?

Offi. He is my prifoner, if I let him go,

The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Mafter, I am heere entred in bond for you.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peetiifti Officer?

Ant. Out on thee Villaine, wherefore doft thou mad

Off. He is my prifoner, if I let him go.

Adr. I will dischare thee ere! go from thee,

Of very reuerent reputation (ir.

Mar. Of credit infinite, highly belou'd.

Let him go: he is my prifoner, and you

Shall not have him.

When as your husband all in rage to day

He ejtribes.

Off. Away, they'll kill vs, 

Exeunt omnes, as fett as may be, frighted.

S. Ant. I see thefe Witches are afraid of swords.

S. Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant. Come to the Centaur, fetch our fflue from thence:

I long that we were safe and found aboard.

Dro. Faith stay here this night, they will falsely do vs no harme: you saw they speake vs faire, give vs gold:

me thinkes they are fuch a gentle Nation, that but for the Mountaine of mad flefi that claims mariage of me, I could finde in my heart to stay here still, and turne Witch.

Ant. I will not stay to night for all the Towne,

Therefore away, to get our fflue aboard.

Enter the Merchant and the Goldsmith.

Gold. I am sorry Sir that I have hindered you,

But I protest he had the Chaine of me,

Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mar. How is the man esteemed here in the Citie?

Gold. Of very reuerent reputation (ir.

Of credit infinite, highly belou'd.

Second to none that lives here in the Citie:

His word might bare my wealth at any time.

Mar. Speaks softly, yonder as I thinke he walks.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio againe.

Gold. 'Tis so: and that felie chaine about his necke,

Which he forswore most monstrously to haue.

Good sir draw neere to me, Ile speake to him:

Signior Antipholus, I wonder much

That you would put me to this flame and trouble,

And not without some scandall to your selfe,

With circumstance and oaths, fof to denie

This Chaine, which now you wearre so openly.

Before the charge, the flame, imprisonement,

You have done wrong to this my honest friend,

Who but for staying on our Controversie,

Had hollied faile, and put to fse to day:

That you would put me to this flame and trouble,

And not without some scandall to your selfe,

With circumstance and oaths, fof to denie

This Chaine, which now you wearre so openly.

Before the charge, the flame, imprisonement,

You have done wrong to this my honest friend,

Who but for staying on our Controversie,

Had hollied faile, and put to fse to day:

This Chaine you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant. I thinke I had, I neuer did deny it.

Mar. Yes that you did fir, and forswore it too.

Ant. Who heard me to denie it or forswore it?

Mar. These eares of mine thou knowst did hear thee:

On thee wreath, 'tis pity that thou liest.

To walke where any honeft men refort.

I dare and do defie thee for a Villaine.

They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtney & others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not for God fake, he is mad, 

Some get within him, take his sword away:

Binds Dromio too, and beare them to my house.

S. Dro. Runne master run, for Gods fake take a houfe, 

This is some Priorie, in or we are spoyl'd.

Enter Antiphonus Strazonius with his Regier drawne, and Dromio Stras. 

Luc. God for thy mercy, they are loose againe.

Adr. And come with naked swords, 

Let's call more helpe to hauie them bound againe.

Runne all out.
Enter Lady Abbess.

Ab. Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither?

Ad. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Cels. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mor. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

How long hath this possession held the man?

Ad. This week he hath beene beastie, lower'd sad,
And much different from the man he was:
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne re brake into extremity of rage.

At. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea,
Buried some dear friend, hath not eft his eye
Stray'd his affeccion in unlawful love,
A time punissing much in youthfull men,
Who glue their eyes the liberty of gazine.

Which of these forresses is he subject too?

Ad. To none of these, except it be the last,
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

You should for that have reprehended him.

Ad. Why did I do.

Ab. I but not rough enough.

Ad. As roughly as my modestie would let me.

Heply impruade.

Ad. And in assortment too.

At. But, not enough.

Ad. It was the copie of our Conference,
In bed he first not for my urging it,
At board he fed not for my urging it:
Alone, it was the subiect of my Theame:
In company I often glanced it:
Still did I tell him, it was vife and bad.

And therefore came it, that the man was mad.

The venomous clames of a lealous woman,
Poisons more deadly then a mad dogges tooth.
It seemed his decees were hindered by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.

Thou fift his meate was feaw'd with thy upbraiding,
Vuguer meates make ill digestion,
Therof the raging fire of fever bred,
And what's a Fcreas, but a fit of madneffe?

Thou fay'st his spirits were hindered by thy bratles
Sweet recreation bar't d, what doth enlue
But monlie and dull melancholy,
Kindnes to grieve and comfortlefe dispair,
And at her heels a huge infectuous troop.

Of pale diftemperatures, and feiz to life?

In fond, in sport, and life-prefering rift.

To be distur'd, would ruin or man, or beast.

The confeuencce is then, thy lealous fits

Hath ca'd thy husband from the vec of suits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly.

When he demand'd himselfe, rough, rude, and wildly,

Why heare you these rebukes, and answes not?

Ad. She did betray me to my owne reproofs,

Good people enter, and lay hold on him.

Ab. No not a creature enters in my house.

Ad. Then let your tenants bring my husband forth.

At. Neither he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall pleadge him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits againe,
Or loose my labour in affying it.

Ad. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,

Diet his sickneffe, for it is my Office,
And will have no journey but my selfe,
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Ab. Be patient, for I will not let him flire,
Till I have v's t the approv'd meanes I haue.
With wholesome frutus, drugs, and holy prayers
To make of him a formall man againe:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable dutie of my order,
Therefore depart, and leave him heere with me.

Ad. I will not hence, and leave my husband here:
And ill doth befoome your holyneffe
To separate the husband and the wife.

Ab. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not hame him.

Lec. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.

Ad. Come go, I will fall prostrate at his fecet,
And never rise vnnall my teares and prayers
Have won his grace to come in perfon hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbess.

Mor. By this I think the Diall points at fir.
Anon I mone fure the Duke himselfe in perfon
Comes this way to the melancholly vale;
Thhe place of depth, and forrie execution.

Behind the ditches of the Abbey heere.

Gold. Vpon what cause?

Mor. To take a reverent Sirachus Merchant,
Who put vnlockly into this Bay.

Against the Lawes and Statutes of this Towne,

Behaved publikely for his offence.

Gold. See where they come, we will beold his death.

Luc. Kneele to the Duke before he passe the Abbey.

Enter the Duke of Epoxos, and the Merchant of Sirachus.

Duke. Yet once againe proclaime it publikly,
If any friend will pay the summe for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Jullifie most sacred Duke against the Abbess.

Duke. She is a verbourk and a reuerend Lady,
It cannot be that the hath done this wrong.

Adr. May it pleafe your Grace, Amphilus my husband,
Who I made Lord of me, and all I had,
At your important Letters this ill day,
May it pleafe your Grace, my husband,

Luc. Sir actu Chriftian merchant, and all I had,

To see a reuerent

Merchant,

Who put vnlockly into this Bay.

Duke. Sir, it is the Duke himselfe in person.

Luc. He brooke from those that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendants and himselfe,
Each one with irefully pa(fion, with drawne swords
Mett vs against, and madly bent on vs.

Chac'd vs away: still taing of more side
We came againe to bind them: then they fled
Into this Abbey, whether we purfu'd them,
And here the Abbess shut the gates on vs,
And will not suffer vs to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bore him hence.

Therefore,
Therefore most gracious Duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence to help me.

_Duke._ Long since thy husband sent me in my wars
And to thee ingaged a Prince's word,
When thou didst make him Master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.

Go some of you, knock at the Abbey gate,
And bid the Lady Abbess come to me:
I will determine this before I slie.

Enter a Messenger

_Oh Mistress, Mistress, shift and use your self,
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice._

_Duke._ Come stand by me, fear nothing: guard with Halberds.

_Adv._ Ay me, it is my husband: witnesse you,
That he is born of inquility,
Euen now we hou'd him in the Abbey here:
And now be's there, past thought of humane reason.

Enter Antipholus, and E. Dromio of Ephesus.

_E. Ant._ Justice most gracious Duke, oh grant me issue.

_Ant._ For the femence that long since I did thee,
When I besrifled thee in the wars, and tooke
Deepe feasers to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

_M. Petr._ Witnesse the feasers of death doth make me dore,
I see my somne Antipholus and Dromus.

_E. Ant._ Justice (sweet Prince) against Woman there:
She whom thou gaft to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and disdained me,
Euen in the strength and height of intiue:
Beyond imaginacion is the wrong
That this day hath shamelesse thronne on me.

_Duke._ Discover how, and thou shalt finde me right.

_E. Ant._ This day (great Duke) the truth the doores
Upon me,
While the with Harlots feast'd in my house.

_Duke._ A greuous fault! say woman, didst thou so?

_Adv._ Mo my good Lord. My selfe, he, and my sister,
To day did dine together; so betall my foule,
As this is false he butches me withall.

_Luc._ Nere may I looke on day, not sleepe on night,
But the tells to your Highness simple truth.

_Gold._ O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworne,
In this the Madman iutly charged them.

_E. Ant._ My Liege, I am aduised what I say,
Neither disturbed with the effect of Wine,
Nor head-rash provok'd with raging ire;
Albeit my wrongs might make one witter mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That Goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witnesse it: for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Baldasar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him. In the street I met him,
And in his company that Gentleman
There did this penur'd Goldsmith swear me downe,
That I this day of him receiv'd the Chaine,
Which God he knowes, I saw not. For the which,
He did arrest me with an Office:
I did obey, and sent my Pavant home
For certaine Dukets: he with none returned;
Then farely I bespoke the Officer
To go in perthon with me to my house.

By this way, we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile Confederates: along with them
They brought one Finch, a hungry leane-face'd Villain;
A mere Anatomie, a Mountebanke,
A thisted bare bulger, and a Fortune-teller.
A needy -hollow -eyd -shape-looking -wretch;
A living dead man. This pernicous slave,
Forsooth took on him as a Conurer:
And gazin in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no -face (as twere) out-facing me,
Cries out, I was possessed. Then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in tunder,
I gain dram'd home, and immediately
Ran hither to your Grace, whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction.

For these deepes shames, and great indignities.

_Gold._ My Lord, in truth, thus far I witnesse with him:
That he did not at home, but was lock'd out.

_Duke._ But had he such a Chaine of thee, or no?

_Gold._ He had my Lord, and when he ran in here,
These people saw the Chaine about his necke.

_Ms._ Besides, I will be sworne these cares of mine,

_Her._ I saw thee, for I had the Chaine of him,
After you first forsworke it on the Mart,
And thereupon I drew my sword on you,
And then you fled into this Abbey here,
From where I thinke you are come by Miracles.

_E. Ant._ I never came within these Abbey walls,
Nor ever did thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the Chaine, so help me heauen.
And this is false you butchen me withall.

_Duke._ Why what an intricate impeach is this?
I think you all have drunkke of Circe cup:
If here you hous'd him, heere he would have bin,
If he were mad, he would not please so coldly:
You say he didn't at home, the Goldsmith heere,
Denies that saying. Sira, what say you?

_E. D._ Sire, he dide with her here, at the Porpentine.

_Car._ He did, and from my finger snatcht that Ring.

_E. Ant._ Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.

_Duke._ Saw not thou him enter at the Abbey here?

_Car._ As fare (my Liege) as I do see your Grace.

_Duke._ Why this is strange: Go call the Abbess hither.

I thinke you are all mad, or else mad.
Enter a Cathar to the Abbé.

Fal. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word: Happy I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.
Fal. Is not your name Sisinian Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?
E. Dr. Within this hour I was his bondman sir,
But I thank him now'd in two my coats,
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound;
Fal. I am sure you both of you remember me.
Dre. Our feates we do remember by you:
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not Pencher patient, are you sir?
Father. Why looke you strange on me? you know me well.
E. Ant. I never saw you in my life till now.
Fal. Oh! grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last,
And careful hours with times deformed hand,
Haue written strange defeatures in my face:
And carefull hours with times deformed hand,
Half thou saue crack'd and splittet my poor tongue
In seven short yeares, that here my only sonne
Knowes not my feeble key of vntun'd cases?
E. Ant. Nor I. Neither.
Dre. Dromio, nor thou ?
Fal. No trust me sir, nor I,
Fal. I am sure thou do'rt not?
E. Dromio. I sir, but I am sure I do not, and whatso-
ever a man denies, you are now bound to beleue him.
Fal. Not know my voice, oh times e'tremity
Hait thou so crack'd and splittet my poor tongue
In seven short yeares, that here my only sonne
Knowes not my feeble key of vntun'd cases?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming Winters drizled show,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up?
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my yoke
For largly we were bound as you are now.
E. Ant. This pu-fe of Duckets I receiu'd from my so.
I, to this fortune that you see mee in.
Duke. Antipholus thou canst not from Corinthus.
S. Ant. No sir, not I, I came from Siracusa.
Duke. Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which.
E. Ant. I came from Corinthus my most gracious Lord
E. Dromio. And I with him.
E. Ant. Brought to this Towne by that most famous
Warrior,
Duke Metheness, your most renowned Vckie.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?
S. Ant. I, gentle Minfris.
And are not you my husband?
E. Ant. No sir, I say nay to that.
S. Ant. And do I, yet did she call me so;
And this faire Gentlewoman her father heere
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dreame I see and hear.
Goldsmith. That is the Chaine fir, what you had of me,
S. Ant. I think it be sir, I deny it not.
E. Ant. And you sir for this Chaine arrest's me.
Gold. I think I did sir, I deny it not.
S. Ant. I sent you menie sir to be your baile
By Dromio, but I think he brought it not.
E. Dromio. No, none by me.
S. Ant. This purse of Duckets I receiu'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I see we all did meeke each others men,
And I was tane for him, and he for me;
And thereupon these errors are arose.
E. Ant. These Duckets pawn'd I for my father heere.
Duke. It shall not neede, thy father hath his life.
Cur. Sir I mutt have that Dismond from you.
E. Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good cheere.
Ab. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with vs into the Abbey heere
And here at large discours'd all our fortunes
And all that are assembled in this place.
That by this strange plaine one duke error
Hath suffer'd wrong, Go, keepe vs companie.
And

Enter the Abbé with Antipholus Siracusa,
and Dromio Sir.

Abbé. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.
Duke. One of these men is genious to the other:
And of the other, which is the natural man,
Adr. And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?
S. Dromio. Sir am I Dromio, command him away.
E. Dromio. I sir am Dromio, pray let me stay.
S. Ant. Egeon set thou me old or else his ghost.
The Comedie of Errors.

And we shall make full satisfaction.
That three yeares have I but gone in trauaile,
Of you my fiction, and till this present hour
My heauie burthen are deliucred:
The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalenders of their Nativity,
Go to a Goffips feast, and go with mee,
After so long greete such Nativity.

Duke With all my heart, Ile Goffip at this feast.

Exeunt

M.D. Me shall I fetch your stuffe from shipbord?
E.D. Dro. Your goods that lay at host sir in the Centaur.
M.Dro. He speakes to me, I am your master Droon.

Come go with vs, we'll looke to that anon,
Embrace thy brother there, and joye with him.

S.Dro. There is a fat friend at your masters house,
That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.
E D. Me thinks you are my glasse, & not my brother:
I see by you, I am a sweet face'd youth,
Will you walke in to see their gofflipping?
S.Dro. Not I sir, you are my elder.
E.Dro. That's a question, how shall we tric it.
S.Dro. Wee I draw Cuts for the Signior, till then,
lead thou first
E.Dro. Nay then thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another

FINIS.
Much adoe about Nothing.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Scena prima.

Enter Leonato Governor of Messina, Hero his Daughter, and Beatrice his Niece, with a messenger.

Leonato,

Learn in this Letter, that Don Peter of Aretusa comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this: he was not three Leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many Gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice it selfe, when the achieuer brings home full numbers: I finde here, that Don Peter hath bestowed much honor on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much defend'd on his part, and equally remember'd by Don Pedro, he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a Lamb, the feats of a Lion, he hath indeede better betted expectation, then you must expect of me to tell you how.

Lee. He hath an Uncle here in Messina, which I am much glad of it.

Mess. I haue already deliver'd him letters, and there appears much joy in him, even so much, that joy could not shew it selfe modest enough, without a bag of bitterness.

Lee. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Lee. A kind overflow of kindnesse, there are no faces truer, then those that are so wash'd, how much better is it to weep at joy, then to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Montanto return'd from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, Lady, there was none such in the armie of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for Neece?

Hera. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. Ohe's return'd, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, & challeng'd Cepid at the Flight: and my Nuckles fool'd reading the Challenge, subserib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the Burbolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he kill'd? for indeed, I promis'd to eate all of his killing.

Leon. Faith Neece, you take Signior Benedick too much, but he will be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath donc good service Lady in these wars.

Beat. You had most virtuallly, and he hath hope to eate it: he's a very valiant Trencher-man, hee hath an excellent romane.

Mess. And a good coudier too Lady.

Beat. And a good coudier too a Lady: But what is he to a Lord?

Mess. A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, flift with all honourable verties.

Beat. It is so indeed, he is no lesse then a flift man: but for the flushing well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not (fr) mistake my Neece, there is a kind of merry war between 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 conflict, foure of his hue wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: so that if hee haue wit enough to kepe himselfe warme, he must bear it for a difference between himselfe and his horse: For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworne brother.

Mess. 'Tis possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he weares his hat but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No, and he were, I would burne my Hudy. But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is fooner caught then the pestilence, and the rack runs presently mad. God helpe the noble Claudio, if hee have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand Pound ere he be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you Lady.

Beat. Do good friend.

Lee. You're very much Neece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Salabas, and Isabell the bardard.

Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Neuer came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remaine: but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his bane.
Pedro. You embrace your charge too unwillingly: I think this is your daughter.

Leonato. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Benedick. 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 heale by this, what you are, being a man, truly the Lady fathers herself: be happy Lady, for you are like an honorable father.

Beat. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as this is.

Benedick. I wonder that you will ill be talking, Signior Benedick, no body marks you.

Beat. What's my deere Ladie Difdaine! are you yet living?

Benedick. Is it possible Difdaine should die, while she bath fuch means food to feed it, as Signior Benedick? Censure it fuch mutt convert to Difdaine, if you come in her prefence.

Beat. Then is censure a turne-course, but it is certaine I am load of all Ladies, oneley you excepted: and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart for truly I love none.

Benedick. A deere happiness to woman, they wou'd have been troubled with a permittious Sucker. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I have been troubled with a pernicious Sucker, I thanke you all, I tell him we (hall (lay here, at the lead had rather neare my Dog barke at Crow, than a man.

Beat. God kepe your Ladifhip (till in that minde, so some Gentleman or other fhall feape a predefinate stretch face.

Benedick. Scratchings could not make it worfe, and 'twere fuch a face as yours were.

Beat. Well, you are a rare Parrat teacher.

Benedick. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of your.

Beat. I would my horfe had the speed of your tongue, and go good a continuer, but keeps your way a Gods name, I have done.

Benedick. You alwayes end with a Ladies tickle, I know as old.

Pedro. This is the summer of all: Leonato, signior Claudio, and signior Benedick; my deere friend Leonato, hath invited you all, I tell him we fhall stay here, at the leaff a month, and he heartily prays fome occasion may deprive us longer: I dare software he is no hypocrite, but praises from his heart.

Leonato. If you swear, my Lord, you fhall not be forsworne, let none bid you welcomes, my Lord, being reconciled to the Prince your brothers: I own you all deere.

Benedick. I thanke you, I am not of many words, but I thanke you.

Leonato. Pray if your grace sland on?

Pedro. Your hand Leonato, we will goe together.

Enovet. Manet Benedick and Claudio.

Benedick. Did thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Benedick. I noted her not, but I looked on her.

Beat. Is it not a modest yong Ladie?

Benedick. Does he you question me as an honest man should doe, for my simple true judgement? or would you have me speake after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their fexe?


**Much ado about Nothing.**

**Bert.** 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 rechute minded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an infamous baldricide, all women shall pardon me: because I will not do them the wrong to misstruft any, I will doe my felle the right to trust none; and the line is, (for the which I may goe the fitter) I will line a Batcheller.

**Pedro.** I will feethe ere I die, looke pale with lone. 

**Bert.** With anger, with sickeforme, or with hunger, my Lord, not with lone: prove that ever I looke more blood with lone, then I will get againe with a drinking, pick out mine eyes with a Ballet-makers penne, and hang me vp at the doore of a brothel-house for the signe of blinde Cupid.

**Pedro.** Well, if ever thou dost fail from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

**Bert.** If I do, hang me in a bottle like a Cat, & shoot at me, and he that's mee, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and calld Adam

**Pedro.** Well, as time shall tittie: In time the gurge Bull doe bear the yoake.

**Bert.** The gurge bull may, but if ever the sentient Benedick beares it, plucke off the bullers horne, and let them in my forehead, and let me be wildly painted, and in such great Letters as they write, here is good horfe to hire: let them signifie under my ligne, here you may see Benedick the married man.

**Claw.** If this shoulde ever happen, you would bee my horne mad.

**Bert.** Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his Quiter in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

**Bert.** I looke for an earthquake too then.

**Pedro.** Well, you will temporize with the houses, in the mean time, good Signior Benedick, respite to Leonato, commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper, for indeede he hath made great preparation.

**Bert.** I have almost matter enough in me for such an Embassage, and lo I committ you.

**Claw.** To the tuition of God. From my house, if I had it.

**Pedro.** The first of luly. Your loving friend, Benedick. 

**Bert.** Nay mocke not, mocke not; the body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but lightly fastened on neither, ere you fow old ends any further, examine your confidence, and lo I leaue you.

**Claw.** My Liege, your Highnesse now may doe mee good.

**Pedro.** My loue is thine to teach, teach itbut not, And thou shalt fee how apt it is to learn.

Any hard Lefdon that may doe thee good.

**Claw.** Hasht Leonato any fome my Lord?

**Pedro.** No child but Hero, her's is one heire, Don't thou affect her Claw?

**Claw.** O my Lord, When you went onward on this ended action, Ilook'd upon her with a fouldiers ey, That lik'd, but had a rougher taste in hand Then to drive liking to the name of lone: But now I am return'd, and that wars-thoughts Have left her places vacant in their roomes Come thronging fast and delicate defires, All prompting mee how faire yong Hero, Saying I look'd for were.
late flood out against your brother, and hee hath taken you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take root, but by the faire weather that you make your selfe, it is needfull that you frame the seaction for your owne hart.  

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, then to fashion a carriage to rob loue from any: this though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man) it must not be deceipt but I am a plane dealing villaine, I am truelly with a muffell, and enfranchifie with a clod, therefore I have decreed, not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite: if I had my liberty, I would do my liking. in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seeke not to alter me.  

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?  

John. I will make all use of it, for I live it only.  

Who comes here? what news?  

Enter Borachio.  

Bor. I came yonder from a great supper, the Prince your brother is royally entertayned by Leonato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.  

John. Will it serve for any Modell to build mischief on? What is hee for a fool that betrothes himselfe to vaunetisef?  

Bor. Mary it is your brothers right hand.  

John. Who, the most exquiste Claudio?  

Bor. Even he!  

John. A proper squier, and who, and who, which way bookes he?  

Bor. Mary on Hero, the daughter and Heire of Leonato.  

John. A very forward March-chick, how came you to this?  

Bor. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was sma-king a musty roome, comes me the Prince and Claudio, hand in hand in sad conference: I whisper behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the Prince should wooe Hero for himsefle, and having obteyned her, give her to Count Claudio.  

John. Come, come, let vs thither, this pray prone food  

Bor. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was sma-king a musty roome, comes me the Prince and Claudio, hand in hand in sad conference: I whisper behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the Prince should wooe Hero for himsefle, and having obteyned her, give her to Count Claudio.  

John. Come, come, let vs thither, this may proue food to my displeasure: such a start-up hath all the glee of my overthrow: if I can croffe him any way, I bless my selfe every way, you are both sure, and will affit mee.  

Con. To the death my Lord.  

John. Let vs to the great supper, their cheere is the fairest of the Bernard, and leade his Apes into hell.  

Bor. 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 Neese, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so threshold of thy tongue.  

Brother. Infath there's too curt.  

Bor. Too curt is more then curt, I shall leffen Gods senting that ways: for it is said, God fends a curt Cow short hornes, but to a Cow too curt he ferds none.  

Leon. So, by being too curt, Gods will send you no hornes.  

Bor. Iff, if he send me no husband, for the which Blessing, I am at him vp on my knees every morning and evening: Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather live in the woollen.  

Leonato. You may light up on a husband that hath no beard.  

Bor. What should I doe with him? drishe him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman?he that hath a beard, is more then a youth: and he that hath no beard, is leffe then a man: and hee that is more then a youth, is not for mee: and he that is leffe then a man, I am not ferhim: therefore I will even take xpectance in ear nest of the Berroid, and leade his Apes into hell.  

Leon. Well then, goe you into hell,  

Bor. No, but to the gate, and there will the Deuell mette mee like an old Cuckold whitenes on his head, and say get you to heauen Beatrice, get you to heauen, here's to place for you maides, so delier I vp my Apes, and away to S.Peter: for the heavens, hee fweares mee with the Batchellers fit, and there live weet mee as mercy the dayes long.  

Brother. Well neece, I trust you will be coud by your father.  

Bor. Yet faith, it is my cofens duty to make curs fit, and by, as it pleaces you: but yet for all that cofin, let me be abandome fellow, or else make an other curtie, and say, as it pleases me.  

Leonato. Well neece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.  

Bor. Not till Gods send me men of some other met- tall then eueh, would it not grieve a woman to be owne-maht with a piece of valiant duft; to make account of her life to a codle of waiward marle? no vuckle, ille none: Adams fones 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 fubic you in that kinde, you know your answere.  

Bor. The fruit will be in the musicke cokin, if you be not wedd a good time: if the Prince bee too import- tant, tell him here is measure in every thing, & to dance out the sweepe, for heare me Hero, woong, wedding, & repenting, is a Scotch jigge, a mascarfe, and a cinquepace: the firsttune is hooe and hooe like a Scotch jigge (and fall as faraftical) the wedding manely modest, (as a measure) all of state & muncetry, and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs fall into the cinquepace faster and faster, till he sinks into his grave.
Much ado about Nothing.

Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedick, and John Holinast, or humble John, Masked with a drum.

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend? Hero. So you walk fealty, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk, and especially when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company.

Hero. I may say so when I please.

Pedro. And when pleasant to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour, for God defend the Lute should be like the cafe.

Pedro. My vifor is PhiIomena rocco, within the house is Love.

Hero. Why then your vifor should be the same.

Pedro. Speak low if you speak love.

Ben. Well, I would you did like me.

Mars. So would not I for your owne sake, for I have many ill qualities.

Ben. Which is one?

Mars. I lay my prayers loyal.

Ben. I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Pedro. God match me with a good dauncer.

Balt. Amen.

Mars. And God keep him out of my fight when the dancet is done: answer Clarke.

Balt. No more words the Clarke is answered.

Fri. I know you well enough, you are Sighor Antonio.

Anth. At a word I am not.

Fri. I know you by the waving of your head.

Anth. To tell you true, I counterfeit it.

Fri. You could never doe him so ill well, unless you were the very man: here his dry hand vps & downes, you are he, you are he.

Anth. At a word I am not.

Fri. I know you by your excellent wit: I can venture hide it selfe & go to, mummy, you are he, grace will appear, and there's an end.

Ben. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Fri. No, you shall pardon me.

Ben. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bened. Not now.

Bened. That I was disdainfull, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales: well, this was Sighor Benedick that said so.

Ben. What's he?

Bened. He is my friend.

Ben. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bened. Not I, believe me.

Ben. Did he never make you laugh?

Bened. I pray you what is he?

Ben. Why he is the Prince as boisterer, a very droll foolie, emtyly his gift is, in devising impossible flanders, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villanie, for hee both pleaseth them and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure he is in the Fleet, I would he had boarded me.

Ben. When I know the Gentleman, Ile tell him what you say.
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 forfaken, 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 school-boy, who being out-joyed with finding a bird’s nest, slewes it his companion, and he flees it.

Pedro. wilt thou make a truth, a transgression? the transgression is in the solver.

Bene. Yet it had not bene amiss the rod had bene made, and the garland too, for the garland he might have borne himselfe, and the rod he might have beflowed on you, who (as I take it) haue holome his birds nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith you say none.

Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrell to you, the Gentleman that daunted with her, told her hee is much mistaken, that your grace may well say I haue lost it.

Bene. Will you make a trust, a transgression? the transgression is in the solver.

Pedro. Why how now Count, wherefore are you sad?

Count. Not sad my Lord.

Pedro. How then? sick?

Count. Neither my Lord.

Pedro. The Count is neither sad nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but ciuill Count, ciuill as an Orange, and some-thing of a jealous complexion.

Pedro. If faith Lady, I think your blazing to be true, though I be sworne, if she be so, her conscience is false: here be and I haue wooro in the same study, and I haue broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God giue thee joy.

Leonato. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her your fortunes: his grace hath made the match, & all grace say, Amen to it.

Beat. Speake Count, stir your Qu.

Count. Silence is the perfect Herault of joy. I were but little happy if I could say, how much? Lady, as you are mine, I am yours, I giue you my selfe for you, and doth upon the exchange.

Beat. Speake soon, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth with a kis, and let not him speak neither.

Pedro. Infaith Lady you haue a merry heart.

Beat. Yes my Lord I thank it, poor fools it keepes on the windy side of Care, my cousin tells him in his ear that he is in my heart.

Count. And so the doth cousin.

Beat. Good Lord for alliance; thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burnt, I may fit in a corner and cry, heigh ho for a husband.

Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your fathers gettings 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, unless I might have another for working-days, your Grace is too costly to waste euerie day: but I beseech your Grace pardon me, I was borne to speake all mirth, and no matter, your Prince is the fairest offends me, and to be merry, best becomes you, for out of question, you were born in a merry howre.

Beat. No sure my Lord, my Mother cried, but then there was a starres daunt, and vnder that was I born, I giue you joy.

Leonato. niece, will you looke to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy Vncle, by your Grace pardon.

Prince. By my troth a pleasant spirited Lady.

Leon. There’s little of the melancholy element in her my Lord, she is never sad, but when she sleepe, and not ever sad thenfore I have heard her daughter say, she hath often dreamt of unhappiness, and walks her selfe with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot indease to hear tell of a husband.

Leonato. O, by no means, she mocks all her wooers out of suite.

Prince. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leonato. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a weake married,
married, they would talk themselves inside.

Prince. CountClaudio, when measurseto you go to
Church?

Leonato. Not till today, my deare fonne, which is
hence a just seven night, and a time to brie
too, to have all things answer minde.

Clauudio. Come, you shake the head so long a
breathing, but I warrant thee Claudio, the time shall not go
duly by vs, I will in the interim, undertake one of
Hercules labors, which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the
Lady Beatrice into a mountains of affection, then one with
throver, I would faine have it a match, and I doubt not
but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such affi-
ance as I shall give you direction.

Leonato. My Lord, I am for you, though it cost me
ten nights watchings.

Claudio. And I my Lord.

Prince. And to gentle Hero?

Leonato. Here, I will doe my modest officer, my Lord, to helpe
my coffin to a good husband.

Prince. And Benedick is not the valupheul left husband
that I know: thus farre can I praise hirn, he is of a noble
straine, of approved valour, and confirm'd hone
yr, I will that 1 know: thus farre can I praife hirn.
he is of a noble

Beatrice into a mountains of affection, that one with
Ladve

Leonato. Enter Benedicks alone.

Bene. Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bene. My chamber window lies a booke, bring it
hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already sir.

Bene. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and
here againe. I doe much wonder, that one man seeing
how much another man is a fool, when he dedicate his
behaviour to love, will after he hath taught at such
shallow follies in others, become the argument of his
owne forme, by falling in love, to each a man is
Claudio,

I have known when there was no musique with him but
the drum and the fife, and now had he rather here the
raber and the pipe: I have knowne when he would have
walkt ten mile afoot, to see a good armor, and now will
he let ten nights awake esting the passion of a newdBub-
ler: he was wont to speake plaines, & to the purpos(e
like an honest man & a souldier) and now is he turned ortho-
graphy, his words are a very fantstical banquet, thus so
many strange difies: may I be so converted, & see with
these eyes? I cannot tell, I think not: I will not bee
sworne, but love may transforme me to an oyster, but I
take my oath on it, till he haue made an eyller of me, he
shall never make me such a fool: one woman is faire, yet
I am well: another is wife, yet I am wel: another veru-
rous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman,
one woman shall not come in my grace: rich shee shall
be, that's certaine: wife, or Ile none vertuous, or Ile
never cheper her: faire, or Ile never looke on her: mildre,
or comenest neere me: Noble, or not for an Angel: of
good discouer: an excellent Musitian, and her hair that
be of what colour it please God, God the Prince and
Monfieur Loue, I will hide me in the Arbor.

Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Jack Whiston.

Prince. Come, shal we hear this musique?

Claudio. Yea my good Lord: how still the evenint is.

As usuall on purpose to grace harmonie.

Prince. See you where Benedick hath hid himselfe?

Claudio. Very well my Lord the musique ended,

We'll fit the kid-foxe with a penny worth.

Prince. Come Balbobber, we'll heare that song again.

Balbobber. Good my Lord, passe not so bad a voyce,

To slander musique any more then once.

Prince. It is the wittnesse fill of excellency,

107
Much ado about Nothing.

To slander Musick any more then once.  
Prince. It is the witness still of excellence,  
To put a strange face on his owne perfection,  
I pray thee fing, and let me wee no more.  
Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing,  
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit,  
To her he thinks not worthy, yet the wooers,  
Yet will he sware he loves.  
Priner. Nay pray thee come,  
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,  
Done in notes.  
Balth. Note this before my notes,  
Theres not a note of mine that's worth the noting.  
Prince. Why these are very eetombers that he speaks,  
Note notes for th'o and nothing.  
Benv. Now drink mine, now is his foule rauish'd, is it not strange that these guns should hale foules out of mens bodies ? well, a horse for my money when all's done.  

The Song.  

Sing no more Ladies, sing no more;  
Men were deceivers ever,  
One foot in Sea, and one on land.  
To one thing constant never,  
Then sing no more, but let them go,  
And let you blithe and bouncy,  
Converting all your sounds of woe,  
Into joy many times.  

Sing no more Ladies, sing no more;  
Of dams so full and bray,  
The friend of men were ever so,  
Since summer soft was bray,  
Then sing no more, etc.  

Prince. By my word a good fong.  
Balth. And an ill finger, my Lord.  
Prince. Ha no, no faith, thou singst well enough for a fong.  
Benv. And in had been a dog that should have should done it, that would have hung'd him, and I pray God his dog were yond, but no mishelfie, I had as lief he had heard the night-ruine, come what plague could have come at it.  

Prince. Ye Gaffy, dost thou have Balthasar? I pray thee get vs some excellent musicke: for to morrow night we would have it at the Lady Heroes chamber window.  
Balth. The best I can, my Lord.  
Balthasar. Prince. Do so, farewell. Come hither Leonato, what news? you told me of to day, that your Niece Beatrice was in love with fignior Benedick ?  
Claud. O I, take on, take on, the fole fits. I did never thinke that Lady would have lovd any man.  
Leon. No nor I neither, but most wonderful, that she should have done it on Signior Benedicks, whom I have hush in all outward behavours seemed ever to abhorre.  
Benv. Is it possible? O is the wondre in that corner?  
Leon. By my word my Lord, I cannot tell what to thinke of it, but that she loves him with an intringed affection, it is past the infinite of thought.  
Prince. May be the doth but counterfeit,  
Claud. Faith like enough.  
Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was never counterfez of passion, came to so necer the life of passion as the discourse it.  

Prince. Why what effects of passion thresvs the  
Claud. Bait the booke well, this fild will bite.  
Leon. What effects my Lord? shee will fit you, you heard my daughter tell you bow  
Claud. She did indeed.  
Priner. How, how I pray you? you amaze me, I would have thought her spirit had beene invincible against all assaults of affection.  
Leon. I would have sworne it had my Lord, especially againft Benedick.  
Benv. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it : immaturity cannot sure hide himselfe in such reuerence.  
Claud. He hath taken this affection, hold it vp.  
Prince. Hath thourse made her affection known to Benedick ?  
Leonato. No, and swears the neet will, that he torment,  
Claud. Tis true indeed, so your daughters fo: shall I, I fay she, that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?  
Leon. This faith thee now when she is beginning to write to him, for shee'll be vp twenty times a night, and there will the fit in her smocks, till the hauw writings of paper: my daughter tell vs all.  
Claud. Now you take off 6 of sweet of paper, I remember a pretty left your daughter told vs of.  
Leon. O when she had writ it, & was reading it over, she found Benedick and Swintrae bewteen the sheets.  
Claud. That.  
Leon. O the worse the letter into a thousand halfe-senes,  
Tald at her felf, that she should be fo incomod to write, to one that she knew would flout her : I meafure him, faith she, by my owne spirit, for I shou'd flout him if bee writ to mee, yea though I love him. I should.  
Claud. Then downe upon her knees she falls, weeps,  
Fobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, prays, curfes, O sweet Benedick, God give me patience.  
Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter faiths fio, and the extanje hath so much everborne her, that my daughter is sometimes afraid shee doe see a desperate out rage to her felf, it is very true.  
Prince. It were good that Benedick knew it of some other, if shee will not discover it.  
Claud. To what end? he would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor Lady worse.  
Priner. And be should, it were an aires to hang him,  
Thers will he do a fhee, and out of all fuppositition, he is vertueus.  
Claud. And she is exceeding wife.  
Prince. To every thing, but in loving Benedick.  
Leon. O my Lord, wife dome and bold combating in  
To tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that bold hath the victory, I am sorry for her, as I have suffe to lose her, and her Guardian.  
Prince. I would shee had befores this defagre on mee, I would have dift all other refpefte, and made her halfe my felfe: I pray you tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.  
Leon. Were it good thinks you?  
Claud. Hero thinks surely shee will die, for the fayes shee will die, if thee love her not, and thee will the ere thee make her loose knownes, and shee will doe thee weene, rather than thee will hafe one breath of her accustomed creature.  
Prince. She doth well, if shee should make tender of her love,
love, 'tis very possible he'll scarce it, for though (as you may know) all hath a contemptible spirit.

Clas. He is a very proper man.

Prin. He has indeed a good outward happiness.

Clas. For God, and in my minde very wise.

Prin. He doth indeed shew some sparkes that are like wit.

Leo. And take him to be valiant.

Prin. As Hector, I assure you, and in the managing of quarrels you may see he is wise, for either he surenders them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a Christian-like fear.

Leo. If he do doe fear God, a must necessitate keep peace, if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Prin. And so will he do, for the man doth fear God, however it seems not in him, by some large faults he will make: well, I am sorry for your niece, shall we goe see Benedick, and tell him of her loue.

Clas. Neuer tell him, my Lord, let her wearce it out with good counsell.

Leo. Nay that is impossible, she may wearce her heart out itself.

Prin. Well, we will hearke further of it by your daughter, let it cool the while, I love Benedick well, and I could wil he would modestly examine himselfe, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a Lady.

Leo. My Lord, will you walke? dinner is ready.

Clas. If he do not doe on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

Prin. Let there be the same Nest spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry: the sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter, that's the Scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumbe shew: let us send her to call him into dinner.

Exeunt.

Bene. This can be no trickke, the conference was sadly borne, they have the truth of this from Hero, they seeme to pitise the Lady: it seemes her affections have the full bent: love me? why it must be required: I hear how I am cenfur'd, they say I will bear my feife proude, if I perceive the love come from her: they say too, that she will rather die than give any signe of affection: I did never thinke to marry, I must not feeme proud, happy are they that hear their detractiovs, and can put them to mending: they say the Lady is faire, 'tis a truth, I can beare them witness: and veracious, this is, I cannot reprooue it, and wife, but for louing me, by my troth I am as eafe: if I doe not love her 1 am a leue, I will goe get her picture.

A Min Tertius.

Enter Hero and two Gentlemen, Margaret, and Virsula.

Hero. Good Margaret runne thee to the parlour, there shall you find my Colman, Beatrice, proposing with the Prince and Claudia, whisper her care, and tell her I and Virsula, walk in the Orchard, and our whole discourse is all of her, say what thou ouer-heardst vs, and bid her fleie into the plesched bower, where bony-suckles spited by the funne, forbid the funne to enter: like ftrikes, Make proud by Princes, that advance their pride, against that power that bred it, there will I hide her To listen our purpose, this is thy office, bear mee well in it, and leave vs alone.

Marg. He make her come I warrant you presently.

Here. Now Virsula, when Beatrice doth come, as we do trace this alley vp and downe, Our talke must onely be of Benedicks, when I doe name him, let it be thoy part, to prate him more than ever man did merit, My talke to thee must be how Benedick is sick in loue with Beatrice: of this matter, is little gossip crafty arrow made, that only wounds by heart: say now begin,

Enter Beatrice.

For looke where Beatrices like a Lapwing runs Clofe by the ground, to heare our conference.

Virs. The pleasure of angling to see the fish
Cut up with her golden oars the fliee water, 
And greedily devour the treacherous bonie batte: so angle we for Beatrice, who eu'n now, is couched in the wood-bine courtesie, Fear you not my part of the Dialogue
Here. Then go we neere her that her care loseth nothing, Of the fale sweete baiete that we lay for i's,
No truly Virsula, she is too didsinfull, I know her spirits are as coy and wilde, As Haggardes of the rockes.

Virsula. But are you sure, that Benedick loves Beatrice so intirely?

Here. So faies the Prince, and my newe eathered Lord.

Virs. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madame?

Here. They did intreate me to acquaint her of it, but I perswaded them, if they lou'd Benedick,
To with him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it,
For if. Why did you so, doth not the Gentleman
Deferue as full as Fortune a bed,
As ever Beatrice (hall couch upon?

Here. O God of love! I know he doth desparue,
As much as may be yielded to a man.

But Nature never fram'd a woman's heart,
As much as may be yielded to a man.

Beatrice shall couch upon?

Deferue a full as fortunate a bed,
Misperizing what they poK'en and her wit
Disdain and Scorners sparkling in her eye.
We have caught her Madame.

Like conked fire,
Therefore let me.

Always excepted, my deare Claudio.
To staine my cofin with one doth not know,
Out of my face, presse me to death with wit,
Nor take no shape nor proieft of affection,
She's to foe infeared.

Vriff. Sure, I think so,
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, left the sport at it.

Here. Why you speake truth, I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely trust'd.
But she would tell him backward: is faire fac'd,
She would scarce the gentleman should be her fitter.

If blanke, why Nature drawing of an antice,
Made a foule bold: she, a lady's head:
If low, an agor very vildlie cut:
If speaking, why a wane blowne with all winde.
If silent, why a brocke mowed with none
So turns the every man the wrong side out,
And never giues to Truth and Vertue, that
Which simplication and merit purchase.

Vriff. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.
Here. No, not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable,
But who dare tell her so? if I should speake,
She would mocke me into 3yre, she would laugh me
But who dare tell her fo, if I should speake,
She knew his love, left me stake sport at it.

And truly I devise some honesty,
And counsafe him to fight against his passion.

Vriff. Yet tell her of it here, what she will faie.
Here. No, rather I will goe to Benedick,
And counsafe him to fight against his passion,
And truly I see so: some honest flanders,
To flaine my cofin with, one doth not know,
How much an ill word may imposicion like.

Vriff. O do not doe your caution such a wrong,
She cannot be so much without true judgement,
Hauing so twist and excellent a wit
As she is pruse to hate, as to refuge.

Here. I am the only man of Italy,
Always excepted, my deare Claudio.

Vriff. I pray you be not angry with me, Madame,
Saying my fancy: Signior Benedick,
For his, for bearing argument and valour,
Goes formost in report through Italy.

Here. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.
Vriff. His excellence did earne it ere he had it:
When are you married Madame?

Here. Why every day to morrow come gos,
Ie she thee some attires, and have thy counsell,
Which is the best to furnish me to morrow.

Vriff. She's tane I warrant you,
We have caught her Madame?

Here. Ift prove so, then loving goes by haps,
Some Cupid kills with arrowes, some with traps.

Beat. What fire is in mine ears? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and cormne so much?
Contemn, farewell, and maiden pride, adev,
No glory loses behind the backe of such.
And Benedick, loue on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wide heart to thy loving hand:
If thou dost loue, my kindeneffe shall incite thee
To binde our loves vp in a holy band.
For other sty thou dost desparue, and I
Beleue it better then reportingly.

Exit.

Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

Prince. I doo but stay till your marriage be consummated, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. Ile bring you thicher my Lord, if you'd vouchsafe me.

Prim. Nay, that would be as great a soyle in the new gloss of your marriage, as to strow a childe his new coat and forbid him to weare it, I will only bee bold with Benedick for his companie, for from the crowne of his head, to the sole of his foot, he is all mirthe, he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow and string, and the little hang, man dare not shoot at him, he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes, his tongue speakes.

Bene. Gallants, I am nor as I have bin.
Leo. So say I, methinks you are fadder

Claud. I hope he be in loue.

Prim. Hang him cmuent, there's no true drop of blood in him to be truly toucht with loue, the be fad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

Prim. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claud. You must hange it first, and draw it afterwards.

Prim. What if? for the tooth-ach.

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worrne.

Bene. Well, every one cannot master a grieffe, but bee that has it.

Claud. Yet say he is in loue.

Prim. There is no appearance of fancie in him; vnleffe it be a fancie that he hath to strange disguises, as to bee a Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow; vnleffe bee a Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow: vnleffe bee a Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow; vnleffe bee a Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow.

Bene. If he be not in loue with some woman, there is no beleeuing oll signes, a brushes his hat a mornings, What should that boade?

Prim. Hath any man seene him at the Barbers?

Claud. No, but the Barbers man hath beene seen with him, and the olde ornament of his cheeke hath alreadie flut tennis balls.

Leon. Indeed be lookses younger than hee did, by the lofts of a beard.

Prim. Nay a rubs himselfe with Cluit, can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's to lose.

Prim. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he won to vveah his face?

Prim. Yes, or to paint hiselfe? for the which I heare what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his lefteing spirit, which is now crept into a base, firing, and now gourned by foops
Much ado about Nothing.

Prin. Indeed that tells a heavy tale for him: conclude, he is in love.

Cla. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Prin. That would I knew too, I warrant one that knows him not.

Cla. Yet, and his ill conditions, and in despight of all, dies for him.

Prin. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Benv. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache, old signior, walke aside with me, I have studie eight or nine wife words to speake to you, which thefe hobby-horses must not hear.

Prin. For my life to break with him about Beatrice.

Cla. '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 meete.

Enter John the Boyard.

Bef. My Lord and brother, God save you.

Prin. Good den brother.

Bef. If your leisure serv'd, I would speake with you.

Prin. In private?

Bef. If it please you, yet Count Claudio may heare, for what I would speake of, concerns hem.

Prin. What's the matter?

Bef. Means your Lordship to be married to morrow?

Prin. You know he does.

Bef. I know not that when he knows what I know.

Cla. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

Bef. You may thinke I love you not, let that appeare hereafter, and hence bettter at me that by now I shall manifest, for my brother (I thinke, he holds you well, and in descrene of heart) hath helpe to effect your ensuing marriage: were fate fate unspent, and labour ill bestowed.

Prin. Why, what's the matter?

Bef. I came bether to tell you, and circumstances flattened, (for the haste been too long a talking of) the Lady is diffayled.

Cla. Who her?

Bef. Even now, Leonato her, every man here.

Cla. Dulcroyal?

Bef. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness, I could by the were worse, thinke you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till farther warrent gone but with mee to night, you shall see her chamber window enetered, even the morn after her wedding day, if you love her, then to morrow wed her: But it would better sit your honour to change your minde.

Claud. May this be so?

Prin. I will not thinke it.

Bef. If you dare not truth that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow mee, I will fhow you enough, and when you haue seene more, & heard more, proceed accordingly.

Cla. If I see any thing to night, why I should not marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I should wedde, there will I shame her.

Prin. And as I woode for thee to obtaine her, I will joyn with thee to disgrace her.

Bef. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my wittnesse, because it boldly but till night, and let the issue shew it selfe.

Prin. O day vntowardly turned!
If you hear a child cry in the night you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

**Watch.** How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear ws?

**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 bleates, will never answer a callse when he bleates.

**Verge.** Nay bid her I think she a cannot.

**Dog.** Fearful billsings to one on’s with anie man that knows the Statutes, he may finde him, marry not without the prince being willing, for indeed the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

**Verge.** Birladie I think it be so.

**Dog.** Ha ha ha, well masters good night, and there be anie matter of weight chances, call up me, keep your fellows counfailes, and your owne, and good night, come neighbour.

**Watch.** Well masters, we hearre our charge, let vs go sit here upon the Church bench till two, and then all to bed.

**Dog.** One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you watch about CigntorLeonaroesdocv, for the wedding being taken up of these mens bits.

**Watch.** What sweet?

**Dog.** Youle be made bring deformed forth I war. 2

**Watch.** Call vp the right maister Conftable, we have here recouercd the moil dangerous peece of lechety, what ever was known in the Commonwealth.

**Watch.** 1. We charge you in the Prince’s name stand.

**Watch.** 2. Call vp the right maister Conftable, we have here recouercd the moil dangerous peece of lechety, what ever was known in the Commonwealth.

**Watch.** 3. We charge you in the Prince’s name stand.

**Dog.** Ha, aha, well maisters good night, and thece be

**Verges.** Enter Borachis and Conrado,

**Bot.** What, Conrado?

**Watch.** Peace, str not.

**Conrado I Say.**

**Watch.** Here man, I am at thy elbow.

**Bot.** Mas and my elbow isht, I thought there would a scabbe follow.

**Con.** I will owethee an anfwere for that, and now forward with thy tale.

**Bot.** Stand thee clofe then vnder this penthoufe, for it bey you to goe v. v. with vs.

**Watch.** Some treson masters, yet stand clofe.

**Bot.** Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand Dukates.

**Con.** Can it poiffible that anie villanie should be fo deare?

**Bot.** Thou shoulfl rather aske if it were poiffible anie villanie should be so rich? for when rich villains have neede of poore ones, poore ones may make what price they will.

**Con.** I wonder at it.

**Bot.** That thewes thou art unconfound’d, thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloakse, is nothing to a man.

**Con.** Yet, it is apparell.

**Bot.** I mean the fashion.

**Con.** Yet the fashion is the fashion.

**Bot.** Meth, I may as well say the foole’s the foole, but I never saw what a deformed theefe this fashion is?

**Watch.** I know that deformed, a has bin a vile theefe, this vii. yeares, a goes vp and downe like a gentle man: I remember his name.

**Bot.** Didst thou not heare some bodie?

**Con.** No, I was the vaine on the house.

**Bot.** Seest thou not (I say) what a deformed theefe this fashion is, how giddily a turns about all the Hou.
Much ado about Nothing.

[Page 113]

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow Coze.

Beat. Good morrow sweet Hero.

Hero. Why how now? do you speake in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, me thinkes.

Mar. Clips into Light a love, (that goes without a burden,) do you sing it and he dance it.

Beat. Ye Light aloud with your heeles, then if your husband have flables enough, you'll looke he shall lacke no barnes.

Mar. O illegitimate confection! I scorne that with my heeles.

Beat. 'Tis almost five a clocke coffee, '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, H.

Mar. Well, and you be not turn'd Turkes, there's no more fayling by the fittare.

Beat. What means the fool's trove?

Mar. Nothing I, but God fend euery one ibeir harts define.

Hero. These gloutes the Count lent mee, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am fluff coffin, I cannot smell.

Mar. A maid and fluff! there's goodly catching of colde.

Beat. O God helpe me, God helpe me, how long have you profett apprehension? 

Mar. Ever since you left it, doth not my wit become morably?

Beat. It is not scene enough, you should weare it in your cap, by my troth I am fickle.

Mar. Get you some of this distill'd rotten benedictes, and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickfi her with a thilfell, 'tis a world to see: well faid y faith neighbour Verges.

Beat. Benedikt, why benedikt? you have some morell in this benedictes.

Mar. Morall? no by my troth, I have no morall meaning, I mean plain holy thilfell, you may think per chance that I think you are in love, nay biday I am not such a fool as to think what I Hiff, nor I Hiff not to think what I can, nor I can not think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was such mother, and now is he become a man, he swore he would never marry, and yet now in despirit of his heart he exeats his meate without grudging, and how you may be conuerced I know not, but me thinkes you looke with your eies as other women doe.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keepes,
\[ \text{Much ado about Nothing.} \]

Enter Prince, Bastard, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leonato, Come Friar Francis, be briefe, onely to the plaine forme of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.

Leon. To be married to her: Friar, you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count.

Hero. I do. 

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be coniugoyed, I charge you on your soules to vitter it.

Claud. Know you ane, Hero?

Hero. None my Lord.

Friar. Know you ane, Count?

Len. I dare make his answer, None.

Claud. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do!

Bene. Hero now! interrogations? why then, some be of laughing, as ha, ha, ha.

Len. Stand thee by Friar, father, by your issue, Will you with free and unconftrain'd soule Give me this maid your daughter?

Claud. As freely are you as God did give her me.

Len. And what have I to give you back, whose worth May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Friar. Nothing, whereas you render her againe.

Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness:

Nothing, unlesse you render her againe.

Friar. Then trust me, to be married to her: Friar, you come to marry her.

Leonato. Come Friar, be brief, only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.

Leon. None.

Claud. To be married to her: Friar, you come to marry her.

Friar. None, my Lord.

Claud. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do!

Bene. Hero now! interrogations? why then, some be of laughing, as ha, ha, ha.

Len. Stand thee by Friar, father, by your issue, Will you with free and unconftrain'd soule Give me this maid your daughter?

Claud. As freely as God did give her me.

Len. And what have I to give you back, whose worth May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Friar. Nothing, whereas you render her againe.

Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness:

Nothing, unlesse you render her againe.

Friar. Then trust me, to be married to her: Friar, you come to marry her.

Leonato. Come Friar, be brief, only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.
A thousand blushing apparitions,
To start into her face, a thousand innocent flames,
In Angel whitenesse bear away those blushes,
And in her eye there hath appeared a fire
To burne the errors that thefe Princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool,
Tru't not my reading, nor my obseruations,
Which with experimental scale doth warrant
The tenure of my booke: truft not my age,
Marry, here she liu'd indeed:
Then when she liu'd indeed:
then fhal he mourne,
And all her louely Organ of her life.
Th'ldea of her life shall weedy creeps
But being lack'd and loft,
Whiles we enjoy it.

Yet

As hours vyneme, or that I yefternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refute me, hate me, torture me to death.

Fri. Fri. There is fome strange mishifpin in the Princes.
Ben. Two of them haue the verie bent of honor,
And if their wifedomes be mifled in this:
The prafife of it liues in John the baffard,
Whole fpirits toile in frame of villanies.

Fri. I know not: if they speake but truth of her,
These hands fhall teare her: fhe wrong her honour,
The proudefh of them fhall weft heart of it,
Time hath not yet to drie this bloud of mine,
Not age to eate vp my mention,
Not Fortune made fuch hautes of my meanes,
Nor my bad life reft me fo much of friends,
But they fhall finde, swewk'd in such a hinde,
Both strength of limbe, and policie of minde,
Ability in meanes, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Fri. Paufe awhile:
And let my counfell fway you in this cafe,
Your daughter hearhe the Princes left for dead
Let her awhile be secretely kept in:
And publish it, that fhe is dead indeed:
Maintaine a mourning effentation,
And on your Families old monument,
Hang mournefull Epitaphes, and do all rites,
That apperitance into a buriau.

Fri. What fhall become of this? What will this do?
Fri. Marry this wet carried, fhall on her behalf,
Change fpeakers to remorse, that is some good,
But not for that dreame I on this strange courfe,
But on this trauail lookke for greater birth:
She dying, as it muft be fo maintain'd,
Upon the infarke that fue was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pittied, and excus'd,
Of euery hearer: for it is false out,
That what we have, we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we racke the value, then we finde
The verdict that poifonew would not fhew vs
Whiles it was ours, fo will it fare with Clauudius
When he fhall heare the dyed upon his words,
Til Idea of her life fhall sweetly creuce
Into his study of imagination,
And every louely Organ of her life,
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habitte:
More moving delicate, and ful of life,
Into the eye and perfpect of his fole
Then when the hid'd indeed: then fhall he moune.
If ever Loue had intereff in his Liver,
And with he had not fo accurd her:
No, though he thought his accufation true:
Let this be fo, and doubt not but succefe.
Wilt fashion the event in better shape,
Then I can lay it downe in likelihood.
But if all afy and but this be loue ful falle,
The foppofition of the Ladies death,
Will quench the wonder of her infamie.
And if it fort not well, you may conceals her,
As bel begins her wounded reputation,
In some reuctive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds and infintries.

Ben. Signior Leonato, let the Frier advoue you,
And though you know my inwardnefse and loue
Is very much vnto the Prince and Clauudius.
Yet, by mine honor, I will deale in this,
As secretly and inuicly, as your soule
Should with your bode.

Leon. Being that I flow in greefe,
The smallleft twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well contended, presently away,
For to strange fore, strangely they fraine the cure,
Come Lady, die to live, this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd, have patience & endure.
As fectedy and iuftlie, as your soule
The {mailed twine may lead me.

Beat. make him eat it that fayes I loue not you.

Bette. Bout to protefl Beatrice you.
Left 1 lone thee.

Beat. thru would right her?

Kettt. That I were a roan ! what, bearc her in hand untill they

The poilslef met of say. Iloued nothing fo well s you.,but

Bene. were a man * I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Veeuered standcr>vnmittigated rancour? O God that I

Bene. is left to proteft.

Bette. Beatrice. .

Beat. Will you not eat your word

Bene. It is a mans office, but not yours.

Bene. Claudio. You dare easier be friends with mee, than fight

Beat. You dare easier be friends with mee, than fight

Bene. with mine enemy.

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not, it were as

Bette.possible for me to fay, I loued nothing so well as you, but

Bette. believe me not, and yet I lie not, I confesse nothing, not

Bette. deny nothing, I am sorry for my cousin.

Bette. By my sword Beatrice thou art not me.

Beat. Does not swear by it and eat it.

Bette. I will swere by it that you loue me, and I will

Bette. make him eat it that fayes I loue not you.

Bette. Will you not eat your word?

Bette. With no fae that can be deuifed to it, I pro-

tel thee. I loue thee.

Beat. Why then God forgive me.

Beat. What offence sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have flayed me in a happy honore, I was a-

Beat. bout to proteft I loued you.

Beat. And doe it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with fo much of my heart, that none

Beat. is left to proteft.

Bene. Come, bid me doe any thing for thee.

Bene. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha not for the wide world.

Bene. You kill me to dente, farewell.

Bene. Tarry sweet Beatrice.

Bene. I am gone, though I am here, there is no love

Bene. in you, nay I pray you let me got.

Bene. Beatrae.

Bene. Infaith I will goe.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Bene. You dare easier be friends with mee, than fight

Bene. with mine enemy.

Beat. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is it not approved in the height a villaine, that

Beat. hath flandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinwoman? O

Beat. that I were a man ! what, beare her in hand untill they

Beat. come to take hands, and then with publice accusation

Beat. encoutered flander, unmitigated rancourse! O God that I

Beat. were a man ! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hearce me Beatrice.

Bene. Tale the with a man out at a window, a proper

Bene. Nay but Beatrice.

Beat. Sweet Hero, she is wrong'd, she is flandered,

Beat. She is undone.

Bene. Beat?
Enter Prince and Claudio.

Prin. Here comes the Prince and Claudio hastily.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Are you too hasty now? Well, all is one.

Claud. Nay, do not quarrel with me, good old man.

Leon. If he could ride himself with quarrelling,

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Many do wrong me, thou dissembler, thou:

Claud. What! hast done being young, or what would do,

Leon. Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,

Claud. I fease thee not.

Leon. Do not suspect my place? Do not thou suspect my yeares? O the bee were here to write mee downes an aife! but matters, remember that I am an aise: though it be not written down, yet forget not I am an aise! No thoy villaines, ye are full of pride as shall be prou'd vpon thee by good wisnewse. I am a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer, and which is more, a houlthulder, and which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina, and one that knowes the Law, goe to, & arich fellow enough, goe to, and a fellow that hath bad loifes, and one that hath two gowtes, and every thing hand.

Enter Sexton.

Sext. Away, you are an aise, you are an aise.

Claud. Doft thou not suspect my place? Doft thou not suspect my yeares? O the bee were here to write mee downes an aife! but matters, remember that I am an aise: though it be not written down, yet forget not I am an aise! No thoy villaines, ye are full of pride as shall be prou'd vpon thee by good wisnewse. I am a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer, and which is more, a houlthulder, and which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina, and one that knowes the Law, goe to, & arich fellow enough, goe to, and a fellow that hath bad loifes, and one that hath two gowtes, and every thing hand.

Some of you would lie low.

Claud. Against your selfe.

Broth. If you go on your selfe, thus, you will kill your selfe, and 'tis not wisedoor.s thus to lecwidl griefs,

And let it arrwse euery straine for straine,

And pour griefe with prouerbs, make misfortune drunfce. 

And let there be no such man, for brother, man

Can compound, and speake comfort to that griefe,

And which they themselves not feels, but caffing it,

Their compounfe turns to passion, which before,

Would make preceptuall medicine to rage,

\[\text{Much ado about Nothing.}\]
Win me and wege me, let him answer me,
Come follow me boy, come sir boy, come follow me,
Sir boy, ile whip you from your fouling fence,
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother.

Brut. Content your sel'f, God knows I lou'd my niece,
And the is heal'd, flander'd to death by villaines,
That dare as well anfwer a man indee'd,
As I dare take a lerpent by the tongue.
Boyes apes, braggets, lackes, milke-tops.

Leon. Brother Anthony.

Brut. Hold you content, what man I know them, yea
And what they beget, even to the winnowed thrupple,
Stumbling, out-facing, fouch-menging boyes.
That lyce, and cog, and flout, deprave, and flander,
Goe antitype and thoufand outward hideousfeffe,
And speak of halfe a dozen dang'rous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durft.
And this is all.

Leon. But brother Anthony.

Ant. Come, its no matter,
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

Princ. Gentlemen both, we will not make your patience
My heart is sorry for your daughters death:
But on your honour she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proofe.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord.

Princ. I will not hear you
Enter Benedick.

Leon. No come brother, away, it will be heard.

Exeunt ambo.

Benv. And hall, or some of you will fmarre for it.

Princ. See, fee, here comes the man we went to fecke.

Ben. Now fignior, what news? 

Benv. Good day my Lord.

Princ. Welcome fignior, you are almost come to part
almost a fray.

Benv. We had liket to have had out two roapes fnapec
off with two old men without teeth.

Princ. Leonato and his brother, what think'thonhood
wes fought, I doubt we should have been too young for

Ben. In a false quarrel there is no true valour, I came
to fccke you both.

Benv. We have beene vp and downe to fccke thee, for
we are large proofe melancholy, and would faine have it
beaten away, wilt thou fve thy wit?

Ben. Is it in my ftabbet, hall I draw it?

Princ. Doeth thou wear thy wit by thy fide?

Benv. Neuer any did fo, though vere many have beene
beside their wit, I will bid thee drawe, as we do the miniftral,
draw to pleafure vs.

Prin. As I am an honest man he looks pale, set thou
fick, or angrie?

Claw. What, courage man: what though care kill'd a
cat, thou haft merte enough in thee to kill care.

Ben. Sir, I shall meete your wit in the careere,
and you charge it against me, I pray you chufe another sub-
tett.

Claw. Nay then give him another subette, this lip was
brooke croffe.

Princ. By this light, he changes more and more, I think he
be angrie indee'd.

Claw. The he he knowes how to turne his girdle.

Ben. Shall I fpeak a word in your care?

Claw. God bleffe you from a chalenge.
into the Orchard

Hsroet

Margaret

and faw me court

4

domesccttld net difecuer, thsfe (hallow fooles haue

feeling to this

brother mcenfed

man,howyour

how you were brought

me to (lander the Ladie

Here,

brought to light, who in the night ouerheard me con.

haue deceiued euen your verie eies : what your wife -

garments, how you difgrac'd her when you (houid

fwere : do you heare me, and let this Count kill mee: I

thus bound to your anfwetprthis learned Conftabfe is too

faffe aceufaticn: andbriefelie, 1 defitc nothing but the

I had rather feale with my death, cherucpeate cue ? to

their

are committed, and (o conclude, wb&t you by

moreoue: they haue fpoken vn truths, feecndarily they

SStke thee vrbat's ihelr o£fenee,ftst and iaftlie why they

charge.

And fied he is vpon this villanie.

reward ofaviliaine.

by my troth there's one meaning well fated.

"T was brsuely done,ifyou bethink® you of it.

and matters,do not fotgee tofpecifie whentlme & place

The matter:

Srgmar Leeneto of

Sedatthat had

Record it with your high and wot true deedee,

Yet I mutt fpeake,choofe your reuenge yourfelfoj

Impofe me to what penance your invention

Butinmittaking.

Can lay vpon my sinne,yos sinrfd I not,

Andys; tosatistte

this

oood old man,

Cum,

Prtu.

Who haue you offended matters, that you are

sre lying kmues.

thirdly,they haue verified vaiutt things,an4 to conclude

Their

deeds that wish thy breath

I leaue a warrant knaue vvith your worfhip,

I leaue a warrant knaue vvith your worfhip,

for that point,

and alfo the vratch heard them talk* ofone Defer-

And fied he is upon this villanie.

And fied he is upon this villanie.

Firft I soke thee what they haue done, thitdlie

Cmst. Marie

fir, they haae committed falfe report,

That when I note another man like him,

I may auoide him: which of thefe is he ?

Here,here comes matter

Enter Leonato.

Leon. Which is the villaine ? let me fee his eies,

That when I note another man like him, I

may aoide him : which of thefe is he?

Ber. If you would know your wronger ,!®©kc ©n me,

consider him vpon that point,

and matters, do not forget to specify when & place

that issue, that I am an Aife.

Con. Here,here comes matter Siguer Lemma, and

the Section too.

Enter Leonato.

Leon. Which is the villaine ? let me fee his eies,

That when I note another man like him, I

may aoide him : which of thefe is he?

Ber. If you would know your wronger ,!®©kc ©n me,

Art thou thou the fiaue that wish thy breath

has kid mine innocent childe ?

Leon. Yes,even I alone.

Leon. No,not so villaine, thou believe thy felfe,

Here stand a pair of honourable men,

A third is fied that had a hand in it : I

thank you Princes for my daughters death,

Record it with your high and worthie decdes,

"The villaine confefted me, if you be feruice of it,

I know not the how to pay your patience,

Yet I muft fpeake, choofe your revenge your felfe,

Impofe me to what penance your intention

Can ley upon my ifrne, you fould not, I,

But in mithaking,

Prov. By my fouls nor I,

And yet to fatisfie this good old man,
Beatrice. All is but soule words, and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Soule words is but soule wind, and soole wind

Beat. Tis spoken: fare you well now, and yet ere

Beat. Then, is spoken: fare you well now, and yet ere

Beat. I love you, and mend, there will I leave

Enter Ursula.

Beat. Serve God, love me, and mend, there will I leave

Enter Claudius, Prince, and three or four with Tapers.

Clau. Is this the monument of Leontes?

Lor. It is my Lord.

Epist. Done to death by slanderous envies,

Beat. Will you go heare this newes Signior?

Beat. Let vs hence, and put on other wedges.

Clau. Now mustick found and sing your solemn hymne

Song.

(And so on)
Then this for whom we rendred vp this woe. Enter,
 Enter Leonato. Bene. Mar. [Words not legible], old man. Friar, Hero, 
 Friar. Did I not tell you he was innocent?

Leo. So are the Prince and Claudio who accus'd her,

Vpon the error that you heard debated:

But Mar. 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 went so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforce'd

To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Well daughter, and young gentlewomen all,

Withdraw into a chamber by your chuses,

And when I send for you, come hither mask'd:

The Prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour

To visit me, you know your office Brother,

You must be father to your brother's daughter,

And give her to young Claudio, Exeunt Ladies.

Old. Which I will doe with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must interest your pains, I think.

Friar. To doe what Signior?

Pom. To bide me, or donde 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, 'tis most true.

Bene. And I doe with an eye of love requite her.

Leo. The sight whereof I think you had from me,

From Claudio, and the Prince, but what's your will?

Bene. Your answer sir is Enigmaticall,

But for my will, my will is your good will

May stand with ours, this day to be convoy'd,

In the state of honourable marriage,

In which(good Friar) I shall definre your helpe.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my helpe.

Enter Prince and Claudio, with attendants.

Prin. Good morrow to this faire assembly.

Leo. Good morrow Prince, good morrow Claudio:

We heere attend you, you are yet determin'd,

To day to marry with my brothers daughter?

Claudio. Ha ha Thu ha, I did thinke to have beaten

About him: in bricke, since I do purpofe to marry, I will

Be beaten with braines, a fhall ware nothing handfome

Chinks nothing to any purpofe that the world can fay a.

Think I care for Satyre or an Epigram? no, if a man will

Think I care for Satyre or an Epigram? no, if a man will

Thee forpttie.

Beatrice. Soft and faire Friar, which is

A halting fenset of his owne pure brame,

Fashioned to Beatrice,

And heres another,

Writ in my cofin hand, fholne from her pocket

Containing her affection vnto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle, here's our owne hands againdt our

hearts: come I will have thee, but by this light I take

thee for pittie.

Beat. I would not deny thee, but by this good day,

Yield vp great perfwasion, & partly to fave your life,

For I was told, you were in a consumption

Leone. Peace I will frow your mouth.

Prin. How doft thou Benedick the married man?

Bene. If tell thee what Prince: a Collidge of witte-crackers cannot flout mee out of my humour, doft thou

Think I care for a Stryke or an Epigram? no, if a man will

be beaten with braines, a fhall ware nothing handfome

About him: in bricke, since I do purpofe to marry, I will

Think nothing to any purpofe that the world can fay a

Againft it, and therefore never flout at me, for I haue faid

Against it: for many a giddy thing, and this is my con-

clusion: for thy part Claudio, I did thinke to have beaten thee,

But in that thou art like to be my kinftman, bee vn-

Againft it: for many a giddy thing, and this is my con-

clusion: for thy part Claudio, I did thinke to have beaten

Thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinftman, bee vn-

You shall rejoyce at thee,

As once Europa did at fuffy Jone,

When he would play the noble beau in love.

Ben. Bull Joue sir, had an amiable low,

And some fuch frangue bull kept your fathers Covv,

A got a Calfe In that fame noble feet,

Much like ro you, for you have left his brea.

Enter brother, Hero, Beatricia, Mar. and Pufila.

Cla. For this I owe you here comes other recknings.

Which is the Lady I must feife upon?

Leo. This fame is she, and I doe give you her.

Cla. Why then she's mine, sweet let me fee your face.

Len. No that you will not, till you take her hand,

Before this Friar, and I wearre to marry her.

Cla. Give me your hand before this holy Friar,

I am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd I was your other wife,

And when you leud, you were my other husband.

Cla. Another Hero!
Loues Labour's lost.

Actus primus.

Enter Ferdinand, King of Navarre; Berown, Longaniali, and Dumaso.

Ferdinand.

Et fame, that all hunteafter in their liues,
Live registred upon our brasse Tombes,
And then grace vs in the disgrace of death.
When splet of cememore concerning Time,
In endeavours of this present breath may buy.
That honour which shall barke his father's edge,
And make vs heere of all enemies.
Therefore brave Conquerours, for so you are,
That warre against your owne affections,
And the huge Armie of the worlds defece.
Our late elde shall strongly stand in force,
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world.
Our Court shal be a little Acdemae,
And contemplative in living Art.
You three, Beroume, Dumaso, and Longanili,
Hauwe sworne for three yeares terme, to live with me:
My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those statutes
That are recorded in this feedule here.
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names:
That his owne hand may stroke his honour downe.
That violates the smallest branch here.
If you are arm'd to doe, as sworne to do,
Subscribe to your deep oathes, and keepe it to.

Longanili. I am resolv'd, 'tis but a three yeares fast:
Themindef shall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat paunches haue a place: and dainty bite,
Make rich the ribs, but barren the wits.

Bamane. My Louing Lot is mortified.
The groffr manner of these worlds delights,
He throwes vpon the groffe worlds bafer faire,
To love, to wealth, to pompe, to pine and die.
With all these living in Philosophie.

Srovos. I can but say their protestation over,
So much, saie Liege, I have already sworne,
That is, to lerne and study three yeares.
But there are other strict obseruations:
As not to see a woman in that terme,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keepe,
Not to see Ladies, study, fast, not sleepe.

Ferd. Your oath is past, to passe away from these.
Beron. Let me say no my Liege, and if you please,
I onely sworne to study with your grace,
And fly heere in your Court for three yeeres space.

Longa. You sworne to that Beroume, and to the rest.
Berm. By yea and naySir, than I sworne in left.

What is the end of study, let me know?
Ferd. Why that to know which else wee should not know.

Berm. Things bid & hard (you meane) fio cemon fenc.
Ferd. That is studies god-like recompence.
Berm. Come on then, I will swear to studie so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, to study where I may dine,
When I to sleepe expressely am forbid.
Or studie where to meet some Mistresse.
Or Mistresses from common sense are hid.
Or being sworne too hard a keeping oath,
Studie to brake it, and not break my throat.
If studie gaine be thus, and this be so,
Studie knows that which yet I do not know.
Swear me to this, and I will nere say no.

Ferd. These be the flaps that hinder studie quick.
And traine our intellects to vaine delight.

Berm. Why? all delights are vain, and this most vain.
Which with paine putchas'd, doth inherit paine.
As painfully to passe upon a booke,
To lecke the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falsly blinde the eye, light of his looke.
Light seeking light, doth fight of light beguile:
So ere you finde where light in darknesse lies,
Your light growes darke by losinge of your eyes.

Ferd. Sheebe the stopes that hinder studie quite.
And traine our intellects to vaine delight.

Berm. Why? all delights are vain, and this most vain.

Ferd. These be the flaps that hinder studie quick.
And traine our intellects to vaine delight.

Berm. Why? all delights are vain, and this most vain.
Which with paine putchas'd, doth inherit paine.
As painfully to passe upon a booke,
To lecke the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falsly blinde the eye, light of his looke.
Light seeking light, doth fight of light beguile:
So ere you finde where light in darknesse lies,
Your light growes darke by losinge of your eyes.

Ferd. These be the stopes that hinder studie quick.
And traine our intellects to vaine delight.

Berm. Why? all delights are vain, and this most vain.
Which with paine putchas'd, doth inherit paine.
As painfully to passe upon a booke,
To lecke the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falsly blinde the eye, light of his looke.
Light seeking light, doth fight of light beguile:
So ere you finde where light in darknesse lies,
Your light growes darke by losinge of your eyes.

Ferd. These be the stopes that hinder studie quick.
And traine our intellects to vaine delight.
That bites the first born infants of the Spring.

So you to study now it's too late.

That were to climb on the house to unlock the gate.

Then wish a Snow in May's new fashioned Slowest

Before the Birds have any cause to sing?

At Christmas I no more desire a Rose,

Why should I slop in any abortive birth?

Then for that Angel knowledge you can say.

Glue me the paper, let me read the same,

And to the strictest decrees He write my name.

And abide the penance of each three years day.

Yet constant lie keep what I have sworn,

Hath this been proclaimed?

A dangerous law against gentility.

On pain of losing her tongue.

Too well you know here comes in Embassy

If any man be seen to talk with a woman with.

Therefore this Article is made in vain,

French Kings daughter, with your self to speak:

Or vainly comes th'admired Princestie hither.

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid Esther

While it doth study to have what it would,

Why, this was quite forgot

A Maid of grace and complete majesty,

Devis.

Tis won as towns with fire, so won, so lost.

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,

I doth forget to do the thing it should.

This childe of fancy that Armado height,

Haue chose as empire of their mutiny.

Doth rauish like enchanting harmonie.

That hath a mint of phrases in his brains:

With a refined courtier

And set in his place and time.

No more defend a Rose,

Doth refuse like enchanting harmony:

A man of complements whom right and wrong

Have chose as a temple of their mutiny.

This childe of fancy that Armado height,

For interim to our studies shall relate,

In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight.

From twain Spain's loft in the worlds debate.

How you delight my Lords, I know not I,

But I protest I love to hear him lie,

And I will vie him for my Minstrelly.

Enter a Confidell with Cofillard with a Letter

Conf. Which is the Duke's own person.

Ber. This fellow, What would't?

Con. I my selfe reprehend his own person, for I am

his grace Tharborough. But I would see his own person

in flesh and blood,

Ber. This is he.

Con. Signor Armado, Armado commends you:

Th'ツ villane abroad, this letter will tell you more.

Clo. Sir the Contempts thereof are as touching

me.

Ber. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Ber. How low fonder the matter, I hope it is God for

high words.

Lett. A high hope for a low heaven, God grant vs pa-

tience.

Ber. To hear, or forbear hearing.

Lett. To hear meekly sir, and to laugh moderately,

or to forbear both.

Ber. Well sir, be it as the Duke shall give vs cause to

clime in the merrinesse.

Clo. The matter is so me fir, as concerning Laguzetta.

The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Ber. In what manner?

Clo. In manner and forme following for all those three.

I was fene with her in the Manner house, fitting with

her upon the forme, and taken following her into the

Parke: which put to gether, is in manner and forme

following. Now sir for the manner: It is the manner

of a man to speak to a woman, for the forme in some

forme,

Ber. For the following sir.

Clo. As it shall follow in my corTespondence, and God de-

fend the right.

Ber. Will you hear this Letter with attention?

Ber. As we would hear an Oracle.

Clo. Such is the simplicite of man to harken after the

flesh.
G.

Reat Deauile, the Wilmor Eigesent, and the domin¬
nator of Vau, my soule earths God, and bodies sol¬
fring patron:

Coft. Not a word of Coastard yet.
Ferd. So it is.

Coft. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is in telling
true, but so.
Ferd. Pece.
Clo. To me, and every man that dares not fight.
Ferd. No words.
Clo. Of other mens secrets I befeech you.
Ferd. So as he begg'd with faile coloured melancholy, I
did commend the blackes oppressing burnes to the most whole-
some Physick of thy head's young eye: And as I am a Gent¬
loman, because my selfe to walk, the time when about the
first house, when beast might graze, birds left pecke, and men
set downs to that nonsenseness which is called supper. So much
for the time When. Now for the ground Which

Clo. This Maid will not serve your turuf fir. 1
Ferd. Peace, Ferd.

Ferd. This was no Datnofe!! thayther fir, shee
did not serve your turuf fir.
"Boy. Weil, it was proclaimed Damofell.
Ferd. For Ingenmenta (so is the weaker cally called) which I apprehended with the airfald Swaine, I keep her
as a wife of thy Lawes force, and shall at the least of thy
sweet notice, bring her to trial. This in all complements of
denoted and heart-burning best of duties,
Doan Adriana de Armado.

Boy. This is not so well as I Looked for, but the best
that ever heard.
Boy. This is the best, for the worst. But firs, What say you
to this?
Clo. Sir I confesse the Wench
Boy. Did you hear the Proclamation?
Clo. I do confesse much of the hearing it, but little of
the marking of it.

Boy. It was proclaimed a yeeres imprisonpt to be
taken with a Damofell.
Clo. I was taken with none fit, I was taken with a
Damofell.
Boy. Well, it was proclaimed Damofell.
Clo. This was no Damofell neyther fit, there was a
Virgin.

Boy. It is so varied to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.
Clo. If it were, I deme her Virginitie: I was taken
with a Maid.
Boy. This Maid will not serve your turne sir.

Boy. This Maid will serve your turne sir.

Kin. Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall
fall a Weeke with Branne and water,

Clo. I had rather pray a Moneth with Meat and
Porridge.

Kin. And Den Armado shall be your keeper.
My Lord 'Bereume, fee him delier'd ere,
And goe we Lords to put in pratica that,
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

Boy. He lay my head to any good mans hart,
These oaths and lawes will prove an idle screens
Siru, done on.

Boy. I confess for the truth fir: for true it is, I was tak¬
en with Ingenmenta, and Ingenmenta is a true gilde, and
therefore welcome the forse cup of prosperite, affiled on
may one day smile againe, and unintl then fit downe to
corren.

Letter Armado and Medh bis Page.

Arm. Boy, What signe is it when a man of great
spirit grows melancholy?

Boy. A great signe, fir, that he will look faile.

Boy. Why? soft a face and oneself melancholy
my tender innerland?

Boy. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my
tough signeur.

Boy. Why rough signeur? Why tough signeur?

Boy. Why tender innerland? Why tender innerland?

Boy. I spooke it tender innerland, as a congruent sign
therein, appertaining to thy yonge days, which we may
nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough signeur, as an appertinent title
to your old time, which we may name tough.

Boy. Pretty and apt.

Boy. How meanes you fir, I pretty, and my saying apt
or I apt, and my saying prettie?

Boy. Thou pretty prettie, because little.

Boy. Little pretty, because little, wherefore apt?

Boy. And therefore apt, because quicker.

Boy. Speake you this in my praise Master?

Boy. In thy conique prasse.

Boy. I will praise an Eele with the same prasse.

Boy. What? that an Eele is ingenous, proprietary,

Boy. That an Eele is quicker.

Boy. I doe say thou art quicker in answers. Thou
heart'll my blood.

Boy. I am anwer'd fir.

Boy. I love not to be croft. (hoim.

Boy. He speakes the meere contrary, croses love not

Boy. I have promis'd to fludy in, yeres with the Duke.

Boy. You may do it in an houre fir.

Boy. Impossible.

Boy. How many is one thicke told?

Boy. I am in all reckoning, it fits the spirit of a Taper.

Boy. You are a gentlemen and a genemiter.

Boy. I confesse both, they are both the varnish of a
complectman.

Boy. Then I am sure you know much of the goud
flume of dudice amount to.

Boy. It doth amount to one more than two.

Boy. Which the base vulge call three.

Boy. True.Boy. Why is this such a piece of study?

Boy. There be three studied, ere you'll thrive with, & how
cafe it is to put yeres to the word three, and dudy these
yeares in two words, the dancing horns will tell you.

Boy. A
Boy. And that's great marvell, losing a light wench.

Brig. I say sung.

Boy. Forbear this company be past.

Enter Cleave, Constable, and Wench.

Cleav. Sir, the Duke's pleasure, is that you keepe Co-

Nard safe, and you must let him take no delight, not no

penance, but he must stay three days a week: for this

Damsell, I must keep her at the Parke, she is slowed for

the Day-woman. Fare you well. Exit.

Brig. I do betray my felie with blushing: Made,

Mant. Man.

Brig. I wil visit thee at the Lodge.

Mant. That's here by

Brig. I know where it is situat.

Mant. Lord how wise you are!

Brig. I will tell thee wonders.

Mant. With what face?

Brig. I love thee.

Mant. So I heard you say.

Brig. And so farewell.

Mant. Faire weather after you.

Clo. Come Iaquenetta, away.

Exeunt.

Brig. Villain, shawl that fail for thy ofences ere

thou be pardoned.

Clo. Well sir, I hope when I do it, I shall doe it on

a full stomat.

Brig. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Clo. I am more bound to you than your fellowes for

they are but lightly rewarded.

Brig. Take away this villain, set him vp.

Boy. Come you transgressing slave, away.

Clo. Let mee not bee pent vp sir; I will fast being

loose.

Boy. No sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to

prison.

Clow. Well, if ever I doe fee the merry dayes of de-

lotion that I have seen, some shall fee.

Brig. What shall some fee?

Clow. Nay nothing, Master Meth, but what they

looke uppon. It is not for prisoners to bee silent in their

words, and therefore I will lay nothing: I thanke God,

I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I

can be quiet.

Exit.

Brig. I doe affect he very ground (which is base,

where his flooe (which is bater) guided by her flooe

(which is bafe) doth tread, I shall be forsworn(which

is a great argument of falsitie) if I love. And how can

that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a fa-

miliar, Love is a Diuell. There is no cou'd Angell but

Loue, yet Sampson was so tempted, and he had an ex-

cellent strength: Yet was Salomon so luced, and he had

a very good witt. Capide Butshaff is too hard for Her-

enets Clubbe, and therefore too much odes for Spa-

niards Rapier: The first and second cuthe will not cut

my tune; the Poffade he resects not, the Diuells he

regards not; his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his

glorie is to subdue men. Adye Valour, ruff Rapier, bee

still Drum, for your manager is in loue; yea he loueth.

Affift mee some extemporal god of Rime, for I am sure I

shall turne Sonnet. Decus Wit, write Pen, for I am for

whole volumes in solilo.

Exit.

Finis Atius Pasion.
Enter the Princess of France with three attending Ladies and three Lords.

Boyet. Now Madam summon up your dearest spirits Consider who the King your father sends To whom he sends, and what is his Embassie Your selfe, held precious in the worlds esteem, Of all perfections that a man may owe, Your selfe, held precious in the worlds esteem, Then Dowrie for a Queens, the price of no lesse weight, Not utterd by basest of chapmens tongues, Be now as prodigal of all deare grace, No woman may approach his solemn Court Till painfull study fhall out-wcare three yeares.

Nature was in making Graces deare. Therefore to seemeth it aneuff full course. Thither comes Lords

Enter Nattar, Longattill, Dumamt, and Berovtns.

Here comes Nattar.

Nattar. Fair Princess, welcome to the Court of Nattar.

Nattar. You will be welcome Madam to my Court.

Nattar. I will be welcome then, Conduct me thither.

Nattar. Here goe you back again, and welcome I have not yet: the trofe of this Court is too hight to bee yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too base to be mine.

Nattar. You shall be welcome Madam to my Court.

Boyet. Nattar. I have notice of your faire approach, And he and his competitors in oath, We were all address to meet you gentle Lady Before I came: Marrie thus much I have learnt, He rather means to lodge you in the field, Like one that comes hither to besiege his Court, Therefore seek a dispension for his oath: To let you enter this ungropulated house.

Enter Boyet.

Boyet. Nattar. Now, what admittance Lord? Boyet. Nattar. Had notice of your faire approach, And he and his competitors in oath, We were all address to meet you gentle Lady Before I came: Marrie thus much I have learnt, He rather means to lodge you in the field, Like one that comes hither to besiege his Court, Therefore seek a dispension for his oath: To let you enter this ungropulated house.

Enter Nattar, Longattill, Dumamt, and Berovtns.

Here comes Nattar.

Nattar. Fair Princess, welcome to the Court of Nattar.

Nattar. I will be welcome then, Conduct me thither.

Nattar. Here goe you back again, and welcome I have not yet: the trofe of this Court is too hight to bee yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too base to be mine.

Nattar. You shall be welcome Madam to my Court.

Boyet. Nattar. Had notice of your faire approach, And he and his competitors in oath, We were all address to meet you gentle Lady Before I came: Marrie thus much I have learnt, He rather means to lodge you in the field, Like one that comes hither to besiege his Court, Therefore seek a dispension for his oath: To let you enter this ungropulated house.

Enter Boyet.

Boyet. Nattar. Now, what admittance Lord?

Boyet. Nattar. Had notice of your faire approach, And he and his competitors in oath, We were all address to meet you gentle Lady Before I came: Marrie thus much I have learnt, He rather means to lodge you in the field, Like one that comes hither to besiege his Court, Therefore seek a dispension for his oath: To let you enter this ungropulated house.

Enter Nattar, Longattill, Dumamt, and Berovtns.

Here comes Nattar.

Nattar. Fair Princess, welcome to the Court of Nattar.

Nattar. I will be welcome then, Conduct me thither.

Nattar. Here goe you back again, and welcome I have not yet: the trofe of this Court is too hight to bee yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too base to be mine.

Nattar. You shall be welcome Madam to my Court.

Boyet. Nattar. Had notice of your faire approach, And he and his competitors in oath, We were all address to meet you gentle Lady Before I came: Marrie thus much I have learnt, He rather means to lodge you in the field, Like one that comes hither to besiege his Court, Therefore seek a dispension for his oath: To let you enter this ungropulated house.

Enter Boyet.

Boyet. Nattar. Now, what admittance Lord?

Boyet. Nattar. Had notice of your faire approach, And he and his competitors in oath, We were all address to meet you gentle Lady Before I came: Marrie thus much I have learnt, He rather means to lodge you in the field, Like one that comes hither to besiege his Court, Therefore seek a dispension for his oath: To let you enter this ungropulated house.
Enter Brome.

Ber. What's her name in the cap.

La. Katherine by good hap.

Ber. Is she wedded, or no.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What Lady is that same?

La. A most sweet Lady.

La. Not so gentle beast.

Boy. Would fear doe it good?

Boy. Now God use thy life.

La. And yours from long living.

Boy. I cannot stay thankgiving.

Exit.

Enter Dumen.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word.

What Lady is that same?

Dum. The herc of Alarcon, restat his name.

Dum. A gallant Lady, Montfieur, fare you well.

Lady. I believe you a word: what is she in the white?

Boy. A women foretimes, if you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance light in the light: I defire her name.

Boy. She hath but one for her selfe, to define that wese a theme.

Long. Pray you sir, is she your daughter?

Boy. Her Mothers, I have heard.

Long. Gods bleffing a your beard.

Boy. Good fit be not offended.

Shee is an heyre of Fawcetbridge.

Long. Nay, my choller is ended:

Shee is a most sweet Lady.

Boy. Not unlike sir, that may be.

Enter Barne.

Ber. What's her name in the cap.

Katherine by good hap.

Ber. Is she wedded, or no.

To her will fir, or so.

Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What Lady is that same?

La. A most sweet Lady.

La. Not so gentle beast.

Boy. Would fear doe it good?

Boy. Now God use thy life.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What is her name in the cap.

La. Katherine by good hap.

Ber. Is she wedded, or no.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What Lady is that same?

La. A most sweet Lady.

La. Not so gentle beast.

Boy. Would fear doe it good?

Boy. Now God use thy life.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What is her name in the cap.

La. Katherine by good hap.

Ber. Is she wedded, or no.

To her will fir, or so.

Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What Lady is that same?

La. A most sweet Lady.

La. Not so gentle beast.

Boy. Would fear doe it good?

Boy. Now God use thy life.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What is her name in the cap.

La. Katherine by good hap.

Ber. Is she wedded, or no.

To her will fir, or so.

Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What Lady is that same?

La. A most sweet Lady.

La. Not so gentle beast.

Boy. Would fear doe it good?

Boy. Now God use thy life.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What is her name in the cap.

La. Katherine by good hap.

Ber. Is she wedded, or no.

To her will fir, or so.

Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What Lady is that same?

La. A most sweet Lady.

La. Not so gentle beast.

Boy. Would fear doe it good?

Boy. Now God use thy life.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What is her name in the cap.

La. Katherine by good hap.

Ber. Is she wedded, or no.

To her will fir, or so.

Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What Lady is that same?

La. A most sweet Lady.

La. Not so gentle beast.

Boy. Would fear doe it good?

Boy. Now God use thy life.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What is her name in the cap.

La. Katherine by good hap.

Ber. Is she wedded, or no.

To her will fir, or so.

Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What Lady is that same?

La. A most sweet Lady.

La. Not so gentle beast.

Boy. Would fear doe it good?

Boy. Now God use thy life.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What is her name in the cap.

La. Katherine by good hap.

Ber. Is she wedded, or no.

To her will fir, or so.

Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What Lady is that same?

La. A most sweet Lady.

La. Not so gentle beast.

Boy. Would fear doe it good?

Boy. Now God use thy life.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What is her name in the cap.

La. Katherine by good hap.

Ber. Is she wedded, or no.

To her will fir, or so.

Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What Lady is that same?

La. A most sweet Lady.

La. Not so gentle beast.

Boy. Would fear doe it good?

Boy. Now God use thy life.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What is her name in the cap.

La. Katherine by good hap.

Ber. Is she wedded, or no.

To her will fir, or so.

Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What Lady is that same?

La. A most sweet Lady.

La. Not so gentle beast.

Boy. Would fear doe it good?

Boy. Now God use thy life.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What is her name in the cap.

La. Katherine by good hap.

Ber. Is she wedded, or no.

To her will fir, or so.

Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What Lady is that same?

La. A most sweet Lady.

La. Not so gentle beast.

Boy. Would fear doe it good?

Boy. Now God use thy life.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What is her name in the cap.

La. Katherine by good hap.

Ber. Is she wedded, or no.

To her will fir, or so.

Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What Lady is that same?

La. A most sweet Lady.

La. Not so gentle beast.

Boy. Would fear doe it good?

Boy. Now God use thy life.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What is her name in the cap.

La. Katherine by good hap.

Ber. Is she wedded, or no.

To her will fir, or so.

Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What Lady is that same?

La. A most sweet Lady.

La. Not so gentle beast.

Boy. Would fear doe it good?

Boy. Now God use thy life.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What is her name in the cap.

La. Katherine by good hap.

Ber. Is she wedded, or no.

To her will fir, or so.

Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What Lady is that same?

La. A most sweet Lady.

La. Not so gentle beast.

Boy. Would fear doe it good?

Boy. Now God use thy life.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What is her name in the cap.

La. Katherine by good hap.

Ber. Is she wedded, or no.

To her will fir, or so.

Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What Lady is that same?

La. A most sweet Lady.

La. Not so gentle beast.

Boy. Would fear doe it good?

Boy. Now God use thy life.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What is her name in the cap.

La. Katherine by good hap.

Ber. Is she wedded, or no.

To her will fir, or so.

Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What Lady is that same?

La. A most sweet Lady.

La. Not so gentle beast.

Boy. Would fear doe it good?

Boy. Now God use thy life.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What is her name in the cap.

La. Katherine by good hap.

Ber. Is she wedded, or no.

To her will fir, or so.

Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew.

La. To her will fir, or so.

Ber. What Lady is that same?

La. A most sweet Lady.
Proud with his forme, in his eie pride expressed.
His tongue all impatient to speake and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eie-fight to be,
All fences to that fence did make their repairs,
Taste only looking on fairest of faire:
Me thought all his fences were locked in his eye,
As Jewels in Chriftall for some Prince to buy.

Did Humble with haste in his eie-fight to be.
His tongue all impatient to speake and not see.
All fences to that fence did make their repairs,
That all eyes saw his eies incanthed with gazes,
As Icwels in Chriftall for some Prince to buy.

Me thought all his fences were locks in his eye.

And all that as his,
Aquitaine
Did point out to buy them along as you pad
By adding a tongue, which I know not lie.

His facesowne margent did coatt amaze;.

As you ped,
Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat
To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fat and loose:
Let me for a fat Lamy, I that’s a fat Goose.

Ar. Come hither, come hither:
How did this argument begin?

By. By saying that a Cofald was broken in a kin
Then told you for the Lony.

Cofl. True, and I for a Plantam.

Thus came you to an argument
Then the Banes fat Lany, the Goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Ar. But tell me: How was there a Cofald broken in a kin?

Pag. I will tell you stenically.

Cofl. Thou hast no feeling of it, March,
I will speak that Lany.

I Cofald running out, was that safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my twin.

Arm. We will take no more of this matter.

Cofl. Till these no more of the thin.

Arm. Sir, I will infranchise thee.

Cofl. O, marry me to one Francis, I think some Lony,
Some Goose in this.

Arm. By my sweete soul, I mean, setting thee at libertie.
Endreedom thy person: thou wert enured,
Restrainted, captivated, bound.

Cofl. True, true, and now you will be my purgation,
And let me loose.

Arm. I dian thee thy libertie, let thee from distance,
And in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this:
Bear this significant to the country Made Iopeucta;
There is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honours
Is rewarding my dependants. Mod, fellow,
Peg. Like the trequell.

Signor Cofl. adue.

Cofl. My sweete suance, my mans fath, my in-coming few.
Now will I looke to his remuneration.

Remuneration, O, that’s the Lany word for three-farthings:
Three-farthings remuneration. What’s the price of this year? i.d.no, lie give you a remuneration: Why?
It carryers: remuneration: Why? It’s another name then a French-Crowne. I will never buy and fell out of this word.

Enter Berarome.

Bar. O my good knave Cofald, exceedingly well met
Cofl. Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?
Bar. What is a remuneration?
Cofl. Marry sir, half a penny farthing.
Bar. O, Why then three-farthings wo 1th of Silke.
Cofl. I thank you, Sir, God be with you.
Bar. O flat layne, I must employ thee.

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave.

Doe one thing for me that I shall intreate.

Cofl. When would you have that done sir?
Bar. O this after-noone.
Cofl. Well, I will doe it sir: Fire you well.
Bar. O thou knowest what it is.
Cofl. I shall know sir, when I have done it.
Bar. Why villain, thou must know first.
Cofl. I will come to your worships to morrow morning.
Bar. It must be done this after-noone.

Harke how; it is but this:
The Prince off comes to hunt here in the Parke,

And in her traine there is a gentle ladie:
When tongues speak Freeman, then they name her name.
And Rosamine, they call her, that’s for her:
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This feast:’d cup Sulis. Thirs, that’s your garden: goe.

Cofl. Garden, O sweet Gentle garden, better then remuneration, a sweete every farthing better: moft sweete garden.
I will doe it in print: garden, remuneration.

Bar. O, and I forsooth in love,
I that hence been Iesus whipt.

A verie Beadle to a humberous sign: A Criticke,
Nay, a night-watch Conflyable.

A domineering pedant ore the Boy,
Then whom no mortall so magnificent.

This meptly, whining, purblinde wayward Boy,
This signor Iames yuant dray waiter, don Cupid,
Regent of Loues time, Lord of folded armes,
Thesoulevd foulevs of lines and grooves:
Lodge of all letterers and mathematices:
Dried Prince of Placate, King of Consectuees
Sole Emperor and great gentlman:

Of clothing Passoners (O my little heart.)
And to be a Corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a Tumblers hoope.

What? I have, I see, I seek a wife,
A woman that is like a German Cloake,
Still a repirating: ever out of frame,
And never going a right, being a Watch.

But watching, that it may fill goe right,
Nay, to beconference, which is worst of all,
And among these, to loose the worth of all.
A whisty waxen, with a velvet brow.
With two pitch bins stucke in her face for eyes,
And by heaven, one that will doe the deed.

Though Agnes were her Eunuch and her garde,
And I to sigh for her, to watch for her,
To pay for her, goo to it is a plague.
That Court will impose for my neglect,
Of this sly hy mizade, little might.
Well, I will leap, write, sigh, pray, thine, groane,
Some men must love my Lady, and some none.

A Bus Quartus.

Enter the Prince off, a Parother, her Ladies, and her Lords.

Qu. Was that the King that spurr’d his horse so hard,
Against the steep spriring of the hill?

Boy. I know not, but I think it was not he.

Qu. Who ere a was, a shewed a mounting mindes
Well Lords, to day we shall have our dispatch,
On Saturday we will return to Princes.

Then Parother for my friend, Where is the Bush
That we must read and play the murderous in?

For thereby upon the edge of yonder Coprice,
A Stand where you may make the fairest chaste,
Qu. I thank you my beautie, I am faire that shaoce.
And therupon see thou speakst the fairest fairest.

Par. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not so.
Qu. What, what! First praise me, & then again say no,
O harm! his proud. Not fair? alacke for woe

For. Yes.
For. Yes Madam faire.

Qu. Nay, never paint me now, Where faire is not, praise cannot mend the brow. Here (good my glass) take this for telling true: Faire painant for foule words, is more then due. fer. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit. Qu. See, see, my beautie will be faid by merit. O here lie in faire, fit for these days, A gluing hand, though faire, shall have faire praise. But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill, And Floothing wellis, then is accounted ill: Thus will I flue my credit in the shoote, Not wounding, pittie would not let me do: If wounding, then it was to shew my skill, That more for faire, then purpose meant to kill. And out of echution, so it is sometimes: Glory growses guilte of destroyed crimes, When for Fames faire, for faire an outward part, We bend to that, the working of the hart. As I for faire alone now seeke to spill The poore Deeres blood, that my heart means no ill. Boy. Do not curst wives hold that false-foorealight As only for faire fake, when they flrie to be Lords ore their Lords? Qu. Only for faire, and prais we may afford, To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth. Clo. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head Lady? Qu. Thou thinkt her fellow, by the rest that have no heads. Clo. Which is the greatest Lady, the higheft? Qu. The thickeft, & the tallest. Clo. The thickeft, & the tallest: it is so, truth is truth. And your wafte Misfirs, were as slender as my wit, One a thefe Maides girdles for your wafte should be fit. Are not you the chiefe wom5? You are the thickeft here? Qu. What's your will fir? What's your will? Clo. I have a Letter from Monficr 2?

To one Lady Rafaline.

Qu. O thy letter, thy letter. He's a good friend of mine, Stand a side good beater. Boyet. you can cause, Break vp this Capon. Boyet. I am bound to serve. This Letter is mistook. Euer heare better, I am much deceived, but I remember the ftle. Qu. Elle your memorie is bad, going ore it erehile. Boy. This Armanda is a Spaward that keeps here in court A Phantafme, a Monarchio, and one that makes sport To the Prince and his Book-mates, Qu. Thou fellow, a word. Who gauke thee this Letter? Clo. I told you, my Lord. Qu. To whom should I thou giue it? Clo. From my Lord to my Lady. Qu. From which Lord, to which Lady? Clo. From my Lord Borsawe, a good master of mine, To a Lady of France, that he call Rafaline, Qu. Thou haft mistaken his letter. Come Lords away. Here sweete, put vp this, twill be thine another day, Exeunt. Boy. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter? Rafa. Shall I teach you to know. Boy. I my continent of beautie. Rafa. Why the that beares the Bow. Finely put off. Boy. My Lady goes to kill hones, but if thou marry, Hang me by the necke, if hones that yeares miffare. Finely put on. Rafa. Well then, I am the shooter. Boy. And who is your Deare? Rafa. If we choose by the horns, your selfe come not neare. Finely put on indeed. Maria. You full wranage with her Boyet, and shee strikes at the brow. Boyet. But she her selfe is hit lower: Have I hit her now. Rafa. Shall I come vpon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pippin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it. Boyet. So I may anwtere thee with one as old that was a woman when Queene Catherine of Britaine was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Rafa. Thou
His intellect is not replenished, he is only an animal
only sensible in the duller parts: and such barren plants
are fit before, that we thankfully should be: which we
state and feeling are for those parts that doe fruition in
no more then he.
For as it were, I would become me to be vain, indifferent or
seeds.
So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a
Schools.
Enter Launcett and the Clowne.

**Loge.**

God give you good morrow M. Parson.

**Nath. Master Parson, quoth Parson? And if one should be perfit, Which is the one?

Ch. Mayry M. Schoolemaster, hee that is likest to a hog head.

**Nath.** Offering a Hoghead, a good lusher of conceit in a witch of Earth. Fire enough for a Flint, Poule enough for a Swine: It's well.

**Loge.** Good Master Parson be fo good as read mee this Letter, it was given mee by Cofard, and lent mee from Don Armartho. I befeech you reade it.

**Nath.** Basilly Norway register, a double pleaes annis fab anbuscvarum patris, and so forth. Ah good old Montuan, I may amake of thee as the traveller doth of Vesce, versatile, noo, passe, que non te rudis, que non te promiscus. Old Montuan, old Mantuan, Who understandeth not thee, we fail Latine.

**Feder.** Vnder pardon mee, What are the contents? or rather as Horace layes in his, What my solee veres.

**Bard.** I fur, and very learned.

**Nath.** Let me hear a flawe, a flame, a verse, Lege domine.

If Loe make me forborne, how shall I savour to loue? And nother faith could hold, if not so beautifull voiced. Though to my felfe forsworn, so thee Ie faithfull prove. Those thoughts to mee were Oke's, to theke Oke's bowed.

Studie his byas leaes, and makes his booke thine eyes. Where all those pleasures lie, that Art would compet serve.

If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice. Well learened is that tongue, that well can thee commend. All ignorant that foule, that fees thee without wonder. Which is to me some praise, that I thy praise admit.

Thy eye lightnes, lightning bearies, thy voyce his dreadful thunder.

Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweet fire. Celestiall as thou art, Oh parson loue this wrong, That brings heavens praise, with such an earthly tongue.

**Fed.** You finde not the society, and so the accent. Let me superscribe the enganger.

**Nath.** Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of poety. And doth she with the Kings, and here he hath framed a Letter to a frequ ent of the stranger Quenes; which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and

poet my sweets, deliver this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concern mee much: Stays not thy compleat, I long to thy sweetes, adon.

**Maid. Good God Cofard go with me.**

**Sir God save your life.**

**Cofart.** Have with thee my sister.

**Fed.** Sir you have done this in the sense of God very religiously; and as a certaine Father faith.

**Fed.** Sir tell not me of the Father, I desire colours, But to return to the Veres, Did they please thee for Nathaniel?

**Nath.** Marvellous well for the pen.

**Pada.** I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pupill of mine, where if (being rejoyced) I shall please you to gratifie the table with a Grace. I will on my prudill I have with the parents of the serried Chloe or Pupill, undertake your men enow, Where I will prove those Veres to be very unlearned, neither favouring of Poeticke, Wit, nor Intention. I befeech your Societies.

**Nah.** And thanke you to: for society (faith the text) is the happiness of life.

**Pada.** And certes the text most infallibly concludes it. Sir I do imitate you too, you shall not say mee nay: pass a verba.

Away, the gentiles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

**Exeunt.**

**Bare.** The King he is hunting the Deare,

I am counting my fells.

They have pitched a Toyle, I am tayling in a pyth, pitch that defles; defle, a foule word: Well, let thee downe to row, for so they say the foole saide, and so say I, and I the foole: Well provest wit. By the Lord this Looe is as mad as insane, it kills thee, it kills mee, I a sheake: Well provest against a side. I will not loue: If I do hang me: I faith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throat. By heauen I doe lye, and it hath taught mee to Rime, and to be mellisioche: and here it is part of my Rime, and heere my mellisioche. Well, the one a my Sonnes already, the Clare bore it, that Foole feould it, and the Lady hath it: sweet Clare, sweet Foole, sweetenell Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one wi a paper, God give him grace to groane. His hands affh.

**Kyn.** Ay me.

**Bare.** Shot by heauen proceede sweet God, thou haft thumpst him with thy Birdbolt under the left pap in faith secres.

**King.** So sweats a little the golden Sunne gluts not. To those fresh morning drops upon the Rofe, As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayle horse florn.

The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowers. Nor thine the silver Moone one halfe so bright; Through the transparent bosome of the deepes, As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light: Thou shouldest in every case that I doe werpe. No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee: So ridelt thou triumphing in my woe.

Do but behold the teares that swell in me, And they thy glory through my griefe will flow.:
But do not love thy self, then thou wilt keepe
My tears for gashes, and still make me weep,
O Queene of Queens, how faire dost thou excel,
No thought can shrink, nor tongue of mortal tell.
How shall I know my griefes? I heare the paper,
Sweet issues shade folly, Who is he comes here?

Enter Longaville. The King steps aside.
What Longaville, and reading: listen here.
Ber. Now in thy likeness, one more soole appears.
Long. Ay me, I am forsworne.
Ber. Why he cometh in like a picture, wearing papers.
Long. In love I hope, sweet fellowship in shame.
Ber. One drunkard loves another of the name.
Lon. Am I the first I have been perjur'd so? (know,
Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I
Thou ushest the triumphery, the corner cap of society,
The shape of Loues Tiburne, that hangs up before,
Lon. I feere these stubborn lines lack power to move.
O sweet Maria, Empress of my Loue,
These numbers will I teare, and write in profe.

Ber. Of Rimes are guards on wanton Cupids,
Disfigure not his Shop.
Lon. This fame shall goe. He teades the Sonnet.
Did not he beauteously Rheterickes of these eyes,
Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Perused my heart to this false perverie?
Vowes for these broke, I cannot punishable?
A Woman I forsoe, but I will forswear,
Thou being a Goddess, I forswore not thee.
My Loue was earthly, then beauteously Love,
Thy grace being gaine'd, ever all difference in me.
Thy grace, thy Sun, which on my earth doth shine,
Esteasfelf this vper-vow, in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, what foole is so wise
To loo se a oath, to write a Paradise?
Ber. This is the liter veine, which makes flesh a deytty.
A greete Goode, a Cuddy, pure pure Idolotry.
God ansewed vs, and ansewed us, we are much out of the way.

Enter Dumante. Loue, By whom shall I fend this company? I stay.
Ber. All hild, all hild, an old infant play,
Like a demic God, here fit I yonder.
God amend vs, God amend, we are much out of the way.

Would let her eare in Savours, sweet miempriision.
Dumante. Once more He read the Ode that I hate write.
Ber. Once more He make thee how Loue can carry Wit

Dumante makes his Sonnet.

On a day, alack the day:
Loue, whose Month is every May,
Spied a blisseus poyson faire.
Playing in the wanton eyes,
Through the Poesies, User the woods,
All women, can poyson finde.
That the Louer sike to death,
Wit provident the heavens breath.
Aye (quoth he) thy weekes may move,
Aye, would I should triumph so.
But alack my hand is fave,
Here to pluck these from thy throne.
Thou alack my hand is fave,
Here to pluck these from thy throne.

This will I fend, and something else more plaine.
That shall express my true Loues fasting paine.
O would the King Beroune and Longaville,
Were Louers too, ill to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perpetu'd note:
For none offend, where all alike doe done.
Lon. Dumante, thy Loue is fave from charity.
That in Loues griefe desist't focietie:
You may looke pale, but I should blush I know,
To be oere-heard, and taken napping fo.

Kin. Come fit, you blash: as his, your cafe is fuch,
You chide at him, offending twice as much,
You do not loue Maria's Longe sonne,
Did neuer Sonnet for her like Compile;
Not nofer lay his wrested arms wherabout
His lusting bosome, to kepe downe his heart,
I have beene cloeely shrowded in this bushe,
And markt you both, and for you both did blash.
I heard your guilty Rimes, offer'd you your fashion:
Saw fitnesse from you, noted well your passion;
Aye me,eyes one Of Loues, the other eyes
On her hares were Gold, Chiffall the others eyes
You would for Paradife breake Faith and troth,
And Loue for your Loue would infringe an oath.
What will Beroune say when that she shall here
Faith infringe, which fuch zeal did sweare.
How will he forswear how he will spend his wit?
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that euer I did fee,
I would not have him know me to much by me.

Ber. Now step I forth to whip Hypocrifse,
Ah good my Lidge, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What grace hath thou thus to reprose
These wormes for lasting, that are short in love?
Your eyes doe make no cognes in your eares,
There is no entity Princesse that appears.
You'll not be periour'd, tis a hateful full thing:
Tush, none but Mindrelts like of Sonnetting,
But are you not shamed may, are you not

All
All three of you, to be thus much one thou?  
Of fighej of grants, offforsow, and oftmsss:  
O me, with what striff patience haue I  
To see a King transformed to a Gnat?  
To see great Hercules whipping a Gigge,  
And profound Salomon tuning a lygge?  
And Nefter play at path-pin with the boyes,  
And Crittick Tymon laugh at idle boyes.  
Where lies thy griefe? Tell me good Durnaine;  
And gentle Long serif, where lies thy paine?  
And where my Legides all about the breft:  
A Candle how?  

Enter Logiquetta and Clouene.  

Iap. God bleffe the King.  

Kin. What Present haft thou there?  

Cola. Some certains treason.  

Kin. What makes treason here?  

Clu. Nay it makes nothing fir.  

Kin. If its mare nothing neithir,  
The treason and you goe in peace away together.  

Iap. I befeech your Grace let this Letter be read,  
Our perfon mi doubts it: it was treason he said.  

Kin. Beware, read it ouer. He roades the Letter.  

Kin. Where hadst thou it?  

Iap. Of Coflard.  

King. Where hadst thou it?  

Cola. Of Don Adramado, Don Adramado.  

Kin. How now, what is in you?why dost thou teare it?  

Ber. A toy my Ledge, a toy: your grace needes not  

Kin. Didst thou this?  

Ber. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's  

He. It is Beware writing, and here is his name.  

Ber. Ah you whofemone leggerhead, you were borne  

do me shame.  

Guilly my Lord, guilty: I confesse, I confesse.  

Kin. What?  

Ber. That you three feele, lackt mee foole, to make  
up the meffe.  

He. He, and you: and you my Ledge, and I.  

Are picke-purves in Loeve, and we deferue to die.  

O difmiff this audience, and I shall tell you more.  

Dun. Now the number is even  

Ber. True true, we are foure: will thes Turtles  
be gone?  

Kin. Hence fir, away.  

Col. Walk aside the true folke, & let the traycers stay.  

Ber. Sweet Lords, sweet Louers, O let vs embrase,  
As true we are at flesh, and blood can be,  
The Sea will eble and sloow, heauen will flue his face:  
Young blood doth not obey an old decre.  
We cannot crofe the cause why we are borne:  
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworne.  

Kin. What, did these sent lines shew some lone of  

Drafaine,  

Ber. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly  

That, like a rude and fadge man of Indie.  

At the first opening of the gorgeous Haff,  

Bowses not his walkhead, and strooken blinde,  

Stiffes the bafe ground with obedient breath  

What pretymptory Eagle-fighted eye  

Dares looke upon the heauen of her brow,  

That is not blinded by her maeftie?  

Kin. What zeale, what furie, hath inspir'd thee now?  

My Louer (her Miftrres) is a gracious Moone,  

Shee (an arming Starre) fface feene a light.  

Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Bewarre  

O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,  

Of all complections the cul'd fouraignety,  

Doe meet as at a faire in her fhire chekke,  

Where feuerall Worthies make one dignity,  

Where nothing wants, that want it felte dothe feche.  

Lend me the flower of all gentle tongues,  

Pie painted Kethorice. O she needs it not.  

To things of fale, a fellers praife belongs:  

She paifes praife, then praife too short dothe blot.  

A wittered Hermite, fucose winters wore,  

Might shake off fificate, looking in her eye:  

Beauty doth vanihe Age, as if new borne,  

And gives the Crutch the Candles infance.  

O tis the Sunne that maketh all things shine.  

King. By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.  

Ber. Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine?  

A wife of fuch wood were felicitie.  

O who can give an oh? Where is a booke?  

That I may weare Beauty doth beauty lacke,  

What fear not of her eyeto looke i  

No face is fane that is not full fo blacke.  

Kin. O paradoxe, Blackes is* the badge of hell,  

That in blacke my Ladyes browes be deckt,  

And beauties creft becomes the heauens well.  

Ber. Duels foonest temptrefetnbling fpirits of light.  

Shee no blacke my Ladys browes be deckt,  

It moues, that painting vuparing haire  

Should ruiffle dotors with a falle alpef?  

And therefore is the boeme to make blacke, faire,  

Her favour turns the fication of the days:  

For native bloud is countred painting now  

And therefore red that would auay difprafe,  

And the fang feare fo.  

Dun. Dark needs no Candles cow, for dark is light.  

Ber. Your mistrefes dare never come in traine,  

To feare there colours shoule be walsh away.  

Kin. Were good yours did: for fir to tell you plaune.  

He had a fairer face not walsh to day.  

Ber. Lie proue her faire, or calte till dommage day.  

Ker. No Diuell will fright thee then fo much as thete.  

Dun. I never knew man hold vile fluffe fo deep.  

Lon. Now, heere is thy loue, my foot and her face fee,  

Ber. Olf the streets were paued with thine eyees.
As bright Apollo's Lute, strung with his hair.
And when Louse speaks, the voice of all the Gods,
Make him alone drowsy with the harmonie.
Nor does Poet touch a pen to write,
Vntill his Inke was tempred with Louses fighes:
O then his lines would rauih fauage ears,
And plant in Tyrants milde humility.
From womens eyes this doctrine I derive
They Spake full the right promethean fire,
They are the Bookes, the arts, the Achademet,
That shew, containe, and nourish all the world.
Else none at all in ought proue excellent.
Then folely you were these womens to forswaie:  
Or keeping what is fone, you will proue fools.
For Wisedomes fike, a word that all men loue.
Or for Lousakes, a word that loues all men.
Or for Mens fake, the author of these womens.
Or Womans fike, by whom we men are Men.
Let's once loose our oaths to finde our felves,
Or else we loue our felves, to keepe our oaths:
It is religion to be thus forsworne.
For Charity it felle fultills the Law:
And who can feuer loue from Charity.

Kits. Saint Cupid then, and Souldiers to the field.
Ber. Advance your Randards, & upon them Lords.
Kits. Helm, Palfes, downes with them: but be first adu'd,
In conflict that you get the Sunes of them.
Long. Nowo to plaine dealing, Lay those glazes by,
Shall we refolve to woe these girls of fiance?
Kits. And winne them too, therefore let vs deuife,
Some entertainment for them in their Tent.
Ber. Flift from the Park let vs conduct them thinner,
Then homeward every man take the hand
Of his faire Mistrefs, in the afternoons.
We will with some strange fatinme folcethem:
Such as the Shoreneffe of the time can shape,
For Racles, Dances, Maskes, and merry houres,
Fore-runne faire Loue, toewing her way with floures.
Kits. Away away, no time shall be水墨ized,
That will be time, and may by vs be fittted.
Ber. Alone, alone fownd Cockell, resp'd to Corne,
And Iuthice alwaies whiles in equill manure:
Light Wrenches may proue plaiges turnen forsworne.
Ifso, our Copper buys no better treasuere. 

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.

Ped. Satir quidst befit.
Cur. I praise God for you sir, your reasons at dinner have beene sharp & sententious pleafant without furrillity, witty without affafion, audacious without inpuicency, learned without opinion, and strange without breflie: I did confcure this fquadre day with a compafnion of the kings, who isinctuted,dominated, or called, Don Adriano de Amareza.

Ped. Non temetomur magnificus re, His humour is lofty, his difcourfe peremptore: his tongue fielde, his eye ambitious, his garde madrilled, and his generall behauour were ridiculous, and thraffoncall. He is too piqued, too aprt, too exact, too odda, as were too peregran, as I may call it

M 3 Curas
Peda. He describ'd out the thread of his argument. I abhor such phantastical phantasms, such incooable and papery details companion'd, such rankers of argographie, as to speak even fine, when he should say doubly, det, when he should pronounce debr'd, to not debr'd and coher'd, & Calf, Caffe: I hate neighbour: I am far from neighbour: neighbour: and oarsmen, artisters of urple, and of mifpoken, naifet's: I hate such abominable, which he would call abominable; it infinuates me of infamie: or intelleg dele Zunic, to make frantickc, lus祇tice? 

Curat. Let us, here intelli, 

Peda. Thirs be or as for some prefeftion, a little scratch, twill thence.

Enter Dregart, Baj.

Curat. Vide ne quis venes? 

Peda. Vide, & Gaudi. 

Dregart. Chirra. 

Peda. Gude Chirra, not Sirra? 

Dregart. Men of peace well inuenciated. 

Peda. Most military for satisfaction. 

They have bones as a great feast of Languages, and I tooke the scrape. 

Curat. They have lain'd long on the almes-basket of words: I maruell why that hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as hononificentisibus: Then are eather swallowed then a-snagsrnon. 

Page. Farse, the peaie begins. 

Dregart. Mounther, are you not lectured? 

Page. Yes, yes, he reaches thes thes Home-books: What is Ab field backward with the horn on his head? 

Peda. Bellarometi with a horn added. 

Page. Be most feelely Sheepe, with a horn: you hate his learning. 

Peda. Hes qui, thus Confonant? 

Page. The last of the five Vowells if You repeat them, or the first? 

Peda. I will repeat them: a L 

Page. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it ou. 

Dregart. Now by the fide Wise of the maderimun, sweet taste, a quicke vein woe of wit, snip snip, quick & home, it reciteth my intellect, true wit. 

Page. Offered by a child to an old man: which is wit-old. 

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure? 

Page. Hornes. 

Peda. Thou disprises an Infant: goe whip thy Gigge. 

Page. I lean my Hornes to make one, and I will whip about your Intimate commette a gigge of a Cuckold horn. 

Curat. And I had but one penny in the world, thou should haste to buy Ginger bread: Hold, there is the very Recollection I had of thy Master, thou halfpenny parts of wit, thou Pigge-con, eggge of differentiation. O the heavens were so pleased, that thou were but my Balfard; What a lowfull father wouldst thou make me? Go to, thou hast it adagio, at the fingers ends, as they say. 

Peda. Oh I smell falle Latine, drought for sumtum. 

Dregart. Arfe, monsorumpob, we will bee fingled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charge-house on the top of the Mountaine? 

Peda. Or Mean the hill.

Brag. As your sweet pleasure, for the Mountaine. 

Peda. I do not question. 

Brag. Sir, it is the Kings most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the Princeffe at her Pavillon, in the passenger of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noone. 

Peda. The passenger of the day, most generous for his, is liable, congruent, and measureable for the after-noone: the word is to begin between vs, let it passe. I do beeche thee remember my curtice. I beeche thee appeare thy head: and among other important & most lenient desigines, and of great import indeed too: but let that passe, for I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the world) sometimetime to leaue on my poore shoulder, and with his royall finger thus daille with my excrement, with my mistrust, but sweet heart let that passe. By the world I recowe no lesse, some certaine speciall honours it pleaseth his gracefull to impart to a Souldier. Souldier, a man of trauell, that hath seen the world: but let that passe: the very all of all is, but sweet heart, I do impleare fervice, that the King would have me present the Princeffe (sweet chuckes) with some delightful embellisment, or how, or pages, or attume, or fire-works: Now understanding that the Curate and your sweet self are good as such cipuchions, and odisme breaking out of myth (as it were;) I have acquainted you withall, to the end to cause your assistance. 

Peda. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir Helion, as concerning some entertainment of time, some how in the passenger of this day, to bee rendred by our assistants the Kings command and this most gallant, illustre and learned Gentleman, before the Princeffe: I say none so fit as to prefect the Nine Worthies. 

Curat. Where wilt you finde men worthy enough to present them? 

Peda. I fas, your felency, I as, and this gallant gentelman Luce Machabens: this Sr. Sir (by his gracefull) shall passe Pompuy the great, the Page Hercules. 

Brag. Pardon sir, error: He is not quantitive enough for that Worthies theme, hee is not so big at the end of his Club. 

Peda. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minoritie: his enter and exte shall be stranfng a Snake; and I will have an Apologie for that purpose. 

Page. An excellent devise: so if any of the audience seen, you may cry, Welle done Hercules, now thou crush'ft the Snake; that is the way to make an offence glescious, though few have the grace to doe it. 

Brag. For the rest of the Worthies? 

Peda. I will play three my selfes. 

Page. Thrice worthy Gentleman. 

Page. Shall I tell you a thing? 

Peda. We attend. 

Page. We will have, if this fadge not, an Antique. I beeche you follow. 

Peda. Thir good-men Deul, thou hast spoken no word all this while. 

Deul. Nor understand none neither sir. 

Peda. Alone, we will employ thee. 

Deul. He make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on.
The Letter is too long by half a mile.

Some thousand verses of a faithful Lover.

A huge translation of Hyppocris,

Vividly compiled, profound figmilitude.

After, this, and these Pearls, to me sent.

The Letter is too long by half a mile.

I think no less: Soft thou with in here

The prentice longer, and the Letter short.

Yet I would these hands might never part.

We are wise girls to mock our Lovers so.

They are worse foole to purchase mocking so.

This fame Brownie's to torture ever I goe.

O that I knew he were but in by th'week, How I would make him fawme, and begge, and seeke, And wait the season, and observe the times, And spend his prodigall wits in boisterous times, And shape his felicity wholly to my desire, And make him proud to make me proud that leaves. So perrants like would | to retrow his state, That he should be my foe, and hit face.

None are so furely taught, when they are catcht, As Wit turn'd foole, follie in Witsdoms hatch'd; 

Hast witsdemns warrant, and the helpe of Schools, And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Fools? 

Ref. The bound of youth buxom notes with such excelle, 

As gratuities revolt to wantons bo.

More. Follie in Fools bears not so fixtong a note, 

As fealtly in the Wife, when Wit doth doke: Since all the power thereof she doth apply, 

To prove by Wit, worth in simpilitie.

Enter Boyer.

Boy. 

What bas whare, come they to yu? 

Thy news Boyer? 

Boy. Prepare Madame, prepare, 

Arrive Wenches innumerable are, 

Against your Peace, Lowe doth apprope, 

Armed in arguments, you'll be surpriz'd, 

Muffle your Wits, and in your owne defence, 

Oh, Saint Dennis to S, Capt: What are they, 

That charge their breath against vs? Say scout lay 

Boyer. Under the coole shade of a Sycamore, 

I thought or clufe mine eyes some halfe an houre: 

When I to interrupt my purpose dref'd, 

Toward that shade I might behold addreft, 

The King and his companions: warily 

I sall into a neighbour chickes by, 

And overheard, what you shall over-heare: 

That by and by disguis't they will be here. 

Their Herald is a pretty knackish Page: 

That well by heart harli con'd his embassage, 

And over-heard, what you shall over-heare: 

That by and by disguis't they will be here. 

Their Herald is a pretty knackish Page: 

That well by heart harli con'd his embassage, 

Aflon and scent did they couch them there. 

Such mott thou speakes, and thus thy body beare, 

And ever and anon they made a doubt, 

Prefence missteall would put him out: 

For gusthe the King, an Angell shoul shew feet, 

Yet feare not cheeu, but speake audaciously.

The Boy reply'd, An Angell ismore euil: 

I should have fear'd her had she beene a devill, 

With all laugh'd, and clapt'em on the shouder, 

Making the bold wagg by their praires boister. 

One rub'd his ellboue thus, and fleet'd, and favor, 

A better speach was never speake before 

Another with his finger and his thumb, 

Cry'd wise, we will doe't, come what will come. 

The third he cap't, and cried, All goes well. 

The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downe he fell 

With that they all did tumble on the ground, 

With this a solous laughter fo profound, 

That in this space no ridiculius appereance. 

To checke their folly passioned tumultuous tears.

But what, but what, come they to vs? 

Boyer. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus, 

Like miniature, or Kinston, as I judge. 

Their purpose is to perfic, to court, and dance,
And every one his Loue-sea will aduance,  
Vnto his feuerall Milifre: which they'll know  
By fauours feuerall, which they did bestow  
Queuen. And will they fofhe the Gallants shall be taskt:  
For Ladys; we will every one be maskt,  
And not a man of them fhall haue the grace  
Ladies} we Will eareryene be masks,  
Foe  
And then the King will court thee for his Dears:  
Hold, take thou this my sweet, and give me thine.  
Defpight offute, to fe a Ladies face.  
Rof aline.  
Bereewn  
So hall  
this Faoouit thou (halt weare.  
To Loues miftooke, and fo be mockt withsll.  
They do ifbut in mocking merriment,  
Woo contrasy, deceiif d by these remote*.  
Their fauel! counfcls they vnbaferoe (ball,  
Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace:  
Vpon the next occa(ion that we meets,  
SorL  
And they well mockt, depart away with tharne.  
ftisll we ftsy mocking entended gsme,  
The reft will ere come in, if he be out  
With Vilages difplayd to talfeand greets.  
And quite diuorce his memory from his pan  
come  
Then patkgr to m/rtufi vtewtt  
Know what they would?  
That force plsine msisrecount -.heir purpofes.  
If they doe (peaks our language, *ti$ onr will  
But in this eharrgtng, Whst is your intent?  
Why that conrempS will kill the keepers beast,  
Page AH hath, the rickeft 'Beauties on the earth.  
and the reft of the Lords dsfguipd  
Pag. A holy pareU of the fair eft darnel that emr turn'd  
Ber.  
What would you with the Princes?  
Beget  
The Trempet founds, bamsakt, the maskers  
Net yet no dance: thas change i like the Moonc.  
Their eyes viltaine.their eyes.  
Out of your faitourt heavenlyfpiritt vcttffe  
Peso, That emr turn'd their eyes to vtortaH viruses  
Once to behoid withyoar Ssmne beamed eyes,  
They will not anfwer to that Epythite,  
Boy.  
They donee marke me, and that brings me eat.  
Pag  
Is this your petfefbielfe ? be gon yoii rogue.  
Boy.  
Hone, and Milke, and Soger:thert i* three.  
Rofa. O vaine petitioner, beg a greater matter.  
Thou bidfi me beggc,lhia begging is not Orange.  
Then in our meafure, vouchsafe fome motion to  
Km. Then in our meafure, vouchsafe but one change.  
Thou blifi me begge, this begging is not strang.
Take all and weane it, it may prove an Ose,
No point (quoth I:) my feruant fraight was mute.
Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,
Above the sense offence before sense as is the Razors edge, invisible:
Will you give homes chaff Ladie? Do not so.
Art these the breed of wits so wondred at?
But will you heare the King is my love sworn-
Or ever but in vizards (he were their faces:
Wits.
This pert
And would afford my speechless savage half.
They will digest this sharp undigested-
As much in private, and lie bid adieu.
Take you that for your faire Lady.
La. One word in private with you ere I die.
Then die a Calfe before your bosoms do gram
Mar.
By heaven, all dnie beaten with pure sores.
A Calfe faire Lady

And quicke

Know the reason Ladie why you ask.
Mar.
For your service, quickly sir, I long.
Test. You have a double tongue within your mask.
And would afford my speechless wizard halse.
Mar. Veale quoth the Dutchman: is not Veale a Calfe?
Long. A Calfe faire Ladie?
Mar. No, a faire Lord Calfe.
Long. Let’s part the word.
Mar. No, Ile not be your halse.
Take all and weane it, it may prove an Ose.

Long. Looketh how you but your selfe in these sharps mocks.
Will you give horses chaff Ladie? Do not so.
Mar. Then die a Calfe before your bosoms do grow.
Long. One word in private with you ere I die.
Bart. Bleat softly then, the Butcher heare you cry.

La.
One word in private with you ere I die.
Then die a Calfe before your bosoms do gram
Mar.
By heaven, all dnie beaten with pure sores.
A Calfe faire Ladie

Soy.
Faire Ladies now, the gallants are at hand.
Gent. Whip to our Tent, as Roes runnes are Land.
Exeunt.

Enter the King and the rest.

King. Fairie sir, God fave you. What’s the Princess?
Bart. Gone to her Tent.

Pleasa it your Malefic command me any service to her? 
King. That the vouche safe me audience for one word.
Bart. I will, and so will the, I know my Lord. Exit.
Bar. This fellow pickes you wits as Pigeons peace,
And streets it againe, when Jane doth please.
He is Wits Pedler, and resells his Wares,
At Wakes, and Waifs, Meetings, Markets, Faires.
And we that fell by galle, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his fleure.
Had he bin Adam, he had tempted Eve.
He can earse too, and lilpe: Why this is he,
That kiff away his hand in courtesie.
This is the Ape of Forme, Monfieur the nice,
That when he plates at Table, chides the Dice
And conferences that will not die in debt,
Pay him the dutie of henie-songued Bays.
King. A blitter on his sweet tongue with my baste,
That put Armasthes Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladies.
Bart. See where it comes. Behauiour what west thou,
Till this madman fhew’d thee? And what art thou now?
King. All haile sweet Madame, and faire time of day,
Soy. Faire in all Haile is foule, as 1 conceiue.

This field Awl bold me, and so hold your vow.

The
The virtue of your crie must break my oath,
Quoth you nickname virtue; vice should have spoke:
For virtues office never breaks men truth,
Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure
As the faviilied Lilly, I protest,
A world of sorrows though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest.
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heauenly oaths, vow dvsitfe integritie.
As the unfellied Lilly, I pros eft,
We have had pastimes here, and pleasent game,
A world of torments though I should endure,
Would not yeld to be your houses guest:
Nor to he motion of Schoole-boies tongue.
O! never will I tnext to speechospen'd.
Nor never in Russian habit waite.
Nor in the motion of a Schoole-bones tongue.
Nor never come in vizard to my friend,
Nor whoo in raine like a blind-barkers tongue.
Taffata phrases, spitten teares precise,
Three-pitd Hyperboles, spruce affection.

Figures pedanticall, these summer flies,
Have blowne me full of maggots of delusion
I do forswear them, and I heere protest,
By this white Glouc (how white the hand God knows)
Henceforth my weeping minde shall be express
In rutler yekes, and honest kerrie noes.
And to begin Wench, so God help me law,
My love to thee is found fast cracke or blow.
Refa. Sore, sore, I thy you.
Ber. Yet, I haue a riche.
Of the old rage: bear with me, I am sicke.
I lese it by degrees: soft, let vs see,
Write Lord howe mercy on vs, on those three;
They are infectd, in their hearts it lies.
They haue the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These Lords are visitd, you are not free:
For the Lords tokens on you doe I see.
Qua. No, they are free that gave these tokens to vs.
Ber. Our states are forset, seek not to vnd vs.
Ref. It is not so; for how can this be true.
That you stand forset, being those that sue.
Ber. Peace, for I will not have to do with you.
Ref. Nor shall not, if do I as I intend.
Ber. I speake for your yselues, my wit is at an end.
King. Teach vs to speake, Madame, for our rude trasl.
Position, some faire excufe.
Qu. The faitse is a confession.
Were ye no thers but now, disfigued?
Kef. Madam, I was.
Qua. And were ye well aduiz'd?
Kef. I was false Madam.
Qua. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your Ladies ear?
Kef. That more then all the world I did respect her.
Qua. When she shall challenge this, you will releas her.
King. Upon mine Honor no.
Qua. Peace peace, forbear:
your oath once broke, you foore not to forswere.
King. O! speake me when I break this oath of mine.
Qua. I will, and therefore keape it. Refafme,
What did the Hufuan whisper in your ear?
Refa. Madam, he spake that he did hold me dear.
As precious eye-light, and did value me
Above this world; adding therto more, more,
That he woulde Wed me, or else dye me Lourer.
Qua. God gos thee joy of him the Noble Lord
Most honorable doth vphold his word.
King. What means you Madame?
By my life, my troth,
I never swore this Lady such an oath.
Refa. By heauen you did; and to conurme it plains,
you gavest me this: But take it far again.
King. My faith and this, the Princeflle I did give,
I knew her by this lewell on her fide.
Qua. Pardon me Sir, this lewell did she wear,
And Lord Bremow (I thank him) is my desire.
What will you have me, or your Peasle again?
Ber. Neither of either, I remit both swame.
I see the tricke on't: Here was a content,
Knowing beforehand of our meeting,
To daft it like a Christmas Comedie.
Some carry-tale, some pleafant man, some flight Zanle,
Some mumble-newes, some tanner-knight, some Dick
That smiles his cheeke in yeares and knowes the trick
To make my Lady laugh, when she despos'd;
Told our intents before: which once disclosed,
The Ladies did change Favours; and then we
Following the fignes, we'd but the figne of the
Now to our purport, to add more terror,
We are againe forsworne in will and error.

Now to our penitrate, to add more terror.

Following the fignes, we're defire of

The Ladies did change Favour; and then we

Holding a trencher, idling merrily?

And (land between her backs fir, and the fire.

You cannot beg us fir; can assure you, sir,

We know what you put our page out; go, you are allow.

And laugh upon the apple of her eye?

We are againe forsworne in will and error.

Whether the three Worthies shall come in, or no.

If they dial! not come.

Let them not approach.

If they shall not come.

That sport best pleases, that doth least know how.

Where Zeale strives to content, and the contents
Dis in the Zede of that which it pretends:

Their forms confounded, makes me of form in morr,

When great things labouring perish in their birth.

A right description of our sport my Lord.

Enter Braggart

Brag. Annointed, I implored so much expense of thy

royal sweet breath, as will utter a tract of words.

Qu. Doth this man serve God?

Brag. Why ask ye?

Qu. He speak's not like a man of God's making.

Drog. That's all one my faire sweet honic: Monarch:

For I protest, the Schoolmasteer is exceeding fantastical:

Too too vain, too too vain: But we will put't (as they say)

To fortune's delegated, I with you the peace of mine

molt royall complement.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies;

He pretends Elifuer of Troy, the Swaine Pompey? great,

the Parift Curate Alexander, Armado; Page Hercules,

the Pedant Janes Machabees: If these four Worthies

in their first shew thrive, these four will change habiters,

and present the other five.

Brag. There is five in the first shew.

Kin. You are deceitful, sir, not so.

Brag. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Priest, the

Fool, and the Boy.

Abate throw at Novum, and the whole world agree,

Cannot prick out free such, take each one in's vaine,

Kin. The ship is under sail, and here the coast commain.

Enter Pompey.

Clos. I Pompey am.

Ber. You lie, you are not he.

Clos. I Pompey am.

Boy. With Labbard's head on knee.

Ber. Well said old mockor,

I must needs be friends with thee,

Clos. I Pompey am, Pompey furnam'd the big.

Das. The great.

Clos. It is great sir: Pompey furnam'd the great:

That oif in field, with Targe and Shield,

did make my foe to sweat:

And trampling down the covert, I here am come by chance,

And by my Arms before the legs of this sweet Laff of

France.

If your Ladifhip would say thankes Pompey, I had done.

La. Great thankes great Pompey.

Clos. Tis not so much worth: but I hope I was per.

I made a little fault in great.

My hat to a half-pinie, Pompey procures the bett Worthie.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curt. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's Command.

By East, West, North, or South, I freed my conquering might:

My Sweepeeplaint declareth that I am Alfsiander.

Brag. Your noble face, you are not so.

For it 'stands too right.

Your noble familier, in this most tender sweeting Knight.

Qu. The Conqueror is diffused:

Procede good Alexander.

Cur. When in the world I lived, I was the worlds Command.

Brag. Most true, 'tis right: you were so Alfsiander.

Clos. Pompey the great.

Clos. Your leuant and Cofford.

Brag. Take away the Conqueror, take away Alfsiander.

Clos. If you have euerythine Alfsiander the con-

queror: you will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for

this: your Lion that holds his Pellax sitting on a clofe 
foole, will be given to Ajax. He will be the ninth wor-
thic. A Conqueror, and afraid to speake? Runrime 
away for shame Alistander. There an'thall please you: a foo-
ftish milden man, an honest man, looke you? & loon dafht 
be a marvellous good neighbour inlootho, and a vere 
good Bowler. but for Alistander, as you fee, how tis a 
little re-erected. But there are Worthis a comming, 
will speake their minde in some other foro. Exe Cu 
Stand aside good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Indus, and the Boy for Hercules.
Ped. Great Hercules is presented by this Impe, 
Whose Club kill'd Cethus that three-headed Carus. 
And when he was a shabe, a child, a shrimpe, 
Thus did he slay Serpent in his Mature.
Quomiam, he seems in minoritie, 
Erfs, I come with this Apologie.

Keep some flate in thy ende, and vanish 
Exit Boy 
Indus I am.

Indus A ludas?

Ped. Not jee, nor fr.

Indus I am, yelped A Machaboeus.

Indus Indus Machaboeus, is plaines Indus.

Ber. A kissing traitor. How art thou proud ludas?

Ped. Indus I am.

Ped. The more shame for you Indus.

Ped. What meanes you for?

Boy. To make Indus hang himselfe.

Ped. Begin sir, you are my elder.

Ber. Well follow'd, Indus was hang'd on an Elder.

Ped. I will not be pin out of countenence.

Ber. Because thou hast no face.

Ped. What is this?

Ber. A Citizen head.

Ber. The head of a bodkin.

Ber. A death's face on a ring

Lou. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boi. The pummell of Cesar Puchthon.

Dum. The card'd-boote face on a Flake.

Ber. S. Gorges halfe cheeke in a brooch.

Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead.

Ber. I, and worn in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.

And now forward, for we have put thee in countenence

Ped. You haue put me out of countenence.

Ber. False, we have given thee faces.

Ped. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Ber. And thou we're a Lion, we would do so.

Boy. Therefore as he is, an Aile, let him go:

And so aduice sweet Indus. Nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Ber. For the Aile to the Indus: give it him, Indus &

way.

Fed. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boy. A light for monificur Indus, it grower darke, he 
may humble.

Que. Alas poor Machaboeus, how hath hee beene 
balded.

Enter Braggers

Ber. Hide thy head Achilles, here comes Hector in 
Armes.

Boy. Though my mockes come borne by me, I will 
now be meane.

King Hector was but a Troyan in respect of this.
meane you? you will lose your reputation.

Brag. Gentlemen and Soldiours pardon me, I will not combat in my shire.

M. You may not denie it, Pompey hath made the challenge.

Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.

Ter. What reason have you for't?

Brag. The noted truth of it is, I have no shirt,
I goe wolloward for penance.

Ter. True, and it was intoynd him in Rome for want of Linnen: since when, he be sworn he were none, but a difficile foute of Iapaccntas, and that he wearres next his heart for a favour.

Enter a Messenger, Monfieur Marcado.

M. God give you Madame.

Qu. Welcome Marcado, but that, thou intercept our merriment.

M. I am forrie Madam, for the newes I bring is heauie in my tongue. The King your father haue feene the day of wrong, through the little hole of hauidoutof

and that bee weares next his

Laquemtoo.

I go woolward for penance.

Qu. To all your fair entreaunts and entreats:

For my great fuite, fo eafily obtain'd.

The holy fuite which faine It would conuince,

That, which long precede could not arbitrate.

And in our maiden counuile raced them

To thofe that make us both, faire Ladies you.

Is likewife yons. We to our femes prouefejfe,

Put on by vs, ifin your heguersfy eies,

And often at his verie loofe decides

And what to me my Loue? and what to me?

Put not on by vs, if in your heguersfy eies,

To thofe that make us both, faire Ladies you.

And cuen that fallhood in it felle a fame,

Thue purifies it felle, and comes to grace.

Qu. We have recei'd your Letters, full of Loues

Your Fauours, the Ambaffadors of Loue,

And in our maiden counuile ratel them

At courfehip, pleasant lef, and curtefie,

As bumber and as lining to the time.

But more devoue, then thee are our reflpectives

Have we not bene, and therefore met your loues

In their owne fashion, like a merriment.

Qu. Our letters Madam, shew'd much more then left

Lou. So did our lookes.

Rfs. We did not cost them fo.

Kim. Now at the latest minute of the houre,

Grant vs your loues.

Qu. A time a me thinkers too short,

To make a world-without-end bargain in;

No, no my Lord, your Grace is penur'd much,

Full of diverse 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 oh! I will not truft: but go with fpeed

To come forfone and named Hermitage,

Remote from all the pleafures of the world.

There flay, untill the twelve Celeftiall Signes

Have brought about their annual reckoning.

If this sufferife infifiable life,

Change not your offer made in heat of blood:

If froths, and fafts, hard lodging, and thin weeds

Nip not the gaudie blofomes of your Loue,

But that it beare this trial, and laft loue;

Then at the expire of the yeare,

Come challenge me, challenge me by these defects,

And by this Virgin palme, now killing thine,

I will be thine: and till that infant flue

My wofull felfe vp in a mourning houfe,

Raining the tears of lamentation,

For the remembrance of my Fathers death.

If this thou do denie, let our hands part,

Neither intitled in the others hart.

Kim. If this or more then this, I would denie,

To faster vp the fowers of mine with reft,

The fodyne hand of death close vp mine eies.

Hence euer then, my heart is in thy brest.

Kim. And what to me my Loue? and what to me?

Ref. You must be purged too, your fins are rack'd.

You are attaine with fauls and perturacie:

Therefore if you my fave me to get,

A twelvemonth ftil you fpend, and never reft,

But felle the weacie beds of people fick.

Qu. But what to me my Loue? but what to me?

Kim. A wifes a bearded, faire health, and honeftie.

With three-fold Loue, I wish you all three.

Kim. Oh shall I fay, I thank you gentle wife?

Kim. Not fo my Lord, a twelvemonth and a day,
Plough for her sweet love three years. But most esteemed greatness, wilt thou hear the Dialogue that the two Learned men have compiled, in praise of the Owle and the Cuckow? It should have followed in the end of our shew.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Enter all.
This side is Flora, Winter.
This Per, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle, The other by the Cuckow.
Per. begin.

The Song.

When Daffies pied, and Violas blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hue:
Which shall not know the visiter wise,
Mirth cannot more a soul in joy.

Mirth cannot move a soul in joy.

Enter Braggart.
Brag. Sweet Mistress, you shall be me.
Qu. Was not that Hezkiel?
Brag. The worthy Knight of Troy.
Qu. I will kill thy royal finger, and take thee.
Qu. I am a Votarie, I have vowed to Taquemina to hold the

FINIS.
A MIDSOMMER Nights Dreame.

Actus primus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others

Theseus.

O wondrous Hippolita, our nuptiall house
Drawes on apace: foure happy dais bring in
Another Moon: but oh, me thanks, how slow
The old Moon goeth! She lingers my defires
Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans revivishnew.

Four dais dais will quickly steep the felves in nights
Four nights will quickly dreame away the times:
And then the Moone, like to a fluer bow,
Now bent in heauen, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

Go Philostrate,
Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,
Turn melancholy forth to Funerals;
The pale companion is not for our pompe,
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And wonneth thy lesue, doing thee injuries.
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with living.

Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lyfander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke.

Theseus. Thanks good Egeus: what is the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.

This man hath my consent to marry her.

And hang the image of her fancy,
With bracelets of thy hait, rings, gaydes, conceits,
Knickers, trifles, noble-gait, sweet meads (mesengers
Of strong preuailment in unhardened youth)

With cunning haft thou filch'd my daughters heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
To flubborne hartneffe. And my gracious Duke,
Or to her death, according to our Law,
To flubborne hartneffe. And my gracious Duke,

To thee your Father should be as a God;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea and one
To whom you are but as a forme in waxe

By him inprinted: and within his power,
To leave the figure, or disfigure it:

Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman,
Hippolita, So is Lyfander;

In him selfe he is,
But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce.
The other must be held the wortier.

I would my father look'd but with my eyes.
The rather your eyes must with his judgment looke.

Her. I do entreat your Grace, that I may know
The word that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to dye the death, or to abjure
For ever the societie of men.
Therefore faire Hermia question your defires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,

Whether (if you need not to your fathers choice)
You can endure the huerie of a Nunne,
For ye to be in stady Cloister mew'd,

To live a barren fitter all your life,
Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitlesse Moone,
Three blefse thy that suffer to their blood,

To undergo such maiden pilgrimage,

But earthly happier is the Rose disill'd,
That which withering on the virgin thorne,
Growes,blues, and dies, in single bleffednesse.
Swift as a shadow, short as any dreame,
Enfeé as the lightning in the colde night,
That (in a spleene) rivalles both heaven and earth;
And are as men hath power to say, behalf,
The leues of darkness do doute it vp:
So quicke bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true Louers have beene ever croste,
It standes as an edict in definicie:
Then let vs teach our triall patience;
Because it is a sufframonic croste,
As due to loue, as thoughts, and dreams, and figbes,
Wishes and tears; poore Fancies followers.

Lys. A good perfutation; therefore heere true Herma,
I have a Widdow Aunt, a dowager,
Of great renowne, and the hath no childe,
From Athens is her house remou'd feven leagues,
And the refpectes me, as her onely femne:
There gentile Herma, may I marie thee,
And to that place, the sharpest Athenian Law
Can not extirpate vs. If thou lou'fi me, then
Steele forth thy fathers house to morrow night
And in the wood, a league without the towne,
(Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do obseruation for a morn of May)
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander,
I swears to thee, by Cudips strongest bow,
By his belt arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicitie of Venus Danes,
By his beft arrow with the golden head.

Lyf. How now my loue? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the other there do faire too faile?
Relike for want of raine, which I could well
Beteme them, from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lyf. Or sought that euer I could reade,
Could euer heart by tale or hifice,
The course of true loue never did run fumece,
But euer it was different in blood.

Lyf. Her. crofte! too high to be embrad to loue.

Lyf. Or else misgrafted, in refpece of years.

Lyf. O light! too old to be ingad to yong.

Lyf. Or else leftfood upon the choise of merit.

Lyf. Her. O hell! to choise loue by another ele.

Lyf. Or if there were a fhimpate in choise,
Warre, death, or fimece, did lay fige to it;
Making it motenamite, as a foud.

Enter Helena.

God speede faire Heloie, whither away?

Hel. Cal you me faire that faire againe vsay,
Demetrius loues you faire: O happie faire!
Your eyes are loadfauers, and your tongues sweet ayre
More tuneable then Larketo (hepheards eare.

Egeus. And Demetrius and Egeus go along:
I must impley you in some busines.

Lyf. Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you
Of something, hereon that concerns your foules.

Ege. With dutie and defire we fowll you, Exemt
Lysander and Herma.

Lyf. How now my loue? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the other there do faire too faile?
Relike for want of raine, which I could well
Beteme them, from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lyf. Or sought that euer I could reade,
Could euer heart by tale or hifice,
The course of true loue never did run fumece,
But euer it was different in blood.

Lyf. Her. crofte! too high to be embrad to loue.

Lyf. Or else misgrafted, in refpece of years.

Lyf. O light! too old to be ingad to yong.

Lyf. Or else leftfood upon the choise of merit.

Lyf. Her. O hell! to choise loue by another ele.

Lyf. Or if there were a fhimpate in choise,
Warre, death, or fimece, did lay fige to it;
Making it motenamite, as a foud.
O then, what grace in my Love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell.

Lyf. Then to your minde we will unfold,
Tomorrow night, when Phoebe doth behold
Her fiver vision, in the watry glasse,
Decking with liquid peatle, the bladed grasse
(A time that Louers fights doth still conceal)
Through Aethus gate, have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Upon faint Primrose beds, were wont to lie,
Emptying our botomse, of their counsell fwell:
There my Lyfander, and my faire Shah meetes,
And thence from Aethus turnes away our eyes
To feake new friends and strange companions,
Farwell sweet play-fellow, pray thou for vs,
And good lucke grant thee thy Demetrius.

(Decking with liquid peatle he bladed grade
O then, what grace in try Loue dwell,
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Exit Lyfander.

Purseve her; and for his intelligence.

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the foyucr, Bottoms the Tinker.

Qum. Is all our company heere?
Bot. You were beft to call them generally, man by man,
According to the perip.

Quin. Marry our play is the moft lamentable Comedy,
And most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe.

Bot. A very good peace of worke I assure you, and a

mercy. Now good Peter Quince, call forth your Actors
by the seruile, Mates spread your felues.

Quince. Answere as I call you. Nick Bottoms the Weaver.
Bot. Ready; name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quince. You Nick Bottoms are set downe for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus, a louer, or a tyrant?

Quin. A Louer that kills himeselfe most gallantly for loue.

Bot. That will take some tears in the true performing of it if I do it, let the audience looke to their eyes: I will moue Normes; I will condole in some mesure.

To the reft yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play Eructus rarely, or a part to save Catin, to make all split the razing Rocks; and shivering shocks shall break the locks of prison gates, and Phibbus carre shall shine from farte, and make and marre the foolish Fates. This was lofy. Now name the rest of the Players. This is Eructus valne, a tyrant valne: a louer is more condoi-

Quin. Fraunces Flute the Bellowes-mender.
Fla. Here Peter Quince.
Quin. You must take Thisbe on you.
Fla. What is Thisbe, a wandring Knight?

Quin. It is the Lady that Pyramus must loue.
Fla. Nay faith, let not mee play a woman, I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one, you shall play it in a Mask, and you may speake as small as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play Thisbe too:
He speake in a miffaful little voyce; Thybe, Thybe, ah Pyramus my lover desre, thy Thisbe dese, and Lady dese.

Quin. No no, you must play Pyramus, and Flute, you Thub.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling the Taylor.
Sta. Here Peter Quince.
Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisbe mother?

Tom Snout, the Tinker.

Quin. You, Pyramus father; my self, Thisbe father;
Snugge the layner, you the Lyons part: and I hope there is a play fitted.

Sing. Have you the Lions part written? pray you if be, give it me, for I am flow of studie.

Quin. You may doe it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let mee play the Lyon too, I will roare that I will doe any mans heart good to heare me. I will roare, that I will make the Duke fay. Let him roare againe, let him roare againe.

Quin. If you should doe it too terribly, you would fright the Detchifhe and the Ladies, that they would finde, and that were enough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs every mothers sonne.

Bot. I grant you friends, if that you should fright the Ladies out of their Witnes, they would have no more difference but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voyce so, that I will roare you as gently as any fucking Duche; I will roare and twere any Nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus, for Pire-

N 2
A Midsummer night's Dreame.

Enter a Fairy at one door, and Robin good-fellow at another.

Rob. How now, spirit, whether wander you?

Fai. Ouer hil, ouer daile, through buis, through brier,
Ouer parke, ouer pale, through flood, through fire,
I do wander where, snifter then $ Moons sphere;
And Ierue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs upon the
The Cowflips tall, her penfants bee, (green)
In their gold coats, spots you see,
Those be Rubies, Fairy favours,
In those freckles, lie their ferors,
I must go seek some dew drops here,
And hang a pearle in every cowslips ear.

Farewell thou Loy of spirits, let be gon,
Our Queene and all her Elues come heere anon.

Rob. The King doth keepe hit Reuels here to night,
Take heed the Queene come not within his fight,
For Oberon is pasing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy stolen from an Indian King,
She never had in sweet a changelings,
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his trunche, to trace the Ferrrels wilde,
But the (perforce) with holds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.
And now they never move in grene, or greene,
By fountain cree, or sprangled star-light theeene,
But they do squere, that all their Elues for fear
Creep into A corne cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistike your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that Shrewed and knaunthy spirit
Cual'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not hee,
That frights the maidens of the Villagere,
Skim milke, and sometimtse labour in the queene,
And bootlesse make the breathlesse huswife chere,
And sometimtse make the drinke to bee no barme,
The nine mens Morris is filled up with mud,
Their wonted Lurche, and the mazed world
Therefore the Moon (the governor of floods)
No night now with him or carol bright;
Comes from our back;
For our dilution,
And the quean Maze in the wanton green,
And this same progeny of evil,
By their incantation, now knowes not which is which,
The child of Aurora, angry Winter change
Fall in the event of the crimson Role,
The frasons alter; hoared headed Frosts
Hemlock, and Tyme crowne,
Is as in mockery set. The Spring, the Summer,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood.
Neptune and sat with me on
We are their parents and original!
And see our Moonlight revels, goe with us;
His mother was a Votress of my Order,
The Fairy land buyer not the childe of me.
To be my Henchman
Following (her womb then rich with my young quite)
Which (she with pretty and with swimming gate.
Indiarue, by night
Would imitate, and fade upon the land,
And through this disturbance, we see
That the rude sea grew citified at her song.
Peeke come hither; thou rememberst
My gentle
Exeunt.
Dame. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not,
Where is thy father, and faire Hermia?
The one tall stay, the other playeth me,
Thou toldst me they were flowne into this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.
Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel. Leave you your power to draw;
And I shall have no power to follow you.
Dame. Do I entice you?
Or rather do I not in plainest truth,
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?
Hel. And even for that do I love thee the more?
I am your spaniel, and Demetrius,
The more you best me, I will favise on you.
Wife me but as your spaniel; spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave
(Voworthy as I am) to follow you.
What wiler place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of highest respect with me) Then to be vied as you do your dogge.
Dem. Tempt not too much the hate of my spirit,
For I am sick when I do looke on thee.
Hel. And I am sick when I looke not on you.
Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To lose the City, and commit your sexe
Into the hands of one that loves you not,
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the involuntell of a desires place.
With the rich worth of your virginity.
Hel. Your verse is my priviledge: for that
It is not night when I do see your face.
Therefore I think I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dame. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not,
Where is thy father, and faire Hermia?

Hel. And even for that do I love thee the more?

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To lose the City, and commit your sexe
Into the hands of one that loves you not,
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the involuntell of a desires place.
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your verse is my priviledge: for that
It is not night when I do see your face.
Therefore I think I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company.
For you in my respect are all the world.
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?
On the danke and dutty ground
Pretty soule, fit dutt not y e
Nee re this lache-loue, this kill-curtife.

Charle, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this: charmeth doth owe:
When thou wak'lt, let loue forbid
Sleepe his feste on thy eye-led
So awake when I am gone:
For I mutt now to Oberon.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweete Demetrius
De. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O wilt thou darling leave me? do not so.
De. Stay on thy petill, I alone will goe.

Exit Demetrius

Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chace.

Enter Lyfander

Lyf. Stay, though thou kill me, sweete
De. Stay, though thou kill me, sweete Demetrius
Lyf. How came her eyes so bright? Not with faire cares.

Lyf. O wilt thou dangling leave me? do not so.
Hel. No, then I well perceiue you are not nye,

Lyf. No, I do repent;
Content with all your mends and we will all be happy.

Enter Piramus and Thisby

Pir. What, out of hearing, gone? No sound, no word?

This. Where is she? No, then I well perceiue you are not nye,

Pir. What, out of hearing, gone? No sound, no word?

This. What, out of hearing, gone?
Pir. Alacke where are you? Speak and if you speak
No, then I well perceiue you are not nye,
Each death or you Ie finde immediately.

Adus Tertius.

Enter the Clowneres.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat, and here's a mariousus convenient
place for our rehearfall. This green plot shall be our
stage, this hauishonee brake our tyring house, and we will
do it in a chon, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter quince?

Pir. What saith thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this Comedy of Piramus
and Thisby, that will never please. First Piramus must draw a
sword to kill himselfe; which the Ladies cannot abide.

How answerst thou that?

Snout. Beelze, a perilous scene.

Star. But not a whit, I have a deuide to make all well.
Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue ferme to say,
we will do no harme with our sword, and that Piramus
is not kill'd indeede: and for the more better assurance,
tell them, that I Piramus am not Piramus, but Bottom the
Weazer, this will put them out of feare.

Quein. Well, we will have such a Prologue, and it shall
be written in eight and fixe.

Bot. No, make it two more, let it be written in eight
and eight.

Snout. Will not the Ladies be afeac'd of the Lyon?

Star. I feare it, I promis you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to confider with your selues.
for there is not a more feareful wilde

Snout. Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not
a Lyon.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and have his face
must be seene through the Lyons necke, and he himselfe
must speake through, faving thus, or to the fame defect.

Ladies, or fairc Ladies, I would wifh you, or I would
require
request you, or I would entreat you, not to fear, so as to
tumble my life for yours. If you think I come 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 Snug
the 
Snug
and there indeed let
Tng, I am a man as other men are: my life for yours. If you thinks I come hither
And by and by I will to thee appesre.
An Ador too perhaps, if I see caufe.
What, a Play toward? He be an auditor,
Son.eere the Cattle of the Faicrie Queene ?
Ijght.

Pentium
your part at once, cues and all.
So hath thy breath, my deareft
Tkiebj
deare.

Pentium
you fpeake all
Viremtu.
chat yet; that you anfwere to

Of colour like the redrofe on triumphant bryer,
But harke, a voice: slay thou but here a while.

Bet. I marry must you. For you must vnderftano.

Pet. Not to neither: but if I had wit enough to get
out of this wood, I have enough to ferue mine owne
turne.

Tyta. Thou art as wife, as thou art beautifull.
Bet. Not to neither: but if I had wit enough to get
out of this wood, I have enough to ferue mine owne
turne.

Tyta. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.
Bet. Not to neither: but if I had wit enough to get
out of this wood, I have enough to ferue mine owne
turne.

Tyta. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.
Bet. Not to neither: but if I had wit enough to get
out of this wood, I have enough to ferue mine owne
turne.

Tyta. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.
Bet. Not to neither: but if I had wit enough to get
out of this wood, I have enough to ferue mine owne
turne.

Tyta. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.
Bet. Not to neither: but if I had wit enough to get
out of this wood, I have enough to ferue mine owne
turne.

Tyta. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.
Bet. Not to neither: but if I had wit enough to get
out of this wood, I have enough to ferue mine owne
turne.

Tyta. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.
Bet. Not to neither: but if I had wit enough to get
out of this wood, I have enough to ferue mine owne
turne.

Tyta. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.
Bet. Not to neither: but if I had wit enough to get
out of this wood, I have enough to ferue mine owne
turne.

Tyta. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.
Bet. Not to neither: but if I had wit enough to get
out of this wood, I have enough to ferue mine owne
turne.

Tyta. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.
Bet. Not to neither: but if I had wit enough to get
out of this wood, I have enough to ferue mine owne
turne.
Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand close, this is the same Athenian.

Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. Why rebuke you him that loves you so?

Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse.

For thou (I fear') hast given me cause to curse,

If thou wilt name Lyndian in his sleep,

Being ere flowers in bloud, plunged in the deeps, and hill me too.

The Sunne was not so true into the day,

As he to me. Would he have rolled away,

From sleeping Hermia? to be beleaguer as soone

This whole earth may be bound, and that the Moon

May through the Center creep, and so displeasure.

Her brothers nootnese, with the Antipodes,

It cannot but thou hast murdred him,

So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murderer look, and so should I,

Pierst through the heart with your steeke cruelty.

Yet you the murderer looks as bright as clear.

As yonder Ueem in her glimmering放眼.

Her. What's this to my Lyndian? where is he?

Ach good Demetrius, wilt thou give me him?

Ach. I'd rather give his carcasse to my hounds.

Dem. I'd rather give his carcasse to my hounds.

Her. Out dog, out cur thou drudg'd me past the bounds

Of maidens patience. Hast thou slaine him then?

Henceforth beneuer numbered among men.

Oh, once tell true, even for my sake.

Durst thou a lookt vpon him, being awake?

And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? Or drawst watch:

Could not a worme, an Adder do so much?

An Adder did it: for with doubler tongue

Then think thou feenny?; newer Adder flung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a misprisid mood,

I am not guilty of Lyndian'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 therefore?

Her. A priviledge, never to see me more;

And from thy hated presence part I live me no more

Whether he be dead or no.

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce valne,

Here therefore for a while I will remaine.

So fortowes haueinelle doth heauen growe.

For debt that bankrout flip drifl sorow owe,

Which now in some light mesure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.
Ob. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite
And laid the loue iuyce on some true loues sight:
Of thy misprision, most perfurce ensue
Some true loue turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Reb. Then face one rules, that man holding truth,
A million false, confounding oath on oath.
Ob. About the wood, go swifter then when the wind,

And, Helena of Athens: looke thou finde.
All fancy feke the is, and pale of cheere,
With figures of love, that cofts the fresh blood desire.
By some illusion feue thou bring her here;
He charme his eyes against the doth appear.
Reb. Igo, Igo, looke how I goe,
Swifter then arrow from the Tartar's bowe. Exit.

Ob. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cupids archery,
Sink't in apple of his eye,
When his loue he doth ephi,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky,
When thou waft not the be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Puck.
Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is heere at hand,
And the youth, mylouke by me,
Pleading for a Louers fee.
Shall we their fond exploits manly enterptize,
With your desirion; none of noble sort.

Now I perceioe they haue conioyn'd all three,
Hermits; this you know I know;
For you loue

Apo. You are vnkind Demetrius; be not so,
For you love 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.

Lyf. Never did mockers wait more idle breth.
Dem. Lyfander, keep thy Hermione, I will none:
Ifere I loud'er, all that loue is gone,
My heart to her, but as guelft-wise forsworn,
And now to Helena it home return'd,
There to remaine.
Lyf. It is not so.

Enter Hermione.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ease more quicke of apprehension makes
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It paiies 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 leave me so? (to go?)

Lyf. Why should you think I should woe in scorn?
Scorne and derision never comes in tears:
Looke when I vow I weep; and vowes so borne,
In their nativity all truth appeare.
How can these things in me, and loue to you?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more,
When truth kils truth, O diuine flye!
These vowes are Hermione. Will you give her ore?

Apo. You would not doe die thus much iniury.

Lyf. Why should hee stay whom Love doth preffe
Her. What loue coule preffe Lyfander from my fide?
Lyf. Lyfander loves love (that would not let him bide)
Faire Helen; who more engilds the night,
Then all you fierie eies, and eies of light.

Her. You speake not as you thinke; it cannot be.

Hel. Love, she is one of this confederacy,
Now I perceiue they have conioyn'd all three,
To fashion this false sport in fpite of me.

Injurious Hermione, most vangratefull maid,
Have you conspird, have you with thefe conjurid
To baite me, with this foule derision?
Is all the counseall that we two haue staid,
The sifter voices, the hours that we have spent,
When wee haue chid the hafty foted time,
For parting vs, O, is all forgot?
All schooleed liues, friendship, child-hood innocence
We Hermia, like two Artifical gods,

Lyf. Why should hee stay whom Love doth preffe
Her. What love could preffe Lyfander from my side?
Lyf. Lyfander loves love (that would not let him bide)
Faire Helen; who more engilds the night,
Then all you fierie eies, and eies of light.

Her. You speake not as you thinke; it cannot be.

Hel. Love, she is one of this confederacy,
Now I perceiue they have conioyn'd all three,
To fashion this false sport in fpite of me.

Injurious Hermione, most vangratefull maid,
Have you conspird, have you with thefe conjurid
To baite me, with this foule derision?
Is all the counseall that we two haue staid,
The sifter voices, the hours that we have spent,
When wee haue chid the hafty foted time,
For parting vs, O, is all forgot?
All schooleed liues, friendship, child-hood innocence
We Hermia, like two Artifical gods,
Two lovely berries molded on one stem,
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first life costs in Heraldry,
Due bitt to one and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love sunder,
To ioyne with men in seeming your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
Our face as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone doe feel the iniury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words,
I feeme you not; 'tis seemes that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not for Lyfander, as inforce to
To follow me, and praffle my cies and face?
And made your asuch love, Demetria
(Who euen but now did praffe me with his foot)
To call me godfesse, nymph, divine, and tare.

Lyf. Stay gentle Helena, hear no excuse,
My loue, my life, my foule, faire Helena.

Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweete, do not scorn her so.
Dem. If she cannot entreate, I can compell.
Lyf. Thou cannot compell, no more then she entreate.
Thy threats have no more strength then her weak praise.

Helan. I loue thee, by my life I do,
I informe by that which I will lose for thee,
To proude that base, that chief I loue thee not.

Dem. I say, I loue thee more then he can do.
Lyf. If thou say so, with draw and proue it too.

Lyf. Quick, come.
Her. Lyfander, where to trust all this?
Lyf. Away, you Ethispe.

Dem. No, no, Sir, seeme to break loose.
Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.

Lys. Hang off thou cat, thou bur: vile thing let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude?
What change is this sweete Love?
Lyf. Thy love? our town Tatar out.

Lyf. What shall I do, what shall I do?
Lyf. Demetria: I will keepe my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond: for I perceive
A weake bond holds you; I heretofore your word.

Lyf. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, Ie not harte her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harme then hate?

Lyf. I say, I have not for Lyfander, as inforce to
To follow me, and praffle my cies and face?
And made your asuch love, Demetria
(Who euen but now did praffe me with his foot)
To call me godfesse, nymph, divine, and tare.

Lyf. Stay gentle Helena, hear no excuse,
My loue, my life, my foule, faire Helena.

Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweete, do not scorn her so.
Dem. If she cannot entreate, I can compell.
Lyf. Thou cannot compell, no more then she entreate.
Thy threats have no more strength then her weak praise.

Helan. I loue thee, by my life I do,
I informe by that which I will lose for thee,
To proude that base, that chief I loue thee not.

Dem. I say, I loue thee more then he can do.
Lyf. If thou say so, with draw and proue it too.

Lyf. Quick, come.
Her. Lyfander, where to trust all this?
Lyf. Away, you Ethispe.

Dem. No, no, Sir, seeme to break loose.
Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.

Lys. Hang off thou cat, thou bur: vile thing let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude?
What change is this sweete Love?
Lyf. Thy love? our town Tatar out.

Lyf. What shall I do, what shall I do?
Lyf. Demetria: I will keepe my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond: for I perceive
A weake bond holds you; I heretofore your word.

Lyf. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, Ie not harte her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harme then hate?

Lyf. I say, I have not for Lyfander, as inforce to
To follow me, and praffle my cies and face?
And made your asuch love, Demetria
(Who euen but now did praffe me with his foot)
To call me godfesse, nymph, divine, and tare.

Lyf. Stay gentle Helena, hear no excuse,
My loue, my life, my foule, faire Helena.

Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweete, do not scorn her so.
Dem. If she cannot entreate, I can compell.
Lyf. Thou cannot compell, no more then she entreate.
Thy threats have no more strength then her weak praise.

Helan. I loue thee, by my life I do,
I informe by that which I will lose for thee,
To proude that base, that chief I loue thee not.

Dem. I say, I loue thee more then he can do.
Lyf. If thou say so, with draw and proue it too.

Lyf. Quick, come.
Her. Lyfander, where to trust all this?
Lyf. Away, you Ethispe.

Dem. No, no, Sir, seeme to break loose.
Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.

Lys. Hang off thou cat, thou bur: vile thing let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude?
What change is this sweete Love?
Lyf. Thy love? our town Tatar out.

Lyf. What shall I do, what shall I do?
Lyf. Demetria: I will keepe my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond: for I perceive
A weake bond holds you; I heretofore your word.

Lyf. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, Ie not harte her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harme then hate?
Let her alone, speak not of Helena,
Take not her part. For if thou dost intend
Never to follow her of love to her,
Thou shalt abide it.

Yet now she holds me not,
Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine is most in Helena.

Demetrius. Follow me, Nay, let her alone, speak not of
Helena, she is not thy part.

Nay, goe not back.

Enter Oberon and Puck.

Oberon. This is thy negligence, still thou mistak'st;
Or else commit'st thy knaves willingly.

Puck. Believe me, King of the shadoes, I misstooke,
Did not you tell me, I should know the man,
By the Athenian garments he hath on?
And so farre blamelesse prove my entrance,
That I have pointed an Athenian, eies,
And so farre am I glad, it so did fort,
As this their earing, I esteem a sport.

Oberon. Thou feest these Louers seek a place to fight,
Here therefore Robin, over all the night,
The starrie Welkin couer thou anon,
With drooping eye as blacke as Ascheron,
And lead these pretty Kinds to safety,
As one come not within another way.

Whilest thou wak'st, thou tak'st the way.
When you seek a place to fight,
That I may dictates to thee,
That fallen am I in dark vnseen way.

Oberon. Adie, Adie, Adie, now come thou gentle day:
For if but once thou see the gray light,

Puck. Do goe thy way: faintness confines thee here.

Oberon. The villain is much lighter heel'd than thee.

Puck. Verily then thou mock' st me; thou shalt come.

Oberon. Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here.

Puck. He goes before me, and will dare me on,
When I come where he calls, then he's gone.

Oberon. Thus to make poor females road.

Puck. Thou runaway, thou terrors, thou dost run.

Oberon. We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.

Puck. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Hither comes one. Where art thou, proud Lyfander?

Enter Lyfander.

Lyfander. Where art thou, proud Lyfander?

Oberon. Come hither, I am here.

Lyfander. Where art thou, proud Lyfander?

Oberon. Thou coward, why com' st thou not?

Lyfander. Abide me, if thou darst. For well I wis,
Thou runst before me, shifting every place,
And dart'st from hand, and look in the face.

Oberon. I see thee not, I wiU be with thee.

Lyfander. Come thou gentle day:
For if but once thou see my light grey,
I finde Demetrius, and revenge this sport.

Oberon and Demetrius.

Demetrius. Ho, ho, ho; coward, why com' st thou not?

Lyfander. Abide me, if thou darst. For well I wis,
Thou runst before me, shifting every place,
And dart'st from hand, and look in the face.

Oberon. Where art thou?

Lyfander. Where art thou, proud Lyfander?

Oberon. Thou coward, why com' st thou not?

Lyfander. Abide me, if thou darst. For well I wis,
Thou runst before me, shifting every place,
And dart'st from hand, and look in the face.

Oberon. Where art thou?

Lyfander. Where art thou, proud Lyfander?

Oberon. Thou coward, why com' st thou not?

Lyfander. Abide me, if thou darst. For well I wis,
Thou runst before me, shifting every place,
And dart'st from hand, and look in the face.

Oberon. Where art thou?

Lyfander. Where art thou, proud Lyfander?

Oberon. Thou coward, why com' st thou not?

Lyfander. Abide me, if thou darst. For well I wis,
Thou runst before me, shifting every place,
And dart'st from hand, and look in the face.

Oberon. Where art thou?

Lyfander. Where art thou, proud Lyfander?

Oberon. Thou coward, why com' st thou not?

Lyfander. Abide me, if thou darst. For well I wis,
Thou runst before me, shifting every place,
And dart'st from hand, and look in the face.

Oberon. Where art thou?

Lyfander. Where art thou, proud Lyfander?

Oberon. Thou coward, why com' st thou not?

Lyfander. Abide me, if thou darst. For well I wis,
Thou runst before me, shifting every place,
And dart'st from hand, and look in the face.

Oberon. Where art thou?

Lyfander. Where art thou, proud Lyfander?
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be showne.

Enter Robingoodfellow and Oberon.

Oh. Welcome good Robin.

Seeft thou this sweet sight?

Her dosage now I doe begin to pity.

For meeting her of late beside the wood,
Seeking sweet favours for this hateful sole,
I did vpbrand her, and fall out with her.
For the hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers.
And that same dew which heate with the buds,
Was wont to swell like round and orient peares;
Stood now within the pretty floppy eyes,
Like tears that did their owne disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And in milde termes beg'd my patience,
Then did I feeke her, her changing childe,
Which straight shee grewe me, and her Fairy lent
To brewe him to my Bowle in Fairy Land.
And now I have the Boy, I will verifie
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And gentle Pucke take this transformed scalpe,
From off the head of this Athenian swaine;
That he awaking when the other doth,
May all to Athens backs against repair,
And thinke no more of this nights accidents.

But as the fierce venation of a dreame.

Now my Tuccata wake you my sweet Queene,

Tita. Come, sit thee downe upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy.
And tickle muske roes in thy sleepe smooth head,
And kiss thy faire large cares, my gentle joy.

Now thus, I haue the Boy, I will verifie
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And gentle Pucke take this transformed scalpe,
From off the head of this Athenian swaine;
That he awaking when the other doe,
May all to Athens backs against repair,
And think no more of this nights accidents.
But as the fierce venation of a dreame.

But if I will releas the Fairy Queene.

Enter Queen of Fairies, and Clossm, and Fairies, and the King behinde them.

Tita. Come, sit thee downe upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy.
And tickle muske roes in thy sleepe smooth head,
And kiss thy faire large cares, my gentle joy.

Cloc. Where's my perfell blosome?

Prep. Ready.

Clow. Scratch my head, Pease-blosome. Where's your Moun-
sieur Cobweb.

Cob. Ready.

Clossm. Mounsiour Cobweb, good Mounsiour get your weapons in your hand, & kill roe a red hipt humble-Bee,
the hony bag. Do not fret your felfe too much in the a&ven, Mounfieur; and good Mounfieur haue a care the bony bag breakenot, I would be loth to haue yon ouer-

Pray you lesue your courtefie good Mounfieur.

Mufterdfeed.

A ne-thinkes I am maruellous hairy about the face.

to scratch. I mud to the Barbers Mounfieur, for Cobweb

fcratch.
I am fuch a tender affe, I mud

have the tongs and the bones.

Jespe thou, and I will winde thee in my arms,
Fairies be gone, and be alwaies away.

So doth the woodbine, the sweet Honifuckle,
Gently enwifts the female Juy to
Entrings the barky fingers of the Elme.
With these mortals on the ground.

Enter Thes, Egen, Hippolita, and all his train.

Thes. Go one of you, guide out the Forresters;
For now our observation is performed;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My Loue shall hear the snuffe of all my hounds.
Vnpcoure in the Wetterne valley, lett them goe;
Dispatch I say, and finds the Forresters.
We will send Queenie up to the Mountains top.
And make the musicall confusion
Of hounds and echo in coniunction.

Hipp. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Cretse they bayed the Bear
With hounds of Sparta; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding. For besides the growes,
The skier, the fountain, every region neere,
Seems all one mutuall cry. I never heard
So musicall a discord, such sweet thunder.

Thes. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So foulf'd, so fanned, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweape away the morning dew,
Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt, like Thesfalian
With wes that sweep away the morning dew,

Hipp. You are sent to Athens, and the Duke sends
To Demetrius, to informe him of her death.
And now I doth think o'er, so it is;
I cannot truly say how I came heere.

Hel. The Duke was heere, and bid vs follow him;
Away, with vs to Athens; three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnitie.

Duke. These things seeme small & vndistinguishable,
Like farre off mountains turned into Clouds.

Hel. Me-thinks I see these things with parted eye,
When euer things seemes double.

Hipp. So me-thinkes:
And I have found Demetrius, like a jewell,
Mine owne, and not mine owne.

Dem. It seemes to me,
That yet we sleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,
The Duke was heere, and bid vs follow him?

Hel. Yea, and my Father.

Hipp. And Hippolita.

Lyf. And he bid vs follow to the Temple.

Dem. Why then we are awake; let us follow him,
And by the way let vs recount our dreams.

Bottoms wake.

Clo. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer,
My next is, most faine Piramus. Hey ho Peter Quince? What the bellows, master? Swell the tinker? Simul- ing? God's my life! I stolne hence, and left me sleepe; I have had a most rare vision. I had a dream, past the wisd. man, to say, what dreame it was. Man is but an Asse, if he goe about to expound this dreame. Me-thought I was, there is no man can tell what. Me-thought I was, and me-thought I had. But man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to say, what me-thought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the eare of man hath not seene, mans hand is not able to raffe, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dreames was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballet of this dreame, it shall be called Bottomes Dream; because it hath no bottome; and I will flg it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Peradventure, to make it the more graciously, I shall flg it at her death.

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, Starveling, and Snug.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottomes house? Is he come home yet?

Starn. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

This. If
Enter Sang the former.

Song.

Masters, the Duke is coming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords & Ladies more married: If our sport had gone forward, we had all bin made men.

Thes. O sweet bully Bottom, thus hath he lost his patience, during his life: he could not have escaped sixpence a day. And the Duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Piramus, he be hang'd. He would have deferred it. Sixpence a day in Piramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottome.

But. Where are these Lads? Where are these hearts? That play as the Lioo, pare his nailes, for they shall hang out for the Lions clawes. And most deare Aegors, eate no Onions, nor Garticke; for wee are to siter sweete breath, and I do not doubt but to heare them say, it is a sweet Comedy. No more words: away, go away.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus and his Lords.

Hipp. This strange my Theseus, these lovers speake of. The more strange then true. I never may believe these anacke fables, nor these Fairy toyes, Lovers and maid men have such feething brains, Such shapen phantastes, that apprehend more Then coole reason ever comprehend.

The Luntickte, the Louer, and the Poet, Are of imagination all compact.

One sees more duels then vaffe hell can hold; That is the mad man. The Louer, all as franticke, Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.

The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.

And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things Unknowne; The Poets pen turns them to shapes, And gives to the nothing, a local habitation, And a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination, That if it would but apprehend some joy, It comprehends some bringer of that joy.

Or in the night, imagining some face, How eke is a bush suppos'd a Beare.

Hipp. But all the stories of the night told over, And all their minds transfigur'd do together, More wisitneffet than fancier images, And growes to something of great conflancie; But how focuer, strange, and admirable.

Enter lovers, Theseus, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth: Joy, gentle friends, joy and fresh days Offer accompany your hearts.

Lys. More then to vs, wait in your toyall walkers, your board, your bed.

The. Come now, what makes, what dances shall we have, To weare away this long age of three hours, Between our after supper, and bed-time? Where is our vsell manager of mirth? What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play, To eafe the anguish of a torturing hour? Call Egeus.

Ege. Heere mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgement haue you for this euening? What maske? What musick? How shall we beguile The laze time, if not with some delight? Ege. There is a brieve how many Sports are rife: Make choice of which your Highnesse shall see first.

Lys. The brieve with the Centaurs to be fung By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harpe.

The. We're none of that. That haue I told my Loue In glory of my kinfman Hercules.

Lys. The riot of the tipipe Bachanals, Tearing the Thracian finger, in their rage.

The. That is an old deuice, and it was plaid When I from Theseus came left a Conqueror.

Lys. The three Muses, mourning for the death of learning, late decaft in beggarie.

The. That is some Satisfie keene and criticall, Not fortling with a nuptiall ceremony.

Lys. A tedious Scene of young Piramus, and his love Thirby; very tragical mirth.

The. Merry and tragical? Tedioues, and briefes? That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow. How shall we finde the concord of his discord?

Ege. A play there is, my Lord, for ten words long, Which is a brieve, as I have knowne a play; But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long; Which makes it tedious. For in all the play, There is not one word apt, one Player fitted. And tragicallye my noble Lord it is: for Piramus, and his love Thirby; very tragicall mirth.

The. And tragicall? Tedioues, and briefes? That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow. How shall we finde the concord of his discord?

Ege. A play there is, my Lord, for ten words long, Which is a brieve, as I have knowne a play; But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long; Which makes it tedious. For in all the play, There is not one word apt, one Player fitted. And tragicallye my noble Lord it is: for Piramus, and his love Thirby; very tragicall mirth.

The. And tragicall? Tedioues, and briefes? That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow. How shall we finde the concord of his discord?

Ege. A play there is, my Lord, for ten words long, Which is a brieve, as I have knowne a play; But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long; Which makes it tedious. For in all the play, There is not one word apt, one Player fitted. And tragicallye my noble Lord it is: for Piramus, and his love Thirby; very tragicall mirth.

The. And patheticall? Tedioues, and briefes? That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow. How shall we finde the concord of his discord?

Ege. A play there is, my Lord, for ten words long, Which is a brieve, as I have knowne a play; But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long; Which makes it tedious. For in all the play, There is not one word apt, one Player fitted. And tragicallye my noble Lord it is: for Piramus, and his love Thirby; very tragicall mirth.
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

This grisy best (which Lyon hight by name)
The witty Thady, comming frith by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright:
And as the fled, he mousethe she fell:
Which Lyon viie with bloody mouth did tame
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his Thadie Manhood's flame
Whereas, with blade, with bloody blemish'd blade,
He bravely brocht his boiling bloody breast,
And Thady, tarrying in Mulberry shade,
His dagger drew and died. For all the rest,
Let Lyon, Merci fame Wall, and Louers swaine,
At large discourse, while here they doe remain.

Exit all but Wall.

Thrf. I wonder if the Lion boro speake.

Dume. No wonder, my Lord: one Lion may, when many Aves doe.

Exit Lyon, Thabis, and Moonshine.

Wall. In this fame Interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one Swain (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 Thadie,
Did whisper often, very secretly.
This loame, this rough, earth, and this hole doth shew,
That I am that same Wall, the truth is so,
And this the canny, is right and suifite.
Through which the fearfull Louers are to whisper.
Thrf. Would you desire Lime and Haire to speake better?

Dume. It is the wittiest partition, that ever I heard discourse, my Lord.

Thrf. Pyramus draws near the Wall silence.

Enter Pyramus.

Per. O grim look night, O night with hue so blacke,
O night, which ever art, when day is not,
O night, O night, slacke, slacke, slacke,
I feare my Pyramus promife is forgot.
And though I wail, thou wailer and louely wail,
That stand betwixt thee, her fathers ground and mine,
Thou wail, O wail, O sweet and louely wail,
Shew me thy chinke, to blinke through witts mine.
Thanks courteous wail, thou sheld the wail for this.
But what see I? No Thabis doe I see.
O wicked wail, through whom I see no blisse.
Curst be thy ftones for this deceiving mee.
Thrf. The wail me-thinkes being fensible, should curse againe.

Per. No in truth sir, he should not. Deceaving me, is
It Thabis waiet, if she is to enter, and I am to spy.
Her through the wail. You shall see it wail till.

Enter Thabis.

Per. As I told you, you wonder the come.

Thrf. O wail, full often haft thou heard my mones,
For parting my faire Pyramus, and me.
My cherry lips have often kith thy fones;
Thy fones with Lime and Haire kipt vp in thee.
Per. I see a voyce; now will I to the chinke,
To spy and I can heare my Thabis face. Thabis.
Thrf. My Loue thour ars, my Loue I thinke.

Per. Thabis what thou wail, I am thy Louers grace,
And like Lysander am I brutly still.

Thrf. And like Helen to all the Fates me still.

Per. Not Shafhau to Pyramus, was so true,

Thrf. As Shafhau to Pyramus, I to you.

Pir. 0
Enter LYON and MOONE-fishers.

LYON. You Ladies, you (whose gentle hearts do fear
the smallest monstrous manse that creeps on roore) may now perchance, both quake and tremble heree, when Lyon rough in wildef rage doth roar.

Now that know I, one Smug the loyacr am
A Lion fell, nor else oo Lions dam.

For if I should a Lion come in strife
Then know that I, the loyacr ats
Smug
And being done, thus
Exit Clop.

This LHonthor doth the horned MOONE present.

Du. A verie gentle beast, and of a good conference.

Dem. The verie beast at a beast, my Lord, y eere I have.

Lys. This Lyon is a verie Fox for his valor.

Du. True, and a Goofe for his discretion.

Dem. Not so my Lord: for his color cannot carrie his discretion, and the Fox carries the Goofe.

Du. His discretion I am sure cannot carrie his valor: for the Goofe carries not the Fox. It is well; lease it to his discretion, and let vs be staken to the MOONE.

MOONE. This Lanthorne doth the horned MOONE present.

Du. He should have wore the horns on his head.
Du. Hee is no crescent, and his horns are insuffizable, within the circumference.

MOONE. This Lanthorne doth the horned MOONE present: My felfe, the man i th MOONE doth seeme to be.

Du. This is the greates error of all the rest, the man should be put into the Lanthorne. How is it els the man i th MOONE?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle.

For you see, it is already in snuffe.

Du. I am verie of this MOONE; would he would change.

Du. It appeares by his small light of discretion, that he is in the ware: but yet in contrife, in all reason, we must fay the name.

Lys. Proceed Lyon.

MOONE. All that I have to fay, is to tell you, that the Lanthorne is the MOONE; I, the man in the MOONE; this thorne bullys my thorne bull, and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why all these should be in the Lanthorne yet they are in the MOONE. But fience, brefe comes Thisby.

Enter Thisby.

This. This is old Nymms tomb: where is my love?

Lys. Oh.

The Lion name; Thisby runs off.

Dem. Well rest'd Lyon.
And farewell friends, thus Thrice ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu,
Duke. Moon-shine & Lion ste, to bury the dead.
Bess. No, I assure you, the well is downe, that parted
their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or to see a Burgomark dance, betweene two of our company?
Duke. 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. Merry, if thee that writ it had plaid Tragedy, and hung him selfe in Thibbes gate, it would have been a fine Tragedy: and so it is truly, and very notably disfranch'd. But come, your Burgomark; let your Epilogue alone.
The iron tongue of midnight hath old twelue.
Louers to bed, this almost Fairy time,
I fear we shall out-sleepe the coming morn,
As much as we this night have owr-watich.
This palpable grove play hath well begun;
The heavy gate of night. Swift friends to bed.
A fortnight hold we this blessed time.

Enter Puck, Exeunt.

By the dead and drowned fire,
Euerie Elfe and Fairy bright,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this Dusty after me, sing and dance it trippingly.
Tit. First rehearse this song by rote,
To each word a tabling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairy grace,
Will we sing and bless this place.

The Song.
Now till the break of day,
Through the house, each Fairy stray.
To the best Bridal bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be:
And the foule there create,
Lady shall be fortunate:
So shall all the couples three,
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of Natures hand,
Shall not in their issue stand.
Now will peace and Tyme bring:
Nor make predictions, such as are:
Defpised in Natures side,
Shall obey their children be.
With this field dew consecrate,
Every Fairy take his gate,
And each one will a chamber bless,
Through this Palace with sweet peace,
Every sweet silent safety rest,
And the owner of it bless.
Top away, make no stay,
Meet us all by break of day.

Robins. If we shadowes have offended,
Think but this (and all is mended)
That you have but chang'd here, to,
While these visions did appeare.
And this weak and idle theame,
No more yelding but a dreame,
Centes, do not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am an honest Puck,
If we have uerneared lucke,
Now to leape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends for long;
Elfe the Pucke's cry call.
So good night waro you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

FINIS.
Enter Anthonie, Salarino, and Salario.

Anthonio.

Booth I know not why I am so sad, it weares me: you say it wears you; but how I caught it, found it, or came by it, what stuffe it is made of, whereof it is borne, I am to learne: and such a Want-wit sadness makes of me, that I have much ado to know my selfe.

Sal. Your minde is tossing on the Ocean, there where your Argofies with portly sailing, like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood, or as it were the Pageants of the sea, do ouer-peer the petty Traffiquers that curt fie to them, do them reverence as they flye by them with their woen wings.

Salar. Beleeue me sir, had I such venture forth, the better part of my affections, would be with my hopes abroad. I should be still plucking the garfe to know where fits the winde, peering in Maps for ports, and roads; and every obied that might make me faire fortune 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 sea. I should not see the cloudy houre-gaife runne, but I shoulde finde my soulles, and shill the holy edifice of Rome, and not behinke me straight of dangerous rocks, which touching but my genitie Veiles sides, would scatter all her spices on the flame, enrobe the roaring waters with my sakes, and in a word, but even now worth this, and now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought to think on this, and all I lacke the thought that such a thing be chance would make me sad? But tell not me, I know Anthonio is sad to thank upon his merchandise.

Ant. Beleeue me no, thanks my fortune for it, my ventures are not in one bettor or trusting, nor to one place: nor is my whole estate upon the fortune of this present yeare: therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Sala. Why then you are in love.

Anth. Fie, fie.

Sala. Not in love neither: then let us say you are sad because you are not merry; and were as sad as you are now, because you are not sad. Now by two-headed launes, nature hath framed strange fellows in her time: some that will euer more peere through their eyes, and laugh like Parrots at a bag-pipe, and other of such vinger accent, that they'll not shew their teeth in any way of smile, though Neftor wore his lefte be laughable.

Enter Baffiano, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Sala. Hcere comes Baffiano, your most noble Kinman, Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Farewel, we leue you now with better company.

Ant. Your wort is very dme in my regard, I take it your owne busines calls on you, and you embrace the occasion to depaire.

Sala. Good morrow my good Lords; when shall we leue you?

Sala. When? We'll make our leysures to attend your pleasure.

Ant. You looks not well Signior Anthonio, you have too much respect upon the world: they loose it that doe buy it with much care, Beleeue me you are maruelioufly chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the World Grailavf, where euery man must play his part, and mine a sad one.

Ant. Let me play the fool, with mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come, and let my Luer rather heate with wine, then my heart coole with mortifying groans. Why should a man whose blood is warme within, sit like his Grandfiae, and creep into theardu..
That which I owe is loft: bat if you pkafe
To (hoote another arrow that felfe way
Which you did (hoot the firft, I do not doubt,
For faying nothing, when I am wenture
That therefore oneely are reputed wise.
For faying nothing, when I am wenture
There axe a fort of men, whose vifages
Do cream and mantle like a Sanding pond.
By and do a wilful! ftilnefle entertaine.
I lone thee, anti k is loue that fpeake*:
As who fhouid fay, I am fir an Oracle,
With purpofe to be drefl in an opinion
I do know ofehefe
O my Anthonie, that therefore ooely are reputed wise.
For faying nothing ; when I am wenture
If they fould speake, would almoft dam thofe cares
Which carring them would call their brothers foole:
I tell thee more of this another time.
But fift not with this melancholy baite
For this foole Gudgin, this opinion:
Come good Lorenzo, fay well a while,
I must be one of thefe fame dumbe wife men,
To whom you wore a secret Pilgrimage.
To vnburhen all my plots and purpofes.
Becaufe what foillowes is pure innocence.
I fhot his fellow of the felfefame flight
In my fchoole dayes, when l hadlafi ens flsaft
To winds about my loss? with circupnftanee.
In making queftion ©f ray vttermoft
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
Then ifyou had made walk of all 1 haue:
I did reeeiue faire fpeechlefTe meffages:
Nor n the wide world ignorant ofher worth,
To vnburhen all my plots and purpofes.
Becaufe what foillowes is pure innocence.
That therefore oneely are reputed wise.
For faying nothing, when I am wenture
There axe a fort of men, whose vifages
Do cream and mantle like a Sanding pond.
By and do a wilful! ftilnefle entertaine.
I lone thee, anti k is loue that fpeake*:
As who fhouid fay, I am fir an Oracle,
With purpofe to be drefl in an opinion
I do know ofehefe
O my Anthonie, that therefore ooely are reputed wise.
For faying nothing ; when I am wenture
If they fould speake, would almoft dam thofe cares
Which carring them would call their brothers foole:
I tell thee more of this another time.
But fift not with this melancholy baite
For this foole Gudgin, this opinion:
Come good Lorenzo, fay well a while,
I must be one of thefe fame dumbe wife men,
To whom you wore a secret Pilgrimage.
To vnburhen all my plots and purpofes.
Becaufe what foillowes is pure innocence.
I fhot his fellow of the felfefame flight
In my fchoole dayes, when l hadlafi ens flsaft
To winds about my loss? with circupnftanee.
In making queftion ©f ray vttermoft
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
chooses you, will no doubt never be chosen by any right¬
ly, but one who you shall rightly love: but what warmth
is there in your affection towards any of these Princely
futters that are already come?
Per. I pray thee over-name them, and as thou namest
them, I will describe them, and according to my defcrip¬
tion I will adjust my affection.

Ner. First there is the Neapolitan Prince.
Per. That’s a cold underlie, for he doth nothing but
tale of his horse, and hee makes it a great appropi¬
tation to his own good parts that he can flout him him¬
selfe: I am much afraid my Ladie his mother plaid fals
with a Smyth.

Ner. Than is there the Countie Palentine.
Per. He doth nothing but frowne (as who should say,
and you will not have the choofe: he heares merrie
tales and smites not, I feare heewill prone the weeping
honours and with a false heat to his owne good parc’s that he can (boo him him¬
ta, and there in your gift &icn towards any of these Princely
ly, but one whom I should rightly love: but what warmth
chooses you, will never be chosen by Snrats right¬

ation lenell atmvaffeflion.

ed to a deaths bead with s bone in his mouth, then to ei¬

s. I fay not, he had neither Latin, French,
lands not me, nor I him
[nlands not me, nor I him

French, (lands not me, nor I him
[lands not me, nor I him

Hemon, there be land rats, end water rats, water theeue*.

fquandred abroad, but (hips are but boo?ds»Saykrsbiic

take his bond.

Per. I remember him well, and I remember him wor¬
thy of thy praife.

Enter a Servingman,

Ser. The foure Strangers fecke you Madam to take
their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a Bift, the Prince of Aroce, who brings word the Prince his Maifer will be here to night.

Per. If I could bid the Bift welcome with so good
heart as I can bid the other foure farewell: I should be

glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a Saint,
and the composition of a dwuell, I had rather hee should
thrive me then wise me. Come Baffia into before

whites wee thus the gate vpon one wooer, another
knocks at the doore,

Enter Baffia with Shylotyke the lev.

Shy. Three thousand ducates, well.
Baff. 1 lit, for three months.
Shy. For three months well.
Baff. For the which, as I told you.
Antonie shall be bound.
Shy. Antonie shall be come bound, well.
Baff. May you find me? Will you pleasure me?
Shall I know your answere
Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months,
and Antonie bound.
Baff. Your answere to that.
Shy. Antonie is a good man.
Baff. Have you heerd any imputation to the con¬
trary.
Shy. Ho no no no no: my meaning in faying he is a
good man, is to have you understand me that he is suffi¬
cent, yet his meane are in fupposition: he hath an Argo¬
sic bound to Tripolia, another to the Indies. I under¬
stand moreover upon thypalai: he hath a thirth at Mexi¬
co, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath
squared abroad, but ships are but bounds, Sayiers but
men, there be land rats, and water rats, water theues, and
land theees, I mean Pyrus, and then there is the
permits of waters, win-des. and rocks: the man is not with¬
standing sufficient, three thousand ducats, I think I may
take his bond.
Baff. Be assured you may.
Enter Anthonio.

Bass. This is signior Anthonio.

Iro. How like a fawng publican he looks.
I hate him for he is a Christian:
But more, for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe
The rate of vifance here with vs in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will seed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our Nation, and he raids
The places where Merchants most doe congregate.
On me, my bargains, and my well-worne Thrift,
Which he calls interest. Curst be my Trybe
If I forgive him.

Bass. Stylock, doe you desire
Shy. I am debating of my present store,
And by the near gifle of my memorie
I cannot instantly raise vpon the groffe
Of all three thousand ducats: what of that?
Tobias a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furnish me, but sof, how many months
Do you desire? Refl you faire good signior,
Your worhsip was the left man in our mouthes.
Ant. Stylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giving of excelle,
Yet to supply the rife wants of my friend,
I know of nothing but a forfeit,
How much he would?

Shy. 1 l three thousand ducats.
Ant. And for three months.
Shy. I had forgot. three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond: and I doe not heare you,
Me thoughts you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Ant. I doe noe vfe it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'ld his Uncles Laban sheepe,
This Jacob from our holy Abram was
(As his wife mother wrought in his behalfe)
The third poiffesor: he was the third.

Ant. And what of him, did he take interef?

Shy. No, I take interef, nor as you would say
Directely interef, marke what Jacob did,
When Laban and himselfe were commodity
That all the eanelings which were fierce and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hier, the Ewes being rancke,
In end of Autumnne turned to the Rammes,
And when the worke of generation was
Betweene these woollly breeders in the Sea,
The skilfull shepheard plaid me certeine wand,
And in the docking of the desce of kind,
He flucke them vp before the fulsome Ewes,
Who then conceausing, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacobs.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men scale it not.

Ant. This was a venture for that Jacob faid for,
A thing not in his power to bring to passe,
But twy'nd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inferred to make interef good?
Or is your gold and flitter Ewes and Rams?
Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breedes a faft,
But nofe me signior.

Ant. Marke you this Bassanio,
The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpose,
An euill soule producing holy witnesses,
Is like a villain with a smilling cheeke,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly outse falsehood hath.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me fee the rate.

Ant. Well Shylock, shall we be beholding to you? Sty. Signior Anthonio, many a time and oft.
In the Ryalto you have rated me
About my monies and my vsances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
(For suffrance is the badge of all our Tribe.)
You calle me misbeliever, curst hate dog,
And spet upon my Jewifh gardedine,
And all for vfe of that which is mine owne.
Well then, it now appears you need my helpe;
Goe to then, you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have moneys, you say fo:
You that did voide your rume vpon my beard,
And foote me as you sparte a stranger curre
Ouer your threfho! moneyes is your fuitc.
What should I fay to you? Should I not fay,
Hath a dog money? is it poible
A curre should lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key
With based breath, and whispering humblenesse,
Say this: Faire sir, you sparte on me on Wednesday laft,
You sparte me fuch a day; another time
You caid me dog; and for thefe curtefies
Ile lend you thus much monies,

Ant. I am as like to call thee so againe,
To fet upon thee againe, to sparte thee too.
If thou wilt lend this mony lend it not.
As to thy friends, for when did friendfhip take
A breede of baratine mettall of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemie,
Who i he breake, thou maift with better face
Exaft the penalties.

Shy. Why looke you how you foume,
I would be friends with you, and have you love,
Forget the blames that you have fland me with,
Supple my present wantes, and take me no doite
Of vifance for my moneys, and youle not heare me,
This is kinde I offer.

Bass. This were kindnesse.

Shy. This kindnesse will I fhowe,
Goe with me to a Notarie, feale me there
Your single bond, and in a merrie sport
If you repaie me not on such a day,
In such a place, such fum or foms as are
Express in the condition, let the forfeite
Be nominated for an equall pound
Of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body is pleafeth me.

Ant. Content in faith, Ile feale to fuch a bond,
And say there is much kindnesse in the Jew.
Enter Morchus and Moore all in white, and three or four followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerissa, and their trains. Exeunt.

Marp. Mislike me not for my complexion, The shaded hue of the burnish'd sunne, To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred. Bring me the fairest creature North-ward borne. Where Phoebus fire scarce thaws the yscicles, And let vs make incision servour loue. Hence forward to the temple, after dinner. Portia, you must take your charge, For I must have a chance. Gob. Master young-man, you I praise you, which is the waze to Master Lemon? Lan. O heauen, this is my true begotten Father, who being more than sand-binde, high gruel blinde, knows me not, I will trie confusions with him. Gob. Master young Gentleman, I praise you which is the waze to Master Lemon? Lan. Turne upon your right hand at the next tur-
ning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marrie
at the eerie next turning, tune of no hand, but turn down
indirecitable to the Jewes house.

Geb. Be Gods fonnes, twill be a hard wase to hit, can
you tell me whether one Lancaulet that dwells with him,
dwell with him or no.

Lanc. Talk ye of yong Master Lancaulet, make
me now, now will I take the waters; talk ye of yong
Master Lancaulet?

Geb. No Master sir, but a poore mans sonne, his Fa-
ther though I sayt is an honet exceeding poore man,
and God be thanked well to heue.

Lanc. Well, let his Father be what a will, wee talk of
yong Master Lancaulet.

Geb. Your worship and Lancaulet.

Lanc. But I preye you erge old man, erge I beseech you,
talk ye of yong Master Lancaulet.

Geb. Of Lancaulet, and plesse you your mastership.

Lanc. And so Master Lancaulet talkes of not Master Lan-
culet father, for the yong gentleman according to states
and definities, and such odd sayings, the softly three, &c
such branches of learning, is indeede decayed, as or you
would yafe in plaine learners, gone to heaven.

Geb. Matrie God forbide, the boy was the verie flaffe
of my age, my verie prop.

Lanc. Do I look like a sadgel or a houll-post, a staffe
or a prop: doe you know me Father.

Geb. Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentle-
man, but I praie you tell me, is my boy God rest his soule
alive or dead.

Lanc. Doe you not know me Father.

Geb. Alacke sir, I am fand blinde, I know you not.

Lanc. Nay,indeede if you had yor estes you micht
fail me of the childe. Well, old man, I will teell you newes
of your fon, give me your bleffing, truth will come to light,
murder cannot be bad long, a mans sonne may, but in
the end truth will out.

Geb. Praise you sir stand vp, I am sure you are not
Lancaulet my boy.

Lanc. Praie you let's have no more fooling about it,
but give mee your bleffing: I am Lancaulet your
boy that was, your sonne that is, your childe that
shall be.

Geb. I cannot think you are my sonne.

Lanc. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am
Lancaulet the lerne man, and I am sure Margery your wife
is my mother.

Geb. Her name is Margery indeede, Ile be sworn if
thou be Lancaulet, thou sayst mine owne flesh and blood:
Lord worshipes might he be, what a beard hast thou got;
thou hast not more breste on thy chin, then Dobbins
plabourer has on his talle.

Lanc. I stoulds seeme then that Dobbins tail
groves backward. I am sure he had more breste of his
talle then I hau of my face when I left saw him.

Geb. Lord how art thou ching d: how dost thou
and thy Master agree, I have brought him a present; how
gree you now?

Lanc. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I have set
my self to roon awhae, so I will not rest till I have run
some ground: my Master's a verie low, give him a pre-
fent, give him a halter, I am fampt in his seruice. You
tell me everie finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am
glad you are come, give me your present to one Master
Baffano, who indeede giues rate new Lauretts, it Haue
not him, I will run as far as God has ane ground. O rare
fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am
low if I serve the low ane longer.

Enter Baffano with a follower or two.

Baff. You may doe so, but let it be so hafted that
fupper be made as the fartheft by five of the clocke:
see these letters delivered, put the Lauretts to mak-
ing, and deliver Grasian to come anon to my lodg-
ing.

Lanc. To him Father.

Geb. God bleffe your worships 
Baff. Grasian, would't thou ought with me.

Lanc. Here's my sonne sir, a poore boy.

Baff. Not a poore boy sir, but the rich loww man
that would sir as my Father shall speke.

Geb. He is a great infeccion sir, as one would say
to servce.

Lanc. Indeed the short and the long is, I serve the
low, and have a desire as my Father shall speke.

Baff. His Master and he, being your worships serv-
ence) are scarce cattercots.

Lanc. To be briefe, the verie truth is, that the low
haue done me wrong, dothe cause me my Father be-
ing I hope an old man shall fruifie unto you

Geb. I have here a dish of Doutes that I would beflow
upon your worships, and my fute.

Lanc. In verie briefe, the Sentence is pertinent to my
fette, as your worships shall know by this honed old man,
and though I say it, though old man,yet poore man my
Father.

Baff. One speake for both, what would you?

Lanc. Serve you sir.

Baff. That is the verie defect of the matter sir.

Baff. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suite,
Stybecca thy Master spoke with me this daie.
And hast prefered thee, if it be preferment
To leaze a rich loww seruice, to become
The follower of so poore a Gentleman:

Clo. The old proverbs are verie well parted betwene
my Master Stybecca and you sir, you have the grace of
God sir, and he hath enough.
Baff. I hau speake't it well; go Sachet with thy Son,
Take leave of this old Man, and enquire
My lodguing out, giue him a Lauret.
More garded then his fellows. see it done.

Clo. Father in, I cannot get a fercue no, I have here
a tongue in my head, well: if any man in Italie have a
faires table which doth offer to sweare uppon a booke, I
shall have good fortunes, goe too, here's a fimple line
of life, here's a small rofe of wares, alas, fette venus
is nothing, a leen widdowes and nine maides is a fimi-
lar commoning for one man, and then to fcape drowning
three, and to be in perill of my life with the edge
of a featherbed, here are fimple upakes: well, if Fortune
be a woman, fhe's a good wench for this gent: Father
come, Ile take my leave of the low in the twinkling.

Exit Clasian.

Baff. I praie thee good Leonardo thinke on this,
These things being bought and orderlie beftowed
Return in haste, for I do feate to night
My bell effemed acquaintance, he thee goe.

Lanc. My bell endeavours shall be done herein, Ex I.e.

Enter Grasian.

Gra. Where's your Master.

Lanc. Yonder.
PAGAN, most sweet Iew, ifaCht Jfiitian doc nor clay the
who is thy new Maifters gueft.
Lorenza,
See me talke with thee.

soolifh drops doe fomewhat drowne my manly fpirit
And tooie-i ; I would oophaue my Father
knauc and get thee, learn much decerned; but adue, theft

Enter Ieffica and the Drum.

Ieff. I am forri thou wilt leave my Father so,
Our house is well, and thou a merrie duell
Did not rob it of some taste of reddousneffe ;
But far therell, there is a ducat for thee,
And Lentellet, foone at fupper fhall thou fee
Lorenzo, who is thy new Maifters guett,
Gue him this Letter, doe it fecretly,
And fo farwell; I would nothue my Father
See me talke with them.

Clo. Aue, tears exhibit my tongue, moft beautiful
Pagan, molt favete Iew, ifa Christian do not play
the knave and get thee, I am much deceived; but aue, these
foolifh drops doe somewhat drowne my manly spirit

Ins. Farewell good Lentellet
Alacks, what haumous finnes is in me
To be ashamed to be my Fathers childe,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keepe promise I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife

Enter Grattian, Lorenze, Sturvo, and Salamo

Lor. Nay, we will flinke away in supper time,
Disguife vs at my beding, and returne till in an hour
Gr. We have not made good preparation.
Sal. We have not spoken yet of Torch-bearers.

Set. Tis vile vnleffe it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not undertooke.
Lor. Tis now but foure of clock, we have two hours
To furnish vs; friend Lentellet what's the newest.
Enter Lentellet with a Letter.

Lor. And it shal 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.
Gr. Loue newes in faith
Lor. By your leave sir
Lor. Whither goeft thou?
Lor. Marry fit to bid my old Master the Ten to fup
to night with my new Master the Christian.
Lor. Hold here, take this, tell gentle Ieffica
I will not farte her, fpeak it priuily:
Go Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Mask to
night,
I am provided of a Torch-bearer.
Exit. Clowne.

Sal. I merry, I be done about it fir.
Sal. And so will I
Lor. Meete me and Grattian at Grattianos lodging
Some houre hence.
Sal. Tis good we do fo.

Gra. Was not that Letter from faire Iffica?
Lor. I must not tell thee all, she hath directed
How I shall take her from her Fathers house,
What gold and icwels she is outfitted with,
What Pages (hath the hath in readneffe
If she can soe her Father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake;
And never dare misfortune erode her foote,
Vnleffe she doe it vnder this excufe,
That she is ifuce to a faithfull face
Come goe with me, perufe this as thou goeft,
Paffe Ieffica shall be my Torch bearer

Exit Ieffica and the Clown.

Ieff. Call you? what is your will?
Shy. I am bid forth to fuppert Ieffica,
There are my Keyes: but wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love, they flatter me,
But yet Ie goe in hate, to feede vpon
The prodigall Christian.
Ieffica my girle,
Looke to my bouse, I am right loath to goe,
There is some ill brooding in my ret.
For I did dream of money bags to night.
Clor. I bafeech you sir goe, my yong Maister
Doth expect your reproofe.
Shy. So doe I this.
Clor. And they have confpied 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
Here dwells my father Jew. Hoe, who's within?

**Isfica above.**

*Isf.* Who are you that tell me for more certainty,

Albeit I swear that I do know your tongue.

*Lot.* Lorenzo, and thy Loue.

*Isf.* Lorenzo certain, and my loue indeed,

For who loue I so much and now who knowes

But you Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

*Lot.* Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou

art.

*Isf.* Here, catch this casket, it is worth the paines,

I am glad 'tis night, you do not looke on me,

For I am much ashamed of my exchange:

But loue is blinde, and louers cannot see

The pretty follies that themselfes do committ,

For if they could, Cupid himselfe would blush

To see me thus transformed to a boy

*Lot.* Defend, for you must be my torch-beare.

*Isf.* What, must I hold a Candle to my flames?

They in themselfes goodfoot are too too light.

Why, 'tis an office of discovery Loue,

And I should be obfcur'd.

*Lot.* So you are sweet.

Euen in the lovely garnish of a boy: but come at once,

For the clocke night doth play the run-away,

And we are staid for at seaft.

*Isf.* I will make fast the doores and guard my selfe

With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

*Lot.* Now by my hood, a gentle, and no Jew.

*Isf.* Beshrew me but I loue her heartily.

For she is wise, if I can judge of her,

And faire she is, as her selfe she hath prou'd me true,

And true she is, as she hath prou'd her felfe:

And therefore like her selfe, wise, faire, and true,

Shall she be placed in my constant soule.

Enter Isfica.

What, are thy com? on gentlemen, away,

Our marking mates by this time for vs stay.

Exit.

Enter Anthonio.

*Ant.* Who's there?

*Gr.* Signior Anthonio?

*Ant.* Fi, fie, Gratiano, where are all the rest?

*Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you,

No maske to night, the winde is come about,

Baffania prefently will goe aboard,

I have sent twenty out to seeke for you.

*Gr.* Isam glad on't, I defire no more delight

Then to be vnder faile, and gone to night

Exit.

Enter Portia with Morrocho, and both their learned.

*Por.* Go, draw a side the curtaines, and discover

The feuerall Caskets to this noble Prince:

Now make your choyse.

*Mor.* The firft of gold, who this inscription beares,

Who chooseth me, shall gain all what men defire.

The second fluer, which this promise carrieth

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he desirous.

This third, dull lead, with warning all as bluent,

Who chooseth me, must glue and hazard all he hath,

How shall I know if I doe choos the right?

Por. The
What faies thu leaden casket?
If you chooe th8t, then i am yours withal.
How haft I know if I doe chooe the right.
This casket threatens men that hazard all
Who chooeth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
下文的段落省略，因为它们与主要的对话内容无关。
The Prince of Arragon hath made his oath, 
And comes to his election presently.

Enter Arragon, his train, and Porzia.

Por. Behold there stand the caskets noble Prince. 
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd. 
Straight our nuptial rights be solemniz'd.

Per. And a gift with the caskets noble Prince. 
To woo a maid in way of marriage. 
Of the right casket, never in my life. 
Which casket twas I chose: next, if I fail. 
You must be gone from hence immediately. 
But if you fail. without more speech my Lord, 
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

Per. Tell me once more, what title thou doest bear. 
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes. 
I will not choose what many men desire, 
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach.

Ar. Who chooseth me shall get as much as he desires. 
To wear an undeserved dignity. 
To offend and judge at distant offices. 
To wear an undeserved dignity. 
O that estates, degrees, and offices, 
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear honour 
Were purchas't by the merit of the wearer! 
How many then should cour's that land bare? 
How many be commanded that command? 
How much low pleasantry would then be gleaned 
From the true seed of honor? And how much honor 
Pickt from the chaff and ruine of the times, 
To be new varnish'd? Well, but to my choice. 
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he desires. 
I will assume defect; give me a key for this, 
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you finde there.

Ar. What's here, the portrait of a blinking idiot. 
Some there be that shadoues kisse: 
Such haue but a shadowes kisse. 
To be a fool or wise. 
Silver'd so round so was this. 
Take what wife you will to look, 
It will ever be your head: 
So be gone, you are blind.

Ar. Still more fool, I shall approve. 
By the time I linger here, 
With one fool's head I came to woo, 
But I goe away with two.

Per. Sweet sir, he keepes my oath, 
Patiently to bear my wroth.

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the oath: 
O these deliberate fools when they do choose, 
They haue the willdome by their wit to loose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy, 
Hanging and wounding goes by definition.

Por. Come draw the curtain Nerissa.

Enter Messengers.

Mes. Where is the Lady? 
Por. Here, what would my Lord? 
Mes. Madam, there is a lighted at your gate.

A young Venetian, one that comes before 
To signifie his approaching of his Lord, 
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets; 
To wit (besides commendes and courteous breath) 
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen 
So likely an Embassador of love. 
A day in April never came so sweete, 
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.

Por. No more I pray thee, I am half a-scared, 
Thou wilt say amene he is some kin to thee, 
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him: 
Come, come Nerissa, for I long to see 
Quicke Cupid's poet, that comes to mannerly.

Ner. Infatious Lord, looke if thy will it be. 
Exeunt.

Actus Tertius

Enter Solanio and Salario.

Sol. Now, what newes on the Ryalco? 
Sal. Why yet it liues there uncheck't, that Anthony 
Hath a ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; 
The Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous 
And fatal, where the carcases of many a ship, lyde buried, as they say, if my goffips report be an honest woman of her word.

Sol. I would the seers were as lying a gossipp in that, as ever 
Knaught Ginger, or made her neighbours beleue the wept for the death of a third husband: but it is true. Without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plains high-way of 
Telling, that the good Anthony, the honest Anthony, that I had a little good enough to kepe his name company! 
Sal. Come, come, the full stop.

Sol. Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath left a ship.

Sal.
Shy. You know none so well, none so well as you, of my daughters flight.
Sal. That's certaine, I for my part knew the Tailor that made the wings the fly withal.

Enter Shylock.


Tab. Hath an Argosie cast away comming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God, is it true, is it true?

Tab. I spoke with some of the Seylers that escaped the wracke.

Shy. I thank thee good Taball, good newes, good newes; ha, ha, here in Genowa.

Tab. Your daughter spent in Genowa, as I heard, one night four-score ducats.

Shy. Thou flick't a dagger in me, I shall never see my gold again, four-score ducats at shipping, four-score ducats.

Tab. There came divers of Anthonius creditors in my company to Venice, that thought he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it, it plague him, it torture him, I am glad of it.

Tab. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a Monke.

Shy. Out upon her, out torment me Taball, it was my Turkies, I had it of Leah when I was a Sachelor: I would not have given it for a woldewesse of Meneke's.

Tab. But Anthonius is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe Taball, see me an Officer, bespake him a fortnight before, I will have the heart of him before, for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: goe Taball, and meeke me as our Sinaogue, goe good Taball, as our Sinaogue Taball.

Enter Baffiano, Portia, Cialullo, and all their traine.

Per. I pray you tarrie, passe a day or two. Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong I loose your company; therefore forbear a while.

There's something tells me (but it is not true) I would not loose you, you know your selfe, Haste counsels not in such a quality; But least you should not understand me well, And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought, I would desire you here some month or two. Before you venture for me, I could teach you How to choose right, but then I am forsworne.

Thee should I not say, to say it mislike,
But if you say, you make me with a sinne,
That I had beene forsworne: Behrow your eyes,
They have or lookt me and judged me.

One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine owne I would say: but of mine thou art,
And so all yours: O these saucy times,
Puts bar between the owners and their rights,
And so though yours, not yours (prove it to)
Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I.
I speake too long, but 'tis to prisse the time,
To itt, and to draw it out in length,
To say you from election.
The Merchant of Venice.

**Bass.** Let me choose,
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

**Portia.** Upon the rack. 
Bass. I then confess
What treason there is muddled with your love.

**Bass.** None but that vile treason of infidelity,
Which makes me fear the expecting of my love:
There may as well be satire and life,
Tweedledum and Tweedledee, as treason and my love.

**Portia.** But, I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

**Bass.** Promise me life, and I confess the truth.

**Portia.** Well then, confess and live.

**Bass.** Confess and love
Had been the verie fum of my confession:
Chappie torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliueraice:
A happy torment, when my torturer
And the rest, had all aloof.

**Portia.** Then if he lose he makes a Swan-like end,
The vulgar tribute, paiied by howling.
Fading into inaffique. That the comparison
If you doe love me, you will find me out.

**Portia.** The rest aloof arc the Dardanian wives
To the Sea-monster: I Rand for sacrifice,
As are the dulcet sounds in breaks of day,
To a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
Euen as the fiorus when true subject bowe
And what is rashier than? Than musicke is.

**Bass.** And summation to marriage. Now he goes
To render them redoubted.
And these seem but valors excrement,
And you shall see it purchas'd by the weight.
Which therein wrought a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that were most of it:
So are those cripted franks golden locks
Which makes such wanton gambols with the wind.
Upon suppos'd suavities, often knowne
To be the downrie of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore,
That thinks he hath don well in peoples eyes.

**Portia.** Some mark of vertue on his outward parts;
In Law, what Pleas so tainted and corrupt,
But being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obfuscres the show of guil.

**Portia.** Like one of two contending in fortune.

**Bass.** So may the outward showes be least themselves
The world is still decidu'd with ornament.
In Law, what Pleas so tainted and corrupt,
But being seasoned with a gracious voice,

**Portia.** I come by note to gues, and to receive,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That think's he hath done well in peoples eyes:
Hearing applause and vainefull flour,
Giddied in spirit, still gazing in a daze:
Whether those peales of praise be his or no.
The Merchant of Venice.

So thrice fair Lady stand I must,
At doubtfull whether what I see be true,
Vntil confirm'd, sign'd, ratifi'd by you.

Per. You see my Lord Baffiano where I stand,
Such as I am; though for my selfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish my selfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my selfe,
A thousand times more faire, ten thousand times
More rich, that only to stand high in your account,
To whose selfe much better, yet for you,
Died.

She is not so dull but she can learn;
Such as I am; though for my selfe alone
Commits it selfe to yours bided and fled,
But she may learn: happier then this,
I would not be ambitious in my wish.

Of this faire maiftion, maker of my seruants.
Exceed account: but the full summe of me
I might in venues, beaude Sliuiings, friends.
A thoufand times more faire, ten thoufand tiiues
Vntil confirm'd, figo'd, ratified by you.

Is an unlettered gifle, unschool'd, unpraffiz'd.
I would be trebled twenty timess my selfe,
Is now concerted. But now I was the Lord
Happy »n this, (he is not yet fo old
It fum of nothing t which to terme in groiTe,
This boufe, these seruants, and this same my selfe
Queene ore ruy selfe: and euen now, but now.
Are yours, my Lord, I give them with this ring.
Which when you part from, or give away,
And there is such confusion in mv powers,
let it prefage theruine of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaime on you
Turner to a wilde of nothing, faue of ioy
By a beloued Prince, there doth sppeare
Among

A thoufand times more faire, ten thoufand tiiues
Vntil confirm'd, figo'd, ratified by you.

Is an unlettered gifle, unschool'd, unpraffiz'd.
I would be trebled twenty timess my selfe,
Is now concerted. But now I was the Lord
Happy »n this, (he is not yet fo old
It fum of nothing t which to terme in groiTe,
This boufe, these seruants, and this same my selfe
Queene ore ruy selfe: and euen now, but now.
Are yours, my Lord, I give them with this ring.
Which when you part from, or give away,
And there is such confusion in mv powers,
let it prefage theruine of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaime on you
Turner to a wilde of nothing, faue of ioy
By a beloued Prince, there doth sppeare
Among

When your Honours meant to fclemnize
O then be bold to say
BaPaniot dead.
Parts from rhis finger, then parts life from hence,
Exprefl, and not exprefl: but when this thing
Where cuery somethingbfingblent together.
That haue stood by and scenes out willhesprofper.

I am stirre you can wifh none from me
Euen at that time I may be married too.
I with you all the ioy that you can wifh:
You faw the miflres, I beheld the maid:
No more pertinest to my Lord then
Your fortune flood vpon the caskets there.
And fwcaring till my very tough was dry
Too, a* the matter falls;
And foided

Is this true
Per. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my bloud fppeaks to you in my vaines.
As after fome oration fsircly fpoie
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,
Where every something being blent together,
Turnes to a wilde of nothing, fake of ioy
Exprefl, and not exprefl: but when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence.
O then be bold to fay Baffiano's dead.

My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That have flood by and fecne our wishes proper,
To cry good ioy, good ioy my Lord and Lady.

My Lord Baffiano, and my gentle Lady,
I with you all the thing you can wish:
For I am sure you can with none from me:
And when your Honours meane to felemnize
The bargain of your faith: I Doe befeech you
Even at that time I may be married too.

Baff. With all my heart, so thou canft get a wife.

I thank your Lordflrip, you giue got me one.

And doeyoutyVsriawmeane good faith?
Ner. Madam, you haue bereft me of all words,
Only my bloud fppeaks to you in my vaines.
As after fome oration fsircly fpoie
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,
Where every something being blent together,
Turnes to a wilde of nothing, fake of ioy
Exprefl, and not exprefl: but when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence.
O then be bold to fay Baffiano's dead.

My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That have flood by and fecne our wishes proper,
To cry good ioy, good ioy my Lord and Lady.

My Lord Baffiano, and my gentle Lady,
I with you all the thing you can wish:
For I am sure you can with none from me:
And when your Honours meane to felemnize
The bargain of your faith: I Doe befeech you
Even at that time I may be married too.

Baff. With all my heart, so thou canft get a wife.

I thank your Lordflrip, you giue got me one.

And doeyoutyVsriawmeane good faith?
Heth all his ventures faild, what not one hit.
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
And not one vessel safe the dreadful touch
Of Merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one my Lord,
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the debt,
He would not take it; never did I know
A creature that did bear the shape of man
So keen and greedy to confound a man.

He plays the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the State
If they deny him justice. Twenty Merchants
The Duke himself, and the Magnifices
Of greatest port have all persuaded with him,
But none can drive him from the ensnaring plea
Of forfeiture, of pulses, and his bond.

If I were with him, I have heard him swear
To Twabull and to Cim, his Country-men,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,
Then twenty times the value of the summe
That he did owe him; and I know my Lord,
I law, authority, and power denied not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Per. Is it your dearest friend that is thus in trouble?
Baff. The dearest friend to me, the kinder man,
The best condition'd, and unweary'd spirit
In doing curtesies: and one in whom
The ancient Rome's honour more appears
Then twenty times the value of the summe
That he would rasher have stolt,
That he did owe him: and I know my Lord,
My friend, although I know you would be prouder of the worke
How dear a Soule of my Lord your husband,
How true a Gentleman you send rekefe,
You have a noble and a true
Conceit of your own Soule.

Antonio, my ships have all miscarried, my Credits grew crown, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit, and force in paying it, it is impossible I should save, all debts are closed between you and I, if I might see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure, if your love does not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O louel dispaach all business and be gone.
Baff. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but till I come againe,
No bed shall ere be guilty of my lay,
Nor rest be interposer twist vs swaine.

I pray thee hear me speake,
I have my bond, and therefore speake no more.

Baff. He has no speaking, I will have my bond.
Sal. It is the most impenetrable curse
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone,
He fellow him no more with boodle-prayers:
He fethes my life, his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made move to me.
Therefore he hates me.

Sal. I am sure the Duke will never grant
This forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law
For the commoditie that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the State,
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Conforms of all Nations. Therefore goe,
These griefes and losses have forc'd me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To morrow, to my bloody Creditor.

Well I say, or, pray God Baffiano come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, 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 appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your Lord.

But if you knew to whom you shewed this honour,
How courteous a Gentleman you tend refeve.

How dear a lover of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke
Then customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do consort and waste the time together,
Whose souls doe beare an egall yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of likeneaments, of manners, and of spirit.
Which makes me thinke that this Antonio
Being the bofeemo lover of my Lord,
Must needs be like my Lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestowed
In purchasing the semblance of my soule:
From out the face of hellish cruelty,
This comes too near the profiling of my felke,
Therefore no more of it: here other things
Lor. I commit into your hands.
The husbandry and managge of my houe,
Vntill my Lords returne; for mine owne part
I haue to ward heuen breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation.

Onely attended by

I haue toward heauen breath'd a secret vow

Vsnill my Lords returns; for mine c

Mow byes vpon you.

And there we will abide. I doe defire you
To hewe in prayer and contemplation,
Thece is aoion too miles ofi.

ViiuU her husband and my Lords retarne:
Not to demethis mtpofiuon,

1 {bail obey you in all faire command

The which my lone and fomc necefiky

Mow

ItUthafer,»»

And will acknowledge you and

of

Lord

and my ielfe.

In place

Baffatuo

Itjfica. Exeunt.

To wiftmbacke'on you: farvouweil

In fpeed to Mantua, fee then tender this

And vsetbou all the mdeauor of a man.

And iockewhat notes and garments he doth giue thee,
which trades to Venice; wafteno time in words
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd fpeed

I before they thsnkeofvs?

Thar they fhai 1 thinke we are accomplifhed
With that we lacke; He hold thee any wager
He proue the prettier fellow of the two,

That men (ball fweaTel haue difcontmued fchoolt

Into a manly ftride; and fpeake of frayes

Aboue a twelue moneth: I haue within my mmcie
Which I denying, they fell sicke and died.

And wifhfor all that,that 1 had not kil'd them;
I could not doe w.thall: then Ik repent,
A thoufand raw tricks ofthefebragginglacks.

But come. lie tell thee all my whole deuice
For we mud ir.eafurc twentie miles to day.

If thou were nere 3 lewd interpreter ;
At the Parke gate; and therefore hafte away.
When I am in my coach, which ftayes for vs

If you thus get my wife into corners

And 1 are out, he cells roe flatly there is no mercy for mee

In conueting lewes coChriftians, you raife the price of

Hogs, if wee grow all to be porke-vetters, wee shall not
shortlie haue a father on the coiter for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

If. Not tell my husband Lancedo what you say, here he comes,
Loren. I shal grow jealous of you shortly Lancedo,
if you thus get my wife into corners?

If. Nay, you need not feare vs Lorenzo, Lancedo and I are out, he tells me flatly there is no mercy for mee

in heuen, because I am a lewes daughter: and hee faies
you are no good member of the commonwealth, for
in connecting lewes to Chriftians, you raise the price of
Pork.

Loren. I shal awnere that better to the Common-wealth,than you can the getting vp of the Negroes bellie the Moore vs with childe by you Lancedes?

Loren. It is much that the Moore should be more then reafon: but if the be lefte then an honest woman, there is indeed more then I took he her fear.

Loren. How euerie foole can play upon the word, I thinke the beft grace of witte will shortly turne into ilence, and difcourfe grow commendable in none onely but Parraz: goe in firra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Claw. That is done fir,they have all lomacks?
Loren. Goodly Lord, what a witter-napper are you,
then bid them prepare dinner

Claw. That is done fir, only courser is the word
Loren. Will you courser than fir?
Claw. Not to fir neither, I know my ducce.
Loren. Yet more quersiling with occasion, wilt thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an infent? I pray thee understand a plane man in his plane meanings: go to thy fellows, bid them couer the table, leve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Claw. For the table fir, it shall be feth in, for the meat fir, it shall be couered, for your comming in to dinner fir,why let it be as humors and conteus shall go
terne.

Exeunt.

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are futed;
The foole hath planted in his memory
An Armie of good words, and I doe know
A many fooles that stand in better place,
Garmiff like him, that for a triekis word
Defire the matter:how cheerrt thou Iffica,
And now good swett fals thy opinion,
How doft thou like the Lord Baffano’s wife?

Is. Nay, but ask me my opinion to of that.

Lor. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomack.

Is. No pray thee, let it serve for table talk.

Then how som ere thou speakest among other things.

I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answer.

This is no answer thou unfeeling man.

Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Enter the Duke, the Magnifico, Antipate, Baffano, and Gratiano.

Duke. What is Antipate here?

Ant. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answer.

A more adversary, an inhumane wretch,

Vnacceptable of pity, voyed, and empty

From any dram of mercy.

An. I have heard

Your Grace hath late been praised to passime to qualifying

His rigorous course: but since he stands obdurate,

And that no lawful means can carry me

Out of his enemies reach, I do oppose

My patience to his fury, and arm’d

To suffer with a quenched spirit,

The very tyrann and rage of his.

Du. Go one and call the Jew into the Court.

Sa. He is ready at the door, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylock.

Shylock, make room, and let him stand before our face.

Shylock the world thinks, and I think so too

That thou but lendest this fashion of thy malice

To the last hour of a life, and then ’tis thought

Thou’lt dwell thy mercy and remorse more strange,

Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;

And where thou now exact the penalty,

Which is a pound of this poor Merchant’s flesh,

Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,

But touch’d with humane gentleness and love: Forgive a myotie of the principall,

Glancing an eye of pity on his losse:

That have of late so budged on his backe,

Know to prefix a royal Merchant downe;

And plucke commiseration of his state

From brutal boresomes, and rough hearts of fluers,

From stubborn Turkes and Tartars never trampled

To offices of tender curtesie,

We all expect a gentle answer Jew?

Jew. I have pooffit your grace of what I purpose,

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,

To have the due and forfeit of my bond.

If you deny it, let the danger light

Upon your Charter, and your Cities freedom.

You’ll ask me why I rather choose to have

A weight of carrion flesh, then to receive

Three thousand Ducats? Ile not answer that:

But say it is my humor; is it answered?

What if my house be troubled with a Rat,

And I be pleas’d to give ten thousand Ducates

To have it bain’d? What, are you answer’d yet?

Some men there are love not a gaping Piggie:

Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat:

But say it is my humor; is it answered?

So can I give no reason, nor I will not,

More then a lodg’d hate, and a certaine loathing

I bear Antipate, that I follow thus

A looking suite against him? Are you answer’d?

Bass. This is no answer thou unfeeling man,

To excuse the currant of thy cruelty.

Jew. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Jew. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Euerie offence is not a hate at first.

Jew. What wouldst thou have a Serpent fling thee twice?

Ant. I pray you thinke you question with the Jew:

You may as well do anything most hard.

And bid the maine flood bane his usuall bright,

Or even as well use question with the Wolf,

The Ewe blate for the Lambe:

You may as well forbid the Mountaine Pines

To wagge their high tops, and to make no noise

When they are fretted with the guilt of heaven:

You may as well do any thing most hard.

As seek to soften that, then which what harder?

His lewifh heart. Therefore I do beseech you

Make no more offers, vie no farther meanes,

As seemes to soften that: then which what harder?

His lewifh heart. Therefore I do beseech you

As seemes to soften that: then which what harder?

His lewifh heart. Therefore I do beseech you

As seemes to soften that: then which what harder?

His lewifh heart. Therefore I do beseech you

As seemes to soften that: then which what harder?

His lewifh heart. Therefore I do beseech you

As seemes to soften that: then which what harder?

His lewifh heart. Therefore I do beseech you

As seemes to soften that: then which what harder?

His lewifh heart. Therefore I do beseech you

As seemes to soften that: then which what harder?

His lewifh heart. Therefore I do beseech you

As seemes to soften that: then which what harder?

His lewifh heart. Therefore I do beseech you

As seemes to soften that: then which what harder?

His lewifh heart. Therefore I do beseech you

As seemes to soften that: then which what harder?
The Merchant of Venice.

The Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario what he writes, and here (I think) is the Doctor come.

Give me your hand: Come 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 enforced throughly of the cause

Which is the Merchant hereof and which the Jew?

Du. Antimo and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Jew. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the fate you follow,

Yet in such rule, that the Venetian Law

Cannot impugne you as you do proceed.

You stand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. I, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful,

Jew. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest,

When both the当事人 are kind in it.

The Jew is blest, and he that giveth,

Is as a wise father that giveth his heir

A dowry with a will. Will you then

That is your nature? The Jew is your heir;

And that same prayer, doth teach us all to render

The benefits and favors of the wise and the good,

That in the course of Justice, none of us

Should see injustice: we do pray for mercy,

And that fame prayer, doth teach us all to render

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much

To mitigate the injustice of thy plea,

Which if thou follow, this high court of Venice

Must needs give sentence against the Merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head, I crave the Law,

The penalty and forfeiture of my bond,

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Jew. Yes, here I tender it for him in the Court.

Shy. Then, twice the summe.

Por. I, so he says.

Ant. Is there no power in Venice

Can alter a decree established?

Shy. It must not be, there is no power in Venice

Can alter a decree established:

Twill be recorded for a President,
The Merchant of Venice.

Which is as desire to me as life it selfe,
But life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me elsem'd above thy life.
I would look all, I sacrifice them all
Here to this divell, to deliver you
For thy wife would give you little thanks for that
If the were by to hear you make the offer.

I have a wife whom I protest I love,
I would she were in heaven, so far could
Intreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Nor 'Tis well you offer it behind her backe,
The whifh would make elfe an vnquiet house.

(ter

These be the Christian husbands: I have a daugh-
Would any of the Rocke of Barabas
Had bene her husband, rather then a Christian.
We trifle time, I pray thee pursue fenience.

A pound of that fame merchants flesh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Most rightfull Judge.

And you must cut this flesh from off his breath.
The Law allows it, and the Court awards it.

Most learned Judge, a sentence come prepare.

For a thou wrett flesh, be suffir'd
Thou shalt have justice more then thou desirest.

O learned Judge, a learned Judge.

I take this offer then, pay the bond three,
And let the Christian see

Baff. Here is the money.

So fast, the Jew shall have all justice, lost no hate.
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

O Jew, an upright judge, a learned judge.

Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou leffe nor more
But cut a pound of flesh; if thou tak'st more
Or leffe then a pound, be it so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
And the delusion of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay if the scale doe turne
But in the estimation of anayre,

For a learned Daniel, a learned Jew.

A good Daniel, a Daniel Jew.

Now meddle I have thee on the hip.

Why doth the Jew pause, take thy forfeiture.

Give me thy principal, and let me goe.

I have it ready for thee, here it is.

Tell the procefs of Anthomio and:
Say how I lou'd thee: speake me faire in death: And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Baffiano had not once a Loue:
Repent not that you shall loose your friend, And he repents not that he pays your debt.

O Jew, Anthomio, I am married to a wife,

For. Tarry.
The Merchant of Venice

Por. Try me now,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is encreased in the Laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an Alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any Citizen,
The party against which he doth contrive,
It enabled in the Laws of Venice,
Comes to the priue coffey of the State,
For it appeares by manifest proceeding.
In which predicament I say thou standst
And the offenders life lies in the mercy
Of the defendant: and thou hast incur'd
The danger formerly by merehearst.
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.
Therefore thou must be bang'd at your dates charge.
And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the State,
I pardon thee thy lift before thou aske it:
Antb. No,
The other hath comes to the generall State,
Which humblency may drive vnto a fine.
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustaine my house; you take my life
To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
When you doe take the means whereby I live.
Vpon his death, vnto the Gentleman
| am content, so he will let me have
The other, that he doe record a gift
Hes well paid that is well satisfied,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserved this ring.
Shee would not hold out these my enemies for ever
For giving it to me: well, peace be with you.
Extfl*t.
And know how well I have serv'd this ring,
Give him the ring, and bring him if thou canst
Hath you heere this ring, and doth unreal
My vpon mote aduice,
In christsing thou shalt haue two godfathers,
Be valued against your wifes commandement.
Bass. Goe Gratianca, run and over-take him,
Give him the ring, and bring him if thou canst
Vnto Antonio's house, away, make haste.
Exit Gratianca.
Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Flie toward Belmont, come Antonio.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.
Por. Enquire the Jews house out, give him this deed,
And let him fight it, we'll away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratianca.

Por. Sir, I would speake with you:
Ner. Sir, I would speake with you:

Have by your wise dombe beene this day acquired
Of greevous penalties, in leu whereof,
Three thousand Ducats due vnto the Jew.
We freely coryer your courteous paines withal,
And stand indebted over and above
In love and feruice to you euermore.
Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I deliuering you, am satisfied.
And therein doe account my selfe well paid,
My minde was neuer yet more mercifull.
I pray you know me when we meete againe,
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
Bass. Deare sir, of force I must attempt you further,
Take some remembrance of us as a tribute,
Not as fee: grant me two things, I pray you
Not to desine me, and to pardon me.
Por. You preffe mee faire, and therefore I will yeald,
Give me your gloues, Ile weare them for your sake,
And for your love Ile rake this ring from you,
Does not draw backe your hand, Ile take no more,
And you in loue shall not deny me this?
Bass. This ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not shame my selfe to giue you this.
Por. I will haue nothing else but oneely this,
And now methinks I haue a minde to it.
Bass. There's more depends on this then on the valew,
The dearest ring in Venice will I giue you,
And finde it out by proclamation,
Only for this I pray you pardon me.
Por. I see thou art liberal in offeres,
You tauch me how a beggar shal answer this.
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd,
Bass. Good sir, this ring was giuen me by my wife,
And when the put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell nor giue, nor loose it.
Por. That felue fere ferves many men to fave their gifts,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserved this ring.
Shew not how out of envy for ever
For giving it to me: well, peace be with you.
Exeunt.
Art. My L. Bassane, let him haue the ring,
Let his defervings and my leve withall
Be valued against your wives commandement.
Bass. Goe Gratianca, run and over-take him,
Give him the ring, and bring him if thou canst
Vnto Antonio's house, away, make haste.
Exit Gratianca.
Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Flie toward Belmont, come Antonio.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.
Por. Enquire the Jews house out, give him this deed,
And let him fight it, we'll away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratianca.

Por. Sir, I would speake with you:
Ner. Sir, I would speake with you:

Have by your wise dombe beene this day acquired
Of greevous penalties, in leu whereof,
Three thousand Ducats due vnto the Jew.
He fear I can get my husband's ring
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever
For. Thou maist I warrant, we shall have old-swearing
That they did give the rings away to men;
But wee out-face them, and out-swearing did it
Away, make haste, thou know it where I will tarry.
Ner. Come good sir, will you shew me to this house.

---

A. Quinuus.

Enter Lorenzo and Isabella.
Lor. The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet winde did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Trojans, I think, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents
Where Creusa lay that night.
Isf. In such a night
Did Thracus fearfully o'er-trip the dewe,
And saw the Lyons shadow ere himself,
And ranne dismayed away.
Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a Willow in her hand
Upon the weal fee banke, and wait her Loue
To come againe to Carthage.
Isf. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted hearbs
That did renew old Eos.
Lor. In such a night
Did Isabella steal from the wealthy Jews,
Did fearfully ore-trip the dewe.
Lor. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo sweare he lou'd her well,
Stealing her loue with many vows of faith
And nere a true one.
Lor. In such a night
Did pretty Isabella, like a little throw
Slender her Love, and forsooke it her.
Isf. In such a night, you did no body come:
But harke, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Messenger.
Lor. Who comes to fall in silence of the night?
Msg. A friend.
Lor. A friend, what friend? your name I pray you
Msg. Stephano is my name, and I bring word.
My Mistrefle will be before the breake of day
Be heere at Belmont, set the doth stray about
By holy crofies where the kneels and prays
For happy wedlocke houres.
Lor. Who comes with her?
Msg. None but a holy Hermine and her maid:
I pray you it my Mistrefle yet immund?
Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee Isabella,
And ceremoniously let vs vs prepare.
Some welcome for the Mistrefle of the house,

Enter Clowes.
Clo. Sola, sola. we ha ho, sola, sola.
When neither attended: and I think
The Nightingale if she should sing by day
When every Goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a Musician then the Wren:
How many things by season, season's are
To their right praise, and true perfection:
Peace, how the Moone sleeps with Zindimoth,
And would not be awak'd

Muftake confess.

Lox. That is the voice.
Or I am much deceiv'd of Portia.
Per. He knowes me as the blinde man knowes the
cuckow by the bed voice?
Lox. Deere Lady welcome home.
Per. We have bene praying for our hus bands welfare
Which speed we hope the better for our words
Are they return'd?
Lox. Madam, they are not yet:
But there is come a Messinger before
To signify their comming.
Per. Go in Nerriffa,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being abscent hence,
Nor you Lorenzo, Jofine nor you,
A Tuccifter founds.

Lox. Your husband is at hand, I hear his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, fear you not,
Per. This night methinks is but the daylight scake,
It looks so little paler, 'tis a day,
Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.

Enter Baffano, Antonio, Gratiano, and their
Followers.

Baf. We should hold day with the Antipodes
If you would walk in abscence of the fume
Per. Let me guie light, but let me not be light,
For a light with doth make a heauie husband,
And never be Baffano so for me,
But God for all: you are welcome home my Lord.
Baf. I thank you Madam, guie welcome to my friend
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am infinitely bound.
Per. You should in all fence be much bound to him,
For as I hear he was much bound for you.
Anth. No more then I am well acquifted of.
Per. Sir, you are verie welcome to our hous:
It must appear in other wares than words,
Therefore I fent this breathing curte fe.

Gra. By yonder Moone I fware you do me wrong,
Infant I guie it to the Judges Clerke,
Would he were gett that had it for my part,
Since you do take it, loue fo much at hart.
Per. A quarrel hoe alreadie, what's the matter?
Gra. About a hope of Gold, a paltry Ring
That he did give me, whofe Poefie was
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry
Upon a knife; L'Euripe, and Loue emonart.

Ner. What talke you of the Poefie or the valw:
You swore to me when I did guie it you,
That you would wearre it till the hour of death,
And that it shou'd lye with you in your grave,
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have beene reprefentate and have kept it.
Gave it to the Judges Clerke: but well I know
The Clerke wil nere weare haire on's face that had it.

Gra. He will, and if he live to be a man,
Neriffa. I, if a Woman live to be a man,
Gra. Now by this hand I guie it to a youth,
A kinde of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No highe then thy felfe, the Judges Clerke;
A praying boy that begg'd it as a fee,
I could not for my heart deny him.
Per. You were too blame, I must be blame with you.
To part fo lightly with your wives first gift,
A thing flucke on with othes upon your tuger,
And fo tuered with faith into your fed.
I gave my Loue a Ring, and made him swear
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 give your wife too vnkinde a caufe of greife,
And ware to me I shou'd be mad at it.
Baf. Why I were beft to cut my left hand off,
And swear I left the Ring defending it.
Gra. My Lord Baffano gave his Ring away
Into the Judge that beg'd it, and indeed
Defer'd it too: and then the Boy his Clerke
That tooke some pains in writings, he begg'd mine,
And any other man matter would take ought
But the two Rings.

Per. What Ring gave you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receiu'd of none.
Baf. If I could add a lie vnto a fault,
I would deely Ring, but you fee my finger
Hath not the Ring upon it, it is gone.
Per. Even so rude is your false heart of truth,
By heaven I will nere come in your bed
Vntil I fee the Ring.

Ner. Nor in yours, till againe I see mine.

Baf. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I guie the Ring,
If you did know for whom I guie the Ring,
And would conceive for what I guie the Ring,
And how unwillingly I left the Ring,
When noth that would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure
Per. If you had knowne the vertue of the Rings,
Or halfe her worthinette that guie the Ring,
Or your owne honour to containe the Ring,
You would not then have parted with the Ring:
What man is there fo much unreasoneable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any termes of Zeale: wanted the modelle
To vrag the thing held as a cerimonie:
Neriffa teaches me what to beleue,
Ile die for't, but some Woman had the Ring?
Baf. No by mine honor Madam, by my soule
No Woman had it, but a curiul Doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand Duresates of ore,
And beg'd the Ring; the which I did denie him,
And suffer'd him to goe displeas'd away;
Even he that had held vp the verie life
Of my deere friend. What should I say sweete Lady?
I was infloud to send it after him,
I was beft with shame and curtefe,
My honor would not let ingrate stude
So much bemire it. Pardon me good Lady,
And by these blessed Candles of the night,
Had you bene there, I thinkke you would have begg'd
The Ring of me, to guie the worthie Doctor?
The Merchant of Venice

P.7. Let not that Doctor ere come nearer my house, 
Since he hath got the jewel thee I loved, 
And that which you did swear to keep for me, 
I will become as liberal as you, 
Ille not deny him any thing I have, 
No not your body, nor your husbands bed: 
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it, 
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like Argos, 
If you do not, I be left alone, 
Now by mine honour which is yet mine own, 
Ile have the Doctor for my bedfellow. 
Nerissa. And I his Clarke therefore be well advis'd 
How you doe leave me to mine owne protection. 
Grz. Well doe you so: let not me take him then, 
For if I doe, Ile mix the young Clarke pen. 
Ant. I am th'o happy subject of these quarrels. 
Pse. Sir, grieve not you, 
You are welcome notwithstanding. 
Bas. Persea, forgive me this enusted wrong, 
And in the hearing of these manie friends 
I swore to thee, even by thine owne faire eyes, 
Wherein I fee my life 
Per. Mark you but that? 
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself: 
In each eye one, swear by your double life, 
And there’s an oath of credit. 
Bas. Nay, but hear me. 
Pardon this fault, and by my soule I swear, 
I never more will break an oath with thee. 
Ant. I once did lend my body for thy wealth, 
Which but for him that had your husbands ring 
Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound againe, 
My soule upon the forfeit, that your Lord 
Will never more break faith adulter'de 
Per. Then you shall be his suretice: give him this, 
And bid him keep it better then the other. 
Ant. Here Lord Bassanio swear to keep this ring. 
Bas. By heauen it is the same I gave the Doctor 
Per. I had it of him: pardon Bassanio, 
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me. 
Ner. And pardon me my gentle Gratiano, 
For that same scrubb'd boy the Doctors Clarke 
In few of this, last night did lie with me. 
Grz. Why this is like the remanding of high waies 
In Somers, where the waies are faire enough. 
What, are we Cuckolds ere we have defend it.

P.8. Speak not so grastely, you are all amaz'd. 
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure, 
It comes from Padua from Bellario, 
There you shall finde that Persea was the Doctor, 
Nerissa there her Clarke. Lorenzo here 
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you, 
And but even now return'd: I have not yet 
Entred my house. Antenonly you are welcome, 
And I have better news in store for you. 
Then you expect: unseal this letter soon, 
There you shall finde three of your Argosrs 
Are richly come to harbour fondamit. 
You shall not know by what strange accident 
I chance on this letter. 
Anth. I am dumb. 
Bas. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not? 
Grz. Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold. 
Ner. I, but the Clark that never means to doe it, 
Vnlesse he liste untill he be a man. 
Bas. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow. 
When I am absent, then lie with my wife. 
An. (Sweet Lady) you have gluem me life & living; 
For here I read for certaine that my shipps 
Are safelie come to Rode. 
Per. How now Lorenzo? 
My Clarke hath some good comfortes for you 
Ner. I, and He give them him without a fee 
There doe I give to you and Isabella, 
From the reich Jewe, a special decree of gift 
After his death, of all he dies posses'd of. 
Lort. Faire Ladies you drop Manna in the way 
Of started people. 
Per. It is almost morning, 
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied 
Of these events, at full. Let us goe in, 
And charge vs there upon intergatories, 
And we will answer all things faithfully. 
Grz. Let it be so, the first intergatory 
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is, 
Whether till the next night she had rather play, 
Or goe to bed, now being two hours to day. 
But were the day come, I should wish it darke, 
Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke. 
Well, while I live, Ile fear no other thing 
So sore, as keeping false Nerissa's ring.

FINIS.
As you Like it.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando. I remember Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poor a thousand Crownes, and as thou saidst, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well: and there begins my sinne: My brother keeps him at schoole, and report speaks goldenly of his parts; for my part, he keeps me uselessly at home, or (to speak more properly) it takes me here to home: for you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stable of an Ox: his horses are bred better, for besides that they are faine with their feeding, they are taught their manship, and to that end Riders dearly hir'd: but I (his brother) have nothing under 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 me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feede with his Hindes, bars mee the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it that grieues me, and the spirit of my Father, which I cherish is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wife remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Oliver. Yonder comes my Master, your brother.
Orl. Go a-part Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shewe me vp.
Oli. Now Sir, what make you here?
Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.
Oli. What mar you then Sir?
Orl. Marry Sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poore unworthy brother of yours with idleness.
Oliver. Sir, be better employed, and be naught a while.
Orl. Shall I keep 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?
Orl. O Sir, very well: here in your Orchard.
Oli. Know you whereon Sir?
Orl. I, better then him I am before nowes mee: know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of blood you should to know mee: the countesse of nations allowes you my better, in that you are the first borne, but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt vs: I have as much of my father in mee, as you, althou I confess your coming before me is nearer to his seuerence.

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this. Wilt thou lay hands on me villain?
Orl. I am no villain: I am the yongest sonne of Sir Rowland de Bys, he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that maintes such a father begar villains: were 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 raide on thy felte.

Adam. Sweet Master be patient, for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me goe I say.
Orl. I will not till I pleasure you shall hear mee: my father charg'd you in his will to giue me good education: you have train'd me like a peasant, obfuscating and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in mee, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give mee the poore allotment my father left me by testament, with that I will goe buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg when that is spent? Wilt thou, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you shall haue some part of your will, I pray you leave mee.

Orl. I will no further offend you, then becomes mee for my good.
Oli. Get you with him, you olde dogge.
Adam. Is old dogge my reward: most true, I haue lost my teeth in your servise: God be with my olde master, he would not have spake such a word. Ex. Act. Ad.
Oli. Is it even so, begin you to grow vp mee: I will phyllice your raukefell, and yer give no thousand crownes neither: holla Dennis.

Enter Dennis,

Dennis. Calls your worship.
Oli. Was not Charles the Dukes Wrestling here to speake with mee?
Dun. So pleaseth he, he is here at the doore, and importunes access to you.
Oli. Call him in: 'twill be a good way: and to morrow the wrafling is.

Enter Charles.

Charles. Good morrow to your worship.
Oli. Good Mounsier Charles: what's the new newes at the new Court?
Charles. There's no newes at the Court Sir, but the olde newes: that is, the old Duke is battelied by his yonger brother the new Duke, and three or foure lowing Lords.
Lord, have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whole lands and revenues ensue to the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Q.S. Can you tell if Rosalind the Duke's daughter be banished with her father?

Cha. No; for the Duke's daughter, her Cosen loves her, being euer from their Cradles bred together, that hee would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her; she is as the Court, and no leffe beloved of her Vnkle, then his owne daughter, and never two Ladies loved as they doe.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say hee is already in the Forrest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young Gentlemen flocke to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry doe I sir: and I came to acquaint you with a matter; I am glinserfreely to understand, that your young brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in diversly against mee to trye a fall: to morrow sir I wrestle for my credit, and hee that effectes me without some broken limbes, shall acquit him well: your brother is but young and tender, and for your loue I would bee loth to soyle him, as I must for my owne honour if he come in: therefore out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withall, that either you might flay him from his intendment, or Brooke such disgrace well as he shall runne into, in that it is a thing of his owne search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charter, I thanke thee for thy loue to me; which then shalt I will most kindly returne: I had my felle notice of my Brothers purdue herein, and haue by under-hand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. Ile tell thee Charles, it is the flubbornest yong fellow of France, full of ambition, an eunious emulator of every mans good parts, a secrett & villanous contriver against mee mee his naturall brother: therefore vie of thy disreteion, I had aslieft thou didst break his necke, and would you yet were merrier: unlesse you be.

Ref. From henceforth I will Cezar, and devise sport: let me see, what thinkes you of falling in Loue?

Char. I pray thee Rosalind, sweet my Coz, be merrie.

Ref. Dost Celia? I now more minde that I am mistrefse of, and would you yet were merrier: vnlesse you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn mee how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Char. Wherein I fee thou lostt mee not with the full weight that I loue thee; if my Vnkle thy banished father had banished thy Vnkle the Duke my Father, so thou hadst beene full with mee, I could have taught my loue to take thy father for mine; fo wouldst thou, if the truth of thy loue to me were rightouesly temer'd, as mine is to thee.

Ref. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to reioyce in yours.

Char. You know my Father hath no childe, but I, nor none is like to have; and truly when he dies, thou shalt be his heire; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee againe in affection: by mine honor I will, and when I brake that oath, let mee turne monfter therefore my sweet Ref., my deare Ref., be merrie.

Ref. From henceforth I will Cezar, and devise sport: let me see, what thinkes you of falling in Loue?

Char. Marry I prethee doe, to make sport withall: but the man in good earnest, nor no further in sport meyer, then with safety of a pure bluth, thou maist in honor come off againe.

Ref. What shall be our sport then?

Char. Let vs fit and mocke the good boufwoofe fortune from her wheele, that her giss may henceforth bee blesowed equally.

Ref. I would wee could doe so: for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountifull blinde woman doth most mislike in her giss to women.

Ref. Is true, for those that she makes faire, she scarce makes honest, & those that she makes honest, she makes very illusouredly.


Enter Clowne.

Char. No; when Nature hath made a faire creature, may the nor by Fortune fall into the fire? though nature hath given vs wit to float at Fortune, hath nor Fortune fent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ref. Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes natures naturall, the cutter off of natures witte.

Peraduenture this is not Fortunes work neither, but Natures, who perceiue our naturall wits too dull for alwaies the dulnee of the foole, is the whetsone of the wits. How now Witte, whether wonder you?

Clow. Mistrefse, you must come away to your father.

Char. Were you made the messenger?

Clow. No by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you.


Ref. Where learned you that oath fools?

Cla. Of a certain Knight, that swore by his Honour, they were good Pancakes, and swore by his Honor the Mustard was naught; now I stand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ref. I marry, now unmuzzle your wisedome.

Cla. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chinnys, and sware by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards if we had them thou art.

Cla. By my knaure (if I had it) then I were: but if you sware by that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this Knight (swearing by his Honor, for he never had ane; or if he had, he he SWORNE IT AWAY, before ever he faw those Pancakes, or that Mustard.

Cel. Prehete, who is't that thou means?

Ref. One that old Frederick your Father loues.

Cla. My Fathers loue is enough to honor him enough; speake no more of him, you'll be whipt for taxation one of these daies.

Cla. The more puske that fools may not speak wisely, what Wifemen do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth thou swailest true: For, since the little wisdome hauze was silenced, the little foolish that wise men hauze makes a great shew; Here comes Monfeur the Bea.

Enter le Bea.

Ref. With his mouth full of newes.

Cel. Which he will put on vs, as Pigeons feed their young.

Ref. Then that we be newes-cram'd.

Cel. All the better. We shall be the more Marketable.

Bon-savu Monfeur le Bea, what's the newes?

Le Bea. Fare Princefle, you have lost much sport.

Cel. Sport of what colour?

Le Bea. What colour Madame? how shall I answer you?

Ref. As wit and fortune will.

Cla. Or at the defmtes decrees.

Ref. Well said, that was laid on with a crowell.

Cla. Nay, if I keepenot my taneke.

Ref. Thou lookeft thy old smell.

Le Bea. You amaze me Ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have loft the sight of.

Ref. Yet tell us the manner of the Wrestling.

Le Bea. I wil tell 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 coming to performe it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Bea. There comes an old man, and his three fons.

Cel. I could make this beginning with an old sale.

Le Bea. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and preence.

Ref. With bills on their neckes: Be knowne unto all men by these prefents.

Le Bea. The eldest of the three, wrestled with Charles the Dukes Wrestler, which Charles in a momenr threw him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little hope of life with him: So he fent the second, and to the third; yonder they lie, the poore old man their Father making such pitiful dole over them, that all the behel-
ders take his part with weeping.

Ref. Alas.

Cla. But what is the sport Monfeur, that the Ladies have left?

Le Bea. Why this that I speake of

Cla. Thus men may grow wiser everyday. It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribbes was sport for Ladies.

Ref. Or I, I promise thee.

Ref. But is there any elfe longs to see this broke Muschke in his sides? Is there yet another doates upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling Celn?

Le Bea. You must if you fay here, for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to performe it.

Cel. Yonder sure they are comming. Let vs now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke. Come on, since the youth will not be increas'd His owne peril on his forwardnesse.

Ref. Is yonder the man?

Le Bea. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too yong: yet he looks successfully.

Du. How now daughter, and Cousin:

Are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ref. I my Liege, so pleafe you giue vs leaue

Du. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you there is such odditie in the man: In spite of the challengers youth, I would name dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speake to him Ladies, see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him heere good Monfeur le Bea.

Du. Do so; He not be by.

Le Bea. Monfeur the Challenger, the Princefle calls for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and dutie.

Ref. Young man, have you challenge'd Charles the Wrestlers.

Orl. No faire Princefle: he is the general challenger, I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Yong Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: you have feene cruell proofs of this mans strength, if you saw your felle with your eyes, or knew your felle with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would couuert you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you for your owne sake to embrace your owne safetie, and give ouer this attempt.

Ref. Do yong Sir, your reputation shall not therefore be mispris'd: we will make it our fute to the Duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. Before you, punifh me not with your haide thoughtes, wherein I confesse me much guiltie to demean so faire and excellent Ladies at this thing. But let your faire eyes, and gentle wifhes go with mee to my triall, wherein if I bee for to, there is but one man that was neuer gracious: if I bee, but one dead that is willing to be fo: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me: the world no injustice, for in it I have nothing: only in the world I fil up a place, which may bee better supplied, when I have made a emptie.

Ref. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.
More than your enemies
Sir, you have warded well and overthrown
Sticks me at heart: Sir, you have well deriv'd,
likely what he would: Did you call Sir?

Shall we goe Coze?

Are all throwne downe, and that which here
That could giue more, but that her hand lacks means.
Wearc this for me: one out of fuites with fortune
Your Millris faltali be happie
But lufily as you have exceeded all promise.
Hu yongest sonne, and would not change that calling
ifyou d6c keeps your promises in love;
Let vs goc thankc him,and encourage him
Ere he fhould thus Ktuc ventur'd.

Had I before knowne this yong man his sonne,
My Fathers rough and envious dispostion
Are dearer then the natural bond of Sistcrs.

FredticSo
To be adopted hare to
I fhould haue gtuen hrm tcarcs vnto entreaties.
The world esteem'd thy father honourable.
But I did finde him still mine enimier
Hadft thou defended from another house
land dc Boys.
I would thou had'ft told roe of another Father.
Thou (hould'ft hauc better pleas'd me yrith this deede,


""
As you like it

Duk. You are a fool: you Neere provide your selfe,
If you out stay the time, upon mine honor,
And in the greatness of my word you die.

Exit Dukex.

Cel. O my poor Raffale, whether wilt thou goe?
Wilt thou change Fathers? I will giue thee mine?
I charge thee be not more greedy'd then I am.
Ref. I have more caufe.

Cel. Thou haft not Colen.
Prethee be cheerful: know'st thou not the Duke
Hath banisd me his daughter?
Ref. That he hath not.

Cel. No, what not? Raffale lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.
Shall we be funded? shall we part twente girls?
No, let my Father seek another here:
Therefore desire with me how we may theke
Whether to goe, and what to steare with vs,
And do not feakes to take your change vpon you,
To bear your griefes your selfe, and leaue me out
For by this heaven, now at our forowes pale:
Say what thou canst, let goe along with thee.

Ref. Why, whether shall we goe?

Cel. To seeke my Vnclce in the Forreft of Arden.

Ref. Alas, what danger will it be to vs,
(Maides as we are) to travel forthe so faire?
Beautie prouoketh theeues sooner then gold.

Cel. I will shake in my Vnclce, in poore and meanes attire,
And with a kinde of vmbre fmirche my face,
The like deed, you shall wafte along,
And never flirt affinations.

Ref. Were it not better,
Because that I am more then common woman,
That I did ferve me all points like a man,
A gallant curtsey upon my thigh,
A bote-speare in my hand, and in my heart
Lye there what hidden woman fteare there will,
Wee can have a fawing and a marshall out side,
As manie other manlike cords have,
That doe outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art aman?

Ref. He haue no worne a name then honor owne Page,
And therefore looke thou call me Caneida.
But what will you by call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Colen, but Alena.

Ref. But Colen, what if we assaile then.
The clowndif Foulke out of your Fathers Court:
Would he not be a comfort to our trauail?

Cel. Heole goe along ore thee wide world with me,
Let me alone to awe him: let's away
And get our meat and our wealth together,
Deuise the fittest time, and safest way,
To hide vs from pursuite that will be made
After my flight: now goe in we content
To liberie, and not to banishment.

Enter Duke with Lords.

Duke. The Duke my Father lou'd his Father darlly.
Cel. Dost it therefore enuue that you should love his
Sonne darlly? By this kinde of chance, I should hate
Orlando, for my Father hated his Father darlly; yet I have
Not Orlando.

Ref. No faith, hate him not for my sake.

Duke. Why should I not doth he not desrve well?

Ref. Let me loue him for that, and do you loue him
Because I doe. Lookes, here comes the Duke.

Duke. With his eyes full of anger.

Ref. Thou art thy Father's daughter. there's enough.

Duke. The like doe you shal we passe along.

Cel. Thou art my Fathers daughter. there's enough.

Duke. Thou are thy Fathers daughter, there's enough.

Cel. I did not then intent to have her stay.
It was your pleasure, and your owne remorse,
I was too yong that I would not feeme;
But now I know her, if she be a Traitor,
Why so am I: we all have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learned, plaid, eate together,
And whereas we were went, like tow Swans,
Still we were coupled and inseparable.

Duke. She is too subtille for thee, and her smoothnes;
Her visage slene, and per patience,
Speake to the people, and they pittie her
Thou art a foole, the robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt shew more bright, & form more vextuous
When this is gone: then open not thy lips
Firme, and intenueable is thy doome.
Which I have past upon her, she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me my Leige,
I cannot rue out other companie.
Then that of painted pompe? Are not these woods
More free from peril then the envious Court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The feasons difference, as the Icic phange
And churlifh chiding of the winter wunde,
Whil when it bites and blowes upon my body
Even till I shrike with cold, I smite, and lye
This is no fatterie: these are councelors
That feelingly perswade me what I am:
Sweet are the vles of aduerfie
Which like the road, ougly and venemous,
Weares yet a precious Jewell in his head:
And this our life exempt from publike baunt,
Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,
Sermions in stones, and good in every thing.

Ah! I would not change it, happy is your Grace
That can translacate the hubborneffe of fortune
Into fo quiet and fo sweet a title.

D.Sen. Come, wele we goe and kill vs venison?
And yet it itkes me the poore dedled foolees
Being native Burgers of this defert City,
Should inther owne confines with forked heads
Have their round hanches gored.

1. Lord. Indeed my Lord
The melancholy gates grieues at that,
And in that fame ftate you doe more vifage
Then doth your brother that best befieled you.
To day my Lord of Amiens, and my felle,
Did fare beside him as he lay along
Vnder an oake, whose anticke rootes pence out
To the which place a poore fcqueftred Stag
Vpon the brooke that brawles along this wood,
To bring againe thefe foolifh runawaies.

Enter Duke, with Lords.
Duke. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be, some villains of my Court
Are of content and Suzanne in this
1. Lor. I cannot heare of any that did see her,
The Ladies her attendants of her chamber
Saw her a bed, and in the morning early,
They found the bed vntruel of their Mistres.
2. Lor. My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom fo
Your Grace was wont to laugh is also missing,
Hypence the Princesse Gentlewoman
Confesses that the secretly ore-heard
Your daughter and her Cofen much commend
The parts and graces of the Wraitfer
That did but lately foile the synowe Charles,
And the beleue that euer they are gone
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither.
If he be absent, bring his Brother to me,
He make him finde him: do this fadomally;
And let not fearch and inquifition quail.
To bring against these foolish runawaies,

Scena Secunda.

D.Sen. Show me the place,
I love to cope him in these follen fits,
For then he's full of matter.
1. Lor. He bring you to him aftral.

Enter Orlando and Adam

Orl. Who's there?
Ad. What my yong Mafter, oh my gentle mafter,
Oh my sweet mafter, O you memorie
Of old Sir Rernland; why, what make you here?
Why are you vertuous? Why do people loue you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be fo fond to ouercome
The bonnie prifer of the humorous Duke?
Your praffe is come too fowlely home before you.
Know you not Mafter, to ftorme kinde of men,
Their graces feue the m bnt as enemies,
No more doe yours: your vertues gentle Mafter
Are laudifhed and holy traitors to you.
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms hime that bears it?
Why, what is the matter?

Ad. O vnhappy youth,
Come not within these doores: within this roome
The enemie of all your graces lyes:
Your brother, no, no brother, yet the fonne
(Yet not the son, will not call him fon)
Of him I was about to call his Father,
Hath heare your praiues, and this night he meere,
To burne the lodging where you vie to lye,
And you within it: if he faile of that
As you like it.

He will have other means to cut you off,
I overheard him: and his practices:
This is no place, this house is but a burthen,
Abhorre it, see it, doe not enter it.
Ad. Why whether Adam wouldst thou make me go?
Ad. No matter whether, so you come not here.
Orl. What wouldst thou have me go & beg my food,
Or with a base and boistrous Sword enforce
A theeuifh liotng on the common rode?
Thriftic hire I fsued vnder your Father,
Of a diuerted blood, and bloudie brother.
I rather will subicdl me to the malice
Take that, and he that doth the Rauensfecde,
And vnregarded age in comers throwne.
When service fhould in my old limbs lie lame.
Though I looke old, yet I am strong and luftie j
Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
The meanes ofweakneffe and debiiitie.
Hot, and rebellious liquors in my bloud,
For in my youth I newer did apply
All this I giueyou, let me be your icruant,
The conflant seruice of the antique world,
To the laflgafpe with truth andloyaltie,
Fro(lie, but kindely; let me goc with you,
That cannot so much as a bioffome yeelde.
From fcauentie yeeres, till now almofl fourefcore
But pooreold man, thou prun'la rotten tree,
When service fweace for dutie.nc for meede:
Thou art not for the fafhion of chefe times.
In all your bufinefle and ncceftities.
In lieu of all thy pames and husbandrie.
Euen with the hauing, it is not fo with thee:
And hauing that do choake their seruice vp,
But at fourefcore, it is too late a weeke,
Opparcll, and to cry like a woman: but I mud comfort
weetie.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosaline for Cummell, Celia for Aliena, and
Clowne, alias Touchstone.

Rof. O Jupiter, how merry are my spirits?
Clo. I care not for my spirits, if my legges were not weare.
Rof. I could finde in my heart to disgrate my mans apparell,
And to cry like a woman: but I must comfort
the weaker vessell, as double and hafe ought to show it
felle conscious to petty-coste; therefore courage, good
Aliena.

Clo. I pray you beare with me, I cannot goe no further.
Cof. For my part, I had rather beare with you,
then beare you: yet I should beare no croffe if I did beare you,
for I thinkke you have no money in your purs.
Rof. Well, this is the Forrest of Arden.
Clo. I now am in Arden, the more foole I, when I
was at home I was in a better place, but Travellers must
be content.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Rof. I, be so good Touchstone: Look you, who comes
here, a yong man and an old in soleman talkle.
Cor. That is the way to make her scorne you still,
Sil. Oh Corin, that thou knew'ft how I do love her.
Cor. I partly guesse: for I have lou'd erc now.
Sil. No Corin, being old, shou cant not guesse,
Though inthy youth thou wast as true a louter
As euer figh'd vnpon a midnight pillow:
But if thy loue were euer like to mine,
As sure I thinke did never man loue to:
How many actions most ridiculous,
Hast thou beene drawn to by thy fantasie?
Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.
Sil. Oh thou diidst then never loue fo hartily
If thou remembreft not the flighteft folly.
That euer love did make thee run into.
Thou haft not lou'd.

O Phbebe, Phbebe, Phbebe Exit.

Rof. Alias poore Shepheard searching of they would,
I haue by hard aduenture found mine owne.
Clo. And I mine: I remember when I was in love,
I broke my sword upon a flame, and bid him take that for
comming a night to Inns Smiles, and I remember the kifing
of her better, and the Cowes dogs that her prettie
vers.runne into ftrange capers; but as all is mortal in
I breake my fhins againit it,

Enter Rosaline for Cummell, Celia for Aliena, and
Clowne, alias Touchstone.

Rof. O Jupiter, how merry are my spirits?
Clo. I care not for my spirits, if my legges were not weare.
Rof. I could finde in my heart to disgrate my mans apparell,
And to cry like a woman: but I must comfort

191
Here's a young maid wish travaile much opprest,
Can in this defers place buy entertainment,
Bring vs where we may rsfl our selues,and feed;
My fortunes were more able to releeue her i
And wish for her fake more then for mine owne,
And faints for fuccour.
But! arc (hepheard to another man,
My matter it of churlifh difpofition,
graz.e •.
Go with me, if you like vpon report,
That little cares for buying any thing.
Are now on fale, and ataaur (beep-coat now
By reafon of his abfence there isnothmg
Befides his Coace,his Flocfsec,and bounds of feede
nothing. Wilyou fiog ?

Come more another tranzo: Cal you'em (fento's •

Thus it goes.
If it do come to paffe, that any man come Asf.
Leasing his wealth and eafe,
A fabeborne will to pleafe,
Ducdame ducdame ducweme : 
Here shall he fee, greatre folos as he,
And if he will come to me.

What's that Ducdame?
Tis a Greek inuocation to call fools into a cir.
Jt do come to passe, that any man ter ne Ajst
If he will come to me.

Here shall he fee .groffe fooler to k#
And lie go fecke the Duke,
His banker is prepar d. Exeunt

Enter Orlando, & Adam.

Adam. Deere Matter, I can go no further :
O I die for food. Heere lie I downe,
And mesure our grue. Farwel kind deare.
Orl, Why how now Adam? No greater heart in thee.
Like a little,comfort a little,cheere thy selve a little.
If this vncoth Forrell yeeld any thing f inve, I will either be food for it,or bring it for food to thee
Thy conceite is neerer death, then thy powers.
For my sake be comfortable,hold death a while
At the armes end : I will heere be with thee presently,
And if I bring thee not something to eate,
I will give thee leaue to die : but if thou dieft
Before I come, thou art a mочек of my labor.
Wel said, thou look'ft cheereely.
And Ile be with thee quickly : yet thou lyeft
In the bleak aire. Come, I wil beare thee
to fame shelter, and thou shalt not die
For lacke of a dinner,
Iff there liue any thing in this Desert.
Cheereely good Adam. Exeunt Scena
Scena Septima.

Enter Duke Sen & Lord, like Out-laws.

Duke Sen. I thinke he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where finde him, like a man.

1 Lord. My Lord, he is but even now gone hence.
Here was the mery, hearing of a Song.

Duke Sen. If the compact of the Cares grow Musick,
We shall have shortly discord in the Spheres.
Go seeke him, tell him I would speake with him.

Enter Lords.

1 Lord. He leaves my labor by his owne approach.

Duke Sen. Why how now Montieur, what is this
That your poor friends must doe your companie,
What, you looke merrily?

Ait. otley Foole (a miserabk world:)
As I do wuc by foodc, I met a foole.

Good morrow foole (quoth I) no Sir,quoth he,
Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,
Call me not foole, till heauen hath fent me fortune,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes.

Thus we may fee (quoth he) how the world wagges
"Tis but an houre agoe, since it was nine,
In goodset terrors, and yet motley foole.
Sayes, very wisely, it is ten clock.
And then he took a diall from his poake,
And so from houre to houre, we ilpe and ripe,
And after one houre more, twill be eleuen,
Anhoure by his diall Oh noble foole,
That Fooles (hould be fo deepe contemplatiue;
The motley Foole, thus morail on the time.
And then from houre to houre, wc rot and rot.
My Lungs began to crow like Chantieleere,
And 1 did laugh, fans intermdfion.
They haue the gift to know it: and in his baiue,
Which is as die as the remainder bisket,
And ays, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,
With obfetuation, the which he vents.
I am ambitious tor a motley coat,
In mangled formes. O that I were a foole,
After a voyage: He hath rtrange places cram d
Provided that you weed your better judgements
I thinke he be transform'd into a bead,
Of all opinion that growes tanke in them.
Withali, as Urge a Chatter as the wode,
My Lord, he is but euen now gone hence,
Lord.

To blow on whom I pleae, for so foolees haue I
Doth very soothe, although he smart
Ofbare distaste, bathe from me the shew
Those that touches any of this fruicc is.
And know somc nourture; But forbear, I say.

That in civility thou feem ftfo emptie
Your gentlenefe (hall force, more then your force
Moue vs to gentlenesse.

Ori. I almost die for food, and let me haue it.

1 Lord. Sit downe and feed, & welcom to our table.

Ori. Speake you so gently? Pardon me I pray you,
I thought that all things had bin sauage heere,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of thene commandment. But what ere you are
That in this defect inaccessible,
Vnder the shade of melancholy boughes,
Loole, and negledg the creeping hours of time:
If ever you have look'd on better dayes:
If ever beene where bels have knoll'd to Church:
If ever lase at any good mens feast:
If ever from your eye's had wip'd a teare,
And know what 'tis to pittie, and be pittted.
Let gentlenesse my strong enforcement be,
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my Sword

R
As you like it.

Duke Sen. True is it, that we have scene better days
And haste with holy bell bin knowaid to Church,
And fast at good mans feastis, and wip'd our dies
Of drops, that faced pity hath engendred:
And therefore fit you downe in gentileece,
And take upon command, what helpe we have
That to your wanting may be ministred.

Orl. Then but forbear your tood a little while:
Whereis (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne,
And geue it food. There is an old poore man,
Who after me, hath many a wearey flowper
Lipt up in pure love: till he be first suffes,
Opprest with two weake euils, age, and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go finde him out,
And we will nothing waffe till you returne.
Orl. I thanke ye, and be bllf for your good comfort.

Duke Sen. Thou feest, we are not all alone unhappie:
This wide and vniuerfall Theater
Prefents more woeful Pageants then the Scene
Wherein we play in.

In All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women, mereely Players;
They hath their Exits and their Encences,
And one man in his time playes many parts,
His Acts being fauen ages. At first the Infant,
Mewing, and puking in the Nutres armes
Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell
And flning morning face, creeping like snaile
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Giue vs some Mufick, and good Cozen,sing.

Orl. True is it, that we haue Icene better dayes
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,

Duke Sen. But weere I not the better part made mericie
I should not ecke an abstain argument
Of my revenge, thou prefer: but looke to it,
Fonde out thy brother wherefore he is,
Seek eke him with Candle: bring him dead,
Within this twelvemonth, or tune thou no more
To seek a living in our Territorie.

Thy Lands and all thingst thou dost call thing,
Worth fezure, do we seize into oure hands,
Thy Lauds and all things that thou desst call
Within this twelvemonth, or tune thou no more
To seek a living in our Territorie.

Orl. Oh that your Highneffe knew my heart in this:
Inever lou'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villaine thou. Well push him out of doors
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and Lands
Do this expediently, and tune him going.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando.

Orf. Hang there my verfe, in witnessse of my love,
And thou thrice crowned Queene of night shreyve
With thy chaste eye from thy pale sphere above
Thy Huntresses name, that my full life doth invade,
O Refyled, these Trees shall be my Bookes,
And in their barks my thoughts Ie character,
That euerie eye, which in this Forrest looke,
Shall see thy vertue without every there
Run, run Orlando, carue on every Tree,
The faire, the chaste, and vnexpressive thee.

Enter Corin & Croupe.

Orf. And how like you this shepherds life Ms Touchend
Cho. Exeunt.
As you like it.

Clow. Truely Shephard, in respect of it selfe, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepheards life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitry, I like it verie well: but in respect that it is prouince, it is a very wild life. Now in respect that it is in the fields, it pleaseth me very well: but in respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life (looke you) it fits my humor well: but as there is no more pleasure in it, it goes much against my stomache. Has't any Philosophie in this Shephard?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one sickens, the worse as eafe he is: and that hee that wants money, mesnes, and content, is without three good frends. That the property of saine is to wet, and fire to burne: That good paffure makes fat sheepes: and that a great cause of the night, is lacke of the Sunne: That hee that hath learned no wit by Nature, nor Arts, may complaines of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clos. Such a one is a natural Philosopher. Was't ever in Court, Shephard?

Cor. No truly.

Clos. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Clos. Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill roast'd Egge.

Cor. For not being at Court your reason.

Clos. Why, if thou never wast at Court, thou never sawst good manners: if thou never sawst good manners, then thy manners must be wicked, and wickednes is sin, and sinne is damnation: Thou art in a patent Rate shepheard.

Cor. Not a whit Touchstone, those that are good manners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrie, as is not the grease of a Mutton, as wholesome as the sweat of a Cow.

Cor. And they are often tar'd over-with the forgery of our hands, and that a more foolish indance, come.

Clos. Of our sheepe: and would you have us kiss the Tree? The Courtiers hands are perfumed with Citet.

Cor. But in respect that it is solitary, I like it verie well; but in respect that it is a shepheards life, it is a very vild life. Now in respect that it is in the fields, it pleaseth me very well: but in respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life (looke you) it fits my humor well: but as there is no more pleasure in it, it goes much against my stomache.

Has't any Philosophie in thee shepheard?

Cor. No truly.

Clos. Why do not your Courtiers hands sweate? and is not the grease of a Mutton, as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance I say: Come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Clos. Your lips will feele them the sooner. Shallow again: a more founder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tar'd over, with the surgery of our sheepe: and would you have us kiss Tare? The Courtiers hands are perfumed with Cues.

Clos. Most shallow man: Thou wormes mesthe in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed: learn of the wife and perpend: Cues is of a safer birth then Tare, the verie uncleaneely fluxe of a Cat. Mend the instance Shephard.

Cor. You hast too Courtly a wit, for me, I reft.


Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I tarme that I estate get that I wear; owe no man hate, enuie no man happinesse: glad of other mens good content with my hammer: and the greatest of my pride, is to see my Ewes graze, & my Lambes fucke.

Cor. That is another simple sine in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rammes together; and to offer to get your living, by the copulation of Castle, to be bawd to a Bell weather, and to betray a shepe-Lambme of a twelvemonth

to a crooked-pated elde Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all reasonable match. If thou beft not damn'd for this, the dwell himselfe will not have no shepheards, I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape.

Cor. Hector comes young Mr. Gaminod, my new Mistrefses Brother.

Enter Rosalind.

Ros. From the soft to soveraine finds, no sweete as like Rosalinde, Her worth being mantled on the wind, through all the world she bears Rosalinde, All the pelisses fairest Linde, are but blacke to Rosalinde:
Let no face bee kept in mind, but the fairest of Rosalinde.

Cor. I live time you so, eight yeres together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right Butter-womens rante to Market.

Ros. Out Fools.

Cor. For a taste.

If a Harte doe Lache a Hinde, Let him seek out Rosalinde:
If the Cat will after kinde, be sure well Rosalinde:
Writest garments must be Linde, so must fander Rosalinde:
That they reap meet sheafe and binde, then to sett with Rosalinde:
Rovered not, bat forevoy roinde, such a one is Rosalinde:
He that forevoy roine will finde, must finde love, pricks, & Rosalinde.

This is the verie false gallop of Verses, why do you infect your false with them?

Ros. Peace you dull fooie, I found them on a tree.

Cor. Truely the tree yeelds bad fruile.

Ros. If the Cat will after kinde, then I shall graffe it with you, and then I shall graffe it with a Medler: then it will be the earliest fruit in thy country: for you be rotten ere you bee halfe ripe, and that is the right ventured of the Medler.

Cor. You haue saide: but whether wisely or no, let the Forrest judge.

Enter Celia with a writing.

Ros. Peace, here comes my sister reading, stand aside.

Cel. Why should thu Deftier be, for it is unpeople'd? Not:
Tonges I le yong on erisie trée, that shal euell sayinge I fine.
Some, how briefe the Life of man,
That the fleeting of a span,
Some of violated vowel,
That was in started age.
Some of violated vowels,
Twixt the founde of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest bowes,
or at fairest sentence end;
Will I Rosalinde write,
teaching all that readeth, to know
The quinessence of erisie tree,
he never would in little bow.
Therefore beaus Nature charg'd,
that one bodie should be full'd
With all Graves widt enery d,
nature presently displac'd.
Nay, but the diuell take mackong: speake sadde brow, and true mid.

Ref. 0 moft gentle Jupiter, what tedious homiife of L eit now you wearied your parifhioners withall, and never eni,'l hauce patience good people.


Go. Come Shepherd, let us make an honorable retreit: though not with bagge and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

Ref. Didst thou heare these verses? O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more fette than the Verfes would bese.

Cel. That's no matter: the fette might bese 5 verses.

Ref. I, but the feet were lame, and could not bese themselves without the verfe, and therefore flood lame-ly in the verfe.

Cel. But didst thou heare without wondering, how thy name shou'd be hang'd and carued vpon these trees?

Ref. I was feen of the nine daies out of the wonder, before you came: for looke heere what I found on a Palme tree: I was neuer fo berim'd fince Tythagoras wondcrfull, and yet againe wonderful, and after that out hentente, tell me who it is.

Cel. It may vwel be call'd loues tree, when it droppes forth fruite.

Ref. I will not note I am a woman, when I thinke, I must speake: fierer, fay on.

Ref. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meete; but Mountains may bee remou'd with Earth-Palme tree; J was neuer fo berim'd fince time Tythagoras wondcrfull, and yet againe wonderful, and after that out hentente, tell me who it is.

Ref. But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and in mans apparrell? Looks he as frethly, as he did the day he was Wraftled?

Cel. Iris as efeft to count Aromies as to refolve the propofitions of a Louer: but take a tale of my finding him, and refllih it with good obferuance. I found him vnder a tree like a drop'd Acome.

Ref. It is moft gentle Jupiter, what tedious homiife of L eit now you wearied your parifhioners withall, and never eni,'l hauce patience good people.


Go. Come Shepherd, let us make an honorable retreit: though not with bagge and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

Ref. Didst thou heare these verses? O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more fette than the Verfes would bese.

Cel. That's no matter: the fette might bese 5 verses.

Ref. I, but the feet were lame, and could not bese themselves without the verfe, and therefore flood lame-ly in the verfe.

Cel. But didst thou heare without wondering, how thy name shou'd be hang'd and carued vpon these trees?

Ref. I was feen of the nine daies out of the wonder, before you came: for looke heere what I found on a Palme tree: I was neuer so berim'd fince Tythagoras wondcrfull, and yet againe wonderful, and after that out hentente, tell me who it is.

Cel. Tio you, who hath done this?

Ref. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chaine that you once wore about his neck: change you colour?

Ref. I pre'the who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meete; but Mountains may bee remou'd with Earth-Palme tree; J was neuer so berim'd fince time Tythagoras wondcrfull, and yet againe wonderful, and after that out hentente, tell me who it is.

Ref. Can these verses?

Cel. Nay, but the diuell take mackong: speake sadde brow, and true mid.

Ref. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meete; but Mountains may bee remou'd with Earth-Palme tree; J was neuer so berim'd fince time Tythagoras wondcrfull, and yet againe wonderful, and after that out hentente, tell me who it is.

Ref. But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and in mans apparrell? Looks he as frethly, as he did the day he was Wraftled?

Cel. Iris as efeft to count Aromies as to refolve the propofitions of a Louer: but take a tale of my finding him, and refllih it with good obferuance. I found him vnder a tree like a drop'd Acome.

Ref. It is moft gentle Jupiter, what tedious homiife of L eit now you wearied your parifhioners withall, and never eni,'l hauce patience good people.


Go. Come Shepherd, let us make an honorable retreit: though not with bagge and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

Ref. Didst thou heare these verses? O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more fette than the Verfes would bese.

Cel. That's no matter: the fette might bese 5 verses.

Ref. I, but the feet were lame, and could not bese themselves without the verfe, and therefore flood lame-ly in the verfe.

Cel. But didst thou heare without wondering, how thy name shou'd be hang'd and carued vpon these trees?

Ref. I was feen of the nine daies out of the wonder, before you came: for looke heere what I found on a Palme tree: I was neuer so berim'd fince Tythagoras wondcrfull, and yet againe wonderful, and after that out hentente, tell me who it is.

Cel. Tio you, who hath done this?

Ref. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chaine that you once wore about his neck: change you colour?

Ref. I pre'the who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meete; but Mountains may bee remou'd with Earth-Palme tree; J was neuer so berim'd fince time Tythagoras wondcrfull, and yet againe wonderful, and after that out hentente, tell me who it is.

Ref. Can these verses?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ref. Why God will fend more, if the man will bee thankful: let me fay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is yong Orlando, that trigs vp the Wraftlers hecles, and your heart, both in an instant.
against whom I know most faults.

Iaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change, for your better fortune I am weary of you.

Iaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a Fool, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brooke, looksthe like in, and you shall see him.

Iaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a Ciper.

Iaq. I'll trannie no longer with you, farewell good signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Mon- sieur Melancholly.

Ref. I will speak to him like a sawcie Lacky, and under that habit play the knave with him, do you hear For- tius, very well, what would you? (reffer.

Iaq. I pray you, what's a clocke?

Orl. You should ask me what time o'day: there's no clocke in the Forrest.

Ref. Then there is no true Lover in the Forrest, else fighting every minute and groaning every house hold

Orl. And why not the lawful stote of time? Had not that bin a proper?

Ref. By no means sir; Time travels in divers pacers, with divers persons; I tell you who Time ambles with all, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withall.

Orl. I prethee, who doth he trot withal?

Ref. Merry he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interim be but a sunnight, Times pace is so hard, that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ref. With a Priest that lacks Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Gowe: for the one sleepes easily because he can not study, and the other lives merily because he feeleth no paine: the one lacking the burden of lean and wastefull Lernings the other knowing no burthen of haughty tedious Penurie. These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ref. With lawyers in the vocation: for they sleepe betweene Time and Time, and then they perceiue no how time moves.

Orl. Where dwelle you prettie youth?

Ref. With this Shepheardesse my mistresse: here in the skirts of the Forrest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ref. As the Conie that you see dwell where thee is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer, then you could purchase in so remoued a dwelling

Ref. I have bin told so of many: but indeed, an olde religious Vnkle of mine taught me to speake, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtship too well: for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many Letters against it, and I thanke God, I am not a Woman to be touch'd with so many giddle offences as he hath generally rased their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal faults,

that he laid to the charge of women?

Ref. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as haifpence are. euery one fault seeming monstrouse, till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prethee recount some of them.

Ref. No: I will not cast away my physick, but on those they are sick. There is a man haunts the Forrest, that abuseth our yong plants with careing Rosaline on their barks; hanges Oades vpon Hauthornes, and Elegies on brambles. All (forsooth) defying the name of Rosaline. If I could meet that Fancie-monger, I would give him some good counsell, for he femeus to have the Quotidian of Love vpon him.

Orl. I am he that is so Love-shak'd, I pray you tell me your remedie.

Ref. There is none of my Vnckles markes vpon you: he taught me how to know a man in love: in which case of rusties, I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his markes?

Ref. A lean cheeke, which you have not: a blew eie and funker, which you have not: an unquesionable Liptit, which you have not: a beard neglected, which you have not: (but I pardon you for that:) for simply your hissing in beard, is a younger brothers eventuell) then your hole should be ungar'd, your bonnet unband'd, your flleeve vnbutton'd, your shoo untd, and euery thing about you, demonstrating a carefull desolation: but you are no such man; you are neither point device in your accouements, as loving your selfe, then seeming the Lover of any other.

R. Loue.

Orl. Fare youth, I would I could make thee beleeue

Ref. Me beleeue it? You may assoone make her that you Love beleue it, which I warrant she is apter to do then to confesse she does: that is one of the points, in which women will give the lie to their confences. But in good fofh, are you he that hangs the verses on the Trees, wherein Rosaline is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee youth, by the white hand of Rosaline, I am he that he, that vnfortunate he.

Ref. But are you so much in love, as your rimes speak?

Orl. Neither time nor reason can expresse how much.

Ref. Loue is meerely a madneffe, and I tell you, defurtes as well a darke houfe, and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punishe'd and cure Ls

that the Lunacie is so ordinarie, that the whippets are ia love too: yet I proffe I curing it by counsell.

Orl. Do you ever cure any so?

Ref. Yes one, and in this manner. Hear was to imagine me his Loue, his Misiris: and I set him euerie day to woome: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grece, be eftimable, changeling, longed, and liking, proud, fantasical, sphit, gallowy, reconftant, full of teares, full of smilies; for euerie passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boyes and women are for the most part, caste of this colour: when I was like him, now loath him: then entertaine him, then forsware him: now weep for him, then spit at him: that I drave my Mutter from his mad humor of Love, to a loving humor of madne & was so forsware the full stream of world, and to live in a nooke meerly Monasckick and thus I cou'd him, and this way will I take vpon mee to wash your Lu- nder as clean as a found shepess heart, that there shall not be one spot of Love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ref. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosaline, and come euerie day to my Cost, and woe me.
Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowne, Audrey, & Jaques.

Clo Come space good Audrey, I will fetch vp your Governer, Audrey: and how Audrey am I the man yet? Doth thy simple feature content you?

And. Your features, Lord warrant vs: what features?

Clo. I am heere with thee, and thy Governer, as the most capricious Poet honeft Oxrid was among the Gothes.

And. Of knowledge elligible, worse then love in a thatcht house.

Clo. When a man verfes cannot be vnderstood, nor a mans wit seconded with the forward child, understanding it strikes a man more dead then a great reckoning in a little room: truly, I would the Gods hadde made thee poeticall.

And. Do I not know what Poetical is: is it honeft in deed and word: is it a true thing?

Clo. No trullie: for the truest poertric is the most flattering, and Louers are glu'en to Poetrie: and what they swear in Poetrie, may be said as Louers, they do feigne.

And. Do you with then that the Gods had made me Poetick?

Clo. I do truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honeft: Now if thou were a Poet, I might have some hope thou didst feigne.

And. Would you not have me honeft?

Clo. No trullie, villain thou was hard fouldier: for honeftie coupled to beaute, is to have Honie a fawce to Sugar.

A materiall foole.

And. Well, I am not faine, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honeft.

Clo. Truly, and to call away honeftie vpon a sole fluit, were to put good meate into an uncleeing dish.

And. I am not a fluit, though I thanke the Gods I am soule.

Clo. Well praised be the Gods, for thy founshef, doubly may come hereafter. But be it, as it may bee, I will take thee: and to that end, I have bin with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the Visor of the next village, whom hath promis'd to meete mee in this place of the Forrest, and to couple vs.

And. I would faine fee this meeting.

And. Wel, the Gods glue vs toy.

Clo. Amen. A man may if he were of a feares flater heart stagger in this attempt: for heere have no Temple but the wood, no assemblie but home-beasts. But what thoughts? Courage. As hones are odious, they are necessarie. It is said, many a man knowes no end of his goods; right: Many a man has good Horses, and knowes no end of them. Well, that is the dawne of his wife, 'tis none of his owne getting; hones, even to poore men alone:

No, no, the nobleft Deceath them as huge as the Refcall: Is the simple one therefore bleesed? No, as a wall'd Towne is more worthly then a village, & 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 skilfull, by so much is a horse more precious then to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir Oliver: Sir Oliver Mar-text you are well met. Will you dispatch vs here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your Chappel?

Ol. Is there none here to give the woman?

Clo. I will not take her on guilt of any man.

Ol. Truly the must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Iag. Proceed, proceed: Ie give her.

Clo. Good even good Mr what ye call: how do you Sir, you are very well met: good Sir do you for your left company, I am very glad to see you, even a toy in hand here Sir: Nay, pray be cauer'd.

Iag. Will you be married, Motley?

Clo. As the Oxe hath his bow-sor, the horse his cuith, and the Falcon her bels, so man hath his desires, and as Pigeons bill, so weake the bones will be nibling.

Iag. And will you (being a man of your breeding) be married under a bush like a begger? Get you to church, and have a good Priest that can tell you what marriage is, this fellow will but joyney you together, as they ione Wainseot, then one of you will procure a shrunken pannell, and like greene timber, warpe, warpe.

Clo. I am not in the minde, but I were better to bee married of him then of another, for he is not like to marrie me well: and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me heereafter, to leave my wife.

Iag. Go with thou with mee, And let me counsel thee.

Ol. Come sweete Audrey,

We must be married, or we must live in baundry:

For wel com good Sir Oliver: Not O sweete Oliver, O brave Oliver leave me not behind thee: but winde away, bee gone I say, I wil not to wedding with thee.

Ol. 'Tis no matter; we're a fantastical knave of them all that flout mee out of my calling.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Resald & Celia.

Res. Never talk to me, I wil weeppe.

Cel. Do I prethee, but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Res. But hate I not caufe to weeppe I

Cel. As good caufe as one would desire,

Therefore weeppe.

Res. His very hair

Is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner then Iudasess:

Hermes his kites are Iudases owne children.

Res. Pith his haires is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour:

Your Cheeffnut was euery the only colour:

Res. And his killing is as full of landtitle,

As the touch of holy bread.
As you like it.

Col. Hee hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a
Nun of winters fatherhood kifles not more religiouslie,
the very yec of chastity is in them
Ref. But why did hee (ware hee would come this
morning, and comes not?
Col. Nay certainly there is no truth in him
Ref. Doe you think he so?
Col. Yes, I think he is not a picke purse; nor a horse-
feeler, but for his verity in loue, I doe thinke him
as concave as a covered goblet, 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 haue heard him sweare downright he was.
Col. Was, is not is: besides, the oath of Louer is no
stronger then the word of a Tapster, they are both the
confirmer of false reckonings, he attends here in the for-
rest they are both the
But what talkc wee of Fathers, when there is fuch a man
told him of as good as he, so he laugh’d and let me goe.
Col. Hee hath bought a pair of cast lips of
Diana:
Ref. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much ques-
tion with him: he asked me of what parentage I was; I
told him of as good as he, fo he laugh’d and let me goe.
Col. That was his Mistrefc.
Ref. Well: and what of him?
Cor. If you will maker.
Col. If you will see a pageant truely plaid
Betweene the pale complexion of true Loue,
And the red glowe of fcorne and proud disdaine,
Goe hence a little, and I shall conduct you
If you will make it.
Ref. O come, let vs remove,
The fight of Louers feedeth those in loue:
Bring vs to this sight, and you shall say
Ile prove a busy actor in their play.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe do not fcorne me, do not Phebe
Say that you loue me not, but say not so
In bitternesse; the common executioner
Whose heart th’ uncustome’d sight of death makes hard
Falls not the axe upon the humble neck,
But first begs pardon: will you flerner be
Then he that dies and liues by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.
Phe. I would not be thy executioner,
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee:
Thou tellst me there is murder in mine eye,
’Tis pretty sure, and very probable

That eyes that are the frailst, and foffest things,
Who flut their coward gates to atoms eyes,
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers.
Now I doe frome on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to fownd, why now fall downe,
Or if thou canst nor. oh for flame, for flame,
Ly nor, to say mine eyes are murderers:
Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in thee,
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some Scarre of it: Leave upon a rush
The Cicatrice and capable imprefure
Thy palfne some moment keepe: but now mine eyes
Which I haue darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes
That can doe hurt.

Sil. O deere Phebe,
If ever (as that ever may be neere)
You meet in some freth cheeke the power of fancie,
Then shal you know the wounds inuible
That Loues keenes arrows make.
Phe. But till that time
Come not thou neere me: and when that time comes,
Afflikt me with thy mockes, pitty me not,
As till that time I shall not pitty thee.
Ref. And why I pray you? who might be your mother
That you infult, exult, and all at once
Over the wretched: what though you haue no beauty
As by my faith, I fee no more in you
Then without Candle may goe darke to bed:
Milt be you therefor proued and pittifull?
Why what means this? why do you looke on me?
I see no more in you then in the ordinary
Of Natures fake-workes” ods my little life,
I think he means to tangle my eies too:
No faith proud Mistrefs, hope not after ir,
I had rather here you chide, then this man wooe.

Phe. But sweeter youth, I pray you chide a yere together,
I had rather here you chide, then this man wooe.

Ros. Hees falne in loue with your foulneffe, & she’li
Fall in loue with my anger. If it be so, as faft
As the answeres thee with frowning lookes, ile fauce
Her with bitter words: why looke you fo upon me?
Phe. For no ill will I beare you.
Ref. I pray you do not fall in loue with mee,
For I am faller then vowes made in wine:
Besiudes, I like you not: if you will know my house,
’Tis at the tuffr of Oliues, here hard by:
Will you goe Sister? Shepheard ply her hard:

Come
Come Sister: Shepherdesse, looke on him better
And be not proud, though all the world could see,
None could be as abominable as he.
Come, to our flocke. Exit.

Phe. Dead Shepheard, now I find thy flaw of might,
Who euer lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet Phoebe.

Phe. Hah what saith thou Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phoebe pity me.

Phe. Why am I sorry for thee gentle Silvius.

Sil. Where euer sorrow is, reliefe would be:
If you doe sorrow on my griefe in love,
By giving love your sorrow, and my griefe.

If you doe forrow at my griefe in love,
Thoes that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellowes, and betray themselves to every moderate censure, worse then drunkards.

Sil. Why, tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Phe. Why then tis good to be a poete.

Phe. I haue neither the Schollers melancholy, which is emulation: nor the Musitians, which is fantastical; nor the Courtiers, which is proud: nor the Saddlers, which is ambitious: nor the Lawiers, which is politicall: nor the Ladies, which is fine: nor the Louers, which is so thefe: but it is a melancholy of mine owne, compounded of many simplex, extracted from many objectes, and indeed the fundrie contemplation of my travels, in which by often rumination, wraps me in a most humerous fadneffe.

Phe. A Traveller by my faith you have great reason to be sad: I feare you have told your owne Lands, to see other mens: then to have scene much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Sil. Yes, I haue gain'd my experience. Enter Orlando.

Phe. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merrie, then experience to make me sad, and to trauaile for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happinesse, dero Rofalind.

Phe. Nay then God buy you, and you talke in blanke verse.

Orl. Farewell Monfuieur Traveller: looke you lipe, and weare strange hutes;disable all the benefits of your owne Countrey: be out of love with your naturall, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are: or I will learne you have swam in a Grovello. Why how now Orlando, where have you bin all this while? you a louer? and you ferue me such another trinke, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My faire Rofalind, I come within an houre of my promise.

Phe. Breake an houres promise in love? hee that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and breake but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapt his hand upon his head, and Warrant him heart hole.

Orl. Pardon me dero Rofalind.

Phe. Nay, and you be so tardy, come no more in my sight. I had as little be wood of a Snake.

Orl. Of a Snake?

Phe. 1, of a Snake: for though he comes slowly, hee carries his hous upon his head; a better ioyne than I thinke then you make a woman: besides, he brings his definitt with him.

Orl. What's that?

Phe. Why hornees? wch as you are saie to be beholding to your visors for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and preuents the flanders of his wife.
Rosalind: Say, say you were my mistress, I would be with thee again.

Orlando: Nay, I say not; unless thou say 'tis but one caft away, and so come death: two of the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman, and not out of your own dores.

Rosalind: Then you must say, I take thee Rosalind for my wife.

Orlando: I take thee Rosalind for wife.

Rosalind: I might ask you for your comission; but I doe take thee Orlando for my husband: there's a girl goes before the Priest, and certainly a woman thought runs before her actions.

Orlando: So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.

Rosalind: Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possessed her?

Orlando: For ever, and a day.

Rosalind: Say a day, without the euer: no, no Orlando, men are April when they were, December when they were: Maides are May when they are maides, but the sky changes when they are wives: I will bee more ialous of thee, then a Barbary cocke-pidgeon over his hen, more clamorous then a Farrant against raine, more new-fangled then an ape, more giddy in my desires, then a monkey: I will wepe for nothing, like Diana in the Fountain, & I will do that when you are disposed to be merry: I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleepe.

Orlando: But will my Rosalind doe so?

Rosalind: By my life, she will doe as I doe.

Orlando: Or she is wise.

Rosalind: Or else she could not have the wit to doe this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman, and it will out at the casements: shut that, and 'twill out at the key-holes: flup that, 'twill flie with the smoke out at the chimney.

Rosalind: A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, will whether will't?

Orlando: Nay, you might keep that checke perfect, till you meet your wives wise going to your neighbours bed.

Rosalind: And what wit could win, to excuse that?

Rosalind: Merry to say, she came to seek thee there: you shall not leave her without her answer, wench, you take her without her tongue: o woman, that cannot make her fault her husbands occation, let her never nurse her child herselfe, for the will breed it like a foole.

Rosalind: For these two hours Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Orlando: Alas, deere Ioue, I cannot lacke thee two hours.

Rosalind: I must attend the Duke at dinner, by two a clock I will be with thee again.

Orlando: I hope you will not make us mistakes: I know what you would proue, my friends told mee as much, and I thought no lesse: that flattering tongue of yours wound me: 6is but one cast away, and so come death: two o'clocke is your howre.

Rosalind: I sweete Rosalind.

Orlando: By my troth, and in good earnest, and to God mind mee, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangrous, if you breake one iot of your promis, or come one minute behind your howre, I will thinke you the moost pathetickall breake-promise, and the moost hollow lover, and the moost vnworthy of you she call Rosalind, that may bee chosen out of the groffe band of the vnfaithfull: therefore beware my censures, and keep your promise.

Orlando: With no lesse religion, then if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu.

Rosalind: Well, Time is the old Juiifer that examines all such offenders, and let time try: adieu. Exit.

Orlando: You have simply mislaid our sexe in your love-prece:
And play the swaggerer, beare this, beare all:
Shee fayes I am not faire, that I lacke manners,
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me
Were man as rare as Phoenix: od's my will,
Her love is not the Hate that I doe hunt,
Why writes the so to me? well Shepheard well,
This is a Letter of your owne device.
Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents,
Shephe did write it.
Ref. Come, come, you are a foole,
And turn'd into the extremity of love
I saw her hand, she has a leathern hand,
A freefome coloured hand: I verily did thinke
That her old glouses were on, but twas her hands:
She has a hufwiues hand, but that's no matter
I say the newer did intent this letter,
This is a mans intention, and his hand.
Sil. Sure it is hers.
Ref. Why, it is a boyferous and a cruell style,
A stroke for challengers: why, the defines me,
Like Turket to Christiaan: womans gentle braine
Could not drop forth such giant rude intenction,
Such Ethop woods, blacker in their effect
Then in their countenance: will you heare the letter?
Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet:
Yet heard too much of Phoebus cruelse
Ref. She Phoebus me: marke how the grant writers,
Read, Art thou god, to Shepheard turn'd?
That a madmen's heart burn'd
Can a woman raise thus?
Sil. Call you this railing?
Ref. Read, why, thy godhead hast a part,
War fe with a woman's heart?
Did you ever heare such railing?
While the eye of men did warne me,
That could do no vengence to me.
Meaning me a brat.
If the forme of your bright eyes
Have power to raise such lowe in mine,
Ayke, so me, what strange effect
Would they works in mildi amez?
While she your chide, I did laue,
How then might your praiser move me?
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this Love in me:
And by him feale up thy mind,
Whether that thy youth and kynge
With the faithfull offer yake
Of me, and all that I can make,
Or else by him my love deme,
And then he finds how to die.
Sil. Call you this chiding?
Ref. Alas poores Shepheard.
Ref. Doe you pity him? No, he deserves no pity:
Wilt thou loue such a woman? what to make thee an
Instrument, and play false straines upon thee? not to be en-
duer'd. Well, goe your way to her; (for I see Loue hath
made thee a tame (make) and lay this to her; That if the
love me, I charge her to loue thee: if she will not, I will
never have her, whyle she choue interest for her: if you bee a
true lover hence, and not a word; for here comes more
company.
Exit Sil.

Enter Oliver.

Olu. Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you
Where in the Purlows of this Forrest, stands

Scena Secunda.

Enter Jaques and Lords, Forresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the Deare ?
Lords. Sir, it was.
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 song Forrest for this purpofe?
Lords. Yes Sir.
Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it
make noyfe enough.

Musick, Song.

What shall he hate that killed the Deare?
His leather skin, and horns to weare;
Then finge him home, the reft shall bear his barthen;
Take thou no foame to weare the horns,
It was a creft ere thou weare the creft,
The fathers father wore it,
And thy father bore it,
The horns, the horns, the lucky horns,
Is not a thing to laugh to soame.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ref. How say you now, is it not past two a clock?
And hence much Orlando.
Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, & troubled brain,
Enter Silvia.

He hath tare his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth
To deepe, looke who comes here.
Sil. My errand is to you, faire youth,
My gentle Shephe, did bid me give you this:
I know not the contents, but as I guelle
By the teine brow, and wafhef aotion
Which she did, as she was writing of it,
It beareth an angry tenure; pardon me,
I am but as a guilefle messenger.
Ref. Patience her hate would flarte at this letter,

Enter Exit.
A shep-cost, fenc'd about with Olive-trees.

CIT. Left of this place, down in the neighbor bottom
The ranke of Oxiers, by the murmuring streames
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place.
But on this houre, the house doth keepe it selfe,
There's none within.

CIT. It is no boatt, being ask'd, to say we are.
Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth here calls his Rosalind,
He finds this bloody napkin, are you he?
Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?
Oli. Some of my tram, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was darn'd.

He fends this bloody napkin: are you he?
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind.

What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was darn'd.

The owner of the house I did enquire for so
He left a promise to me as against
Loc what befell: he threw his eye aside.

A gieene and guilded snake had wreath'd it selfe,
A wretched ragged man, over-grownewith hair
Under an old Oake, who's bows were moss'd with age
Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd
All this while had bled, and now he faint'd,
Committing me unto my brother's love.
This scene.
Orlando
To prey on nothing, that doth Ice me as dead:
Theroyall dispoition of that head
When that the steep mountain shou'd stirre; for 'tis
Lay couching head on ground, with catlike watch

To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin
Died in this blood, unto the Shepheard youth,
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind

Cel. Why how now Guarned: sweet Guarned.
Oli. Many will frown when they do look on blood.
Cel. There is more in it: Cowen Guarned.
Oli. Look, he recovers.
Ros. I would I were at home.
Cel. We'll lead you thither:
I pray you will you take him by the arm.

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man?
You lacke a man's heart
Ros. Must do so, I confess.
Ah, first, a body would thinke this was well counterfei¬
ted, I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfei¬
ted: heigh-ho.

Cel. This was not counterfeit, there is too great te¬
stimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of ear¬
Ros. Counterfei't, I assure you.
Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but yfaith, I should have beene a woman by right

Cel. Come, you looke paler and palert, pray you draw homewards: good sir, goe with vs.
Oli. That will I: for I must beare answers backe
How you escuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him: will you goe?

Enter Clowne and Andrew.

Clown. We shall finde a some Andrie, patience gentle Andrew.

And. Faith the Prieft was good enough, for all the old gentemans saying.

Clown. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Andrie, a most slo
Mar. Enter Clowne, by

Andrew. 1, I know who 'tis he hath no interest in mee
in the world, here comes the man you mean:

Enter William.

Clown. It is meat and drinke to me to see a Clowne, by
Enter Orlando & Oliver.

Orl. It's possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? And losing woo'd and wooing, she should grat? And will you prefer to enjoy her?

Ol. Neither call the giddy d.ne of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my fondness weTING, for fondness contending: but say with me, I love Aliena: say with her, that she loves me: consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good: for my fathers house, and all the revenue, that was old Sir Rowlands will I estate upon you, and here live and die a Shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orl. You have my content.

Let your Wedding be to-morrow: thisher I invite the Duke, and all's contented followers:

Go you, and prepare Aliena: for look, you here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you brother.

Orl. And you faire sister.

Ros. Oh, my deere Orlando, how it grieues me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had beene wounded with the claws of a Lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfetyed to found, when he shew'd me your handkercher?

Orl. I, and greater wonders then that.

Ros. O, I know where you are; you, by true: there was never any thing so fondsome, but the flight of two Ramses, and Cefars Thracianall bragge of I came, law, and overcome. For your brother, and my sister, no sooner met, but they lovd: no sooner looked, but they lovd; no sooner lou'd, but they figh'd: no sooner sigh'd but they ask'd another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees, have they made a pair of fishes to marriage, which they will couple intent, or else bee intent.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow: and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptial. But O, how bitter a thing it is, to look into happiness through another mans eyes; so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart lamenting, by how much I think my brother happier in auing what he wishes for, than to morrow, I cannot ferue your turne for Rosalind?

Ros. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will wearie you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speake to some purpose) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit: I speake not this, that you should bare a good opinion of my knowledge (I say) I know you are neither do I labor for a greater esteem then may in some little measure draw a beleefe from you, to do your selfe good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have since I was three years old converse with a Magician, most profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do louse Rosalind to me the hart, as your gelse crier is out: when your brother marry's Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straights of Fortune thee is driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it appeare not inconvenient to you,
As you like it.

Enter two Pages.

1. Pa. Wel met honest Gentleman.

ClO. By my troth well met; come, sit, and a song.

1. Pa. We are for you, sit'th middle.

ClO. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or laying we hoarse, which are the endly prologues to a bad voice.

1. Pa. I faith, y'faith, and both in a tune like two gypies on a horse.

Enter Duke Senier, Amiens, Jaques, Orlean- 
da, Oliver, Celia.

Du. Sen. Doist thou believe Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

OrL. I sometimes do believe, and somtimes do not,
At those that fear they hope, and know they feare.

Enter Rosalinde, Silvius, & Phoeb.

Ref. Patience once more, whiles out copse is wry'd:
You say, if I bring in your Rosalinde,
You will betrow her on Orlando here?

Du. Sr. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with his.

Ref. And you say you will have her, when I bring hit?

OrL. That would I, were I of all kingdoms; King.

Ref. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing.

Phe. That will I, should I die the hours after.

Ref. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give your selfe to this most faithfull Shepherd.

Phe. So is the bargaine.

Ref. You say that you'll have Phoeb if she will.

Sil. Though to have her and death, were both one thing.
Ref. I have promis'd to make all this matter even:
Kepe you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter,
You yours Orlando, to receive her daughter,
Or else refusing me to wed this shepeheard;
Kepe you your word Sirueus, that you'll match her
If you 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 lively touches of your daughters favour.

Ori. My Lord, the first time that I euer saw him,
Me thought he was a brother to your daughter;
But my good Lord, this Boy is Forreft borne,
And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many delicate studyes, by his vachle,
Whom he reports to be a great Magitian.

Enter Chlorne and Andery.

Obeoed in the circle of this Forreft.

Pag. There is none another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the Arke. Here cometh a poore virgin like to haue fought one.

Quarrels, and like to have sought one.

I like him very well.

Du. Se. I am yours.
To you, to his love must accord,
With you and you, are heart in heart:

Thee, to your love must accord,
To joine in feeling

Winter to winter,

You and you, are heart in heart:

Winter to winter:

As you like it.

Ref. If you have a quarrel in print, by the booke: as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees.
The first, the Retort courtous: the second, the Quip-modeft: the third, the reply Churlishe the fourth, the Reproofe valiant: the fift, the Counter-checke quarrelsome: the fift, the Lye with circumference: the seuenth, the Lye direft: all these you may avoyd, but the Lye direft: and you may avoyd that too, with an If. I knew when feuen Judges could not take vp a Quarrel, but when the parties were met themselues, one of them thought but of an If; as if you faide so, then I faide so: and they swore hands, and swore brothers. Your If, is the onely peace-maker: much vertue in if.

Pag. Is not this a rare fellow my Lord? He's as good as any thing, and yet a fool.

Du. Se. He vies his folly like a flocking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoos his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia,
Still Musing.

Hymen. This is a three math in beauteous,
When earthly things made cars
As one together.

Good Duke receive thy daughter,
Hymen from Heaven brought her,
Tea brought her hither,
That those mightst have mine hand with his,
Whose heart within his bosom it.

Ref. To you I give my felle, for I am yours.
To you I give my felle, for I am yours.

Du. Se. If there be truth in fight, you are my daughter.

Ori. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. Life & Shape be true, why then my love adieu

Ref. He have no Father, if you be not he:
I have no Husband, if you be not he:

Nor he durft not give me the lyce direft: and so wee measure d'fores, and parted.

Pag. Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of the lyce.

Pag. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the booke: as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees.
The first, the Retort courtous: the second, the Quip-modeft: the third, the reply Churlishe the fourth, the Reproofe valiant: the fift, the Counter-checke quarrelsome: the fift, the Lye with circumference: the seuenth, the Lye direft: all these you may avoyd, but the Lye direft: and you may avoyd that too, with an If. I knew when seuen Judges could not take vp a Quarrel, but when the parties were met themselues, one of them thought but of an If; as if you faide so, then I faide so: and they swore hands, and swore brothers. Your If, is the onely peace-maker: much vertue in if.

Pag. Is not this a rare fellow my Lord? He's as good as any thing, and yet a fool.

Du. Se. He vies his folly like a flocking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoos his wit.
As you like it.

Pit. 1 will not eat my word, now thou saue mine, Thy faith, my facie to thee doue combine.

Enter Second Brother.

2.Bro. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second some of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this faire assembly.

Duke Frederick, hearing how that euery day
Men of great worth retorted to this forrell
Address a mightie power, which were on foote
In his owne conduct, purposely to take
His brother heere, and put him to the fword .
And to the skirts of this wilde Wood he came ;
Where, meeting with an old Religious man,
After some question with him, was converterd
Both from his enterprize, and from the world :
His crowne bequeathing to his bastard 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.

Dr. Se. Welcome yong man:
Thou offer fairciy to thy brothers wedding
To one his lands with-held, and to the other
A land it selfe at large, a potent Dukedome
First, in this Forreft let vs do those ends
That here we well begun, and wel begot:
And after, euery of this happy number
That have endur'd throw'd dates, and nights with vs,
Shal share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.

Meane time, forget this new-falne dignitie,
And fall into our Rusticke Revelrie:
Play Musick, and you Brides and Bride-groomes all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to thre Mesares fall.

Iaq. Sir, by your patience : if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a Religious life,
And throwne into neglect the pompous Court.

2.Bro. He hath.

Iaq. To him will I out of these concertes,
There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd :
you to your former Honor, I bequeath
your patience, and your vertue, well deferves it,
you to a longue, that your true faith doth merit :
you to your land, and loue, and great allies :
you to a longue, and well-defured bed :
And you to wrangling, for thy louing voyage
Is, but for two moneths viuall'd: So to your pleasures,
I am for other, then for dancing mesures.

Dr. Se. Stay, Iaqur. stay.

Iaq. To see no pause, I what you would have,
Ile stay to know, at your abandon'd cause.

Dr. Se. Proceed, proceed: we'll begin these rights,
As we do truft, they'll end in true delights.

Exe. Ref. It is not the fashion to see the Ladie the Epilogue:
but it is no more vnhandfome, then to see the
Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs
no bush, 'tis true, that a good play needs no Epilogue.
Yet to good wine they do vfe good bushes : and good
players proue the better by the helpe of good Epilogues:
What a case am i in then, that am neither a good
Epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalfe of a
good play? I am not furnish'd like a Begger, therefore
to begge will not become mee. My way is to conjure
you, and Ile begin with the Women. I charge you (O
women) for the love you beare to men, to like as much
of this Play, as please you: And I charge you (O men)
for the love you beare to women (as I perceiue by your
fimpriing, none of you hates them) that betweene you,
and the women, the play may pleafe. If I were a Wo-
man, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that
plea'd me, compliions that lik'd me, and breaths that
I defire 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'fe, bid me farewell.

Exe.
THE Taming of the Shrew.

Ahas primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Beggar and Hosts, Christopher Sly.

Beggar.

Le phece you instanh.

Host. A pair of flockes you rogue.

Beg. Y'are a baggage, the Shire are no Rogues. Look at the Chronicles we came in with Richard Conqueror: therefore Pancas palladium, let the world slide: Sefia.

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Beg. No, nor a deniere: go by S. Ernime, go to thy cold bed, and warme thee.

Host. I know my remedy: I must go fetch the Headborough.

Beg. Third, or fourth, or fifth Borough, I mean to be him by Law. Let me not budge an inch boy: Let him come, and kindly.

Fades asleep.

Winds hornet. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his train.

Lord. Huntsman I charge thee, tender well my hounds, Brach Mermain, the poore Curr is unmoll, And couple Cowlower with the deep mouth'd brach, Saw'st thou not boy how Siluer made it good At the edge corner, in the couldell fault, I would not lose the dogge for twentie pound. 

Hunts. Why Belman is as good as bo my Lord He cried upon it at the monftrous Ioffe, And twice to day pick'd out the duller fent, Trust me, I take him for the better dogge.

Lord. Thou art a Fool. 

Hunts. Were as sincere, 1 would esteemc him worth a dozera fute; But sup them well, and looke vnto them all. Tomorrow I intend to hunt againe.

Lord. I will my Lord.,

Lord. What's heere? One dead, or drunken? See doth he breath?

1. H. He breathes my Lord. Were he not warm'd with Ale, this were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. Oh monstrous beast, how like a wines he lyes. Grim death, how foule and loathsome is this image: Sirs, I will pratherine on this drunken man What think you, if he were conexy'd to bed, Wrapd in sweet cloathes; Rings put upon his fingers: A most delicious banquet by his bed, And braue attantants near him when he waketh.

Would not the begger then forget himselfe?

1. H. Believe me Lord, I thinke he cannot choose. 

2. H. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd  

Lord. Even as a dreamt dreame, or worthis fancie.

Then take him vp, and manage well the left: Carry him gently to my fairest Chamber, And hang it round with all my vwanton pictures: Balm his foule head in warme distiller'd waters, And burne sweet Wood to make the Lodging sweete: Procure me Musicke ready when he waketh, To make a dulce and a heavenly found: And if he chance to speake, be ready straight (And with a lowe submissifie reuercence) Say, what is it your Honor will command: Let one attend him with a siluer Bason Full of Roce-water, and bathed wth Flowers Another bear the Ewer the third a Diaper, And say vnto your Lordship coole your hands. Some one be ready with a costly fuite, And ask him what apparel he will wree, Another tell him of his Hounds and Horses, And that his Ladie mournes at his diſeafe, Peruse him that he hath bin Lunaticke, And when he fayes he is, say that he dreams, For he is nothing but a mightie Lord: This do, and do it kindly, gentle Sirs, It will be pas thrilling excelle, lft be husbanded with modestie.  

1. Hunts. My Lord I warrant you we will play our part As he shall thinke by our true diligence He is no leffe then what we say he is. 

Lord. Take him vp gently, and to bed with him, And each one to his office when he waketh.

Sirrah, go see what Trumpet tis that sound. Bellof Noble Gentleman that meanes (Travelling some journey) to repole him here. 

Enter Sewingman.

How now? who is if? 

Sirs, An it please your Honor, Players That offer service to your Lordship.

Enter Players.

Lord. Bid them come neere: 

Now fellows, you are welcome. 

Players. We thank you Lordship.

Lord. Do you intend to play with me to night? 

Players. We thank your Lordship to accept out duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember, Since once he plaid a Farmers eldest sonne, Twas where you wo'd the Gentlewoman fo well. I have forget your name: but for that part 

Was
Was aptly luted, and naturally perform'd.
Sir, I think 'twas Sera that your honor meanes.
Lord. 'Tis verie true, thou didst it excellent:
Well you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have fame fport in hand,
There is a Lord will hear you play to night;
You breake into some metrical passion,
But I am doubtfull of your modeflies,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
Lead (oner-eying of his odd behaviour,
And so offend him: for I tell you sure,
If you should smile, he growes impatient.
Sir, go you to Bartholmew my Page,
Were he the witieft anticke in the world.
Let them want nothing that my house affordis.
That done, conduit him to the drunkard's chamber.
Tell him from me (as he will win my love)
Such as he hath observed in noble Ladies
And call him Madam, dothira obeisante:
Shall indispit enforce a water! e're
To raise a shower of commanded tears,
To see her noble Lord restor'd to health,
And then with kind embracions, tempting kisses-
May shew her daim and make known her love.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste you canst,
Which in a Napkin (being close cou'd)
With soft lowe tongue, and dely curteisie,
An Onion will do well for such a refuge,
No better then a poore and loathsome begger:
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife.
And say: What is't your Honor will command,
And if the boy have not a womans guift
Who for this seven yeares hath esteem'd him
No better then a poore and loathsome begger:
And if the boy have not a woman's guilt
To raise a flower of commanded tears,
An Onion will do well for such a thift.
Which in a Napkin (being close cou'd)
Shall in despite enforce a water e'er
See this dispacht'd with all the haste you canst,
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

Exit with the Players.

Sir, go you to Bartholmew my Page,
And see he drifht in all fuites as a Lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunken's chamber,
And call him Madame, doth your obeisance:
Tell him from me (as he will win my love)
He beats himselfe with honourable action,
Such as he hath observed in noble Ladies
Vnto their Lords, by them accomplished,
Such dutie to the drunkard let him do:
With soft lowe tongue, and lowly curteisie,
And say: What is't your Honor will command,
Wherein your Lady, and your humble wife,
May shew her dutie, and make known her love.
And then with kind embracions, tempting kisses.
And with declining head into his bosome
Bid him shed tears, as being over-joyed
To see her noble Lord restored to health,
Whoe for this seven yeares hath esteem'd him
No better then a poore and loathsome begger:
And if the boy have not a woman's guilt
To raise a flower of commanded tears,
An Onion will do well for such a thift.
Which in a Napkin (being close cou'd)
Shall in despite enforce a water e'er
See this dispacht'd with all the haste you canst,
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

Exit a stranger.

I know the boy will well usurpe the grace.
Voice, gait, and action of a Gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunken's husband,
And how my men will stave themselues from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant,
Ile in to counsell them: haply my presence
May well abate the over-merrie spleene.
Or wilt thou sleep? We'll haue thee to a Couch,
Sover and tenderer then the luffbed bed
On purpose trimm'd vp for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walke: we will bestow the ground,
Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shall be trap'd,
Their harness stuffed all with Gold and Pearle.
Dost thou love Hawking? Thou haft hawkes will soare
Aboue the morning Lark. Or wilt thou hunt,
The hounds shall make the Welkin anfwer them.
Or wilt thou chase? We'll have thee to a Couch,
Sover and tenderer then the luffbed bed
On purpose trimm'd vp for Semiramis.

Exit a stranger.

3. Man. Or Daphne coming through a thornie wood,
Scratching her legs, that one fhal sweare the bleedis,
And at that sight fhal fed Apollo wepe,
So workmanlike the blood and teares are drawne.

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
Thou haft a Lady farre more beautifull,
Then any woman in this waining age.

1. Man. And till the restes that the hath flid for thee,
Like enuious fouds ore-run her louely face.
She was the fairest creature in the world,
And yet fhe is inferior to none.

2. Man. Am I a Lord, and haue fuch a lady?
Or do I dream? Or haue I dream'd till now?
I do not speake: I fee, I hear, I speake:
I fee, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
I see, I hear, I speake:
Therefore they thought it good you heare a play.

Seeing too much fadneffe hath congeal'd your blood.

For you are hold it very mete,

Which a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Banfes Are come to play a pleasant Comedie,*

I will therefore tattle in despit of the flesh

That I should yet absent me from your bed

To pardon me yet for a nigh or two.

The fifteen yeares you have bin in a dreame,

Or when you wak'd, to wak'd as if you slept.

And vept about sometime ot more.

And say you would present her at the Leeue,

And say you would present her at the Leeue,

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket

Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Oh that once more you knew but what you are

Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

My husband and my Lord, my Lord and madam

My husband and my Lord, my Lord and madam

Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?

A siluer of your Honors players hearing your amendment.

Beg. Will please your mightinesse to wash your hands.

Oh how we joy to see your wit reflect,

Oh that once more you knew but what you are:

These fifteen yeeres you have bin in a dreame,

Or when you wak'd, to wak'd as if you slept.

Beg. These fifteen yeares, by my say, a goodly nap,

But did I ever speake of all that time

1 Man. Oh yes my Lord, but verie idle words,

For though you say here in this goodlie chamber,

Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of doore,

And raile upon the Hostelie of the house,

Because she brought stone-lugs, and no feall'd quarts:

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket

1. the woman maid of the house,

3 Man. Why fir you know no house, nor no such maid

Nor no such men as you have reckond up,

As Stephen Stue, and old John Nap of Greece,

And Peter Turpe, and Henry Pimpenned,

And two more such names and men as these,

Which neuer were, nor no man ever saw.

Beg. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Your Honors players hearing your amendment.

Are come to play a pleasant Comedie,

For your doctours hold it very mete,

Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,

And melancholy is the Nurse of frenzye,

Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,

And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,

Which barres a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Beg. Mafter I will let them play, it is not a Comedie,

A Christmas gambold, or a tumbling tricke?

Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleasing stufse.

Beg. What household stufse.

Lady. It is a kinde of history.

Beg. Well, well, I see t.

Come Madam wife fit by my fide,

And let the world fip, we shall here be younger.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio, and his man Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great defire I had

To fee faire Padua, nurserie of Arts,

I am arru'd for fruitfull Lombardie,

The pleafant garden of great Italy,

And by my fathers loue and leau am arm'd

With his good will, and thy good companie.

My trafficke Renaut well approv'd in all,

Here let vs breath, and hoply intuite

A course of Learning, and ingenious floods.

Pifs renowned for grace Citizen,

Gave me my being, and my father fitst

A Merchant of great Trafficke through the world:

Viencies: come of the Bentinck,

Viencies: sonne, brough vp in Florence,

It shall become to leue all hoper concieuid

To dafe his fortune with his verituous deeder:

And therefore Tranio, for the time I study,

Venture and that part of Philofophie

Will I appiite, that treak of happineffe,

By vertue specially to be archiecte,

Tell me thy name, for I have Pifs left,

And am to Padua come, as he that leues

A shallow plafs, to plunge him in the deepes,

And with facietie feetes to quench his thirft.

Tell me thy name.

Mef. Your Honors players hearing your amendment.

Beg. I thanke thee thou falt not loofe by it.

Lady. How fars my noble Lord?

Beg. Mafter I fpare well, for here is cheere enough

Where is my wife?

La. Heere noble Lord, what is thy will with her?

Beg. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?

My men fould call me Lord, I amy out good-man.

La. My husband and my Lord, my Lord and madam

I am your wife in all obedience.

Beg. I know it well, what name I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Beg. Alice Madam, or Iane Madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else, fo Lords cal Ladies

Beg. Madame wife, they fay that I have dreamt d,

And slept about some fifteen yeares or more.

Lady 1. and the time feeme's thirty unto me,

Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Beg. To much, fervants leave me and her alone

Madam vindictle you, and come now to bed

La. Thrice noble Lord, let me in eat of you

To pardon me yet for a night or two.

Or if not so, vntill the Sun be fet.

For your Phisitians have expreffely charg'd,

In peril to incurre your former malady,

That I should yet abfent me from your bed

I hope this reason flands for my excuse.

Beg. It stands fo that I may hardly Party fo long.

But I would both fall into my dreames againe:

I wil therefore retire in delight of the flesh & the blood

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Your Honors players hearing your amendment.

Are come to play a pleasant Comedie,

For your doctours hold it very mete,

Seeing too much sadneffe hath congeal'd your blood,

And melancholy is the Nurse of frenzye,

Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,

And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,

Which barres a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Beg. Mafter I will let them play, it is not a Comedie,

A Christmas gambold, or a tumbling tricke?

Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleasing stufse.

Beg. What household stufse.

Lady. It is a kinde of history.

Beg. Well, well, I see t.

Come Madam wife fit by my fide,

And let the world fip, we shall here be younger.

Flourish.

Enter Lucentio, and his man Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great defire I had

To see faire Padua, nurserie of Arts,

I am arru'd for fruitfull Lombardie,

The pleafant garden of great Italy,

And by my fathers loue and leau am arm'd

With his good will, and thy good companie.

My trafficke Renaut well approv'd in all,

Here let vs breath, and hoply intuite

A course of Learning, and ingenious floods.

Pifs renowned for grace Citizen,

Gave me my being, and my father fitst

A Merchant of great Trafficke through the world:

Viencies: come of the Bentinck,

Viencies: sonne, brough vp in Florence,

It shall become to leue all hoper concieuid

To dafe his fortune with his verituous deeder:

And therefore Tranio, for the time I study,

Venture and that part of Philofophie

Will I appiite, that treak of happineffe,

By vertue specially to be architect

Tell me thy name, for I have Pifs left,

And am to Padua come, as he that leues

A shallow plafs, to plunge him in the deepes,

And with facetie feetes to quench his thirft.

Tell me thy name.

Mef. Your Honors players hearing your amendment.

Beg. I thanke thee thou falt not loofe by it.

Lady. How fars my noble Lord?

Beg. Mafter I fpare well, for here is cheere enough

Where is my wife?

La. Heere noble Lord, what is thy will with her?

Beg. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?

My men fould call me Lord, I amy out good-man.

La. My husband and my Lord, my Lord and madam

I am your wife in all obedience.

Beg. I know it well, what name I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Beg. Alice Madam, or Iane Madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else, fo Lords cal Ladies

Beg. Madame wife, they fay that I have dreamt d,

And slept about some fifteen yeares or more.

Lady 1. and the time feeme's thirty unto me,

Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Beg. To much, fervants leave me and her alone

Madam vindictle you, and come now to bed

La. Thrice noble Lord, let me in eat of you

To pardon me yet for a night or two.

Or if not so, vntill the Sun be fet.

For your Phisitians have expreffely charg'd,

In peril to incurre your former malady,

That I should yet abfent me from your bed

I hope this reason flands for my excuse.

Beg. It stands fo that I may hardly Party fo long.

But I would both fall into my dreames againe:

I wil therefore retire in delight of the flesh & the blood

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Your Honors players hearing your amendment.

Are come to play a pleasant Comedie,

For your doctours hold it very mete,

Seeing too much sadneffe hath congeal'd your blood,

And melancholy is the Nurse of frenzye,

Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,

And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,

Which barres a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Beg. Mafter I will let them play, it is not a Comen-
The Taming of the Shrew.

Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gr. To cat her rather. She's too tough for me,
There, then Hortensio, will you any Wife?
Kate. I pray you, Sir, is it your will
To make a fiddle of me amongst these mates?

Her. Mares maid, how meanes you that?

No mates for you,

Vulke you were of gentler milder mould.
Kate. I faith for you, you shall never neede to fear,
This it is not halfe way to her heart.
But if he were, doubt not, he would be,
To comb your noddle with a three egg'd toole,
But if it were, doubt not, her care should be,
And paint your face, and use you like a foole.

Maids mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace Tranio.
Bianca.

What have I said, get you in.
For I will love thee oer the lessemy girle.
Bianca,
And let it not please thee good and she knew why.

I will be very kind and berall
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
I like I knew not what to take,
My bookes and instrumentes shall be my companie.
On them to look, and praise by my selfe.

Bianca's

I wherein he delights, I will wish him to her father.

Schoolemers will I keepes within my house.

To mine owne children, in good bringing up,

I burned, I pine, I perishe
Tranio, Sot
Secreion is not rated from the heart

Tranio, Sot
Comfale me I know thou caust:

Luc. Harke Tranio, thou wilt hear mine speak.
Her. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange,
Sorrie am I that our good will extes

Bianco's grace.

What will you mew her vp
(Signior Baptista) for this braid of hell,
And make her beare the penance of her tongue,
Bap. Gentlemen content ye: I am resolv'd:
Go in Bianca.
And for I know she taketh most delight
In Mufecke, Inftuments, and Poetry,
Schoollemers will I keepes within my house,
To fit and instruct her youth.
If you Hortensio,
Or signior Gremio you know any fuch,
Preferre them higher to cunning men,
I will be very kind and liberall
To mine owne children, in good bringing vp,
And so farewell: Katherine you may stay,
For I have more to commune with Bianca.

Kate. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?
What shall I be appointed hours, as though
(Belike) I knew not what to take,
And what to leave? Ha

Gr. You may goe to the diuelt dam: your guifts are
to good heres none will hold you: Then love is not
go great Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together,
and facet fairly out. Our cakes dogo on both fides.
Farewell: yet for the loue I bеare my sweet Bianca, if
I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that
wherein she delights, I will with him to her father.

Her. So will I signior Gremio: but a word I praye:
Though the nature of our quarrell yet never brook'd past,
know now upon advice, it toucheth vs both: that
we may yet againe hauue access to our faire Miftris, and
be happie riuers in Bianca's love, to labour and effect
one thing specially.

Gr. What's that I praye?
Her. Matirie fir to get a husband for her Sifer,
Gr. A husband: a dwelle.
Her. I say a husband.
Gr. I say, a dwelle: think'st thou Hortensio, though
her father be vertie rich, any man is to verie a foole to be
married to hell?

Her. True Gremio: though it passe your patience
mine to endure her lowd alarums, why man there bee
good followers in the world, and a man could light on
them, would take her with all faults, and mony enough.
Gr. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie
with this condition: To be whipt at the hie croffe every morning.

Her. Faith (as you say) there's small choice in rotten
apples: but come, since this bar In law makes vs friends,
it shall be so faire forth friendly maintain'd: till by helping
Baptista eldest daughter to a husband, we fet his yongeft free for a husband, and then have too affects
Sweet Bianca, happy man be his doe: see that dume
faileth, gets the Ring: How say you Signior Gremio?
Grem I am agreed, and would I had given him the
best horse in Padera to begin his woing that would tho
roughly woe her, wed her, and dide the house of her. Come on.

Exit ambo. Marse Tranio, and Lucentio

Tra. I pray sir tel me, is it possible
That love shou'd of a fordtaine take such hold.
Luc. Oh Tranio, till I found it ro be true,
I never thought it possible or likely.
But fee, while idely I flook looking on,
I found the effect of Loue in idlenes,
And now in plainenes do confente to thee
That art to me as fecret and as deere

As Amata to the Queene of Cathage was
Tranio I burne, I pine, I perishe Tranio,
If I achicue not this yong modell gyrl:
Comfale me Tranio, for I know thou canst:
Alift me Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Mafter, it is no time to chide you now,
Affe&ion is not rated from the heart:
If Loue haue touch't you, naught reoaines but so.

Luc. I am agreet, and would I had given him the
best horse in Padera to begin his woing that would tho
roughly woe her, wed her, and dide the house of her. Come on.

Exeunt ambo. Marse Tranio, and Lucentio

Luc. I say a husband. Think'ft thou
Marshal is fit to marry her, dide her, and ride the
horse of her. Come on.

Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how hir fitter
looked fo longly on the maid e.

Luc. Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Beginning to fceld, and rafe vp such a florme,
That mostre eares might hardly endure the din.

Luc. Tranio, I faw her corrall tips to move her,
And with her breath she did perfume the ayre.

Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. Oh yes, I faw sweet beautie in her face,
Such as the daughter of fomer had,
That made great foure to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kift the Cretan ftrond.

Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how hit fizzer
Began to fceld, and rafe vp such a ftermo,
That mostre eares might hardly endure the din.

Luc. Tranio, I faw her corrall tips to move her,
And with her breath she did perfume the ayre.

Tranio. Nay, then is time to fitle him over his tranche
I pray awake fit: if you love the Maidie,
Bend thoughts and wits to acheue her.
Thus it stands: Her elder fizzer is fo curt and fivew
That rif the Father rid his hands of her,
Mafter's you Loue muft have a maidie home,
And therefore he has closely med her vp,
Because she will not be angry with others.

Luc. Ah Tramo, what a cruel master he is!
But art thou not aduise'd, he took some care
To get her cunning Schoolemasters to instruct her.

Tram. I marry am I fit, and now 'tis plotted,
Luc. I have it Tram. Tram. Master, for my hand
Both our instructions meet and umpe in one.

Luc. Tell me then sir?
Tram. You will be schoole-master, and
Understend the teaching of the mad:
That's your deuice.

Luc. It is: May it be done?
Tram. Not possible: for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's sonne,
Kepe house, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
Visit his Countrie-men, and banquet them?

Luc. Beata, content thee: for I have it full
We have not yet bin seene in any honie,
Nor can we be disinguished by our faces,
For man or master: then it follows thus;
Thou shalt be master, Trano in my stead:
Kepe house, and port, and seruaits, as I should,
I will some other be, sonne Florantius,
Some Naples, or master man of Piza,
Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: Trano at once
Vnseale thee: take my Confort hat and claske,
When Servadelle comes, lie wastes on thee,
But I will charge him first to keep his tongue.

Tram. So had you need.

In breefe Sir, fish it your pleasure is,
And I am tyed to be obedient,
For so your father charg'd me at our parting:
Be servicable to my sonne (quotch he)
Although I thinke 'twas in another sense,
I am content to bee Lucentio,
Because so well I loue Lucentio,
Luc. Tram. To bee so, because Lucentio loves me,
And let me be a slave, such a slave in a place,
Whose fondnes sight hath thal'd my wounded eye.

Enter Servadell. Here comes the rogue. Sirra, where haue you bin?
Bien. Where haue I beene? Nay how now, where are you?
Master, he's my fellow Trano holde your cloathes, or you holde his, or both? Pray what's the news?

Luc. Sirra come hither, this is no time to seek,
And therefore frame you manners to the time
Your fellow Tram. here to save my life,
Put your apparel, and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his:
For in a quarrell here I came a shore,
I kill a man, and feare I was defent,
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes:
While I make my way from hence to save my life;
You understand me?

Bien. I first, me's a whit.
Luc. And not a jot of Trano in your mouth,
Tram. chang'd into Lucentio.
Bien. The better for him, would I were so too.

Tram. So could I faith boy, to have the next with after,
that Lucentio indeede had Baptiste young daughter.
But first, not for my sake, but your masters, I advise you ve your manners discreetly in all kind of companies; When I am alone, why then I am Trano: but in all places else, you maste Lucentio.

Luc. Tram. let's go:
One thing more refts, that thy selfe execute,
To make one among thefe woorers: if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty.

Exeunt. The Prenters about 

1. Mai. My Lord you nod, you do not minde the play.

Beg. Yes by Saint Anne do I, a good master surely;
Come there any more of it?

Lady. My Lord, tis but begun
Beg. 'Tis a very excellent piece of worke, Madame,
Lady: would 'twere done.

They fis and marke.

Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio.

Petr. Verona, for a while take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua: but of all
My best beloved and approved friend
Hortensio: & I strow this is his house:
Here resides Graimo, knocke I say.

Any man here's rebus'd your worship?

Petr. Villaine Isay knocke me here se fendly.
Grum. Knocke you here sir? Why sir? what am I sir,
that I should knocke you there sir?

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I knocke you knockes pate.

Grum. My My is growne quarrellsome:
I should knocke you first,
And then I know no after who comes by the worst.

Petr. Will it be not?

Faith sirrah, and you not knocke, I'll ring it,
I'll let you know how you can Sol, Fe, and finge it.


He rings him by the ears.

Grum. Helpe mistress, helpe, my mistress is mad.

Petr. Now knocke when I bid you: sirrah villain.

Enter Hortensio.

Hort. How now, what's the matter? My good friend
Graimo, and my good friend Petruchio? How do you all

Petr. Sirignor Hortensio, come you to port the fray?
Consuls are borne to brabate, may I say,
Hort. Alia est ra binae venes multa honora at fugi,
or min Petruchio.
Rite Graimo stile, we will compound this quarrell

Grum. Nay 'tis no master sir, what he leges in Latino
If this be not a lawful lawfull cause for me to loose his feruice,
I looke on you. He bid me knocke him, & rap him soundly sir,
Well, was it fit for a seruant to vie his master, to
be perhaps (for ought I see) to be thirty, a peeple out?
Wishes would to God I had well knockt at first,
then had not Graimo come by the worst.

Petr. A feneceelli villaine, go: Hortensio,
I had the rafcall knocke upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heare to do it.

Grum. Knocke at the gate? O heavens: speke you not
these words plaine? Sirra. Knocke me here heere; rappe me heere: knocke me well, and knocke me soundly? And come you now with knoe king at the gate?

Petr. Sirra be gone, or talke not I shal doe you
Hort. Petruchio pacienc, I am Graimo I pledge
Why this a huerous change twist him and you,
Your ancient truful pleasaunt seruant Graimo,
And tell me now (sweet friend) what hap'rest to you?
Blows you to Salvo heere, from old Verona?

Petr. Such wand as carres you gentlemen through the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows but in a few.
Signor Hortensio twixt his hands with me,
Antonio my father is deceiv'd,
And I have thrust my selfe into this maze,
Happily to woe and thrize, as best I may:
Crownes in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so I am come abroad to see the world.

Her. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And with thee to a friend's ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dst think me but a little for my counsell:
And yet I promise thee the shall be rich,
And very rich: but that's too much my friend,
And I'll not with thee so.

Pet. Signor 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 the as sable as was Florentius Love,
As old as Sack, and as curst and throw'd
As Soave Zunzeppe, or a worse:
She moves me not, or not remoues at lead
Affections edge in me. Were she as rough
As sold as anap and cow'd and blew'd
Be she as soule as was Florentine
I will perhaps call him half a knave, or so: Why
That's nothing: and he begin once, he'll raise in his rope
Trick, tell thee what list, and the fraud him but a lit-
tle, he will throw a figure in her face, and do disfigure her
with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withall
Then a Cat: you know him not so.

Her. Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista keepe my treasure is:
He hath the Jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
And her which-holds from me. Other more
Succers to her, and rivals in my Loue:
Supposing it is thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehearsed,
That ever Katherine will be wood'd:
Therefore this order hath Baptista sent,
That none shall have access into Bianca,
Tell Katherine the Curst, have got a husband.
Gru. Katherine the curst,
A title for a mad, of all titles the worst.

Her. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me gifts in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a school-master,
Well feene in Mufick, to instruct Bianca,
That I may by this deuice at least
Have ease and leisure to make loue to her,
And unsuspected court her by her selfe.

Enter Gremio and Lucanio disgifed.
Gru. Here's no knasie. See, to beguil the old-
folks, how the young folks lay their heads together.
Mater, mater, looke about you: Who goes there?
Her. Peace Gremio, it is the rival of my Loue.
Petruchio and I by a white.
Gremio. A proper stipling, and an amorous.
Gru. O very well, I have perus'd the note:
Hearke you sir, I haue them verie faire bound,
All bookes of Loue, see that at any hand.
And see you read no other lettres to her:
You understand me. Ouer and besides
Signor Baptista liberalisate,
I'll mend it with a Largefle. Take your paper too,
And let me haue them verie wel perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume it selfe
To them whom she go to: what wil you reade to her.

Luc. What ere I reade to her, I pleade for you,
As for my patron, stand you as how'd,
As firmly as your selfe were still in place,
Yes and perhaps with more successfull words
Then you: voleffe you were a scholler sir.
Gru. Oh this learning, what a thing it is.
Gru. Oh this Woodcocke, what an Asf he is.
Petr. Peace firra.
Her. Gremio: God woe you signior Gremio.
Gru. And you are well met, Signior Hortensen.
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Musola,
I promitt to enquire carefully
About a schoolsmifer 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 Poesie
And other bookes, good ones, I warrant ye.

Her. 'Tis well, and I haue met a Gentleman
Hath promitt me to helpe one to another,
A fine Multian to instrucre our Mithris,
So still I no what be behinde in dutie
To faire Bianca, so beloved of me.
Gru. Beloved of me, and that my deeds shall prove,
Gru. And that his bags shall prove.
Her. Greme's, its now no time to vent our loue,
Listen to me, and if you speake me faire,
I'll tel you newes indifferenc good for either.
Here is a Gentleman whom by chance I met
Bapt if a
is a noble Gentleman,
Do me this right; beare me with patience.
That file's the choife lone of Signior
Forme, as for you?
hence.
you talks of, yea
or
do?
Tutor eo the Maid
you a
Are
meane?
Tell me 1 befcech you, which is the readied way
And beare his charge of wooing whstfoeve.
? To the houfe of Signior
As wii a Cheffe-nut in a Farmers fire,
Loud larums, neighing deeds, & trumpets clangue?
That gioes not halfe fo great a blow to beare.
And do you tell me of a womans tongue?
And hcauens Artillerie thunder in che skies?
Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with fweat?
Thioke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares?
Haue I not heard she fea, pnft vp with windes.
Haue 1 not in my time heard Lions rore?
You fhal haue mendigning you in all.
But if you haue a ftomackc, toot 3 God6 name,
If that be all Matters, I heare no harmc.
Yea, and to marrie her, if her dowrie pleafe.
But will you woo this Wilde-cat
!
Katberme,
Tra.
Softly my M afters : If you be Gcntiemert
Her.
Hortenfo.
That (he's the chofen ©ffignior
For this reafon if you'l kno.
TV*. Perhaps him and her fir, what haue you to do ?
Gre.
Tramo.
Euen he Btonde Eo.
Tra.
Why fir, I pray are not the firects as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But fo is not the.
Tra. For what reason I befcech you.
Gre. For this reason if you'll kno,
That she's the choife loue of Signior Grenio.
Her. That she's the chofen of signior Hertesfio.
Tra. Softly my Mafters : 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.
Faife Ladys daughter had a thousand woorees,
Then well one more may faire Bianco haue;
And so the shall : Luentio final make one,
Though Aris came, in hope to speed alone.
Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talke vs all.
Luc. Sir giuc him head, I know hee'l proue a lade.
Pet. Hortenfo, to what end are all these words?
Her. Sir, let me be to bold as ask you,
Did you yet euer see Baptifha daughter ?
Tra. No fir, but heare I do that he hath two:
The one, as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other, for beauteous modellie.
Pet. Sir, sir, the first for me, let her go by
Gre. Yes, leave that labour to great Hercules,
And let it be more then Alcestes twelve.
Pet. Sir vnderstand you this of me (inflooath)
The yougest daughter whom you hearken for,
Her father keepes from all access of futors
And will not promise her to any man,
Vncll the elder filler feft be we'd.
The younger then is free, and not before.
Traue. If it be so fir, that you are the man
Muff teed vs all, and me amongit the reft:
And if you brake the ice, and do this fecke,
Archieue the elder : let the youngper free,
For our access, whose hap shall be to haue her,
Wil no fo gracelefte be, to be ingrare.
Her. Sir you say wel, and wed you do concieve.
And since you do profeffe to be a Tutor,
You muft as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
To whom we all reft generally beholding.
Traue. Sir, I fhall not be flacke, in figne whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afremoone,
And do as aduerfaries do in law,
And fince you do profeffe to be a Tutor,
You muft as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
For our access, whose hap fhall be to haue her,
Wil no fo gracelefte be, to be ingrare.
Her. Sir you fay wel, and wed you do concieve.
And since you do profeffe to be a Tutor,
You muft as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
To whom we all reft generally beholding.

Enter Tranio brasse, and Biondallo.
Tra. Gentlemen God faue you. If I may be bold
Tell me I befcech you, which is the readifie way
To the house of Signior Baptifha Minala?
Bion. He that he's the two faire daughters: if he you mean?
Tra. Euen he Biondale.
Gre. Hearke you sir, you meane not her to —
Tra. Perhaps him and her fir, what have you to do ?
Pet. Not her that chides fir, at any hand I pray.
Tra. I loue no chiders fir : Biondale, let's away.
Luc. Well begun her.
Sir, a word ere you go:
Gre. Hes aye, we would be Contributors,
And if we do not do as hee bides us,
We have no help, and me amongit the reft:
Vntill the elder fifter firft be wed.

Enter Katherine and Bianca.
Bian. Good sifter wrong me not, nor wrong your self,
To make a bondside and a fauce of mee,
That I disdaine: but for thefe other goods,
Vnbind me your handes, Ie pull them off my selfe,
Yea all my raiment, to my pettieoate,
Vnbindе my hands, lie pull them off my selfe.
That I difdaine: but for thefe other goods,
To make abondmaide and a flaue of mee.
Oh sir, fuch a life withfuth a wife, were strange:
I would i were as suie of a good dinner.
Here you fir, you meane not her eo—-
For what reafon I befeech you.
Tramo.
Him & Eo,

The Taming of the Shrew.
Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why how now Dame, whence growes this insolence?

Bianca stand aside, poor gyrl the weepes:
Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her.
For shame thou medling of a deuiliest spirit,
Why doft thou wrong her, that did nere wrong thee?
When did the croff thine with a bitter word?

Kate. Her fience flouts me, and Ile be reueng'd.

Enter Bianca.


Kate. What will you not fuffer me? Nay now I see
She is your treaure, she muft have a husband,
I muft dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
For thine love to her, leade Apes in hell.
Talk not to me, I will go fit and weepes,
Till I can finde occasion of reuenge.

Bap. Was ever Gentleman thus green'd as I 

But who comes here.

Enter Gretna, Lucentia, in the habit of a meane man,
Peruccia with Trento, with his boy
bearing a Lute and Bookes.

Gre. Good morrow neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow neighbour Gretna, God sue you Gentlemen.

Pet. And you good sir: pray bane you not a daughter,
call'd Katerina faire and venorous.

Bap. I have a daughter sir, call'd Katerina.

Gre. You are too blunt, go oo it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me sir, and I finde,
I am a Gentleman of Verona sir,
That hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability and bashfull modestie:
Her wondrous qualities, and milde behauiour
Am bold to shew my felfe a forward gueft
Within your house, to make mine eye the witncfTe
Of that or else you like not of my companie.

To inlbucl her fully in thofe fciences,
Within your houfe, to make mine eye the witncfTe
Of Verona fir.

Katerina,
she is not for your turne, the more my greefe.

Her wondrous qualities, and milde behauiour
To inlbucl her fully in thofe fciences,
Within your houfe, to make mine eye the witncfTe
Of Verona fir.

Pet. And for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do prefent you with a man of mine
And for an entrance to my entertainment,
Her wondrous qualities, and milde behauiour

Pet. Acceopt of him, or else you do me wrong,

Bap. After my death, the one balfe of my Lands, 

And in poiffession twenty thoufand Crownes.

Pet. And for that dowrie, Ile affure her of
Her widow-hood, be it that the furuiue me
In all my Lands and Leaves whatsoever,
Let specialties be there fore drawn between vs, 

Pet. Or else you like not of my companie.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde,
Whence are you sir? What may I call your name.

Pet. Peruccia is my name, and Antonio's fame,
A man well knowne throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well, you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. I am as perempAVIS the proud minded :
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do confume the thing that feedes their furie.

Bap. That is her love: for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as perempAVIS the proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do confume the thing that feedes their furie.

Bap. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as perempAVIS the proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do confume the thing that feedes their furie.

Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,

Bap. After my death, the one balfe of my Lands,

And in poiffession twenty thoufand Crownes.

Pet. Acceopt of him, or else you do me wrong,

Bap. After my death, the one balfe of my Lands,

And in poiffession twenty thoufand Crownes.

Pet. And for that dowrie, Ile affure her of

Her widow-hood, be it that the furuiue me
In all my Lands and Leaves whatsoever,
Let specialties be there fore drawn between vs, 

Pet. Or else you like not of my companie.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde,
Whence are you sir? What may I call your name.

Pet. Peruccia is my name, and Antonio's fame,
A man well knowne throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well, you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. I am as perempAVIS the proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do confume the thing that feedes their furie.

Bap. That is her love: for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as perempAVIS the proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do confume the thing that feedes their furie.

Bap. After my death, the one balfe of my Lands,

And in poiffession twenty thoufand Crownes.

Pet. And for that dowrie, Ile affure her of

Her widow-hood, be it that the furuiue me
In all my Lands and Leaves whatsoever,
Let specialties be there fore drawn between vs, 

Pet. Or else you like not of my companie.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde,
Whence are you sir? What may I call your name.

Pet. Peruccia is my name, and Antonio's fame,
A man well knowne throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well, you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. I am as perempAVIS the proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do confume the thing that feedes their furie.

Bap. That is her love: for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as perempAVIS the proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do confume the thing that feedes their furie.

Bap. After my death, the one balfe of my Lands,

And in poiffession twenty thoufand Crownes.

Pet. And for that dowrie, Ile affure her of

Her widow-hood, be it that the furuiue me
In all my Lands and Leaves whatsoever,
Let specialties be there fore drawn between vs, 

Pet. Or else you like not of my companie.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde,
Whence are you sir? What may I call your name.

Pet. Peruccia is my name, and Antonio's fame,
A man well knowne throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well, you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. I am as perempAVIS the proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do confume the thing that feedes their furie.

Bap. That is her love: for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as perempAVIS the proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do confume the thing that feedes their furie.

Bap. After my death, the one balfe of my Lands,

And in poiffession twenty thoufand Crownes.

Pet. And for that dowrie, Ile affure her of

Her widow-hood, be it that the furuiue me
In all my Lands and Leaves whatsoever,
Let specialties be there fore drawn between vs, 

Pet. Or else you like not of my companie.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde,
Whence are you sir? What may I call your name.

Pet. Peruccia is my name, and Antonio's fame,
A man well knowne throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well, you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. I am as perempAVIS the proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do confume the thing that feedes their furie.

Bap. That is her love: for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as perempAVIS the proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do confume the thing that feedes their furie.

Bap. After my death, the one balfe of my Lands,

And in poiffession twenty thoufand Crownes.

Pet. And for that dowrie, Ile affure her of

Her widow-hood, be it that the furuiue me
In all my Lands and Leaves whatsoever,
Let specialties be there fore drawn between vs,
The Taming of the Shrew

Bap. How now my friend, why doth thou looke so pale?
Hort. For fear I promise you, if you looke pale.
Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good Musitian?
 Hort. I think she sooner prove a fouldier,
Iron may hold with her, but never Lutes.
Bap. Why then thou canst not break her to the Lute?
Hort. Why no, for she hath broke the Lute to me:
I did but tell her the misfortune of her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When (with a most impatient dellibufh spirit)
Frets call you thefe? (quoth the) I fee fum with them:
And with that word she flroke me on the head,
And through the inftrument my pate made way,
And there I found amazed for a while,
As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute,
While she did call me Rascal, Fidler,
And twangling fake, with twenty such vile teamees;
As had the fluided to misle me.
Hort. Now by the world, it is a juflive Wench,
I loue her better times more than ere I did,
Oh how I long to have fome line with her.
Bap. Wel goe with me, and be not fo foconfomt.
Proceed in praffe with my young daughter.
She's apt to learn, and thankefull for good turnes:
Signior Petruchio, will you goe with vs,
Or shall I fend my daughter Kate to you.

Enter Kate, Mar. Petruchio.

Pet. I pray you do. Ile attend her here,
And woo her with some fpirit when she comes,
Say that the raile, why then Ile tell her plain.
She fings as fweetly as a Nighthingale;
Say that the frowne, Ile fay the lookes as eleete
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say that the world report that
But thou with midjnefie entertain'd thy wooers,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Thou canst not firo woe, thou canst not {poke a word.
For thou art pleafartt, game fome, parting courteous,
But low in fpeech: yet I sweet as fpring-time flowers
And now I finde report a very liar:
T was told me you were rough, and coy, and lullen,
As hazle nuts, and Tweeter then the kernels;
With gentle conference, soft, and affable.
Kate. Why does the world report that
But thou with midjnefie entertain'd thy wooers,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Thou canst not firo woe, thou canst not {poke a word.
For thou art pleafartt, game fome, parting courteous,
But low in fpeech: yet I sweet as fpring-time flowers
And now I finde report a very liar:
T was told me you were rough, and coy, and lullen,
As hazle nuts, and Tweeter then the kernels;
With gentle conference, soft, and affable.

Pet. Why now, Kate, I will nor burthen thee.
Pet. Alas good Kate, I will nor burthen thee.
For knowing thee to be but yong and light.
Kate. Too light for fuch a swaine as you to catch,
And yet as heueie as my weight should be.
Pet. Should she, then shoul'd I buzz.
Kate. Well take, and like a buzzard.
Pet. Oh how wing'd Turtle, faif 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 wafipiff, belt beware my fling.
Pet. My remedy is then to plucke it out.
Kate. I, if the foole could finde it where it lies.
Pet. Who knowes not where a Wafpe does were
his fling? In his raile.
Kate. In his tongue?
Pet. Whole tongue.
Kate. You if you tale of railes, and fo farewell.
Pet. What with my tongue in your raile.
Kate. Nay, come againe, good Kate, I am a Gentleman,
That Ile trie.
Pet. I fweetly cuffe you, if you ftrike again.
Kate. So may you looie your armes.
If you ftrike me, you are no Gentleman,
And no Gentleman, why then no armes.
Pet. A Herald Kate. Oh put me in thy bookes.
Kate. What is your Crift, a Coxcomber
Pet. A comblesfe Cocke, so Kate will be my Hen.
Kate. No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a croune.
Pet. Nay come Kate, come: you must not looke so fowre.
Kate. It is my fashion when I fee a Crab,
Pet. Why here's no crab, and therefore looke not fowre.
Kate. There is, there is.
Pet. Then fhew it me.
Kate. Had I a glaffe, I would.
Pet. What, you maken mine face.
Kate. Well y'mod of fuch a yonge one.
Pet. Now by S. George I am too yong for you.
Kate. Yet you are with'd.
Pet. Tis with care.
Kate. I care not.
Pet. Nay hear you Kate. In truth you feape not fo.
Kate. I chafe you ifl trite. Let me goe.
Pet. No, not a whit, I finde you pasung gentle.
I was told me you were rough, and coy, and tu llen,
And now I finde report a very liar:
For thou art pleafant, gamefome, pasung courteous,
But fowre in speech: yet sweet as fpring-time flowers
Thou canst not frowne, thou canft not looke a scarene,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor hate thou pleafure to be croffe in talke:
But thou with mildneffe entertain'd thy woers,
With gentle conference, soft, and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth diminpe?
Oh handrous world: Kate like the hazle twig
Is straight, and fender, and as brownie in hue
As hazle nuts, and fweeter then the kernels.
Oh let me fee ther walke: thou doft not hate.
Kate. Go foole, and whom thou keept command.
Pet. Did ever Diom So become a Groafe
As Kate this chamber with her princely gate:
Ob be thou Diom and let her be Kate,
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dean sportful.
Kate. Where did you find all this goodly speech?
Pet. It is extemporary, from my mother's wit.
Kate. A witty mother, withal, else her sonne,
Pet. Am I not wise?
Kate. Yes, keep ye warme.
Pet. Marry! I mean sweet Katherine in my bed:
And therefore setting all this chat aside,
That you shall be my wife; thou dowry greed on,
For I am he am borne to came you,
Thou must be married to no man but me.
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Here comes your father, neuer make denial!
Conformable as other households,
Katherine,
I must, and will take to my wife, (daughter?)
Kate.
That talk'd of her, haue talk'd amiffe of be*:
To win her heart to one halfe Lunaticke,
That thinkes with oathes to face the matter out.
A mad-spavined, and a swearing lacke.
You have (be wed a tender fatherly regard.
For she's not uoward, but temperate as the morn,
If she be curst, it is for policy.
It were impossible I should speed amiffe.
That upon sonday is the wedding day—
For her chastitie:
Increase, for patience she will prove a second
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn,
Kate.
Tis bargain'd twixt us twairc being alone,
Give me thy hand Kate, temperance and patience.
She hung about my necke, and kissed on the knee.
I tell you this is incredible to believe
How much she loves me: oh the kindest Kate,
Shew hung my arm about her necke, and kiss on kiss.
Shew'd it so fast, protecting on each other,
That in a twinkke she won me to her love.
Oh you are notices, tis a world to fee.
How tame when men and women are alone,
A meacooc the wreath can make the curfet flow.
Give me thy hand Kate, I will unto Venice
To buy apparel' garnish the wedding day:
Froude the feast father, and bid the guests,
I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine.
Pet. I know not what to say, but give me your huds,
God lend you joy, Petruchio, tis a match.
Gret. Amen say we, we will be witnesse.
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu,
I will to Venice, fondays comes apiece.
We will have rings, and things, and fine array,
And kiss me Kate, we will be married a fonday.
Exit Petruchio and Katherine.
Gret. Was ever match clapt vp to fonday?
Bap. Faith Gentlemen now I play a marchants part,
And venture madly on a desperate Matt.
Tra. Twas a commodity lay fretting by you,
Twill bring you gaine, or perish on the jess.
Bap. The game I seek, is quiet the match.
Gret. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:
But now Petruchio, to your younger daughter,
Now is the day we long have looked for,
I am your neighbour, and was fuper flir.
Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
Then words can witnesse, or your thoughts can gueffe.
Gret. Yongling thou canst not love so dote as I.
Tra. Gray-beard thy love doth freeze.
Gret. But thine doth fire,
Skipper stand backe, 'tis age that nouriseth.
Tra. But youth in Ladies eyes that florisheth.
Bap. Content you gentlemen, I will compound this flise
'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dowere,
Shall have my Bianca loue.
Say signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
Gret. First, as you know, my house within the City
Is richly furnish'd with plate and gold,
Basons and ewers to lane her dainty hands:
My hangings all of tullan tapestry:
In lustry covers I have stuff my crownes:
In Cyprus chefts my armes counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and Canopies,
Fine Linnen, Turky cushions both with pearl,
Valens of Venice gold, in needle worke:
Pewter and brass, and all things that belongs
To house or house-keeping: then at my farme
I have a hundred milk-kine to the pale,
Six-score fat Queu landing in my stails,
And all things answerable to this portion,
My selfe am look'd in yeeres I must confesse,
And if I die to morrow this is bet's,
If whil'st I live the ftre will be onely mine.
Tra. That only came well in: lift, lift to me,
I am my fathers heir, and onely mine,
I will have your daughter to wife,
He leave her house three or four as good
Within tich Pafe walls, as anyone
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua,
Befides, two thousand Duckets by the yeere
Of fruitfull land, all which shall be her ioynter.
What, have I pinch't you Signior Gremio?
Gret. Two thousand Duckets by the yeere of land,
My Land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have, besides an Argosie
That now is lying in Marcellus roade:
What, have I choos't you with an Argosie
That now is lying in Marcellus roade:
Between three great Argosies, besides two Galliaxes
And twelve tice Galliaxes, thefe I will assife her,
And twice as much what ere thou offret next.
Gret. Nay, I have offered all, I have no more,
And thou canst have no more then all I have.
If you like me, the shall have me and mine.
Tra. Why then the maid is mine from all the world
By yournes promisse, Gremio is out vied
Bap. I must confess your offer is the best,
And let your father make her the assurance,
Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fuller forbear, you grow too forward Sir, Have you so soon forgot the entertainment Her sister Katherine welcom'd you with all. Hort. But wrangling pedant, this is The paragon of heavenly harmony: Then give me leave to have prepossession, And when in Museke we have spent an hour, Your Lecture shall have left no corum. Luc. Preposterous Affe that neuer read fo farre, To know the cause why Museke was ordain'd: Was it not to refresh the mind of man After their studies, or his visual pass? Then give me leave to read Philosophy, And while I publish in your harmony. Hort. Sirra, I will not beare these braues of thine. Tsence. Why gentlemen, you do me double wrong. To strive for that which refleth in my choice: Iam no breathing scholar in the schoole, He not to be sought, nor pointed times, But learn my Lesions as I please my self, And to cut off all strifte heere fit we downe, Take you your instrument, play you the whiles, His Lecture will be done ere you haue ran'd. Hort. You'll leave his Lecture when I am in tune? Luc. That will be never, tune your instrument. Hort. Where left we left? Luc. Here, Madam: I say that Simoie, howe, let herds here, I am Lucentio, her elf, sone, into Vincento of Piio, Sigieratotts, disguifed this to get your love, his fiter, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing, prains, is my man Tranio, regia, bearing my port, cefla fema that we might be- gule the old Pantalone.
To give my hand opposed against my heart

Woe to a mad-brained widow, full of spleen,
Who would in trouble and means to wed at last: I told you: I was fainfrackie toole,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour,
And to be noted for a merry man;

He'll woo a thousand: point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, and proclaims the banes,
woo'd

Now naught the world pint at poor

And to be noted for a merry man;
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour,
I told you: he was a franticke oldle.

Though he be blunt, I know him pasting wife

Whateuer fortune ftyes him from his word.
First would please his lady and many her.

If I never meanes to wed where he hath woo'd:

Petruchio meanes but well,

And say, loe, there is mad wise;

An old soldier, a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd

A pair of bootes that haue been candle-cases, one buckled,

An olde rufty sword tane out of the

Thy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred: besides pelfeet

Two broken points: his horse hip'd with an olde morrowes, paft cure of the Fines, starke spoild with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the Spanish, raised with the Yelbledd with the Lampafle, infetted with the saftb Pets.fuil

Of stieep leathcr, which

And (houlder-shotseo, nearleg'd before, and with a

Often burft, and now repaired with knots tone girth fixe

Being restrain'd to keepe him from Bumbling, hath been

And herc and there peec'd with packthread.


Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,

As you (hall well be fatisfyd with all.

Thentorningvwere/tis time we were a Church.

Go to rov ch amber, put on clothes of

Kate! stay too long from her,

But where is Kate? is shecome? (coroming?

Why, is it not newts to heard of

Bion. Why? it is not newts to heard of Petruchio's

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why no fr.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is comming.

Bap. Is it new and olde too? how may that be?

Bion. Master, master, newts, and such news as yon

But fay, what to thine olde newest

Bion. Tetruchio

Why

Bap. Who comes with him?

Didst ou' not fay hee comes?

That by degrees vsemear.eto looke into,

That by degrees vsemear.eto looke into,

To pus on better ere he goe to Church.

When I shouid bid good morrow' to my Bride?

As I can change thefe poore accoutrements,

Exit.

We will perfwade him be it poftifele,

Her fathers liking, which to bring to paffe

'Twere good me-thinkes to leake our marriage,

Of greater summes then I haue promis'd

And make asturance heere in

And he (hall be

Pfay

As before imparted to your worlhip,

Kate, Twere well for.

And better for my feife.

Bianca with confent.

And marry sweet

Heps fo narrowly t

So t all you quietly entoy your hope.

To me (he's married,not unto my cloathes:

Gould I repairs what (Ire will weare in me.

To pus on better ere he goe to Church.

And fent you Slither so vnllke your feife?

An eye-fore to our folemne fsftiual,

Though in some part inforced to digrdTe

Fit, doif this habit,!liame to your eftate.

Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,

As you (hall well be fatisfyd with all.

Though in some part inforced to digrdTe

And tel! vs what occasion ofimport

Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,

And fent you Slither so vnllke your feife?

As if they fsw fomewendrous monument,

And whereforeaze this goodly company,

Sufficeth I am come to keepe my word.

Now fadder that you come so vnllke your feife?

And fent you Slither so vnllke your feife?

And fent you Slither so vnllke your feife?

As if they fsw fomewendrous monument,

And whereforeaze this goodly company,

Now fadder that you come so vnllke your feife?

And fent you Slither so vnllke your feife?

As if they fsw fomewendrous monument,

And whereforeaze this goodly company,

Now fadder that you come so vnllke your feife?

And fent you Slither so vnllke your feife?

As if they fsw fomewendrous monument,
The Taming of the Shrew.

And watch our vantage in this businesse,
We'll over-reach the grey-beard Gremio,
The narrow prying father Minola,
The quaint Musician, amorous Luce,
All for my Matters take Lucentio.

Enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio, came you from the Church?

Gremio. As willingly as ere I came from school.

Tra. And is the Bride & Bridegroom coming home?

Gremio. A bridgroom say you? 'tis a groome indeed,
A grumling groome, and that the girl shall finde.


Gremio. Why he's a deaull, a deaull, a very fiend.

Tra. Why she's a deaull, a deaull, the deaull damne.

Gremio. Tut, she's a Lambe, a Doue, a foole to him:
He tell you fit Lucentio; when the Priest
Should ask of Katherine should be his wife,
I, by goggs woones quosh he, and swore to loud,
That all amaz'd the Pried let fall the booke,
Now take them vp quosh he, if any lift.

Tra. What said the wench when he tofe againe?

Gremio. Trembld and booke: for why, he stample'd and swore,
As the Vicar meant to cozen him: but after many
Ceremonies done, he calle for wine, a health quoth
And as he floop'd againe to take it vp,
This mad-brain'd bridgroom rooke him such a saufe,
That downe fell Pried and book, and book and Pried,
That all amaz'd the Pried let fall the book,
Now take them vp quosh he, if any lift.

Tra. What said the Groome when the groome rooke him fuch a saufe?

Gremio. Tremble dar matted: for why, he damp'd and
Trembled and shook: for why, he dam'd and
Shake not thy weapon, we are befet with thes,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are befet with thes,
For me, I'll not be gone till I please any selfe.
You may be iogging whiles thy books are grane:
For me, I'll not be gone till I please any selfe.
'Tis like you'll proue a looly lusty groome,
That take that on you at the first for roundly.

Pet. Of Katherine content thee, prethee be not angry.

Kat. I will be angry, what haft thou to doe?

Fathers, be quiet, he'll flay my leisare.

Gru. I marry sir, now it begins to worke.

Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner,
I see a woman may be made a foole
If she had not a spirit to refit.

Pet. They shall goe forward Kat at thy command
Obey the Bride you that attend on her.
Goe to the feast, reuell and domincre,
Carowle full mesure to her maiden-head,
Be made and marry, or goe hang your selues.
But for my bonny Kat, the mull with me.
Nay, looke not big, nor slame, nor flare, nor feet,
I will be master of what is mine owne.
Shes is my goods, my chartels, she is my house.
My household stuffe, my field, my barne,
My horse, my oxen, my wife, my thing,
And here the hands, touch her who ever dare,
Ille bring mine action on the proudest he.
That stops my way in Padua: Gremio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are befet with thes,
Receythe Multrife if thou be a man:
Fears not sweet wench, they shall not touch thee Kat.
Ille buckler thee against a Million.

Bap. Nay, let them goe, a cuple of quiet ones. (ing
Pet. Want they not quickly, I should die with laught.
Tra. Of all mad maiches never was the like.
Luc. Multrife, what's your opinion of your sisters?
Bian. That being mad her selfe, she's madly mated.
She is like you'll prove a iolly surly groome,
Till they goe forward, a corple of quiet ones.

Pet. What's your opinion of your sister?

Midrich. I warrant him.

Gru. Neighbours and friends, though Bride & Bride-
For to supply the places at the table, (groom wants
You know there wants no junkets at the feast:
Lucentio, you shall supply the Bridgrooms place,
And let Bianca take her sisters roome.

Sha. Shall sweet Bianca prufifie how to bride it?
Bap. She shall Lucentio: come gentlemen lets goe.

Enter Grumio

Gru. Fie, fie on all tird ladys, on all mad Matters, &
All foulke waises: was euer man to bristen? was euer man
To raide? was euer man so weare? I am fent before to
to make a fire, and they are amming after to warne them:
now were not: a little pot & some hot; my very lippes
might freeze to my tetch, my tongue to the roof 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 warne my
selfe: far confidenting the weather, a tallet man then
I will take cold. Hols, hols, holsLutritus.

Enter Curio

Curio. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou maifl
slide from my shoulder to my heele, with no

greater
greater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good

Carrie.

Car. Is my master and his wife comming Grumio?

Grumio. Oh I Carrie I, and therefore fire fire, call on no

Car. Is the who a shrew as she's reported.

Grumio. She was good Carrie before this froth: but thou

know'd winter tames man, woman, and beast: for it

had same my old master, and my new mistifs, and my

felf fellow Carrie.

Car. Away you three inch foole, I am no beast.

Grumio. Am I but three inches? Why this horse is a foop

and so long am I at the lead. But wile thou make a fire

cold comfort, for being flow in thy hot office.

Car. Why she hath a face of her owne

Grumio. Thou it seems that calls for company to coun-
tenance her.

Car. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter several or five seruements.

Grumio. Why she comes to borrow nothing of them

Nath. Welcome home Grumio.

Phil. How now Grumio.

Nick. What Grumio.

Nat. How now old lad.

Grumio. Welcome you: how now you: what you: fel¬

low you: and thus much for greetings. Now my spouse

companions, is all readie, and all things neat?

Nat. All things is readie, how nere is our master?

Grumio. Een se hand, alighted this: and therefore be

not——Cockes passion silence, I hearre my master

Enter Petruolio and Kate.

Pet. Where be chief knaves? What no man at doore

To hold my fiancE to take my horse?

Where is Nathaniel, Gregor, Philip.

All for. Heere, heere fir, heere fir.


You logger-headed and unpolisht groomes:

Where? no attendance? no regard? no dime?

What? no attendance? no regard? no duty?

Where is the foolish know I sent before?

Grumio. Heere fir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You pezant, swain, you horfon mak-horse driid:

Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,

And bring along these rashal knaues with thee?

Kate. Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.

Enter severall or five seruamen.

Kate. Some water here: what ho.

Enter one with water.

Where's my Spaniel Sirr, Sira, get you hence,

And bid my cozen Ferdinand come hither:

One Kate that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.

Where are my Slippers? Shall I have some wager?

Come Kate and wash & welcome heartly;

you horson villaines, will you let it fall?
Doth faneie any other but Lucenito, 

He that knowes better how to tame a Anew, 

Exit

Now let him speake, trs charity to (flew, 

And thus Ilemrbeher mad and headfiirg humor: 

This is a way to kd a Wife with kindnefle, 

And if (he chance to nod 

lie 

raile and btawle, 

That all is done in reuerend care of her, 

She eate no meate to day, nor none (hall eats. 

way, away, for he is comming hither 

He finde about the making of the bed. 

That baite, andbeate, and will not be obedient 

Ant) in conclufion, fhe (ha! watch all night, 

This way the Couerlct, another way the (fleets: 

And heere He fling the pillow, there the boulfter 

That is, to vratch her, as we watch thefe Kites, 

And for this night we'! faff for companie. 

Exeunt.
This by the way I let you understand. Trauaile you farre on, or are you at the farthest? As if he were the right Vincentio. My father is here look'd for either day. Per priuate qn&ire your Duke and him. Your strips are raid at Venice, and the Duke to come to Padua, know you not the cause? Exeunt. Go with me to cloath you as becomes you. Baptista Mnda, And giue assurance to your Duke and him. Pisa renowned for grave Citizens. There is cunifancs He instruct you. Tis death for any one in Mantua. Of Sir, as you are too blame. Faith as cold as can be. Petrucliue, and her tenets with thee. That triumph thus upon my misery. Enter Pedant. Michael, and Hortensio with mine. Petru. How faces my Kate, what sweeting all a-mort? Hortensio what cheer? Kate. Faith as cold as can be. Petru. Plate up thy sweets, like cheerfully upon me. Heere Kate, thou feel how diligent I am. To dresse thy meaty my felf, and bring it thee. I am sure Kate, this kindnesse merites thanks. What, not a word? Nay then, thou lust it not: And all my pains is forto to no profe. Heere take away this dish. Kate. I prayer you let it stand. Petru. The poorest servise is repriday with thanks, And so shall mine before you touch the meat. Kate. I thank you sir. Petru. Sigerler Petrucliue, fie you are too blame. Come Milfris Kate, He bare you companie. Petru. Eate it up all Hortensio, if thou leave me? Much good is into thy gentle heart: Kate exect place; and now my honee Love, Will we return unto thy Fathers house, And recall it as generously as the bath. With silken coats and caps, and golden Rings, With Ruffe and Casses, and Parlingales, and things: With Scarfs, and Fannes, & double change of bravery With Amber Bracelets, Beadess, and all this beauty. What hast thou done? The Tailor takes thyasure To decke thy bodie with his roiling treasure.
CornsTailor, let us fee thefe ornaments, 
Lav forth the gowne. What new with you fit? 
Away with it, come let me haue a bigger. 
A knacke, aeoy,atricke, ababie$ cap: 
free, 
And rather then it shall, I will be 
And If you cannot, beft you ft op y our eares. 
A Veluet disli: Pie.fie, lislrwd and filthy. 
—-—--------
Eucn to the uttermoft as 
1 please m words, 
And not till then. 
Go hop me ouer euerv kennell home, 
My tonguo will tell the anger of my heart. 
And fpeake I will. I am nochilde, no babe, 
For yGu ftiall hop without my cuftome fir •• 
According to'the faChion, and tbetime. 
1 did not bid you marre it to the time 
lie none of it 
5 
Oh mercie God, whatmasking ftuffc t5 heere ? 
More queint, more pteafmg,nor morecommeudable r 
Like to a Cenfor in 
barbers fhoppe: 
?
Belike you meane to make a puppet of me. 
Thou yard three Quarters, halfe yard, quaner, naile, 
Meets snip, and nip, snd cut, and fiiftl and flafti, 
Whats theJafleetieP’tishke demi cannon. 
Brau*d in mine ov.oe houfe with a skeinc of thred: 
Qnmio gauc order bow It fhotild be done, 
Tuft as my staffers had direStop • 
Or HshaJI fo be meted with thy yard. 
As thou (halt take on prating whil'ft thou liu'fl 
Orrino gauc order bow It fhotild be done, 
Tuft as my staffers had direStop • 
As thou (halt take on prating whil'ft thou liu'fl 
Or HshaJI so be meted with thy yard. 
As thou (halt take on prating whil'ft thou liu'fl 
Or HshaJI so be meted with thy yard. 
As thou (halt take on prating whil'ft thou liu'fl 
Or HshaJI so be meted with thy yard.
The Taming of the Shrew

The Shrew's breath is short, yet deep; her heart is full.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio.

Tran. Sirs, this is the house, please if you that I call.

Ped. I whatelse, and but be deceived.

Signior Baptista may remember me.

Now make no more ado, goe to Genoa.

Tran. Where we were lodgers, at the Pegafus.

This is well, and hold your own in any case.

With such austere as length to a father.

Enter Bianculli.

Ped. I warrant you: but sir here comes your boy.

Tran. Fear, you not? Sera Bianculli.

Now do your dutie. I advise you:

Imagine'twere the right Vincentio.

Bap. Tuts, fear not me.

Tran. But half thou done thy errand to "Baptista?"

Bap. I told him that your father was at Venice.

And that you look for him this day in Padua.

Tran. There's a call fellow, hold thee that to drink.

Here comes Baptista: let your convenience fix.

Enter Baptista and Luculla: Pedant booted and bare headed.

Tran. Signior Baptista, you are boppilie met.

Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,
I pray you send good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft fare: by your leave, having com to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucullus
Made me acquainted with a weightful cause
Of love between your daughter on auction
And for the good report I here of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughters,
And the like, that your comfort too long
I am made to a good father's case.

To be his match, and if you please: like,
Be most then I upon some agreement
Me shall you finde readiness and willing
With some comfort to have her so bestowed.
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well,
Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say,
Your plainnesse and your thereness pleaze me well.
Right true it is your sonne Lucullus here.

Dost love my daughter, and live looke him,
Or both desiable deeply their affection:
And therefor if you say no more then this,
Then like a Father you will deal with him,
And selle my daughter a sufficient dowrie,
The marriage made, and all is done.
Your name shall have my daughter with content.

Tran. I thank you sir, where then do you know her?
We shall with each other agree.

Ped. Not in my house Lucullus, for you know
Pietro base dores, and I have many women,
Besides old Lucullus is lurking still.
And happy we might be incastורד.

Tran. Then he as my lauging and told you,
There death my fater lies and there this night.

Weele passe the business privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My Son shall fetch the Scrivener presently,
The worst is this that at so slender warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well.

Camio he you home, and bid Bianca make her ready straight.
And if you will tell what hath hapned,
Lucullus Father is strickned in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucullus wife.

Biond. I praise the gods she may withall my heart.

Exit Tran. Dullies not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Peter.

Signior Baptista, shall I tend thy way?
We come, one uncle is like to be your cheere.
Come sir, we will better it in Pisa.

Ped. I follow you, 

Enter Lucullus and Bianculli.

Bien. Camio.

Luc. What faith thee Bianculli.

Biond. You saw my Master winke and laugh upon you?

Luc. Bianculli, what of that?

Biond. Faith nothing: but has left mee here behinde
to expound the meaning or mortal of his signes and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee moralize them.

Biond. Then thus: Baptista is safe talking with the deceiving Father of a deceitfull sonne.

Luc. And what of him?

Biond. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then.

225 The Taming of the Shrew.

Peter. The Old Priest at Saint Lukis Church is in:

command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this.

Biond. I cannot tell, expect they are bulled about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her. Curm privilege ad impressionem falsam, to the Church take the Priest, Clarke, and those sufficient honest witnesses:
If this benot that you looke for, I have no more to say,
But bid Lucullus farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hearst thou Tranio.

Biond. I cannot carry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as soon went to the Garden for Parsley to susse a Rabbit, and so may you for: and so adew sir, my Master hath appointed me to goe to Saint Lukis: to bid the Priest be readie to come against you come with your appendix.

Luc. I may and will, if the be so contented:
She will be peirced, then wherefore should I doubt:
Hap what hap may, I roudly goe about her:
It shal goe hard if Camio goe without her.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortensio.

Pet. Come on a Gods name, once more toward our fathers:

Gracious Lord: how bright and goodly shines the Moone.

Kate. The Moone, the Shines: is it not Moone right upon.

Pet. I say it is the Moone that shines so bright.

Kate. I know it is the Sunne that shines so bright.

Pet. Now by my mothers borne, and that's my self.
The Taming of the Shrew.

It shall be moone, or starre, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your Fathers house:
Goe on, and fetch our horses backe agayne
Euer more craft and craft, nothing but craft.

Henceforth I vowe it shall be so for me,

And be it moone, or starre, or what you please:
And if you please to call it such Candle,
Nor be not grieved, (he is of good estater.

That with your range encounter much amaze me.

Pardon I pray thee for my mad mistaking.

This is a man old, withered, wittred,

Happy the Parents of so faire a childe,

Hapiner the man whom fauourable ftars

Go forth, and fetch our horses backe against

Enter Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio

And wander I to see thy honest sonne,

Who will of thy annuall be full joyous.

Fare. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure.

Like pleasant translators to breaks a left

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Gentles

With Attendants

Fare. Sir here the doore, this is Lucentio house,

My Fathers braves more toward the Market place,

Thither must I, and here I leaue you sir

Vor. You shall not choose but drinke before you go,

I think I shall command your welcome here.

And by all likelihood some cheer is toward

Grem. They be not within, you were not knock

Gentlemen, to be unworthy.

Petr. What's he that knockes as he would beat downe

the gate?

Ped. He is Signior Lucentio within this.

Ped. He's within sir, but not to be spoken withall.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or

two to make me a will.

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to your selfe,

but you shall neede none so long as I live.

Petr. Nay, I told you you was well beloved

in Padua: do you hear sir, to loose fruitos circumstan-

ces, I pray you tell Signior Lucentio that his Father is

come from Pisa, and is here at the doore to speake with

him

Ped. Thou leaue his Father is come from Padua,

and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. I sir, to my mother faces, if I may beleue her.

Petr. Why now gentleman, why this is flat kna-

vise to take upon your nothing else.

Ped. Lay hands on the villains, I beleue he means
to congoose bodie in this Citie under my countenance.

Enter Biancetta.

Bio. I have seene them in the Church togeth'er,

God fend'em good shipping: but who is here? mine old Ma-

ter Vincentio: now we are and one and brought to

nothing.

Vin. Come hither crackempe

Bio. I hope I may choose Sir.

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what have you forgot

once?

Bion. Forget you, no sir: I could not forget you, for

I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never

see thy Misfit father, Vincentio?

Bion. What
Enter Pedant with servants, Baptista, Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beate my ser-

vant?

Ven. What am I sir, what are you sir? Oh immortal

goddes: Oh fine villain, a sickly doublet, a velv-

text hose, a fasted cloake, and a copatance hat: Oh I

am undone, I am undone: While I place the good husband

at home, my sonne and my servant speed all at the un-

iversity.  

Tra. How now, what’s the matter?

Bap. What is the man lunatike?

Tra. Sir, you see me a sober ancient gentleman by

your habit; but your words shew you a mad man: Why

drive me.  

Ven. Thy father: oh villain, he is a Saile-maker in

Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake sir, you mistake sir, praise what do

you think is his name?

Ven. His name, as if I knew nor his name: 1 haue

brought him vp euer since he was three yeres old, and

he is mine onelie sonne and heire to the lands of me fig-

rietio.

Tra. Call for an officer: Carrie this mad knave to the

laire: father Baptista, I charge you see that he be for-

th coming.

Ven. Carrie me to the laire?

Gre. Saile officer, he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Take not signior Gremio: I faine he shall goe to

prison.

Gre. Take heed signior Baptista, lest you be con-

catch in this busynesse: I dare swear this is the right

Baptista.

Ped. Swear ye not thou dost it.

Gre. Naie, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best saie that I am not La-

centio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bap. Awaie with the dotard, to the laire with him.

Enter Bianco, Lucentio and Bianca.

Ven. Thus stranglers may be hald and abound: Oh mon-

strous villain.

Bian. Oh we are spoild, and yonder he is, deny him,

swear him, or else we are all undone.

Enter Bianello, Tranio and Pedant at feast as may as

Bian. Pardon thee father.

Ven. Luces my sweete sone?

Bian. Pardon dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended, where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here’s Lucentio, right sone to the right Vin-

centio.

That haue by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeit supposes better then eue.

Gre. Here’s packing with a wittnelle to decieve vs all.

Ven. Where is that damned villain Tranio, 

That face’d and braued me in this matter for?

Bap. Why, tell me is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang’d into Lucentio.

Luc. Loue wrought these miracles, Bianca loue

Made me exchange my state with Tranio,

While he did bear my countenance in the townes, 

And happy I have arrived at the Isle

Voto the wished hour of my life:

What Tranio did, my selfe enforce him to;

Then pardon him sweete Father for my sake.

Ven. He flate the villains note that would have sent

me to the laire.

Bap. But doe you heare sir, have you married my

daughter without asking my good will?

Ven. Fesse not Baptista, we will content you, got to

but I will in to be reueng’d for this villain.

Exeunt.

Bap. And to I found the depth of this knauerie.

Luc. Loue not pale Bianca, thy father will not frowe

Exeunt.

Gre. My cake is doug, but I le in amongst the reft,

Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.

Kate. Husband let’s follow, to see the end of this aoe.

Petr. First kiss me Kate, and we will.

Kate. What in the midst of the feate aoe?

Petr. What art thou a hantled of me?

Kate. Mo fir, God forbid, but sham’d to kiffe.

Petr. Why then let’s home againe: Come Sir let’s lea

waie.

Kate. Nay, I will glie thee a kiffe, now praise thee

Loue stae.

Petr. Is not this well? come my sweete Kate?

Better once then never, for never to late.

Exeunt.

Alarus Quintus.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, 
and Bianca. Tranio, Bianello Gremio, and Widow:

The Serving men with Tranio bring on a Banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our satisfing nother agree,

And time it is when raging warre is come.

To smile at scapes and pelts oner owleBone:

My faire Bianca bid my father welcome.

While I with selfe same kindneffe welcome thine: 

Brother Petruchio, sister Kate.”

And thou Hortentio with thy louing Widow:

Feast with the best, and welcome to my house,

My Banket is to clofe our stomakes vp

Then pardon him sweete Father for my sake.

Petr. Nothing but fat and sit, and eate and eate.

Exeunt.  

Petr. After our great good chere: praise you sit downe,

For now we fit to chat as well as eate.

Petr. Nothiing but fit and sit, and eate and eate.

Petr. Pakes affords this kindneffe, fonne Petruchio.

Petr. Pakes affords nothing but what is kindede.

For both our fakes I would that word were true.

Now for my life Hortentio fears his Widow,

Then never trust me if I be assende.

Petr. You are verie fensible, and yet you misse my

fence:

I meant Hortentio is afraid of you,
Therefore a health to all that shoot and miss,
Tis ten to one it maim'd you too outright.

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,
And as the left did glance away from me.
Which runs himself and catches for his matter.

Measures my husband's son now by his woe.
I prate you tell me what you meant by that.
To come at first when he doth send for her,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.

And he whose wife is most obedient.
I think thou hast the veryest shrew of all.
But twenty times to much upon my wife.
Luc. A hundred then.

The more foolish you for laying on my duty.
Petr. Katherine I charge thee tell these headstrong women, what duty they do owe their Lords and husbands.
Come, come, you smocking: we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on I say, and first begin with her.

Kate. Fie, fie, vnknit that threatening vnkinde brow,
And darst not scornfull glances from those eyes,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouernour.
It blots thy beautie, as frosts doe bite the Meads,
Confounds thy name, as whirlewinds 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,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouernour.

It blots thy beautie, as frosts doe bite the Meads,
Confounds thy name, as whirlewinds 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.

To offer warre, where they should kneele for peace:
Or feele for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serue, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our hartes,
Should well agree with our externall parts?
Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes,
My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
My hart as great, my reason haplie more,
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
But now I see our Launces are but straws:
Our strength as weak, our weake weake past compare,
That seeming to be moft, which we indeed leaft are.
Then vse your fomanies, for it is no boote,
And place your hands below your husbands foote:
In token of which dutie, if he pleafe,
My hand is readie, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why there's a wench: Come on, and kisse mee.

Kate. Luc. Well go thy waies olde Lad for thou ha't.

Vim. Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a sharfe hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come Kate, wee'll 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

Hertea. Now go thy waies, thou haft tam'd a curt Shrow.

Luc. Tis a wonder, by your leave, she wil be tam'd so.

FINIS.
Well, that Ends Well.

ALL'S

Aitlus primus. Scena Prima.

Enter young Bertram Count of Raffilion, his Mother, and Helena, Lord Lefew, all in black.

Mother

Well, that! xs nets Well.

primi. Scoena Trima.
Ptieerjong Bertram Count of Roffilhon Jiu (JMctker, and Helena, Lord Lafew, all in blacfe.

CMother
dcliutring my femne from me, I burieafe-

Sro hjS&second husband.

And I in going Madam, weep ore my

*s

*Tathers death anewjbut 1 mud attend his maie-

fties command, to whom 1 am now in Ward, evermore

in fubie&ion.

Laf. You fhall find of the King a husband Madame,

you fir a father. He that fo generally is at all times good,

mud of necclTuie hold his vertue to you, whofe worthi-

neffe would (litre it vp where it wanted rather then lack

it where there is luch abundance.

Mo. What hope is there of his Maieflies amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Phifiions Madam, vo¬

der whofe praiflifes he hath perlecuted time with hope,

and finds no other aduantage m the ptocelfc , but onely

the loofing of hope by time.

Mo, This yong Gentlewoman had a father, O that

had, how fad a pillage tis, whofe skill was almofl as

great as his honclhe, had it llretch'd so far, would hauc

made nature immortal!,and death fhoold haue play for

lacke of wotke. Would lor the Kings fake hee were li¬

ning, I thinkc it would be the death of thc-Kings difeafe.

Laf. How call'd you the man you fpeake of Madam?

Mo. He

was famous (fr in his profeiTton, and it was

his great rightto be fo . Gerardde Narben.

Laf. He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very

latefie Ipokc ot him admiringly , and niourmngly : hee

was skilful! enough to haue hud ftil, if knowledge could

oe fer vp againfi mortallitie.

ReS What is it (my good Lord)thcKing languiflies

of?

Laf. A Fifiula my Lord

ReS I heard not of it before

Laf. I would it were not notorious Was this Gen-

tlewoman the Daughter of Gerard de Narben ?

Mo. His fole childe my Lord, and bequeathed to my

ever looking. I have thole hopes of her good, that her

education promises her dispositions three inherets, which

makes faire gifts fairest: for where an uncleane mind car-

ries vertuous qualities, there commendations go with

pitty, they are vertues and trastors too : in het they are

the better for their simplicenelle; she deteues her honestie,
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere;
Th'ambition in my loue thus plaguer is selfe.
The high that would be mate by the Lion
Must die for loue. Twas prettie, though a plague
To see him crotchious houre to fixt and draw
His arched browes, his hawking eie, his cuttes
In our hearts table: heart too capable
Of crotchitic line and trick of his sweet favour.
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fance
Must fanche his Reliques. Who comes here?
Fleurs's Cornets.

Enter the King of France with Letters, and Diners Attendants.

King. The Florenceans and Senegs are by th'ears, Have fought with equal fortune, and continue A braunig warre.

1 Lo G. Some reported Sir.

King. Nay, now is most credible, we here receive it, A certainty wouch'd from our Count Ufinera, With caution, that the Florence will move us For speeche of them: wherein our decreet friend Preudasates the businesse, and will serve To have us make desall.

1 Lo G. His loue and wisdome Appro'd so to your Majestie, may please For amprest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer, And Florence is des'de before he comes, Yet for our Gentlemens that mean to fee The Tuscan leisure, treety haue they leave To stand on either part.

2 L. E. It well may serue A nourishe to our Gentle, who are sick For breathing, and exploit

King. What's he comes hither.

Enter Bertram, Laffew, and Parole.

1 Lo G. It is the Count Koghnojmy good Lord, Yong Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy Fathers face, Franke Nature rather curious then in hast Hath well compos'd thee. Thy Fathers morall parts Maitst thou inherit too: Welcome to Paris

Ber. My thankes and dute are your Majesties;

Ken. I would I had that corporall foundness now, As when by thy father, and my selfe, in friendship First trade our foundness: he did looke faire Into the ferture of the time, and was Discipled of the brauert. He lifted long, But on vs both did hang his Age fleale on, And were vs out of ait: it much repaires me, To talke of your good father; in his youth He had the wit, which I can well obferue To dry in young Lords: but they may reft Till their owne owne force returne to them, But too, they can hide their leuite in honour: So let a Courter, comperet nor bitterness Were in his pride, or that huxsissete; if they were, His equall had awak'd them, and his honour Clocke to it steale, 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 then poor prisfe he humbled: Such a man Might be a copie to th'ese younger times; Which followed well, would demonstrate them now But goes backward

Ber. His good remembrance fil Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe: So in approoofe lies not his Epitaph, As in your royall speech

King. Would I were with him he would alwaies say, (Me thinkes I heare him now) his plaintive words He scattered not in eas, but graffed them To grow there and to beare: Let me not liue, This his good melancholy oft began On the Catastrophe and heele of pэтime When it was out: Let me not liue (quoth hee) Aftel my flame lackes otye, to be the snufhe Of yonger spirites, whole apprehenss ences All but new things dissaine; whole judgements are Moree fathers of their garments: whose constancies Expire before their fashions: this he will'd I after him, do after him with too; Since I nor wax nor honie can bring home, I quickly were dissoluted from my liue To guse some Ibourers roome.

L. E. You're loud Sir, That they least lend it you, shall lacke you first.

Ken. I fill a place I know'st: how long till Count Since the Physitian at your fathers died? He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six moneths since my Lord

Ken. If he were liuing, I would try him yet.

Laud me an arme: the reft haue worne me out Of yonger times, who's apprehenss ences Nature and sickness Debate it at their leasure Welcome Count, My fonne t a no deeter

Ber. Thankes your Majestie.

Flours'

Enter Countesse, Steward, and Clasews.

Cont. I will now hear, what say you of this gentle woman,

Sir. Maddam the care I have had to even your conter, I wish might be found in the Kalender of my path endevours, for then we wound our Modelle, and make foule the clearness of our defurings, whenesof our felues we publish them.

Cont. What doe's this knave here? Get you gone Sirra: the complaints I have heard of you I do not all beleue, 'tis my swaines that I doe not. For I know you lacke not folly to commit them, & haue abilitie enough to make such knaurets yours. Cis. Tis not unknown to you Madam, I am a poore fellow.

Cont. Well Sir.

Cis. No madam, Tis not so weall that I am poore, though manie
of other rich are damn'd, but if I may have your Ladyships good will to go to the world, I'll tell the woman and what will doe as we may.

Cun. What thou needest be a beggar? Cle. I beg my good will in this cafe.

Cun. In what cafe?

Cle. In this cafe and mine owns : service is no heritiage, and I think I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue by my body : for they say bares are blessings.

Cun. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry? Cle. My poor bodie Madam requires it, I am driven only by the flesh, and hee must needs goe that the dull drives.

Cun. Is this all your worship's reason?

Cle. Faith Madam I have other holie reasons, such as they are.

Cun. Why the world know them?

Cle. I have beene Madam a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are, and indeed I doe marry that I may repent.

Cun. Thy marriage sooner then thy wickednesse.

Cle. I am out a friends Madam, and I hope to have friends for my wives fake.

Cun. Such friends are rhime enemies knaue.

Cle. Y'are shallow Madam in great friends, for the knaves come to doe that for which I am a wearie of: he that etes my land, spares my teame and gues mee leave to lerne the crop. If I be his cuckold he's my drudge; he that comforts my wife, is the cherifher of my flesh and blood; he that cherisht his flesh and blood is my friend, he that kisses my wife is my friend, if men could be content to be what they ape, and blood is my friend: he that kisht my wife is my blood, I love my flesh and blood; he that loaves my wife, I loave him.

Cun. Has there been no feare in marriage, for your good hearts are seuer'd in Religion, their heads are both one, Puritan, and old Papist, how somer their some may mule hotns together like any Deare i'th Herd.

Cun. Tell me the whole will repcat, which men full true shall finde, your marriage comes by delimit, your cackle will doe no hurt it will weare the Surph: of humiliate her then sheie demand.

Cun. Methinks she was verie late more neere then I think she wiffht me, alone shee vas, and did communicte to her sfere her owne words to her owne ears, free thought, the I dare vowe for her, they touch not an and strangers fence, her matter was, shee loved your Sonne, Fortune thee fayed was no good-desir, that had put such difference between their two elates: I one no god, that would not extend his might ouer the blacke-Gowne of a bigge heart : I am going fortooth, the businesse is for Helen to come hither.

Exit.

Cun. Well now.

Siev. I know Madam you love your Gentlewoman entirely,

Cun. Faith I doe: her Father bequeath'd her to mee, and the her selfe without other advantage, may lawfullie make title to as much love as free findes, there is more owing her then is paid, and more shall be paid her then finde her demand.

Siev. Madam, I was in love late more neere then I think thee wiffht mee, alone shee vvas, and did communicte to her sfere her owne words to her owne ears, free thought, the I dare vowe for her, they touch not an and strangers fence, her matter was, shee loved your Sonne, Fortune thee fayed was no god-desir, that had put such difference between their two elates: I one no god, that would not extend his might ouer the blacke-Gowne of a bigge heart : I am going fortooth, the businesse is for Helen to come hither.

Exit. Steward.

Enter Helen.

Old.ou. Even so it was with me when I was young:
If ever we are natures, there are ours, this thome
Both to our Roes of youth rightlie belong
Our blood to vs, this to our blood is borne.
It is the show, and fable of nature truth,
Where loues strong passion is imprest in youth,
By our remembrances of дальs forgon,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them done,
Her tete is sicke on't, I obstreber her now.

Hell. What is your pleasure Madam?
Ou.ou. You know Helen I am a mother to you.

Hell. Mine honorable Misiris
Ou.ou. Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I fed a mother
Me thought you waw a serpente, what's in mother,
That you flar at it? I say I am your mother,
And put you in the Catalogue of thosse
That were enwombed mine, 'tis often feene
Adoption stries with nature, and choise breedes
A native flip to vs from foraine feeders:
You were oppreft me with a mothers groane,
Yet I expred to you a mothers care,
(Gods mercie madam) dos it cure thy blood
To say I am thy mother? what's the matter,
That this distempered messenger of wet?
ne manie colour'd Iris sounds thine eye?
  —— Why, that you are my daughter?  
   Hell. That I am not.
   Old. Cou. I say I am your mother.
   Hell. Pardon Madam.

   The Count: Elevation 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 servient live, and will his vassall use
   He must not be my brother
   Old. Cou. Nor I your Mother.
   Hell. You are my mother Madam, would you were
   So that my Lord youricone were not my brother,
   Indeed my mother, or were you both our mothers,
   I care no more for, then I do for heaven,
   So I were not his sister, sent no other,
   But if your daughter, he must be my brother.
   Old. Cou. Yes Helen, you might be my daughter in law,
   God shield you mean is not, daughter and mother
   So firce upon your pulse; what pale agent
   My finger catch from your handkerchief how I see
   The midst of your loveliness, and finde
   Your soul betrays head, now to all force this great
   You love my fomne, inention it is sham'd
   Against the proclamacion of thy passion
   To lay thou dost not; therefore tell me true
   But tell me then 'tis so, for looke, thy cheake
   Confesse it 'ton tooth to th'other, and thin clee
   See it so grozely thowne in thy behauiours,
   That in their kinde they speake it, onely finne
   And hellish obstinate eys thry tongue
   That truth should be fulspeckted, speake, if ift?
   If it be so, you have wound a goodly clewe:
   If it be not, for weares not how ets I charge thee,
   As heauen shall work in for thine asuaile
   To tell me truelie,
   Hell. Good Madam, pardon me.
   Cou. Do you love my Sonne?
   Hell. Your pardon noble Missis
   Cou. Love you my Sonne?
   Hell. Do not you love him Madam?
   Cou. Goe not about; my love hath in a bond
   Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, discloue
   The face of your effection, for your passions
   Have to the full apace'd;
   Hell. Then I confesse
   Here on my knee, before high heauen and you,
   That before you, and next vnto high heauen, I love your
   Sonne:
   My friends were poor but honest, so's my lour:
   He not oftranned, for it hurts not him,
   That he is loud of voice, I follow him not;
   By any token of pretentious faire,
   Nor would I have him, till I doe detrue him,
   Yet never knew how that defuer should be;
   I know I love in vanue, stresse against hope
   Yes in this capitious, and intemible Siewe.
   I still pour in the waters of my lour
   And back not to loose still; thus inam like
   Religious in mine error, I adore
   The Sunne that looks upon his worshipper,
   But knowes of him no more. My deere Madam,
   Let not your hair encounter with my lour,
   For loving where you doe; but if your selfe,
   Whole aged honor citites a vertuous youth,

Did you, in fo true a flame of liking,
With chaftly, and love dearly, that your Dean
Who was both selfe and lour, O then give jurtie
To her whose state is such that cannot choose
To bend and give where the is fure to loofe;
That seekes not to finde that, let search implyes,
But riddle like, lies sweeterly where she dies.
Cou. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
   To go to Purs?
   Hell Madam I had.
   Cou. Therefore tell true.
   Hell. I will tell truth by grace it selfe I sweare
   You know my Father left me some prescriptions
   Of rare and prou'd effects, such as his reading
   And manifest experience, had collected
   For general fousignorie, and that he will me
   In heede full of relation to beflow them,
   As notes, whose faculties incluifive were,
   More then they were in note: Amongst the left,
   There is a remedie, approv'd, yet downe,
   To cure the desperate languifhings whereof
   The King is tender'd loof.
   Cou. This was your motive for Purs? was it, speake?
   Hell. No, Lord, your fonne, made me to think of this,
   Elfe Purs, and the medicin, and the King,
   Had from the conversation of my thoughts.
   Happily beene absten then.
   Cou. But thanke you Helen.
   If you should tender your supposed aside,
   He would receave it? He and his Phifians
   Are of a minde, he, that they cannot helpe him:
   They, that they cannot helpe, how shall they credit
   A poore unlearned Virgin, when the Schooles
   Emboweld of their doctrine, hau left off
   The danger to it selfe,
   Hell. Thers something in't
   More then my Fathers skill, which was the great'
   Of his profession, that his good receipt,
   Shall for my legacie be sanctifie
   Of rare and prou'd tisled, luch as his reading
   You know my father left me some prefcriptions
   That he would receiue it? He and his Phifions
   For generall souewaigntie, and that he wil'd me
   To goe to Purs?  
   Per. More than my father, or were yon both our mothers,
   So that my Lord your sonne Were not my brother,
   Nor would I haue him, nil I doe deferue him,
   That before you, and next vnto high heauen, I love your
   Sonne:
   Why, that you are my daughter?
   Add. Weill that ends
   Con. Enter the King with divers young Lords, taking leave for
   the Florentine warre: Counts, Ruffe, and
   Parolds, Florehe Countes.
   King. Farewell young Lords, these warlike principles
   Doe not throw from you, and you my Lords farewell.
   Share the aduice betwixt you, if both game, all
   The guff doth stretch it selfe as to receave'd,
   And is enought beth
   Lord. G. 'Ts our hope fir,
After well enrered fouldiers, to return
And finde your grace in health.

King. No, no. it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confede he owes the malady
That doth my life relieve: farwell young Lords,
Whether I live or die, be you the ftones
Of worthy French men iet higher Italy
(Tho' that inherit but the fall
Of the left Monarchy) see that you come
Not to woone honour, but to wed'ds, when
The bravest quafiant flinckes: finde what you freeke,
The fame may cry you loud: fay farewell.

L.G. Health at your bidding fereue your Majelly,
King. Thofe girles of Italy. take heed of them,
Lo. G.

Oh my fweer Lord y you wi! (by behind vs.
I
Tis not his fault the fpark
Parr.
1
There's honour in the theft.
Lo.G.

I
Pair.

1
(Thofe bated that inherit but the fall
Of worthy French men
And finde yoor grace
health.

Whether l Hue or dic> be you: the fonnes
That doth my life bebege : farweliyong Lords,
Will not confefi'c be owes the mallady
Of the tail Monarchy) fee thatyou come
Parr.
Heroes
Noble
my fword and yours ate kmne,

I

Parr.

1
The becaueft queftent fhnnkes: finde what you fecke,
Not to wooe honour, but to wed ft, when
They fay our French lackelanguagetodcny
Before you ferve.

Parr.
They dearefuffeuf bording: if I may them
Some reuenge, it may ferve for this
Our parting is a tortur'd body.

Roff.
And I will doe fo.
Worthy fellowes, and like to prooue mod f>
L.Laf.

lie fee thee to (land vp. (pardon,
King.

Drift keyou maiden,
Ktnng.

Laf.

Pardon my Lord for mee and for my fodings.
King. Ile fee thee to fand vp. (pardon
L. Laf. Then heres a man fands that has brought his
I would you had kneeld my Lord to ask me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could fo fand vp.
King. I would I had, fo I had broke thy pate

And ask thee mercy for't.

Laf.
Good faith a-croche, but my good Lord 'tis thus,
Will you becur'd of your infirmities?
King. No.

Laf. O will you eano grapes my royall focse
Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if
My royall focse could reach them: I have fee'n a medicine
That's able to breath life into a bone,
Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Canari
With Sprightly fire and motion, whose simple touch
Is powerfoll to arayfe King Pippin, say
To give great Charlemaine a pen int's hand
And write to her a loue-line,
King. What her is this?

Laf. Why doctor fhe: my Lord,there's one arri'd,
If you will fee her: now by my faith and honour
Ifserioufly I may enunify my thoughts
In this my light deliuersace, I have spoke
With one, that her texe, her yeeres,profefion,
Wifedome and confency, hath amaz'd me more
Then I dare blame my weakeneffe: will you fee her?
For that is her demand, and know her bufileffe?
That done,laugh well at me.
King. Now gool Lafaem,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May spend out wonder too, o'r take off thine
By wondering how thou tookst it.
Laf. Nay, Ile fit you,
And not be all day neither,
King. Thus he his speciall nothing euer prologues.
Laf. Nay, come your waies.

Enter Helen.

King. This hate hath wings indeed,
Laf. Nay, come your waies,
This is his Maiellie, fay your minde to him,
A Traitor you doe looke like, but fuch traitor*
His Maiellie feldome feares. I am Crefcetis Vnde,
That dare le3ue two together, far you well.

Ext.
King. Now faire one, do's your buffune falvus vs?
Hel. I my good Lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profefle, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I fpare my praiifes towards him,
Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death,
Many reoecits he gave me, chiefe one,
Which as the deareft iflue of his prafice
And of his old experience, well found.
Bened me floro vp, as a trifle eye,
Safer then mine owne two: more desire I have fo,
And hearing your high Maiellie is rought
With that malignant caufe, wherein the honour
Of my deare fathers gifts, fands cheefe in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humblenellle.

King. Wethanke you maiden,
But may not be fo cereulous of cure,
When our moff learned Doctors leue ws, and
The congregated College have concluded,
That labouring Art can never ranfome nature
From her inable effe: if I say we must not
So frame our judgement, or corrupt our hope,
To proftitute our past-care malkdie
To empericks, or to diffeur fo
Our great felle and our credit, to eftevene
A fameeffe helpe, when helpe past fene we deeme.
My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you,
Humbly intreating from your royal thoughts,
A modest one to beare me back again:

King. I cannot give that thought to help me,
I am not so confidence to be call'd at ease:
To make one more to death, with such thanks as I give,
As one neere death to those that with him live.
But what at full I know, thou knowst no part,
I knowing all my peril, thou no Art.

Hel. What can I do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you see in your self gainst remedie?
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the wekeft ministers:
So holy Writ, in babes hath judgement shoune,
When Judges have bin babes, great floods have flowne
From simple sources, and great Seas have dried
When Miracles have by the great'le grace denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises: and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most shifted.

King. I must not hear the face these weald made
The paines not v'd, must by thy selfe be paid,
Professors not rooke, peep thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired Merit to by breath is hard,
It is not so with him that all things knowes
As'tis with vs, that square our guilfe by showes:
But most it is presumption in vs when
The help of heaven we count the last of men.

Dear sir, to my endeauors giue consent,
The help of heaven we count the last of men.

Thy life is deers, for all that life can rate
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
Sweet preserver, thy Phyficke will try,
That minifters their owne death if I die,

Hel. If I breake time, or chin reach in property
Of what I have, unpitied let me die,
And well dera'd, not helping, death's my fee,
But if I help, what doe you promise me?

Kin. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it soon?

Kin. I by my Sceptre, and my hopes of helpe.
Then shalt thou giue me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal all bloud of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch, or image of thy state:
But such a one thy vaill, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, hee to beflow.

King. Here is my hand, the premisses obseru'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be seru'd:
So make the choice of thy owne time, for I
Thy resolv'd Patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know, could not be more to trust:
From whence thou camest, how tended on, but rest
When youth is comest, welcome, and undoubted blest.
Give me some helpe hence ha, if thou canst proceed,
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

Florin. Exit.

Enter Cunette and Clowne.

Lady. Come on sir, I shall now put you to the height
Of your breeding.

Clown. I will show my selfe highly fed, and lowly taught,
I know my businesse is but to the Court.

Lady. To the Court, why what place make you spee.
When you put off that with such contempt, but to the Court?

Clown. Truly Madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may asill put it off at Court: he that cannot make a legge, put off's cap, kiffe his hand, and say fro.

Lady. You, I fay, an awnere of fuch fitnefik lot
Your Wills, I fay, an awnere of fuch fitnefik lot

Clown. I am not hear the face these weald made
The paines not v'd, must by thy selfe be paid,
Professors not rooke, peep thanks for their reward.

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the furne shall bring
To their firry tother his durnall rings,
Ere twice in murks and occidantall dampe
Moit quench't her fteapy Larnpe,
Of four and twenty times the Pylote glasse

King. Art thou to confidenda Within what space
Hope loth thy cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the furne shall bring.

King. A trumpet's boldnesse, a divulged shame
Traduc'd by odious balledes: my maidens name
Sear'd otherwife, no worfe of worfe extended
With wildeft torture, let my life be ended.

King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak
His powerful full, within an organ weake:
And what impossibility would play
In common fence, fence fakes another way:
Thy life is deers, for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate
Sweet preserver, thy Phyficke will try,

Lady. Have you, I fay, an awnere of such fitnefik for all questions?

Clown. As it is like a Barberes chaire that fits all buttockes,

Lady. Will your awnere ferve fit to all questions?

Clown. As it is like a Barberes chaire that fits all buttockes,

Lady. From below your Duke, to beneath your Con-

Lady. It must be an awnere of most monstrous fire,
That must fit all demands.

Lady. To be young again if we could : I will bee a fool in question, hoping to bee the wiser by your an-

Lady.
La. I pray you sir, are you a Courtier?
Clo. O Lord sir this is a simple putting off more, more, a hundred of them.
La. Sir I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.
Clo. O Lord sir, thicke, thicke, spare not me.
La. I think sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.
Clo. O Lord sir, nay put me too't, I warrant you.
La. You were lately whipt sir as I think
Clo. O Lord sir, spare not me.
La. Do you crie O Lord sir at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed your O Lord sir, is very equenc
Clo. Not much commendation to them.
La. Not much impiyement for you, you understand me.
(Clo. Most fruitfully, I am there, before my legges.
La. Haft you agen
}

All's Well that ends Well.

Enter King, Helen, and attendants
Par. I would have fault, you say well! here comes the King.

Enter King, Helen, and attendants
Par. I would have fault, you say well! here comes the King.

Enter King, Helen, and attendants
Par. I would have fault, you say well! here comes the King.

Enter King, Helen, and attendants
Par. I would have fault, you say well! here comes the King.

Enter King, Helen, and attendants
Par. I would have fault, you say well! here comes the King.

Enter King, Helen, and attendants
Par. I would have fault, you say well! here comes the King.

Enter King, Helen, and attendants
Par. I would have fault, you say well! here comes the King.
We poizing vs in her defe£Hue fesle,
My loue, and her defert: that canff not dreacne,
That doff in vile rnifprifion (hackle vp
Proud fcornfiill boy, vnworchie this good gift.
I mufi produce my power. Heere, take her hand.
If thou eanft like this creature, as a mside,
Debofh'd on cuene tombe, on euerie grauc
Let the tefi go.
To choose.
Of honour'd bone* indeed, what fhould be fside ?
Where dull, and damn'd oblvuion is the Tombe.
In theic, to Nature fhee's immediate hetre:
Not by the title. Shee is young, wile, fsire,
When rather from our a£ls we them denue
It is a dropdshonour.Good alone,
The place is dignified by th' doers deede.
Is her ovne dower; Honour and wealth, from nice.
I can create the tefi : Verure, and
Cnee
A lying Trophee,and as oft is dumbe.
And thesebreed honour :tharishonours fcorne,
And is not like the fire : Honour* thnue,
Where great additions fwell's, and venue none.
The propertie by wh3t is is, fhould go,
It is eneiy title thou difdoioft in her, the which
Mud anfwer for your raifing? I knowe her well:
Shce had her breeding at my father* charge:
Why then young.
She had her breeding at my father* charge:
Why Ifbouldmsrneher.
AW. Thou know'ft fhee ha's rais'd me from my fick-
Tertram
My wife ray Leige? I fhal befeech your highucs
W'ft thou not
wbat fhes hs's
Ter
M's IVdl that ends fVeJl.
Tis eneiy title thou difdoioft in her, the which
Tis as 'twere borne so.
Exeunt
W'ft thou not
wbat fhes hs's
Ter
Exeunt
I dare not fay I take you, but I gsuo
You are too old fir
Let it fatisfle you, you are
To any Count, to all Count*
To what is man.
As you Companion to the Count
Recantation^ My Lord? my Mafter?
To any Count, to all Count*:
To what is Counts man: Counts tnaifter is of
another file.
Are you too old fir: Let it satisifie you, you are
To any Count, to all Count*:
To what is Counts man: Counts tnaifter is of
another file.
Are you too old fir: Let it satisifie you, you are
To any Count, to all Count*:
To what is Counts man: Counts tnaifter is of
another file.
Are you too old fir: Let it satisifie you, you are
To any Count, to all Count*:
To what is Counts man: Counts tnaifter is of
another file.
Are you too old fir: Let it satisifie you, you are
To any Count, to all Count*:
To what is Counts man: Counts tnaifter is of
another file.
Are you too old fir: Let it satisifie you, you are
To any Count, to all Count*:
To what is Counts man: Counts tnaifter is of
another file.
Are you too old fir: Let it satisifie you, you are
To any Count, to all Count*:
To what is Counts man: Counts tnaifter is of
another file.
Are you too old fir: Let it satisifie you, you are
To any Count, to all Count*:
To what is Counts man: Counts tnaifter is of
another file.
Are you too old fir: Let it satisifie you, you are
To any Count, to all Count*:
To what is Counts man: Counts tnaifter is of
another file.
Are you too old fir: Let it satisifie you, you are
To any Count, to all Count*:
To what is Counts man: Counts tnaifter is of
another file.
He weares his honor in a boxe vnfeene,
That huggs his kickie wickie hearte at honie,
Spending his manlie martow in her arms
Which should sustaine the bound and high curvet
Of Maries fierie fide: to other Regions,
France is a fable, wee that dwell in't lades,
Therefore too'th warre.

Rof. It shall be fo, I'll send her to my houfe,
Acquant my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefoe I am fled: Write to the King
That which I durft not speake. His prefent gift
Shall furnifh me to those Italian fields
Where noble fellows strike: Warren is no Arie
To the darke houfe, and the detedt wife.

Par. Will this Caprichio hold in thee, ars fee?
Rof. Go with me to my chamber, and advize me.
I'll send her straight away: Tomorrow,
lie to the warre, the to her single forrow.

Par. Why thefe halls bound, the's noise in it. Th's hard
A young man married, is a man that's hard:
Therefore away, and leave her bruely go,
The King's done you wrong: but hush'ts fo. Exit.

Enter Helena and Clowne.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is the well?

go. She is not well, but yet she has her health, she's
very merrie, but yet she is not well: but thankes be gi-
ven she's very well, and wanti nothing i but thankes be gi-
ven her quickly : the other, that she's in earth, from whence
God fend her quickly.

Par. Till she be very well, what do's she ayle,that she's
not very well?

clo. Truly she's very well indeed, but for two things

Hel. What two things?

clo. One, that she's in heaven, whether God send
her quickly: the other, that she's in earth, from whence
God send her quickly.

Enter Parollet.

Par. filess you my fortunate Ladie.

Hel. I hope sir, I haue your good will to haue mine
owne good fortune.

Par. You had your prayers to leade them on, and to
keepe them on, haue them still. O my knaue, how do
my old Ladie?

clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money,
I would the did as you fay.

Par. Why I say nothing.

clo. Marry you are the wiser man: for many a mans
tongue shiakes out his masters vndon doing: to say nothing,
to do nothing, to know nothing, and to haue nothing,
is to be a great part of your title, which is within a very
little of nothing.

Par. Away, that's a knaue.

clo. You should haue said fir before a knaue, th'are a
knaue, that's before me that's a knaue: this had been
truth fir.

Par. Go too, thou are a witte foole, I haue found
thee.

clo. Did you finde me in your selfe fir, or were you
sought to finde me?

C/o. You should have said sir before a knaue, that's
a knaue, that's before me that's a knaue: this had been
true fir.

Par. Go too, thou art a withe soole, I haue found
thee.

clo. Did you finde me in your selfe fir, or were you
tought to finde me?

C/o. The search for was profitable, and such Fowle
may you find in you, euen to the worlds pleasure, and the
encrase of laughter.

Par. A good knaue is faith, and well fed.

Madam, my Lord will go eawite to night,
A very serious buttle call's on him.
The great prerogative and rise of love,
Which as your due time claimes, he do's acknowledge.
But puts it off to a compli'd restraint
Whole want, and whole delay, is fire'd with sweet
Which they till now in the curbed time,
To make the comming hour orflow with joy,
And pleasure drowne the brim.
Fel. What's this will else?
Par. That you will take your infant lease of king,
And make his haft as your owne good proceeding,
Strengthened with what Apologie you thinkes
May make it probable need.
Par. What more commands hee?
Par. That having this obtain'd, you pretencifie
Attend his further pleasure.
Hel. In every thing I waite upon his will.
Par. I shall report it so.
Hel. I pray you come firrath.

Enter Laffew and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your Lordshippe thinkes not him a
Souldier.
Ber. Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approche.
Par. You have it from his owne deliuerance.
Laf. Then my Diall goes not true, I tooke this Lake
for a buatting.
Ber. I do assure you my Lord he is very great in know¬
ledge, and accordingli valiant.
Laf. I have then finnd against his experience, and
transgrett against his valours, and my state that way is
dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repeni:
Here he comes, I pray you make vi freinds, I will pur-
chase, and accordingly valiant.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done fir.
Laf. Pray you sir whose his Tailor?
Par. Sir?
Laf. O I know him well, I sitt mee sitt a good worke-
man, a verie good Tailor.
Ber. Is hee gone to the king?
Par. Shee is.
Ber. Will hee away to night?
Par. As you'le haue her.
Ber. I haue writ my letters, casketted my treasure,
Gluen order for our horses, and to night,
When I should take possession of the Bride,
And eere I doe begin.
Laf. A good Trauailer is something at the latter end
of a dinner, but on that lies three thirds , and wifs a
known ruth to pesle a thousand nothinges with: shoule
bee once hard, and three beaten: God save you Cap-
paine.
Ber. Is there any vkindnesse betweene my Lord and
you Monsieur?
Par. I know not how I have deferred to run into my
Lords displeasure.
Par. You have made shift to run into'te, bootes and
spares and all : like him that leapt into the Cauldred, and
out of it you'le runne againe, rather then suffer question
for your residence.
Ber. It may bee you have mistaken him my Lord.
Laf. And shoule doe noe ever, though I tooke him as's
prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and belive this of
me, there can be no kernenl in this light Nut: the soule
of this man is his cloathes: Truth him not in matter of
house confidence: I have kepe of them tame, & know
their natures. Farewell Monfieur, I have spoken better
of you, then you haue or will to defeare at my hand, but
we must do good against euill.
Par. An idle Lord, I sware.
Ber. I thinkes so.
Par. Why do you not know him?
Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech
Gives him a worthy passe. Heree comes my clog:

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have fir as I was commanded from you.
Spoke with the King, and have procure'd his issue
For present parting, only he desires
Some private speech with you.
Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not merraile Helens at my course.
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration, and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For such a business, therefore am I found
So much vnjected: This drives me to intreate you,
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather mufe than seek why I intreate you.
For my respectes are better then they feeme,
And my appointments have in them a neede
Greater then thwes it selfe at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother,
'Twll be two diles ere I shall see you, fo
I leaue you to your wifedome.
Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that you are my most obedient seruante.
Ber. Come, come, no more of that.
Hel. And ever shall
With true obseruance fecke to ecke out that
Wherein regard to my homely stances liues said
To equall my great fortune.
Ber. Let that goe: my haft is verie great. Farwell:
His home.
Hel. Pray fit your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you say?
Hel. I am not worthie of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I say'tis mine: and yet it is,
But like a timorous sheepe, moist fame would feales
What law does vouch mine owne.
Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something, and scarce so much: nothing indeed,
I would not tell you what I would my Lord: Faith yes,
Strangers and foe doe fnder, and not kisse.
Ber. I pray you stay not, but in haft to horse.
Hel. I shall not breake your bidding good my Lord;
Where are my other mans Monsieur, farwell.
Ber. Go thou toward home, where I will never come,
Whilste I can shake my sword, or heare the drumme:
Away, and for our flight.
Par. Brauely, Coragio.

Aius Tertius.

Enter the Duke of Florence, his two Frenchmen,
with a troops of Souldiers.

Duke. So that from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this warre;  
Whose great design he hath much blood let forth  
And more thirsts after.
you written to berealong.

Fro. G. We ferue you Madam in that and all your
worsthe affaires.

La. Not fo, but as we change our courtesies,
Will you draw neere?

Hel. Till I have a wife I have nott a thing in France.

Nothing in France vntill he has no wife:
Thou (halt haue none none in France,
That chafe thee from thy Countrie, and expofe
Thenhaft thou all agaiine: poore Lord, is't I
worthieft affaires.

No, although

Thofe tender limbes of thine, to the euent
Will you draw neere?

I will be gone:

And though I kill him not, I am the caufe
Who euet (hoots at him, I fet him there.

To confolate chine earc. Come night, end day.

Wee! ftriue to bears it for your worthy lake.

A charge too heauy for my ftrength, but yet
I me: tbs rauine Lyon when he roat'd
That pittifull rumour may report my flight
The ayre of Paradife did fan the houfe.

And though I had giuen you this it ouer-night.

As thy aufpicious mi (his

With fainted vow rrtyfaults to haue attended.

Layers Pilgrim, thither gone

A louer of thy drummae, hater of loue.

Exeunt crimes

Make me but like my thoughts, and I (ha!! proue

Great Mars I put my fetfe into thv file,

As hisneftie.

Which thus she hath prevented.

Stis. Pardon me Madam,

If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have beene one-tane: and yet the writes
Purface would be but vaine.

La. What Angell fhall

Bleffe this unworthy husband, he cannot thrive,
Vnfeffe her prayers, whom heauen delights to here
And loue to grant, reprece him from the wrath
Of greatest Juflice. Write. Write Rynaldes,

To this unworthy husband of his wife,

Let euerie word waie haue of her worth,
That he does waive too light : my greatf greefe,
Though little he do fefle it, fet downe sharply.

Dispatch the moft convenient messenger,
When haply he fhall hear that she is gone,
He will returne, and hope I may that thee
Hearing fo much, will speede her ftofe againe,
Led hither by pure loue : which of them both
Is dereft to me, I have no skill in fence
To make diftinftion. prouide this Messenge:
My heart is heauie, and mine age is weak,
Greefe would haue teares, and sorrow bids me fpake

A Tucket of fare off

Enter old Widow of Florence, her daughter, Violanta
and Mariana, with other Citizens.

Wid. Nay come,
For if they do approach the City.
We shall loose all the sight.

Diana. They fay, the French Count has done
Most honourable fervice.

wid. It is reported,
That he has taken their great'ft Commander,
And that with his owne hand he flew
The Dukes brother: we haue loft our labour,
They are gone a contrarie wayebarke,
As heffe he is toogood and faire for death, and mee.

And to this vnworthy husband of his wife.

Bleffe this vnwotthyhusband, he cannot thriue,
Great in our hope, lay our beft loue and credence

And no Legacie is fo rich

The honor of a Maideishername,

The Dukes brother: we haue loft our labour,

As letting her psffe fo: had I (poke with her,

She mignt hiuebeene ore-tane: and yet she writes
Purfuite would be but vaine.

exuents
I a filthy Officer he is in those suggestions for the young
for all that dissuade successon, but that they are limed
Earle, beware of them
Diana; their promises, entice
not the things they go under: many a maid have beene
terrible (hewes in the wracke of maidcn-hood, cannot
seduced by them, and the miferieis example, that so
I I will conduct you where you shall be lodg’d.

Dana. I know that knave, hang him, one Parrelle,
a filthy Officer he is in those suggestions for the young
against his liking. Thinke you it is so?
I am sure of the truth, I know his Lady.
There is a Gentleman that signifies the Count,
Reports but courtefly of her,
What’s his name?
Monfieur Parrelle,
Oh I believe with you,
in argument of praise, or to the worth
of the great Count himselfe, she is too mean
To have her name repeated, all her deferuing
Is a referred honesty, and that
I have not heard exanim’d.
Alas poor Lady,
Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting Lord.
I write good creature, wherefore she is,
Hershatt weighes sadly: this yong maid might do her
A fearful turne if she pleas’d.
How do you mean?
May be the amorous Count solicits her
In the unlawful purposes.
He does indeed,
And breaks with all that can in such a suite

Enter Count Raffilion, Parrelle, and the whole Armie.

C. E. I with a troop of Florentines will suddenly fur-

Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide:
But the arm’d for him, and keeps her guard
In honest defence.
prize him, such I will have whom I am sure he knowes
not from the enemy; we will bind and hoodwink
him so, that he shall suppone no other but that he is
carried into the Leager of the adherents, when we bring
him to our owne tents; but your Lordship present
as his examination, if he do not for the promise of his
life, and in the highest compulsion of base feare, offer to
betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power
against you, and that with the diuine forfeite of his
soul on oath, never trust my judgement in any
thing.
Cap.G. O for the love of laughter, let him fetch
his drumme, he says he has a stratagem for't: when your
Lordship sees the bottom of this faceffe in's, and to
what mettle this counterfety lump of ours will be mol¬
ted if you give him not John drummes entertainment,
your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.
Cap.E. O for the love of laughter hinder not the
honour of his designe, let him fetch 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: 'tis but a drumme? A drum to
loft. There was excellent command, to charge in with
our horses on our owne wings, and to rend our owne
foulards.
Cap.G. That was not to be blamed in the command
of the service: it was a disater of warre that Cavar
him felfe could not have prevented, if he had beene there to
command.
Ber. Well, we can greatly condemn our faceffe:
some diuifion were had in the leaves of that drum,
it is not to be recoverd.
Par. It might have beene recovered,
Ber. It might, but it is not now.
Par. It is to be recoverd, but that the merit of ser¬
vice is sildone attributed to the true and exact perfor¬
mers, I would have that drumme or another, or be tak¬
en.
Ber. Why if you have a stomach, too, Monsieur: if
you think your myleritic in stratagem, can bring this
infrum of honour againe into his natural queue, be
magnanimous in the enterprise and go on, I will grace
the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in
command. I will take the bottom of this service, which
he knowes is not to be recoverd.
Par. By the hand of a fouldier I will undertake it.
Ber. But you must not now flumber in it.
Par. Do about it this evening, and I will pretend
pen downe my dilemmas, encourage my felfe in my
certaintie, put my felfe into my mortall preparation
and by midnight looke to heare further from me.
Ber. My Lord, I am bold to acquaint your grace you are
gone about it.
Par. I know not what the faceffe will be my Lord,
but the attempt I vow.
Ber. I know there's valiant,
And to the possibility of thy fouldiershie,
Will subscribe for thee, Farewell.
Par. I lose not many words. 

Cap.E. No more than fift loves water. Is not this
From some to some, some four or five dissenters,
Since the first father wore it. This ring he holds
In much rich choice: yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear.
How ere reported after.

You see it lawful then, it is no more,
But that your daughter ere fly seems as wonne,
How ere repented after.

To marry her, he adds three thousand crowns
Her self most chafily absented after.
That time and place with this deceit lo lawful
To what is past already.

In fine, divers me to fill the time,
To her worthiness: it nothing sets vs
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever.
Let us essays our plot, which if it speed,
As this life lay on’t.

Muskies of all sorts and songs compos’d
And lawful meaning in a lawful deed,
Where both not gone, and yet a sinful feat.
But let’s about it.

Athus Quartus.

Enter one of the Frenchmen, with fine or fierce other soldiers or ambus.

1. Lord E. He can come no other way but by this hedge corner: when you fall upon him, speak what terrible language you will: though you understand it not your selues, no matter: for we must not seem to understand him, whiles some one among vs, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 Sel. Good Captain, let me be th’ Interpreter.

Lo. E. Art not acquainted with him? Knowes he not thy voice?

1 Sel. No fur I warrant you.

Lo. E. But what lawful and fitting how to speake to vs again.

1 Sel. En such as you speake to me.

Lo. E. He must think vs some band of strangers, I’m sure you entertain him. now he hath a smake of all neighbouring language: therefore we must every one be a man of his owne faction, not to know what we speak one to another, so we seeme to know, it to know straight our purpose: thought language, gabbled enough, and good enough. As for you interpreter, you must seem very politick. But coach him, heere he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleepe, and then to return & swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o’clock: within these three houres will be time enough to goe home. What shall I say I have done? It must bee a very pleafure intention that carries it. They begin to mistrust me, and difgrace have of late, knock’d too often at my doore: I finde my tongue is too loose-hardie, but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lo. E. This is the first truth that ere shine own tongue was guiltie of.

Par. What the devil should move mee to undertake the recooures of this drunke, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must guess my selfe some hurts, and lay I got them in explay: yet flight ones will not carrie it. They will say, came you off with so little? And great ones I dare not give, wherefore what’s the inconience. Tongue, I must put you into a bigger woman’s mouth, and buy my selfe another of Baiocchis Mules, if you prattle mee into these perilles.

Lo. E. Is it possible he should know what hee is, and be that he is.

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would ferue the turne, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Lo. E. We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the barring of my beard, and to say it was in artsagem.

Lo. E. ’Twill not do.

Par. Or to drowne my clothes, and say I was stript.

Lo. E. Hardly ferue.

Par. Though I swore I leapt from the window of the Citadell.

Lo. E. How deep are?

Par. Thirty fadome.

Lo. E. Three great oaths would scarce make that be beleuved.

Par. I would I had any drunke of the enemies, I would swear I recover’d it.

Lo. E. You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drunke now of the enemies.

Atem within.

Lo. E. Thessacowssuys, cargo, cargo, cargo.

Ali. Cargo, cargo, cargo, vilianda per cargo, cargo.

Par. O ranfome, ranfome.

Do not hide mine eyes.

Inter. Bushos tremodo bakos.

Par. I know you are the Mokus 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, and I shall discover that, which shall undo the Florentine.

Int. Bushos vaude, I understand thee, & can speake thy tongue: Kerylybone ist, beare thee to thy faith, for seventene pawnyards are at thy bosome.

Par. Oh.

Inter. Oh pray, pray, pray.

Almaka resonado dallo.

Lo. E. Overtidicks volbaro.

Int. The Generall is content to spare thee yet, And hoodwink as thou art, will lead thee on To gather from thee. Help thou mayst informe Something to save thy life.

Par. O’ let me live,

And all the secrets of our campe lie shew,
Their force, their purposes: Nay, He speake that,
Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But witt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

Inter. Accordis irenica.

Come on, thou are granted space.

A short Alarum within.

Exit

Lo. E.
L.E. Go tell the Count Rosciillun and my brother, We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him Till we do hear from them. [Caused]
Sol. Captain I will.
L.E. A will betray us all unto our selves, Informe on that.
Sol. So I will sir.
L.E. Till then Ile keep him darke and safely lockt.

Enter Bertram and the Maide called Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fentycell.
Dia. No my good Lord, Diana.
Ber. Titled Goddeff.

And wore it with an addition: but faire soule, In your fine frame hath loose no quality, If the quick fire of youth light not your minde, You are no Maiden but a monument, When you are dead you should be such a one As you are now: for you are cold and sterne, And now you should be as your mother was When your sweete felle 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 prithee do not Yuan against my voues:
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee
By loues owne sweet confirmant, and will for ever
Do thee all rites of servitue.
Dia. I lo you sereus
Till we ferue you: But when you have our Roses,
You barely leave our thomes to pricke our slaves,
And mucke vs with our barrenell.
Ber. How hau we I sworne.
Dia. It is not the many oaths that makes the truth
But the plaint fingle vow, that is vow'd true:
What is not holie, that we sweare not by,
But take the high ft to witneife: then pray you tell me,
If I should sweare by Ioues great attributes,
I lourd you deere, would you beleue my oathes,
When I did Ioue you? This he's no holding
To sweare by him whom I prouff to Ioue
That I will work against him. Therefore your oathes
Are words and poore conditions, but vnfeal'd
At left 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 give thy selfe vnto thy Ioue direct,
Who then recouers. Say thou art mine, and cuer
That you do charge men with: Stand no more of
And my integritie's knew the crafts
But the plaint fingle vow, that is vow'd true:
Be not so holy cruel: loue is holie,
At left in my opinion.
Dia. What isnot holie, that we sweare not by,
You barely leauc our themes to pricke our selues.
In mee to looфе.
Dia. That an honor longing to our house,
Requesteth downe from many Ancestor's,
Which were the greatest obligeue of the world,
In me to looфе.
Dia. Mine Honors fuch a Ring,
My chaflites the Jewell of our house,
Sequestred downe from many Ancestor's,
Which were the greatest obligeue of the world,
In mee to looфе. Thus your owne proper wifedome
Brings in the Champion honor on my part.
Ber. Which was the greatef obliqueue of the world,
Against your vaine affault.
Ber. Here, take my King,
My house, mine honor, yes my life be thine,
And Ile be bid by thee.
Dia. When midnight comes, knocke at my cham
ber window:
Ile order take, my mother shall not heare.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed.
Remaine there but an houre, nor speake to mee:
My reasons are moft strong, and you hall know them,
When backe againe this Ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger in the night, Ile put
Another Ring, that what in time proceds,
May token to the future, our past deeds.
Adieu till then, then faile not: you have women
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.
Ber. A hauen on earth I haue won by woning thee.
Dia. For which, live long to thank both heauen & me,
You may go in the end.
My mother told me Ift how he would woon,
As if the fate in heart. She fayes, all men
Have the like oathes: He had sworne to marrie me
When his wife's dead: therfore Ile Ioe with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are fo braide,
Marry that will, I live and die a Maid:
Onely in this disquiet, I think not fome
To coven him that would vniuall winne.

Enter the two French Captaine, and some two or three
Souldiers.

Cap.G. You have not giuen him his mothers letter.
Cap.E. I haue declu'd it an houre fince, there is fome thing in that thing his nature is for on the reading, hechang'd almoft into another man.
Cap.G. He has much worthy blame laid vpon him, for faking off so good a wife, and fo fweet a Lady.
Cap.E. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeafe of the King, who had even run'd his bountie to finge happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you hall let it dwell darkly with you.
Cap.G. When you have spoken it their dead, and I am the grace of it.
Cap.E. He hath peruered a young Gentlewoman here in Florence, of a moft chaffe and renown, & this night he felfeth his will in the fpyle of her honours he hath giuen her his monumentall Ring, and thinkes himfelfe made in the vnchaffe composition.
Cap.G. Now God delay our rebellion as weare our felues, what things are we.
Cap.E. Merelely our owne traitours, And as in the common couffe of all treafions, we fill see them receafe themfelves, till they attaine to their abhor'd end: fo he that in this action contrives against his owne Nobilitie in his proper increafe, ore-flowes himfelfe.
Cap.G. Is it not meant darable in vs, to be Trumpeters of our vailfoll intent? We shall not then have his company to night?
Cap.E. Nocettill after midnight, for she is dieret to his house.
Cap.G. That approaches space: I would gladly have him lee his company unauthorized, that he might take.
a measure of his own judgment, wherein he curiously
he had for this counsellor.

Cap. E. We will not meddle with him till he come;
for his presence must be the whip of the other.

Cap. C. In the mean time, what have you of these
Warrants?

Cap. E. I hear there is an outwore of peace.

Cap. G. Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

Cap. E. What will Count Reffilion do then? Will he
transit higher, or return againe into France?

Cap. E. I perceive by this demand, you are not alto-
gether of his council.

Cap. E. Let it be forbid fir, so should I bee a great
deale of his sa".

Cap. C. Sir, his wife some two months since fled
from his house, her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint
which holy undertaking, withmoftau-
there iaaccompli: and there residing,
he fings in heaven
the tendemefie of her Nature, became as a prey tohet
greefe: in fine, made a groane of her laft breath, & now
which makes her storie true, euen tothepoynt of bet
dearth: her death it felfe, which could not be her office
of the place.

Cap. G. The stronger part of it by her owne letters,
which makes her story 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 Reftor
from point, to the full arming of the verinc
forts of our Ioffes.

Cap. G. He calles for the tortures, what will you fsy
him? How docs he carry himfeife?

Morgan
milke, he hath confeft himfeife to
whom hee
supposes to be a Friar, fro the time ofhi> remembrance
and what thinke you he hath confeft ?

Cap. G. His confeffion is taken, and fa fhall bee read
Cap.E.
A plague vpon him.muffdd.-hecan fay nothing
Ber.
His confeffion is taken, and fa fhall bee read
Cap.G.
TheftTongcrpartofit by hero wne I erters,
I am heartily fornethat bee 1 bee gladde of
Cap.C.
I receate by this demand, you are not alto-
gether of him.

Ser.
They cannot be too swete for the Kings rart-
fuls, venus, they are, how & which
way you will lallsoncto him.

Par.
He's very neere the truth in this.

Cap. G. Y'are decreed"my Lord, this is Mournfueur
Paroles, the gallant militantry, that was his owne phrafe
that had the whole theorick of warre in the knot of his
feace, and the prafie in the chape of his dagger
Cap E. I will neuer truft a man againe, for keeping
his fword cleane, nor beleue he can have euerie thing
in him, by wearing his apparrell neezy.

Int.
I humbly thanke you fix, a truth s a truth, the
Commanders vere poore rogues, vpon my reputation and
credit, and as I hope to lue.

Par. Do, be take the Sacrament on't,bow & which
way you will: all's one to him.

Ber. What's paft-fauing flaoe is this?

Cap. G. Y'are decreed"my Lord, this is Mournfueur
Paroles, the gallant militantry, that was his owne phrafe
that had the whole theorick of warre in the knot of his
seace, and the prafie in the chape of his dagger
Cap E. I will neuer truft a man againe, for keeping
his fword cleane, nor beleue he can have euerie thing
in him, by wearing his apparrell neezy.
little, Socrates to many, Caesarbus to many, Iacques to many: Grattio, Cefar, Lodovickes, and Gratry, two hundred little each: Mine owne Company, Chetsepber, Dauvoud, Beany, two hundred little each: so that the mutter file, rotten and found, вопon my life amounts not to fide the thousand pole, half of which, dare not shake the snows from off their Capeocks, last they shake themselves to pieces.

**Bere.** What shall be done to him.

**Cap.G.** Nothing, but let him hate thanke, Demand of him my condition : and what credite I have with the Duke.

**Int.** Well that's set downe : you shall demand of him, whether one Captaine Duanasse beeth Campe, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, his honest, and expertness in warres: or whether he thinks it were not possible with well-weighing summes of gold to corrupt him to a reducet. What say you to this? What do you know of it?

**Par.** If beeche you let me answere to the particular of the interrogatories. Demand them singly.

**Int.** Do you know this Captaine Duanasse?

**Bere.** I know him, a was a Bouchers Prentise in Paris, from whence he was whipt for getting the Shriues fool with childe, a dumbe innocent that could not say him ny.

**Bere.** Nay, by your letuse hold your hands, though I know his brains are forfeite to the next role that falls.

**Int.** Well, is this Captaine in the Duke of Florence campe?

**Par.** Upon my knowledge he is, and lowdye.

**Cap. G.** Nay looke not so upon me: we shall have of your Lord anon.

**Int.** What is his reputation with the Duke?

**Par.** The Duke knowes him for no other, but a poore Officer of mine, and wishe to mee this other day, to turne him a z' th' band. I thinke he have his Letter in my poc.

**Int.** Marry we'll search.

**Par.** In good fadnesse I do not know, either it is there, or it is upon a file with the Dukes other Letters, in my Tent.

**Int.** Here'tis, here's a paper, shall I reade it to you?

**Par.** I do not know if it be or no.

**Bere.** Our Interpreter do's it well.

**Cap.G.** Excellently.

**Int.** Dion, the Coutes a fool, and full of gold.

**Par.** That is not the Dukes letter fir: that is an aduenture to a proper madde in Florence, one Dion, to take heads of the allurement of one Count Raffillia, a foolish idle boy: but for all that very ytttiff, I pray you fir put it up again.

**Int.** May, he read it first by your faught.

**Par.** My meaning in it I protest was very honest in the behalfe of the maid: for I knew the young Coute to be a dangerous and rauifhous boy, who is a while to Virginy, and devours up all the sty it finds.

**Bere.** Damnable both-sides rogue.

**Int. Let.** When his favoroa askes, bid him dop gold, and take it:

After he leaves, he never pays the score:
Half won is match well made, match and well make it,
He were payed after, debt like it up before,
And say a sounder (Dion) told thee this:
Mens are to millahis, boyes are not to kis.

**Bere.** He shall be whipt through the Armie with this time's forehead.

**Cap. E.** This is your devoted friend fir, the manifol Lingull, and the army-potent fouldier

**Bere.** I could endure any thing before but a Cat, and now he's a Cat to me.

**Int.** I perceiue fir by your Generals looks, we shall be faire to hang you.

**Par.** My life fir in any case: Not that I am afraid to dye, but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of Nature. Let me line fir in a dungeon, i'ts ftocks, or any where, so I may live.

**Int.** We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely: therefore once more to this Captaine Duanasse: you have answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honestie?

**Par.** He will steale fir an Eggge out of a Cloifter: for rapes and rauifhments he parrells Najus. He professes not keeping of oaths, in breaking em he is stronger then Heresies. He will lie fir, with luch voluntarile, that you would thinke truth were a foolde: drunkennesse is his bett vertue, for he will be tyme-drunk, and in his sleepe he doles little harme, but to his bed-cloathes about him: but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I haue but little more to say fir of his honestly, he has eneiry thing that an honest man should not haue: what an honest man shoulde haue, he has nothing.

**Cap.G.** I begin to loue him for this.

**Bere.** For this description of thine honestly? A poz

**Par.** Upon him for, he's more and more a Cat.

**Int.** What say you to his expertness in warres?

**Par.** Faith fir, he's led the drumme before the Englih Tragedians: to belye him will not, and more of his fouldierchip I know not, except in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called Milte-end, to infruct for the doubling of files, I would doe the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

**Cap. G.** He has out-villain'd villain fo furty, that the raritie redeemes him.

**Bere.** A pos on him, he's a Cat still.

**Int.** His qualities being at this poore price, I neede not to aske you, if Gold will corrupt him to reducet.

**Par.** Sir, for a Curse he will tell the fee-simle of his falsation, the inheritance of it, and cut thinsale from all remamders, and a perpetuall success for it perpetually.

**Int.** What is his Brother, the other Captain Duanasse?

**Cap. E.** Why do's he aske him of me?

**Int.** What's he?

**Par.** E'n a Crow th' fame neff: not altogether so great as the first in goodnesse, but greater a great deal in euill. He excells his Brother for a coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the belt that is. In a retreat hee out-runs any Lackey; mariet in comming on, hee ha's the Crampe.

**Int.** If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florence.

**Par.** I, and the Captaine of his horse, Count Rajfillia,

**Int.** He whisper with the Generall, and knows his pleasure.

**Par.** He no more drumming, a plague of all drummes, only to seeme to delerew well, and to beguile the suppoction.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

251

And helper to a husband, But O strange men,
That cast such sweet vice make of what they hate;
When fweete trusting of the confident thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night, to luft doth play
With what is loathes, for that which is away,
But more of this hereafter; you Diana,
Vnder my poore instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalfe.

Dia. Let death and honifie
Go with your impostions, I am yours
Vpon your will to suffer,

Hel. Yet I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When Briars shall have issues as well as thornes,
And be as sweet as sharpe: we must away,
Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time reuies vs,
All's well that ends well, fill the firenes the Crowne;
What are the curese, the end is the renowne.

Exit.

Ester Cleone, old Lady, and Lafiin.

Lafi. No, no, no, your sonne was misfitted with a snipt
saffian fellow there, whose villaines faffion would have
made all the vnbeak'd and dewy youth of a nation in his
colour: your daughter-in law had bene eliue at this
houre, and your sonne here at home, more advan'd
by the King, then by that red-tail'd humble Bee I speake
of.

Lef. I would had not knowne him, it was the death
of the most vertuous gentlemew, that ever Nature
had praife for creating. If she had taken of my flesh
and lost mee the decreet groanes of a mother, I could
not haue owed her a more rooted loue.

Lafi. Twas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady. Wee
may pieke a thousand falles ere we light on fuch ano¬
ther hearbe.

Clin. Indeed fie was the sweete Margerom of the
falles, or rather the hearbe of grace.

Lafi. They are not hearbe you knaue, they are nofhearbe.

Clin. I am no great Nabuchadnezar fie, I have not
much skill in grace.

Clin. Whether doe thou professe thy felfe, a knaque
or a fool.

Clin. A foole fie at a womens seruice, and a knaue at a
mans.

Lafi. Your difference.

Clin. I would couene the man of his wife, and do his
seruice.

Lafi. So you were a knaue at his seruice indeed.

Clin. And I would give his wife my bauble fie to doe
her seruice.

Lafi. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knaque
and fool.

Clin. At your seruice.

Lafi. No, no, no

Clin. Why fie, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as
great a prince as you are.

Lafi. Whole this, a Frenchman?

Clin. Faith fie has an English mane, but his fimo¬
nities is more hotter in France then there.

Lafi. What prince is that?

Clin. The blacke prince fie, alias the prince of darke¬
ness, alias he diuell.

Lafi. Hold thee there's my purfe, I give thee not this
to suggest thee from thy maner thou talk it off, serue
him still,
I am a woodland fellow sir, that always loved a great fire, and the matter I speak of ever keeps a good fire, but sure he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobility remain in his Court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pompocoe head, and nod at cuerie roan.

fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the

enter: some that humble themselves may, but the ma¬

nic will be too chill and tender, and they lie for the

Whh tbeyong noble fouldier.

your sonne 1 pray you, I long to talk and

So belike is that.

fire.

showrie way that leads to the bread gate, and the great

too without anytrickes.

Or a noble scarre, is a good liu'rie of honor.

halfe, but his right cheek is wore bare.

they meete together.

I shall befeech your Lordship to remaint with me, till

I thanke my God, it holds yet.

Moued the King my matter to speake in the benalfe of

my daughter, which in the minoritie of them both, his

to

tell you, since I heard of the good I adics death, and

him that in such intel¬

am deceiu d to morrow, or

able bodie as when he numbci'd thirty, a will be heere

it happily effected.

Nature.

vi.

lades trickes, which are their owne right by the law of

Nature.

t

vi.-

There is no matter. How do's your

propofe, his Highneffe hath promis'd me to doe it, and

my daughter, which in the minoritie of them both, his

that my Lord your sonne was vpen his returne home. I

to

tell you, fince I heard of the good I adics death, and

him that in such intel¬

am deceiu d to morrow, or

able bodie as when he numbci'd thirty, a will be heere

it happily effected.

Nature.

vi.

There is no matter. How do's your

propofe, his Highneffe hath promis'd me to doe it, and

my daughter, which in the minoritie of them both, his

that my Lord your sonne was vpen his returne home. I

to

tell you, fince I heard of the good I adics death, and

him that in such intel¬

am deceiu d to morrow, or

able bodie as when he numbci'd thirty, a will be heere

it happily effected.
Fifh-poad of her difplcafure, and as he fayes is muddied Cat, but not a Mtifcat, that ha's fatne into the vncleaoe rorocs himfelfe. elofe-ftoolt. to g»ue to a Nobleman. Lcoks heere he and leant him to your Lotdfhip. fir, vfe che Carpe as you may, foi he withal), fray you the knaue with fortune that (he (hould fctatch you, who ly fcratch'd. ofher felfe is a good Lady, and would not haue knaue* late to paire her nailes now. Whereinhaue you played bufinefl. thrine long undcr ? There's a Cardecue for you: Let the ha't, fasie your word. son, giue meyourhsnd: How does your drumme? mee. 1 haue forgiuen and forgotten all. Oe-bearesit, and burnes on. Natural! rebellion, done i'th blade of youth. Offence of mighty note; but to himfelte. 1 haue forgiuen and forgotten all. We loft a If well ofher, and our efteeme Kin. The greateft wrong of all. He loft a wife. Offence of mighty note; but to himfelte. 1 haue forgiuen and forgotten all. We loft a If well ofher, and our efteeme Kin. The greateft wrong of all. He loft a wife. The nature ofhis great offence is dead. We!!,call him hither. And deeper then obliuion, we do burie Thincenfing reliques of it. Let him approach A stranger, no offender; and informe him So'tis our will he fhould. Gent. I shal my Liege. Kin. What fayes he to your daughter, Have you spoke ? Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highnes. Kin. Thenshall we haue a match. I haue letters fent me, that iers him high in fame. Enter Leonato. Laf. He looks well on' Kin. I am not a day of feacon, For thou maift see a fun-finne, and a haile In me at once: But to the brighteft beames Distraffed clouds give way, fo stand thou forth, The time is faire againe. 'Ber. My high repeated blames Deere Soueraigne pardon to me. Kin. All is whole, Not one word more of the confirmed time, Let's take the illant by the forward top : For we are old, and on our quick'ft decrees Thinaudible, and noiselelFe foot oftiroe Steales, ere we can effeft them. You remember The daughter of this Lord 'Ber. Admiringly my Liege, at first I flucke my choice upon her, ere my heart Doubt make too bold a herald of my tongue : Where the impression of mine eye enfiking, Contempts his foronfull Perftpecfitue did lend me, Which warptthe line, ofeuerie other fauour, Scorn'd a faire colour, or expreft it ftolne. Extended or contradcted ail proportions To the brighteft beames, But to the great fender, turnes a fowrs offence. Like a remorfefuil pardon (lowly carried To the great fender, turnes a fowrs offence. Toamofthideous obie^l. Thenceit came. To the great fender, turnes a fowrs offence. Not knowing them, untiil we know t)ieir graue To the great fender, turnes a fowrs offence. To see our widdowers fecond marriage day : To the great fender, turnes a fowrs offence. To see our widdowers fecond marriage day : While shamefull hate fpells out the aftemoone. To see our widdowers fecond marriage day : Bethis sweet Helloes knell, and now forget her. To see our widdowers fecond marriage day : She will not come our way The duft that did offend it. To see our widdowers fecond marriage day : Be this sweet Helloes knell, and now forget her. To see our widdowers fecond marriage day : She will not come our way To see our widdowers fecond marriage day : Be this sweet Helloes knell, and now forget her. To see our widdowers seco nd marriage day : She will not come our way To see our widdowers seco nd marriage day : Be this sweet Helloes knell, and now forget her. To see our widdowers seco nd marriage day : She will not come our way To see our widdowers seco nd marriage day : Be this sweet Helloes knell, and now forget her. To see our widdowers seco nd marriage day : She will not come our way To see our widdowers seco nd marriage day : Be this sweet Helloes knell, and now forget her. To see our widdowers seco nd marriage day : She will not come our way To see our widdowers seco nd marriage day : Be this sweet Helloes knell, and now forget her. To see our widdowers seco nd marriage day : She will not come our way To see our widdowers seco nd marriage day : Be this sweet Helloes knell, and now forget her. To see our widdowers seco nd marriage day : She will not come our way To see our widdowers seco nd marriage day : Be this sweet Helloes knell, and now forget her. To see our widdowers seco nd marriage day : She will not come our way To see our widdowers seco nd marriage day : Be this sweet Helloes knell, and now forget her. To see our widdowers seco nd marriage day : She will not come our way To see our widdowers seco nd marriage day : Be this sweet Helloes knell, and now forget her. To see our widdowers seco nd marriage day : She will not come our way To see our widdowers seco nd marriage day : Be this sweet Helloes knell, and now forget her. To see our widdowers seco nd marriage day : She will not come our way To see our widdowers seco nd marriage day : Be this sweet Helloes knell, and now forget her. To see our widdowers seco nd marriage day : She will not come our way To see our widdowers seco nd marriage day : Be this sweet Helloes knell, and now forget her. To see our widdowers seco nd marriage day : She will not come our way To see our widdowers seco nd marriage day : Be this sweet Helloes knell, and now forget her. To see our widdowers seco nd marriage day : She will not come our way To see our widdowers seco nd marriage day : Be this sweet Helloes knell, and now forget her. To see our widdowers seco nd marriage day : She will not come our way
That this may quickly come, By my old beard, And e're the hair that's on't, Helen that's dead Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this, This is the ring ere I took her issue at Court, I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Here it was not.

King. N. Now pray you let me see it. For mine eye, While I was speaking, oft was fallen to the This ring was mine, and when I gave it Helen. I had her if her fortunes ever should bee Necessitied to help, that by this token I would releave her, Had you that craft to rescue her Of what should I read her most?

Ber. My gracious Sovereigne,

How ere it please you to take it so,

The ring was neuer hers.

Old La. Some, on my life, I have seen her wear it, and the token'd it At her issue rate.

Lea. I am sure I saw her wear it

Ber. You are deceiv'd my Lord, the never saw it: In Florence was it from a casement thrown mee Wipt'd in a paper, which contain'd the name Of her that threw it: Noble she was, and thought Fleding ag'd, but when I had subscrib'd To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully, I could not answer in that course of Honour As she had made the ouerture, she caste In heauie satisfacion, and would neuer Receive the ring again.

Kin. Plain himselfe,

That knowes the kind and multiplying medicine, Hath not in nature my Florentine more science, Then I have in this ring. 'twas mine, 'twas Helen, Who e'er gaiue it you: then if you know That you are well acquaintide with your selfe, Confede 'twas hers, and by what ioure enforcement You got it from her. She cal'd the Saints to sureue, That she may quickly enioy By old beard.

Lea. I am sure I saw her wear it

Ber. You are deceiv'd my Lord, she neuer saw it: For I by vow am embodied yours. And therefore know, how farre I may be plittted

Deriued from the ancient Capilet,

Until you give away my selfe, which is knowne mine • But cleate I know them, do they charge me further ?

King. Come hether Count, do you know these women ?

Ber. My Lord, she is one of mine.

Lea. What faist thou for her?

He do's me wrong my Lord: If I were so,

Diana Capilet.

Laf. I will buy me a some in Law in a faire, and toule for this. Hee none of him.

Kin. The heavens haue thought well on thes Laffs, To bring forth this discoure, fieke these suites: Go specially, and bring againe the Count.

Enter Bertram. I am a feard the life of Helen (Ladie)

Was fowly snatcht.

Old La. Now justice on the doers

King. I wonder if, if, wifes are monsters to you, And that you flye them as you sware them Lordship, Yet you declare to marry. What woman's that ?

Enter Widow, Diana, and Paroles. I am my Lord a wretched Florentine,

Derived from the ancient Capilet,

My suites as I do understand you know, And therefore know how farre I may be pittied

Lafew. For I by vow am embodied yours, That the which marrie you, must marrie me, Either both or none.

Lea. Your reputation comes too short for my daughter, you are not husband for her.

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and desperate creature, Whom sometime I haue laugh'd with: Let your highnes Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour, Then for to think that I would finde it here.

Kin. Sir for my thoughts, you haue them it to friend, Till your decrees gaine them falter: prove your honor, Then in my thoughts it lies.

Dian. Good my Lord,

Ask him upon his oath, if he do's think

He had not my virginity.

Kin. What faist thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent my Lord,

And was a common gamester to the Camp.

Dian. He do's me wrong my Lord: if I were so,

He might have bought me at a common price.
All's Well, that Ends Well

Do not believe him. O behold this Ring,
Whole high respect and rich valuing
Did lacke a Parallell yet for all that
He gave it to a Commoner at Camp
I'll be one.

 cries he blusters, and 'tis hit:
Of six preceding Ancestors, that femme
Concern'd by testament to th' frequent issue
Hath it beene owned and worn. This is his wife,
That Ring's a thousand proofes
Confcr'd by ccflament to th' frequent issue
He gave it to a Commoner at Camp
Jo not beleeve him. O behold this Ring,
Hath it beene owed and worn. Thu is his wife,
Of six preceding Ancestors, that lemme
Did Ucke a Parallell 't
yet for all that
You saw one here in Court could witneffe it.
Ifl be one.
The whose nature sickens: but to speake a truth,
With all the (pots a'th world, taxis and debofli d,
Whole high refpeft and rich validate
Speake any thing.
She knew her distance, and did angle for mee,
As all impediments in fancies courle
Madding my eagerneffe with her tertraim,
And boorded her i'th wanton way of youth
Her infuite comming with her moderns grace,
Ate motiuves of more fancie, and in fine,
Got me to Subdu'd Ring,
the rate,
the rate,
the rate,
the rate,
Way mrtly dyetme. I pray you yet
At Market puce haue bought.
And I had that which any infeiiour might
(Since you lacks venue, I will lose a husband)
Out of a Caferoenc.

Enter ParoUes
I haue fpoke the truth
Enter Paroles
Ref. My Lord, I do confesse the ring was hers.

You haue tould of a fair and noble wife,
May utfly dye me. I pray you yet
(Since you lacke vertue, I will looke a husband)
Send for your Ring, I will returne it home,
And give me mine againe.

Ref. I have it not.

Kim. What Ring was yours? I pray you?

Dia. Sit much like the fame upon your finger
Kim. Know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late
Dia. And this was ii giue him being a bed.
Kim. The story then goes faile, you throw it him

Our of a Calement.
Dia. I haue spok the truth

Kim. Tell me sirrah, but tell me true I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your matter
Which on your saunt proceeding, I keepe off,
By him and by this woman heere, what know you?
Par. So pleaze your Maiftiy, my matter hath bin an
honourable Gentleman
Tickes hee hath had in him, which Gentlemen haue.
Kim. Come, come, to th' purpose: Did hee love this woman?
Par. Faith sir he did love her, but how
Kim. How I pray you?
Par. He did love her sir, as a Gent. loves a Woman
Kim. How is that?
Par. He lovd her sir, and lou'd her not
Kim. As thou art a knave and no knave, what an equi-

uccell Companion is this?

Par. I am a poore man and at your Maisties command.

Laf. He's a good drunckme my Lord, but a naughty

Orator

Dia. Do you know he promised me marriage?
Par. Faith I know more then Ile speake.
Kim. But wilt thou not speake all thou know'st?
Par. Ye s to speake your Maiftiy. I did goe betweene
them as I said, but more then that he loved her, for
In deed he was madde for her, and talkts 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 promising her
marriage, and things which would derive mee ill will to
speake of, therefore I will not speake what I know.
Kim. Thou haft spoken all already, vulleffe thou canst
say they are married, but thou art too fine in thine evidence,
therefore stand aside. This Ring you say was yours.
Dia. I my good Lord.
Kim. Where did you buy it? Or who gaue it you?
Dia. It was not giue me, nor I did not buy it.
Kim. Who lent it you?
Dia. It was not lent me neither.
Kim. Where did you finde it then?
Dia. I found it not.
Kim. If it were yours by none of all these waies,
How could you gaue it him?
Dia. I never gaue it him.

Laf. This woman an easie gloue my Lord, the goes
off and on at pleasure.
Kim. This Ring was mine, I gaue it his first wife.
Dia. It might be yours or hers for ought I know.
Kim. Take her away, I do not like her now,
To prison with her: and away with him,
Vulleffe thou tell me where thou hadfi this Ring,
Thou didst within this house.
Dia. He never tells you.

Kim. I tak her away.

Dia. He put in balle my lidge.
Kim. I think thee nowe a very common Customer
Dia. By loue if fure I know man twas you.
King. Wherefore haft thou accuse him at this while.
Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty:
He knowes I am no Maid, and hee fware to'ts
He fware I am a Maid, and he knowes not.
Great King I am no trumpeter, by my life,
I am either Maid, or else this old mens wife.
Kim. She does abuse our ears, to prison with her.
Dia. Good mother fetch my bayle. Stay Royall sir,
The Jeweller that owes the Ring is fent for,
And he shall furely me. But for this Lord,
Who hath abu'd me as he knowes himfelfe,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.
He knowes himfelfe my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife withchilde:
Dead though he be, she feel's her young one kicks:
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quicke,
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Helen and fiddow.
Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ref. Both, both, O pardon.

Her. Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kind, there is your Ring,
And look ye, heere is your letter: this it syres,
When from my finger you can get this Ring,
And is by me with child. &c. This is done,
Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?

Ref. If the my Liege can make me know this clearly,
I love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Her. If it appeare not plain, and prove vntrue,
Deadly divorce step betweene me and you.

Laf. Mine eyes smell Onions, I shall weape anon:
Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.
So I thanke thee, waite on me home. Ile make sport
with thee. Let thy curtesies alone, they are furious ones.

King. Let vs from point to point this storie know,
To make the euen truth in pleasure flow:
If thou beef yet a fresh vnerropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and ile pay thy dower.
For I can guesse, that by thy honest ayde,
Thou kept a wife her selfe, thy selfe a Maid.
Of that and all the progress more and lese,
Refolduedly more leasure shall espresse:
All yet seems well, and if it end so mete,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

Flourish.

The Kings a Begger, now the Play is done,
All is well ended, if this faire be wone,
That you express Content: which we will pay.
With strest to please you, day exceeding day.
Ours be your patiencs then, and yours our parts,
Your gentle bands lend vs, and take our hearts.

FINIS.
Twelve Night, Or what you will.

Aetius Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter Orfino Duke of Illyria, Caro, and other Lords.

Duke.

Musicke be the food of Loue, play on,
Give me excess of it: that surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That ftrain'd age, it had a dying fall:
O, it came ere my ear, like the sweet found
That breathes upon a banke of Violets;
Sterling, and giving Odour Enough, no more,
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.

O spirit of Loue, how quicke and fresh art thou,
That notwithstanding thy captains,
Receiveth as the Sea Nought enters there,
Of what validity, and pitch so full,
But falls into abatement, and low price
Even in a minute; so full of shapes is fancy:
That it alone, is high fantastical.

Will you go hunt my Lord?

Du. What Carter

Du. Why so do, the Noblest that I have:
O when mine eyes did fee Oliue first,
Me thought she purg'd the ayre of pestilence:
And my desires like fell and cruel hounds,
Ere faire pursuit me. How now what news from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do returne this answer.

The Element it selfe, till seven yeares hearte,
Shall not behold her face at ample view:
But like a Cloystreffe she will walked walke,
And water once a day her Chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to leason
A brothers dead loue, which she would keepes feath
And lasting, in her fad remembrance.

Du. O the 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 live in her. When Lucre, Braine, and Heart,
These soueraigne thrones, are all supply'd and fill'd
Her sweete perfections with one false king:
Away before me, to sweet beds of Floweres
Loue-thoughts yere rich, when canopy'd with bowres.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola, a Captain, and Sæloris.

Vio. What Country (Friend) is this?
Cap. This is Illyria Ladie.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother ne is in Elizium,
Perchance he is not drowned: What think you sailors?
Cap. It is perchance that you your selfe were saved.
Vio. O my poor brother, and so perchance may he be.
Cap. True Madam, and to comfort you with chance,
Affure your selfe, after our ship did split,
When you, and thole poore number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat:
Where like Orion on the Dphines backe,
I saw him hold acquittance with the waues,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's Gold:
Mine owne escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech seemes for authoricie
The like of him, know'st thou this Countrey?
Cap. I Madam well, for I was bred and borne
Not three houres straunce from this very place.

Vio. Who governes heere?
Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name,
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orfino.
Vio. Orfino: I have heard my father name him.
He was a Batcheller then.
Cap. And so is now, or was so very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmure (as you know)
What great ones do, the lewes will prattle of,
That he did seeke the loue of faire Oliue.
Vio. What's thee?
Cap. A vertuous maid, the daughter of a Count
That did some one month since, then leaue her
In the protection of his sonne, her brother,
Who shortly aloide: for whose deere loue
(They say) the hath absur'd the fight
And company of men,
Vio. O that I fended that Lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world.
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
What my estate is.

_Cap._ That were hard to compass,
Because the will admit no kind of fates,
No, not the Dukes,

_Vio._ There is a faire behaviour in the Captaine,
And though that nature, with a beauteous wall
Dost oft close in pollution yet of the
I will beleve thou hast a mite that fatter
With this thy faire and outward character,
I prethee (and he pay thee bounteously)
Conceale me what 'm am, and be my ayde,
For such disguife; hee shalbe shall become
The forme of my intent. He fere this Duke,
Though faith prentent me an Eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pines: for he can hang,
And speake to him in many forts of Mutche.
That will allow me every thing his service.
What else may hap, to tune I will commit,
One shape thou thy silence to my wit.
_Cap._ Be you his Eunuch, and your name Hecce,
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not fee.
_Vio._ I thank thee: Lead me on.

_Exit._

_Scena Tertia._

_Enter Sir Toby, and Maria._

_Sir To._ What a plague means my niece to take the death of her brother thus? I am farce else's an enemy to life.

_Ma._ By my troth for Toby, you must come in earlier a nights : your Cousin, my Lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

_Toby._ Why let her except, before excepted

_Ma._ I, but you must confine your selfe within the modest limits of order.

_Toby._ Confine? Ile confine my felle no finer then I am: these cloathes are good enough to drink in, and in bee these boots too: and they be not, let them hang them-selves in their owne strapp.

_Ma._ That quaffing and drinking will vndeCe you. I heard my Lady take of it yesterdays: and of a foolish Knight that you brought in one night here, to be her worke.

_Toby._ Who, Sir Andrew Ague-clacks?

_Ma._ I he.

_Toby._ He's as tall a man as any's in Illyna.

_Ma._ What's that to the purpose?

_Toby._ Why he has three thousand ducats a yeare.

_Ma._ I, but bee I have but a yeare in all these ducates: he's a very foole, and a prodigall.

_Toby._ Fit, that you'll lay fo: the plays of t'oth Viol-de-gamboys, and speakes three or four languages word for word without booke, & hath all the good gifts of nature.

_Ma._ He hath indeed, almost naturally: for besides that he's a foole, he's a great quarreller: and but that hee hath the gift of a Coward, so alway the gulf he hath in quarrelling, tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a groce.

_Toby._ By this hand they are foundreds and sabra-

_Ma._ They that adder moreore, he's drunkene nighty

_Toby._ With drinking healths to my niece: Ile drinke to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, & drinke in Illyna: he's a Coward and a Coward that will not drinke to my Niece till his branches are o'th toe, like a porcin top. What wench? Cufhiuma uncle gover here comes Sir Andrew Agricale.

_Enter Sir Andrew._

_And._ Sir Toby Belch, how now Sir Toby Belch? To. Sweet Sir Andrew._

_And._ Bleffe you faire Lucre._

_Ma._ And you too s.

_Toby._ Accord Sir Andrew, accord.

_And._ What's that?

_Toby._ My Niece: chambermaid.

_Ma._ Good Misfitis accord, I desire better acquaintance.

_Ma._ Your name is Sir?

_Toby._ Good Misfitis, Mary, accord.

_Ma._ You mistake, knight? Accord, is from her, broid

_Toby._ By my troth I would not underrate her in this company. Is that the meaning of Accord?

_Ma._ Sir you well Gentleman.

_Toby._ And have you part so Sir Andrew, would thou mights never draw sword again.

_Ma._ And you part so Misfitis, I would I might never draw sword again: 1 are Lady, doe you think you have foole in hand?

_Ma._ Sir, I have not you by this hand.

_Ma._ Mercy but you shalbe, and heeres my hand.

_Ma._ Now sir, thought is free: I pray you bring your hand to the Butter barre, and let it drinke.

_Ma._ Wherfore (sweet-hearts) What's your Metaphor?

_Ma._ It's a dry sir.

_Toby._ And Why I think so. I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your self?

_Ma._ A dry self Sir.

_And._ Are you full of them?

_Ma._ I Sir, I have them at my fingers ends: marry now I let go your hand, I am barren.

_Ma._ Why not draw sword again.

_Ma._ Never in your life I think, valleff ye see Camarrie put me down: m'm thinkes sometimes 1 have noe more wit then a Chasian, or an ordinary man ha's: but I am a great eater of beefe, and I believe that does harme to my wit.

_Toby._ No question.

_Ma._ And I thought that, I'd forswear it, Ile ride home to morrow for Toby.

_Toby._ Pur-sper, my dear knight?

_Ma._ What a purse? Do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, and beare-baying: O had I but followed the Arts.

_Toby._ Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

_Ma._ Why, would that have mended my hair?

_Toby._ Pail question, for thou feest it will not cooke my _Ao. But it becomes we well enough, doft nor? (nature)

_Ma._ Excellent, it shews like flax on a diffable & I hope to see a huswife take thee between her legs, & spin it off.

_Toby._ Faith Ile home to morrow for Toby, your niece will not beene, so if she be it's four to one, the none of me: the Count himselfe here hard by, woes her.

_Ma._ Shee's none of the Count, she'll not match about his degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit: I have heard her swear t. But their's hire in man.
Twelue Night, or, What you will.

And, he stay a moneth longer. I am a fellow o'thstrange world: I delight in Markes and Re-auls amongst me altogether.
Ta. Art thou good at these kick-shawfes 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.
And. And I think I have the backe-strike, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.
To. Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a Curiosity before 'em? Are they like to take duct, like misters Mals picture? Why dost thou not goe to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carretto? My witte walke should be a prigaret; I would not so much as make water but in a Sinke-pace: What doeest thou by the excellent constitution of thy legges, it was form'd under the faire of a Galliard.
And. I, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a dam'd colour'd Rocke. Shall we sit about some Reuels?
To. What shall we do else? were we not borne under Taurus?
And. Taurus That sides and heart.
To. No fit, it is legs and thighs: let me see thee caper. Ha, higher; ha, ha excellent. 

Scena Quarta.

Enter Voltaire, and Viola in masque attire.

Vol. If the Duke continue these favours towards you Cesario, you are like to be much admired, he hath known you three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vi. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call me question the continuance of his love. I am inform'd of it, in his favours. 

Vol. No believe me.

Enter Dorine, Curio and Attendants.

Dor. I thank you; here comes the Count.

Cur. Who is Cesario here?

Dor. On your attendance my Lord here.

Cur. Stand you a while aloofe. Cesario, thou knowest no leffe, but all I have vouchas'd to thee the booke even of my secret foile. Therefore good youth, address thee gare unto her, Be not demide eccell, stand at her doores. And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, Till thou have audience.

Dor. Sure my Noble Lord, If thee be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, fine neuer will admit thee.

Dor. Be clamorous, and leape all civill bounds, Rather then make unprofited returne.

Vi. Say I do speake with her (my Lord)what then?

Dor. O then, unfold the passion of my love, Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith: It shall become thee well to act my wits. She will attend it better in thy youth, Then in a Nuntio's of more grave alpox.

Vi. I think not so, my lord.

Dor. Dear Lad, believe it; For they shall yet before thy happy yeeres, That say thou art a man: Diana's lip Is not more smooth, and rubious: thy small pipe Is as the maidens organ, thrill, and sound, And all is tendemible a woman's part. I know thy constellacion is right apt For this affaire: some foure or five attend him, All if you will: for I myself am best When least in companie: prosper well in this, And thou shalt live as freely as thy Lord, To call his fortunes thine.

Vi. Do your best. To woo your Lady: ye yet a barefull Image, Who ere I woo, my wifhe shall be his wife. 

Enter Maria and Cleower.

Ma. Nay, either tell me where thou hast bin, or I will not open my lipes to wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my Lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clos. Let her hang me: thee that is well hang'd in this world, needs to fear no colours.

Ma. Make that good.

Clos. He shall see none to fear.

Ma. A good lenton answer: I can tell thee where thy saying was borne, of I fear no colours.

Clos. Where good misfits Merry?

Ma. In the warrs, & that may you be bold to say in your fouerie.

Clos. Well, God change them wisdomes that have it: & those that are foole, let them vfe their talents.

Ma. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, or to turn'd away: is not that as good a hanging to you?

Clos. Many a good hangung, prevents a bad marriage: and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Ma. You are revenge then?

Clos. Not to my hether, but I am resolv'd on two points.

Ma. That if one break, the other will hold in: if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clos. Apt in good faith, very apt: well go thy way, if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou were as witty a piece of Exent Beth, as any in Illyria.

Ma. Peace you rogue, no more of that; here comes my Lady: I make your excuse wisely, you were best.

Enter Lady Oliuia, with Malnido.

Oli. Wit, and be thy will, put me into good fooling. Those wits that thinke they have thee, doe very oft prove foole: and I that am sure I lacke thee, may passe for a wise man. For what faire Quintapula, better a witty foole, then a foolish wit. God bleffe thee Lady.

Oli. Take the foole away.

Clos. Do you not heare fellows, take away the Ladie. 

Oli. Go too, y'are a dry foole: He no mote of you be- sider you vse dis-honest.

Clos. Two faults Madona, that drink & good counsell will amend: for guke the drye foole drunk, then is the foole not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himselfe, he mend, he is no longer dishonest: if thee cannot, let the Bitches mend him: any thing that's mend'd, is but patch'd with merits, then he be a piece of Sir Toby with his wife, than a foolish wit. God bleffe thee Lady.

Oli. Take the foole away.
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, so beauties a
flower: The Lady bad take away the fool, therefore I
stay againe, take her away.

Ol. Sir, I bind them take away you.

Clo. Mifprision in the highest degree. Lady, Cuckulls
non facit monachum: that's as much to say, as I were not
money in my braine: good Madona, give mee leave to
prove you a fool.

Ol. Can you do it?

Clo. Dextenously, good Madona.

Ol. Make your prove.

Clo. I must catechize you for it Madona, Good my
Moufe of vertue answer mee.

Ol. Well sir, for want of other idlenesse, he abide your
prove.

Clo. Good Madona, why mourns thou?

Ol. Good fool, for my brothers death.

Clo. I think his foolie is in hell, Madona.

Ol. I know his foolie is in heaven, foolie.

Clo. The more foolie (Madona) to mourne for your
Brothers soul, being in heaven. Take away the Fool, Gentlemen.

Ol. What thinke you of this foolie Malvolio, doth he
not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death make
him: Infamy that decays the wife, doth ever make the
better foolie.

Clo. God send you sir, a speedie Infamy, for the
better increasing your folly: Sir Toby will be sworn that
I am no Fox but he will not pass his word for two pence
that you are no Foolie.

Ol. How say you to that Malvolio?

Mal. I maruell your Ladyship takes delight in such
a barefaced rascal: I saw him put down the other day
with an ordinary foolie, that has no more braine then a
stone. Looke you now, he's out of his guard already. unles you
laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gag'd. I protest I
take these Wifemen, that crow so at theft set kinde of
Bullrich and minifler occafion to him, he is gag'd. I protest I
will be swarme that

Better increasing your folly: Sir

Ol. Can you do it?

Mal. I shall not speake with you. 1 told him you were sick, he takes on
him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speake with you. I told him you were asleep, he seems to have
a fore knowledge of that too, and therefore comes
to speake with you. What is to be said to him Ladie, he's
fortified against any denial.

Ol. Tell him, he shall not speake with me.

Mal. He's beene told so: and he fayes he'll stand at
your doore like a Sheriffes poft, and be the supporter to
a bench, but he'll speake with you.

Ol. What kinde o'man is he?

Mal. Why of mankeinde.

Ol. What manner o'man?

Mal. Of verie ill manner: he'll speake with you, will
you, or no

Ol. Of what perfonage, and yeeres is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough
for a boy: as a squab is before tis a peacock, or a Cooing
when tis almost an Apple: Tis with him in standing wa-
ter, betwene boy and man. He is verie well-favour'd,
and he fpeakes verie fine-sounding. One would think his
mothers milk were scarce out of him.

Ol. Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calleth,

Clo. Make your proofe.

Ol. By mine honor haile drunke. What is he at the
gate Cofin?

To. A Gentleman.

Ol. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

To. Tis a Gentleman here. A plague of these prickle
heering. How now, Toby.

Clo. Good Sir Toby.

Ol. Cofin, Cofin, how have you come so early by
this Lethersting?

To. Letchery, I deifie Letchery there's one at the
gate.

Ol. I marry, what is he?

To. Let him be the dull and he will, I care not give
my faith say I. Well, it's all one.

Ol. What's a drunken man like, foolie?

Mal. Like a drown'd man, a foolie, and madde man.

Ol. Go thou and seek the Crowner, and let him fitte
o'my Coz: for he is in the third degree of drink: he's
drown'd: go looke after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet Madona, and the foolie shall
looke to the madman.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he'll
speake with you. I told him you were sicke, he takes on
him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speake
with you. I told him you were asleep, he seems to have
a fore knowledge of that too, and therefore comes
to speake with you. What is to be said to him Ladie, he's
fortified against any denial.

Ol. Tell him, he shall not speake with me.

Mal. He's beene told so: and he fayes he'll stand at
your doore like a Sheriffes poft, and be the supporter to
a bench, but he'll speake with you.

Ol. What kinde o'man is he?

Mal. Why of mankeinde.

Ol. What manner o'man?

Mal. Of verie ill manner: he'll speake with you, will
you, or no

Ol. Of what perfonage, and yeeres is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough
for a boy: as a squab is before tis a peacock, or a Cooing
when tis almost an Apple: Tis with him in standing wa-
ter, betwene boy and man. He is verie well-favour'd,
and he fpeakes verie fine-sounding. One would think his
mothers milk were scarce out of him.

Ol. Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calleth,

Clo. Give me my vaile: come throw it on my face,
We'll once more heare Orsino Embaffle.

Enter Orsino.

Vio. The honorable Ladie of the house, which is the?

Ol. Speake to me, I shall answere for her: your will.

Vio. Most radiant, exquifite, and unmatchable beau-
tie. I pray you tell me if this bee the Lady of the house,
for I never saw her. I would be loath to caft away my
speech: for besides that it is excellently well pend, J have
taken great pains to con it. Good Beauties, let mee fu-
prize your Ladyship.

Ol. Whence came you sir?

Vio. I can say little more then I have studied, & that
question's out of my part. Good gentle one, giue mee
modell assurance, if you be the Ladie of the house, that
Twelth Night, or, What you will.

Vio. I fee you what you are, you are too proud: But if you were the dullest, you are faire.

My Lord, and master loves you: O such love
Could be but recompenced, though you were crowned
The non-pareil of beauty.

Vio. How does he love me?

With adorations, ferial tears,
With groans that thunder loud, with sighs of fire.

Vio. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot love him
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and timely youth;
In voyces well divulg'd, free, learned, and valiant,
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him:
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a flushing, such a deadly life:
In your denial, I would finde no hinge,
I would not underlie it.

Vio. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow Cabine at your gate,
And call upon my soule within the house,
Write loyal Cantos of condemned loue,
And sing them lowd even in the dead of night;

Hallow your name to the reverberate hilles.

But you should pitty me.

Vio. What is your Parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:

I am a Gentleman.

Vio. Get you to your Lord:

I cannot love him: let him send no more,
Violeas (prestancy) you come to me againe,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains; spend this (or more,)
To make his heart of flint, that you shal loue

And let your ferrer like my masters be,
Place d in contempts. For well sayre cruellie.

Exit.

Vio. What is your Parentage?

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well,

I am a Gentleman. I'll be worne thou art,
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirits.
Do give thee five-fold blazon: nor too fall, nor soft,
Violeas the master were the man. How now?

Even so quickly may one catch the plague?

But methinks I feel this youth's perfecions
With an insensible, and subtle healthe.

To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.

What hau, Malvolio.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal Here Madam, at your seruice.

Ot. Run after that same peevish Meflenger

The Courtesan : he left this Ring behinde him

I would I, or not: tell him, Ile none of it.

Defie 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,
He gie him reasons not to thes Malvolio

Mal Madam, I will.

Ot. I do I know not what, and leaue to finde

Mine eye too great a flatterer for my minde.
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Actus Secundus, Scena prima.

Enter Antonio & Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer: nor will you not that I go with you.

Seb. By your patience, no: my flares shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate, may perhaps disfemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad compunction for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. An oath sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagance. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that I will not extort from you, what I am willing to keep: therefore I charge me in manners, the rather to express my self; you must know of me, then Antonio, my name is Sebastian (which I call'd Rodrigo) my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him, my selfe, and a sister, both borne in an hour: if the Heavens had beene pleased, would we had so ended. But you sir, latter'd that, for some houre before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day.

Seb. A Lady sir, though it was said there much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but though I could not with such estimable wonder have forsaken her beleeue dis, yet thus farre I will boldly publish her, shee bore a minde that enuy could not but call faire: She is drown'd already sir with faire water, though I feeme to drowne her remembrance againe with more.

Ant. Pardon me sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let mee be your tenant.

Seb. If you will not eudo what you have done, that is kill him, whom you have recover'd, I deare not. Fare well at once, my boseone is full of kindnesse, and I am yet to see the manner of my mother, that vpon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Count Orsino's Court, farewell.

Exit Ant.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola and Malvolio, at several doors.

Mal. Were not you eu'n now, with the Countess Olimia?

Vi. Even now sir, on a moderate pace, I have since ariued, but hither.

Mal. She returns this Ring to you (sir) you might have fauned mee my paines, to have taken it away your selfe. She adds more, that you should put your Lord into a desperate assurance, they will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never so handly to come againe in his affaires, unless it bee to report your Lords taking of this: receive it fo.

Vi. She took the Ring of me, Ie none of it.

Mal. Come sir, you persecutly threw it to her: and her will is, it should be so return'd: If she be worth looking for, there it lies, in your eye: if not, bee it that finds it.

Exit.

Vi. I left no Ring with her: what means this Lady? Fortune forbid my out-side hue not charm'd her: She made good view of me, indeed so much, That me thought her eyes had left her tongue, For she did speake in starts distractedly. She loues me sure, the cunning of her passion intensifies me in this churlifh mifenger: None of my Lords Ring? Why he fent her none; I am the man, if I be too astis, Poor Lady, she were better lose a dreamt: Dishonoure, I fea thou art a wickednesse, Wherein the pregnant enemie does much. How eafe is it, for the proper tale In womens waken hearts to set their formes:

Alas, O frailtie is the cause, not we,

For such as we are made, if such we bee: How will this fadge? My matter loues her dearly,

And (poore monster) fond smuch on him:

And (the mistaken) fermen to dotte on me:

What will become of this? As I am man,

My flate is desperate for my mailers loue:

As I am woman (now alas the day)

What thriftelie fighes shall poore Olivia breath?

O time, thou mufte retante this, not I,

It is too hard a knot for me t'untie.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

To. Approach Sir Andrew: not to bee bedesafter midnight, is to be vp betimes, and Delicate fengers, thou know't.

And. Nay by my troth I know not; but I know, to be vp late, is to be vp late.

To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfill'd Canne.

To. To bee vp after midnight, and to go to bed then is early:

And. Does not our lives confifi of the foure Elements?

And. Faith so they fay, but I thinke it rather consists of eating and drinking.

To. Th'art a scholler, let vs therefore eate and drinke.

Mal. Tis a foole, a foole, and a foole woth wine.

Enter Clown.

And. Here Comes the folly yeaith.

Cl. How now my harts: Did you never fee the Picture of we three?

To. Welcome safe, now let's have a catch.

And. By my troth the folly has an excellent breaift. I had rather then forty shillings I had such a legge, and so sweet a breath to fling, as the folly has In both thou woul in very gracious looking last night, when thou spok'lt of Pirogramitius, of the Hepans puling the Equinoctial of Qweekome: 'twas very good yeaith. I lent thee five pence for
for thy Lemon, hadst it?

"Clo. I did impetish thy gratitily for Malvolio"s note is no Whip-rocke. My Lady has a white hand, and the Merimedes are no bottle-ale houfes.

An. Excellent: Why this is the baffe fooling, when all is done: Now a song.

To. Come on, there is fixe pence for you. Let's have a song.

An. There's a refrill of me too: if one knight give a clo. Would you have a louse-song, or a song of good life?

To. A louse song, a louse song.

An. 1. I care not for good life.

O Mistress mine where are you coming ?

O stay and hear, your true loves coming,
That can sing both high and low.

Trip not further prettie sweeting,
Your swan's end in lonely meeting,
Every wife mens some dark know.

An. Excellent good, ifaith.

To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love, is not heresifter,
Prettie youth, hath prettie iart. What's to come, is still reverfe.

In delay there lies no plenty,
Then came kiffe my sweet and woe;
To the swan's stroke no end shall have.

An. A mellifluous roytce, as I am true knight.

To. A contagious breath.

An. Very sweet, and continous ifaith.

To. To hearde by the nose, it is dulet in contageon.

But shall we make the Welkin dance indeed ? Shall we rowze the night-Owle in a Catch, that will drawe three soules out of one Weaver? Shall we do that?

And. And you love me, let's doo't: I am dogge at a Catch.

Clo. By lady sir, and some dogs will catch well.

An. Moft certaine: Let our Catch be, Then Knaue

Clo. Hold thy peace, then Knauke knight. I shall be confirmed in't, to call thee knaue, Knight.

An. Tas not the first time I have constrained one to call me knaue. Begin foole it: begins, Held thy peace.

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

An. Goo ifaith: Come begin. Catch sung

Enter Maria.

Maria. What a caterwauling does you keepe here? if my Lady hare not call'd vp her Steward Malvolio, and bid him turne you out of doors, neuertrust me.

To. My Lady's a Caratyan, we are politians, Malvolio a Peg-a-rainfie, and Thrice merry man may be see. Am not I confangiuinous? Am I not of her blood? tillly vally. Lady, Thiffe dwelt a man in Babylon. Lady, Lady.

Clo. Behew me, the knights in admirable fooling.

An. 1, he do's well enough if he be dispos'd, and do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more naturally.

To. Of the twelfth day of December

Maria. For the Loue of God peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters are you mad? Or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honefitie, but to gabble like Tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an Alehoufe of my Ladies house, that ye fqueak out your Coziers Catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, person, nor time in you?

To. We did keepe time fir in our Catches, Succeke vp.

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My Lady bad me tell you, that though the harbors you as her kindman, she's nothing ality'd to your diforders. If you can separate your felle and your millemanors, you are welcome to the house: if not, and it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

To. Farewell decre heart, since I must needs be gone.

Maria. Nay good Sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do shew his dyster are almost done.

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 spare not?

Clo. Ono ono, ono, ono, you dare not.

To. Our tune fir, ye lye: Art any more then a Stew ard? Doft thou thinkke because thou art vettuous, there shall bne more Cakes and Ale?

An. Yes by S.Anne, and Ginger shall bee better v' th mouth too.

To. That'th right: Goe fir, rub your Chaine with crums, A skope of Wine Maria.

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my Ladies favour at any thing more then contempt, you would not give means for this vnscull rule; the shall know of it by this hand.

Exeunt.

Maria. Go frake your eares.

An. Twere as good a deede as to drink when a mans a hungrie, to challenge him the field, and then to breake promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Mal. 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 Monfeur Malvolio,let me alone with him: If I do not gull him into an ay word, and make him a common recreation, do not thinke I have witte ene doughty enough to lye straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

To. Possile vs, possile vs, tell vs something of him.

Maria. Marrie sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritane.

An. O, if I thought that, I de beare him like a dogge.

To. What for being a Puritane, thy exquiffite reason, deere knight.

An. I have no exquiffite reason for't, but I have reason good enouh.

Mal. The diuell a Puritane that hee is, or any thing confaffibly but a time-pleafer, an affectionate Alle, that comes State without booke, and writes it by great swarts. The beeuervoided of himselfe: to cram'd (as he thinkes) with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith, that all that looke on him, love him: and on that vice in him, will my revenge finde notable cause to worke.

To. What wilt thou do ?

Maria. I will drop in his way some obscure Epiffles of loue, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of his legge, the manner of his gate, the expressuoure of his eye, forehead, and complettion, he shall finde himselfe most feelingly peftonated. I can write very like my Lady your Neece, on a forgotten matter wee can hardly make diftinction of our hands.

To. Excellent, I flinne a deuce.

An. That's in my note too.

To. He shall thinke by the Letters that thou wilt drop this


---

Twelve Night, or, What you will. 261
that they come from my Neress, and that thee's in loue with him.

Mar. My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

An. And your horse now would make him an Alfe.


An. O twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal I warrant you: I know my Physick will work with him, I will plant you two, and let the Foolo make a third, where he shall finde the Letter: obserue his construction of it: For this night to bed, and dreame on the event: Farewell.

Exit Dreameon theeurent: Farewell.

obferue nis. conftrudhon ofit: For this night to bed, and

Hath it not boy?

Hath ftaid vpon fome fauour that it loues:

An. Before me she's a good wench.

Mar. She's a beagle true bred, and one that adores me: what o'thst?

An. I was ado'd once too.

To. Let's to bed knight: Thou hadfineede fend for

Me thought it did releeue my paiTion much.

Du. Give me fome Mufick; Now good morovs fiends.

Clo. Are you ready Sir?

Duke I prebhe sing.

The Song.

Come away, come away death,
And in sad cyreffe let me be laide.
Fye away, fie away breath,
I am faine by a faire cruel ladies
My forfond of white flook all with Eu. O prepare it.
My part of death no one for true did dure it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweete
On my blacke coffn, let there be furnace.
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpes, where my behoves shall be shrowne:
A thousand and thousand fighes to fave lay me o're
Sad true lover never find my Graves to wepe there.

Du. Then let thy Loue be yonger then thy felfe.

Cefano, but thae peece of fong,

Now the mclanchelly God protect thee, and the

Exit

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio and others.

Du. Give me some Mufick; Now good morow fiends.

Now good Cefano, but that piece of song,

That old and Antike fong we heard laft night;

Me thought it did relieve my passion much,

More then light ayres, and recollected terrors

Come, but one verfe.

\texttt{Cefano.}

He is not heere (so pleaze your Lordshippe) that should fing it?

\texttt{Du.}

Who is it?

\texttt{Cur.}

Felfe the letter my Lord, a foleo that the Lade

Olivesse Father tooke much delight in. He is about the

houte.

\texttt{Du.}

Seek him out, and play the tune the white.

\texttt{Cefano.}

Come hither Boy, if ever thou shalt love

In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:

For such as I am, all true Lovers are,

Veslaid and skirtish in all motions else,

Save in the constant image of the creature

That is belou'd. How doft thou like this tune?

\texttt{Vio.}

It gives a verie eccho to the feate

Where love is thron'd.

\texttt{Du.}

Thou dolt speake maflely,

My life vpon't, yong though thou art, shine eye

Hath flaid upon some favour that it loues:

Hath it not boy?

\texttt{Vio.}

A little, by your favour.

\texttt{Du.}

What kindes of woman fit?

\texttt{Vio.}

Of your complektion.

\texttt{Du.}

She is not worth thethen. What yeares iclesit?

\texttt{Vio.}

About your yeetes my Lord.

\texttt{Du.}

Too old by heessen: Let still the woman take

An elder then her selfe, so weares the to him

So swaies the soul in her husbands heart:

For boy, however we do praise our selves,

Our faces are more giddie and vefrime,

More longing, wafting, sooner lost and worne,

Then women are.

\texttt{Vio.}

I think it well my Lord.

\texttt{Du.}

Then let thy Loue be yonger then thy selfe,

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:

For women are as Rofes, whole faire flowre

Being once disposed, doth fall that verie howre.

\texttt{Vio.}

And fo they are sales, that they are so:

To die, even when they to perfection grow.

\texttt{Enter Curio & Clouane.}

\texttt{Du.}

O fellow come, the song we had last night:

Mark it Cefario, it is old and plaine;

The Spinsteres and the Knitters in the Sun,

And the free maides that weave their thread with bones,

Do vfe to chant it: it is folly foolish,

And dallyes with the innocence of love,

Like the old age.

\texttt{Clo.}

Are you ready Sir?

\texttt{Duke}

I prebee sing.

\texttt{Clo.}

No pains fir, I take pleafure in finging fir.

\texttt{Du.}

Ile pay thy pleafure then

\texttt{Clo.}

Truely fir, and pleafure will be paid one time or another.

\texttt{Du.}

Give me now leave, to leave thee.

\texttt{Clo.}

Now the melancholy God proteeff thee, and the
tailer make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy

minde is a very Opall. I would have men of fuch conftan
cie put to Sea, that their bufinesse might be euery thing,

and their intent euery where, for that's i.. that alwayes

ends to put to Sea, that their bufinesse might be euery thing,

and their intent euery where, for that's i.. that alwayes

makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.

\texttt{Du.}

Let all the tell gue place: Once more Cefaro,

Get thee to yond fame fouctralene crueltie:

Tell her my Loue, more noble then the world

Prizes not quantitle of dirtie lands,

The parts that fortune hath beflov'd vpon her

Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune.

But 'tis that mirade, and Queene of lems

That nature pranks her in, attrads my soule.

\texttt{Vio.}

But if she cannot love you fir

\texttt{Du.}

It cannot be so anfwer'd.

\texttt{Vio.}

Soothe but you must

\texttt{Du.}

Say that some Lady, as perhaps there is,

Hath for your loue as great a pang of heart

As you have for Oliva? you cannot love her:

You tell her so: Muth the not then be anfwer'd?

\texttt{Du.}

There is no womans fides
Scena Quinta.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, Sir Toby: if I lose a frappe of this sport, let me be boy'd to death with Melancholy.

To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have theiggardly Raffely fish-er-bite, come by some notable shame?

Fa. I would exult man: you know he brought me out with a foolifh knight.

To. To anger him we'll have the Bear again, and we will foole him blacke and blinde, shall we not sir Andrew?

As. And we do not, it is pittie of our lives.

Enter Maria.

To. Here comes the little villaine: How now my Merrile of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box tree: Malatio's comming downe this walke, he has beene yonder the Sunne praising behavoure to his own shadow this halfe hour. Observe him for the love of Mockeries for I know this Leter will make a contemptuall idee of hym. Close in the name of respeet, then any one else that follows her. What should I thinke on?

To. Here's an ouer-wearing rogue.

Fa. O peace! Contemplation makes a rare Turkey Cocke of him, how he setters under his aduanced planes.

And. Slight I could fo beare the Rogue.

To. Peace, peace.

Mal. To be Count, Malatoes.

To. Ah Rogue.


To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example forts: The Lady of the Strayby married the yeoman of the wardrob.

An. Fie on him lezabel.

Fa. O peace, now he's deeply in: looke how imagina tion blows him.

Mal. Having been three moneths married to her, sitting in my state.

To. Of a stone-bow to hit him in the eye.

Alad. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd Yeluct goume: haung come from a day bedde, where I have left Olane sleepinge.

To. Fire and Brimstone.

Fa. O peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humor of state: and after a demure trauaile of regard: telling them I know my place, as I would they should doe theirs: to take for my kinthism Toby.

To. Bolres and Shackles.

Fa. Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now.

Mal. Seuen of my people with an obedient farrt, make out for him I frowne the while, and perchance winde vp my watch, or play with my fome rich Jewell: Toby approches; curtises thereto 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 smile with an austere regard of controul.

To. And do's nor Toby take you a blow o'the lippes, then?

Mal. Saying, Cosine Toby, my Fortunes having caft me on your Neece, give me this prerogatiue of fpeech.

To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkennesse.

To. Our fceab.

Fab. Nay patience, or we breake the finewes of our plot.

To. What employment have we here?

Mar. Saying, Come Toby, my Fortunes haveing caft me on your Neece, give me this prerogatiue of fpeech.

To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkennesse.

To. Out our fceab.

Fab. Nay patience, or we breake the finewes of our plot.

Mal. Besides you waste the treasure of your time, with a foolish knight.

And. That's mee I warrant you.

Mal. One fit Androm. And I knew twas I, for many do call mee foole.

Mal. What employment have we here?

To. Now is the Woodcocke neere the gin.

Fa. Oh peace, and the spirit of humora inteimate rea ding aloud to him.

Mal. By my life this is my Ladies hand: these bee her very C's, her V's, and her T's, and thus makes fhee her great Pl's. It is in contempt of question her hand.

As. Her C's, her V's, and heT's: why that?

Mal. To the unknowne belad, thus, and my good wishes: Her very Phrases: By your leve wax: Soft, and the im pressure her Laurence, with which the vifs to feaie this my Lady: To whom should this be?

Fay. This wins the him, Liver and all.
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Malt. I love knowes None, who, lips do not move, no man well know. No man must know. What followes? The numbers alterd: No man must know,

If this should be thee Malvolio: To. Marry hang thee brecio.

Malt. I may command where I adore, but slept like a Lucrecie knave:

With blood and tere my heart doth gore, M.O. A. I. doth fray my life.

Exe. A fullan riddle.

To. Excellent Wench, say I.

Fab. M.O.A. I. doth fray my life Nay but first let me fee, let me fee, let me fee.

Fab. What dish's poyson has he drench him?

To. What with what wing the flation checks at it?

Malt. I may command where I adore: Why shent may command me. I serve her, she is my Lady. Why this is evident to any formal capacitie. There is affection in this, and the end: What shoulde that Alphabetical position portend, if I could make that resemble something in me? Softly, M.O.A.

To. O1, make vp that, he is now at a cold lent

Fab. Sowter will cry upo't for all this, though it give

as ranke as a Fox

Mel. M. Malvolio, M. why that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out, the Curee

is excellent at faults. Mel. But then there is no conumder in the sequell that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Exe. And O shall end, I hope

To. I, or Ile cudgell him, and make him cry O.

Malt. And then I come behind.

Exe. I, and you had any eye behinde you, you might fee more detraction at your heels, then Fortunes before you.

Malt. M.O.A. I. This simulation is not as the former: and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to mee, for e-very one of thee Letters are in my name. Soft, here followes prose: If this fall into thy band, reuolue.

In this, and the end: What should that Alphabetical po.

To. Why this is excellent at faults.

Does.

You, and yet to crush this little, it would bow to thee, for e-

every one of these Letters are in my name. Softly, here followes prose: If this fall into thy hand, revolve.

If this fall into thy hand, revolve.

Here conies my noble gull catcher.

Fab. Why, thou haft put him in such a stame, that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mel. Nay but say true, do's it work upon him?

Exe. Like Aqua vite with a Midwife.

Fab. Why, thou haft put him in such a stame, that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Exe. Thomas, thy Friend and thy Museick; dost thou live by thy Tabor?

Clo. No sir, I live by the Church.

Exe. Art thou a Churchman?

Clo. No such matter sir, I do live by the Church: For, I do live at my housee, and my house doth stand by the Church

Exe. So thou maist say the King slyes by a begger, if a begger dwell near him: or the Church stands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor stand by the Church.

Clo. You have said sir: To see this age: A sentence is but a churche glose to a good wight, how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward.

Exe. Nay that's certaine: they that dally nicely with words, may quickeLy make them wanteon.

Clo. I would therefore my sister had had no name Sir.

Exe. Why not?

Clo. Why sir, her names a word, and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanteon: But indeed, words are very fascists, since bonds disgrace them.

Exe. Thy reason man?
Troth, sir, I can yield you none without wordes, and wordes are ground to false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

For I warrant you a merry fellow, and car not for nothing.

If not so, 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 invisible.

Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

No indeed, the lady Olivia has no folly, there will keep no fool, till she be married, and fools are as like husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the husbands the bigger, I am indeed not her fool, but his corrupter of words.

I saw thee late at the Count Orsino:

Foolery doth, does walk about the Orb like the Sun, it shines every where. I would be forty sir, but the Fool should be as oft with your Master, as with my Mistress: I think I saw your wife there.

Nay, and thou passest on me, I know more with thee. Hold there's expenses for thee.

Now dost thou the commodity of hayse, feed thee's beard.

By thy troth he tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chrne. Is thy Lady within?

Would not a pair of these have bred sir?

Yes being kept together, and put to use.

I would play Lord thy seruants, is thy seruants Madam.

Since lowly seigning was call'd complement, And like the Haggard, cheek at every Feather. But wifeman's folly fallen, quite taint then wit. For folly that he wisely shews, is fit; As full of labour as a Wife-man's Art:

My legges do better understand me, then I understand me sir. I hope I understand you, tis well begg'd.

I understand you, as you are, and I am yours.

If you will incounter the house, my Niece is defirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

I am bound to your Neece, I mean he is the most excellent; accomplished lady, the hevenes raine O' doures on you.

Thy youth's a base Courtier, raine odours, wel.

My nature hath no voice Lady, but to your owne most pregnant and vouched safe ease.

And odours, pregnant, and vouched safe: I'll get 'em all three already.

Let the Garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. Give me your hands, sir,

Vio. My duty Madam, and most humble service.

What is your name?

Cesario is your seruants name, faire Princeresse.

My seruant sir, twas never merry world, Since lowly seigning was call'd complement;
your seruant, your seruant Madam.

And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;
your seruant is your seruant Madam.

For him, I thinke not on him: for his thoughts, Would they were blankes, rather then fill'd with me.

Madam, I come to please our gentle thoughts on his behalfe.

O by your leave I pray you, I had you never speake againe of him;

But would you undertake another faire, I had rather you, to solicit that, Then Muffike from the spheres.

Deere Lady.

Give me leave, befeech you; I did fend After the last enchantment you did heare,

A Ring in chace of you. So did I abuse My felse, my seruant, and I leave you: Vnder your hard conftruction must I sit, To force that on you in a shamefull cunning.

Which you knew none of yours. What might you think? Hase you not set mine Honor at the flake, And bast it with all th'unmuzled thoughts That tyrannous heart can think. To one of your receiving Enough in thewe, a Cypresse, nor befoome, Hides my heart: so let me heare you speake.

Pitty me, sir.

That's a degree to loue.

Non a grize, for it is a vulgar proofs That were off we pitie enemies.

Why then me thinkes tis time to smile again. If one shoud be a prey, how much the belle is; And yet when wit and youth is come to harvest, It is a degree to loue.

Stay, sir, tell me what thou thinkest of me.

I am not what I am.

If I think so, I thinke the same of you.

I prethce tell me what thou thinkst of me.

I thinke you right.

O what a deale of scorn, lookes beautifull?

If one shoule, I thinke you are not what you are.

O sir, I thinke you are not what you are.

Then thinke you right.

Be not afraid good youth, I will not haue you, Yet when wit and youth is come to harveft, your wife is like to reape a proper man:

This lies your way, due West.

Then Welward hoe.

Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship: you! nothing Madam to my Lord, by me:

Stay! I prethce tell me what thou thinkest of me? That you do thinke you are not what you are.

If I thinke so, I thinke the fame of you.

Then thinke you right:

I am not what I am.

I would you were, as I would have you be.

Would I be better Madam, then I am! I wish it, for now I am your fool.

O what a deale of scorn, lookes beautifull?

In the contempt and anger of his lip, A murdrous guilt threves not it felie more soone. Then loue that would see the hild: Loues night, is soone.

Cesario, by the Rifes of the Spring.

By maid-hood, honor, truth, and every thing, I love thee so, that maugere all thy pride,
Nor wis, nor reason, can my passion hide;  
Do not extort thy reasons from this cluse;  
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:  
But rather reason thus, with reason better;  
Love sought, is good: but guen unfought, is better.  

Us. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,  
I have one heart, one bosome, and one truth,  
And that no woman has, nor never none  
Shall misrit be of, in face alone.  
And so advice good Madam, never more,  
Will I my Maltese条e to you deplore.  

Qr. Yet come againe: for thou mayst perhaps move  
That heart which now abhorres to like his love.  

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And. No faith, He not stay a lot longer:  
To. Thy reason deere venous, give thy reason.  
Fab. You must needs yeeld: thy reason, Sir Andrew.  

And. Marry I saw your Neece do more favours to the  
Counts Sensing-man, than ever the bellows'd upon mee:  
I saw't through my Orb.  
To. Did she the while, old boy, tell me that.  
And. As plain as I see you now.  
Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward  
you.  
And. Slight; will you make an Affe o'me.  
Fab. I will prove it legitimate sir, upon the Oathes of  
judgement, and reason.  
To. And they have some grand Furies men since before  
Nob; was a Saylor.  
Fab. Shee did shew favour to the youth in your sight,  
oney to exasperate you, to awake your drowsitvaloure,  
to purifie in your Heart, and brimstone in your Lieret:  
you should then have accrosted her, and with some eel  
left, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd  
the youth into dumbnesse this was look'd for at your  
hand, and this was bault: the double gift of this oppor  
tunitie you let time v/alh off, and you are now fayld into  
the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang  
like an yfickle on a Dutchmans beard, vnles you do rc-  

And. Why then build me thy fortunes upon the basis of  
valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him  
hurt him in eleven places, my Neece shall take note of it,  
and this was baulk: the double gilt of this oppor-  

To. Come bring vs, bring ys where he is.  

Enter Maria.

To. Look where the youngest Wren of mine comes.  
Mar. If you defire the spleene, and will laugh your  

cycles into fitches, follow me; yond gull Malbis is tu  
ned Heathen, a verie Renegato; for there is nochristian  
means that means to be faued by belewing rightly, can euer  
belleue such impossibl passages of groffeusesse. Hee's in  
yellow flockings.  

And. The rather by these arguments offeate  

Enter Sebastian and Anthonis.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you,  
But since you make your pleasure of your pains,  
I will no further chide you.  

Ant. I could not stay behinde you: my desire  
(More sharpe then filed steels) did pursue me forth,  
And not all love to see you (though so much  
As might have drawne one to a longer voyage)  
But isolalute, what might befall your rarew.  

Seb. My kinde Anthonis,  
I can no other answer make, but thankes,  
And thankes: and ever off good turns,  
Are flussed off with such vncorrent pay:  
But were my worth, as is my conscience sirme,
You should finde better deeling: what's to do?

Shall we go see the reliques of this Towne?

Ant. To morrow, sir, best will go see your Lodging?

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night

I pray you let vs fatisfie our eyes

With the memorials, and the things of fame

This do remowe this City,

Ant. Would you'd pardon me?

I do not without danger walke these streets.

Once in a fes-fight gaimt the Count his gallies,

I did some feruice, of such note indeede,

That were I tane beere, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you flew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature.

Might well haue giutn vs bloody argument:

For which if I be lapfed in this place

Seb. I do not then walke too open.

I shall pay deere.

Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge

Is beft to lodge

I will befpeskc our dvee,

Haply your eye fhall light vpon fome toy

Am. With viewing of the Towne, there fhall you haue me,

You haue defire to purehafe: and your Acre

For an houre

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Ol. I haue fent after him, he fayes he'el come:

How fhall I feaft him? What bellow of him?

For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd.

I fpeake too loud: Where's Malvolio, he is fad; and ciuill,

And fuites well for a fervice, with my fortunes,

But in very strange manner. He is sure poftell Madam.

Where is Malvolio?

Mer. He's coming Madame:

But in very strange manner. He is sure poftell Madam.

Ol. Why what's the matter, does he rave?

Mer. No Madam, he does nothing but fmile: your Ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits.

Ol. Go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I am as madde as hee,

If sad and merry maddeneffe equall bee.

How now Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet Lady, ho, ho.

Ol. Smil'ft thou? I fent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad Lady, I could be sad:

This does make some obstruction in the blood:

This croffe gartering, but what of that?

If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true

Somets is: Please one, and pleafe all.

Mal. Why how doeth thou man?

What is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not blacke in my minde, though yellow in my legges: It did come to his hands, and Compounds shall be execu'd, I thinke we doe know the sweate 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 smile fo, and kiffe thy hand fo oft?

Mar. How do you Malvolio?

Mal. At your requelt:

Yes Nightingales answere Dawes.

Mal. Why appeares you with this ridiculus boldneffe before my Lady.

Mal. Be not afraid of greatneffe: twas well writ.

Ol. What meanft thou by that Malvolio?

Mal. Some are borne great.

Ol. Ha?

Mal. Some are annece greatneffe.

Ol. What fayft thou?

Mal. And fome have greatneffe thurf upon them.

Ol. Heauen refrote thee.

Mal. Remember who committed thy yellow flockings.

Ol. Thy yellow flockings?

Mal. And with'd to fee thee croffe garter'd.

Ol. Croffe garter'd?

Mal. Go too, thou art made, if thou defiue to be fo.

Ol. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me fee thee a feman fitt.

Ol. Why this is verie Midfommern madneffe.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madame, the young Gentleman of the Count

Orfines is return'd, I could hardly entreat him backe: he attends your Ladyships pleurure.

Ol. Ile come to him.

Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd too. Where's my Cosine Toby, let some of my people have a speciall care of him, I would not haue him mifearriefor the halfe of my Dowry.

Ol. Why appeares you with this ridiculus boldneffe before my Lady.

Ol. Ho ho, do you come necre me now: no worfe man then fir Toby to looke to me. This concures directely with the Letter, the fends him on purpoe, that I may appeare flubborne to him: for the incites me to that in the Letter. Caft thy humble flouge fayes the: be oppofite with a Kinman, furlly with femants, le thy tongue langer with arguments of flate, put thyfelfe into the tricke of figniferity: and confequently fetts downe the manner how: as a sad face, a retir'd carriage, a flow tongue, in the habite of some Sir of note, and fo forth.

I have lymed her, but it is lours doing, and lours make me thankfull. And when the went a way now, let this Fellow be look'd too: Fellow? not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but Fellow. Why every thing adhers togethe, that no donde of a feaft, no flocke of a flocke, no obstacle, no incredulit or vnfafe circumfance: What can be faide? Nothing that can be, can come betweene me, and the full profeec of my hopes. Well lour, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thankfed.

Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.
To. Which way is hee in the name of sanctity. If all
the duels of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himselfe
posfit him, yet I clepe to him.
Fab. Here he is, here he is: how is it with you sir?
How is it with you man?
Mal. Go off, I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.
Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speakes within him; did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my Lady prays you to have
a care of him.
Mal. Ah ha, does he go?
To. Go too, go too: peace, peace, we must deale
gently with him: Let me alone. How do you Malvolio?
Fab. How is it with you? What man, deifie the duell: consider,
he's an enemy to mankind.
Mal. Do you know what you say?
Mar. I say you, and you speake ill of the duell, how
heakes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.
Fab. Carry his water to th' wise woman.
Mar. Merry and it shall be done to morrow morning
if I live, My Lady would not lose him for more then ile
Mar. Thy friend or thou visit him, & thy sworne enemies, Andrew Ague-cheek.
To. If this Letter moue him not, his legs cannot:
He giu't him.
Mar. You may have verie fit occasion for't, this is now
in some commerce with my Ladie, and will by and by
depart.
To. Go fit Andrew: scou't mee for him at the corner
of the Orchard like a bum-Baylie: so soone as euer thou
seest, he will finde it comes from a Clodde-pole.
Fab. Heere he comes with your Neece, giue them way
Mal. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby gette
him to pray.
Mal. My prayent Miny.
Mar. No I warrant you, he will not hear of godly-
nesse.
Mal. Go hang your felues all: you are ydele shalowe
things, I am not of your element, you shall knowe more
hereafter.
Exe.
To. If't possible?
Fab. If this were plaide vpon a stage now, I could
condemne it as an improofable fiction.
To. His very geniushath taken the infection of the
deuice man.
Mar. Nay pursuethow now, leafe the deuice take ayre,
and taunt.
Fab. Why we shall make him mad indeede.
Mar. The hous will be the quieter.
To. Come, we'll haue him in a darke room & bound.
My Neece is already in the beleefe that he's mad: we may
carry it thus for our pleasure, and his penance: we very
paflime tryed out of breath, promptvs 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 see.
Enter Sir Andrew.
Fab. More matter for a May morning.
An. Thee is the Challenge, read it: warrant there's
your vinegar and pepper in.
Fab. Lift to favry?
And. I, lift? I warrant him: do but read.
To. Aus me.
TOUTH, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a fcrow fellow.
Fab. Good, and valiant.
To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why I doe talk
these so, for I wil have thee no reason for't.
(Law
Fab. A good note, that keepses you from the blow of
To. Thou comft to the Lady Olina and in my fight fee of
thee kindly: but thou lyest in thy throat, that is not the matter
I challenge thee for.
Fab. Very breede, and to exceeding good fence-leffe.
To. I will wege-fay thee going home, where if it be thy chance
to kill me.
Fab. Good.
To. Thou kill me like a rogue and a villain.
Fab. Still you keepe o'th windie side of the Law: good.
To. Farewell, and God have mercie upon one of our
soules. He may have mercie upon mine, but my hope is better,
and so lookes to thy selfe. Thy friend as thou visit him, & thy
sworne enemies, Andrew Ague-cheek.
To. If this Letter moue him not, his legs cannot:
He giu't him.
Mar. You may have verie fit occasion for't, this is now
in some commerce with my Ladie, and will by and by
depart.
To. Go sit Andrew: scou't mee for him at the corner
of the Orchard like a bum-Baylie: so soone as euer thou
seest, he will finde it comes from a Clodde-pole.
Fab. Heere he comes with your Neece, giue them way
Mar. Thy friend or thou visit him, & thy sworne enemies, Andrew Ague-cheek.
To. If this Letter moue him not, his legs cannot:
He giu't him.
Mar. You may have verie fit occasion for't, this is now
in some commerce with my Ladie, and will by and by
depart.
To. Go sit Andrew: scou't mee for him at the corner
of the Orchard like a bum-Baylie: so soone as euer thou
seest, he will finde it comes from a Clodde-pole.
Fab. Heere he comes with your Neece, giue them way
Mar. Thy friend or thou visit him, & thy sworne enemies, Andrew Ague-cheek.
To. If this Letter moue him not, his legs cannot:
He giu't him.
Mar. You may have verie fit occasion for't, this is now
in some commerce with my Ladie, and will by and by
depart.
To. Go sit Andrew: scou't mee for him at the corner
of the Orchard like a bum-Baylie: so soone as euer thou
seest, he will finde it comes from a Clodde-pole.
Fab. Heere he comes with your Neece, giue them way
Mar. Thy friend or thou visit him, & thy sworne enemies, Andrew Ague-cheek.
Ter, attends thee at the Orchard end: disease thy tucke, full, and deadly.

Nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not: your life at any price, betake you to your gard: remembrance is very free and dear from me: my moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none, but by pangs of death and sepulchres: Hob, scarce hold him yonder.

Others, to tale their valour: belike this is a man of that kind of men, that put quarrel purposely on some conduits of the Lady. I am no fighter, I have heard that with as much safety you undertake his desire. Backe you shall not to the house, unlessey you try hard: therefore get you on, and give him his horse to take up the quarrel, I have persuaded him the youths a devil.

He give him my horse, gray Capulet.

To. Be make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't, this shall end without the perfidious of foules, marry lie hide your horse as well I hide you.

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I have his horse to take up the quarrel, I have persuaded him the youths a devil.

He is as horribly conceritied of him: the peace, looks pale, as if a Bear were at his heels.

There's no remedy for he will fight with you for o're oath: marry beareth better beheld him of his quarrel, and be sees that now scarce to bee worth talking of; therefore draw for the satisfaction of his vow, he protests he will not hurt you.

Pray God defend me: a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Gue ground if you see him furious.

Come sir Andrew, there's no remedy, the Gentleman will for his honors sake have one blowe with you: he cannot by the Duello evade it: but he has promised me, he is a Gentleman and a Soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, too.

And, Pray God he keeps his oath.

Enter Antonio.

I do assure you, it is against my will.

Put up your sword: if this yong Gentleman have done offence, I take the fault on me.

If you offend him, I for him defire you.

To. You sir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One for, that for his love dares yet do more

Then you have heard him brag to you, he will.

To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

Enter Officers.

O good sir Toby hold: here come the Officers.

To. He be with you anon.

Pray sir, put your sword up if you please.

And. Marry will I sir: and for that I promisethou'le be as good as my word. Hee will hear you easilly, and rains well.

Off. This is the man, do thy Office.

2 Off. Ant. Draw, sir, draw thee at the feet of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mislike me sir.

Off. No sir, no to't: I know your favour well:

Though now you have no sea-cap on your head:

Take him away, he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. This comes with seeking you;

But there's no remedy, I shall answer it:

What will you do: now my necessitie

Makes me to ask you for my purce. It greeues atee much more, for what I cannot do for you, then what beastes my felte: you stand amaz'd,

But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come sir away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money sir?

For the fairekindness you have shewed me here, And part being prompted by your present trouble,

Out of my leene and too ability

He lend you somethings: my hunding is not much,

He make division of my present with you:

Hold, there's half my Cofer.

Ant. Will you deny me now,

It possible that my defiers to you

Can lacke perswasion. Do not tempt my misery,

Leaft that it make me so unfound a man

As to upbraid you with those kindnesse

That
That I have done for you,  
Vio. I know of none,  
Not know I you by voice, or any feature:  
I hate ingratitude more in a man,  
Then lying, vainneff, babbling drunkennesse,  
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption  
Inhabits our frail blood.  
Ant. Oh heaven! yourselfs.

Ant. Let me speake a little. This youth that you fee  
I snatch'd one hali out of the jaws of death, (cheere,  
Releas'd him with such sanctifie of love;  
And to his image, which I thought did promise  
Mongre venerable worth, did I deuotion.

1. Off. What's that to vs, the time goes by: Away!  
Ant. But oh, how wild an idol proues this God:  
Thou haft Sebastian done good feature, flame,  
In Nature, there's no blemish but the minde:  
None can be call'd deform'd, but the vnkinde.  
Vertue is beauty, but the beauteous euill  
Are empty trunks, ore-flourifh'd by the deuil!.

Seb. Go too, go too, thou art a foolifh fellow,  
To. Come hither Knight, come hither  
And, Slid lie after him againe, and beats him.  
To. Do, off, drub him soundly, but neuer draw thy fwerd  
And. And I do not.

To. Come, let's fee the euent.

Enter Conflation, and Cewnora.  
Clm. Will you make me believe, that I am not sent for  
Seb. Go too, go too, thou art a foolifh fellow,  
Let me be cleere of thee.

Clm. We'll hold out thy faith: No, I do not know you,  
nor I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you come  
speake with her: nor your name is not Master Cefario,  
nor this is not my nose none: Nothing thats is, so is so.  
Seb. I prethee vent thy folly some-where else, thou know fino: me.

Clm. Vnt my folly: He has heard that word of some  
great man, and now applyes it to a foole. Vnt my fol-

Auctus Quatrus, Scena prima.

Enter Sebastian and Clown.  
Clm. Will you make me believe, that I am not sent for  
Seb. Go too, go too, thou are a foolish fellow,  
Let me be cleere of thee.

Clm. We'll hold out thy faith: No, I do not know you,  
nor I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you come  
speake with her: nor your name is not Master Cefario,  
nor this is not my nose none: Nothing thats is, so is so.  
Seb. I prethee vent thy folly some-where else, thou know fino: me.

Clm. Vnt my folly: He has heard that word of some  
great man, and now applyes it to a foole. Vnt my fol-

Scena Secunda.

Enter Maria and Clown.  
Mar. Nay, I prethee put on this gown, & this beard,  
make him beloue thou art fis for you the Curate, doe it  
quickly. Ile call fis Toby the whilte.

Clm. Well, Ile put it on, and I will dissemble my selfe  
in't, and I would I were the first that ever disembled in  

Twelve Night, or, What you will.
in such a gowne. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor leave enough to bee thought a good Student: but to be said an honest man and a good house keeper goes as fairly, as to say, a carefull man, & a great skollar. The Competitors enter.

Enter Toby.

To, I sue bleffe thee M. Parson.

Clo. Bona dies in Toby: for as the old hermit of Prage that neuer saw pen and inke, very wittily sayd to a Neece of King Garbedick, that that is: so I being M.Parson, sin M. Parson; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

To. To him fit Parson; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

To, What hast, I say. Peace in this prison.

The knave counterfeit well: a good knave.

Malvolio within.

Mal. Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the Curate, who comes to visit Malvolio to the Lunatique.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas goe to my Lady.

Clo. Out hyperbolicall fierd, how vexest thou this man? I all be the thing but of Ladies? I well and M. Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, neuer was man thus wronged, good Sir Topas do not thinke I am mad: they have layde mee herein hideous darknes.

Clo. Fye, thou dionne of fathan: I calle thee by the most modest termes, for I am one of thofe gentle ones, that will if the duell himfelfe with cutteffe: fayft thou that house is darke?

Mal. As hell fir Topas.

Clo. Why it hath bay Windowes tranparen as bari- cades, and the cleere flowers toward the South norh, are as luifrous as Ebony: and yet complainft thou of ob- struclion?

Mal. I am not mad fir Topas, I fay to you this house is darke.

Clo. Madman thou erreft: I fay there is no darknede, but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzeled then the Egyptians in their fogge

Mal. I fay this house is darke at Ignorance, though Ignorance were as darke as hell, and I fay there was neuer man thus abus'd, I am no more madde then you are, make the trial of it in any conftant queffion.

Clo. That foule of our grandam, might happily inhabit a bird.

Mal. That the foule of our grandam, might happily inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkeft thou of his opinion?

Mal. I thinke nobly of the foule, and no way sprouze his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remaine thou still in darknes, thou fault hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow his opinion, and fear to kill a Woodcocke, left thou dif- pose the foule of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas.

Topas. My moft exquitifte fir Topas.

Clo. Nay I am for all waters. 

Mar. Theu might ft have done this without thy herc and gowne, he fees thee not.

To. To him in thine owne voce, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well ridde of this knavery. If he may here conveniently deliver'd, I would he were, for I am now so fate in offence with my Neece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport the vpper- flight. Come by and by to my Chamber. 

Clo. Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady does.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. My Lady is vnder kind, perdie.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. Alas why is the fo?

Mal. Foole, I say.

Clo. She loues another. Who calleth, ba?

Mal. Good foole, in ever thou wilt deferve well at my hand, helpe me to a Candle, and pen, inke, and paper: as I am a Gentleman, I will bee thankful to thee for't.

Mal. M. Malvolio?

Mal. I good Foole.

Mal. Als fir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Foole, there was neuer man fo notorioufly a- bus'd: I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art.

Clo. But as well: then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits then a foole.

Mal. They have heere propertied me: keepe mee in darkness, fende Ministers to me, Afles, and doe all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advife you what you fay: the Minifter is heere.

Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wittes the heavens refotre: endeaoure thy felfe to fleepe, and leave thy vain bubble babbie.

Mal. Sir Topas.

Mal. Maintain no words with him good fellow.


Mal. Foole, foole, foole I fay.

Clo. Als fir be patient. What fay you fir, I am fent 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 my any in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were fir.

Mal. By this hand I am: good foole, fome inke, paper, and light: and conuey what I will let downe to my Lady: I shall adviſe thee more, then ever the bearing of Letter did.

Clo. I will help you too. But tel me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me I am not. I tel thee true.

Mal. Nay, He nere be! ee a madman till I fee his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and inke.

Mal. Foole, Ile require it in the higher degree: I prethee be goo.

Clo. I am gone fir, and anon fir, ile be with you agaiine: 

In a trice, like to the old vice, your needes to fulfaine.

Who with dagger of lath, in his rage 3nd his wrath,

Clo. A mad lad, perde thy slynes dad,

Adieu good man dwell. 

Exit

Clo. Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady does.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. My Lady is vnkind, perdie.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. Alas why is the fo?

Mal. Foole, I say.

Clo. She loues another. Who calleth, ba?

Mal. Good foole, in ever thou wilt desere well at my hand, helpe me to a Candle, and pen, inke, and paper: as I am a Gentleman, I will bee thankfull to thee for't.

Mal. M. Malvolio?

Mal. I good Foole.

Mal. Als fir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Foole, there was neuer man so notorioufly a- bus'd: I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art.

Clo. But as well: then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits then a foole.

Mal. They have heere propertied me: keepe mee in darkness, fende Ministers to me, Afles, and doe all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advife you what you fay: the Minifter is heere.

Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wittes the heavens refotre: endeaoure thy felfe to fleepe, and leave thy vain bubble babbie.

Mal. Sir Topas.

Mal. Maintain no words with him good fellow.


Mal. Foole, foole, foole I fay.

Clo. Als fir be patient. What fay you fir, I am fent 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 my any in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were fir.

Mal. By this hand I am: good foole, fome inke, paper, and light: and conuey what I will let downe to my Lady: I shall adviſe thee more, then ever the bearing of Letter did.

Clo. I will help you too. But tel me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me I am not. I tel thee true.

Mal. Nay, He nere be! ee a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and inke.

Mal. Foole, Ile require it in the higher degree: I prethee be goo.

Clo. I am gone fir, and anon fir, ile be with you agaiine: 

In a trice, like to the old vice, your needes to fulfaine.

Who with dagger of lath, in his rage 3nd his wrath,
Yet 'tis not maunete. Where's Antonio then, I could not find him at the Elephant, Yet there he was, and there I found this credite, That he did range the town to seek me out, His counsel now might do me golden service, For though my soul disputes well with my sense, That this may be some error, but no madneffe, Yet doth this accident and blood of Fortune, So farre exceed all inlhmje, all difeourfe, Then he worn for my friends, and the better for my foes. Four neaauues make your two afomariues, why your selfe, and by mj my foes fir, I profit in the knowledge of 1055 According to my birth, what do you fay ? IxttirA, That they may faitely note this ails of mme. And haumg fwortnc truth,coer will be true. May line at peace. He ill all cone rale it That my moli rcaliotis, aivd too doubtfuU foule That is deceiucable. But heere the Lady come*. Or che the Ladies mad; yet if tvserefo; >0 with me, end with this holy man That I am feadie to diftritllmine eyes, Whilesyou ate willing it fhall conic tonote, Into tne Chantry by : there before him, As I percciue Che do's: ihete'j fomething in t With lueli a fmooib, diforeet, and (lablebeartDg Take, and giue backe affayres, and their difpatch. She could not fsvay her houfe, command her followers, To any other truft, but that 7 am mad. That this may be fome error, but no madneffe. That he did range the towne to seeke me out. I could nbt finds hi© at tne Elephant, fencej Where's Amhonio >5 einfach. Where's Ant bon to and Officers, Enter Ant bon to and Officers, Via Here comes the man fir, that did rescue mee. Du. That face of his I do remember well, yet when I saw it left, it was befooned. A blacke as Vulcan, in the smokes of warre: A bowbling Yefell was the Captain of, For fhalow draught and bulke vnaprizable, With which fuch frahftull grapple did he make, With the mod noble bottome of our Friece, That very easy, and the tongue of loffe Crude fame and honor on him; What's the matter? 1 Offi. Orfines, this is that Antonio That tooke the Phaouer, and her fraught from Candy, And this is he that did the Tiger board, When your yong Nephew Ihep loft his legge; Heere in the streets, desperate of ftianie sod ftaie, In private brabble did we apprehend him. Du. He did me kindnefie fit, drew or.my fide, But in conclusion put strange fpeech vpon me, I know not what twas, but diſtraffen Du. Notable Pyraste, thou falt-water Threes, What foolishboldnefse brought thee to their mercies, Whom thou in terms so bloudie, and fo dece Haff made thine enemies? Ani. Orfines Noble firs Be pleasd that I shake off these names you giue mee: Antonio never yet was Thefe, or Pyraste, Though I confese, on bafe and ground enough Orfines enemie. A witchcraft drew me bithes: That most ingrateful boy there by your fide, From the rude fes enrag'd and foamy mouth Did I redeem : a wreacke paff hope he was: His life I gave him, and did theetio addle My love without retention, or restrain, All his in dedication. For his fake, I Did I expose my felfe (pure for his love) Into the danger of this aduerfe Towne, Drew to defend him, when he was befeitt Where being apprehended, his tale cunning (Not meaning to partake with me in danger) Taught him to fack e me out of his acquaintance, and
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

And grew a twentieth yeares remoued thing
While one would winke: dunde mine owne purses,
Which I had recommended to his use,
Not halfe an houre before.

How can this be?

Du. When came he to this Towne?

OL. To day my Lord: and for three months before,
No mirrour, not a minutes vacancie,
Both day and night did we keepe company.

Enter Olina and attendants.

Du. Here comes the Countess, now heaven walkes
on earth:
But for thee fellow, fellow thy words are madnesse,
Three months this youth hath tended upon me,
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Du. Gracious Olina.

OL. What do you say Cesar? Good my Lord.

Vio. My Lord would speake my dutey heares me.

OL. If I be ought to the old tune my Lord,
It was fat and fullsome to mine ears
At howling after Muscike.

Du. Still so cruel.

OL. Still so constant Lord.

Du. What to praysenester you vncius Ladie
To whom I engage, and vnsuspicous A tas
My foule the faithfull! offings haue breath'd out
That ere devotion tender'd. What shall I do
with them?

Du. Why should I not, (had I the heart to do it)
Like to th' Egyptian theefe, at point of death
Kill what I loue (a fauage icaloufic.

Du. O thou distembling Cub: what wilt thou be
When time haw's dow'd a grizzle on thy cafe?
Or will not else thy craft to quickely grow,
That chine owne trip shall be thine onerthrow:
Farewell, and take her, but direcly thy feete,
Where thou, and I (henceforth) may neuer meet.


Du. O do not sweare.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. For the loue of God a Surgeon, send one presently to fit Toby.

OL. What's the matter?

And. Has broke my head a-croffe, and has gien Sir Toby a bloody Coxcombe too: for the loue of God your helpe, I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

OL. Who has done this to Andrew?

And. The Counts Gentleman, one Cesar: we took him for a Coward, but he's the verie diuell linconstance.

Du. My Gentleman Cesar?

And. Odd's lifelings heere he is: you broke my head for nothing, and that that I did, I was set to do by Sir Toby.

Du. Why do you speake to me, I newt hurt you? you drew your word upon me without cause,

Enter Toby and Clumne.

Toby. Why do you speake to me? I neuer hurt you; you drew your word upon me without cause,
But I bespake you faire, and hurt you not.

Enter Toby and Clumne.

And. If a bloody coxcombe be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you fet nothing by a bloody Coxcombe.

Du. Come, away.

OL. Whether my Lord? Cesar, Husband, fly.

Du. Husband?

OL. Husband, Can he that deny?

Du. Her husband, finneth?

OL. No my Lord, not l.

Du. Akes, is it the basteness of thy fear,

That makes thee frangle thy propitie:
Fears not Cesar, take thy fortunes vp.
Be that thou know'st thou art, and thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.
I was preferd to ferue this Noble Count:
And all thole fweatings keepe as true in foule,
I (hall haue fhare in this molt happy wracke.
Thou neutr fliouldft lone woman like to me.
Boy, thou hall (aide to me a thoufand times.
if this be fo, as yet the glaflc feemestruc,
Nor arc you therein (by my life) deceiu'd.
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.
But Nature to her bias drew in that.
Hath beene betweene this Lady, and this Lord,
You would haue bin contra$ed to a Maid,
All the occurrence of my fortune fince
lie bang you to a Captaine in this Towne,
Where lye my maiden weeds .• by whofe gentle help?,
which to confirme,
1 hat I am
Viola,
That day rhat made iny After thirteene yeires.
Do not embrace me, till each circumftance.
Hefinifhed indeed his mortal! atfbc
But this my mafeuline ufurp d attyrt:
Viola.
And fay, thrice welcome drowned
Were you a woman, as therefl goes euen,
Which from the wombe ! did participate.
If fpitits can a flume both forme and fuite.
Of heere,and euery where. I had a (icier.
So went he suited to his watery tonibe:
Seb.tffian
was my brother toev
What Countteyman? What name? What Parentage ?
Then thefe two creatures. Which is
Stbafhaa ?
How haue you made diuifion of your felfe,
Sob.

Vio.
If nothing lets to make vs happie both,
And all thofe fayings, will I ouer fwearc.

Du. Give me thy hand,
And let me feethe in thy womana wecedes,

Dun. The Captaine that did bring me fight on shore
Hath my Maides garments : he upon some Aftion
Is now in durance, at Maluolio's fuite,
A Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies.

Ol. He shall inlarge him: fetch Maluolio hither,
And yet alas, now I remember me,
They lay poore Gentleman, he's much diftraA.
Enter Clorene with a Letter, and Fabian.
A moft extracting frenie of mine owne
From my remembrance, clearly banift his.
How does he fh rh?

Ol,Truely Madam, he holds Betzebub at the flaves end as
well as a man in his cale may do; has heere a letter to
you, I should have giuen't you to day morning. But as a
madmans Epifles are no Gofpels, fo it skultr nots much
when they are deliuier'd.

Ol. Open't, and read it.

Clo. Look thine to be well edifiied, when the Foole
delius the Madman. By the Lord Madam.

Ol. How now,art thou mad?

Cle. No Madam, I do but reade madneffe : and your
Ladyship will haue it as it ought to bee, you muft allow

Fex.
Ol. Prethee reade thyly right wits,

Cle. So I do Madona: but to reade his right wits is to
rade thus: therefore, perpend my Princeffe, and giue
care.

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
darkeness, and given your drunken Coffee rule over me,
yet haue I the benefit of my fenses as well as your Ladie-
ship. I haue your owne letter, that indued mee to the
femblance I put on; with which I doubt not, but to
do my felfe much right, or you much shame: thinke of
me as you pleafe. I have my duty a little wthought of,
and fpake out of my injury The madly vi'd Maluolio.

Ol. Did he write this?

Cle. I Madame.

Du. This favours not much of diflra&ion

Ol. See him deliuier'd Fabian, bring him hither
My Lord, fo pleafe you, thofe things further thought on,
To thinke me as well a fitter, as a wife,
One day shall crowne thalliance on't, fo pleafe you.
Heree at my houfe, and at my proper coft.

Du. Madam, I amoft apt embrace your offer:
Your Mafters quits you: and for your fervice done him,
So much againft the mettle of your fex,
So fare beneath your foftand tender breeding,
And since you call'd me Mafter, for fo long :
Heree is my hand, you fhall from this time bee
your Mafteres Militris

Ol. A fifter, you are the.

Enter Maluolio.

Du. Is this the Madman?

Ol. I say Lord, this fame: How now Maluolio?

Clef, Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrongs.

Ol. Have I Maluolio? No,

Clef. 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 phrase,
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Or say, tis not your feale, not your invention:
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modestie of honor,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bad me come smiling, and crose-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow flockings, and to frowne
Upon Sir Toby, and the lighter people:
And a'flieth this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a darke house, visited by the Priest,
And made the most notorius gleece and gull
That ere invention plaide on? Tell me why?
Ol. Alas Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though I confesse much like the Charracter
But out of question, tis Maria's hand.
And now I do besirke me, it was shee
First told me thou wast mad; then could I in smiling,
And in such forms, which here were presuppos'd
Vpon thee in the Letter: prethee be content.
This practice hath most show'dly past upon thee:
But when we know the groundes, and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the Plaintiff and the Judge
Of thine owne cause.

Fab. Good Madam heare me speake,
And let no quarrell, nor no brawle to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour:
Which I have wondered at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confesse my selfe, and Toby
See this device against Malvolio here:
Vpon some stubborne and vncourteous parts
We had conceiued against him. Maria write
The Letter, as Sir Toby great importance,
In recompence whereof, he hath married her:
How with a sportfull malice it was follow'd,
May rather plucke on laughter then revenge,
If that the injuries be sufile weight'd,
That haue on both sides paid?
Ol. Alas poore Foole, how haue they baffe'st thee?
Csd. Why some are borne great, some archieue great-
nesse, and some haue greanellie throwne vpon them. I
was one fis, in this Enterlude, one fis Topy fis, but that's
all one.

Clove sings.
When that I was and a little tree boy,
With hey, ho, the winde and the raine:
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the raine it rained in every day.

But when I came to mans estate,
With hey ho, &c.
Cain, Romaines and Theesues men fout their gate,
For the raine, &c.

But when I came alas to wine,
With hey ho, &c.
By fong goeing could I never thrice,
For the raine, &c.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey ho, &c.
With ropestes still had drunken heads,
For the raine, &c.

A great while agoe the world began,
Hey ho, &c.
But that's allone, our Play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

FINIS.
The Winters Tale.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arb. If you shall chance (Camillo) to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on-foot, you shall see (as I have said) the great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this comming Summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation, which he hitherto owes him.

Arch. Wherein our Entertainment shall shame us: we will be justified in our Loues: for indeed—

Cam. Believe you—

Arch. Verely I speake in the freedome of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—

Cam. You pay a great deal to dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speake as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot shew himselfe out-kind to Bohemia: They were train'd together in their Child-hoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royal Neceffities, made separate of their Societie, their Encounters (though not Personall) hath been Royally attorned with enter-change of Gifts, Letters, lusting Embassies, that they have seem'd to be together, though absent: their hands, as over a Vaffal; and embrac'd as it were from the ends of oppo'd Winds. The Heavens continue their Loues.

Arch. I think there is not in the World, either Malice or Matter, to alter it. You haue an unspeakable comfort of your youth Prince: it is a Gentleman of the greatest Promis, that ever came into my Nore.

Cam. I well agree with you in the hopes of him: he is a gallant Child; one that (indeed Physicks the Subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on Crutches ate he was borne desire yet their life, to see him a Man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yeas: if there were no other excuse, why should they desire to live.

Arch. If the King had no Sonne, they would desire to live on Crutches till he had one.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Leonatus, Hermione, Camillus, Polixenus, Camillo. Pol. Nine Changes of the Watry-Starre hath been

The Shephards Note, since we have left our Throne Without a Burthen: Time as long againe Would beff fit'd vp (my Brother) with our Thanks, And yet we should, for perpetuities, Go in debt: And therefore, like a Cypher (Yet standing in rich place) I multiply With one we thank you, many thousands more, That goe before it.

Leo. Stay your Thanks a while, And pay them in your part.

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow.

Leo. I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance, Or breed upon our absence, that may blow No sneping Winds at home, to make vs fay, This is put forth too truly: besides, I haue fay'd To try your Royaltie.

Leo. We are tougher (Brother) Then you can put vs to't.

Pol. No longer fay.

Leo. One Scene night longer.

Pol. Very foon, to morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time betwixt's then and in that He no guine-faying.

Pol. Presume not (beleeve you) so:

There is no Tongue that moneys none it's World So foone as yours could win me: so it fhould now, Were there neceffity in your request, although 'twere needfull I deny'd it. My Affairs Doe euer 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, Farewel (our Brother.)

Leo. Tongue-ty'd our Queene? fpeake you.

Her. Had thought (Sir) to haue held my peace, untill You had drawne Oathes from him, not to fay: you (Sir) Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are fure All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction, The by-gone-day proclaym'd, fay this to him, He's beat from his beadward.

Leo. Well fay'd, Hermione.

Her. 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 Dirt affes.

Yet of your Royaltie, Ile adventure The borrow of a Week: When at Bohemia You take my Lord, I'll give him my Committion,

To let him there a Maneth, behind the Gelt

Prefid for patting: yet (good-deed) fone,

Houe then not a larre o'th Clock, behind
What Lady she her Lord. You'll stay!  
Pol. No, Madame.  
Her. Nay, but you will?  
Pol. I may not verely.  
Her. Verely.  
You put me off with limber Vowes: but I,  
Though you would leek t'vnphere the Stars with Oaths,  
At potent as a Lord*. Will you goe yet?  
You (hall not goe; a Ladyes Verely * is  
Force me to keepe you at a Prifonei,  
One of them you fhall be.  
Not like a Gueft: fo you fhall pay yotst Feet  
To be yout Prifoner, Giould import offending.;  
My Prifoner? or my Gueft? by your dread Vercly,  
You When you depSrt.and faue your Thanks. How fay  
Which is for me least caste to commit,  
I ptethee tell me. cram s with prayse.and make s  
Bui youi kind Hosttffe. Come, lie queflion you  
At fat as tame things: One good deed,dying longudeffe.  
The veryet Wag o'th* two ?  
wo Lads,that thought there was no more  
behind?  
With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th'Goalc :  
With one foft Ktclf a thouland Furlongs,ere  
1 hree crabbed Moncths had fowr'd themselues to tteath.  
Nay,let me haue't; I long.  
Ere 1 couid make thee open thy white Hand  
A clap thy felfe.my Louc; then didft thou vttet,  
I am yours for cuer.  
Her. To Grace indeed.  
Why lo-you now; i have spoke to th'purpose twice  
The one, for eure earned a Royall Husband;  
Th'other, for some while a Friend.  
Leo. Too hot, too hot:  
To mingle friend (ship farre.is mingling bloods.  
I have Tremer Carda on me; my heart daunces,  
But not for ioy; not ioy. This Entertainment  
May a free face put on: deriene a Libertie  
From Heartesfifie from Bountie, fertile Boseome,  
And well become the Agent: i may; i grouts;  
But to be padling,Palmes,and pinching Fingers,  
As now they are, and making prai'd Smiles  
As in a Looking-Claffe; and then to figh, as 'were  
The Mort oth Deere oh,that is entertainment  
My Boseome likes not, nor my Browes. Mamillia,  
Att thou my Boy'.  
Mam. I, my good Lord.  
Leo. 'Tis:  
Why that s my Bawcock:what?has smuch'd thy Note?  
They fay it is a Copyu out of mine. Come Captaine,  
We must be neet; not neet, but cleanly Captaine.  
And yet the Stere, the Heycer, and the Calfe,  
Are all call'd Neet. Still Virginalling  
Vpon his Palm? How now (you wanton Calfe ?  
Att thou my Calfe?  
Mam. Yes, if you will (my Lord,)  
Leo Thou want it a rough path & the hoots that I have  
To be full,like me; yet they fay we are  
Almost as like as Egges; Women fay fo,  
(That will fay any thing;) But were they fale  
As o're-sty'd Blacks,as Wind,as Waters;faufe  
As Dice are to be with'd,by one that fixes  
No borne't wixe his and mine; yet were it true,  
To fay this Boy were like me ComeSir Page)  
Looke on me with your Welkin eye: sweet Villaine,  
Molt dearit,my Collop: Can thy Dam,may't be  
Affection?thy Intention ftabls the Center.  
Thou do't make possible things not to hold,  
Commandes it with Dreams(how can this be?)  
With what's vintake: thou coachtue art,  
And well'llt nothing. Then it is very credent.  
Thou may't co-royne with something, and thou do't,  
(And that beyond Commission) and I find it,  
(And that to the infection of my Brains,  
And hardning of my Browes.)  
Pol. What means Stella?  
Her. He fomething (eemes vntelcted.  
Pol. How? my Lord?  
Leo. What theere? how is't with you, beff Brother?  
Her. You look as if you held a Brow of much distracion;  
Are you mou'd (my Lord?)  
Leo. No, in good earneft.  
How fomettmes Nature will betray it's folly?  
It's renderuenfe? and make it fells a Patlme  
To harder boloncias? Looking on the Lynes  

Or I misfike you O, would her Name were Grace.  
But once before I spoke to th'purpose when?  
Nay,let me hauet; I long.  
Leo. Why, that was when  
Three crabbed Moneths had fowr'd themselves to death.  
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand  
A clap thy felfe, my Louc; then diuft thou vttet,  
I am yours for cuer.  
Her. To Grace indeed.  
Why lo-you now; i have spoke to th'purpose twice  
The one, for eure earned a Royall Husband;  
Th'other, for some while a Friend.  
Leo. Too hot, too hot:  
To mingle friend (ship farre.is mingling bloods.  
I have Tremer Carda on me; my heart daunces,  
But not for ioy; not ioy. This Entertainment  
May a free face put on: deriene a Libertie  
From Heartesfifie from Bountie, fertile Boseome,  
And well become the Agent: i may; i grouts;  
But to be padling,Palmes,and pinching Fingers,  
As now they are, and making prai'd Smiles  
As in a Looking-Claffe; and then to figh, as 'were  
The Mort oth Deere oh,that is entertainment  
My Boseome likes not, nor my Browes. Mamillia,  
Att thou my Boy'.  
Mam. I, my good Lord.  
Leo. 'Tis:  
Why that s my Bawcock:what?has smuch'd thy Note?  
They fay it is a Copyu out of mine. Come Captaine,  
We must be neet; not neet, but cleanly Captaine.  
And yet the Stere, the Heycer, and the Calfe,  
Are all call'd Neet. Still Virginalling  
Vpon his Palm? How now (you wanton Calfe ?  
Att thou my Calfe?  
Mam. Yes, if you will (my Lord,)  
Leo Thou want it a rough path & the hoots that I have  
To be full,like me; yet they fay we are  
Almost as like as Egges; Women fay fo,  
(That will fay any thing;) But were they fale  
As o're-sty'd Blacks,as Wind,as Waters;faufe  
As Dice are to be with'd,by one that fixes  
No borne't wixe his and mine; yet were it true,  
To fay this Boy were like me ComeSir Page)  
Looke on me with your Welkin eye: sweet Villaine,  
Molt dearit,my Collop: Can thy Dam,may't be  
Affection?thy Intention ftabls the Center.  
Thou do't make possible things not to hold,  
Commandes it with Dreams(how can this be?)  
With what's vintake: thou coachtue art,  
And well'llt nothing. Then it is very credent.  
Thou may't co-royne with something, and thou do't,  
(And that beyond Commission) and I find it,  
(And that to the infection of my Brains,  
And hardning of my Browes.)  
Pol. What means Stella?  
Her. He fomething (eemes vntelcted.  
Pol. How? my Lord?  
Leo. What theere? how is't with you, beff Brother?  
Her. You look as if you held a Brow of much distracion;  
Are you mou'd (my Lord?)  
Leo. No, in good earneft.  
How fomettmes Nature will betray it's folly?  
It's renderuenfe? and make it fells a Patlme  
To harder boloncias? Looking on the Lynes  

Of
The Winters Tale.

Of my Boyes face, I thought I did requiue
Twente three yeares, and saw my sels va-breeched,
In my green Velvet Coat; my Dagger musted,
Left it should bite it Master, and to proue
(As Ornaments oft do's) too dangerous
How like me thought) then was to this Eternell,
This Squall, this Gentleman, Mine booke Friend,
Will you take Eggs for Money?

Leo. No (my Lord) I like not.

Leo. You will, when happy men be's done. My Brother
Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we
Do see me to be of ours?

Leo. If at home (Sir)
He's all my Exercise, my Mirth, my Matter;
No one or more friend, and then mine Enemy;
My Pursuit, my Souliard: Statesman, all
He makes a luydes day, short as December,
And with his varying child-neffe, cures in me
Thoughts, that would thicken my blood.

Leo. So stands this Squire
Office'd with me; We two will walke (my Lord)
And leave you to your greater steps. Hermione,
How thou louest us, knew in our Brothers welcome;
Let what is deare in Sicily, he caxe:
Next to thy selue, and my young Rouer, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would ferke us,
We are yours'th Garden; shall you attend there there?
Leo. To your owne bents dispote you; you'll be found
Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling now,
(Though you perceive not how I glue Lyne)
Goe too, goe too
How the holds up the Neck the Boll to him?
And serves me with the baldosshe of a Wife
To hang a loving Husband. Gone already
Yach-thick, kneede-deepe corner head and eser a fork'd one.
Goe play Boy (Boy) play thy Mother playes, and I
Play too; but to disrag'd a part, whole in sue.
Will hiffe me to my Grace: Contempt and Clemor
Will be my Knell. Goe play (Boy) play; there have been
Or (I am much deceu'd) Cuckolds ere now,
And many a man there is (even at this present,
Now while I speake this) holds his Wife by th'Arms,
That little thinks she has been slung'd in his absence,
And his Pond figh'd by his next Neighbor (by
Sir Smiles, his Neighbor) say, there's comfort in't,
Where others man heave Gores, and those Gores open'd
(As mine) against their will. Should all despair
That have resolvd Wives, the tenth of Mankind
Would hang themselves. Physick for't, there's none:
It is a bawdy Planet, that will slake
Where its predominat, and its powerfull: make it
From East, West, North, and South, be it concluded,
No Barres do for a Belly, Know'n,
It will let in and out the Enemy,
With bag and baggage; many thousand on's
Haste the Dispute, and feel not, how now Boy (Boy)
Mag. I am like you fy.
Leo. Why, that's some comfort.
What's Camillio there?
Leo. Ha, not you see Camillo?
Mag. He would not stay at your Petitions, made
His Bussiness more matter.
Leo. Didst perceive it?

Leo. They're here with me already, whisp'ring, sounding;
Sicilis is a for-thre; 's farre gone,
When I shall guilt it left How cam't (Camillo)
That he did fay ?

Leo. At the good Queens entreatise.
Leo. At the Queens be's: Good should be pertinent,
But do it is, is not. Was this taken
By any understanding Past but thine?
For thy Conceit is lashing, will draw in
More then the common Blocks. Not noted, is't,
But of the finer Nature? by some Severell
Of Head-peece extraordinary? Lower Messes
Per. chance are to this Bussiness purblind? say,
Leo. Businesse, my Lord? I thinke me not understand
Rebeccia stays here longer.
Leo. He f
Leo. Cam. Stays here longer.
Leo. I, but why?
Leo. Cam. To satisfie your Highness, and the Entreatises
Of our most gracious Missireffe.
Leo. Satisfie?
Th'entreatises of your Missireffe? Satisfie?
Let that suffice, I have trusted thee (Camillo)
With all the neereft things to my heart, as well
My Chamber-Counsels, wherein (Priest-like) thou
Hast clean'd my Bosome: I, from thee departed
The Pomtient Reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy Integritie, deceit'd
In that which seems fo.

Leo. Be it forbid (my Lord.)
Leo. To bind vpon't: thou art not honest or
If thou inclin'd that way, thou art a Coward,
Which honest honeste behind, refraining
From Courtey requir'd: or else thou must be counted
A Scoundrel, graffed in my serious Trust,
And therein negligent: or else a Poole,
That feeds a Game play'd home, the rich Stake drawn
And tak't it all for least.

Leo. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fcarcely,
In every one of these, no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, feare,
Among the infinite doings of the World,
Sometime puts forth in your affairs (my Lord.)
If ever I were wilfull-neglectful,
It was my folly: if indifferently
I play'd the Poole, it was my negligence,
Not weighling well the end if ever fcarcefull
To do a thing, where I the ilue doubts
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, was a faze
Which often infects the widow: thefe (my Lord)
Are such allow'd Infamities, that benefice
Is never free of. But beeour Grace
Be plainer with me, let me know my Treps,
By it's owne virtue; if then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha, not you see Camillo?
Mag. (But that's past doubts: you have, or your eye glisse)
Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horne) or heard?
(For to a Vision so apparent, Rumor
Cannot be mute) or thought: (for Cogitation
Refides not in that man, that do's not thinketh;

A 6 2 My
My Wife is flippery? If thou wilt confess it, or else be impudently negative, to have not eyes, nor ears, nor thought, then say my wife's a holy-horse, deferves a name as rank as any Flax-Wench, that puts to before her truth-light: say't, and suff'p't. Cam: I would not be a flanderby, to heare my sovereign Mistresse clouded so, without my pretence vengeance taken: I strew my heart, you never spoke what did become you. Then this; which to reiterate, were sin as deep as that, though true. LEA: Is it whispering nothing? Is leaning Cheek to Cheek? is meaning Notes? Kissing with in-side Lips? dipping the Carriole of Laughter, with a sight? a Note infallible of breaking Honesty: hooring foot on foot? Skulking in corners? wishing Clocks more swift? Hours, Minutes! Noone, Mid-night & all Eyes Blind with the Pin and Web, but theirs; theirs only. That would vndoemoredomg: &. and thou. Why then the World, and all that's in it, is nothing. The couring Skie is nothing, Bohemia nothing, my Wife is nothing, nor Nothing have thefe Nothings. If this be nothing.

Cam: Good my Lord, be not rud Of this discred Opinion, and betimes, for this most dangerous. LEA: Say it be, it is true. Cam: No, no, my Lord. LEA: It is: you ly, you ly I say thou liest Camillo, and I hate thee. Pronounce thee a groffe Lows, a mindleffe Slawe. Or else a houermg Temporizer, Canno with thee eyes at once see good and evil? I canft with thine eyes at once see good and evil, and all Eyes Hours, Minutes? Noone, Mid-night & all Eyes. Is breaking Honesty? hooring foot on foot? Skulking in corners? wishing Clocks more swift? Hours, Minutes! Noone, Mid-night & all Eyes Blind with the Pin and Web, but theirs; theirs only. That would vndoemoredomg: &. and thou. Why then the World, and all that's in it, is nothing. The couring Skie is nothing, Bohemia nothing, my Wife is nothing, nor Nothing have thefe Nothings. If this be nothing.

Cam: Who do's infect her? LEA: Why he that wages her like her Medull, hanging About his neck (Bohemia) who, if I Had Servants true about me, that bare eyes, To see alike mine Honor, as their Profits, (That own one particular Thrifts) they would doe that Which should vndoemoredomg: &. and thou. His Cup-bearer, whom I from meaner forme Haue Benched, and read & to Worship, who may't fee Plainly, as Heauen fees Earth, and Earth fees Heauen, How I am gall'd, might'ft be space: a Cup, To giue mine Enemy a lading Wmkc : Which Draught to me, were cordial). LEA: To give mine Enemy a lading Wmke: Which Draught to me, were cordial. Camille Sir (my Lord) I could doe this, and this with that no Ftor Potion: But with a lingering Dram, that should not worke Maliciously, like Poison. But I cannot Believe this Crack to be in my dread Mistresse, (So oueragnost being Honorable, I haue lou'd thee.

LEA: Make that thy question, and goe rot: Don't thinke I am so muddy, so unsted, to appoint my felfe in this vexation? Sully the purifie and whitenesse of my Sheets, (Which to preferre, is Sleepe; which being spotten, is Goodes, Thomas Netles, Tayles of Wafpes) Grieu feandoall to the blood o' th' Prince, my Sonne, (Who I doe thinke is mine, and loue as mine) Without ripe moving to't? Would I doe this? Could man so blench?

Cam. I must beleue you (Sir) I doe, and will fetch off Bohemia fort: Proused, that when hee's remou'd, your Highnesse Will take againe your Queene, as yours at first, Euen for your Sonnes sake, and thereby for sealing The Injure of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes Knowne, and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou do'ft admire me, Euen so as I mine owne course haue set doone: Ile giue no blemhis to her Honor, none.

Cam: My Lord, Goe then; and with a countenance as cleere As Friendship weares as Feasts, keepes with Bohemia, And with your Queene: I am his Cup-bearer, If from me he haue wholesome Beueridge, Account me not your Servant.

Leo. This is all:

Do't, and thou haft the one half of my heart:
Do't not, thou sluft't a thine owne.

Cam. He do't my Lord.

Leo. I will feeme friendly, as thou haft advis'd me, Exut Cam. O merable Lady. But for me, What cafe stand I in? I must be the payfoner Of good Polixenes, and my ground to do it, Is the obedience to a Master; one.

Cam. Who in Rebellion with himselfe, will haue All that are his, so too. To doe this deed, Promotion followes: If I could find example Of thousand's that had stuck anoynted Kings, And flourifh'd after, I'd not do't: But since Nor Brasse, nor Stone, nor Parchment bearcs not one, Let Villainus if felle forswears't. I must Forfake the Court: to do't, or is, certaine To me a breakneck. Happy Starre ragnge now, Here comes Bohemia. Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange: Me thinkes My favor here begins to warpe. Not speake.

Good day Camillo.

Cam. Hayle most Royall Sir.

Pol. What is the News i'th Court?

Cam. None rare (my Lord.)

Pol. The King hath on him fuch a countenance, As he had loffe some Presence, and a Region Loud, as he loues himselfe - even now I met him With cuftomarie complement, when her Wafing his eyes to th' contrary, and falling A Lipse of much contempt, speedes from me, and So leaves me, to consider what is breeding, That changes thus his Manners.

Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.)

Pol. Howd, date not doe not doe know you, and date not?

Be intelligent to me: 'tis there abouts:

For to your selfe, what you doe know, you must, And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo Your chang'd complixions are to me a Miror, Which shewes me mine chang'd too: for I must be A partie in this alteration, finding My felfe thus alter'd with't.

Cam. There is a ficknesse

Which puts some of us 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 fought like the Basilisque.

Cam. I haue
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kild none fo: Camilla,
As you are certainly a Gentleman, thereto
Clerke-like experience'd, which no leffe adorns
Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,
In whose face we are gentle: I believe you,
If you know 'tis which do's behave my knowledge,
Thereof to be informed, imprisonment not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answe're. Pol. A Sicknefe caught of me, and yet I well
I must be answe'd: Do't it ou hear Camilla,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which Honor do acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidence thou dost gueffe of harme
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which must be eu'n as swiftly followed, as
If not, how bell to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in Honor, and by him
That I think Honourable, therefore mark my counfaile,
Which must be eu'n as swiftly followed, as
I meant to vter it; or both your selfe, and me,
Cry loR. and so good night.

Pol. On, good Camilla. Cam. I am appointed him to murther you.
Pol. By whom, Camilla? Cam. By the King. Pol. For what?
Cam. He thynks, my with all confidence he sweares,
As he had feen it, or beene an Instrument
to vcie you to't, that you haue toucht his Queene
Forbidden.

Pol. Oh then, my bell blood turne
To an infected Gelly, and my Name
Be pos'd with his, that did betray the Bell:
Turne then your freshest Reputation to
A favour, that may strike the dullest Nothirhill,
Where I arriue, and my approach be foon'd,
Nay hated too, worse then the great Infection
That ere was heard, or read
Cam. Swear your thought over
By each particular Starre in Heauen, and
By all their Influences; you may as well
Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moone,
As (or by Oath) remove, or (Counfaile) shake
The Fabrick of his folly, whose foundation
Is py'd upon your Faith, and will continue
The standing of his Body.
Pol. What should this grow?
Cam. I know not: but I am fure'tis safer to
Avoid what's growne, then question how'tis borne.
If therefore you dare trufl my honeflie,
That eyes enclosed in this Trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawnd, away to Night,
Your Followers I will whifper to the Buihelle,
And will by twoes, and threes, at feueradl Posternes
Clear them o'th City: For my felle, Ile put
My fortunes to your Seruice(whiche are here
By this Diosyrie loft.) Be not vncertaine,
For by the honor of my Parents, I
Have vittred Truth: which if you feek to prove,
I dare not fand by; nor shall you be faler,
Then one condemnd by the Kings owne mouth:
Thereon his Execution swore.

Pol. I do beleue thee:
I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand,
Be Pilot to me, and thy places hall
Still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two dayes agoe. This hot time
Is for a precious Creature: as thofe's rare,
Muft be the great; and, as his Person's mightie,
Muft be violent: and, as he do's conceu'e,
He is dishonour'd by a man, which euer
Profef's'd to him: why his Reuenges muft
In that be made more bitter. Peare ore-shades me:
Good Expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queene, part of his Theame; but nothing
Of his ill-tane fupcription. Come Camilla,
I will requite thee as a Father, if
Thou beart my life off, hence: Let vs suoid
Cam. It is in mine authorization to command
The Keys of all the Pottermes: Please your Highnelfe
To take the vrgent houre. Come Sir, away. Exeunt.

A2.3

Enter Hermoine, Mamilliu, Ladies. Leantus, Antegus, Lords.
Her. Take the Boy to you: he troubles me,
Tis past enduring.

Lady. Come (my gracious Lord)
Shall he be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, Ile none of you

Lady. Why (my sweet Lord?)

Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speake to me, as if
I were a Baby still. I love you better,

Lady. And why so (my Lord?)

Mam. Not for because
Your Browses are blacker (yet black-browes they lay
Become some Women bell, fo that there be not
Too much hairre there, but in a Cermicule,
Or a half-Moone, made with a Pen.)

2. Lady. Who taught this?

Mam. I learned it out of Women faces; pray now,
What colour are your eye-browes?

Lady. Blyew (my Lord.)

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a Ladies Nose
That he's beene bleeuw, but not her eye-browes

Lady. Harke ye,
The Queene (your Mother) round about: we shall
Prentiff our Seruices to a fine new Prince
One of these dayes, and then you'd wanton with vs
If we would have you.

2. Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly Bulke (good time encounter her.)

Her. What wildome fits amongst you? Come Sir, now
I am for you: pray: Pray you fit by vs,
And tell's a Tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall be it
Her. As merry as you will,

Mam. A sad Tale's best for Winter:
I have one of Sprights, and Goblins.

Her. Let's hae that (good Sir.)
Come on, sit downe, come on, and doe your bell.
To fright mee with your Sprights: you're powerfull at it

Mam. There.
The Winters Tale.

Mam. There was a man.

Her. Nay, comest fit downe: then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it softly,

Yond Crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then, and giue me in mine care.

Leo. Was hee met here? his Trame? Camillo with him?

Lord. Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, neither

Saw I men scowre fo on their way: I eyed them

Even to their Ships.

Leo. How blest am I

In my old Centurie in my true Opinion?

Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accursed,

In being so blest? There may be the Cup

A Spider sleep'ld, and one might drink: depart,

And yet partake no venom: (for his knowledge

Is not infected) but if one present

That abhor'd ingredient to his eye, mak'enowne

Howe'v'r he doth hacke, he cracks his gorge, his sides

With violent Hefts! I hate drunk, and see the Spider.

Camillo was his helpe in this, his Pandars,

There is a Plot against my Life, my Crowne;

All's true that is misrude'd: that false Villaine,

Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:

He's disfavour'd my Deigne, and I

Remaine a pinch'd Thing; you, a very Trick

For thee to play at will: how came the Poxtrnes

So easily open:

Lord. By his great authority,

Which often hath no lesser prudence, then fo,

On your command,

Leo. I know'st too well.

Give me the Boy, I am glad you did not surfe him:

Though he do's bear some fignes of me, yet you

Have too much blood in him,

Her. What is this? Sport?

Leo. Sport the Boye hence, he dull nor come about

Till I do thy care.

Her. Lord, that is, what you do,

Her. To say this is a goodly Lady, and

How in my love, to the Wayward.

Leo. You (my Lords)

Looke on her, make her well: be about

To say she is a goodly Lady, and

The influence of your hearts will thereto add

'Tis pity shee's not honester: Honorable;

Praye for her but for this without-horse-Forme,

(Which on my faith defieres high speech) and straights

The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha's, thee Petty-brands

That Calumet doth vse; Oh, I am out,

That Mercy do's, for Calumet will sete

Virtue as felle: the Shrug, thee Ham's, and Ha's,

When you have feid thee's goodly; come betweene,

Ere you can dye there's honester: But he's know'st

(From him that he's maft caufe to giue this it should be)

Shee's an Adultere.

Her. Should a Villaine say fo,

(The most repuln'd Villaine in the World)

He were as much more Villaine: you (my Lord)

Doc but mitake

Leo. You have mistakke (my Lady)

Politeen's for Leantos: O thou Thing,

(Which Ie not call a Creature of thy place,

Leaff Barbarifhe (making me the precedent)
Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Censor, Emilia, 

Paul. The Keeper of the prison, call to him: Let him have knowledge who I am. Good Lady, no Court in Europe is too good for thee, What doth thou thin prison? Now good Sir, you know me, do you not? Gao. For a worthy Lady, and one, who much I honour. 

Paul. Pray you then, Conduct me to the Queen. 

Gao. I may not (Madam) to the contrary I have express commandment, How could your noble office? To fee her Women? Any of them? Emilia? Gao. So please you (Madam) to put a-part thefe your attendants, I shall bring Emilia forth. 

Paul. I pray now call her: 

Withdraw your felves. 

Gao. And Madam, I must be present at your Conference. 

Paul. Well, be't so, supprethe. 

Here's such a-coe, to make no staine, a staine As paffes colouring. Deare Gentlewoman, how fares our gracious Lady? 

Emil. As well as one so great, and so fortunate May hold together: On her flights, and greifes That lack'd of gentle visitors. This great of gentle visitors, I mean lawful pray you may hold together. 

Paul. A boy? 

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe, 

To fee her? Woman? Any of them? Any 

To visit the next room, let presently 

Her Advocate to the loudeft. We do not know How he may offend at the sight of the Child: The silence often of pure innocence Perfidues, when speaking failes. 

Emil. Most worthy Madam, your honor, and your goodness is so evident, That you free understanding cannot misse A shrilling yllue, there is no Lady living. 

Some meete for this great errand; please your Ladyship To visit the next room, Ie prefently. Acquaint the Queene of your noble offer, Who, but to day hammered of this deluge, But daunt not tempt a minister of honour. 

Let him shew her, and let her performe. Come follow vs, We are to speake in publique: for this busineffe Will raife vs all. 

Emil. Tolaughter, as I take it, If the good truth, were knowne. 

Emil. As I take it, If the good truth, were knowne.
The Winters Tale.

Paul. Tell her (Emilia.)

She vst that tongue I have: If you flow from
At boldness from my boeme, let not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blesst for it.

He to the Queen: please you come something neeter.
Gae. Madam, I'll please the Queen to send the babe
I know not what I shall incure, to passe it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You neede not fear it (Sir)

This Childe was prifonet to the wombe, and is
By Law and proceffe of great Nature, thence
Free d, and enfranchis'd, not a part to

The anger of the King, nor guilty of
(If any be) the treafo of the Queen.
Gae. I do believe it.

Paul. Do nor you feare: upon mine honor, I

Will stand betwixt you, and danger.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Seruants, Paulina, Antigonus, and Lords.

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but weakneffe
To heare the matter thus: mere weakneffe, if
The cause were not in being: part of the cause, she,
She, ch'Adulteresse: for the harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke
And weall of my braine: plot-proofe: but thee,
I can hooke to me: say that she were gone,
Gluten to the fire, a moisy of my rest

Might come to me againe. Where there?

Ser. My Lord.

Leo. How doth the boy?

Ser. He tooke good rest to night: 'tis hop'd
His fickneffe is discharg'd

Leo. To see his Noblenesse,
Conceyuing the disHonour of his Mother.
He straight deified, droop'd, tooke is deeply,
Fasting, and in the flame on't in himselfe;
Threw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleep's,
Recoyle upon me: in himselfe too mightie.

Leo. Do I see him now, heare?

When the will take the raine, I let her run,
But shoult' not flumbe.

Paul. Good my Liege, I come:

And I befeech you hear me, who professes
My felfe your loyal Servant, your Physician.
Your most obedient Counsellor: yet that dates
Leo appeare so, in comforting your Eudles,
Then such as most feeme yours. I say, I come
From your good Queene.

Leo. Good Queene?

Paul. Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene,

I say good Queene,

And would by combate, make her good so, were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine owne accord, lie off,
But firft, Ile do my errand. The good Queene
(For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,
Theire is: Commends it to your blesling

Leo. Out.

A mankeide Witch? Hence with her, out o'dore:
A most intelligencing bawd.

Paul. Not so I am as ignorant in that, as you,
In fo entitle me: and no leffe honest
Then you are mad: which is enough, Ile warrant
(As this world goes) to passe for honest:

Leo. Traitors:

Will you not push her out? Give her the Baflard,
Thou dautous, thou art woman-y'td: vnroofed
By thy dame Partlet heere. Take vp the Baflard,
Take't vp, I lay: giue't to thy Groaner.

Paul. For cuer

Vnmerable be thy hands, if thou

Take' by the Princeffe, by that forced bastenelle
Where he's but pawn't

Leo. He dreades his Wife.

Paul. So I would you did: then were past all doubts
You'd call your children, yours,

Leo. A neft of Traitors.

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Not I: not any

But one that's heere: and that's himselfe: for he,
Leo. A Callat

Of boundlefs tongue, who late hath beat her Husband,
And now byasts me: This Brat is none of mine.

Antig. I did not, Sir:

Thyfe Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they please,
Can cleare me in't.

Lords. We can: my Royall Liege,
He is not guiltie of her comming hither.

Leo. You're liers all.

Lords. Beechfe your Highnesse, giue vs better credit:
We haue alwaies truly ser'd you, and beeche
So ro efcoeme of vs; and on our knees we begge.
(As recompence of our deare seruices
Past, and to come:) that you doe change this purpofe,
Which being fo horrid, fo bloody, muff
Lead on to some fitue liue: We all kneele.

Leo. I am a Feather for each Wind that blows:
Shall I liue on, ro see this Bastard kneele,
And call me Father? better burne it now,
Then curfe it then. But be it: let it liue.
It shall not nevther. You Sir, come you hither:
You that haue been so tenderly offirous
With Lady Margarie, your Mid.-wife there,
To faue this Bastards life; for 'tis a Bastard,
So sure as this Beards gray. What will you aventure,
To faue this Brats life?

Antig. Any thing (my Lord)
That my abilitie may vndergoe,
And Noblenesse impose: as least thus much;
Ille pawns the little blood which I haue left.

Leo. It shall be possible: Sware by this Sword
Thou wilt performe my bidding.

Antig. I will (my Lord.)

Leo. Mark, and performe it: left thou for the faile
Of any point in't, shall not onely be
Death to thy selfe, but to thy lewd-tongued Wife,
(Whom for this time we pardon) We enioy thec,
As thou art Liege-man to vs, that thou carrie
This female Bastard hence, and that thou leaue
It came to vs, doe in Iustice charge thee.
Of our Dominions; and that there thou leaue it
(Without more mercy) to it owne prote&ion,
This female Bastard hence, and that thou leaue it
On thy Soules perill, and thy Bodyes torture,
That thou commend it stragely to some place.

Leo. Ile ha'thee burnt.

Antig. Thee I care not!

Leo. Ile ha'thee burnt, Paul; I care not!

Paul. It is yours:

Antig. Hang all the Husband.

Leo. That cannot doe that Feat, you leaue your selfe
Hardily one Subiect.

Paul. A most unworthy, and unnatural Lord
Can doe no more.

Leo. Hee ha'thee burnt,

Paul. I care not!

Leo. On your Allegiance,

Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant,
Where were her life? the duft not call me so,
If the did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you doe not push me, Ille be gone.

Look to your Brat (my Lord:) is yours: lowe lend her
A better guiding Spirit. What needs these hands?
You that are thus to tender of e're his Follyes,
Will never doe him good, not one of you.

So, So: Farewell, we are gone.

Leo. Thou (Traytor) haft set on thy Wife to this
My Child? away with's! even thoug' that haft
A heart so tender o're it, take it hence,
And fee it infinitely confum'd with fire.

Paul. I pray you doe not push me, Ille be gone.

Leon. Thou (Traytor) haft set on thy Wife to this
My Child? away with's! even thoug' that haft
A heart so tender o're it, take it hence,
And see it infinitely confum'd with fire.

Paul. Even thou, and none but thou. Take it vp straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done.
(And by good Tellie) or Ile faze thy life,
With what thou else call it, chine: if thou relifte,
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, say so;
The Bastard-brasewith chefe my proper hands
Shall I dafh out, Go, take it to the fire,
For thou fett'ft on thy Wife.

Antig. I did not, Sir:

These Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they please,
Can cleare me in't.

Lords. We can: my Royall Liege,
He is not guiltie of her comming hither.

Leo. You're liers all.

Lords. Beechfe your Highnesse, giue vs better credit:
We haue alwaies truly ser'd you, and beeche
So ro efcoeme of vs; and on our knees we begge.
(As recompence of our deare seruices
Past, and to come:) that you doe change this purpofe,
Which being fo horrid, fo bloody, muff
Lead on to some fitue liue: We all kneele.

Leo. I am a Feather for each Wind that blows:
Shall I liue on, ro see this Bastard kneele,
And call me Father? better burne it now,
Then curfe it then. But be it: let it liue.
It shall not nevther. You Sir, come you hither:
You that haue been so tenderly offirous
With Lady Margarie, your Mid.-wife there,
To faue this Bastards life; for 'tis a Bastard,
So sure as this Beards gray. What will you aventure,
To faue this Brats life?

Antig. Any thing (my Lord)
That my abilitie may vndergoe,
And Noblenesse impose: as least thus much;
Ille pawns the little blood which I haue left.
The truth of this appeare: Prepare you Lords, Summon a Session, that we may sit asigne Our most disloyall Lady; for as the bath Been publickly accus'd, so shall the have A suff and open Trial. While the issues, My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me, And thynke upon my bidding.

Adus Torius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleomenes and Dana.

Cle. The Clymats delicate, the Ayre most sweet, Fertile the site, the Temple much surpassing The common praysie it beares. 

Dana. I shall reports. For most it taught me, the Celestiall Habits, (Me thinks I so shoudl terme them) and the reverence Of the grate Wearsers. O, the Sacrifice. 

How ceremonious, solemn, and vnearthly It was th'o'tOffing? 

Cle. But all the bunt, and the extra-stuffing Voice o'th Oracle, Kin to June Thunder, to surpriz'd my Sence, That I was nothing. 

Die. In th'event o'th'journey. 

Prove as sucessfull in the Queene (O be's fo) As it hath beene to me, rare, pleasant, speciale, The time is worth the vie o'n. 

Cle. Great Apollo, 

Turne all th'Oh's: these Proclamations, So forcing faults upon Hermione, I little like. 

Die. The violent carriage of it. Will desire, or end the Businesse, when the Oracle (Thus by Apollo's great Diuine seal'd up) Shall the Contents disfoure: something rare. 

Even then will ruth to knowledge. Gore: fresh Horces, And gracious be the issue. 

Enter Cleomenes and Dana.

Cle. This Sessions to our great griefe we pronounce. 

Even faith, but with our heart. The partie try'd, The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one Of vs most belou'd. Yet we be clear'd 

Of being tyrannous, since we so openly Proceeded in justice, which shall have due course, Even to the Guilt, or the Punishment. 

Produce the Person. 

Officr. It is his Highnesse pleasure, that the Queene 

Appears in person, here in Court. Silence. 

Leo. The Indictment. 

Officr. Hermione, Queene to the worthy Leoncet, King of Sicilia, then art here accus'd and arraigned of High Trea- 

son, in conspiring Adultery with Polixenes King of Bohernia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the Life of our Sou- 

veraine Lord the King by Royal Thro'ud, the presence whereof being by circumstances partly land open shewd. (Hermione) consent to the Faith and Allegiance of a true Subject, dost confesse, and abide them, for their better justice, to fly away by Night. 

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that, Which contradist my Accusation, and The testimonie on my past, no other But what comes from my selve, it shall scarce boot me To say, Not guiltie: mine integritie Being counted Falsehood, shall (as I expresse it) Be recei'd. But thus, if Powres Diuine Behold out humane Actions (as they doe) I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make False Accusation blasphe, and Tyrannie Tremble at Patience. You (my Lords) best know (Whom least will seem to doe so) my past life. 

Hath beene as continent, as chaste, as true, As I now rejoyce; which is more. 

Then Hiustorice can paterne, though deuid'sd, And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me, 

A Fellow of the Royali Bed, which owe 

A Mostie of the Throne: A great Kings Daughter, 

The Mother to a hopeful Prince, here Bading 

To praise and talk for Life, and Honor, fore 

Who pleas'd to come, and hear. For Life, I prize it 

As I weigh Griefe (which I would spare:) For Honor, 

In a demeritue from me to mine, 

And thenly that I stand for. I appeal 

To your owne Conscience (Sir) before Polixenes 

Came to your Courts, how I was in your grace, 

How meusted to be: Since he came, 

With what encounter soever, I 

Have snyd't appear'd thus: if not beyond 

The bound of Honor, or in act, or wit, 

That way enclining, hardned be the hearts 

Of all that hear me, and my nee't of Kin 

Cry rise upon my Grace. 

Leo. I here hear'd yet, 

That any of these bolder Vices wanted 

Lette Impudence to gaine-fay what they did, 

Then to performe it first, 

Her. That's true enough, 

Though as a laying (Sir) not due to me. 

Leo. You will not own it. 

Her. More then Mithrefle of, 

Which comes to me in name of Fault, I must not 

As all acknowledge. For Polixenes 

(With whom I am accus'd) I doe confess 

I lou'd him, as an Honor he requir'd: 

With such a kind of Love, as might become 

A Lady like me; with a Love, even such, 

So, and no other, as your selfe commanded: 

Which, not to have done, I think'd had been in the 

Both Disobedience, and ingratitude 

To you, and toward your Friend, whose Love had spoke. 

Even since it could speak, from an Infant, freely, 

That it was yours. Now for Conspiration, 

I know not how it safes, though it be dissh'd 

For me to try how: All I know of it, 

Is, that Camillo was an honest man; 

And why he left your Court, the Gods themselves 

(Worshipp'd more then 1) are ignorant. 

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know 

What you have vnderstode to doe in's absence.
The Winters Tale.

Her. Sir, 
You speake a Language that I understand not; 
My Life stands in the level of your Dreames, 
Which ile lay downe.

Leo. Your Actions are my Dreames. 
You had a Baffard by Polixenes, 
And I but dream'd it: As you were past all blame, 
(Those of your Hall are so) to past all truth; 
Which to deny, concerns more then acules, for as 
Thy Brat hath been call'd out, like to it selfe, 
No Father owning it (which is indeed 
More criminal in ther, then it is) to thou 
Shalt feel our luffice; in who's castell partsge, 
You had a Bastard by Polixemt.

The Buggc which you would fright me with, I seeke: 
More crimsonall in thee then it so thou 
And I but dream'd it: As you were past all shame, 
I doe give lost, for I doe feel it gone, 
Looke for no lesse then death.

No Father owning it (which is indeed 
But know not how it went. My second la(es 
The crowne and comfort of my Life your Favor) 
Tome can Life be no commoditie; 
Like one infefficmj. My third comfort 
I am bar'd 
The Child-bed priuiedge deny d, which longs 
And find Fruits of my body, from his presence 
Proclaim'd a Strumpet: With immodeft hatted 
Came out to murther. My selfe on euery Pod 
(The innocent milke in it mod innocent mouth) 
To Women of all fashion. Lasily, hurried 
'Tis Rigor, and not Law Your Honors all, 
That I shoul'd fear to die ? Therefore proceed: 
I have got strength of limit. Now my Liege 
Here, to this place, i'th' open ayre, before 
Vpon surmizes (all proofes sleping else. 
(I prize it not a draw) but for mine Honor, 
Tell me what beefings I haue here aliue. 
Which I would free: if I (hall be condemn'd 
With the SefTicns (will proceed: this is mere falshood). 
Nor read the Secrets in't. 
You hauenot dat'd to breaks the holy Seale, 
This seal'd' Vp <5rade, fey the Hand declar'd 
Been both at Delpbos. and from thence haue brought 
His Daughters Try all: that he did but fee 
For being tranfponed by my lealoufies 
Fancies too weake for Boys, too greene and idle 
ForGirles of Nine) O thinke what they haue done, 
But your lealoues awake) I tell you 
'Tis Rigor, and not Law Your Honors all, 
I doe referre me to the Oracle: 
Apollo be my Judge. 
Lord. This your request 
Is altogether unrighteouf: therefore bring forth 
(And in Apollo's Name) his Oracle.

Her. The Emperor of Ruffia was my Father, 
Oh that he were alive, and here beholding 
His Daughters Try all: that he did but fee 
The bastard of my miferie; yet with eyes 
Of Pity, not Revengue.

Officer. You here shal sware upon this Sword of Justice, 
That you (Cleomenes and Dian) haue 
Been both at Delphi, and from thence haue brought 
This seal'd vp Oracle, by the Hand deliver'd 
Or great Apollo's Priest; end that since then, 
You haue not da'd to break the holy Seale, 
Nor read the Secrets in't.

Cle. Dis. All this we sware. 
Leo. Break vp the Seales, and read.

Officer. Hermonoe is chief, Polixenes his place, Camillo 
a true Subject, Leontes a narrow Tyrant, his envious 
Baby truly begotten, and the King shall live without an Heir, if that 
which is lost be not found.

Leo. Now bidde it be the great Apollo. 
Her. Prayled.
Leo. Haft thou read truth?
Officer. I (my Lord) euin fo as it is here fet downe. 
Leo. There is no truth at all in th' Oracle; 

The 

The Winter's Tale.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Antigonus, a Mariner, Babe, Sheepe-heard, and Clowne.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath toucht upon
The Dearts of Bohemia.

Mar. 1 (my Lord) and fear.

We haue Landed in all time: the skies looke grizly,
And threaten present blisters. In my conceivne
The heavens with that we have in hand, are angry,
And frowne vpon.

Age. Their frowne will be done: I go get a-boord,
Look to thy baule, Ile not be long before

I call you there.

Mar. Make your belt haife, and go noe
Too-farre'th Land: 'tis like to be loud weather,
Besides this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keep't your.

Age. Go thou away,
Ile frown infantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be to ridde o'th buineffe.

Ant. Come, poore babe;
I haue heard (but not beheue, the) Spinto'th dead
May walk a queene: if such thing be, the Mother
Appear'd to me laft night: forme'rc was dreame
So like a wakinge. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I neuer saw a reffell of like forrow
So full'd, and so becoming: in pure white Robes
Like very fanchity the did approach
My Cabine where I lay: three bowd before me,
(And gaffing to begin some speech) her eyes
Became two Spouts; the fume fent, anon
Did this breakes from her. Good Antigonus,
Since Fate (against thy better disposition)
Hath made thy perfon for the Lover-out
Of my poore babe, according to thine oath.
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There wpepe, and leave a crying: and for the babe
Is counted loft for ever, Perdita
I prethee call's: For this vngente buineffe
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne'er (halt see
Thy Wife Perdita more: and so, with ftriches
She melted into Ayre. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my felfe, and thought
This was fo, and no slumber: Dreames, are joyes,
Yet for this once, yes superflitiously,
I will be fquar'd by this. I do beleue
Hermione hath fuffer'd death, and that
Apollo would (this being indeed the issue
Of King Polinnes) it shou'd heere to be lande
(Either for life, or death) vpon the earth
Orifs right Father. Bliffome, speed thee well,
These lye, and these thy charafter: there thefe,
Which may if Fortune pleafe, both bred thee (preety)
And still leat shine. The forme begins,poore wreath,
That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd
to losse, and what may follow. Woepe I cannot,
But my heart bledes: and moft accurst am I
To be by oath enioyn'd to this. Farewell,
The day frownes more and more: thou'u like to haue
A lullabie too rough: I neuer faw
But my heart bleede*: and moft accurfl am I
to thee forrowes.

Scena Quartetton.

Enter Antigonus, a Mariner, Babe, Sheepe-heard, and Clowne.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath toucht upon
The Dearts of Bohemia.

Mar. 1 (my Lord) and fear.

We haue Landed in all time: the skies looke grizly,
And threaten present blisters. In my conceivne
The heavens with that we have in hand, are angry,
And frowne vpon.

Age. Their frowne will be done: I go get a-boleod,
Look to thy baule, Ile not be long before
Enter Clowns.

Clo. Hilloa loa.

Ship. What art so necere? If thou list 's a thing to talk on, when thou art dead and rotten, come hither: what sayst thou, man?

Clown. I have seen two such fights, by Sea & by Land: but I am not to say it is a Sea, for it is now the Siege, between the Firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin into it.

Ship. Why boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chases, how it ranging, how it takes vp the shore, but that's not to the point. Oh, the most pitious cry of the poor foules, sometimes to see 'em and not to see 'em. Now the Shippe bearing the Moore into her Name, and anon swallowed, with yell and froth, as you would thrust a Cork into a hole-head. And then for the Land-seruice, to see how the Beare tore out his Shoulder-bone, how he crede to need for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a Nobleman: But to make an end of the Ship, to see how the Sea flaidragon d it: but first, how the poor foules roared, and the Sea mock'd them: and how the poor Gentleman roared, and the Beare mock'd him, both roaring lowder then the sea, or weather.

Ship. Name of mercy, when was this boy?

Clo. Now, now: I have not wikk'd since I saw these fights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the Beare half dion d' the Gentleman: he's as it now.

Ship. Would I had bin by, to have helped the old man.

Clo. I would you had beene by the ship side, to have helped her; there your charity would have lack'd footing.

Ship. Heavy matters, heavy matters: but look thee heere boy. Now blest thy selfe: thou me'tt with things dying, I wish things now borne. Here's a fight for thee. Look thee, a bearing-clasht for a Squites child; look thee heere, take vp, take vp (Boy:) open't: open; go, let 'scit, it was told me I should be rich by the Fairies. This is some Changeling: open't: what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a mad old man: if the finnes of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Golde, all Gold.

Ship. This is Fairy Gold boy, and twill proue so: vp with it, keepe it clost: home, home, the next way. We are luckie (boy) and to bee so full requires nothing but feets. Let me thyre go Come (good boy) the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your Findings, lie go with thee the Beare bee gone from the Gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curf but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I like it best.

Ship. That's a good deed: if thou mayest differne by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th'light of him.

Clown. Marry will I: and you shall help to put him th'ground.

Ship. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't.

Enter Time, the Charr.

Time. I that please some, try all: both joy and terror Of good, and bad: that makes, and unfolds error, Now take upon me (in the name of Time) To use my wings: Impose not a crime To me, or my swift passage, that I slide One-facene yeeres, and leaue the growth vivside Of that wide gap, since it is in my powre To orethrow Law, and in one felfe-borne bowre To plant, and ore-thelme Cusforme. Let me passe The same I am, ere ancient Order was. Or what is now receiv'd. I winne to The times that brought them in, so shall I do To th'emere things now reigning, and make stale The glisterning of this present, as my Tale Now receimes to it: your patience this allowing, I turne my glasse, and give my Scene such growing As you had slept betweene: Leontes leaunng The effects of his fond zealoues, so greewing That he时时 vp himselfe. Imagine me (Gentle Spectators) that I may be in faire Bohemia, and remember well, I mentioned a fonne of th'Kings, which Hersezed I now name to you: and with speed to pace To speake of Perdita, now grown in grace Equall with wood ring. What of her inistes I lift not prophelie: but let it be all way now: Be knowne when it be brought forth. A shepherds daught, And what to her adheres, which follows after, (is th'argument of Time: of this allow, If ever you haue spent time worse, ere now: If never, yet that Time himselfe doth say, He wishes earnestly, you never may,

Exit.

Enter Polescent, and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee (good Camillo) be no more importuntes: it is a ticknelle denying thee any thing: a death to grant this.

Camillo. It is a fyscene yeeres since I saw my Country: though I haue (for the most part) bin ayred abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King (my Master) hath lent me, to whole feeling sorrowes, I might be some alay, or I were not to be able at all) which is another spurre to my departure.

Pol. At thou lou't me (Camillo) wipe not out the rest of thy turces, by leasing me now: the neede I haue of thee, thine owne goodnesse hath made: better not to have had thee, then thus to want thee, thou haueing made me Buneifes, (which none (without thee) can sufficiently manage) must either stay to execute them sly fyle, or take away with thee the very turces thou haft done: which I haue not enough considered (as too much I cannot) to bee more thankful to thee, shall bee my studie, and my profite therin, the heaping friendshippes. Of that fatal Country Sicillia, preethee speake no more, whose very naming, punishe me with the remembrance

Exeunt
of this penitent (as thou callest him) and reconciled King
my brother, whose losse of his most precious Queen &
Children, are even now to be a-fresh lamented. Say to
me, when sawst thou the Prince Florizell my son? Kings
are no lesse vnhappy, their issue, not being gracious, then
they are in looking them, when they have approued their
Ventures.

Cam. Sir, it is three dayes since I saw the Prince; what
his happier affaires may be, are to me unknowne; but I
have (misleadingly) noted, he is of late much returnd
from Court, and is lesse frequent to his Prince's exercizes
then formerly he hath appear'd.

Pol. I have consider'd so much (Camille) and with
some care, so farre, that I have eyes under my feruice,
which looke upon his removednesse: from whom I have
this Intelligence, that he is fled out from the house of a
most homely shepheard: a man (they say) that from very
nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors,
is grown to a vnspakeable elate.

Cam. I have heard (fit) of such a man, who hath a
daughter of most rare note; the report of her is extended
more, then can be thought to begin from such a cottage
Pol. That's likewise part of my Intelligence: but (I
feare) the angle that plucks our fonnes thither. Thou
shall accompany vs to the place, where we will (not ap-
pear) what we are; but some question with the shep-
heard; from whose simplicite, I thinke it not vnafie to
get the caufe of my Tonnes: but I haue (misleadingly) noted.
be is of late much retir'd from
Court, and is lesse frequent to his Princely exert iones then
formerly he hath appear'd.

osofl homely shephe-hard; a man (they fay) that from very
of Sicillia.

rearing what we ate) hau; Tome queilton with the shep.

nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors,
get the caufe of rny Tonnes
Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camille, we must disguife our felues.

Pot. That's likewife part of my Intelligence: but (I
have considered so much)

Pol. That's likewife part of my Intelligence: but (I
have considered so much)

Clow. Then my account

Clo. How now? Canfl fland?

Am. Ah, good fir, softly, good fir: I feare (fir) my
shoulder-blade is out.

Clow. A fellow (fir) chat 1 haue knowne to goe about

Am. A fellow (sweet fir) a footmsn

Clow. An. I am rob'd fir, and beaten: I haue money, and
apparel tane from me, and these detestable things put up-
on me.

Clow. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Am. A footman (sweet fir) a footman

Clow. Indeed, he shoule be a footman, by the garments
he has left with thee: If this bee a horseman Coate, it
hath feene very hot feruice. Lend me thy hand, lie helpe
thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

Clow. Oh good fir, tenderly, oh.

Am. Alas poor foule, thou hast need of more rags

to lay on thee, rather then have theff off.

Aut. Oh fr, the lost somnfole of them offend mee,
more then the stripes I have received, which are mistake
ones and millions.

Clo. Alas poor men, a million of beastings may come
so a great mater.

Aut. I am rob'd fir, and beaten: my money, and ap-
parel tane from me, and these detestable things put up-
on me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A footman (sweet fir) a footman

Am. Indeed, he shoulde be a footman, by the garments
he has left with thee: If this bee a horseman Coate, it
hath feene very hot seruice. Lend me thy hand, lie helpe
thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

Am. Oh good fir, tenderly, oh.

Clow. What manner of Fellow was hee that robb'd
you?

Aut. A fellow (fit) that I have known to goe about
with Trott-my-dames: I knew him once a servante of the
Prince: I cannot tell good fir, for which of his Ve-

Clo. Doest lacke any mony? I have a little mony for
thee.

Aut. No, good sweet fir: no, 1 befeech you fir: I have a
Kinman no past these quarters of a mile hence, unto
whome I was going: I shall there haue money, or anie
thing I want; Offer me no money I pray you, that kills
my heart.

Clow. What manner of Fellow was hee that robb'd
you?

Aut. A fellow (fit) that I have known to goe about
with Trott-my-dames: I knew him once a servante of the
Prince: I cannot tell good fir, for which of his Ve-

Clo. Doest lacke any mony? I have a little mony for
thee.

Aut. No, good sweet fir: no, 1 befeech you fir: I have a
Kinman no past these quarters of a mile hence, unto
whome I was going: I shall there haue money, or anie
thing I want; Offer me no money I pray you, that kills
my heart.

Clow. What manner of Fellow was hee that robb'd
you?

Aut. A fellow (fit) that I have known to goe about
with Trott-my-dames: I knew him once a servante of the
Prince: I cannot tell good fir, for which of his Ve-

Clow. Doest lacke any mony? I have a little mony for
thee.

Aut. No, good sweet fir: no, 1 befeech you fir: I have a
Kinman no past these quarters of a mile hence, unto
whome I was going: I shall there haue money, or anie
thing I want; Offer me no money I pray you, that kills
my heart.

Clow. What manner of Fellow was hee that robb'd
you?

Aut. A fellow (fit) that I have known to goe about
with Trott-my-dames: I knew him once a servante of the
Prince: I cannot tell good fir, for which of his Ve-

Clow. Doest lacke any mony? I have a little mony for
thee.

Aut. No, good sweet fir: no, 1 befeech you fir: I have a
Kinman no past these quarters of a mile hence, unto
whome I was going: I shall there haue money, or anie
thing I want; Offer me no money I pray you, that kills
my heart.

Clow. What manner of Fellow was hee that robb'd
you?

Aut. A fellow (fit) that I have known to goe about
with Trott-my-dames: I knew him once a servante of the
Prince: I cannot tell good fir, for which of his Ve-

Clow. Doest lacke any mony? I have a little mony for
thee.

Aut. No, good sweet fir: no, 1 befeech you fir: I have a
Kinman no past these quarters of a mile hence, unto
whome I was going: I shall there haue money, or anie
thing I want; Offer me no money I pray you, that kills
my heart.

Clow. What manner of Fellow was hee that robb'd
you?
The Winters Tale.

Cl. His vices you would say: there's no virtue, whipt out of the Court: they cherish 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 Apé-beater, then a Procefs-server (a Bayliff) then hee compait a Motion of the Prodigious sonne, and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where my Land and Licing eyes; and (hauing owne over many knauish professions) he fellt onely in Rogaue: some call him Autolius.


Cl. Not a more cowardly Rogaue in all Bekemia; If you had but look'd bigger, and spit at him, he'd have runne.

Aut. I must confesse to you Sir I am no figher: I am falle of heart this way, & that he knew I warrant him.

Cl. How do you now? Aut. Sweet fir, much better then I was: I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, & pace softly towards my kinman.


Cl. Then fartheewell, I must go buy Spices for our sheece-shearing. Exit.

Aut. Prosper you sweet fir. Your purfe is not hot enough to purchase your Spices: Ibe with you at your sheece-shearing too: if I make not this Cheat bring out another, and the sheeres prove sheepe, let me be vnrold, and my name put in the booke of Vertue.

Song. Lay on, s pq on, on the foot path way,
And merily bunt the Stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your lad tyras in a Mile-a. Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Shepherd, Clowne, Polixenes, Can- mille, Mopsa, Dorcas, Servants, Autolius.

Flo. These your vnfull weeds, to each part of you Do's give a life: no Shepherdesse, but Fiera
Peering in Aprils front. This your sheece-shearing, Is a meeting of the petty Gods,
And you the Queenes own. Perd. Sir: my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me: (Oh pardon, that I name them:) you high selfe
The gracious marke o' th'Land, you have obferv'd
With a Swains wearing: and me (poore lovely Maid)
Moft Goddelsey-like pranks'd vp: But that our Feasts
In every Melfe, laue folly: the thefeeders
Digget with a Cusfome, I should blushe
To fee you so strasse'd: Iworne I thinke,
To shew my selfe a glasse.
Flo. I bleffe the time.
When my good Falcon, made her flight a-croffe
Thy Fathers ground.
Perd. Now Jove afoord you cause:
To me the difference forges dread (your Greatesse

Hath not beene ws'd to feare) even now I tremble
To think my Father, by some accident
Should paffe this way, as you did: Oh the Fates,
How would he looke, to fee his wocke, fo noble,
Vildely bound vp? What would he say? Or how
Should I (in thee my borrowed Flaunts) behold
The bernisse of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but folly: the Goddes themselves
(Humbling their Deities to loue) haue taken
The thipes of Beasts upon them. Jupiter
Became a Bull, and bellow'd: the greene Neptune
A Ram, and bleated: and the Fire-roab'd-God
Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine,
As I feeme now. Their transformations,
Were neuer for a piece of beauty, rares,
Nor in a way so chaste: since my defires
Run not before mine honor: nor my Lufts
Burne hotter then my Faiths.

Perd. O but Sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Opposed (as it must be) by th' power of the King:
One of these two must be necessaries,
Which then will speake, that you must change this pur.
Or my life. (pafs,

Flo. Thou dost not Perdita,
With these fore'd thoughts, I prethee daire not
The Mirth o' th' Feast: Or I'll 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 content,
Though deftiny fay no. Be merry (Gentle)'
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are comming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two haue sworne shall come.

Perd. O Lady Fortune,
Stand you suspicious.
Flo. See, your Guests approach,
Address your felfe to entertaine them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shop. By (daughter) when my old wife lud'd: upon
This day, the was both Pandor, Butler, Cooke,
Both Dame and Servant: Welcom'd all: sem'd all,
Would sing her fong, and dance her turne: now heare
At vppe end o' th' Table; now, rth middle:
On his shoulder, and his: her face o'fire
With labour, and the thing the tooke to quench it
She would to each one sip. You are retrecy,
As if you were a feasled one: and not
The Hosteffe of the meeting: Pray you bid
These unknoune friends of vs welcom'd, for it is,
A way to make vs better Friends, more knowne.
Come, quench your blushe's, and present your felle
That which you are, Mistres o' th' Feast. Come on,
And bid vs welcome to your sheece-shearing,
As your good flocke shall prosper.

Perd. Sir, welcome:
It is my Fathers will, I should take on mee
The Hostellahip o'th day: you're welcome Sir,
Give me those Flowers there (Dorcas) Reuard Sirs,
For you, there's Rosemary, and Rue, theke keepe
Seeming, and favour all the Winter long:
Grace, and Rememberance be to you both,
And welcome to our Shearing.

B 3 a

Pol.
The Winters Tale.

Pol. Shepherdesse,
(A faire one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowres of Winter.
Perd. Sir, the yeare growing ancient,
Not yet on summers death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowres o'th season
Are our Carnations, and streak'd Gilly-vors,
Our rufflick Gardens barren, and I care not
to get slips of them.
Pol. Wherefore (gentle Maiden)
Do you neglect them.
Perd. For I have heard it said,
There is an Art, which in their puddenesse shares
With great creating-Nature.
Pol. Say there be:
Yet Nature is made better by no means,
But Nature makes that Meane so ouer that Art,
(Which you say addes to Nature jis an Art)
That Nature makes: you see (sweet Maid) we marry
A gentler Sien, to the wildeft Stocke,
And make conceyue a barke of better kinde
By bud of Noble race, This is an Art
Which do's mend Nature: change it rather, but
The Art it'selfe, is Nature.
Pol. So it is.
Perd. Then make you Garden rich in Gilly'dors,
And do not call them bairds.
Perd. Ie no not put
The Dible in earth, to set one slip of them:
No more then were I painted, I would with
This youth (hould say 'twer well: and only therefore
Before to breed by me. Here's flowers for you:
Hot Launder, Mint, Saury, Maritornum,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed vvitb'Sun,
That Nature makes: you see (sweet Maid) we marry
Yet Nature is made better by no meane,
With great creating-Nature.
Pol. 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 streak'd Gilly-vors,
Our rufflick Gardens barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore (gentle Maiden)
Do you neglect them.
Perd. For I have heard it said,
There is an Art, which in their pudenesse shares
With great creating-Nature.
Pol. Say there be:
Yet Nature is made better by no means,
But Nature makes that Meane so ouer that Art,
(Which you say addes to Nature jis an Art)
That Nature makes: you see (sweet Maid) we marry
A gentler Sien, to the wildeft Stocke,
And make conceyue a barke of better kinde
By bud of Noble race, This is an Art
Which do's mend Nature: change it rather, but
The Art it'selfe, is Nature.
Pol. So it is.
Perd. Then make you Garden rich in Gilly'dors,
And do not call them bairds.
Perd. Ie no not put
The Dible in earth, to set one slip of them:
No more then were I painted, I would with
This youth (hould say 'twer well: and only therefore
Before to breed by me. Here's flowers for you:
Hot Launder, Mint, Saury, Maritornum,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed vwitb'Sun,
That Nature makes: you see (sweet Maid) we marry
Yet Nature is made better by no meane,
With great creating-Nature.
Pol. 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 streak'd Gilly-vors,
Our rufflick Gardens barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore (gentle Maiden)
Do you neglect them.
Perd. For I have heard it said,
There is an Art, which in their pudenesse shares
With great creating-Nature.
Pol. Say there be:
Yet Nature is made better by no means,
But Nature makes that Meane so ouer that Art,
(Which you say addes to Nature jis an Art)
That Nature makes: you see (sweet Maid) we marry
A gentler Sien, to the wildeft Stocke,
And make conceyue a barke of better kinde
By bud of Noble race, This is an Art
Which do's mend Nature: change it rather, but
The Art it'selfe, is Nature.
Pol. So it is.
Perd. Then make you Garden rich in Gilly'dors,
And do not call them bairds.
Perd. Ie no not put
The Dible in earth, to set one slip of them:
No more then were I painted, I would with
This youth (hould say 'twer well: and only therefore
Before to breed by me. Here's flowers for you:
Hot Launder, Mint, Saury, Maritornum,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed vwitb'Sun,
That Nature makes: you see (sweet Maid) we marry
Yet Nature is made better by no meane,
With great creating-Nature.
Pol. 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 streak'd Gilly-vors,
Our rufflick Gardens barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore (gentle Maiden)
Do you neglect them.
Perd. For I have heard it said,
There is an Art, which in their pudenesse shares
With great creating-Nature.
Pol. Say there be:
Yet Nature is made better by no means,
But Nature makes that Meane so ouer that Art,
(Which you say addes to Nature jis an Art)
That Nature makes: you see (sweet Maid) we marry
A gentler Sien, to the wildeft Stocke,
And make conceyue a barke of better kinde
By bud of Noble race, This is an Art
Which do's mend Nature: change it rather, but
The Art it'selfe, is Nature.
Pol. So it is.
Perd. Then make you Garden rich in Gilly'dors,
And do not call them bairds.
Perd. Ie no not put
The Dible in earth, to set one slip of them:
No more then were I painted, I would with
This youth (hould say 'twer well: and only therefore
Before to breed by me. Here's flowers for you:
Hot Launder, Mint, Saury, Maritornum,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed vwitb'Sun,
That Nature makes: you see (sweet Maid) we marry
Yet Nature is made better by no meane,
With great creating-Nature.
Pol. 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 streak'd Gilly-vors,
Our rufflick Gardens barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.
The Winters Tale.

Sir. He hath songs for man, or woman, or all sizes:
No Milliner can so fit his customers with Gloues; he has
the prettiest Love-songs for Maid's, so without badswre
which is strange,) with such delicate burthenes of Dila
so's and Padings: Jump, her, and thump-her; and where
some stretch-mouth'd Raffael, would (as it were) meane
mischeefe, and breake a fowle gap into the Matter, wee
makes the maid to anfwer, Whooop, doe me no barmie good
man: put's him off, flies him, with Whooop, doe me no barmie good
man.

Pol. This is a braue fellow.
Clu. Believet me, thou talkeft of an admirable con-
certed fellow, he has any unbraided Wares?
Sir. Hee hath Ribbons of all the colours i th Rain-
bow: Points, more then all the Lawyers in
Clones as fweete as Damske Rpfes,

Song

Get you hence, for I must goe
Where it fit not you to know.

Aur. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.
Mop. Let's have some merry ones
Aur. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the
tune of two maid's wooing a man; there's scarce a Maide
wellward but the fings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.
Mop. We can both fings it: if thou'lt beare a part, thou
haft heares, 'tis in three parts.

Aur. We had the tune one, a month agoe.
Aur. I can haue my part, you must know 'tis my oc-
cupation: Have it at with you.

Dor. Where is it not?
Mop. I can hauve it; my part, you muft know tis my oc-

Cly. If I were not in love with Clyopa, thou shoul'dn't

Mop. I was promis'd them against the Fest, but they
come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more then thant,' or there

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you; May be
he has paid you more, which will discharge you to give him
again.
Cly. Is there no manner's left among maid's? Will they

Mop. I think you did, come you promis'd me a tawdry-

Mop. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the
way, and lost all my money.
Aur. And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, ther-

Cly. Fear not thou man, thou fhalt lofe nothing here.

Aur. I hope fo, for I haue about me many parcels
of charge.
The puntie of his.* So well, (nothing for well) no, nercane better By th' patterne of mine owne thought, I cut out Say you the like to him.,

Qr to their owne perdition. Thereof mofl worthy: were I the faireft youth More then was cuer mans, I would not prize ibes, without her Loue; for her, employ them all. Then he, and men: the earth, the heauens, and all j How prettily th'yong Swaine feemes to wa/h By th' earthcvne blafts, twice ore, the hand, was faire before, I haue put you cut. She prizes not fuels trifle* as thefe are: Of happie bolding her. She prizes not fuels trifle* as thefe are:

For your lac Ire of loue, or bounty, you were straircd To load my Shoe with knackes I would haue ranfaekt To het acceptance you haue let him go,

The Pcdlcrs (liken Tiefury, and haue pow'd it Interpretation Aould abufc, and call this And nothing marted with hun ls your Lsffe They thcmfelues are o'th'mtnde (if it bee not too tough plentifully.

The Puncters From the dead blow of it. And you Enchantment, full of our difpleafure) yet we freetbbe Follow vs to the Court. Thou hai/m we freetbbe. For thee (fond boy) More homely then thy Bate. The royall Fooie thou coap’ft with. Of excellent Wiuhcraft, whom of force mull know

'Thdu, That thus afresh a fheepe-hookc Traitor, but (honenthy life one weeke. And thou, frefh I am forty, that by hanging thee, I can

Marke our Contraifl But for fomc other reafon* (my graue Sir) But facht pollenty) flioold hold fonie coqnlade

If 1 may euer know thou doft but figh, For thee (fond boy) More homely then thy Bate. The royall Fooie thou coap’ft with. Of excellent Wiuhcraft, whom of force mull know

To bolt them, but lumpest wcluc foote and a half by th' fquue. Shep. Take hands, a bargane; And friends vnknowe, you shall bee witnecce to's; I give my daughter to him, and will make Her Portion, equal his.

Flo. O, that muft bee

The vertue of your daughter: One being dead, I shall have more then you can dream of yet, Enough then for your wornder: But come-on, Contract ts for thee Wntedeces. Shep. Come, your hands: And daughter, yours.

Flo. Soft Swane a-while, befeech you, Have you a Father?

Fio. I haue: but what of him?

Flo. Knowes he of this?

Flo. He neither do's, nor shall,

Flo. Me-thinks a Father,

Is at the Nuptiall of his fonne, a guest That beft becomes the Table: Pray you once more Is not your Father growne incapable Of reasonable affayres Is he not fupid

With Age, and string Rheumnes? Can he speake? heere? Know man, from man? Dispute his owne efface? Lies he not bed-ridd? And againe, do's nothing But what he did, being old dis?

Flo. No good Sir He has his health, and amplit strength in deede Then moft haue of his age

Flo. By my white beard, You offer him (if this be to) a wrong Something vsfillial. Reafon my fonne Should choose hisfelfe a wife, but at good reason The Father (all whole toy is nothing else But faire posterity) should hold lome countaue In luch a busineffe

Flo. I yeld all this,

But for some other reafons (my graue Sir) Which us not fit you know, I not acquaint My Father of this busineffe.

Flo. Let him know it.

Flo. He shall not.

Flo. Prethce let him.

Flo. No, he must not

Shep. Let him (my fonne) he shall not need to greuce At knowing of thy choice

Flo. Come, come, he must not

Marke our Contract

Pol. Marke your divorcse (yong Sir) Whom fonne I dare not tell: Thou art too base To be acknowledge. Thou a Scepters beare

That thus affeeds a freepe-hooke? Thou, old Traiuer, I am farty, that by hanging thee, I can but fhorten thy life one weeke. And thou, frefh piece Of excellens Withcrat, whom of force mull know The royall Foole thou coap'ft with.

Shep. Oh my heart.

Pol. Ile haue thy beauty ferarch with briets & made More homely then thy flate. For thee (fond boy) I fay ever know thou doft bur figh, That thou no more fhall never fee this knacke (as newe I meant thou fhall) weil barre thee from fuccesfion, Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin, Forre then Deneall off: (marke thou my words) Follow us to the Court. Thou Churle, for this time (Though full of our displeafure) yet we free thee From the dead blow of it, And you Enchantment, Wor-
That makes bimselfe (but for our Honor therein)
To befe rurall Latches, to his entrance open,
Or hope his body more, with thy embraces,
Worthy enough a Heardman: yea him too,
I will deuife a death, as cruell for thee
Hides not his vifage from our Cottage, but
As thou art tender to't.
Exit.

That thought to fill his grauc in quiet: yea.
I was not much a-feard: for once, or twice
To dye vpon thebed my father dy'de,
You heite undone a man of fourefcore three.

More draining on, for plucking backe; not following
Speakeere thoudyeft.

Being now awake, lie Queene it no inch farther.
Ofyourownefhtc take care: Tbhis dreamc of mine
I told you what would come ofthis: Bcfeecbyou
I was about to fpeake, and tell him plainelv.

My leafh vnwtlhngly.

Nor dare to know, that which 1 know: O Sir,
To lyc clofc by his honed bones; but now
Where no Pried shoules-in dut. Oh curfed wretch,
Lookcs on alike. Wilt pleafe you (Sir) be gone?
Exit.

To die when I defire.

Some Hangman mud put on my fhrovld, and lay me
The clofc earth wombes, or the profound Teas, hides
The wnterne foul.

Fie. So call it: but it do's fulfill my vow;
I need'st must think it honestly. Camille,
Not for Bohemia, nor the poynte that may
Be threat'ned gleden: for all the Sun feas, or
The clofe earth wombes, or the profound feas, hides
In unknowne fadomes, will i breake my oath
To this my faire belou'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you haue ever bin my Fathers honour'd friend
When he shall miffe me, as (in faith I meane not
To fee him any more) call your good counsels
Upon his passion: Let my felle, and Fortune
Tag for the time to come. This you may know,
And fo deliver, I am put to Sea
With her, who heere I cannot hold on thore:
And moft opportune to her neede, I have
A Veffell rides fall by, but not prepar'd
For this defigne. What course I meant to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concerne me the reporting.

Cam. O my Lord,
I would your spirit were eafier for advice,
Or stronger for your neede,

Cam. Hee's irremouesble,
Refolv'd for flight: Now were I happy if
His going, I could frame to ferue my turne,
Stie him from danger, do him loue and honor,
Purchase the fight againe of deere Sicillia,
And that unhappy King, my Matter, whom
I fo much thrift to fee.

Cam. Now goode Camille,
I am fo fraught with curious businesse, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I thinkc
You haue heard of my poore servisces, i'th loue
That I have borne your Father?

Flo. Sir, I thinke
You have deferv'd: It is my Fathers Muficke
To fpeake your deeds: not little of his care
To haue them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may please to thinke I love the King,
And through him, what's nearer to him, which is
Your gracious felle; embrace but my dire&ion,
To have them recompe'nd, as thought on.

Camille
Come not before him.

Flo. Why looke you so vpon me?
I am but sorry, not affay'd: delaid,
But nothing altrcd; What I was, I am:
More draining on, for plucking backe; not following
My leafe vndwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know my Fathers temper: at this time
He will allow no fpeech: (which I do gheffe
You do not purpofe it:) and as hardly
Will he endure your fight, as yet l feare;
He will allow no fpeech: (which I do gheffe
You know my Fathers temper: at this time^,
To fpeake your deeds: not little of his care
To haue them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may please to thinke I love the King,
And through him, what's nearer to him, which is
Your gracious felle; embrace but my dire&ion,
To have them recompe'nd, as thought on.

Camille
Come not before him.

Flo. Why looke you so vpon me?
I am but sorry, not affay'd: delaid,
But nothing altrcd; What I was, I am:
More draining on, for plucking backe; not following
My leafe vndwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know my Fathers temper: at this time
He will allow no fpeech: (which I do gheffe
You do not purpofe it:) and as hardly
Will he endure your sight, as yet l feare;
He will allow no fpeech: (which I do gheffe
You know my Fathers temper: at this time^,
To fpeake your deeds: not little of his care
To haue them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may please to thinke I love the King,
And through him, what's nearer to him, which is
Your gracious felle; embrace but my dire&ion,
To have them recompe'nd, as thought on.

Camille
Come not before him.

Flo. Why looke you so vpon me?
I am but sorry, not affay'd: delaid,
But nothing altrcd; What I was, I am:
More draining on, for plucking backe; not following
My leafe vndwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know my Fathers temper: at this time
He will allow no fpeech: (which I do gheffe
You do not purpofe it:) and as hardly
Will he endure your sight, as yet l feare;
He will allow no fpeech: (which I do gheffe
You know my Fathers temper: at this time^,
To fpeake your deeds: not little of his care
To haue them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may please to thinke I love the King,
And through him, what's nearer to him, which is
Your gracious felle; embrace but my dire&ion,
To have them recompe'nd, as thought on.

Camille
Come not before him.

Flo. Why looke you so vpon me?
I am but sorry, not affay'd: delaid,
But nothing altrcd; What I was, I am:
More draining on, for plucking backe; not following
My leafe vndwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know my Fathers temper: at this time
He will allow no fpeech: (which I do gheffe
You do not purpofe it:) and as hardly
Will he endure your sight, as yet l feare;
He will allow no fpeech: (which I do gheffe
You know my Fathers temper: at this time^,
To fpeake your deeds: not little of his care
To haue them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may please to thinke I love the King,
And through him, what's nearer to him, which is
Your gracious felle; embrace but my dire&ion,
To have them recompe'nd, as thought on.

Camille
Come not before him.

Flo. Why looke you so vpon me?
I am but sorry, not affay'd: delaid,
But nothing altrcd; What I was, I am:
More draining on, for plucking backe; not following
My leafe vndwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know my Fathers temper: at this time
He will allow no fpeech: (which I do gheffe
You do not purpofe it:) and as hardly
Will he endure your sight, as yet l feare;
He will allow no fpeech: (which I do gheffe
You know my Fathers temper: at this time^,
To fpeake your deeds: not little of his care
To haue them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may please to thinke I love the King,
And through him, what's nearer to him, which is
Your gracious felle; embrace but my dire&ion,
To have them recompe'nd, as thought on.

Camille
Come not before him.

Flo. Why looke you so vpon me?
I am but sorry, not affay'd: delaid,
But nothing altrcd; What I was, I am:
More draining on, for plucking backe; not following
My leafe vndwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know my Fathers temper: at this time
He will allow no fpeech: (which I do gheffe
You do not purpofe it:) and as hardly
Will he endure your sight, as yet l feare;
He will allow no fpeech: (which I do gheffe
You know my Fathers temper: at this time^,
To fpeake your deeds: not little of his care
To haue them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may please to thinke I love the King,
And through him, what's nearer to him, which is
Your gracious felle; embrace but my dire&ion,
To have them recompe'nd, as thought on.

Camille
Come not before him.
my Pack from falling: they throng that should buy first, as if my Trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I saw whose Purse was best in Picture; and what I saw, to my good, I remembered. My Clowne (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the Wrenches Song, that hee would not tire his Petty-toes, till he had both Tune and Words, which he drew the rest of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences flunk in Ears: you might have pinch'd a Placket, it was fense-lefe: 'twas nothing to gield a Cod-peece of a Purse: I would have fill'd Keyes of that hung in Chaynes: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring the Nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargy, I pick'd and cut moft of their Festive Purses: And had not the old-man come in with a Whoo-bang against his Daugh¬ter, and the Kings Sonne, and fear'd my Chawghes from the Chaffe, I had not left a Purse alive in the whole Army.

Cam. Nay, but my Letters by this means being there So foone as you strike, shall clear that doubt, Flo. And tho's you procure from King Lorenzo, Cam. Shall satisfy your Father.

Perd. Happy be you: All that you speake, Jheues faier.

Cam. Who have we here? Wee'll make an Instrument of this: omit Nothing may give vs aide.

Aut. If they have our heard me now: why hanging Cam. How now (good fellow) Why shak'st thou so? 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 fleale this from thee: yet for the out-side of thy purse, we may make an exchange; therefore dif-case thee instantly (thou must think there's a neccelfity in't) and change Garments with this Gentleman: Though the penny-worth (on his side) be the worst, yet hold thee, there's fome boot.

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir: (I know ye well enough.)

Cam. Nay prethee dispatch: the Gentleman is halfe fled already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir? (I smell the trick on't.) Flo. Dispatch, I prethee.

Perd. Indeed I have had Earnest, but I cannot with conference take it.

Cam. Vnbuckler, vnbuckler.

Fortunate Mistrefs (let my prophecio
Come home to ye:) you must retire your felfe Into some Courtier's house; take your sweet-hearts Hats And pluck it off your Browses, muffle your face, Dis-mantle you, and (as you can) disfigure The truth of your owne seeming, that you may (For I doe feare eyes ouer) to Ship-boord Get vndery'd.

Perd. I fee the Play fo loyes, That I muft bear a part.

Cam. No remedie: Have you done there? Flo. Should I now meet my Father, He would not call me Sonne.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no Hat: Come Lady, come: Farewell (my friend.)

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O Perdita: what haste we twaine forgot?
The Winters Tale.

Cla. Your Worship had like to have given vs one, if you had not taken your felle with the manner.

Sbep. Are you a Courtier, and’t like you sit?

Ant. Whether it be me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seest thou not the yre of the Court, in these endings? Hath not my gate in it, the measure of the Court? Receives my thin Note Court. Odeur from me? Reflect I not on thy Bufeneffe, Court-Contempt? Think’st thou, for that I intimate, at toaze from thee thy Bufeneffe, I am therefore no Courtier? I am Courtier Cap-a-pie; and one that will either push-on, or pluck-back, thy Bufeneffe there: whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaire.

Sbep. My Bufeneffe, Sir, is to the King.

Ant. What Advocate ha’st thou to him?

Sbep. I know not (and’t like you.)

Cla. Advocate’s the Court-word for a Phrezant: say you have none.

Sbep. None, Sir: I have no Phrezant Cook, nor Hen.

Ant. How blessed are we, that are not simple men? Yet Nature might have made me as these are. Therefore I will not disdaine

Cla. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Ant. His Garments are rich, but he wears them not handomely.

Cla. He seems to be the more Noble, in being fastenishal: A great man, lie warrant; I know by the picking on his Teeth.

Ant. The Farthell there? What’s th’Farthell? Wherefore that Box?

Sbep. Sir, there lies such Secrets in this Farthell and Box, which none must know but the King, and which he shall know within this houre, if I may come to th’speech of him.

Ant. Age, thou hast loft thy labour.

Ant. Why Sir?

Ant. The King is not at the Pallace, he is gone aboard a new Ship, to purge Melancholy, and syte himfelfe: for if thou be’st capable of things serious, thou must know the King is full of griefe.

Sbep. So’s fuad (Sir) about his Sonne, that should have married a Shepheard Daughter.

Ant. If that Shepheard be not in hand-fall, let him flyes the Curfes he shall haue, the Tortures he shall teele, will break the back of Man, the heart of Monifter.

Ant. Think you so, Sir?

Ant. Not hee alone shall suffer what Wit can make heaune, and Vengeance bitter, but those that are liarme to him (though remou’d fieuen times) shall all come under the Hang-man: which, though it be great pitty, yet it is necessarie. An old Sheepe-whiffing Rogue, a Ram-tender, to offer to have his Daughter come into grace! Some say hee shall be flond: but that death is too soft for him (say I.) Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Cote? all deaths are too few, that fatteft to too cace.

Cla. He’s the old-man ere a Sonne Sir (do you hear) and’t like you, Sir?

Ant. Hee ha’s a Sonne, who shall be playd with, then noynted over with Honey, fet on the head of a Wafpes Nest, then fland till he be three quaters and a dram dead. then recouer’d againe with Aquavitae, or some other hot Infusion: then, say he is (and in the hotell day Prognostication proclaims) shall he be feraignant a Buck wall, (the Sunne looking with a South-ward eye upon him, where hee is to behold him, with Flies blown to death) But what tale we of thes; Traictory-Rafcal, whose muttes are to be smild at, their offences being so capuall.
Tell me, (for you seeme to be honest plaine men) what you have to the King; being something genly consider'd, I bring you where he is absent, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs: and if it be in man, besides the King, to effect your Sutes, here is man shall do it.

Clew. He seemes to be of great authoritie: close with him, give him Gold: and though Authoritie be a Rub- borne Beare, yet hee is oft led by the Nose with Gold: shew the in-side of your Purse to the out-side of his hand, and no more adoe. Remember fled, and slay'd Alice.

Shkp. And I prays you (Sir) undertake the Business for vs, here is that Gold I have: I make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawne, till I bring it you.

Ant. After I have done what I promised?

Shkp. I Sir.

Ant. Well, give me the Moitie: Are you a partie in this Businesse?

Clew. In some sort, Sir: but though my Cafe be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Ant. Oh, that's the Cafe of the Shepheards Sonne: hang him bee le be made an example.

Clew. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the King, and shew our strange fights: he must know, as none of your Daughters, nor my Sister: were gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man do's, when the Businesse is perform'd, and remaine (as he says) you pawne till it be brought you.

Ant. I will truften. Walk before toward the Seas- side, goe on the right hand, I will looke upon the Hedge, and follow you.

Clew. We are blest, in this man: as may I say, cuen blest's.

Shkp. Let's before, as he bids vs: he was prov'd to do vs good.

Ant. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer mee: shee drops Boozers in my mouth. I am courst now with a double occasion: (Gold, and a means to it:) To him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

Shkp. Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Lenwes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, Servants: Florizt, Perdita.

Clew. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd A Saint-like Sorrow: No fault could you make, Which you have not redeem'd; indeed pay'd downe More grencion then done treipas: At the last Doe at the Heauens have done; forget you guilt, With them, forgiue your selfe.

Leo. Whilest I remem're Her, and her Vertues, I cannot forget my blemishes in them, and soe still thynke of The wrong I did ray selfe; which was so touch, That Heire-heire hath made my Kingdome, and Deffroy'd the sweer't Companion, that ere man Bred his hopes out of true.

Paul. Too true (my Lord) If one by one, you wadding all the World, Or from the All that see, rooke something good, To make a perfect Woman she you kill'd, Would be vноправедним.

Leo. I think so, kill'd? She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik't a mordre, 'tis too hard to tell.

Ant. Not at all, good Lady:

You might have spoken a thousand things, that would Have done the time more benefic, and grace'd Your kindnesse better.

Paul. You are one of those Would have him wed again.

Dio. If you would not so, You pritty not the State nor the Remembrance Of his most Soueraine Name: Consider little, What Danger by his Highness fate of Titus, May drop upon his Kingdome, and deserve Incurrine lookers on. Were more werry, Then to rejoyce the former Queene is well? What helpe, then for Royalties repose, For present content, and for future good, To blest the Bed of Malefike again With a sweet Fellow who?

Paul. There is none worthy, (Respecting her that's gone:) besides the Gods Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:

For she's not the Divine Apollo laid.

Is't not the tenor of his Oracle, That King Lenwes shall not have an Heire, Till his lost Child be found? Which, that it shall, Is all as monstrus to our humane reason, As my a-pug is to break his Graue, And come againe to me: who, on my life, Did perish with the Infant. 'Tis your councell, My Lord shoud to the Heavens be courtesie, Oppose against their wills. Care not for what The Crowne will find an Heire. Great Alexander Left his to th' Worthiest to his Successour Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good Paulina, Who bift the name of Hermion I know in honor: O, that ever I

Had spur'd me to thy councell: then, even now, I might have look'd upon my Queenes full eyes, Have taken Treasure from her Lippes,

Paul. And left them

More rich, for what they yelded.

Leo. Thou speakest not truth;

No more such Wires, therefore no Wife: one worse, And better vs'd, would make her Sainted Spirit Against poftife her Corps, and on this Stage (Where we Offenders now appear) Could not vs.

And begin, why to me?

Paul. Had the such power,

She had ill such ease.

Leo. She had, and would incommence me

To murther her I married.
Paul. I should so:
Were it the Ghost that walk’d, it’d bid you marke
Her eye, and tell me for what dark part’s it.
You chose her then if’t shone, that even your eyes
Should light to see me, and the words that follow’d,
Should be, Remember me.
Leo. Starres, Stares,
And all eyes else, dead coales; fear thou none Wife,
He hate not Wife, Paulina.
Paul. Will you swear?
Neue to marry, but by my free leave?
Leo. Neuer (Paulina) to be blest’d my Spirit.
Paul. Then good my Lords, bear witness to his Oath.
Cleo. You tempt him too much.
Paul. Vnllefe another,
As like Hermione, as is her Picture,
Affront his eye.
Cleo. Good Madame, I bare done.
Paul. Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sir;
No remeide but you will; Give me the Office.
To chuse your Queene: she shall not be too young.
As was your former, but the shall be such
As (walk’d your first Queene Ghost) it should take joy
To see her in your armes.
Cleo. This is her Picture,
As like
That shall be when your first Queene againe in breath:
We shall not marry, till thou bidst us.
Paul. That
Shall be when your first Queene’s againe in breath:
Neuer till then.

Enter a Servant.
Sir. One that giues out himselfe Prince Florssed,
Some of Palescen, with his Princece (the
Face I have yet beheld) desiers access.
To your high presence.
Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his fathers Greatness; his approach
(So out of circumstance, anduddigne) tells vs,
Tis not a Vistation fram’d, but fore’d
By need, and accident. What Traye?
Sir. But few,
And thofe but meane.
Leo. His Princece (say you) with him?
Sir. I: the most peculiar piece of Earth, I think,
That ere the Sunne foone bright on.
Paul. Oh Hermione,
As every present Time doth boast it selfe
Abowe a better, gone; fo muft thy Grave.
Give way to what’s feene now. Sir, you felfe
Have faid, and write; fo; but your writing now
Is colder then that Theame: she had not beene,
Nor was not to be equall’d,thus your Verfe
Flow’d with her beautie once; its thenee c’d bett’
To fay you hade beene a better.
Sir. Pardon, Madame:
The one, I have almost forgot (your pardon)
The other, when she’s obtray’d your Eye.
Will have your Tongue too. This is a Creature.
Would she begin a Seed, might quench the zeale
Of all Professors else; make Prolegytes
Of who the but bid follow.
Paul. How? not women?
Sir. Women will loue her, that she is a Woman
More worth then any Man: Men, that she is
The rareft of all Women.
Leo. Give Clemence,
Your selfe (affiiled with your honor’d Friends)
Bring them to our embracement. Still’t us strange,
He thus should fliee upon vs.
Exit. Paul. Here our Prince
(Toewill of Children): by this time, he had pay’d
Well with this Lord; there was not full a moneth.
Betweene their births.
Leo. Prethce no more; ceafe: though know’d
He dyes to me againe, when talk’d of; sure
When I fhall fee this Gentleman, thy fpeeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Vnfurmfh me of Reason. They are come.
Enter Florssed, Perdita, Clemenes, and others.
Your Mother was most true to Wedlock, Prince,
For she did print your Royall Father off.
Conceuing you. Were I but twentie one,
Your Fathers Image is so hit in you,
(With such a sprit) that I fhould call you Brother,
As I did him, and fpeak of something wildly
By vs perfom’d before. Moll dearly welcome,
And your fair Princece (Goddelle): oh: alas,
I loft a couple, that twixt Heaven and Earth
Might thus have fliee, braving wonder, as
You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I loft
(All mine owne Folly) the Societie,
Amice too of your brave Father, whom
(Although bearing Miferie) I defire my life
Once more to looke on him.
Flo. By his command
Haue here touch’d Sicila, and from him
Gue you all greetings, that a King (at friend)
Can fend his Brother: and but Infirminent.
(Which waits upon worne times) hath fomething fay’d
His with’d Abilite, he had himfelfe
The Lands and Waters, twixt your Throne and his.
Meaur’d, to looke upon you; whom he loves
(He bad me fay fo) more then all the Scepters,
And thofe that bear them, huing.
Leo. Oh my Brother,
(Good Gentleman) the warnings I have done thee, firre
Afreth within me: and these thy offices
(Sot rarely kind) are as Interpreters
Of my behmd-hand flacknefs. Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th’Earth, And hath the too
Expos’d this Paragon to th’fearefull ufage
(As oft vngentle) of the dreadfull Neptune,
To great a war, not worth her paines; much leffe,
This’dventure of her person?
Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from Libia.
Leo. Where the Watlike Smalls, That Noble honor’d Lord, is feared, and lou’d?
Flo. Most Royall Sir,
From thence: from him, whos Daughter
His Teares procay’d: his paing with her: thence
(A prosperous South-wind friendly) we have eftab’d,
To execute the Charge my Father gave me,
For viziting your Highness: My beft Traine
I have from your Sicilian Stores difpand’d;
Who for Selvania bend, to signifie
Not only my successe in Libia (Sir)
But my arrival, and my Wifes, in latent
Here, where we are.
Leo. The bleffed Gods
Purge all Infection from our Ayre, whilst you
Doe Cymarc here: you have a holy Father,
A gracefull Gentleman, against whole perhon
The Winters Tale.

(So sacred as it is) I have done since,
For which, the Heavens (taking angry note)
Hath left me liue-leffe: and your Father's blest'd
(As he from Heavens merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a Sonne and Daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most Noble Sir,
That which I shall report, will bear no credit,
Wear not the proofs to night. Please you (great Sir)
Phobora greets you from himselfe; by me:
Defires you to attach his Sonne, who ha's
(His Digniety, and Dutie both cast off)
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with
A Shepherds Daughter.

Lord. Here, in your Citie: I now came from him
I speak amaz'd, and it becomes
My meruenit, and my Meagsage. To your Court
Whiles he was halting (in the Chase, it feemes,
Of this faire Couple) meet me on the way
The Father of this faire Couple, Lady, and
Her Brother, having both their Country quitted,
With this young Prince
Flo. Camilla he's betray'd me,
Whose honor, and whose honor is now,
Endur'd in世界上.

Lord. Lay's to his charge:
He's with the King your Father.
Leo. Who & Camilla?
Lord. Camilla (Sir) I spake with him: who now
Was th'o poor men in question. Never saw
Wretches so young and they kneel, they kiss the Earth;
Forwere themselues as often as they spake;
Phobora flies, his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths, in death.

Ford. Oh my poor Father:
The Heaven lets Speys upon vs, will not have
Our Contract celebrated.

Leo. You are marrie'd?

Flo. We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be:
The Starres (I fee) will kisle the Valleyes first:
The oddes for high and low's alike.
Leo. My Lord,
Is this the Daughter of a King?

Leo. She is,
When once she is my Wife
Leo. That once (I see) by your good Fathers speed
Will come on very lowly. I am sorry
(Most sorry) you have broken from his liking,
Where you were say'd in dutie: and so sorry,
Your Chose is not so rich in Worth, as Beautie,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dearste, looko vp:
Though Fortune, visible an Enemy,
Should cbaske vs, with my Father: powre no more
Hath the to change our Lounes. Beseech you (Sir)
Remember, since you owd no more to Time
Then I doe owe: with thought of such Affections,
Step forth mine Advocate to your respect,
My Father will grante precious things, as Trifles.
Leo. Would he doe so? I'd beg your precious Miftis,
Which he counts but a Trifle
Paul. Sir (my brave)
Your eye hath to much youth in't: not a month

Fore your Queene dy'd, she was more worth such gazes,
Then what you looke on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in thee Lookes I made. But your Petition
Is yet un-answer'd: I will to your Father:
Your Honor not to re-throwe by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you: Upon which Errand
I now goe toward him: therefore follow me,
And make what way I make: Come good my Lord.

Excit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Apolonia, and a Gentleman.

Ant. Beseech you (Sir) were you present at this Relation?

Gen. I. I was by at the opening of the Farewell, heard
the old Sheperd deliver the manner how he found it:
Whereupon (after a little amazement) we were all commanded out of the Chamber: onely this (as I spake) I heard the Sheperd say, he found the Child.

Ant. Would most gladly know the issue of it.

Gen. I. I make a broken delivery of the Lucine; but the changes I perceived in the Ring, and Camilla, were very Notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with flying on one another, to toss the Cates of their Eyes.

There was speech in their dumbness, Language in their very gestures: they looked as if they had heard of a World from another, or one destroyed: a notable passion of Wonder appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if it's importance were Toy, or Scrow: but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more:

The Newes, Regre.

Gen. II. Nothing but Bon-fires; the Oracle is fulfill'd:
the Kings Daughter is found: such a desire of wonder is broken out within this heare, that Ballad-makers cannot be able to expresse it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Fantauna's Steward, hee can deliver you more. How goes it now (Sir.) This News (which is call'd true) is no like an old Tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Ha's the King found his Heire?

Gen. III. Most true, if our Truth were pregnant by Circumstance: That which ye heare, ye'll sweare ye see, there is such wisdome in the poors.

The Mistle of Queene Heronous: her Jewell about the Neck of it: the Letters of Antigonus find with it, which they know to be his Character: the Majestie of the Creature, in resemblance of the Mother: the Affections of Noblenesse, which Nature shewes about her Breding, and many other Evidences, proclaym'd her, with all certaintie to be the Kings Daughter. Did ye see the meeting of the two Kings?

Gen. II. No.

Gen. II. Then haue ye lost a Sight which was to bee scene, cannot bee spoken of. There might you have be. held one toy crowne another, so in such manner, that it seem'd Scrow went to take leave of them: for their key waded in tears. There was calling up of Eyes, holding vp of Hands, with Countenance of such distraction, that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Face.
Now he thanks the old Shepheard, which hands by, like forgivenesse, then embraces his Sonne-in-Law:

Bohemia, cryes, Oh, thy Mother, chy Mother: then askes our King being ready to leapt out of hitnfelfe, for joy of his found Dauglfter; as if that loy were now become a then sgeine worryes he his Daughter, with clipping her.

a Weather-bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reigncs.) I (which feemes much) co iu{lifiehiro, but a Hand-ketchicf carryed hence the Child?  

Paulina death, and in the view of the Shepheard: fo that all the lowers?  

tbaetwixt loy and Sorrow was fought in Shee Eye declin'd for the Ioffe of her Husband, and Princede front the Earth, and fo locks her in embracing, more be in danger of loafing.

as if (hee would pin her to her heart, that fhee might no wounded his Daughter, till (from one figne of dolour to death (with the manner how fhee came to't braueiy confess'd, and lamented by the King) bow attentiueneffe which angl'd for mine Eyes (caught the Water, though Alas) another) fhee did (with an Ternes; for I am lure, my beau wept blood. Who was forte wed: if all the World could haue feen't, the Woe nstoft Marble, there changed colons': some swconded, all

Fortunates are going to see the Queens Picture, Come, follow vs: wee be thy good Masters. 

Scena Tertia.

Enter Leonato, Policienes, Florizell, Berdita, Camillo, Paulina; Hermione (like a Statute:) Lord or c.

Leo. O grace and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee?

Paul. What
If I had thought the fight of my poor Image
Would thus haue wrought you (for the Stone it mine)
To take-off fo much griefe from you, he
But kill’d itfelfemuch fooner.

Will peece vp in himfelfe.

Which fixteene Winters cannot blow away.

Did euer fo long Hue; no Sorrow,
For being mote Stone then it? Oh Royall Peece s
Not dry.
The Statue is but newly fix’d; the Colour’s
Giue me chat hand of yours, to kifle.
Deere Queene. thac ended when I butbegan,
There’s Magick in thy Maieflie, which ha’s
My Euils coniut’d to remembrance; and
From thy admiring Daughter toeke the Spirit#
Standing like Stone with thee.
And doe not fay us Superftition. that
As now it coldly (lands) when firft ! woo’d her.
Euen with fuch Life of Maieflie (warme Life,
Which lets goe by fome fixteene yecejs.and makes her
So much wrinck!ed, nothing
Hermione via not
Hermione via not
In Thy not chiding: for she was as tender
So her dead hkeneflcT doe well bcleue
That which my Daughter came to looke uppon.
Did verily beare blood? !•« no man mock me.
Could euer yet cutbreath? !•« no man mock me.

What (Soueraigne Sir)
Leo. What (Soueraigne Sir)
Paul. What (Soueraigne Sir)

My Lord, your Sorrow was too fore lay’d-on.
Cam.

For more amazement; if you can behold it,
lie make the Statue moue indeed; defeend.
I am content to looke on: what to fpeake,
And take you by the hand: but then you’le
By wicked Powers.

The Statues are too near their End.
Leo. The Statues are too near their End.

As no w she might haue done,
Thou art; or rather, thou art fhe.
Chide me (deare Stone) that I may fay indeed
As Infancie, and Grace, But yet (Paulina)
Her natural! Pofitire.

As now the have moute done,
So much to my good comfort, as ic is
Now piercing to my Soule. Ob,thus fhe (food,
As fire liu’d now.

So aged as this feernes.

That thofe veines,
Do not draw the Curtaine.
Leo. Do not draw the Curtaine.

I’d not have them’d it.
Leo. I’d not have them’d it.

For this Affihion thoa’s a tale as sweet
As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinkes
There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizzell
Could euer yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kifle her.

Leo. Good my Lord, forbeare:
The ruddinesse vpnone her Lippe, is wet:
You’re marte it, if you kifle it; flayne your owne
With Oyly Paintings fhall I draw the Curtaine.
Leo. No: not these twenty yeeres.

Perd. So long could I
Stand-by, a looker-on.
Paul. Either forbeare,
Quick preñently the Chappell, or refolve you
For more amazement: if you can behold it,
lie make the Statue moue indeed; defeend,
And take you by the hand: but then you’le thinke
(Which I protef against) I am afflifed
With wicked Powers.

Leo. What you can make her doe,
I am content to looke on: what to fpeake,
I am content to heare: for’tis as caile
To make her fpeake, as moue.
Paul. It is requir’d
You doe awake your Fairh; then, all handfull:
On: those that thinke it is unlawfull Busineffe
I am abous, let them depart.
Leo. Proceed:
No foot fhall ftrike.
Paul. Munick; awake her: Strike:
’Tis time: defend: be Stone no more: approach:
And take you by the hand: but then you’le thinke
(Which I protef against) I am afflifed
With wicked Powers.

Leo. What you can make her doe,
I am content to looke on: what to fpeake,
I am content to heare: for’tis as caile
To make her fpeake, as moue.
Paul. It is requir’d
You doe awake your Fairh; then, all handfull:
On: those that thinke it is unlawfull Busineffe
I am abous, let them depart.
Leo. Proceed:
No foot fhall ftrike.
Paul. Munick; awake her: Strike:
’Tis time: defend: be Stone no more: approach:
And take you by the hand: but then you’le thinke
(Which I protef against) I am afflifed
With wicked Powers.
The Winters Tale.

Lawfull as Eating,

Paul. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his necke,

If she persuade to life, let her speake too.

Pol. I, and make it manifest where she ha’s liu’d,

Or how filme 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 ye she speake not. Marke a little while:

Pleaze you to interpose (faire Madam) kneele,

And pray your Mothers bleffing: turne good Lady,

Our Perdita is found.

Her. You Gods looke downe,

And from your sacred Viols poure your graces

Vpon my daughters head: Tell me (mine owne)

Where half thou bin preferu’d? Where liu’d?How found

Thy Fathers Court? For thou faidst heare that I

Knowing by Paulina, that the Oracle

Gave hope thou waft in being, haue preferu’d

My leffe, to fee the yflue.

Paul, There’s time enough for that,

Lead they defire (vpon this pufh) to trouble

Your ioyes, with like Relation. Go together

Your 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 againe)

Lament, till I am left.

Leo. O peace Paulina:

Thou shoul’dst a husband take by my consent,

As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,

And made betwene’s by Vowes. Thou haft found mine,

But how, is to be question’d: for I saw her

(A s I thought) dead: and haue (in vaine) said many

A prayer vpon her grace. Ie not feke farre

(For him, I partly know his minde) to finde thee

An honourable husband, Come Camilla,

And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honestly

Is richly noted: and here be justified

By Vs, a pair of Kings. Let’s from this place.

What? looke vpon my Brother: both your pardons,

That ere I put betweene your holy lookes

My illufpition: This your Son-in-law,

And Sonne unto the King, whom heavens dire&ing

Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,

Leade vs from hence, where we may leyfurely

Each one demand, and anfwere to his part

Perform’d in this wide gap of Time, since first

We were diffeuer’d: Haftily lead away.

Exeunt.

The Names of the Actors.

L eontes, King of Sicillia.

Camillus, King of Sicillia.

Camilla.

Antegonmus.

Four Lords of Sicillia.

Dian.

Hernione, Queen to Leontes.

Perdita, Daughter to Leontes; and Hermione

Paulina, wife to Antegonmus

Emilia, a Lady.

Polixcnos, King of Bohemia.

Florizell, Prince of Bohemia.

Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.

Clowne, his Sonne.

Antolius, a Rogue.

Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.

Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Servants.

Shepheardes, and Shepheardesses.

FINIS.
Enter King John, Queen Etelina, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, with the Charter of France.

K. John. O say Chastitain, what would France with us?
Chat. Thus (after greeting) speaks the King of France. In my behalf to the Maiestie.
The borrowed Maiestie of England here.
Else. A strange beginning: borrowed Maiestie?
K. John. Silence (good mother) hear the Embassie.
Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf Of thy deceased brother, Coffey sonne, Arthur Plantagenet, lastest most lawfull claimer To this faire land, and the Territories: To Ireland, Poitiers, Ahiave, Terreyue, Manto,
Defiring thee to lay aside the sword Which invades vpurging these sovereignty, And put the fame into yong Arthur hand,
Thy Nephew, and right royall Suueraine.
K. John. What follows if we disallow of this?
Chat. The proud controle offlace and bloodie warre,
To enforce these rights, so forcibly with-held,
K. John. Here have we war for war,5k bloodshed,
Controlemem for controlement; To answer France.
Chat. Then take, my Kings defiance from my mouth,
The fartheft limit of my Embaffie.
K. John. Bears mine to him, and so depart in peace.
Be thou as lightning in the etes of France;
For ere thou canst report, I will be there:
The thunder of my cannon Shall be heard.
So hence be the trumpet of our wrath,
And fallen preface of your owne decay:
An honourable conduct let him have,
Pembroke looke too't: farewell Chastitian.

Els. What now my sone, hau not I ever said
How that ambitious Contendence would not cease
Till she had kindled France and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her sone.
This might have beene prevented, and made whole
With very estate arguments of love,
Which now the management of two kingdoms must
With fearfull bloody ille arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong posseffion, and our right for vs.
Els. Your strong possefsio much more then your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me,
So much my confence whispers in your ear,

Which none but heauen, and you, and I, shall hear.

Els. My Liege, here is the strangest controversie
Come from the Country to be iudged by you
That ever I heard: shall I produce the men?
K. John. Let them approach.
Our Abbes and our Priomes shall pay
This expeditious charge: what men are you?
Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip.
Philip. Your faithfull subiect, I a gentleman
Borne in Northampton fore, and eldief tone
As I fluppofe, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A Soullieuer by the Honor-guing-hand
Of Cardinell Knighted in the field.
K. John. What attitud? Rober. The fon and heir to that fame Faulconbridge.
K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the beyre?
You came not of one mother then it seems.
Philip. Most certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well known, and as I thinke one father:
But for the earther knowledge of that truth,
I put you off to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all mens children may.

El. Out on thee rude man, dost frame thy mother,
And wound her honor with this diffidence.

Philip. I Madame? No, I have no reason for it,
That is my brothers ples, and none of mine,
The which if he can prove, a pops out at,
At least from faire five hundred pound a year:
Heauen guard my mothers honor, and my Land.
K. John. A good blunt fellow: why being so long
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
Philip. I know not why, except to get the land:
But where I be as true begot or no.
That (still I lay upon my mothers head,
But that I am as well begot by you:
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land:
But once he flandered me with bastardy,
That I am as well begot by my Liege
(Faire fall the bones that tooke the paines for me)
Compare our faces, and be iudge youself.
If old Sir Robert did beget vs both,
And were our father, and this fone like him:
Old sir Robert Father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee.
K. John. Why what mad-cap hath heaven lent vs here?
El. He had a tricks of Cardinell face:
The accent of his tongue affeets him:
Do you not read some tokens of my fone
In the large composition of this man?
And fiodcs them perfeft
Rickard:
A halfe-fac'd groat, fiue hundred pound a yeere?
With halfc that face would he haue all my land ,
Wha* doth moue you to claime vout brothers land.
Your brother did imploy my father much.
Th'aduantagc of his lbfence tooke the King,
there with the Emperor
Yout tale mud be how heemploy'd n>y mother.
of high affaires couching that time :
Then good my Licdge let me haue what is mine,
And in the meane time foioum'd at my fathers;
Infooth he might: then if he were my brother*
This Calfe, bred from his Cow from all the wotld *
But truth is truth .large lengths offeas and fhores
Or the reputed sonne of
Then was his will to get roe, as 1 think.
His lands tome, and tooke it on his death
Vpon hu death-bed he by will bequeath d
When this fame lufty gentleman was got:
As 1 haue heard my father fpeake himfclfe
Where how he did preuaile,! fhameto fpeake:
My brother might not claune him, not your father
Infooth.good friend,your father might haue kept
That marry wiucs: cell me.how if my brother
My fathers land, as was my fathers vrilL
Full foortcene weekes before the courfe of time
That this my mothers sonne was none of his j
Bctwecoe my father.and my mother lay,
My mothers sonne did get your fathers heyre,
Being none of hia, refufe him : this concludes,
Who as you fay, tooke paines to get thisfonoe ,
His lands tome, and tooke it on his death
Vpon hu death-bed he by will bequeath d
When this fame lufty gentleman was got:
As 1 haue heard my father fpeake himfclfe

K. John. Sirs, your brother is Legitimate,
Your fathers wife did after wedlocks he are him :
Whether hadst thou rather be a
And his name be
England,
Well new made honor doth forget mens names:
For itfhall ftrew the footfteps of my rifing:
For it is more then need.
And who comes
But from the inward motion to deliuer
Enterinr forme, outward accoutrement;
And not alone in habit and deuice,
And so ere anfwer knowes what queftion would,
Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
My picked man of Countries: my deare fir.
And when my knightly ftomacke is fuftts'd,
Peterr,
And if his name be

Elmro. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Baft. Our Country manners glue our betters way.
K.John. What is thy name?
Baft. Philip my Liege,fo is my name begun.
Philip,good old Sir Robert; wives elderf sonne.
K. John. From henceforth beate his name
Whose forme thou bestef
Kneele thou downe Philip, butlife more great,
Aris Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.
Baft. Brother by th'mothers side, give me your hand ,
My father gave me honor, yours gaue land :
Now blefced be the hours by night or day
When I was got,Sit Robert was away.
Elt. The very spirit of Plantagenet:
I am thy grandame Richard, call me fo.
Baft. Madam by chance, but not by truth, what tho;
Sometimes about a little from the right,
In at the window, or else ore the hatch : 
Who does not thire by day.mum walk by night,
And haue is haue, how cver mend doc catch
Neere or farre off.well wonne is till well (hot ,
And I am, howere I was begot.
K. John. Got, Faulconbridge, now haft thou thy desire ,
A landleffe Knight,makes thee a landed Squire i
Come Madam, and come Richard, we muft speed
For France, for France, for it is more then need.
Baft. Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee,
For thou waft got'th way of honestly.
Exeunt all but baftard.

Baft. A foot of Honor better then I was,
But many a many foot of Land the worfe.
Well now can I make any James a Lady,
Good den Sir Richard,Godsmercy fellow,
And if his name be George, Ile call him Peter ,
For new made honor doth forget mens names :
Tis two respecfrue, and too sociable
For your conversion, now your traveller,
Hec and his tooth-picke at my worships meffe,
And when my knyghtly flomacke is suffi'd ,
Why then I lucHe my teeth, and catechize
My picked man of Countries: my deare fir,
Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin ,
I shall beficth you; that is queftion now,
And then comes anfwer like an Abifey booke :
Of, fayes anfwer, at your beft command ,
At your employment, at your fervice fir : 
No fir, fides queflion, I fweet first at yours ,
And fo ece anfwer knowes what queflion would,
Saying in Dialogue of Complement,
And talking of the Alpes and Appenines .
The Permean and the ruer Por. 
It draws toward supper in conclufion fo,
But this is worthifull societie,
And fits the mounting spirit like my felfe;
For he is but a baftard to the time
That doth not fmoake of obferuation,
And fo am I whether I fmacke or no ;
And not alone in habit and deuice,
Extent forme, outward accourtement ;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet payfon for the ages cooth ,
Which though I will not practive to deceuice.
Yet to avoid deceit I meant to learne;
For it shall frow the footsteps of my rizing :
But who comes In fuch hafe in riding robes?
What woman port is this? Hath the no husband
That will take pains to blow a home before her?
O me, 'tis my mother: how now good lady,
What brings you here to Court so hastily?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that Dean thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chase mine honour up and downe,
But, my brother Robert, old Sir Robert's sonne:
Can and the Gyant, that fame mighty man,
Is it Sir Robert's sonne that you seeko?
Lady. Sir Robert's sonue, I thou reverend boy,
Sir Robert's sonne? why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's sonne, and so art thou.
But, James Gurney, wilt thou giue vs leave a while?
Ger. Good leave goode Philip.
Bast. Philip, Sparrow, James.

There's toyes abroad, anon I'll tell thee more.

Exit James.

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's sonne,
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon good Friday, and nere brake his fast:

Enter before Angiers, Philip King of France, Lewis, Dauphin, Austria, Constance, Arthur.

Lewis. Before Angiers well met brave Austria,
Arthur that rob'd the Lion of his heart,
Richard that rob'd the Lion of his heart,

And fought the holy Wars in Palesene.
By this brave Duke came early to his grace:
And for amends to his posterity,
At our importance heer he come,
To spread his colours by, in thy behalfe,
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural Uncle, English John,
Embrace him, loue him, give him welcome better.

Arthur. God shall forgoe you Cordelions death
The rather, that you giue his off-spring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of warre.
I giue you welcome with a powerlfull hand,
But with a heart full of visitated love,
Welcome before the gates of Angiers Duke.

Lewis. A noble boy, who would not doe thee right?
Luo. Upon thy cheske lay I this zealous kiss,
As feste to this indenture of my love,
That to my home I will no more returne,
Till Angiers, and the right thou haft in France,
Together with that pales, that white face'd shore.
Whole foot spurnes backe the Oceans roaring tides,
And coopes from other lands her handers,
Even till that England hedg'd in with the maine,
That Water-walled Bulwarke, still secure
And confident from forreign purposes,
Even till that vmoft corner of the Welt
Salute thee for her King, till then faire boy
Will I not think ofhome, but follow Armes.

Conf. O sake his mothers thanks, a widows thanks,
Till your strong hand shall helpe to give him strength,
To make a more requitall to your loue,

And confident from forreign purposes,
Even till that vmoft corner of the Welt
Salute thee for her King, till then faire boy
Will I not think ofhome, but follow Armes.

Lewis. The peace of heaven is theirs y lift their swords
To make a more requitall to your love,

The peace of heaven is theirs y lift their swords
In such a just and charitable warre.

King. Well, then to worke our Cannon shal be best
Against the browes of this refisting towne,
Call for our cheefe men of discipline,
To eall the plots of bell advantages,
We'll lay before this towne our Royal Bones,
Wade to the market-place in French-men blood,
But we will make it subie& to this boy.

Conf. Stay for an answer to your Embassie.
Lewis. The peace of heaven is theirs y lift their swords
In such a just and charitable warre.

Enter Chattilion.

King. A wonder Lady! lo upon thy with
Our Meffenger Chattilion is arriv'd,
What England fish, say breefely our Lord,
We coldly pause for thee, Chattilion speake,
Chatt. Then came your forces from this palsey fege,
And fire them vp against a mightier taske:
England impatient of your left demands.

Hath put himselfe in Armes, the aduerse winde
The life and death of King John.

Wholesome I have laid, have given him time
to land his Legions all as soon as I:
His marchs are expedient to this towne,
His forces strong, his Soules in confident:
With him along is come the Mother Queene,
An Act shewing him to blood and flrife;
With her her Niece, the Lady Blanch of Spaine,
With them a Baffard of the Kings deceit,
And all they unfayed humors of the Land,
Rash, incognerate, firy voluntaries,
With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragoons spleenes.
Have fold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birth-rightes proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In briefe, a brauer choice of dauntlesse spirits
Then now the English batesomes have wait o’re,
Did never flowe upon the swelling tide,
To doe offence and fuche in Christendome;
The interruption of their churlifh drums
Cuts off more dreamegree, they are at hand.

To parle or fight, therefore prepare.

K. John. Peace be to France. If France in peace permit
Our suit and lineall entrance to our owne;
If not, bleede France, and peace affend to heaven.
Whiles we Gods wrathfull agent doe correct
Their proud contempt that bates his peace to heaven.

Fran. Peace be to England, if that warre returne
From France to England, there to live in peace;
England we love, and for that Englands sake,
With burden of our armes here we love;
This toyle of ours should be a worke of chine;
But thou from loving England art to farre,
That thou haft vnnder-wrought his lawfull King,
Cut off the sequence of potterie,
Out-faced Infant State, and dene a rape
Upon the maiden vesture of the Crowne;
Looke heare vpon thy brother Geoffrey face,
These eyes, these browes, were moulded out of his;
This little abtract doth containe that large,
Which died in Geoffrey and the hand of time,
Shall draw this brieve into as huge a volume:
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother borne,
And this his sonne, England was Geoffrey right,
And this is Geoffrey in the name of God;
How comes it then that thou art callld a King,
When living blood doth in thes temples bear
Which owne the crown, that thou one-materfeit?
K. John. From whom haft thou this great commission
to draw my anfwer from thy Articles?

Fran. Froth that imperiall judge that flirs good thoughts
In any beaft of strong authentiue,
To looke into the blots and blamines of right,
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy
Vnder whose warrant I imprach the wrong,
And by whose helpe I meant to chaftise it.

Fran. Excuse it is to beat vflrping downe.
Queen. Who is it thou dost call vflrpe; France?
Conft. Let me make anfwer; thy vflrping fonne.
Queen. Out infolent, thy baffard shall be King,
That thou maft be a Queen, and checke the world.

Con. My bed was ever to thy fonnes as true.
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey.
Then thou and John, in manners being as like,
As raine to water, or dewill to his damme;
My boy a baffard! by my soules I thinke
His father neuer was so true begot,
It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother.
Queen. There's a good mother boy, that blots thy fa-
Confl. There's a good grandamke boy.
That would blot thee.

Asft. Peace.

Boft. Where are the Cretes.

Asft. What doe we to dismall art thou?

Boft. One that will play the devil fit with you,
And a may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the shade of whom the Proverbe goes
Who's value plucks dead Lynes by the beard;
Ile smooke your skin-coat and I cach you right,
Sirra looke too', yet faith I will, yet faith.

Blon. O well did he become that Lyns robe,
That did disrobe the Lion of that robe.

Asft. It lies as sightly on the backe of him,
As great Aelides fnooses upon an Asse:
But Asse, Ile take that buttren from your backe,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulder cracke.

Asft. What cracker is this scam that desyes our cares
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
King Lewis, determine what we shall doe frail.


King John, this is the very summe of all;
England and Ireland, Angiers, Toraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur doe I claim e of thee.
Wilt thou renigne them, and lay downe thy Armes?

John. My life as foone: I doe defie thee France,
Arthur of Britaine, yield thee to my hand,
And out of my deare love Ile give thee more,
Then eirc the coward hand of France can win;
Submit thee boy.

Queen. Come to thy grandame child.

Confl. Doe child, goe to thy grandame childe,
Give thy grandame kingdome, and it grandame will
Give yt a plum, a cherry, and afigge.

There's a good grandame.

Arthur. Good my mother peace,
I would that I were low laid in my grave,
I am not worth this countrey that's made for me. (wipes.

Qu. Mo. His mother thames him too, poor boy hee
Can. Now flame upon you where she does or no.
His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers thames
Drawes those heaven-moving peales fro his poor elies,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee:
1. With thes Chrifiall beads heaven shall be bried
To doe him Juftice, and revenge on you.

Qu. Thou monftrous fanderer of heaven and earth.

Can. Thou monftrous Inurer of heaven and earth,
Call not me flanderer, thou and thine vflrpe
The Dominations, Royalties, and rights
Of this oppreft boy; this is thy eldeft fonnes fonne.

Infortunate in nothing but in thee.

Thy
The life and death of King John.

Thy sins are visited in this poor child,
The Canon of the Law is but to him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sinner-conceiving womb.

John. Bedlam have done.

Can. I have but this to say,
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her, the plague
On this remonstrance, plagued for her,
And with her plague her sin: his injury
Her injury the Beadle to her sin,
All punition in the person of this child,
And all for her, a plague upon her.

Que. Thou vanquished soul, I can produce
A Will, that barres the title of thy son.

Can. I who doubts that, a Will: a wicked will,
A woman's will, a cankered Grantham's will.

Sonnets.

Enter a Citizen upon the walls.

Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

John. This France, for England.

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects.

Fra. You young men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our Trumpet calleth you to this gentle parley.

John. For our advantage, therefore hear vs first.

These flaggards of France that are advanced herein
Before the eye and prospect of your Towne,
Hast hither march'd to your endancement
The Canons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation against your walls:
All preparation for a bloody hedge
And meretles proceeding, by these French,
Comfort your Citie's eyes, your winking gates:
And but for our approach, these sleeping stones,
That a waste doth girdle you about
By the compulsion of their Ordinance,
By this time from their fixed beds of time
Had bin disfurb'd, and wide ha'cocke made
For bloody power to rush vppon your peace.
But on the right of vs your lawfull King,
Who painefullly with much expedient march
Have brought a counter-checke before your gates,
To faue our tresur'd thy Citties threatened checkes:
Behold the French amaz'd voicethis a parade,
And now instead of bullets wrap'd in fire
To make a shaking fear in your walles,
They shooe but calme words, folded vp in smokke,
To make a faillif-teare in your eares,
Which truth accordingly knde Civitizens,
And let vs in. Your King, whose labour'd spirites
Forewarn'd in this action of swift speed
Craves harbourage within your Citie walles.

France. When I have tarde, make answer to vs both.

John. In this right hand, whose protection
Is most duietly vouch'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands yong Blamaguerr,
Sonne to the elder brother of this man,

And King ore him, and all that he enioyes:
For this downe-troden equity, we tread
In warlike march, these greener before your Towne,
Being no further enemy to you
Then the constraint of hospitable zeale,
In the releafe of this oppressed child.
Religiously prouoked. Be pleased then
To pay that duty which you truly owe,
To him that owes it, namely, this yong Prince,
And then our Armes, like a muzzled Beast,
Saue in a speec, hath all offence seal'd vp:
Our Canons make of you a pityed Towne.
And against th'involuerable clouds of heaven,
With a blest and vn-vext rettye,
With vanbeyo'nd swords, and helmers all vnbru'd,
We will beare home that lustie blood againe,
Which here we came to spue against your Towne,
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But if you fondly passe our proffer'd offer,
Tis not the rounder of your old-facd walles,
Can hide you from our messengers of Warre,
Though all these English, and their discipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference:
Then tell vs, Shall your Citie call vs Lord,
In that behalf which we have challeg'd it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And rale in blood to our possession?

Cit. In breue, we are the King of England's subjects
For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne.

John. acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not; but he that proues the King
To him will we proue royall, till that time
Hare we remitt'd our gates against the world.

John. Doth not the Crowne of England, proue the King?

And if not that, I bring you Witness
Twelve sierene thousand hearts of England's breed
Bastards and else.

John. To verifie our title with their lines.

Cit. As many as well-borne bloods as these,
Bast. Some Bastards too.

Fra. Stand in your face to contradict his claime.

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worchie hold the right from both.

John. Then God forgive the sinner of all those foules,
That to their everlasting converse,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleete
In dreadfull trial of our kinge dornes king.


Bast. Saint George that slayd'd the Dragon,
And ere since fit's eon's horse's backe at dune Hottiffe dore
Teach vs some fence. Sirrah, were i at home
At your den firrah, with your Lionesse.

John. It Audi be so, and at the other hill
Speed then to take advantage of the field.

Bast. Peace, no mor's.

Fra. Therefore we arm'd our gates against the world.

Bast. I would set an Oxe-head to your Lyons hide.

John. Peace, no mor's.

Bast. Tremble for you hear the Lyon roar.

John. Vp higher to the plains, where we'lt forth
In best appointment all our Regiments.

Bast. Speed then to take advantage of the field.

Fra. It shall be so, and at the other hill

Command the reft to stand. God and our right.

Exeunt.

P. Har. You men of Angiers open wide your gates,
And let yong Arthur Duke of Brittan in,
The life and death of King John.

Who by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for rears in many an English mother,
Whose fons eje scattered on the bleeding ground:
Many a widdow's husband grieving lies,
Clyding embracing the disfouhed earth,
And victor with little loss death does play
Upon the dancing banns of the French
Who are at hand triumphantly displayed
To enter Conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Blaine, England's King, and yours.

Enter English Herald with Trumpet.

E. Her. Relent you men of Angiers, ring your bells,
King John, your king and England's doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day,
Their Arrows that match'd hence so faire bright,
Hither return all gift with Frenchmen's blood.
There fleuete no pluine in any English Crest,
That is removed by a stace of France.
Our colours do return in these same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth
And like a lealy troops of Hunstman come.
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Died in the dying slaughter of their foes,
Open your gates, and give the Vigoee way.

E. Gest. Herald, from off our towers we might behold
From first to last, the on-let and retire
Of both your Armies, whose equality
Our best eyes cannot be censured.

Blood hath bought blood, and blood hase answered
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power.

Both are alike, and both alike we like.
One must prove greaterst, while they weigh so even.
We hold our Towne for neither: yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their powers, of several dovers.

John. France, hast thou yet more blood to call away?
Sav, shall the currant of our right come on,
Whose passage went with thy impediment,
Shall issue his nature channel, and ope-swell
With course disturb'd every thy confining shores.
Vilely thou let his sluie Water, keepe
A peaceful progress to the Ocean.

E. Gest. England thou hast not, and one drop of blood,
In this hot trial more then we of France,
Rather lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sauyes the earth this Climate over-lookes,
Before we will lay downe our hert-borne Armes,
Wert put these downe, gainst whom these Armes wee
Or adde a royall number to the dead:
(beerse)
Gracing the scroule that tells of this warres loose,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Baff. His Majesty: how high thy glory owres,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire:
Oh now doth death like his dead chaps with Steele.
The swords of foeldiers are his teeth, his phanges,
And now he sees, mowing the fielde of men
In undeterm'nd differences of kings.

Why stand these roysall fiames mtazned thus:
Cry havoc to the Kings, backe to the flayed field
You equall POWERS, stcie kindled spirits,
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The others peace: till then, blowes, blood, and death.

John. Whose party do the Towne men yet admine?
The life and death of King John.

In titles, honors, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any Princesse of the world.

Dol. What faith thou boy? looks in the Ladies face.
Blanch. I do my Lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of my selfe form'd in her eye,
Which being but the shadow of your face,
Becomes a flame and makes my former a shadow:
I do protest I never lost my selfe
Till now, Ilexed I beheld my selfe,
Drowne in the flattering table of her eie.

Whisper: with Blanch.

Dol. Drowne in the flattering table of her eie,
Hang'd in the browning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart, her death eie
Himselfe lesues truytor, this is pittie now;
That hang'd, and drowne, and quarter'd there should be
In such a leue, so vile a Leau as he,
Blan. My enemies will in this respect is mine,
If hee sought in you that makes him like,
That any thing hee sees which moves his liking,
I can with eafe translate it to my will:
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it calling my Loue;
Further I will not flatter you, my Lord
That all I see in you is worthie loue,
Then this, that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should bee you:
Judge.
That I can finde, should merit any hate,
John. What false these yong ones? What say you my
Niece?
Blan. That she is bound in Honour still to do
What you in wifedome do vouchsafe to say.
John. Speake then Prince Dolphine, can you love this
Ladies?
Dol. Nay asks me if I can refraine from loue,
For I doe love her most unfaithfully
John. Then do I give Dolphine, Torino, Maine,
Proper, and Angiers, for the sake of your Princesse
With her to thee, and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand Markes of English cowne.
Phillip of France, if thou be pleas'd withall,
Command thy sonne and daughter to thyne hands.
Fra. It likes vs well young Princess; clofe your hands
Aust. And your lippe too, for I am well assur'd,
That I did so when I was first assur'd.

Fra. Now Citizens of Angiers open your gates,
Let in that amiss which you have made,
For at Saint Maries Chappell presently,
The rights of marriage shall be solenniz'd.
Is not the Ladies Conscience in this troupe?
I know the is not for this match made vp,
Her presence would have interrupted much.
Where is she and her face, tell me, who knowes?
Dol. She is sad and passionate at your highnes Tent.
Fra. And by my faith, this league that we have made
Will give her face no very little care?
Brother of England, how may we comfort
This widdow Lady? In her right we came,
Which we God knowes, have turn d another way,
To our owne vantadge.
John. We will heale vp all,
For we'll create yong Arthur Duke of Britaine
And Earle of Richmond, and this rich faire Towne.
The life and death of King John.

We make him Lord of. Call the Lady Constance,
Some speedie Messenger bid her repaire
To our solenship: I tru I shall,
(If not fill yp the measure of her will)
Yet in some measure satisfy her, for
That I shall make her exclamasyon,
Go we as well as va I shall suffer vs,
To this vnsacd for unpreprad pomp.

Exeunt.

Bagg. Mad world, mad kings, mad composition:
Isto stop Arthurs Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whose amour Conscience buckled on,
Whom zeale and charitie brought to the field,
As Gods ownz fouldier, rounded in the eare,
With that fame purpose-changer, that flye diuel,
That Broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
That dayly breake-vow, he that winnes of all,
Of kings, of beggers. old men, yong men, maidens,
Who having no externall thing to loole,
But the word Maid, cheast the poore Maid of that.
That smooth-fac'd Gentleman, rich king commoditie,
Commoditie, the byas of the world,
The world, who of it selfeis peyzed well,
Made to run euery vpon euery ground;
To a moft bafe and wile-concluded peace.
From a resolu'd and honourable warre.
This Bawd, this Broker, this alt-changer-word.

Actus Secundus

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Con. Gone to be married? Gone to swear a peace?
False blood to false blood ioyn'd. Gone to be friends?
Shall Lorn have Blanch, and Blanch the Provinces?
It is not so, thou haft misspoke, misheard,
Be well advis'd, tell out thy tale againe.
It cannot be, thou dost not say it so.
I tru I may not truft thee, for thy word
Is but the vaine breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not beleue thee man,
I have a Kings oaths to the contrarie.
Thou shalt be punishd for thus fighting mee,
For I am sick, and capable of fear es,
Oppr't wish wrongs, and therefore full of feares,
A widow, husbands, ifbreth to seares,
A woman naturally borne to seares;
And though thou now conforme thou didst but left
With my next spirites, I cannot take a Truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What doth thou mean by this king of thy head?
Why doth thou looke so badly on my face?
What meanes that hand upon that breast of thine?
Which holds thine eie that lamentable shewes,
Like a proud riever preying over his bounds?
Be these sad figures confurers of thy words?
Then speake a glasse, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I beleue you thinke them fylle,
That gyue you eafe to prove my lying true.

Cor. Oh if thou teach me to beleue this forrow,
Teach thou this forrow, how to make me dye,
And let beleece, and life encounter so,
As doth the forture of two desperete men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.
Lewes, marry Blanch? O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone: I cannot brooke thy fight,
This news hath made me a most vly man.

Sal. What other harme haue I good Lady done,
But spoke the harme, that is by others done?

Cor. Which harme within it felle fo heinous is,
As it maketh harmlss all that speake of it.

Ar. I do beleue you Madam be content.

Cor. If thou that bidst me beleue what gyue
Vly, and flandrous to thy Mothers words, woule,
Full of vnplesing blots, and sightlesse stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swarm, prodigious,
Patch'd with soule Moies, and eye-offending maker,
I would not care, Ithsn would be content.

Con. What other harme haue I good Lady done,
But spoke the harme, that is by others done?

Cor. Which harme within it felle fo heinous is,
As it maketh harmlss all that speake of it.

Ar. I do beleue you Madam be content.

Cor. If thou that bidst me beleue what gyue

Sat. Oh if thou teache me to beleue this forrow,
Teach thou this forrow, how to make me dye,
And let beleece, and life encounter so,
As doth the forture of two desperete men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.
Lewes marry Blanch? O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone: I cannot brooke thy sight,
This news hath made me a most vly man.

Sal. What other harme haue I good Lady done,
But spoke the harme, that is by others done?

Cor. Which harme within it felle so heinous is,
As it maketh harmlss all that speake of it.

Ar. I do beleue you Madam be content.

Cor. If thou that bidst me beleue what gyue

Sat. Oh if thou teache me to beleue this forrow,
Teach thou this forrow, how to make me dye,
And let beleece, and life encounter so,
As doth the forture of two desperete men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.
Lewes marry Blanch? O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone: I cannot brooke thy sight,
This news hath made me a most vly man.

Sal. What other harme haue I good Lady done,
But spoke the harme, that is by others done?

Cor. Which harme within it felle so heinous is,
As it maketh harmlss all that speake of it.

Ar. I do beleue you Madam be content.

Cor. If thou that bidst me beleue what gyue

Sat. Oh if thou teache me to beleue this forrow,
Teach thou this forrow, how to make me dye,
And let beleece, and life encounter so,
As doth the forture of two desperete men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.
Lewes marry Blanch? O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone: I cannot brooke thy sight,
This news hath made me a most vly man.

Sal. What other harme haue I good Lady done,
But spoke the harme, that is by others done?

Cor. Which harme within it felle so heinous is,
As it maketh harmlss all that speake of it.

Ar. I do beleue you Madam be content.

Cor. If thou that bidst me beleue what gyue

Sat. Oh if thou teache me to beleue this forrow,
Teach thou this forrow, how to make me dye,
And let beleece, and life encounter so,
As doth the forture of two desperete men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.
Lewes marry Blanch? O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone: I cannot brooke thy sight,
This news hath made me a most vly man.

Sal. What other harme haue I good Lady done,
But spoke the harme, that is by others done?

Cor. Which harme within it felle so heinous is,
As it maketh harmlss all that speake of it.

Ar. I do beleue you Madam be content.

Cor. If thou that bidst me beleue what gyue

Sat. Oh if thou teache me to beleue this forrow,
Teach thou this forrow, how to make me dye,
And let beleece, and life encounter so,
As doth the forture of two desperete men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.
Lewes marry Blanch? O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone: I cannot brooke thy sight,
This news hath made me a most vly man.

Sal. What other harme haue I good Lady done,
But spoke the harme, that is by others done?

Cor. Which harme within it felle so heinous is,
As it maketh harmlss all that speake of it.

Ar. I do beleue you Madam be content.

Cor. If thou that bidst me beleue what gyue

Sat. Oh if thou teache me to beleue this forrow,
Teach thou this forrow, how to make me dye,
And let beleece, and life encounter so,
As doth the forture of two desperete men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.
Lewes marry Blanch? O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone: I cannot brooke thy sight,
This news hath made me a most vly man.

Sal. What other harme haue I good Lady done,
But spoke the harme, that is by others done?

Cor. Which harme within it felle so heinous is,
As it maketh harmlss all that speake of it.

Ar. I do beleue you Madam be content.

Cor. If thou that bidst me beleue what gyue

Sat. Oh if thou teache me to beleue this forrow,
Teach thou this forrow, how to make me dye,
And let beleece, and life encounter so,
As doth the forture of two desperete men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.
Lewes marry Blanch? O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone: I cannot brooke thy sight,
This news hath made me a most vly man.

Sal. What other harme haue I good Lady done,
But spoke the harme, that is by others done?

Cor. Which harme within it felle so heinous is,
As it maketh harmlss all that speake of it.
Enter King John, France, Dolphin, Blanch, Eleanor, Philip, 
Albany, Constance.

Fra. This true (faire daughter) and this blessed day,
Euer in France shall be kept festuell:
To solemnize this day the glorious fante
Stays in his courfe, and plays the Alchemift,
Turning with splendor of his preciuoue eye
The meere redly earth to glittering gold:
The yearely courfe that brings this day about,
Shall never fet it, but a holy day.

Con. A wicked day, and no a holy day.
What hath this day defier'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be fet
Among the high tides in the Kalendar
Nay, rather turne this day out of the weeke,
This day of fame, oppression, periury,
Or if it must stand still, let wuues with childe
Pray that their burtthes may not fall this day,
Left that their hopes prodigiously be croft:
But (on this day) let Sea-men ease no wrecce,
No bargains break that are not this day made;
This day all things begun, come to ill end,
Set armed difeord 'twixt thefe periur'd Kings,
But now in Armes, you ftrengthen it with yours.

Fra. By heaven, Lady, you fhall have no coufe
To curse the faire proceedings of this day:
Hau e it not pownd to do you my Maiefly?

Con. You haue beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Remembraing Maiefly, which being touched & trie
Preuues valueiue: you are forsworne, forsworne,
Refembling Majefty, which being touch'd and trie
Hone I not pawn'd to you my Maiefty?

To thee the efefity: thou art periur'd too,
Heart me. Oh, heare me.

Fra. This Iugling witchcraft with reuenmiecherifh,
Though you, and all the Kefings of Chriftendom
Are led fo groflely by this medling Prieft,
With the Iswfull power that I haue,
I haue no tongue hath power to curse him right.

For he that holds his Kingdoms, holds the Law.
Thou haue not pownd to doe this:
Therefore (ince Lawitfelfeis petfcdl wrong.
Law cannot giue my childe his kingdome heere;
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse
On periil of a curfe,
Let it be lawful!, that Law batre no wrong!
Good Father Cardinal!, cry thou Amen
To my keene curfes; for without my wrong
To charge me to an awnwer, as the Pope!
Therefore (ince Lawitfelfeis petfcdl wrong.

Fra. This Iugling witchcraft with reuenmiecherifh,
Though you, and all the Kefings of Chriftendom
Are led fo groflely by this medling Prieft,
With the Iswfull power that I haue,
I haue no tongue hath power to curse him right.

For he that holds his Kingdoms, holds the Law.
Thou haue not pownd to doe this:
Therefore (ince Lawitfelfeis petfcdl wrong.
Law cannot giue my childe his kingdome heere;
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse
On periil of a curfe,
Let it be lawful!, that Law batre no wrong!
Good Father Cardinal!, cry thou Amen
To my keene curfes; for without my wrong
To charge me to an awnwer, as the Pope!
Therefore (ince Lawitfelfeis petfcdl wrong.

Fra. This Iugling witchcraft with reuenmiecherifh,
Though you, and all the Kefings of Chriftendom
Are led fo groflely by this medling Prieft,
With the Iswfull power that I haue,
I haue no tongue hath power to curse him right.

For he that holds his Kingdoms, holds the Law.
Thou haue not pownd to doe this:
Therefore (ince Lawitfelfeis petfcdl wrong.
Law cannot giue my childe his kingdome heere;
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse
On periil of a curfe,
Let it be lawful!, that Law batre no wrong!
Good Father Cardinal!, cry thou Amen
To my keene curfes; for without my wrong
To charge me to an awnwer, as the Pope!
Therefore (ince Lawitfelfeis petfcdl wrong.

Fra. This Iugling witchcraft with reuenmiecherifh,
Though you, and all the Kefings of Chriftendom
Are led fo groflely by this medling Prieft,
With the Iswfull power that I haue,
I haue no tongue hath power to curse him right.

For he that holds his Kingdoms, holds the Law.
Thou haue not pownd to doe this:
Therefore (ince Lawitfelfeis petfcdl wrong.
Law cannot giue my childe his kingdome heere;
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse
On periil of a curfe,
Let it be lawful!, that Law batre no wrong!
Good Father Cardinal!, cry thou Amen
To my keene curfes; for without my wrong
To charge me to an awnwer, as the Pope!
Therefore (ince Lawitfelfeis petfcdl wrong.

Fra. This Iugling witchcraft with reuenmiecherifh,
Though you, and all the Kefings of Chriftendom
Are led fo groflely by this medling Prieft,
With the Iswfull power that I haue,
I haue no tongue hath power to curse him right.

For he that holds his Kingdoms, holds the Law.
Thou haue not pownd to doe this:
Therefore (ince Lawitfelfeis petfcdl wrong.
Law cannot giue my childe his kingdome heere;
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse
On periil of a curfe,
Let it be lawful!, that Law batre no wrong!
Good Father Cardinal!, cry thou Amen
To my keene curfes; for without my wrong
To charge me to an awnwer, as the Pope!
Therefore (ince Lawitfelfeis petfcdl wrong.

Fra. This Iugling witchcraft with reuenmiecherifh,
Though you, and all the Kefings of Chriftendom
Are led fo groflely by this medling Prieft,
With the Iswfull power that I haue,
I haue no tongue hath power to curse him right.

For he that holds his Kingdoms, holds the Law.
Thou haue not pownd to doe this:
Therefore (ince Lawitfelfeis petfcdl wrong.
Law cannot giue my childe his kingdome heere;
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse
On periil of a curse,
Let it be lawful!, that Law batre no wrong!
Good Father Cardinal!, cry thou Amen
To my keene curfes; for without my wrong
To charge me to an awnwer, as the Pope!
Therefore (ince Lawitfelfeis petfcdl wrong.

Fra. This Iugling witchcraft with reuenmiecherifh,
Though you, and all the Kefings of Chriftendom
Are led fo groflely by this medling Prieft,
With the Iswfull power that I haue,
I haue no tongue hath power to curse him right.

For he that holds his Kingdoms, holds the Law.
Thou haue not pownd to doe this:
Therefore (ince Lawitfelfeis petfcdl wrong.
Law cannot giue my childe his kingdome heere;
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse
On periil of a curse,
Let it be lawful!, that Law batre no wrong!
Good Father Cardinal!, cry thou Amen
To my keene curfes; for without my wrong
To charge me to an awnwer, as the Pope!
Therefore (ince Lawitfelfeis petfcdl wrong.

Fra. This Iugling witchcraft with reuenmiecherifh,
Though you, and all the Kefings of Chriftendom
Are led fo groflely by this medling Prieft,
With the Iswfull power that I haue,
I haue no tongue hath power to curse him right.

For he that holds his Kingdoms, holds the Law.
Thou haue not pownd to doe this:
Therefore (ince Lawitfelfeis petfcdl wrong.
Law cannot giue my childe his kingdome heere;
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse
On periil of a curse,
Let it be lawful!, that Law batre no wrong!
Good Father Cardinal!, cry thou Amen
To my keene curfes; for without my wrong
To charge me to an awnwer, as the Pope!
Therefore (ince Lawitfelfeis petfcdl wrong.

Fra. This Iugling witchcraft with reuenmiecherifh,
Though you, and all the Kefings of Chriftendom
Are led fo groflely by this medling Prieft,
With the Iswfull power that I haue,
I haue no tongue hath power to curse him right.

For he that holds his Kingdoms, holds the Law.
Thou haue not pownd to doe this:
Therefore (ince Lawitfelfeis petfcdl wrong.
Law cannot giue my childe his kingdome heere;
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse
On periil of a curse,
Let it be lawful!, that Law batre no wrong!
Good Father Cardinal!, cry thou Amen
To my keene curfes; for without my wrong
To charge me to an awnwer, as the Pope!
And by disloying hands hell lose his soule.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the Cardinal.

Bast. And hang a Calues-skin on his recrant limbs.

Aust. Well reput, I must rooke vp these wrongs.

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

John. Philip, what fault do you to the Cardinal?

Con. What should he say, but as the Cardinal?

Dolph. Bethink you father, for the difference.

It purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light lose of England, for a friend.

Forgo the califer.

Bla. That's the curse of Rome.

Con. O Lewy, and faith, the devil tempts thee here.

In like benefice of a new untriumph'd Bride.

Bla. The Lady Conaway speaks not from her faith,

But from her need.

Con. Oh, if thou grant my need.

Which onely lusts but by the death of faith,

That need, must needs infirre this principle,

That faith would hue agame by death of need.

O then tread down my need, and faith mounts vp,

Keep me my need vp, and faith is trodden downe.

Jefen. The king is noud, and answers not to this.

Con. O be remov'd from him and answer well.

Aust. doe to king Philip, hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang no more in doubt.

Aust. Hang no more in doubt.

Bla. Hang your hand, and mine are newly knit,

And the consimilation of our inward soules

That s the curse of England.

Bla. Of smiling peace to march a bloody host.

Aust. Against the blood that thou hast married

Against thee giddy, loose suggestions:

Which onely liues but by the death of faith,

What canst thou say, but witt perplex thee more?

Pan. Fra. I am perplexed and know not what to say.

Good reuerend father, make no person yours,

Fra. Bast. Hang your hand, and mine are newly knit,

And the consindUon of our inward soules

That's the curse of England.

Bla. Against the blood that thou hast married

What shall our feast be kept with taunting men?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churchish drums

Clamors of bell, be measures to our pomp?

O husband beare me, my name is new

If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know

The peril of our curfes light on thee

So heavy, and that shalt not make them off

But in despair, dyevnder their balest weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Bast. Will not be?

Will not a Calues-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Daul. Father, to Armes.

Blanch. Upon thy wedding day.

Against the blood that thou hast married

What shall our feast be kept with taunting men?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churchish drums

Clamors of bell, be measures to our pomp?

O husband beare me, my name is new

If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know

The peril of our curfes light on thee

So heavy, and that shalt not make them off

But in despaire, dyevnder their balest weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Bast. Will not be?

Will not a Calues-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Daul. Father, to Armes.

Whet should he say, but as the Cardinal?

Con. What should he say, but as the Cardinal?

John. Against the blood that thou hast married

What shall our feast be kept with taunting men?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churchish drums

Clamors of bell, be measures to our pomp?

O husband beare me, my name is new

If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know

The peril of our curfes light on thee

So heavy, and that shalt not make them off

But in despaire, dyevnder their balest weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Bast. Will not be?
The life and death of King John.

Iohn. Coz., farewell.

Ele. Come hither little kinsman, hark, a word.

Iohn. Come hither 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

Lives in this bosome, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand, I had a thing to say,

But I will set it with some better turne.

By heaven Hubert, I am almost a dead man

To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Maiestie.

John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,

But thou shalt have and crepe time here to flow,

Yet it shall come, for me to doe thee good.

I had a thing to say, but let it goe:

The Sunne is in the heauen, and the proud day,

Attendes 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 polifasted with a thousand wrongs

Or if that spirit melancholy,

Had bak'd thy bloud, and made it heavy, thicke,

Which else runnes tickling vp and downe the veins,

Making that idiot laughter keepe mens eyes.

Which else runnes tickling vp and downe the veins,

To say what good respect I have of thee.

Yet it (hall come, for me to doe thee good.

And thou polifasted with a thousand wrongs

Or if that spirit melancholy,

Had bak'd thy bloud, and made it heavy, thicke,

Which else runnes tickling vp and downe the veins,

Making that idiot laughter keepe mens eyes.

Which else runnes tickling vp and downe the veins,

To say what good respect I have of thee.

Yet it (hall come, for me to doe thee good.

And thou polifasted with a thousand wrongs

Or if that spirit melancholy,

Had bak'd thy bloud, and made it heavy, thicke,

Which else runnes tickling vp and downe the veins,

Making that idiot laughter keepe mens eyes.

Which else runnes tickling vp and downe the veins,

To say what good respect I have of thee.


**Scena Tertia.**

**Fra.** So by a roaring Tempest on the flood,
A whole Armada of committ'd sail
Is scattered and dissolv'd from fellowship.

**Pand.** Courage and comfort, all shall yet goe well.

**Fra.** What can goe well, when we have runne so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angier lost?

Arthur take prisoners? divers dierc friends (saine?)
And bloody England into England gone,
Orc-bearing interruption spight of France?

**Dol.** What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed, with such assaile disprop'd,
Such temptable order inso fietce & caufe,
Doth want example: who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-a-ction like to this?

**Fra.** Well could I beare that England had this praise,
So we could find some patterne of our shame:

Enter Confune.

Look whom comes here to a grace unto a soul,
Holding th'eternall spirit against her will,
In the vile prision of afflictid' breath:
I prethee Lady goe away with me.

**Con.** Lo! now, now see the issue of your peace.

**Fra.** Patience good Lady, comfort gentle Confortance.

**Con.** No, I deale all Courtnell, all redreffe,
But that which ends all counsell, true redresse:
Death, death, O amiable, louely death,
In the wilde prision of afflid'd breath:
But that which ends all counsell, true Readresse,

Iprcthee Lady goe away with me.

**Fra.** I could gibe better comfort then you doc.

**Pand.** You hold too heynous a respect of greese,

**Conf.** He talkes so me: that never had a sonne.

**Fra.** You are as fond of greese, as of your children.

**Con.** Greese fits the room: vp of my absent child:
Lies in his bed, walks vp and downe with me,

**Sey.** Or that be true,

**Fra.** When I fhall meet him in the Court of heauen
I will not know him: therefore never, never

**Con.** Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

**Pand.** You hold too heynous a respect of greese,

**Conf.** He talkes so me: that never had a sonne.

**Fra.** You are as fond of greese, as of your children.

**Con.** Greese fits the room: vp of my absent child:
Lies in his bed, walks vp and downe with me,

**Sey.** Or that be true,

**Fra.** When I fhall meet him in the Court of heauen
I will not know him: therefore never, never

**Con.** Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

**Pand.** You hold too heynous a respect of greese,

**Conf.** He talkes so me: that never had a sonne.

**Fra.** You are as fond of greese, as of your children.

**Con.** Greese fits the room: vp of my absent child:
Lies in his bed, walks vp and downe with me,

**Sey.** Or that be true,

**Fra.** When I fhall meet him in the Court of heauen
I will not know him: therefore never, never

**Con.** Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

**Pand.** You hold too heynous a respect of greese,

**Conf.** He talkes so me: that never had a sonne.

**Fra.** You are as fond of greese, as of your children.

**Con.** Greese fits the room: vp of my absent child:
Lies in his bed, walks vp and downe with me,

**Sey.** Or that be true,

**Fra.** When I fhall meet him in the Court of heauen
I will not know him: therefore never, never

**Con.** Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

**Pand.** You hold too heynous a respect of greese,

**Conf.** He talkes so me: that never had a sonne.

**Fra.** You are as fond of greese, as of your children.

**Con.** Greese fits the room: vp of my absent child:
Lies in his bed, walks vp and downe with me,

**Sey.** Or that be true,

**Fra.** When I fhall meet him in the Court of heauen
I will not know him: therefore never, never

**Con.** Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

**Pand.** You hold too heynous a respect of greese,

**Conf.** He talkes so me: that never had a sonne.

**Fra.** You are as fond of greese, as of your children.

**Con.** Greese fits the room: vp of my absent child:
Lies in his bed, walks vp and downe with me,

**Sey.** Or that be true,

**Fra.** When I fhall meet him in the Court of heauen
I will not know him: therefore never, never

**Con.** Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

**Pand.** You hold too heynous a respect of greese,

**Conf.** He talkes so me: that never had a sonne.

**Fra.** You are as fond of greese, as of your children.

**Con.** Greese fits the room: vp of my absent child:
Lies in his bed, walks vp and downe with me,

**Sey.** Or that be true,

**Fra.** When I fhall meet him in the Court of heauen
I will not know him: therefore never, never

**Con.** Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

**Pand.** You hold too heynous a respect of greese,

**Conf.** He talkes so me: that never had a sonne.

**Fra.** You are as fond of greese, as of your children.

**Con.** Greese fits the room: vp of my absent child:
Lies in his bed, walks vp and downe with me,

**Sey.** Or that be true,

**Fra.** When I fhall meet him in the Court of heauen
I will not know him: therefore never, never

**Con.** Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

**Pand.** You hold too heynous a respect of greese,

**Conf.** He talkes so me: that never had a sonne.

**Fra.** You are as fond of greese, as of your children.

**Con.** Greese fits the room: vp of my absent child:
Lies in his bed, walks vp and downe with me,

**Sey.** Or that be true,
A new heaven is Sharia: it should entertain an hour,
While warm life plays in that infant veins.
Out of the path which all directly lead
Arthur, and
Has seized
Thy foot to England's throne. And therefore mark:
Shall blow each dust, each sole, each little rub
That must fall.
Arthur needs
One minute, nay one quiet breath of rest.
As a scepter snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Lays you plots: the times conspire with you.
So be it, for it cannot be but so.
Makes nice of no wild hold to stay him up:
Must be as boyishly maintain'd as gained.
No scope of Nature, no distemper'd day.
That none so small advantage shall step forth
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.
And he that stands upon a slippery place.
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal.
If that young benot gone elsewhere,
Aniiturs presage, and tongues of heaven.
Plainly denouncing vengeance offending Charity:
If but a dozen French
To train ten thousand English to their side; Were there in Arres, they would be as a call
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a Mountain. O noble Dolphins,
Go with me to the King, 'tis wonder full,
What may be wrought out of their discontent.
Now that their fountains are top full of offence
For England go; I will whet on the king.

Dol. Strong reasons makes strange actions lest vs go,
If you say I, the king will not say no.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub. Heate me thefle Irons hot, and looke thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the boſome of the ground, rush forth
And bind the boy, which you shall finde with me
Falt to the chair: be heedful: hence forth, and watch.
Exe. I hope your warrant will bare out the deed.
Hub. Vfelessly weepes fare not you; looke too't.
Yong Lad come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Ar. Good morn, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little Prince.

Ar. As little Prince, having so great a title
To be more Prince, as may be: you are sad.

Hub. Indeed I have been merrier.

Ar. 'Mercie on me:
I think no body should be sad but I:
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Young Gentlemen would be so sad as night.
Onely for wantonness: by my Chriftenedom, so I were out of prison, and kept Shrepe.
I should be as merry as the day is long:
And so I would be bear, but that I doubt
My Vnkle praises more harme to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault, that I was Geoffrey's fonne?
No in deed it's not: and I would to heaven.
I were your fonne, so you would love me, Hubert.
Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate,
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sodeine, and dispatch.

Ar. Are you sick Hubert? you look pale to day,
Insooth I would you were a little sickie,
That I might sit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant I love you more then you do me.

Hub. His words do take possifion of my boſome,
Reade here young Arthur. How now foolifh theme!
Turning dispitious torture out of doore?
I must be briefe, least refolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in fender womanifti teares.
Can you not reade it? is it not faire writ?

Hub. You with hot Irons, burne out both mine eyes?

Hub. Yong Boy, I must.

Ar. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Ar. Have you the heart? when your head did but ake,
I knit my hand-kercher about your browes
(The best I had, a Princesses wrought it me)
And I did neuer ask it you againe:
And with my hand, at midnight held your head,
And like the watchfull minutes, to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd vp the heavy time;
Saying, what lacke you? and where lies your griefe?
Or what good love may I performe for you?
Many a poore mans fonne would have lyn Bill,
And you have spoke a louing word to you:
But you, ye vife inquise had a Prince:
Nay, you may think my love was eafatie love,
And call it cunning: Do, and if you will,

The life and death of King John.
Scena Secunda.

Enter John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.

John. Here stands againe we sit: once against crown'd
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.

Pem. This once again (but that your Highness please'd)
Was once superfluous: you were Crown'd before,
And that high Royalty was nere pluck'd off,
The faiths of men, neere flain'd with reuolts,
Fiefe peticious troubled not the Land
With any long'd-for-change, or better State.

Sal. Therefore, to be possify'd with double pompe,
To guard a Title, that was rich before;
To gilde refined Gold, to paint the Lilly,
To throw a perfume on the Violet,
To guard a Title, that was rich before;
To smooth the yce, or adde another hew
Vnto the Raine-bow; or with Taper-light
To feke the beautuous eye of Heauen to garnish.
Is waitefull, and ridiculous excelse.

Pem. But that your Royall pleasure must be done,
This safe, is as an ancient tale now told,
And, in the laft repeating, troublesome,
Being vged at a time vnfeasable.

Sal. In this the Anticke, and well noted face
Of plaine old forme, is much disfigured,
And like a shifted winde vnto a saile,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Stattles, and frights consideration:
Makes found opinion sick, and truth suspefcted,
For putting on so new a fashon'd robe.

Pem. When Workemen strive to do better than we,
They do confound their skill in covetousheffe,
And oftimes excusing of a fault,
Both make the fault the worfe by th'excuse:

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd
We breathed our Councell: but it please'd your Highnes
To ouer-beare it, and we are all well please'd,
Since all, and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand, at what your Highness will.
The life and death of King John.

Iob. Some reasons of this double Coronation
I have poffeit you with, and thinke them strong,
And more, more strong, than before I make
I fall indued 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 heare, and grant you your sequents.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of thefe
To found the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for my felfe, and them: but chief of all
Your safety: for the which, my felfe and them
Bend their best studys, heartily request
The infranchimento of Arthur, whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,
If what in reft you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears, which (as they fay) attend
The flippes of wrong: fould move you to mew vp
Your tender kinfman, and to chofe his fides
With barious ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercife,
Then, whereupon our weale on you depending.
That the times enemies may not have this
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
Thefteppes of wrong fliouid moue you tomewvp
And mope, me creftrong, then Musis

Greatnefs fhould fo groflely offer it;

Hubert, what newes with you?
To your direction: let it be our fuite.
I will both heare, and grant you your justi.

Pet. This is the man fhould do the bloody deed:
He fhew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,
The image of a wicked heynous fault
Counts it your weale the have his liberty.
To gracececafions; let it be our fuite.

Iob. Let it be fo: I do commit his youth
To your direftion: Hubert, what newes with you?
Pem. This is the man fhould do the bloody deed:
He fhew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,
The image of a wicked heynous fault
Counts it your weale the have his liberty.

Iob. Haue 1 commandement on the pulfe of life?
In a feare & H cy
e

Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and go
Betwene his purpos and his confcience,
Like Heralds'twixt two dteadfall batcaiies set ;
His pafsion is fo ripe, it needs muft bteake.
What we fo feard he had a charge to do.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his ftcknelfe was pad cure.
Sal. Indeed we heard how near his death he was,
Before the childe himfelfe felt he was fickke
This miff be anfw'ed either here, or he bace.

Iob. Why do you bend fuch feem full of the earth
Thatfach an Army could be drawne in France,
Three dayes before: but this from'Rumovs tongue
Was leuied in the body of a land.

Sal. This is the man fhould do the bloody deed:

Pet. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out fo.

Iob. infrared with tumors, fall of idle dreames
That I hauefeens inhabits in thofe cheekes
As poore an Exceunt

Iob. They burn in indignation: I repent: Enter Mef:

There is no certaine life achirued by others death:
A fearefull eye thou haft. Where is that blood,
That I hauefeens inhabits in chofe cheekes?
So feule a skie, clearnes not without a forme,
Peure downe thy weather: how goes all in France?

Pet. From France to England, neither fuch a powre
For any forraine preparation.
Was leuied in the body of a land.
The Copie of your speedes is learn'd by them:
For when you fhould be told they do prepare,
The tydings comes, that they are all arriu'd.

Iob. Oh where hath our Intelligence bin drunkne?
Where fath it fleft? Where is my Mothers care?
That fuch an Army could be drawne in France,
And the not hear of it?

Mef. My Liege, her care
Is fpent with diftiff: the firth of April didde
Your noble mother; and as I heare, my Lord,
The Lady Conffance in a frenzie didde
Three dayes before: but this from Rumors tongue
I didely heared: if true, or falle I know not.

Iob. With-hold thy fpeds, dreadful Occafion:
O make a league with me: till I haue, teasad
My discontented Peeres. What. Mother dead?
How wildly then walkes my Exffe in France?
Vnder whole conduft came thofe powres of France,
That thou for truth guilt out are landed heere?

Mef. Vnder the Dolphin.

Enter Bajlard and Peter of Pomfret,

Iob. Thou haft made me giddy
With these ill tydings: Now? What fayes the world
To your proceedings? Do not feek touffle
My head with more ill newes: for it is full.

Pet. But if you be a-feard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst vn-heard, fall on your head.

Iob. Bear with me Cofen, for I was amaz'd
Vnder the tide; but now I breath againe
Aloft the flood, and can giue audience
To any tongue, speake it of what it will.

Bafl. How I have fpee among the Clergy men,
The summes I haue eolSedled (hall exprefte:
But as I trauail'd hither through the land,
And others more, going to feeke the graue
To breaks into this dangerous argument.
To found the purpofes of all their heat ts.
What you would haue reform'd, that I not well.
Before the childe himfelfe felt he was like t
Good Lords, although my will to giue, is Huing,
The foule corruption of a fweet chiides death.

Iob. This muU not be thus borne, this will breakeout
Enter Mef.

Pet. Why do you bend fuch frowne browes on me?

Sal. It is apparant foule-play, and'tis (hame
That I hauefeens inhabits in thofe cheekes

Iob. Heat'ft thou the newes abroad, who are arru'd?

Sal. From France to England, neuer fuch an armie

John. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didft thou fay?

Iob. Hubers, away with him: imprifon him,
And on that day at noone, whereon he fayes
I fhall yeeld vp my Crowne, let him bchang'd.

Iob. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didft thou fay?

Iob. Hubers, away with him: imprifon him,
And on that day at noone, whereon he fayes
I fhall yeeld vp my Crowne, let him bchang'd.
Delier him to safety, and returne.

Iob. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didft thou fay?

Iob. Hubers, away with him: imprifon him,
And on that day at noone, whereon he fayes
I fhall yeeld vp my Crowne, let him bchang'd.
Delier him to safety, and returne.
For I muft vfe thee. O my gentle Cofen,

Iob. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didft thou fay?

Iob. Hubers, away with him: imprifon him,
And on that day at noone, whereon he fayes
I fhall yeeld vp my Crowne, let him bchang'd.
Delier him to safety, and returne.
For I muft vfe thee. O my gentle Cofen,
Heart it thou the newes abroad, who are arru'd?

Bafl. The French (my Lord) mens mouths are full of it:
Besides I met Lord Biget, and Lord Salisbury
With eyes as red as new enkindled fire,
And others more, going to feeke the graue
Of Arthur, whom they fay is kill'd to night, on your
Iob. Gentz kinfman go

And thruft thy felfe into their Companies,
I haue a way to winne their leues againe:
Bring them before me.

Baff. I will fekke them out.

John. Nay, but make haste: the better foote before.

O. beloue have no fubiea enemies.

When aduerse Forreyners affright my Townes
With dreadful pompe of flout invasion.

Be Mercurie, fet feathers to thy heele,
And flye (like thought) from them, to me againe.

Baff. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. Exit.

John. Speak like a sprightfull Noble Gentleman.

Go after him: for he perhaps shall neede
Some MefTenger betwixt me, and the Peeres,
And be thou hee.

Mef. With all my heart, my Liege.

John. My mother dead?

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My Lord, they say five Moones were feene to
Foure fixed, and the fitd did whirle about (night)
The other foure, in wondrous motion.

Some MefTenger betwixtne, and the Peeres,
With dreadfull pompe of flout invasion.

Thy hand hath murdred him. I had
mighty caule a
Anhurj death.

Told of a many thoufand warlike French,
Standing on flippers, whtch his nimblehefte
The whilft his Iron did on the Anvile cooie.

Ifawa Smith Hand wthhis hammer (thus)
Death is common in their mouths.

Yong. Go after him: for he perhaps (hall neede
And thou.to be. endeered to a King,

That were embattailed, and rank'd in Kent.

Fourefixed, and thefiftdid whirle about (night:
Be Mercurie.fet feathers to thy heeles.

Arihun. Why urgeft thou <o oft yong

With open mouth swallowinga Taylors newes,
Who with his Sheeres, and Mcafure in his hand.

And he that hearts, makes fearefjll affion

Whilft he that hearts, makes fearefjll affion

With wrinkled browes, with nods, with roi"ng.*yes.

And be thou hee.

And when they talke of him, they fhake theii heads,

And be thou hee.

To wifh him dead, but tflou hadfl none to kill him.

Not painted with the Crimfon fpots of blood.

This murther had not come into my rstinde.

A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd.

How oft the light of meanes to do ill deeds.

This kingdome, this Confine of blood, and breathe

Tankes

The deed, which both our tongues held vildetoname

And didfl in fignes against parley withinne.

But, thou didfl understand me by my fignes,

And didfl in fignes against parley withinne.

And be thou hee.

To vnderftand a Law ; to know the meaning

This gentle offer of the pcrdlous ti me.

Oh, fay he to the Peeres,

To breaks within the bloody houfeof life.

And confequently, thy rude hand to afte

And be thou hee.

Is yet the courer of a fayer minde,

Then to be butcher of an innocent childe.

To wifh him dead, but tflou hadfl none to kill him.

Houfliie, and ciuill tumult reignes

Is much more genera!!, then thefe lines import.

Nay, in the body of this fleshy Land,

Besides the beauteous fowl, and the faire

And thofelhy feares, might haue wrought fearcs in me

When I Spake darkely, what I purpofid:

As bid me tell my taleinexpreffe words :

Aftome Anbark is abode. This hand of mine
Is to be made, then (hall this hand and Scale

If I get downe. and do not breake my iimbes.

If I get downe. and do not breake my iimbes.

Exeunt

Oh, wsh without llop, didft let thy heart confent.

To breaks within the bloody houfeof life.

Findinge the Comment that my paffion made

To breake within the bloody house of life.

And on the winking of Authorise

And confequently, thy rude hand to afte

And be thou hee.

By flues, that take theirhumors for a warrant,

By flues, that take theirhumors for a warrant,

And be thou hee.

And the other foure, in wondrous motion.

Some MefTenger betwixtne, and the Peeres,

Do prophesie upon it dangeroully : Yng. Arthurs death is common in their mouths.

And when they talke of him, they fhake theii heads,

And whisper one another in the eare.

And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearers whirlf,

Whilft he that hears, makes fearffull action

With wrinkled browes, with nods, with roi"ng.*yes.

I faw a Smith hand wthhis hammer (thus)

The whilft his Iron did on the Anvile cooie.

The deed, which both our tongues held vildetoname

And the other foure, in wondrous motion.

Some MefTenger betwixtne, and the Peeres,

With open mouth swallowinga Taylors newes,

Who with his Sheeres, and Mcafure in his hand.

With open mouth swallowinga Taylors newes,

Standing on flippers, whtch his nimblehefte

And be thou hee.

And when they talke of him, they fhake theii heads,

And whisper one another in the eare.

And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearers whirlf,

Whilft he that hears, makes fearffull action

With wrinkled browes, with nods, with roi"ng.*yes.

I faw a Smith hand wthhis hammer (thus)

The whilft his Iron did on the Anvile cooie.

The deed, which both our tongues held vildetoname

And be thou hee.

Of the other foure, in wondrous motion.

Some MefTenger betwixtne, and the Peeres,

Do prophesie upon it dangeroully : Yng. Arthurs death is common in their mouths.

And when they talke of him, they fhake theii heads,

And whisper one another in the eare.

And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearers whirlf,

Whilft he that hears, makes fearffull action

With wrinkled browes, with nods, with roi"ng.*yes.

I faw a Smith hand wthhis hammer (thus)

The whilft his Iron did on the Anvile cooie.

The deed, which both our tongues held vildetoname

And be thou hee.

Of the other foure, in wondrous motion.

Some MefTenger betwixtne, and the Peeres,

Do prophesie upon it dangeroully : Yng. Arthurs death is common in their mouths.

And when they talke of him, they fhake theii heads,

And whisper one another in the eare.

And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearers whirlf,

Whilft he that hears, makes fearffull action

With wrinkled browes, with nods, with roi"ng.*yes.

I faw a Smith hand wthhis hammer (thus)

The whilft his Iron did on the Anvile cooie.

The deed, which both our tongues held vildetoname

And be thou hee.

Of the other foure, in wondrous motion.

Some MefTenger betwixtne, and the Peeres,

Do prophesie upon it dangeroully : Yng. Arthurs death is common in their mouths.

And when they talke of him, they fhake theii heads,

And whisper one another in the eare.

And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearers whirlf,

Whilft he that hears, makes fearffull action

With wrinkled browes, with nods, with roi"ng.*yes.
The life and death of King John.

Big. To morrow morning let vs meete him then,
Sal. Or rather then fet forward, for 'twill be
Two long dayes journey (Lords) or we meete,

Enter Baffard.

Baff. Once more to day well met, dis temper'd Lords,
The King by me requestts your presence straught.
Sal. The king hath disposed of himselfe of vs,
We will not lyne his thin-befhined cloake
With our pure Honors: nor attend the foote
That leaues the print of blood where ere it walkes
Return, and tell him so: we know the world.

Return.

Baff. What ere you thinke, good words I thinke
were beft.
Sal. Our greefes, and not our manners reason now
Baff. But there is little reason in your greefe.
Therefore twere reason you had manners now.
Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his priuilege.
Baff. 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no mans elfe.
Sal. This is the pition: What is he lyes heere?
P. Oh death, made proud with pure & princely bruty.
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murchev, as hating what himfelfe hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on retienge.

Sal. I f that it be the worke of any hand

Pem. All murtheres paft, do stand excus'd in this:
And this so fole, and so vnmatchable,
Shall give a holomeffe, a punche,
To the yet unbegotten finne of times;
And prove a deadly blood-fled, but chief,
Exampled by this heynous spcedacle.
Baff. It is a damned, and a bloody worke,
The gracelesse action of a heuy hand,
That is the worke of any hand.

Sal. If it be the worke of any hand?
We have a kinde of light, what would enue?
It is the shamefull worke of Hubert's hand,
The practice, and the purpose of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my foule,
Kneeling before this riuere of sweete life,
And breathing to his breathlesse Excellence
The incence of a Vow, a holy Vow:
Neuer to taste the pleasures of the world,
Neuer to be infected with delight,
Nor consort with Eafe, and Idlenesse,
Till I have fee a glory to this hand,
By givinge it the worche of Reuenge.

Pem. Big. Our foules religiously confirme thy words.
Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with hate, in seeking you,
Arrover doth lie, the king hath fent for you.

Sal. Oh he is bold, and blufhes not at death,
Ask thou hatefull villain, get thee gone. (the Law?

Hu. I am no vallaine.

Sal. Muff I rob
Baff. Your word is bright fr, put it vp again.

Sal. Not till I death it in a murtherers skin.

Hub. Stand backe Lord Salsbury, stand backe I say?
By heauen, I thinke my wordes as sharpe as youtes,
I would not have you (LORD) forget your felues,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Least I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your Worthe, your Grace, and Nobility.

Big. Out you vile, darst thou brave 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. Whose tongue do or re Speakes false,
Not truely speakes: who speakes not truly, Lies,
Pem. Cut him to pceces.
Baff. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shal goule you Fulconbridge.

Baff. Thou wert better goule the dwell Salsbury.
If thou but frowne on me, or flindre thy foote,
Or teach thy hafhfe spleene to do me shame,
I strike thee dead. Put vp thy sword beigne,
Or He so maule you, and your toffing-Iron,
That you shall thinke the dwell is come from hell.
Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Fulconbridge?

Sal. What is this? Could thought, withom this obieCt
To this most cruel Ad: do butt thine eye,

Hubert. (If thou did this deed of death) art damn'd Hubert.

Hub Do but heare me fr.

Baff. Ha? Ile tell thee what,
Thou art damn'd as blacke, nay nothing is fo blacke,
Thou art more depe damn'd then Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so vugly a fiend of hell,
As he, long traded in it, makes it feeme
Like Riuers of remorfe and innocencie.
A way with me, all you whose foules abhorre
Th'ncreaselye favourus of a Slaughter-house,
For I am fill'd with this smell of finne.

Big. A way, to ward the Dolphin there.

P. There tel the king, he may inquire vs out.Ex Lords.

Sal. What wilt thou do, renowned Fulconbridge?
Beyond the infinite and boundleffe raeals of mericie,
(If thou didst this deed of death) are st damn'd Hubert.

Hub. Do but heare me fr.

Baff. Ha? Ile tell thee what,
Thou art damn'd as blaccke, nay nothing is fo blacke,
Thou art more depe damn'd then Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so vugly a fiend of hell,
As thou haft be, if thou didst kill this childe.

Hub. Upon my foule.

Baff. If thou didst but confent
To this most cruel Act: do but dispare,
And if thou want the Cord, the smallcft thred
That ever Spider twided from her wombe
Will ferue to drangle thee: A riuuer will be a beame
To hang thee on. Or would thou droone thy felue,
But a little water in a spoune,
And it shall be as all the Ocean,
Enough to fiife such a villain vp.
I do suffeet thee very gravely.

Hub. If I in act, confent, or fiifie of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweete breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want paines enough to torture me:
I left him well.

Baff. Go, bear him in thine armes:
I am amaz'd me thinkes, and loose my way
Among the thomes, and dangers of this world

How
The life and death of King John.

How eke dost thou take all England vp, From forth this morecell 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 scramble, and to part by th' teeth. The vn owed interest of proud swelling State: Now for the bare-pick bone of Mischief, Doth dogged warre bristle his angry creft, And snatcheth in the gentle eyes of peace: Now Powers from home, and discontent at hom The vn owed interest of proud swelling State; To tug and scramble, and to part by th' teeth. Upon your ftubborue ufage of the Pope; That present medicine must be miniftred, From this my hand, as holding of the Pope, And will full greatnefle and authorife. Fromforth the moreellof dead Royaltie? England How eafe doft thou take all England vp, And make faire weather in your blufhing land t But since you are a gentle convertie. My tongue fhall hufh againe this storme of warre,

A full Quartus, Scena prima.

Enter King John and Pandelph, attendants.

K. John. Thus haue I yeelded vp into your hand The Circle of my glory. Pan. Take againe Fromthis my hand, as holding of the Pope Your Soueraigne greatneflle and authorifh. John. Now keep your holy word, goe meet the French, And from his holines vpe all your power To flop their marches 'fore we are enslaved: Our discontented Counties doe revolt: Our people quarrell with obedience, Swearing Allegiance, and the loue of foule To stranger bloud, to forren Royalty; The iminent decay of wrested pompe. Be ftirring as the time, be fire with fire, Threaten the threatening, and out-face the brow Of bragging horror: So shall inferior eyes That borrow their behauiour from the great, Grow great by your example, and put on The dauntleffe spirit of resolution.

Enter King John and Pandelph, attendants.

K. John. Thus haue I yeelded vp into your hand The Circle of my glory. Pan. Take againe Fromthis my hand, as holding of the Pope Your Soueraigne greatnefle and authorifh. John. Now keep your holy word, goe meet the French, And from his holines vpe all your power To flop their marches 'fore we are enslaved: Our discontented Counties doe revolt: Our people quarrell with obedience, Swearing Allegiance, and the loue of foule To stranger bloud, to forren Royalty; The iminent decay of wrested pompe. Be ftirring as the time, be fire with fire, Threaten the threatening, and out-face the brow Of bragging horror: So shall inferior eyes That borrow their behauiour from the great, Grow great by your example, and put on The dauntleffe spirit of resolution.

Enter (to Arms) Dolphin, Salisbury, Melone, Pembroke, Bigge, Sowders.

Dal. My Lord Melone, let this be coppied out, And keepe it fafe for our remembrance: Return the president to thofe Lords againe, That having our faire order written downe, Both they and we, perusing of thefe notes May know wherefore we tooke the Sacrament, And keepe it fafe for our remembrance. Bar. Upon our fides it neuer lhall be broken. Dal. My Lord Melone, let this be coppied out, And keepe it fafe for our remembrance: Return the president to thofe Lords againe, That having our faire order written downe, Both they and we, perusing of thefe notes May know wherefore we tooke the Sacrament, And keepe it fafe for our remembrance. Bar. Upon our fides it neuer lhall be broken.
Come, come; for thou fhaltest thy hand as deep
Doth make an earth-quake of Nobility:
And not to spend it so unneighborly.
That knit your finevres to the strength of mine.
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gosling:
That never saw the giant-world enrag'd,
This showre, blowne up by tempest of the soule.
The bloud of malice, in a vain of league,
Aimes who clippeth thee about,
Warrant from the behind of heauen,
Into the purse of rich prosperity
That silueily doth progress on thy cheekes:
And great affections wrastling in thy bofome
And cripple thee unto a Pagan Chore,
That for the health and Phyfick of our right.
The next is this: King John hath reconcil'd
And on our a&ions set the name of right
And euen there, methinkes an Angell fpake,
As himselfe: so (Nobles) fhall you all,
Lerk met with Fortune, other fpies at feafts,
Ahd with a great heart heauve away this florme:
Saluttric)
Lift up thy brow (renowned
Figur'd quite over with burning Meteors,
Then had I seen the vaultie top of heauen
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
But this effufion of such manly drops,
Therefore thy breathing Colours now winde vp,
Till my attempt so much be glorified,
To out• looke Conqueft, and to winne renowne
Before! drew this gallant head of warre-
No, no, on my soule it neuer fhall be laid.
?
Towinethis eafer match, plaid for aA towne
And fuch is the infeftion of the time,
Was borne to fee fo sad an hour as this,
In vaults and prifons, and to thrill and shake,
What penny hath borne Rome with
Am I Rome's faue? What penny hath Rome borne?
What men profided? What munition fent
To vnder-prop this Action? It's not I
That vnder-goe this charge: Who elfe but I,
And fuch as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this busnife, and maintaine this warre?
Hauе I not heard these Ilanders fhoute out
\'Uncle le Roy, as I have baunc'd their Townes?
Hauе I not heere the belt Cards for the game
To winne this easie match, plaid for a Crown.
And fhall I now giue ore the yeelded Set?
No, no, on my foule it neuer fhall be laid.
Pand. You looke but on the out-side of this worke.
This out-side or in-side, I will not returne
Till my attempt fo much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promis'd,
Who elfe but I,

Delph. A noble temper doft thou thinke in this,
And great affections waftling in thy bosome
Doth make an earth-quake of Nobility:
Oh, what a noble combat hath fought
Between compilition, and a brave reft:
Let me wipe off this honourable dewe,
That fairely doth progreffe on thy cheeckes:
My heart hath melted at a Ladies teares.
It may lie gently at the foot of peace.
The life and death of John.

Baft. According to the faire-play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am fent to speake:
My holy Lord of Millane, from the King
I come to leame how you have dealt for him:
And, as you anfwer, I doe know the fcope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Baft. The Dolphins is too wilfull opposite
And will not temporize with my intereſses:
He flately faies, hee will not lay downe his Armes.
For thus his Royal tie doth speake in me:
He is prepar'd, and reafon to he fhould
After young Arthur, claim this Land for mine,
And now it is half conquer'd, must I backe,
Because that John had made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's faue? What penny hath Rome borne?
What men profided? What munition fent
To vnder-prop this Action? It's not I
That vnder-goe this charge: Who elfe but I,
And fuch as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this busnife, and maintaine this warre?
Hauе I not heard these Ilanders fhoute out
\'Uncle le Roy, as I have baunc'd their Townes?
Hauе I not heere the belt Cards for the game
To winne this easie match, plaid for a Crown.
And fhall I now giue ore the yeelded Set?
No, no, on my foule it neuer fhall be laid.

Pand. You looke but on the out-side of this worke.
This out-side or in-side, 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 cult these fery spirites from the world
To out-looke Conqueft, and to winne renowne
Even in the iaws of danger, and of death
Whatiftly Trumpet thus doth fummone vs?

Enter Baftard.

Baft. According to the faire-play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am fent to speake:
My holy Lord of Millane, from the King
I come to leame how you have dealt for him:
And, as you anfwer, I doe know the fcope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Baft. The Dolphins is too wilfull opposite
And will not temporize with my intereſses:
He flately faies, hee will not lay downe his Armes.
For thus his Royal tie doth speake in me:
He is prepar'd, and reafon to he fhould
After young Arthur, claim this Land for mine,
And now it is half conquer'd, must I backe,
Because that John had made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's faue? What penny hath Rome borne?
What men profided? What munition fent
To vnder-prop this Action? It's not I
That vnder-goe this charge: Who elfe but I,
And fuch as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this busnife, and maintaine this warre?
Hauе I not heard these Ilanders fhoute out
\'Uncle le Roy, as I have baunc'd their Townes?
Hauе I not heere the belt Cards for the game
To winne this easie match, plaid for a Crown.
And fhall I now giue ore the yeelded Set?
No, no, on my foule it neuer fhall be laid.

Pand. You looke but on the out-side of this worke.
This out-side or in-side, 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 cult these fery spirites from the world
To out-looke Conqueft, and to winne renowne
Even in the iaws of danger, and of death
Whatiftly Trumpet thus doth fummone vs?

Enter Baftard.

Baft. According to the faire-play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am fent to speake:
My holy Lord of Millane, from the King
I come to leame how you have dealt for him:
And, as you anfwer, I doe know the fcope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Baft. The Dolphins is too wilfull opposite
And will not temporize with my intereſses:
He flately faies, hee will not lay downe his Armes.
For thus his Royal tie doth speake in me:
He is prepar'd, and reafon to he fhould
After young Arthur, claim this Land for mine,
And now it is half conquer'd, must I backe,
Because that John had made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's faue? What penny hath Rome borne?
What men profided? What munition fent
To vnder-prop this Action? It's not I
That vnder-goe this charge: Who elfe but I,
And fuch as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this busnife, and maintaine this warre?
Hauе I not heard these Ilanders fhoute out
\'Uncle le Roy, as I have baunc'd their Townes?
Hauе I not heere the belt Cards for the game
To winne this easie match, plaid for a Crown.
And fhall I now giue ore the yeelded Set?
No, no, on my soule it neuer fhall be laid.

Pand. You looke but on the out-side of this worke.
This out-side or in-side, 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 cult these fery spirites from the world
To out-looke Conqueft, and to winne renowne
Even in the iaws of danger, and of death
Whatiftly Trumpet thus doth fummone vs?

Enter Baftard.

Baft. According to the faire-play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am fent to speake:
My holy Lord of Millane, from the King
I come to leame how you have dealt for him:
And, as you anfwer, I doe know the fcope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Baft. The Dolphins is too wilfull opposite
And will not temporize with my intereſses:
He flately faies, hee will not lay downe his Armes.
For thus his Royal tie doth speake in me:
He is prepar'd, and reafon to he fhould
After young Arthur, claim this Land for mine,
And now it is half conquer'd, must I backe,
Because that John had made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's faue? What penny hath Rome borne?
What men profided? What munition fent
To vnder-prop this Action? It's not I
That vnder-goe this charge: Who elfe but I,
And fuch as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this busnife, and maintaine this warre?
Hauе I not heard these Ilanders fhoute out
\'Uncle le Roy, as I have baunc'd their Townes?
Hauе I not heere the belt Cards for the game
To winne this easie match, plaid for a Crown.
And fhall I now giue ore the yeelded Set?
No, no, on my soule it neuer fhall be laid.

Pand. You looke but on the out-side of this worke.
This out-side or in-side, I will not returne
Till my attempt so much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promis'd,
Before I drew this gallant head of warre,
And cult these fery spirites from the world
To out-looke Conqueft, and to winne renowne
Even in the iaws of danger, and of death
Whatiftly Trumpet thus doth fummone vs?
Euen at the crying of your Nations crow,
Thinking this voice an armed Englishman,
Shall that victorious hand be fee'd here,
That in your Chambers gave you chastisement? 
No: know the gallant Monarch is in Arms,
Add like an Eagle, or his aerie towres,
To fowSe anicyaace that comes neere his Neft,
That in your Chambers gave you chasti cement?
To fierce and bloody inclination.
you bloudy Nero's, ripping vp the wornbe
Add like an Eagle, o re hisayerietowres.
No; know the gallant Monarch is in Armes,
For your owne Ladies, and pa!e-vif3g'd Maides,
Wehold our time too precious to be fpent
Their Meedi's to Lances, and their gentle hearts
Their thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
We grant thou canft out-scold vs: Far thee well,
And you degenerate, you ingrate Reuolts,
Strike vp the drummes, and let the tongue of wane
As eueccho with the clamor of thy drumtne.
And mockcthe deeps mouth'd Thunder: for at hand
pleads for our irsteieft, and our being heere.

Scena Tertia.

Alarums. Enter John and Hubert.

John. How goes the day with vs? oh tell me Hubert.
Hub. Badly I feece; how fares your Maiestie?
John. This Foeuer that hath troubled me so long,
Lye heaue on me, oh, my heart is sicke.
Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord: your valiant kinsman Falcondridge,
Destroys your Maiestie to leave the field,
And fend him word by me, which way you go.
John. Tell him toward Swindon, to the Abbey there.

Mes. Be of good comfort: for the great supply
That was expected by the Dolphin here,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on Goddard sands.
This newes was brought to Richard but even now,
The French fight coldly, and retreye themfelves.

John. Aye me, this tyrant Foeuer burns me vp,
And will not let me welcome this good newes.
Set on toward Swindon: to my Letter straight,
Weaknette posseth me, and I am faint.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Biggs.

Sal. I did not thinke the King fo far with friends.
Pem. Vp once againe: put spirit in the French,
If they mifcarry: we mifcarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten dwell Falconbridge,
In figh of flight, alone uphelds the day.
Pem. They lay King John fore fiek, hath left the field.
Enter Melton wounded.

Mes. Lead me to the Reuolts of England here.
Pem. When we were hapie, we had other names.
Sal. It is the Count Melone.
Sal. Wounded to death.

Mes. Fly Noble English, you are bought and fold,
Vnthree the rude eye of Rebellion,
And welcome home againe discaered faith,
Schee out King John, and fall before his feetes.
For if the French be Lords of this loud day,
He meanes to recompence the paintes you take,
By cutting off your heads. Thus hath he worne,
And I with him, and many more with mee.
Upon the Altar, as E. Edendwury,
Even on that Altar, where we swore to you
Decre Amity, and everlafting love.

Sal. May this be possible? May this be true?
Mes. Haste I not dicideous death within my view.
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a forme of waxe
Resolute from his figure gainft the fire?
What in the world fhould make me now decease,
Since I must loose the wife of all decease?
Why should I then be faife, since it is true
That I must dye heere, and live hence, by Truth?
I lay againe, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forswone, if ere thofe eyes of yours
Behold another day brake in the East?
But even this night whose blacke contagious breath
Already fmoakes about the burning Creft
Of the old, feele, and day-weasrd Sunne,
Even this ill night, your breathing fhall expire,
Paying the fine of rated Treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of al your lives:
If Lewis, by your alliance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your King;
The love of him, and this repect besides
(For that my Grandfire was an Englishman)
Awakes my Conference to confede all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you beare me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the Field;
Where I may thinke the remnant of my thoughts
In peace: and part this bedieand my ioule
With contemplation, and devout defires.

Sal. We do beleue thee, and beare me in my foule,
But I do loue the favour, and the forme
Of this most faire occasion, by the which
We will vntread the steps of damnd flight,
And like a barred and retired Flood,
Leaving our ramblaft and irregular course,
Stoope love within thofe bounds we have ore-looke'd,
And calmly run in obedience
Even to our Ocean, to our great King John.
My soule shall give thee helpe to bee thee hence,
For
For I do thee the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye, A way, my friends, new flight,
And happier newness, that intends old right.  

Enter Dolphin, and his Train.

Dol. The Sun of heaven (me thought) was lost to set
But it did, and made the Western Welkin blush,
When English muskets backward their own ground
In faint Retire: Oh but we came we off,
When with a volley of our needle-shot
After such bloody toile, ws. bid good night.

Mef. Where is my Prince, the Dolphin?

Dol. Heere! what news?

Mef. The Count Nelbone is slain: The English Lords
By his persuasion, are againe false off,
And your supply, which you haue wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk to Goodwin Sands.

Dol. Ah fowls, shew'd newes. Butfrew thy very
I did not think to be so fad to night
(burst) as this hath made me. Who was he that said
King John did flie an houre or two before
Iohn did not thinke to be fo fad to night (heart

Dol. Heere! what newes?

Enter Baffard and Huberts severally.

Hub. Who is there? Speake hoo, speake quickly, or
I shooe.

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 affairs,
As well as thou of mine?

Baff. Hubert, I thinke.

Hub. Thou haft a perfect thought,
I will upon all hazards well belewe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Whos art thou?

Baff. Who that wilt: and if thou please
Thou maft be friend to me so much, as to thinke
I come one way of the Plantagenetts.

Hub. Unkinde remembrance; thou, & endless night,
Have done me shame: Brave Soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue,
Should seap the true acquaintance of mine ears.

Baff. Come, come! fans complement, What newes
is abroad?

Hub. Why heare walke I, in the black brow of night
To finde you out.

Enter Pembroke, and holds beleev.

Pem. His Highnesse you doth speake, & holds beleev,
That being brought into the open ayre,
It would allay the burning qualitie
Of that fell poifon which assaileth him.

Hub. Let him be brought into the Orchard heere:
Doth he full rage?

Pem. He is more patient
Then when you left him; even now he fang.

Hub. Oh vanity of sickneffe: fierce mreames
In their continuance, will not feele them selues.
Death having pride upon the outward parts
Leaves them invisble, and his feige is now
Against the winde, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which in their throng, and preffe to that left hold,
Confounded themselfes. I'is strange's death holdings:
I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan,
Who chaunteth a doleful hymne to his owne death,
And from the organ-pipe of that distress
His soule and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are borne
To see a forme upon that insignity
Which he hath left to shapleffe, and forude.

John brought in,

John. I marrie, now my feule hath elbow room,

The life and death of King John.
The life and death of King John.

It would not out at windowes, nor at doores,
That all my bowels tumble up to dust:
I am a serpiled forme drawne with a pen
Vpoo a Parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrinke vp.

Hen. How fares your Majesty?
Job. Poyfon'd, ill fare: dead, farthrow. call off,
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his ycie fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdome Riuers take their course
Through my burn d bofome. nor irureat the Notch
To make his bleake wmdes kilfe my parched lips,
And comfort me vmh cold. I do not aske you much,
I begge cold comfort. and you are fo straignt
And fomgraeffu!!, you deny me that.

Hen. Oh that there were fome venue in my teares.
That might relesue you.
lobu. The fait in them is hot.
Within me is a hell, and there the poyfon
Is, as a fiend, confin d to tyrannize.
On vorepreeuable condemned blood.

Enter 'Eftard,
Baft. Oh, I am fcalded with roy violent motion
And fpleerse offpeede, to see your Maicfty.
lobu. Oh Cozen, thou art come to see mine eye:
The tackle ofmy heart, is crack'd and burnt.
And all the (hrowds wherewith my life fhould fade.
Are turned to one chred, one little hasre:
My heart hath one pootc firing to fiay it by.
Which holds but till thy newes be vueted.
And then all this thou feefi, is but a clod.
And module of confounded royalty.

Eft. The Dolphin is preparing hire-ward,
Where heauen he knowes how we (hall anfwei him.
For in anight thebefi parti of my powre.
As vpon aduantage did reruouc,
Were in the Wa/hcs all vowarily.
Devoured by the vnenpefled flood.

Sal. You breath thefe dead newes in as dead an eare
My Liege, my Lord: but now a King, now thus.
Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so flop
What furety of the world, what hope, what flay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?
Baft. Are thou gone fo? I do but flay belunde
To do the office for thee, of reoenge,
And then my foule shall waite on thee to heauen.

As it on earth hath bene thy servante full.
Now, now you Starres, that move in your right spheric.
Where be your powres? Show now your vneded faiths,
And illantly returne with me againe.
To puff defftruction, and perpetuall shame
Out of the weake doore of our fainting Land.
Straight let vs seeke, or straight we shall be fought,
The Dolphin rages at our verse heelese.

Sal. It seemes you know not then fo much as we.
The Cardinal Pandalph is within at reft,
Who halfe an hour since came from the Dolphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace,
As we with honores and respect may take,
With purpose preffently to lease this wære.

Baft. He will the rather doe when he sees
Our felues well finew'd to our defence.

Sal. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,
For many carriages hee hath disp'ch'd
To the fede side, and put his caufe and quarrell
To the disposing of the Cardinal,
With whom your felle, my felle, and other Lords.
If you thinke mette, this afternoone will poath
To consummate this busineffe happily.

Baft. Let it be fo, and you my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may beft be fpard.
Shall waite upon your Fathers Funerall,

Hen. At Woffier muft his bodie be inter'd,
For so he will'd it.

Baft. Thither shall it then,
And unhappily may yoy know net then fo much as we.
For many carriages hee hath disp'ch'd
To the fede fide, and put his caufe and quarrell
To the disposing of the Cardinal,
With whom your felle, my felle, and other Lords.
If you thinke mette, this afternoone will poath
To consummate this busineffe happily.

Baft. Let it be fo, and you my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may beft be fpard.
Shall waite upon your Fathers Funerall,

Hen. At Woffier muft his bodie be inter'd,
For so he will'd it.

Baft. Thither shall it then,
And unhappily may yoy know net then so much as we.
For many carriages hee hath disp'ch'd
To the fede fide, and put his caufe and quarrell
To the disposing of the Cardinal,
With whom your felle, my felle, and other Lords.
If you thinke mette, this afternoone will poath
To consummate this busineffe happily.

Baft. Let it be fo, and you my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may beft be fpard.
Shall waite upon your Fathers Funerall,

Hen. At Woffier muft his bodie be inter'd,
For so he will'd it.

Baft. Thither shall it then,
And unhappily may yoy know net then so much as we.
For many carriages hee hath disp'ch'd
To the fede fide, and put his caufe and quarrell
To the disposing of the Cardinal,
With whom your felle, my felle, and other Lords.
If you thinke mette, this afternoone will poath
To consummate this busineffe happily.

Baft. Let it be fo, and you my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may beft be fpard.
Shall waite upon your Fathers Funerall,

Hen. At Woffier muft his bodie be inter'd,
For so he will'd it.

Baft. Thither shall it then,
And unhappily may yoy know net then so much as we.
For many carriages hee hath disp'ch'd
To the fede fide, and put his caufe and quarrell
To the disposing of the Cardinal,
With whom your felle, my felle, and other Lords.
If you thinke mette, this afternoone will poath
To consummate this busineffe happily.

Baft. Let it be fo, and you my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may beft be fpard.
Shall waite upon your Fathers Funerall,

Hen. At Woffier muft his bodie be inter'd,
For so he will'd it.
Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

King Richard.

Gentlemen, time-honoured Lancastrians, 
Hast thou according to thy oath and bond 
Brought hither Henry Herfort thy bold son : 
Here to make good thy furious late appeal, 
Which then our leisure would not let us hear, 
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray ?

Gaunt. I have thy Liege.

King. Tell me more, hast thou founded him, 
If he appeal the Duke on ancient malice, 
Or worthily as a good subject should 
On some apparent danger seen in him, 
As near as I could fix him on that argument, 
On some apparent danger seen in him, 
Ay'd by thy Highness, no inconstant malice.

Gaunt. Then call them to our presence face to face, 
And frowning brow to brow, cut the Celt's ear; 
Their accuser, and the accused, freely speak; 
High stroke'd are they both, and full of ire. 
In rage, as fast as the sea; hasty as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.

Bullingbrooke. Many years of happy days befall 
My gracious Sovereigne, my most loving Liege.

Mowbray. Each day still better others happiness, 
Until the heavens enjoying earth good hope, 
Add to my immortality, my Liege.

King. We thank you both, yet one but flatters us. 
As well appeareth by the cause you come, 
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason. 
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object 
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray ?

Bullingbrooke. First, hear be the words to my speech, 
In the devotion of a subject true, 
Tendering the precious favours of my Prince, 
And free from other misbegotten hate, 
Come I appealant to this princely presence. 
Now Thomas Mowbray do I name to thee, 
And mark my greeting well : for what I speak, 
My body shall make good upon this earth, 
Or my deposing answer in heaven:

Thou art a Traitor, and a Different; 
Too good to be fo, and too bad to live 
Since the more faire and christennial the skil.

The viger frome the clouds that in it fye: 
Once more, the more to aggravate the note, 
With a fife Traitors name thurw I thy thote, 
And with (to pierce my Soueraigne) ere I moue, 
What my tong speaks, my right hand now I may prove.

Mowbray. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal. 
Tis not the trial of a Woman's warre, 
The bitter clamour of two eager tongue, 
Can arbitrate this cause between us twain. 
The blood is hot that must be cooled for this. 
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast, 
As to be built, and nought at all to say.

First the faire reverence of your Highness curseth me, 
From giving remes and spurre to my free speech. 
Which ells would poft, until it had return'd 
These errors of treason, doubly downe his throat. 
Setting aside his high bloods royalty, 
And let him be no Kindman to my Liege, 
I do defy him, and I put at him, 
Call him a flanders, Coward, and a Villaine. 
Which to maintains, I would allow him oddes. 
And meet him, were I tide to rune afoot 
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alpes, 
Or any other ground inhabitable, 
Where ever Englishman durt let his fote. 
Meane time, let this defend my losse. 
By all my hopes most falsely doth he lie.

Bullingbrooke. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage, 
Disclaiming here the kindred of a King, 
And lay aside my high bloods Royalty, 
Which feste, not reverence makes thee so excez. 
If guilty dreed hath left thee so much strength, 
As to take vp mine Honors, payne, then ftope. 
By thofe, and all the rites of Knight-hood elfe. 
Will I make good against thee arm to arm. 
What I have spoken, or thou canst deuile. 

Bullingbrooke. I take it vp, and by that fword I owere. 
Which gently laid my Knight-hood on my shoulder, 
Ie answer thee in any faire degree, 
Or Chiualrous defigne of knightly triall : 
And when I mount, alme may I not light. 
If I be Traitor, or vnfaithly figh, 
King. What doth our Cousin lay to Mowbray charge? 
It must be great that can inherit thee, 
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bullingbrooke. Look that I said, my life shall prove it true, 
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand Nobles,
The life and death of Richard the Second.

Inname of leading for your Have one of Soldiers: The which he hath detain'd for few employments. Like a false Traitor, and inhumane Villain. Besides I say, and will in battle prove, Or heere, or elsewhere to the furtherst Verge. That ever was furvey'd by English eye, That all the Treasons for these eighteen yeeres Complotted, and contrived in this Land, Fetch'd from false Mowbray: their first head and spring. Further I say, and further will maintain Upon his bad life, to make all this good. That he did plot the Duke of Glousters death, Suggetst his bone believing aduerstes, That all the Treasons soe the these eighteen yeers In name of lendings for your Highnesse Soldiers, Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow. Of Notfolske, what sayest thou to this? Thomas, This armc shall do it, or this life be spent. Sir, 'Tis true; but yet we must not weep; For that my Soueraigne Liege was in my debt, Whose breath'd this poiison. This we preferibe, though no Phyfition, The more should cry. How high s pitch his resolution soars: I am displeased, I am displeased, and baffled thee: The which no balme can cude, but his heart blood Which breed't this poyzon. Gave me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame. Now by my Soueraigne turne away his face, And bid his esres a little while be deafe. Shall wound mine honor with such feeble wrong; This we preferibe, though no Phyfition, And not my name. The swolling difference of your soiled hate: And 1 refigne my gage. My dem, dme Lord. The swolling difference of your soiled hate: And 1 refigne my gage. My dem, dme Lord. And Norfolke, throw downe bis gage. When Harrie when? Obedience bids, Obedience bids. And Norfolke, throw downe bis gage. When Harrie when? Obedience bids. No bootc.}

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gezuet, and Ducheſſe of Gloceſt. Gezuet. Alas, the-part I had in Glosters blood? Doth more solace me then your exclamations.

To stirre against the Butchers of his life.
Enter Marshell, and Ammerle. 
Mar. My L. Ammerle, is Harry Hertford arm'd. 
Amm. Yes, at all points, and longest to enter in. 
Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, saith boldly and bold, 
Stays but the summonses of the Appellants Trumpet. 
Amm. Why then the Champions, are prepar'd and stay 
For nothing but his Majesties approach. 
Amm. Enter King, Count, Bafyf, Bagot, Greeton, 
Or others: The Mowbray in Armes, and Harford. 
Rich. Marshell, demand of younder Champion 
The caufe of his arrivall here in Armes, 
Ask him his name, and orderly proceed 
To sweare him in the iustice of his caufe. 
Mar. In Gods name, and the Kings say who art, 
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in Armes? 
Amm. Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrel, 
Speake truly on thy knighthood, and thy valour. 
Buch. My name is The Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk. 
Who bitherto comes engag'd by my suffice (Which heaven defend a knight should violate) 
Both to defend my loyalty and truth, 
To God, my King, and his succeeding issue, 
Against the Duke of Hertford, that appeales me: 
And by the grace of God, and this mine issue, 
To prove him (in defending of my selfe) 
A Traitor to my God, my King, and me, 
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven. 
Turke. Enter Hertford, and Harford. 
Rich. Marshell: Ask yonder Knight in Armes, 
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither, 
Thus placed in habiliments of warre: 
And formerly according to our Law 
Depose him in the iustice of his caufe. 
Amm. What is thy name? and whether com'st thou hither 
Before King Richard in his Royall Lits? 
Against whom com'st thou? and what's thy quarrell? 
Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee heaven. 
Buch. Harry of Hertford, Lancaster, and Derby, 
Am I: who ready here do stand in Armes, 
To prove by heauen's grace, and my bodies valoure 
In Lits, on Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk, 
That he's a Traitor foul, and dangerous, 
To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me, 
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven. 
Mar. On pains of death, no person be so bold, 
Or daring hardie as to touch the Lits, 
Except the Marshell, and such Officers 
Appointed to direct these faire designs. 
Buch. Lord Marshell, let me kiss my Sovereigns 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 let us take a ceremonious leave
And looking farwell of our fellow friends,
Mer. The appealant in all duty greet your Highness,
And care to kill your hand, and take his leave.
Rich. We will defend, and hold him in our arms.

Cousin of Herford, as thy cause is just,
So be thy fortune in this Royal fight:
A Traitor to his God, his King, and himself.

To prove the Duke of Norfolk,
On paine to be found false, and recreant,
Fitands heere for God, his Soueraigne, and himself.

Receiueth, and heauen defend thy right.
Joth to defend him, and to approve order the trial! Marshall, and begin.

More than my dancing soule doth celebrate
This Feast of Battle, with mine Adversarie.

Vertue with Valour, couched in thine eye:
Goe to fight: Truth, hath a quiet breast.

Mod, mighty Liege, and my companion Peers,
As gentle, and as iocond, as to lest,
Might from our quiet confines fright faire peace,
And make vs Wade euin in our kindreds blood:
Therefore, we banish you our Territories.
You Cousin Herford, on paine of death,
Till twice five Summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regratte our faire dominions.

But, Your will be done: This mull my comfort be,
That Sun that warmes you heere, shall shine on me:
And those his golden beams to you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

Rich. Norfolk: for three remains a heavier dome,
Which I with some unwillingnesse pronounce,
The flye flow hours shall not determinate
The datelesse limit of thy deere exile:
Shall not re greet our faire dominions.

Therefore, we banish you our Territories.
That Sun that warmes you heere, shall shine on me:
And those his golden beams to you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

Mow. How ever heauen or fortune call my lot,
There lies, or lies, true to Kings Richard's Throne,
A loyal, iuft, and uprigh Gentlemen:
Never did Captaine with a free heart,
Caft off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden vncontro?d enfranchisement,
More then my dancing foule doth celebrate
This Feast of Battell, with mine Aduerarie.

Moff mighty Liege, and my companion Peers,
Take from my mouth, the wish of happy yeares,
As gentle, and as iocond, as to left,
Go! to fight: Truth, hath a quiet breast.

Rich. Farewell, my Lord, securely I esp'y
Vertue with Valour, couched in thine eye:
Order the triall Marshell, and begin.

Mer. Harris of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy Laure, and heauen defend thy right.

But. Strong as a towre in hope, I cry Amen.

Mer. Go before this Lance to Thomas D. of Norfolk,
Her. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his Soueraigne, and himselfe;
On paine to be found false, and recreant.
Mer. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk,
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to set forwards to the fight.

2. Har. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk
On paine to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himselfe, and to approve
Henry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his Soueraigne, and to him disloyall:
Couragiously, and with a free desire

Attending but the signal to begin.

Mer. Sound Trumpets, and set forward Combatants
Stay, the King hath thrown his Warden 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 sound,
While we returne these Dukes what we decree.

Draw neere and lift
What with our Counsell we have done.
For that our kingdoms earth should not be soyled
With that deere blood which it hath suffered,
And for our eyes do hate the dire affect
Of ciuill wounds plow'd vp with neighbors swords;
Which so roiz'd vp with boyftrous variant drums,
With barb refrounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating shocke of wrathfull yron Armes,
Might from our quiet Confinces fright faire peace,
And make vs Wade euin in our kindreds blood:
Therefore, we banish you our Territories.
You Cousin Herford, on paine of death,
Till twice five Summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regratte our faire dominions.

But, Your will be done: This muny my comfort be,
That Sun that warmes you heere, shall shine on me:
And those his golden beams to you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

Rich. Norfolk: for three remains a heavier dome,
Which I with some unwillingnesse pronounce,
The flye flow hours shall not determinate
The datelesse limit of thy deere exile:
Shall not re greet our faire dominions.

Therefore, we banish you our Territories.
Whose youth full spirit in me regenerate.

Mer. The life and death of Thomas the second.

Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And looking farwell of our fellow friends,
Mer. The appealant in all duty greet your Highness,
And care to kill your hand, and take his leave.
Rich. We will defend, and hold him in our arms.

Cousin of Herford, as thy cause is just,
So be thy fortune in this Royal fight:
A Traitor to his God, his King, and himself.

To prove the Duke of Norfolk,
On paine to be found false, and recreant,
Fitands heere for God, his Soueraigne, and himself.

Receiueth, and heauen defend thy right.
Joth to defend him, and to approve order the trial! Marshall, and begin.

More than my dancing soule doth celebrate
This Feast of Battle, with mine Adversarie.

Vertue with Valour, couched in thine eye:
Goe to fight: Truth, hath a quiet breast.

Mod, mighty Liege, and my companion Peers,
As gentle, and as iocond, as to lest,
Might from our quiet confines fright faire peace,
And make vs Wade euin in our kindreds blood:
Therefore, we banish you our Territories.
You Cousin Herford, on paine of death,
Till twice five Summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regratte our faire dominions.

But, Your will be done: This muny my comfort be,
That Sun that warmes you heere, shall shine on me:
And those his golden beams to you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

Rich. Norfolk: for three remains a heavier dome,
Which I with some unwillingnesse pronounce,
The flye flow hours shall not determinate
The datelesse limit of thy deere exile:
Shall not re greet our faire dominions.

Therefore, we banish you our Territories.
That Sun that warmes you heere, shall shine on me:
And those his golden beams to you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

Mow. How ever heauen or fortune call my lot,
There lies, or lies, true to Kings Richard's Throne,
A loyal, iuft, and uprigh Gentlemen:
Never did Captaine with a free heart,
Caft off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden vncontro?d enfranchisement,
More then my dancing soule doth celebrate
This Feast of Battell, with mine Aduerarie.

Moff mighty Liege, and my companion Peers,
Take from my mouth, the wish of happy yeares,
As gentle, and as iocond, as to left,
Go! to fight: Truth, hath a quiet breast.

Rich. Farewell, my Lord, securely I esp'y
Vertue with Valour, couched in thine eye:
Order the triall Marshell, and begin.

Mer. Harris of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy Laure, and heauen defend thy right.

But. Strong as a towre in hope, I cry Amen.

Mer. Go before this Lance to Thomas D. of Norfolk,
Her. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his Soueraigne, and himselfe;
On paine to be found false, and recreant.
Mer. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk,
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to set forwards to the fight.

2. Har. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk
On paine to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himselfe, and to approve
Henry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his Soueraigne, and to him disloyall:
Couragiously, and with a free desire

Attending but the signal to begin.

Mer. Sound Trumpets, and set forward Combatants
Stay, the King hath thrown his Warden 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 sound,
While we returne these Dukes what we decree.

Draw neere and lift
What with our Counsell we have done.
For that our kingdoms earth should not be soyled
With that deere blood which it hath suffered,
And for our eyes do hate the dire affect
Of ciuill wounds plow'd vp with neighbors swords;
Which so roiz'd vp with boyftrous variant drums,
With barb refrounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating shocke of wrathfull yron Armes,
Might from our quiet Confinces fright faire peace,
And make vs Wade euin in our kindreds blood:
Therefore, we banish you our Territories.
You Cousin Herford, on paine of death,
Till twice five Summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regratte our faire dominions.

But, Your will be done: This muny my comfort be,
That Sun that warmes you heere, shall shine on me:
And those his golden beams to you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

Rich. Norfolk: for three remains a heavier dome,
Which I with some unwillingnesse pronounce,
The flye flow hours shall not determinate
The datelesse limit of thy deere exile:
Shall not re greet our faire dominions.

Therefore, we banish you our Territories.
Whose youth full spirit in me regenerate.

Mer. The life and death of Thomas the second.
The life and death of Richard the second.

Not ever write, regret, or reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate,
Not ever by adult purposes meet,
To plot, procure, or complete any ill,
Gainst Vs, our State, our Subject, or our Land.

Bull. I swear.""
The life and death of Richard the second.

A brace of Dry-men bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of His Supple knees.
With thanks to my Countreemen, my loving friends,
As were our England in reversion to his,
And he forbade his next degree in hope.

Or. Well, he is gone, & with him go these thoughts:
Now for the Rebels, which stand out in Ireland,
Expenditure must be made by his Liege
Re. I hear no more of this, neither else.
And for our Coists, with too great a Court,
And liberal Large fees, are grown somewhat light.
We are import to serve our royal Residence,
The Reueneue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand: if that such will.
Our Substitutes at home shall have Blanke-charters.
Wherefore, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of Gold,
And send them after to supply our wants.
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bussy.

Bussy, what news?
To. Old John of Gaunt is very sick of my Lord,
Saidly taken, and hath no poet made.
To entreat your Majesty to visit him.
Re. Where is he?
To. At Ely house.
Re. I now put it (heaven) in his Physician's minde,
To help him to his grave immediately.
The lining of his coffers shall make Coates
To decke our soldiers for these Irish wars.
Come Gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray heaven we may make haste, and come too late.

Aetus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gaunt, sick with Yorks.

Gaunt. Will the King come, that I may breath my last
In wholesome counsell to his valiant blood?
To. Ye not your selle, nor strive not with your breath,
For all in vaine comes counsell to his care.

Gaunt. Oh but (they say) the concert of dying men
In force attention like deepse harmony;
Where words are fearless, they are not done spent in vaine.
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.
He that no more muzzles say, is fain'd more,
Then whom youth and ease have taught to glide
More are mens ends market, then their looks before.
The setting Sun, and Mufick is the close.
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last.
Wait in remembrance, more then things long past.
Though Richard my last counsel would not have my
My deaths sad tale, may yet vndease his care.

To. No, it is stop with other slanting sounds
As praising of his state: then there are found
Lanibous Meeters, to whose venom sound
The open care of youth doth always dillen,
Repost of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners fell out tardy spight. Nation
Lumps after in base imitation.

Where-doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
So it be now, there's no respect how vile,
That is not quickly bus'd into his cates?
That all too late comes counsell to be heard,
Where will he doth mutiny with wis regard?
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose,
To breath then lack'd, and that breath will troule none.

Gaunt. Me thinkes I am a Prophet now insipir
And thus expiring, do foretell of him,
His rash fierce blaze of York cannot last,
For violent fires className burn out themselves.
Small flowers last long, but odious flowers are short.
He yes becoms, that is no wise veternos.
With eager sending, food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, infatuate curorum,
Confusing meanes sometime presvons upon it selfe.
This royal Throne of Kings, this quieted life,
This earth of Maifly, this feste of Mars,
This other Eden, demi paradise,
This Fortresse built by Nature for her selfe,
A gaunt infection, and the hand of warres:
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone, set in the siluer sea,
That issues it in the office of a well,
Or as a Magestic defence to a house,
Against the enemie of felfe happier Lands.
This blewfed plot, this earth, this Realme this England.
This Nurse, this creating wombe of Royall Kings,
Fare'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as fatre from home,
For Christian feruice, and true Chivalrie,
As is the seperch in stubborne Iury.
Of' this Worlds randome, bleffed Marius Sonne.
This Land of such deere foules, this deere-deere Land,
Deere for her reputacion through the world,
Is now least out (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant sea,
Who's rocky shores beats backe the envious sedge.
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame.
With Inky blotter, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Whereto, when they fhall know what men are rich.
This Reuenue whereof, shall sustane us.
We are in forc'd to farms cor royal! Realme,
And liberal! Large fees, are grown somewhat light.

Enter Kings, Queene, Almatis, Bussy, Greene,
Raper, Res, and Willoughby.

To. The King is come, deal mildly with his youth.
For young hot Colts, being tay'd do rage the more.

Qu. How fares our noble Uncle Lancafter?
Re. What comfort man? How ill with aged Gaunt?
Gaunt. Oh how that name befits my composition.
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old.
This Heaven greefe hath kept a reserved light.
And who sofars from measte, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watcht.
Watching breedes leanneffe, leanneffe is all gaunt.
The pleasure that some Fathers seesd upon,
Is my Arte Gift, I meanse my Childrens looks,
And therein fashing, hall thou made me gaunt.
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave.
Whose hollow wombe inherents naught but bones.
Re. Can sieke men play so nicely with their names?
Gaunt. No, millet makes sport to mocke it selfe.
Since thou dost seake to kill my name in here.
The life and death of Richard the second.

I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee
Ric. What sayes he?  
Nor. Nay nothing, all is said:  
His tongue is now atringleffe influment,  
Words, life, and all, old Lancastre hath spent,  
Tor. De Yorke the next, that must be bankrupt too,  
Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.  
Ric. The ripet fruit fift fatis, and do dost he,  
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:  
So much for that. Now for our English warres,  
We must fupplant those rough tug-headed Kernes,  
Which live like venom, where no venom else  
But enely they, have pruiedle to liue.  
And for thefe great affayres do asice fome charge  
Towards our affiance, we do feize to vs  
The plate, coine, reueneues, and muebles,  
Whereof our Uncle Gaunt did fland possifh.  
Tor. How long shall I be patient? Oh how long  
Shall tender dutie make me suffer wrong?  
Not Gloefers death, nor Herfords banifhment,  
Nor Gauntz rebukes, nor Englandes private wrongs.  
Nor the prevention of poore Budingbrooke,  
About his marriage, nor my owne disgrace  
Hauce ever made me lowr my patient cheeke,  
Or bend one wrinkle on my Soueraigne face:  
I am the lift of noble Edward's fonnies.  
Of whom thy father Prince of Wales was fife,  
In warre was never Lyon rag'de more fierce;  
In peace, was never gentle Lambe more milder,  
Then was that yong and Princely Gentleman,  
As theirs, fo mine: and all be as it is.

Enter NorthumberLand.

Nor. My Liege, old Gaunt commendes him to your  
Maffiele.

Rich. Why Voule,  
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 fafe, and gripe into your hands  
The Royalties and Rights of banifh'd Herfords?  
is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Herfords lie?  
Was not Gaunt alive? and is not Harry true?  
Did not the one defense to have an heyre?  
Is not his heyre a well-deferuing fonn?  
Take Herfords rights away, and take from time  
The Royalties and Rights of banifh'd Hetford?  
By his Aeturneyes genera!l, to sue  
You plucke a thoufand dangers on your head,  
You loofe a thoufand well-difpofed hearts,  
Which honor and allegiance cannot thinke  
Rich. Thinks what you will: we feife into our hands,  
His plate, his gods, his money, and his lands.

Tor. Ile not be by the while: My Liege farewell.
The life and death of Richard the second

What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell.
But by bad counsels may be underfoot,
That their events can never fall out good.

Eth. Go Bufb in to the Earle of Wiltshire, bright,
Bid him spare to vns to Ely house,
To see this business: to morrow next,
We will for Ireland, and tis time, I row.

And yet we bike not, but securly perish
Yet seeke no shetke to aoid the storme,
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.

An3 vnauoyded is the danger now.
But Lords, we hear this fearefull tempeft smg,
(His burthenous taxations notwithstanding)
But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.

Mote hath he spent in peace, then they in war.
But basely yeelded vpon comprimtze,
But what st God's name doth become of his?
As blaokes, benevolences, and I wot not what:

For ancient quarrels, and quite from their hearts.
And quite from their hearts: the Nobles he find®
Meerily in hate 'gainst any of us all.

Of noble blood in this declining Land;
By Flatterers, and what they will most shine.
The King is not himselfe, but bakly led
In him a royall Prince, and many more.

Unlesse you call it good to pitie him.
Gamr vs, our hues, our children, and our heires.
Bereft and gelded of his paenmonie.
Quicke is mine eate to heate of good towards him.
If it be fo, out with it boldly man,
That speaks thy words againe to doe thee hdtroe.

Out Vncle Voike. Lord Governor of England:
But by bad com ses may be underRood,
What will ensue heete of, there s none can tell.
To see this business, to monow next
That their euersts can neuer fall out good.

Come on out Queect, to morrow m we part.
Bid him repaife to vs to houfe,
For he is luff, and alwayes lou d vs well
Ireland, and 'tis time, I trow. •
We will for Ireland, and I will fluit him.
As though on thinking on no thoughts I thinkes,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrinke.

Bujb. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)

Enter Queen, Ruffey, and Bagot.

Bujb. Madam, your Majesty is too much sad.
You promis'd when you parted with the King,
To lay aside hurtful menacing speeches,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

To pleaze me King, I did, to pleaze my selfe
I cannot do it: yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as griefe,
Saw, bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard; yet againe me thinkes,
Some vnborne sorrow, ripe in fortunes womb.
Is comming towards me, and my inward soule
With nothing trembles, at something it greeues.
More with parting, from my Lord the King.

Bujb. Each substance of a griefe hath twenty shadows
Which shews like griefe it selfe, but is not so.
For forrowes eye, glased with blinding teares,
Divides one thing intire, to many objects.
Like perspecetives, which rightly gaz'd upon
Shew nothing but confusion, ey'd awry,
Dishangue forms: so your sweet Maestie
Looking awry upon your Lords departure.
Finde shapes of griefe, more then him selfe to waile.
Which look'd on as it is, is naught but shadowes
Of what it is not: then thrice-gracious Queen.
More then your Lords departure weep not,more's not
Or if it be, 'tis with false forrowes eie.
(Leon.
Which for things true, weep things imaginary.

Fig. It may be so: but yet my inward soule
Perwades me it is otherwise: how eie it be,
I cannot but be sad: so heavy sad,
As though on thinking on no thoughts I thinkes.

Scena Secunda.
Enter Green.

Gree. Heaven saucy your Majestie, and wel met Gentle.
I hope the King is not yet ship for Ireland. (men)

Qu. Why hop'ft thou so? Tis better hope he is:
For his designes craue haft, his haft good hope,
And not to dispaire an enemies hope,
Then wherefore doft thou hope he is not ship?

But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
With all their powerfull friends are fled to him.

Ravenstaff. At

And with uplifted Armes is safely aruid
Ravenstaff.

I cannot name, 'til namelesse woe 1 wot.

I hope the King is not yet ship for Ireland. (men)

The Lords of

And the rest of the revolted faction, Traitors?

New. Vnkle, for heavens sake speake comfortable words:

Enter Torkf

Heere am I left to under-prop his Land,

Enter Greene.

Gre. Greene, facrify your Majestie, and wel met Gentle.
I hope the King is not yet ship for Ireland. (men)

Qu. Now God in heaven forbid.

Gr. O Madam 'tis too true: and that is worse.

The L.Northumberland, his yong sonne Henrie Vereke,
The Lords of Raffe, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powerfull friends are fled to him.

Bufb. Why haue you not proclam'd Northumberland
And the teul of the victorious faction, Trinators?

Gre. We have: whereupon the Earl of Worcestfer
Hath broke his staffe, refign'd his Stewardship,
And at the houhold feast was fled with him to Bulinbrook.

Qu. So Greene, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And Bulinbrook my loser was dismally hys;
Now hath my soule brought forth her prodige,
And I a gasping new deliuered mother,

Qu. Who shall hinder me?
I will dispaire, and be at enimie
With cownzening hope; he is a Flatterer,
A Parrot, a keeper backe of death,
Whom gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hopes linger in extremity.

Enter York.

Gr. Hecce comes the Duke of Yorke.

Qu. With signes of wane about his aged necke,
Oh full of caysefull business are his looke:
Vnkle, for heauen speaks speake confortable words:

yor. Comfroft in heauen, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crofes, care and greefe:
Your husband he is gone to face faire off,
Whilst others come to make him loose at home:
Here am I left to under-prop his Land,
Who weake with age, cannot support my selfe.

Now coms the sickke houfe that his fetel made,
Now shall he trye his friends that flattered him.

Enter a servant

Ser. My Lord, your fonne was gone before I came.

yor. He was: why go: so all which way it will:
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And I will fea reuolt on Herfords side.

Sirra, get thee to Plafhie to my fitter Glofter,
Bid her fend me prettily a thoufand pound,
Hold, take my King

Ser. My Lord, I had forgot.
To tell your Lordship, to day I came by, and call'd there,
But I shall greue you to report the tell.

yor. What is it knave?
Making the hard way sweet and delectable:
But I bethink me, what a weary way
From Rauenfurgh to Cowford will be found,
In Ruff and Willoughby, wanting your company.
Which I protest hath very much beguild
The tediousness, and proceed of my tranuell:
But thes is sweetned with the hope to have
The present benefit that I possesse;
And to hope to joy, is little lesse in joy,
Then hope enjoy'd: by this the weary Lords
Shall make their way more sweet, as mine hath done,
By fight of what I have, your Noble Companie.

But 1 bethinke me, what from Rauenfurgh to Cowford will be found.

Wanjing your companie.
In Weed Willoughby
Shall be your love, and labours recompence.

Manned with three hundred men, as I haue heard,
Which I protest hath very much beguild
The tediousness, and proceed of my trauell:
A banished Traitor; all my Treasure
Bloody with spurring, fietie red with haue.

Then with direcYion to Rauenfurgh.
And sent me over by Barkely, to discover
What power the Duke of Yorke had leuird there.
Because your Lordship was proclaimed Traitor.

Then hope enjoy'd: By this, the weary Lords
Shall make their way more sweet, as mine hath done,
By sight of what I have, your Noble Companie.

Then your good words: but who comes hence?

Let your Letters Parents giae me leave:
And these, and all are all amiable.

My Fathers goods are all disraynd, and sold,
1 am destitute to sue my Life here,
Gaunt a Father,
He should have found his Uncles.
You have a Sonne,
Now Prisoner in the Tower, chastifed thee,
And minister correction to thy Fault.

Enter Barkely.

North. It is my Lord of Barkely, as I hope.
Bark. My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

And I am come to secke that name in England,
And I must finde that Title in your Tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Bark. Mafkate me not, my Lord; tis not my meaning.

To rise one Title of your Honor out.
To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)
From the most glorious of this Land,
The Duke of Yorke, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our Nation Peace with self-born Armes.

Enter Torky.

But 1 shall not need transport my words by you,
Here comes his Grace in Person.
My Noble Vnckle.
Yorke. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deereable, and false,
Bark. My gracious Vnckle.

York. But, your Grace no Grace, nor Vnckle me,
I am no Traitors Vnckle, and that word Grace,
In an ungracious mouth, as but prophane.

Why have these banish'd, and forbidden legs,
Dare once to touch a Dought of England Ground
But more then why, why have they dare'd to march
So many miles upon her peacefull Boforme,
Frighting her pale-faced Villages with Warre,
And offentation of despifed Armes?

Com't thou because th'among aged Xing is hence?
Why foolish Boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyall Boforme lies his power.
Were I but now the Lord of such hot youth,
As when braue Gaunt, thy Father, and my selfe
Refcu'd the Black Prince, that poyng Mars of men,
From forth the Rackets of many thousand French.

Oh then, how quickly should this Armc of mine,
Now Prisoner in the Tower, chastifed thee,
And minister correction to thy Fault.

Bark. My gracious Vnckle, let me know my Fault,
On what Condition stands it, and whereat?
York. Even in Condition of the worst degree,
In groffe Rebellion, and detested Treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time,
In brauing Atmcs against thy Sovereigne.

Bark. As I was banished, I was banish'd Hereford,
But as I come, I come for Lancaster
And Noble Vnckle, I beseech your Grace
Looks on my Wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, for me thinkes in you.
I see old Gaunt alive. Oh then my Father,
Will you permit, that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandring Vagabond, my Rights and Royalties
Pluck'd from my armes perforce, and given away
To vpshift Vnthole; Wherefore was I borne?
If that my Cousin KIng, be King of England,
It must be grunted, I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a Sonne, Anickene, my Noble Kinman,
Had you first died, and he beene thus stod downe,
He should have found his Vnckle, Gaunt's Father,
To revive his Wrongs, and chaift thou to the bay.
I am desirous to see my Liustice here,
And yet my Letters Parents give me leave:
My Fathers goods are all dissipand, and sold,
And these, and all, are all smife imploidy.
What would you have me do? I am a Subject,
And challenge Law: Attorneys are deny'd me
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my Inheritance of free Descent.

[Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.]

Enter Bulgingbrooke, Turks, Northumberland, Raffe, Perce, Willoughby, with Bul king
and Greene Prisoners.

Bull. Bring forth these men:
Bulking and Greene, I will not vex your souls,
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lies,
For 'tis no Charity: yet to wash your blood
You have misled a Prince: a Royall King
A happy Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,
By you unhappied, and disfigur'd clean:
You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a Divorce betweixt his Queen and him,
Broke the possession of a Royall Bed,
And flay'n the beauty of a faire Queen's Cheekes,
With teares drawn fro her eyes, with your foulc wrong;
My selfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King
Tell her I send to her my kind commends
To England.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captain.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countrymen together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will dispatch our foules; farewell.

Sal. Ah Richard, with eyes of beautie mind,
I see thy Glory, like a shooting Starre,
Fall to the base Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne sets weeping in the lowly Welt,
Wishing Stormes to come, Woe, and Vnrest.
Thy Friends are fled, to wait upon thy Foes,
And croisely to thy good, all fortune goes. 

Lord of Salisbury, we haue staid ten dayes.

Capt. Tis thought the King is dead; we will not stay:
The Bay-trees in our Country all are wither'd.
And croisely to thy good, all fortune goes.

Tyke. The Noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.
And labour'd all he could so doe him right:
The Cacerpillers of the Commonwealth,
And yon that doe abeu him in this kind,
Be his owne Carier, and cut out his way,
To Britow Castle, which they say is held
By theire Complices,
Buttie, Bagot
I would attach you all, and make you stoope
I cannot mend sr, I must needs confelfe,
But wee must winne your Grace to goe with vs
Untill your soules must part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lies,
You have misled a Prince: a Royall King
A happy Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,
By you unhappied, and disfigur'd clean:
You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a Divorce betweixt his Queen and him,
Broke the possession of a Royall Bed,
And slay'n the beauty of a faire Queen's Cheekes,
With teares drawn from her eyes, with your soulc wrong;
My selfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King
Tell her I send to her my kind commends
To England.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captain.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countrymen together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will dispatch our foules; farewell.

Sal. Ah Richard, with eyes of beautie mind,
I see thy Glory, like a shooting Starre,
Fall to the base Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne sets weeping in the lowly Welt,
Wishing Stormes to come, Woe, and Vnrest.
Thy Friends are fled, to wait upon thy Foes,
And croisely to thy good, all fortune goes.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Bulkingbrooke, Turks, Northumberland, Raffe, Perce, Willoughby, with Bulking
and Greene Prisoners.

Bull. Bring forth these men:
Bulking and Greene, I will not vex your souls,
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lies,
For 'tis no Charity: yet to wash your blood
You have misled a Prince: a Royall King
A happy Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,
By you unhappied, and disfigur'd clean:
You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a Divorce betweixt his Queen and him,
Broke the possession of a Royall Bed,
And slay'n the beauty of a faire Queen's Cheekes,
With teares drawn fro her eyes, with your soulc wrong;
My selfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King
Tell her I send to her my kind commends
To England.
The life and death of Richard the second.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carrie, and Souldiers.

Rich. Barkly Cattle tell you this at hand?
Aum. Yes, my Lord; how brooks your Grace the ayre, After your late toiling on the breaking Seas?

Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy To stand upon my Kingdom once againe.

Dreke Earth, I doe fortune with my hand, Though Rebels wound thee with their Horsethoues: As a long parted Mother with her Child, Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting; So weeping, smiling, I thee my Earth, And doe thou favor with my Royal hands.

Feed not thy Souldiers, that thy weary Earth, Nor with thy Sweeter, comfort his rauoues fence: But let thy Spiders, that such fp venomous, And hinge-gated Toades lyce in their way, Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete, Which with vluring reps doetampe thee. Yeild finning Nettles to mine Enemies, And when they from thy Boforme pluck a Flower Guard it I prethee with a lurking Adder, Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch Throw death upon thy Souldiers Enemies. Mock not thy fencelcss Conruction, Lords; This Earth shall have a feeling, and these Stones Proued armed, souldiers, ere her native King. Shall falter under foule rebellious Armes.

Car. Fear not my Lord, that Power that made you King Hath power to keep you King, in spite of all.

Aum. He means, my Lord, that we are too remissive, Whilest Bullyingbrooke through our jurisdiction, Growes strong and great, in substance and in friends.

Rich. Discomfortable Cousin, knowing thou not, That when the searching Eye of Heaven is hid Behind the Globe that lights the lower World, Then Treces and Robbers range abroad Unseen, In Murtherers and Out-rage bloody here:

But when from under this Terrestrial Ball Hehres the proved tops of the Eternure Pines, And darts his Lightning through evry guile hole, Then Murtherers, Treasons, and detested None (The Cloake of Night being plucks from off their backs)

Stand bare and naked, tremble at themselves. So when this Theue, this Traytor Bullyingbrooke, Who all this while hath teall'd in the Night, Shall see vs rising in our Throne, the East, His Treasons will sit blushing in his face, Not able to endure the sight of Day:

But felfe-affrighted, tremble at his inne. Nor all the Water in the rough rude Sea Can wash the Balm from an anointed King; The breath of worldly men cannot repee The Deputie elected by the Lord. For every man that Bullyingbrooke hath preft, To lift throwd Steele against our Golden Crowne, Heaven for his Richard hath in heavenly pay

A glorious Angel: then if Angels fight, Weak men must fall, for Heaven still guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome my Lord, how fare off'lyes your Power?

Salab. Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord, Then this weke some; discomfort guides my tongue, And bids me speake of nothing but despair: One day too late, I fear (my Noble Lord) Hath clouded all th' happie days on Earth! Oh call backe Yesterdays, bid Time returne, And thou shalt have twelue thousand fighting men: To day, to day, unhappie day too late.

Orethrowes thy Loyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State; For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead, Are gone to Bullingbrooke, disperfeued, and fled.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace so pale?

Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand men Did triumph in my face, and they are fled, And till so much blood thinner come againe, Have I not reason to looke pale, and dead?

All Soules that will be safe, flye from my side, For Time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.

Rich. I had forgot my felie. Am I not King? Awaake thou flagg'd Mansfield, thou sleepest! Is not the Kings Name frottie thousand Names?

Aume, was my Name: a punie fubiect & 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 Winkle Turk.

Hath Power enough to serve our turne, But who comes here? Enter Stroope.

Stroope. More health and happiness beside my Liege, Then can my car't-rund tongue delver him.

Rich. Mine ease is open, and my heart prepared: The world is worldly loose, thou cant unfold:

Say, is my Kingdome lost? Why 'twas my Care: And what loosest it to be rid of Care?

Stroope. Bullingbrooke to be as Great as we?

Greater he shall not be: if hee serve God, Wee' I serve him too, and be his Fellow so.

Reuel our Subieft: That we cannot mend, They breake their Faith to Gods well as vs:

Cry Woe, Deutrition, Ruine, Loffe, Decay, The world is Death, and Death will have his day.

Stroope. Glad am I, that your Highneffe is so arm'd To bee the tidings of Calamitie.

Like an unforfeemable stormie day, Which make the Silver Rivers drowne their Shores, As if the World were all dissol'd to tears:

So high, soe, his Limite, swells the Rage Of Bullyingbrooke, countuing his festfull Land With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele: White Beares have arm'd their thin and hairleffe Sculp Against thy Mansfield, and Boys with Womans Voyces, Strive to speake bigge, and clasp their female joints.

In flife manwicked Armes; against thy Crowne Thy very Bead-men learne to bend their Bowes Of double farall Eugh against thy State.

Yes Diilafe, Women manage rufftice Bills: Against thy Scat both young and old rebell, And all goes worse then I have power to tell.

Rich. Too well too well thou tell'st a Tale too ill. Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is Bager?

What is become of Biihife? where is Greene?
That they have let the dangerous Enemy
Measure our Confines with such peacefull steps?
If we preuail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with Bulstrode.
Serpens. Peace have they made with him indeede (my
Lord.)
Rich. Oh Villains, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,
Dogges, easiely wound to fawnie on any man,
Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that ring my heart,
Three Idiots, each one thrice worse than Idax,
Would they make peace terrible Hell make w dre
Upon their spotted Souls for this Offence.
Serpens. Sweet Louie (I see) changing his prettice,
Tumes to the fowre, and most deadly hate:
Again pique their Souls; their peace is made
With Heads, and not with Handes: those whom you curse
Haue felt the worst of Deaths destroying hand,
And lye full low, graud in the hollow ground.
Aum. Is Buthie, Greene, and the Earl of Wiltshire lead't?
Serpens. Yea all of them at Bifloft loft their heads.
Aum. Where is the Duke my father with his Power?
Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speak.
Let's take of Graues, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make Duff our Paper, and with Raynie eyes
Write Sorrow on the Bosome of the Earth,
But presentl preuent the wayes to waile:
Some poyfon'd by their Wives, fome fleeping kill'd.
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:
Let's chufe Executor, and talke of Wills:
Tor you haue but miflooke me all this while.
Iliad. How fome haue been depos'd, fome flaine in warre,
Our Paper, and with Raynie eyes
Duft Wake Write Sorrow on the Bosome of the Earth,
But presentl preuent the wayes to waile:
Some poyfon'd by their Wives, fome fleeping kill'd.
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:
Let's chufe Executor, and talke of Wills:
Tor you haue but miflooke me all this while.
Iliad. How fome haue been depos'd, fome flaine in warre,
Our Paper, and with Raynie eyes
Duft Wake Write Sorrow on the Bosome of the Earth,
But presentl preuent the wayes to waile:
Some poyfon'd by their Wives, fome fleeping kill'd.
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:
Let's chufe Executor, and talke of Wills:
Tor you haue but miflooke me all this while.
Iliad. How fome haue been depos'd, fome flaine in warre,
Our Paper, and with Raynie eyes
Duft Wake Write Sorrow on the Bosome of the Earth,
But presentl preuent the wayes to waile:
Some poyfon'd by their Wives, fome fleeping kill'd.
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:
Let's chufe Executor, and talke of Wills:
Tor you haue but miflooke me all this while.
Iliad. How fome haue been depos'd, fome flaine in warre,
Our Paper, and with Raynie eyes
Duft Wake Write Sorrow on the Bosome of the Earth,
But presentl preuent the wayes to waile:
Some poyfon'd by their Wives, fome fleeping kill'd.
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:
Let's chufe Executor, and talke of Wills:
Tor you haue but miflooke me all this while.
Iliad. How fome haue been depos'd, fome flaine in warre,
Our Paper, and with Raynie eyes
Duft Wake Write Sorrow on the Bosome of the Earth,
But presentl preuent the wayes to waile:
Some poyfon'd by their Wives, fome fleeping kill'd.
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:
Let's chufe Executor, and talke of Wills:
Tor you haue but miflooke me all this while.
Iliad. How fome haue been depos'd, fome flaine in warre,
Our Paper, and with Raynie eyes
Duft Wake Write Sorrow on the Bosome of the Earth,
But presentl preuent the wayes to waile:
Some poyfon'd by their Wives, fome fleeping kill'd.
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:
Let's chufe Executor, and talke of Wills:
Tor you haue but miflooke me all this while.
Iliad. How fome haue been depos'd, fome flaine in warre,
Our Paper, and with Raynie eyes
Duft Wake Write Sorrow on the Bosome of the Earth,
But presentl preuent the wayes to waile:
Some poyfon'd by their Wives, fome fleeping kill'd.
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:
Let's chufe Executor, and talke of Wills:
Tor you haue but miflooke me all this while.
Iliad. How fome haue been depos'd, fome flaine in warre,
Our Paper, and with Raynie eyes
Duft Wake Write Sorrow on the Bosome of the Earth,
The life and death of Richard the second

Bul. Royally: Why, it contains no King?
Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth contain a King: King Richard's eyes
Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,
And with him, the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroope, besides a Clergie man
Of holy reverence: who, I cannot learn.
North. Oh, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.
Bul. Noble Lord,
Goe to the rude Ruts of that ancient Castle,
Through Brazen Trumpet send the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliver:
Henry Bullingbrooke upon his knees doth kiffe
King Richard's hand, and sends allegiance
And true faith of heart to his Royall Person: hither come
Furn at his feet, to lay my Armes and Power,
Proved, that my Banishment repeal'd,
And Lands refer'd againe, be freely granted:
If not, I see the advantage of my Power,
And lay the Summers dust with flowers of blood,
Rayn'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how farre off from the mind of Bullingbrooke.
It is, such Crimson Tumpell should bedrench
The frell, green Lope of faire King Richard's Land,
My Hoping dutie tenderly shall I shew
Goe finifie as much, while here we march
Upon the Graffie Carpet of this Plaine:
Let's march without the noisy of threatening Drum,
That from this Castle tatter'd Battlements
Our faire Appointments may be well perus'd.
Controlling Majesty: alack, alack, for woe,
Yet know, my Master, God Omnipotent,
Haue taken their Soules, by turning them from us,
Vnlefie he doe prophane, Beale, or usurpe.
And though you thinke, that all, as you have done,
For well we know, no Hand of Blood and Bone
That hath dismiss'd us from our Stewardship,
To pay their awfull dutie to our presence?
But ere the Crown he looks for, live in peace,
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face.
Change the complexion of her Maid pale Peace
To Scarlet Indignation, and bedew
Her Faints Graffe with faithful English Blood.
North. The King of Heauen forbid our Lord the King
Should do with civill and vnriell Armes
Be rufh'd upon: Thy thrice-noble Cousin,
Harry Bullingbrooke, doth humbly kiffe thy hand,
And by the Honourable Tombe he sweares,
That stands upon your Royall Grandisses Bonds,
And by the Royalties of both your Bloods,
(Curentts that spring from one most gracious Head)
And by the buried Hand of Warlike Gaunt,
And by the Worth and Honor of himselfe,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,
His comming hither hath no further scope,
Then for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge
Infrachtiment immediate on his knees:
Which on thy Royall partie grunted once,
His glittering Armes he will commend to Raft,
His barbed Streddes to Stables, and his heart
To faithfull service of your Majestie:
This sweares he, as he is a Prince, is just,
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him,
Rich. Northumberland lay thus: The King returns,
His Noble Cousin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demands
Shall be accomplished without contradiction
With all the gracious vnterrace thou haft,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We doe debate our selfe (Cousin) doe we not,
To looke so poorly, and to speak so faire?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defance to the Traytor, and so die?
Aum. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpefull Swords
Rich. Oh God of God, that erst this tongue of mine,
That layd the Sentence of dread Banishment
On yond proud man, should take it off againe
With words of sooth: Oh that I were as great
As is my Griefe, or leffer then my Name,
Or that I could forget what I have beene,
Or not remember what I must be now:
Swell'st thou proud heart? He gives 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 do it: Must he he depose'd
The King shall be contented: Must he loose?
The Name of King? o' Gods Name let it goe.
He gave my Jewels for a feare of Beades,
My gorgeous Palaces, for a Hermitage,
My gay Apparrell, for an Almes-man's Gowne,
My figurs Gablets, for a Dish of Wood,
My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe,
My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe.
My Subjects, for a payre of cased Saints,
And my large Kingdome, for a little Grave,
A little little Grave, an obscure Grave.
Or I be buryed in the Kings high-way,
Some way of common Trade, where Subjects feet
May hourly trample on their Sovereigns Head:
For on my heart they tread now, whilest I live;
And buried once, why not upon my Head?

As weare, thou weepst (my tender-hearted Cousin)
We'lle make foule Weather with despightfull Tears:
Our fighs, and they, shall lodge the Summer Come,
And make a Death in this revoluing Land.
Or shall we play the Wantons with our Woes,
And make some prettie Match, with shedding Tears?
As thus : to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted vs a payre of Graves,
Within the Earth : and therein lay'd there lies
Two Kinmen, digg'd their Graves with weeping Eyes?
Would not this ill, doe well? Well, well, I see
I talke but idly, and you mock at mee,
I Though you are old enough to be my Heire.
To speake with you, may is pkease you to come downe.
They well defence to haue,
Set pn towards London.

Enter the Queene, and two Ladies.

Qu. What sport shall we deuife here in this Garden,
To drie away the heavie thought of Care?
La. Madame, we'll play at Bowles.
Qu. Twill make me thinke the World is full of Rubs
And that my fortune runnes against the Byss,
La. Madame, wee'll Dance.
Qu. My Legges can keep no measure in Delight,
When my poor Hearr no measure keeps in Griefe.
Therefore no Dancing (Girl) some other sport.
La. Madame, we'll tell Toles,
Qu. Of Sorrow, or of Griefe?
La. Of cyther, Madame.
Qu. Of nother, Girl.
For if of Joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of Sorrow:
Or if of Griefe, being altogether had,
It addes more Sorrow to my want of Joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it bootes not to complain.
La. Madame Ile Sing.
Qu. This well that thou haft cause:
But thou should'lt pleafe me better, would'lt thou wepe.
La. I could wepe, Madame, would it doe you good.
Qu. And I could ling, would weeping doe me good,
And never borrow any care of thee.
Enter a Gardiner, and two Servants.
But stay, here comes the Gardiners,
Let's step into the shade of their Trees.
My wretchedneS, into a Row of Pinnes,
They tell me of States; for euery one doth so,
Against a Change; Wee is fore-runne with Woe.
Gard. Goebindethou vp yond dangling Apricocks,
Which like vurly Children, make their Syre
Stoupe with oppression of their prodigall weight:
Give some furprance to the bending twiggis.
Go thon, and like an Executioner
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,
That looke too liffic in our Common-wealths
All must be euin, in our Government.
You thus imply'd, I will goe root away
The noyfome Weedes, that without profit sucke
The Soyles fertilitie from wholesome flowers.
Ser. Why should we, in the compasse of a Pale,
Keep Law and Forme, and due Proportion,
Sheeing as in a Modell our firmesse Estimate?
When our Sea-walled Garden, the whole Land,
Is full of Weeds, her fairest Flowers choos'd vp,
Her Fruit-trees all uppruin'd, her Hedges ruin'd,
Her Knots disorder'd, and her wholesome Heartes
Swarming with Caterpillers.
Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffred this disorder'd Spring,
Hath now himselfe met with the Fall of Leave.
The Weeds that his broad spreading Lues did flicker,
That seem'd'd in eating him, to hold him vp,
Are pull'd vp, Root, and all, by Billingbrooke
I meanes, the Earle of Wilshire, Billingbrooke, Greene.
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bullingbrooke, Armerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitz-Walter, Surrey, Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster, Herne, Officers, and Pages.

Bullingbrooke. Call forth Bagon.

Now Bagon, freely speak thy mind,
What thou dost know of Noble Gloucester's death:
Who brought it with the King, and who performed
The bloody Office of his Timeless end.

Bag. Then set before my face, the Lord Armerle,
But, Cousin, and tarry, and look upon that man.

Bag. My Lord Armerle, I know your daring tongue
Scornes to confess, what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dark time, when Gloucester was placed,
I heard you say, I did not hear of this length,
That reacheth from the restfull English Court.
As faire as Callis, to my Vicks head,
Amongst much other talk, at that very time,
I heard you say, you that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,
Then Bullingbrooke to return to England; adding withall,
How blest this Land would be, in this your Colins death.

Arm. Prince, and Noble Lords:
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my faire Service,
On equall terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honor stain'd.

With th'Attainor of his fland'rous Lippes,
There is my Gage, the manuell Scale of death,
That makes thee out for Hell. Thou lyest,
And wilt maintaine what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart blood, though being all too base.
To flaine the temer of my Knightly stout.

Bul. Bagon forbears, thou thinkest not to take it up.

Arm. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this pression, that hath mould me.

Fiz. If that thy valour stand on sympathize:
There is my Gage, Armerle, in Gage to thee,
By that faire Sunne, that shewes me where I stand,
I heard thee say (and vauntingly thou spak'st it),
That thou wert not the caufe of Noble Gloucester's death.
If thou denieft it, twenty times thou lyest,
And I will turne thy falslyhood to thy hurt,
Where it was forged with my Rapiers point.

Arm. Thou dar'lt not (Coward) live to see the day.
Fiz. Now by my Soule, I would it were this hour.

Arm. Fitzwater thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Per. Armerle, thou lyest, this Honors true.

In this Appulse, as thou art all violect,
And that thou art so, then I throw my Gage
To prove it on thee, to th'extremest point.
Of mortal breaching. Seize it, if thou darst.

Arm. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more reuengeful Steele,
Over the glistening Helmet of my Pole.

Surr. My Lord Fitzwater,
I do remember well, the very time
Armerle, and you did talk.

Fiz. My Lord,
Tis very true; You were in presence then,
And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surr. As false, by heaven,
As Heavens it selfe is true.

Fiz. Surrey, thou lyest.

Surr. Dishonourable Boy!
That Eye, shall lie so heavy on my Sword,
That it shall rende Vengeance, and Revenge,
Till thou the Lyce-gier, and that Lyce, doe lyce
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers skull.
In proofs whereof, this to mine Honors prove,
Engage it to the Ball, if thou darst.
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

Enter Richard, Alaric, and Monmouth. Richard: Alack, why am I here for to a King, Before I have shooke of the Regall thoughts Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learned To inminenter, flatter, bowe, and bend my Knee, To this submision, Yet I well remember The favours of the men: were they not mine? Did they not sometime cry, All hallo me? So I have did to Christ: but he in twise, Found truth in all, but one: I, in twelve thousand, none. God for the King: will no man say, Aman? Am I both Priest and Clarke? well then, Amen. Earth, I must to the figures, I have the soul And thou of the King, though I be not here: And yet Amen, if Heauen doe think me right. To do what service, am I sent for hither? To do that office of thine owne good will, Which tyred Maieftie did make thee offer: The Resignation of thy State and Crowne To Henry Bolingbroke. Rich. Give me the Crown. Here Cousin, seize it, Crowne me on this side my Hand, on this side thine. Now is this Golden Crowne like to an apple, To the thousand and thousand men that stand, The one a Skepe, the other a Man. And all the rest that stand, And yet Amen, if Heauen doe think me right. To do what service, am I sent for hither? To do that office of thine owne good will, Which tyred Maieftie did make thee offer: The Resignation of thy State and Crowne To Henry Bolingbroke. Rich. Give me the Crown. Here Cousin, seize it, Crowne me on this side my Hand, on this side thine. Now is this Golden Crowne like to an apple, To the thousand and thousand men that stand, The one a Skepe, the other a Man. And all the rest that stand, And yet Amen, if Heauen doe think me right. To do what service, am I sent for hither? To do that office of thine owne good will, Which tyred Maieftie did make thee offer: The Resignation of thy State and Crowne To Henry Bolingbroke. Rich. Give me the Crown. Here Cousin, seize it, Crowne me on this side my Hand, on this side thine. Now is this Golden Crowne like to an apple, To the thousand and thousand men that stand, The one a Skepe, the other a Man. And all the rest that stand, And yet Amen, if Heauen doe think me right. To do what service, am I sent for hither? To do that office of thine owne good will, Which tyred Maieftie did make thee offer: The Resignation of thy State and Crowne To Henry Bolingbroke. Rich. Give me the Crown. Here Cousin, seize it, Crowne me on this side my Hand, on this side thine. Now is this Golden Crowne like to an apple, To the thousand and thousand men that stand, The one a Skepe, the other a Man. And all the rest that stand, And yet Amen, if Heauen doe think me right. To do what service, am I sent for hither? To do that office of thine owne good will, Which tyred Maieftie did make thee offer: The Resignation of thy State and Crowne To Henry Bolingbroke. Rich. Give me the Crown. Here Cousin, seize it, Crowne me on this side my Hand, on this side thine. Now is this Golden Crowne like to an apple, To the thousand and thousand men that stand, The one a Skepe, the other a Man. And all the rest that stand, And yet Amen, if Heauen doe think me right. To do what service, am I sent for hither? To do that office of thine owne good will, Which tyred Maieftie did make thee offer: The Resignation of thy State and Crowne To Henry Bolingbroke. Rich. Give me the Crown. Here Cousin, seize it, Crowne me on this side my Hand, on this side thine. Now is this Golden Crowne like to an apple, To the thousand and thousand men that stand, The one a Skepe, the other a Man. And all the rest that stand, And yet Amen, if Heauen doe think me right. To do what service, am I sent for hither? To do that office of thine owne good will, Which tyred Maieftie did make thee offer: The Resignation of thy State and Crowne To Henry Bolingbroke. Rich. Give me the Crown. Here Cousin, seize it, Crowne me on this side my Hand, on this side thine. Now is this Golden Crowne like to an apple, To the thousand and thousand men that stand, The one a Skepe, the other a Man. And all the rest that stand, And yet Amen, if Heauen doe think me right. To do what service, am I sent for hither? To do that office of thine owne good will, Which tyred Maieftie did make thee offer: The Resignation of thy State and Crowne To Henry Bolingbroke.
Now, mark me how I will undone my selfe.
Therefore no, no, for I resigne to thee.
I give this heavey Weight from off my Head,
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
Standing before the Sunne of Bullyingbrooke,
And if my word be Sterling yet in England,
That I have worn from many Winters out.
No, nor no mans Lord: I have no Name Title;
With mine owne Tears I ward away my Balme,
The pride of Heart.
Kingly ward from out my selfe
Oh, all I were a Mockerer, King of Snow,
T'undek the pompous Body of a King;
But 'tis unfert, alack the heavey day,
And cracking t'nc strong Warrant of an Oath,
That was at last out-fac'd by Bullyingbrooke
A brittle Glory shineth in this Face,
As brittle as the Glory, is the Face,
That like the Sunne, did make beholders winke?
Is this the Face, which fac'd so many follyes
That was at last out-fac'd by Bullyingbrooke
The shadow of your Face.
Riche. Say that againe.

The shadow of my Sorrow: ha, let's see,
'Tis very true, my Grieue eyes all within,
And these external manner of Lament,
For there it is, crackt in an hundred shivers,
That euery day, under his Houfe-hold Roofe,
That was at last out-fac'd by Bullyingbrooke
Did keepe ten thousand men? Was this the Face,
That euery day, under his Houfe-hold Roofe,
That was at last out-fac'd by Bullyingbrooke

The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

The Commons will not then be latijfy'd.
North. Vrge it no more, my Lord
Bull. The shadow of your Sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your Face.

The shadow of your Face.
What euer shall happen to devils.
I see your browses are full of discontent,
Your heart of sorrow, and your eyes of tears.
Come home with me to supper, for I lay a plot
Shall there vs all met aamy day.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Qu. This way the king will come: this is the way
To Julius Caesar ill-crested tower.
To whose signe Bohome, my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner, by proud Bullingbrook.
Here let vs rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any settling for her true King, queen.

Later Richard and Guard.

But fast, but see, or rather do not see,
My faire race wilke: yet looke up; behold,
That you in pitie may dissolve your bow.
And with him forth againe, and with true love tears.
All thou, the modelling where old Troy did stand,
Thou ly pits of honor, thou King Richards tombe,
And not King Richards: thou most beautious lune,
Why should hard-fawred griefe be lodg'd in thee.

Later Richard: Ioyne not with griefe, faire woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: iarm good soule,
To think vs former state a happy dreame,
From which away, the truth of what we are,
Shewes vs but this. I am sworne brother (sweet)
To grim necessity, and hee and I
Will keep a league till death, high thee to france,
To be repow'd: and wilt thou, pupje-like,
Lyon dying: thrtmeth forth his paw.
As from my dear bed, my last levee,
Thinke I am dead, and that euen here thou take.

Later Northumberland:

'Gainft my prophane house here haue stricken downe,
Our holy liues must winne a new worlds crowne,
When triumph is become an ale-house.

Why shoulde hard-fawed griefe be lodg'd in thee.

Later Northumberland:

Spin back iske hollowsavar of day.

Later Richard: And not King.

And not King, thou most beautious lune,
Why should hard-fawed griefe be lodg'd in thee.

Later Richard: And not King.

When triumph is become an ale-house.

Why should hard-fawed griefe be lodg'd in thee.

Later Northumberland:

Spin back iske hollowsavar of day.

Later Richard: And not King.

When triumph is become an ale-house.

Why shoulde hard-fawed griefe be lodg'd in thee.

Later Northumberland:

Spin back iske hollowsavar of day.

Later Richard: And not King.

When triumph is become an ale-house.

Why should hard-fawed griefe be lodg'd in thee.

Later Northumberland:

Spin back iske hollowsavar of day.

Later Richard: And not King.

When triumph is become an ale-house.

Why should hard-fawed griefe be lodg'd in thee.

Later Northumberland:

Spin back iske hollowsavar of day.

Later Richard: And not King.

When triumph is become an ale-house.

Why should hard-fawed griefe be lodg'd in thee.

Later Northumberland:

Spin back iske hollowsavar of day.

Later Richard: And not King.

When triumph is become an ale-house.

Why should hard-fawed griefe be lodg'd in thee.

Later Northumberland:

Spin back iske hollowsavar of day.

Later Richard: And not King.

When triumph is become an ale-house.

Why should hard-fawed griefe be lodg'd in thee.

Later Northumberland:

Spin back iske hollowsavar of day.

Later Richard: And not King.

When triumph is become an ale-house.

Why should hard-fawed griefe be lodg'd in thee.

Later Northumberland:

Spin back iske hollowsavar of day.

Later Richard: And not King.

When triumph is become an ale-house.

Why should hard-fawed griefe be lodg'd in thee.

Later Northumberland:

Spin back iske hollowsavar of day.

Later Richard: And not King.

When triumph is become an ale-house.

Why should hard-fawed griefe be lodg'd in thee.

Later Northumberland:

Spin back iske hollowsavar of day.

Later Richard: And not King.

When triumph is become an ale-house.

Why should hard-fawed griefe be lodg'd in thee.

Later Northumberland:

Spin back iske hollowsavar of day.

Later Richard: And not King.

When triumph is become an ale-house.

Why should hard-fawed griefe be lodg'd in thee.

Later Northumberland:

Spin back iske hollowsavar of day.
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art foolish.
For gay apparel against the Triumph.
'Tis nothing but a bond, that he is entered into.
I fear, 1 must re.
It is a matter of small consequence.
I will be satisfied; let me see the writing.
Yea, look thou pale? Let me see the writing.
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.
And bearing fealty to the new-made King.
Mounted upon a hot and fierce Steed,
Richards Friend.
Through Cæsar's darted their desiring eye.
So many greedy lookers of young and old,
Which his aspiring Rider seems to know.
What news from Oxford? Bold thou and Triumphs?
Lead you before you come to me.
And Madam, you must call him Roundhead now:
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
And lifting faute to the new-made King.
Dut. Welcome my son; who are the Violets now?
That flew the green lap of the new come Spring?
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,
But durst was thrown upon his Sacred head,
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning.
His face still combating with tears and smites
But durst was thrown upon his Sacred head.
Whence are you come? who are the Violets now?
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
As in a Theater, the eyes of men
Dutch. Alas poor Richard, where rides he the whilst?
York. As in a Theater, the eyes of men
Aum. Enter Aumerle.
York. That patient friend, what doth he with a bond?
For, what I knew of my untrusty Son;
No joyfull tongue gains him his welcome home.
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
No man aide, God save him:
As in a Theater, the eyes of men
Enter Servant with Boots.
York. Bring me my Boots. I will into the King.
Dut. Strike him Aumerle. Poor boy, get amaz'd.
Hence Villaine, never more come in my sight.
York. Give me my Boots, I say.
Dut. Why York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the Trefpasse of thine owne?
Hast we more Sonnes? Or are we like to hate?
Is not my teeming day drunk with time?
Wilt thou conceale this darke Conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have taken the Sacrament,
And interchangeably set downe their hands
To kill the King at Oxford.
Dut. He shall be none:
We'll keep him here: then what is that to him?
York. Bring me my Boots; I will unto the King.
Dut. I will appeach the Villaine.
York. What's the matter, my Lord?
Dut. I will not peace. What is the matter Sonne?
Aum. Good Mother be content, it is no more.
Then my poor life must answer.
Dut. Why his answer?

Enter Aumerle.
York. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.
Tess, I will be satisfied; let me see it I say. Snatches it
Treason, false Treson, Villaine. Traitor, Slave.
Dut. What is the matter, my Lord?
York. Hoa, who's within there? Saddle my horse.
Heaven for his mercy: what treachery is here?
Dut. Why, what is't my Lord?
York. Give me my boots, I say: Saddle my horse:
Now by my Honor, my life, my truth:
I will appeach the Villaine.
Dut. What is the matter?
York. Peace foolish Woman.
Dut. I will not peace. What is the matter Sonne?
Aum. Good Mother be content, it is no more.
Then my poor life must answer.
Dut. Thy life answer?

Enter Servant with Boots.
York. Bring me my boots. I will into the King.
Dut. Strike him Aumerle. Poor boy, get amaz'd. Hence Villaine, never more come in my sight.
York. Give me my boots, I say.
Dut. Why York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the Trespass of thine owne?
Hast we more Sonnes? Or are we like to hate?
Is not my teeming day drunk with time?
Wilt thou conceal this dark Conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have taken the Sacrament,
And interchangeably set downe their hands
To kill the King at Oxford.
Dut. He shall be none:
We'll keep him here: then what is that to him?
York. Bring me my boots; I will unto the King.
Dut. I will appeach the Villaine.
York. What's the matter, my Lord?
Dut. I will not peace. What is the matter Sonne?
Aum. Good Mother be content, it is no more.
Then my poor life must answer.
Dut. Why his answer?

Enter Aumerle.
York. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.
Tess, I will be satisfied; let me see it I say. Snatches it
Treason, false Treson, Villaine. Traitor, Slave.
Dut. What is the matter, my Lord?
York. Hoa, who's within there? Saddle my horse.
Heaven for his mercy: what treachery is here?
Dut. Why, what is't my Lord?
York. Give me my boots, I say: Saddle my horse:
Now by my Honor, my life, my truth:
I will appeach the Villaine.
Dut. What is the matter?
York. Peace foolish Woman.
Dut. I will not peace. What is the matter Sonne?
Aum. Good Mother be content, it is no more.
Then my poor life must answer.
Dut. Thy life answer?

Enter Servant with Boots.
York. Bring me my boots. I will into the King.
Dut. Strike him Aumerle. Poor boy, get amaz'd. Hence Villaine, never more come in my sight.
York. Give me my boots, I say.
Dut. Why York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the Trespass of thine owne?
Hast we more Sonnes? Or are we like to hate?
Is not my teeming day drunk with time?
Wilt thou conceal this dark Conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have taken the Sacrament,
And interchangeably set downe their hands
To kill the King at Oxford.
Dut. He shall be none:
We'll keep him here: then what is that to him?
York. Bring me my boots; I will unto the King.
Dut. I will appeach the Villaine.
York. What's the matter, my Lord?
Dut. I will not peace. What is the matter Sonne?
Aum. Good Mother be content, it is no more.
Then my poor life must answer.
Dut. Why his answer?

Enter Aumerle.
York. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.
Tess, I will be satisfied; let me see it I say. Snatches it
Treason, false Treson, Villaine. Traitor, Slave.
Dut. What is the matter, my Lord?
York. Hoa, who's within there? Saddle my horse.
Heaven for his mercy: what treachery is here?
Dut. Why, what is't my Lord?
York. Give me my boots, I say: Saddle my horse:
Now by my Honor, my life, my truth:
I will appeach the Villaine.
Dut. What is the matter?
York. Peace foolish Woman.
Dut. I will not peace. What is the matter Sonne?
Aum. Good Mother be content, it is no more.
Then my poor life must answer.
Dut. Thy life answer?
As thistlelike Sonnes, ther's scraping Fathers Gold.
Mere honor lives, when his dishonor dies,
Or my shamed life, in his dishonor lies:
 Thou kill'st me in his life, giving him breath,
The Traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duchess. What hav'st (my Liege) for heaven's sake let me in.
But. What thrift-volv'd Suppliant makes this eager cry?
Dut. A woman, and thine Aunt (great King) risst I
Speake with me, pitty me, open the door,
A Beggar bags, that never begg'd before.
But. Our Scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to the Begger, and the King
My dangerous Cousin, let your Mother in,
I know she's come, to pray for your foule fin.
Turk. If thou do pardon, whoseuer pray.
More times for this forgiuness prosper may.
This feller'd joynt cut off, the rest rels found,
This let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Duchess.

Dut. O King, beleece not this hard-hearted man,
Loud, louing not it selfe, none other can.
Tor. Thou frantick woman, what dost ymake here,
Shall thy old dugges, once more a Traitor reare?
But. Sweet Yorke be patient, hear me gentle Liege.
But. Rife vp good Aunt.
Dut. Not yet, I thee beseech.
For ever will I kneele upon my knees,
And never fee day, that the happy seas;
Till thou gine joy: vs till thou bid me joy.
By pardoning Rutland, my trangrelfing Boy.
Aum. Whom mo my mothers prayres, I bend my knee.
Turk. Againift them both, my true ioynts bended be.
Dut. Pleades he in earnest? Looke vp on his Face.
His eyes do drop no teares: his prayres are in fe.
His words come from his mouth, ours from our brest.
His prayers are full of falfe hypocrilie.
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them haue
Ours of true zealc, and deepe iniegritie:
No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's so meeS.
The word is flhort but not fo shott as fweet,
I neuer long'd to heare a word till now
Weptay with heart, and foule, and all befide:
Pardon fhould be the firft word of thy fpeach.
But. Good Aunt stand vp.
Dut. Nay, do not fay stand vp,
But Pardon firft, and afterwards stand vp.
And if I were thy Nurce, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon fhould be the firft word of thy speach.
I neuer long'd to heare a word till now:
Say Pardon (King) yet pitty read thee how.
The word is short but not fo short as fweet,
No word like Pardon, for Kings moth's to meet.
Turk. Speake it in French(King) say Pardon's my way.
Dut. Doft thou teach pardon, Pardon to deftroy?
Ah my fowre husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That fee's the word it felle, againft the word.
Speake Pardon, as 'tis currant in our Land,
The chopping French we do not vnderftand.
Thine eye begins to speake, let thy tongue there,
Or in thy pinteous heart, plant thou thine eare.
That hearing how our plains and prayres do peace,
Pitty may move thee, Pardon to rehearce.
But. Good Aunt, stand vp.
Dut. I do not fuc to fand,
Pardon is all the fuite I haue in hand.
Scena Quarta.

Enter Richard.

Richard. Have I bin studing, how to compare This Prison where I live, into the World: And for because the World is populous. And here is not a Creature, but my selfe, I cannot do it: yet Ile hammer's out. My Braine, ile pride the Female to my Soule, My Soule, the Father; and these two beget A generation of full breeding Thoughts; And these 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 Divine, are intermixe With scruples, and do fet the Faith it selfe Against the Faith as thus: Come little ones: & then again, It is as hard to come, as for a Camel To thred the pothole of a Needle eye. Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot Unlikely wonders: how these vaine weaklie naval May eate a passage through the Flinty ribbes Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls: And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride. Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themselves, That they are not the first of Fortunes slaves, Nor shall not be the last. Like silly Beggars Who sitting in the Stocks, refuge their shame That many hate, and others must fit there; And in this Thought, they finde a kind of ease.
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

And yet I bear a burden like an Afe,
Sprat-gall’d, and tyred by tainting. Bullingbrook.

Enter Keeper with a Dis.

Keeper. Fellow, give place, here is no longer stay.

Richard. If thou love me, ’tis time thou wert away.

Gros. What my tongue doeth not, thou my heart shall say.

Keeper. My Lord, wilt please you to fall too?

Richard. Taste it first, as thou wert to do.

Keeper. My Lord I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton, Who lately came from th’King, commands the contrary.

Richard. Then let the devil take Hencie of Lancaster, and thee.

Patience is fatal, and I am weary of it.

Keeper. Help, help, help, help.

Enter Exton and Servants.


That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That flags thee thus my person.

Hath with the King’s blood, claim’d the King’s own land.
Mount, mount my soul, thy seat is up on high,
Whilest my coarse flesh sinks downward, here to dye.

Exton. As full of Valor, as of Royal blood,
Both have I spilt: Oh would the deed were good.

For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead King to the living King I beare,
Take hence the rest, and give them burials here.

Enter Exton with a Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I present.

Thy buried fears. Herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

But from your owne mouth, my Lord, did I this deed.

They love not poison, that do poison need.
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the Murderer, love him murdered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour.
But neither my good word, nor Princely favour.
With go wander through the shade of night,
And never shew thy head by day, nor light.
Lords, I protest my soul is full of woe.
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow.
Come mourn with me, for that I do lament.
And put on full Black incontinent:
He makes a voyage to the Holy-land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
March sadly after, grace my mourning here.

Enter Bullingbrooke, York, with other Lords & attendants.

But. Kinde Vnkle Yorke, the lastest newes we heare Is that the Rebels have consum’d with fire Our Town of Giceter in Gloucestershipe, But whether they be tane or slaine, we heare not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome my Lord: What is the newes? Nor. First to thy Sacred State, wish I all happiness:
The next newes is, I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blount, and Kent.

The manner of their taking may appear
At large disscoursd in this paper here.

But. We thank thee gentle Percy for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter Fitzwater.


But. Thy paities Fitzwater shall not be forgot,
Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.

The manner of their taking may appear
At large disscoursd in this paper here.

Sul. We thank thee gentle Percy for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter Fitzwater.


But. Thy paities Fitzwater shall not be forgot,
Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.

FINIS.
Enter the King, Lord John of Lanchise, Earle of Hereford, with others.

King.

Oftaken as we are, to wan with care,
Fite we a time for frighted Peace to pant,
And breath threetwined accouts of new broils:
To be commended in Stronds at farre remote:
No more the thisty entrance of this Solle,
Shall daub her lippes with her owne childrens blood,
No more shall trenching Warre channel her fields,
Nor bruise her Flowers with the Armed hooves
Of hostile paces. Tho' opposed eyes,
Which like the Metals of a troubled Heaven,
All of one Nature, of one Substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intense thripe,
And furious close of ciuil Butchery,
Shall now id Muvtall well-befeming rankes
March all one way, and be no more oppo'd
Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more (hall cut his Mafler. Therefore Friends,
At farre as to the Sepulcher of Chrift,
Whose Souldier now vnder whofe blffed Croffe
We are imprefsed and ingag'd toght.
Forthwith a power of Englifh (hall we leve,
Whose armes were moulded in their Mothers wombe.
To chace ehefe Pagans in thofe holy Fields,
Ooer whofe Acres walk'd thofe blffed feete
Which fourteenehundred yeates ago were nail'd
For our aduasuage on the bitter Croffe.
But this our purpofe is a tweluemonth old,
And bootleffe's to tellyouwe will go:
Therefore we roeete not new. Then let me heare
Of you my gentle Coufin Weftmerland,
What yefternight our Councell did decree.
In forwarding this deere expedience.
King.

This hade was hot in queftion,
And many limits of the Charge set downe
But yefternight: when all athwart there came
A Poft from Wales, loaden with heavy Newes;
Whole word was, That the Noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wilde Glendyne,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered:
Upon whose dead corps there was such misufe,
Such beauly, shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
(Without much frame) re-told or spoken of.

King. It fumes then, that the tidings of this broil,
Shall daube-hcr lippes with hay owne childrens blood.
No more (hall trenching Wane channell her fields,
Nor bruife her Flow ret a with the Armed hoofes
Of hostile paces. Tho' opposed eyes,
Which like the Metals of a troubled Heaven,
All of one Nature, of one Substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intense thripe,
And furious close of ciuil Butchery,
Shall now id Muvtall well-befeming rankes
March all one way, and be no more oppo'd
Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more (hall cut his Mafler. Therefore Friends,
At farre as to the Sepulcher of Chrift,
Whose Souldier now vnder whofe blffed Croffe
We are imprefsed and ingag'd toght.
Forthwith a power of Englifh (hall we leve,
Whose armes were moulded in their Mothers wombe.
To chace ehefe Pagans in thofe holy Fields,
Ooer whofe Acres walk'd thofe blffed feete
Which fourteenehundred yeates ago were nail'd
For our aduasuage on the bitter Croffe.
But this our purpofe is a tweluemonth old,
And bootleffe's to tellyouwe will go:
Therefore we roeete not new. Then let me heare
Of you my gentle Coufin Weftmerland,
What yefternight our Councell did decree.
In forwarding this deere expedience.

Vio. A Conqueft for a Prince to boast of.

King. Yes, thou mak'ft me sad, & mak'ft me sin,
In envy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the Father of fo blefi a Sonne:
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Hopon tongue j
Among the Groufes, the very straightest Plant,
Who is sweet Fortunes Mmion,and her Pride:
The Earl of Douglas, and the Earl of Arbal,
Of Mury, & Argu, and Menich.
And is not this an honourable fpoyle ?
A gallant prize ? Ha Cofin, is it not? Infaith it is.

A Conqueft for a Prince to boast of.

King. Yes, there thou mak'ft me sad, & mak'ft me sin,
In envy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the Father of fo blefi a Sonne:
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Fortunes tongue:
Among the Groufes, the very straightest Plant,
Who is sweet Fortunes Mmion, and her Pride:
Whill f | by looking on the prafe of him,
See Ryot and Difhonor faine the brow
Of my yong Harry. O that it could be prou'd,
That fome Night-tripping Faiery, had exhanged
In Credle-clothes, our Children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenets:
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine: But let him from my thoughts. What thinkes you Coze of this young Pereire prize? The Prisoners Which in this adventure hath surpriz'd, To his owne eye he keepes, and lends me word I shall have none but Mordace Earl of Essex. This is his Vnkleste teaching. This is Worcefel Malevolent to you in all Aspects: Which makes him prube himselfe and breede vp The creft of Youth again!! your Dignity. To his owne vfe he keepes, and sends me word Ot i hi> yoong Pcreiet pride ?The Prisoners Malevolent to you in all Aspects: H(trry, and nd Then would I have his At Wind for, and so informe the Lords: Earle of Fife. But lei him from my thoughts. What thinke you Coze Our holy purpofe to Jerusalem. But come your felfe Auth fpeed to vs againe, Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd. Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after Supper, and deeping as the ridge of the Gallo wes. vnlefle houres were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons^ upon Benches in the afternoone, that thou haft forgotten of Leapinghoufes, and the blefled Sunne himfelfe at aire hot Wench in Tlame-colourcd Taffara; 1 feenoresfon, and cfockes the tongues of Bawdes, and diall the fignei to demand that truely, which thou wouldeft truly know. Moone: asfor proofe. Now Purfe of Gold moft refo-

**Scena Secunda.**

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir John Falstaff, and Poynets.

*Fal.* Now Hal, what time of day is it Ladd? *Prin.* Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of olde Sacke, and vnbuttering thee after Supper, and sleeping vpon Benches in the afternoone, that thou haft forgotten to demand that truely, which thou wouldest truly know. What a dullw half thou to do with the time of the day? vnufe houses were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons, and clockes the tongues of Bawdes, and dialls the figurer of Leaping-houses, and the blefled Sunne himfelfe a blite hot Wench in Flame-coloured Taffafts; I fee no refon, why thou shouldest bee, fo superfluouf, to demand the time of the day.

*Fal.* Indeed you come neere me now Hal, for we that take Purfes goe by the Moone and fecretly. and not Prin.

*Fal.* What, none?

*Fal.* No, not fo much as will ferue to be Prologue to an Egge and Butter.

*Fal.* Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.

*Fal.* Marty then, sweet Wagge, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the Nightes bodie, bee call’d Theues of the Dayes beautie. Let vs be Conduits Forcers, Gentlemen of the Bride. Minions of the Moone; and let men fay, we be men of good Gouvernment, being gouerned as the Sea is, by our noble and chaffe Mirth the Moone, vnder whose countenance we feale.

*Fal.* Thou fay’st well, and it holds weill coo: for the Prin.

*Fal.* What fay’d thou to a Hare, or the Mencholly Drone of a Lincolnhire Bagpipe.

*Fal.* Yea, for obtaining of fuites, whereof the Hangman hath no leane Wardrobe. I am as Mencholly as a Gyb-Cat, or a lugg’d Bear.

*Fal.* Or an old Lyon, or a Louers Lute.

*Fal.* What fay’st thou to a Hare, or the Mencholly of Moore Dutch?

*Fal.* Thou haft the moft unfaucery smiles, and art indeed the moft comparative raffleft sweet young 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 oke Lord of the Council ratteled me the other day in the street about you ftr, but I mak’d him not, and yet he talk’d very wisely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talk’d wisely, and in the street too.

*Prin.* Thou didst well: for no man regards it.

*Fal.* O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indede able to corrupt a Saint. Thou haft done much harme vn-

*Fal.* No, 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 give thee thy due, thou haft paid at there.

*Prin.* Yea and elfewhere, fo fare as my Coine would stretch, and where it would not, I have vs’d my credit.

*Fal.* Yea, and so vs’d it, that were it heere apparent, that thou art Heire apparennt. But I prythee sweet Wag, shall there be Gallowses ftanding in England when thou art King? and resolution thus fobb’d as it is, with the raffle curie of old Father Antike the Law? Doe not thou when thou art a King, hang a Theefe.

*Prin.* No, thou shalt.

*Fal.* Shall I? O rare! Ile be a brave Judge.

*Prin.* Theu induge falle already. I mean, thou shalt haue the hang, ing of the Theeues, and so 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 Mencholly as a Gyb-Cat, or a lugg’d Bear.

*Prin.* Or an old Lyon, or a Louers Lute.

*Fal.* Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnshire Bagpipe.

*Prin.* What fay’st thou to a Hare, or the Mencholly of Moore Dutch?

*Fal.* Thou haft the moft unfaucery smiles, and art indeed the moft comparative raffleft sweet young 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 oke Lord of the Council ratteled me the other day in the street about you ftr, but I mak’d him not, and yet he talk’d very wisely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talk’d wisely, and in the street too.

*Prin.* Thou didst well: for no man regards it.

*Fal.* O, thou haft damnable iteration, and art indede able to corrupt a Saint. Thou haft done much harme un-

*Fal.* Yea, for obtaining of fuites, whereof the Hang¬

*Fal.* No, thou shalt.

*Prin.* Why, this is my Vocation Hal: This is no fin for a man to labour in his Vocation.

*Prin.* Now shall we know if Gods hill have fet a Watch. O, if men were to be faied by mean, what hole in Hell were not enough for him? This is the moft omni-

*Prin.* Good morrow Ned,
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Points. Good morrow sweet Hal. What fai's Monshier Remorse? What fayes Sir John Sack & Sugar: Jacke? How agrees th' Diuell and thee about thy Soule, this thou fold't him on Good Friday last, for a Cup of Maders, and a cold Capon legge?

Pra. Sir John stands to his word, the diuell shall have his bargain, for he was neuer yet a Breaker of Proverbs will gift: the diuell his due.

Pey. Be our feiues. -

Foure a clocke early at Gads bill, there are Pilgrimes going to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders Eastcheape; we may doe it as seere as sleepe: if you will night in Worcester, I haue bespoke Supper to morrow in Eastcheape; I haue horfes fet your (clues: Gads-hill lyes to go, I will stuffe your Purses full of Crownes: if you will lie hang you for going. Not, tarry at home and be bang'd.

Pey. By our habits, and by euery other appointment to

Pey. Robbe thofe men that wee haue already way-lyde, vour posts.

Pey. Why, we wil set forth before or after them, and

Pey. Farewell, my Lord.

Exit Points.

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate, Vnapt to ftirre at thisfe indignities. You were about to fpeake.

Vnapt to ftirre at thsfe indigities.

Farewell, my Lord.

Exeunt King, Northumberland, Worcesiter, Holspur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

Scena Tertia.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcesiter, Holspur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate, Vnapt to ftirre at thsfe indignities. And you have found me; for accoudingly, You tread upon my patience: But be fure, I will from henceforth terme by me Selve, Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition Which hath beene smooth as Oyle, sof as yong Downe, And therefore loft that Title of repect, Which the proud foule ne're payes, but to the proude, Our house (my Souersigne Liege) little deferves The fnare of greaftnee to be vied on it, And that fame greaftnee too, which our owne hands Hauel holpe to make so portly.

Nor. My Lord.

King. Worcesiter gethe gone: for I doe fce Danger and disobedience in thine eye. Of your presence is too bold and prteemptory, And Maiestie might neuer yet endure The moody Frontier of a seruant brow, You have good leave to leave vs. When we need Your vc and counsell, we fhall fend for you, You were aboue to speake.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Those Prisoners in your Highness demanded,
Which Henry Percy here to Holmedon took,
Were (as he says) not with such strength denied
As was delivered to your Majesty:
Who either through envy, or misprision
Was guilty of this fault; and not my Sonne.

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners.

But, I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with Rage, and extreme Toyle,
Beauchiefle, and Faint, leaning upon my Sword,
Came there a certaine Lord, near and trimly drest;
Freth'ss Bride-groome, and his Chin new rapt.
Shew'd he a ftable Land at Hauall home.
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And twas his Finger and his Thumbe, he held
A Pounter-bow: which ever so anm.
He gave his Nose, and took 'taway againe:
Who therewith angry, when it next came there.
Tooke it in Snuffe.
And Bill he smiled and talk'd.
When they haue loft and forfey ted therofelue®.
The liues of those, that he did leade to Fight,
His Brother-in-Law, the ifolifh Mortimer,
Hath lately married. Shall our Coffers then.
Betwixt the Wmde.
And as the Souldiers bare dead bodies by,
And twist his Finger and his Thumbe. he held
Fresh as a Bride-grooms, and his Chin new rapt.
Whose daughter (as we hcare) the Earle of March
Again, at the great Magitian, damn'd Glendower.
And that it was great pitty, so it was.

I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To sue a perfon, and in such a place.
Come cutrant for an Accufation,
Made me to answer (as I said.)

But with Prouifo and Exception,
Who (in my foule) hath wilfully betraid
That we at our owne charge, shall ransome straignt
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he faid, so he vanify it now.

King. Why yet doth deny his Prisoners,
But with Prouido and Exception,
That we as owne charge, shall ransome straignt
His Brother-in-Law, the foolish Mortimer.
Who (in my foule) hath wilfully betraid
The liues of those, that he did leade to Fight,
Against the great Magitian, damn'd Glendower;
Whose daughter (as we hcare) the Earle of March
Hath lately married. Shall our Coffers then,
Be emptied, to redeeme a Traitor home?
Shall we buy Trafion, and indent with Feares,
When they have lost and forfey ted themselves.

No: on the barren Mountaine let him there;
For I shall never hold that man my Friend;
Whose tongue shall ask me for one peny cost.
To ransome home resold Mortimer.

Hot. Resold Mortimer?

He never did fall off, my Soueraine Liege,
But by the chance of Warre: so pouze that true,
Needs no more but one tongue. For all those Wounds,
Those mouthed Wounds, which valliante he cooke,
When on the gentle Suerene fiedgie banke,
In fingle Opposition hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink
Upon agreement, of swift Squerues flood;
Who then alighted with their bloody looks,
Ren fearefully among the trembling Reeds,
And hid his eclipse-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-faurn with theft Valiant Combaunces.
Neuer did safe and rotten Policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the Noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and ell willingly:
Then let him not be flandred with Revolt.

King. Thou dost bely him Percy, thou dost bely him;
He neuer did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee, he durft as well have met the dwuell alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

Art thou not afham'd; But Sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speake of Mortimer.

Send me your Prisoners with the speddief meanes,
Or you shall hear in suche a kinde from me
As will displease ye. My Lord Northumberland.
We Licence you departures with your fonne,
Send vs your Prisoners, vs you have of it. Exit King.

Hot. And if the dwuell come and roare for them
I will not fend them. I will after Straigne.

And tell him fo: for I will eafe my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

Nor. What? Drunk with choller & paufe awhile,
Here comes your Vnckle. Enter Warwick.

Hot. Speake of Mortimer?

Yes, I will speake of him, and let my foule
Wor. My Lord, 1 did deny no Prifonets.

He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
And hid his crifpe head in the hollow banke,
When on the gentle Seuernes fiedgie banke.
In treble hardiment with great Mortimer,
As high in Ayre, as this Vnthankfull King,
And hid his crifpe head in the hollow banke,
When on the gentle Suerene fiedgie banke.
In treble hardiment with great Mortimer,
As high in Ayre, as this Vnthankfull King,
And hid his crifpe head in the hollow banke,
When on the gentle Seuernes fiedgie banke.
In treble hardiment with great Mortimer,
As high in Ayre, as this Vnthankfull King,
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Act I, Scene i

Henry: But faith I pray you, did King Richard then proclain my brother Mortimer, heyre to the Crowne?

Now: He did, my selfe did heare it.

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame my Cousin King, that would haue him on the barren Mountains thar'd. But shal it be, that you that set the Crowne upon the head of this forgetfull man. But will it be, that you that set the Crowne, to hew the Line, and the Predicament being the Agents, or base second mtancs, shall it for shame, be spoken in these dayes. That men of your Nobility and Power, o pardon, if that I descend so low, reuenge the genering and disdamed contempt Richard, that sweetlouely Rose, to pousse downe did gage them both in an vnjust behalf. Send danger from the East unto the West. To answer all the debt he owes unto you, of this proud King, who studies day and night. Therefore I say--

That you are fool'd, discredited, and hook'd off and plant this Thorne, this Canker. (As Both of you, God pardon it, haue done) Wherein you range under this subtlest King. And let them grapple: The blood more stirres as full of perill and sudenturous Spirit. Your banished Honors, and restore your selves. So he that doth redeem her thence, might weare and in his eare. He holla'd, he would not ransom those prisoners you shall keepe. A plague upon't, it is in Grounterhire; Twas, where the madcap Duke his Unde kept. Good Vnde tell your tale, for I haue done. But will finde her when he lies asleep. He apprehends a world of figures here, vor. I know it, I am whipt & scour'd with rods, and kinde Cousin: O, the Devil take such Couzeners. God forgive me. And lend no care unto my purposes, and in his eare, Ile bollia Mortimer. Nay, I haue a Starling shall be taught to speake Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him, to keep his anger full in motion. War. Heere you Cousin: a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly define, Saw how to gell and pinch this Bulingbrooke, and that same sword and buckler Prince of Wales. But that I thinke his Father loues him not, and would be glad he met with some mishance, I would have poyn'd him with a pot of Ale. War. Farewel Kingman: Ile talk to you When you are better temper'd to attend. Now. Why what a Walfpe-tongu'd impostant foolo Art thou, to breake into this Women's mood, Tyng thine eare to no tongue but thine owne? Hot. Why look you, I am whipt & scour'd with rods, Netled, and flung with Pismires, when I heare of this vile politician Bulingbrooke. In Richard's time: What de ye cal the place? A plague upon't, it is in Gloufterhire; Twas, where the madcap Duke his Unde kept, his Vnde Yorke, where I first bow'd my knee unto this King of Smiles, this Bulingbrooke: When you and he came backe from Ravespurgh. Now. At Barkley Caife. Hot. You say true:

Why what a saucelie deal of certes, This fauning Gray-bounding then did profess me. Look when his infant Fortune came to age, And gentle Harry Percy, and fonde Cousin: O, the Dulle take such Couseners, God forgive me, Good Vnde tell your tale, for I haue done. Nay. if you have not, too't againe, We'll stay your levyre. Hot. I have done inooth. War. Then once more to your Scotsish Prisoners. Deliever them vp without their ransome straight, And make the Douglas none you only means For powres in Scotland: which for divers reasons Which I shall lend you written, be assur'd Will easilie be granted you, my Lord. Your Sonne in Scotland being thus imply'd, Shall secretly into the bosome crepe of that same noble Preture, well belou'd, The Archibishop. Hot. Of Yorke, it is not?

War. True, who bears hard His Brothers death at Breiflow, the Lord Scroope. I speake not this in affimation, As what I thinke might be, but what I know is nominated, ploted, and set downe, And only flays but to behold the face Of that occasion that shall bring it on. Hot. I smell it:

Upon my life, it will do wondrous well. Now. Before the game's a-foot, thou let't a fly. Hot. Why? it cannot chooce but be a Noble plot,
And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke
To joyn with Mortimer, He.

Nor. And so they shall.

He. Insoith it is exceedingly well seen'd.

Nor. And his a little eason bides vs speed,
To save our heads, by casting of a Hare.
For, beare our felvthes as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt,
And thinkke, we thinkke our felvthes unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And fce already, how he doth beginne
To make vs strengers to his lookers of love.

He. He does, he does: wee'll be reveng'd on him.

Till he hath found a time to pay us home.

And fee already, how he doth beginne
To make us strongers to his lookers of love.

Enter a Corner with a Larnske in his hand.

Enter another Corner.

Enter Cids-kill.

The Firfl Tan of King Henry the Fifth.

Heigh-ho, and be not foure by the day, lie be
Pease and Beanes are as danke here as a Dog,
Like a Tench? There is ne're a King in d"-

Nor. Farewell good Brother, we shall thrive, I t/l/.

And 'cis no little reaason bids us fpeed,
To London? It holds currant that I told you to-morrow.
There's a Franklin in the wide of Kent, hast brought these hundred Markes with
him in Gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night as Supper; a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance
of charge too (God knowes what) they are vpe already,
and call for Eggs and Butter. They will away
preety.

Gad. What ho, Chamberlain?

Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purfe.

Gad. That's even as faire, as at hand quoth the Cham-
berlaine: For thou variest no more from picking of Pur-
ses, then giving direction, doth from labouring. Thou
layt the plot, how.

Cham. Good morrow Master Gad-Hill, it holds curr-
rant that I told you to-morrow. There's a Franklin in the
wilde of Kent, hast brought these hundred Markes with
him in Gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last
night as Supper; a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance
of charge too (God knowes what) they are vpe already,
and call for Eggs and Butter. They will away
preety.

Gad. Sirs, if they meet not with S.Nicholas Clarks, Ile give thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it: I prithee keep that for the
Hagmann, for I know thou worshipst S.Nicholas as tru-
ly as a man of falsehood may.

Gad. What talke thinkest thou of me the Hangman? If I hang,
Ile make a fat payre of Gallows. For, if I hang,
old Sir JOHN hangs with me, and thou know'st he's no
Starveling. Tut, there are other Troians that dreem'
not of the which (for sport sake) are content to doe
the Profession some grace; that would (if matters shal be
lock'd into) for their own Credite sake, make all Whole.
I am joyned with no Poor-land-Rakers, no Long-lease
six-penny flinker, none of these mad Muffachio-purple-
hued Militias, but with Nobility, and Tranquillitie;
Bourgoiers, and great Oneys, such as can hide in,
such as will strike sooner then speak, and speake sooner
then drink, and drinke sooner then prays: and yet I leve,
for they pray continually unto their Saint the Common-
wealth: or rather, not to pray to her, but pray on hersef
They side vp & downe on her, and make hit their Boots.

Cham. What, the Commonwealth their Booses? Will
she hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, she will; lurlicse hath liquord her. We
feale as in a Castle, cocksure: we have the receipt of Fern-
feede, we walke unblible.

Cham. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholding
to the Night, then to the Fernseed, for your walking
unblible.

Gad. Give me thy hand
Thou shalt have a share in our purpose
As I am a true men.

Cham. Nay, rather let mee have it, as you are a fals
Thesse.

Gad. Goetoo: Home is a common name to all men.
But the Oller bring the Gelding out of the stable. Fare-
well, ye muddy Kanne.

Enter, Scena

Exeunt.
Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince Powis, and Prio.

Powis: Come shelter, shelter, I have removed Falstaff Horse, and he frets like a gum'd Velvet.

Prio. Stand close.

Fal. Poin'ts, Points, and hang'd Points.


Fal. What Points, Hal?

Prio. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill, I do go seek him.

Fal. I am accust to rob in that Theese company; that Raffe hath removed my Horse, and tied him I know not where. If I truell but fowre foot by the fquire further a foote, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but this's a dolf, Plague vpon you both. I left thee ere I Peto.

Fal. Sacke be my poison: when a jest is fo forward, 0 theseVarlets, they hate vs youth, downe with them, fleace them.

Prio. O. we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.

Fal. Haue you any Leaders to lift me vp again being downe? Ile haue mine ownne foote fowre foote again, for all the coin in thy Fathers Exchequer What a plague meant ye to colt me thus?

Prio. Thou ly'st, thou art not colted, thou art uncalled.

Fal. I prethee good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good Kings innome.

Prio. Out thou Rogue, shal I be your Officer?

Fal. Go hang thy felle in thine owne ievering Garters: If I be tame, Ile precache for this: and I have not Ballads made on all, and fong to finchy tunes, let a Cup of Sacke bee my poyson: when a left is fo forward, & a foot too, I hate it.

Enter Gods-hill.

Prio. You fowre shall front them in the narrow Lane: Ned and I, will waite lower; if they fcape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

Fal. But how many be of them?

Prio. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob vs?

Prio. What? A Coward Six John Punch?

Fal. Indeed I am not thes of Gaus your Grandfather: but yet no Coward, Hal.

Prio. We'll leaue that to the poore.

Prio. Sirs a lacke, thy horse stands behind the hedg, when thou need'ft him, there thou shalt finde him. Farewell, and hand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

Prio. Ned, where are our disguises?

Fal. Heere hard by: Stand close.

Fal. Now my Masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his businesse.

Enter Travellers.

Tr. Come Neighbor: the boy shall lead our Horses downe the hill: We'll walk a foot a while, and ease our Legges. Thou: Stay.

Tr. Jesu bleffe vs.

Fal. Strike: down with them, cut the villains throates; a whorfon Caterpillars. Bacon-fed Knaues, they hate vs youth; downe with them, fleace them.

Tr. 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 fowre were here. On Bacon on, what ye knaues? Yong men must liue, you are Grand lurrers, are ye? We'll bare ye faith.

Here they rob them, and bende them. Enter the Prince and Powis.

Prio. The Theuues haue bound the True-men: Now could thou and I rob the Theuues, and gomotery to London, it would be argument for a Wecke, Laughter for a Moneth, and a good jest for euer.

Powis. Stand close, I heare them comming.

Enter Theuues again.

Fal. Come my Masters, let vs share, and then to hoffe before day: and the Prince and Powises bee not two atand Coudards, there's no equity flaring. There's no more valour in that Powises, than in a wild Bucke.

Prio. Your money.

Powis. Villaines

As they are flaring, the Prince and Powises fit open them, They all ran away, leaving the booty behind them.

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to Horse: The Theuues are flattered, and poiffet with faw strongely, that they dare not meet each other: each takes his fellow for an Officer. Away good Ned, Falstaff, towards to death, and Lords the eane earth as he walks alone, we're not for laughing. I should pity him.

Prio. How the Rogue toar'd.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hotspurrs folus, reading a Letter.

But for more owne part, my Lords, I could bee well contented to be there, on respett of the laws I haue your house.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

He could be contented: Why is he not then in respect of the loue he beares our house. He thieves in this, he loves his owne Barne better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. The purpofe you undertake is dangerous. Why that's certaine? This is dangerous to take a Colde, to sleepe, to drinke; but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this Nestle, Danger, we plucke this Flower, Safety. The purpofe you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you have named uncertaine, the Time is selfe unfortuned, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an Opposition. Say you fo, say you so: I say unto you againe, you are a shallow cowardly Hinde, and you lye. What a lacke-braintie is this? I protest, our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; our Friend true and constant: A good Plotte, very good Friends, and full of expe&ation: An excellent plot, very good Friends. What a Broil?, Spiteful rogue is this? Why, my Lord of York commends the plot, and the brains this? I protest, our plot is as good a plot as euer I was lade; our Friend true and constant: A good Plottte, and Owen Glendoun? Is there not my Father, my Uncle, and my Sdfe, Lord neth? and are they not to me in Armes by the ninth of the next Month? and are they not tome of them set forward already?

Enter his Lady.

How now Kate, I muft leaue you within these two hours. 

La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I this fortnight bin lead him forth bid him ftraight. 

Butler Enter Esp&ranco, into the Parke.

Mortimer ther doth styrretbout his Title, and hath fent know your busiuerelf, Harry, that 1 will. I feare my Bro¬

Harry thou wilt not tel me true. 

This is no world I eare not for thee Kate, 

Kate vnto this queftion. that I fhallesake. Indeede I lfebreake And paffe them currant too. Gods me.my horfe. But yet a woman: 

Kate I will not loue my felfe. Do you not soue me? We muft haue bloody Wofes, and crack'd Crownes, I will not loue my felfe. Do you not soue me? 

Kate What fay'ft thou Ad/f? whar wold'ft thou haue with me? 

La. Do ye not loue me? Do ye not indeed? 

Kate Well, do not then. For since you loue me not I will not loue my felfe. Do you not loue me? 

Kate Nay, tell me ifhoulpeak in left or no. 

La. Come, wilt thou feeme ride? And when I am a hoffebacke, I will swear I loue thee infinitely. But heare you Kate, I muft not haue you henceforth, quefition me, Whether I go : nor reafon whereabout. 

Wh Whether I muft, 1 rouft: and to conclude. 

This Evening muft I lceue the, gentle Kate. 

I know you wife, but yet no further wife 

Then Harry Pencier wife. Conflant you are, 

But yet a woman : and fer recelie, 

No Lady clofer. For I will beleue 

Thou wilt not wite what thou didst not know, 

And fo faire wilt I truf te gentle Kate. 

La. How fo faire? 

Hot.Not an inch further. But harke you Kate, Whither I go, thither hall you go too: 

To day will I let forth, to morrow you. 

Will this content you Kate? 

La. It muft of force.

Enter Prince and Poines.

Prim. Ned,priestes come, out of that freerome, & lend me thy hand to laugh a little. 

Poines. Where haft bene Hall? 

Prim. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongg 3, or fourecores Hogfheads. I have founded the verie bafe 

Desd.3 ey
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

they cry them, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am to go a good physician in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any Thinker in his own Language during my life. I tell thee Ned, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wert not with me in this action: But weet Ned, to sweaten which name of Ned, I give thee this penworth of Sugar, clasp e'en now into my hand by an under Skinkel, one that never speaketh other English in his life, then Eight flings and six pence, and, You are welcome: with this Thrill addition, Anon, Anon sir, Score a Pint of Baflard in the Half Moone, or so. But Ned, to drive away time till Falstaff come, I prithee doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my puny Drury, to what end he gave me the Sugar, and do not leaue calling Francis, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, Anon iftpe, and Ile shew thee a President.

Enter Francis.

Prin. Thou art perfect.

Poin. Francis.

Enter Drawer.

Franc. Anon, anon sir, I looke downe into the Pomgranate, Ralph.

Prince. Come hither Francis.

Franc. My Lord.

Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Franc. For three houre and a half, as much as to.

Poin. Francis.

Franc. Anon, anon sir.

Prince. Five yeaers: Be aye a long Leafe for the clinking of Pewter. But Francis, dareft thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, & shew it a faire pair of heele, and run from it?

Franc. O Lord sir, Ile be forborne vpon all the Books in England, I could finde in my heart.

Poin. Francis.

Franc. Anon, anon sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Franc. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shalbe.

Poin. Francis.

Franc. Anon sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou ganst me, twas a panny worth, was’t not?

Franc. O Lord sir, I would it had bene two.

Prince. I will shew thee for it a thousand pound: Ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

Poin. Francis.

Franc. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis: or Francis, on Thursday: or indeed Francis when thou wilt. But Francis.

Franc. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leathern jerkin, Crichtall button, Not-paied, Agar ring, Puke flocking, Caddey garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouche.

Franc. O Lord sir, what do you mean?

Prince. Why then your braveness Bastard is you present drinke: for looke you Francis, your white Cacus doubllet will fulley. In Barbybar fyr, it cannot come to so much.

Franc. What sir?

Poin. Francis.

Prince. Away you Rogue, doth thou heare them call? Here they both call bise, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Quntner.

Pint. What stand it thou still, and hear’st such a cal
The First Part of Henry the Fourth.

57

that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing: give me them that will face me. Give me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drink to day.

Prince. O Villaine, thy Lippes are scarce wip'd, since thou drunk't left.
Falfi. All's one for that, He drinks.

A plague of all Cawords fill, say L
Prince. What's the matter?
Falfi. What's the matter? here be foure of vs, have ta'n a thousand pound this Morning.
Prince. Where is it, fac? where is it?
Falfi. Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a hundred upon poore foure of vs.
Prince. What, a hundred, man?
Falfi. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with a dozen of them two hures together. I have seapered by miracle. I am eight times drunke through the Doublet, a dozen of them two homes together. I haue escaped by snthrough, my Sword backt like a Hand-law, foure through the Hote, my Buckler cut through and of darknefte.

Falfi. Where, how? by miracle, they are villaines, and the sonnes of darknefte. I neuer dealt better finde a man: all would not doe.

A plague ©f a!! Cowards: let them fpeakc; if they fpeake other.

Falfi. I tell thee what.

if I tell thee a word; here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues

Seuen, by thefe Hils, or I am a Villaine else.

Prince. Here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues.

Falfi. No more adoe, but took all their feuen points in my Targue. Thefe foure came all a-fror,r, and maincly thruft the Doublet, or I am a lew elfe, an Ebrew lew.

Prince. Why, how could'rt thou know these men in Kendall Greene, when it was fo dark, thou could'nt see thy Hand! Come, tell me your reason whatsey'ft thou to this?

Falm. Comme, your reason fac, your reason.
Falfi. What, upon compulsion? No: nor I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you upon compulsion: Give you a reason upon compulsion?

Falm. Ile be no longer guiltie of this fate. This fanguine Coward, this Bed-preffer, this Horf-back-breaker, this huge Hill of Fists.


Falm. Well, breath a-while, and then to againe and when thou haft thy'd thy felie in base companions, heare me speake but this.

Falm. Make Jacke.

Seuen. We two, saw you foure for foure and bound them, and were Masters of their Wealth: mark how now two plaine Talle fell but you downe. Then did we two, sat on you foure, and with a word, outfac'd yea from your prize, and bauie it yea, and can thouw it you in the House.

And Falfi, you carred your Guns away as nimble, as with quicke dexterity, and roard for mercy, and full ranne and roard, as eer I heard Bull-Caffe. What a Staeus thou, to hacke thy Sword as thou haft done, and then say it was in figh. What trick? what desire? what flattering hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparente flame?

Points. Come, let's haere Icke: What triche shall thou now?

Falm. I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare ye my Masters, was it for me to kill the Horfe apparent? Should I turne upon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware Infinit, the Lieue will not touch the true Prince: Infinit is a great matter. I was a Coward on Infinit: I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thou, during my life: I, for a valiant Lieue, and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you have the Mony. Hofelle, clap to the doore: watch to night, pray to morrow. Gallants, Las, Boys, Herts of Gold, all the good Tides of Fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a Play extemporary.

Prince. Content, and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Falm. A more of that Hal, and thou louche me.

Enter Hofelle.

Hofell. My Lord, the Prince?
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Prin. How now my Lady the Hostess, what say'lt thou to me? 
Hostes. Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the Court at door, would speake with you: hee sayes, he comes from your Father. 
Prin. Give him as much as will make him a Royall man, and send him backe againe to my Mother. 
Hostes. What manner of man is hee? 
Prin. What doth Grauitie out of his Bed at Midnight? 
Hostes. Shall I giue him his anfwere? 
Prin. Preach thee doke Jack. 
Hostes. Faith, and lie send him packing. 

Prince. Now Sirs: you sought faire; so did you 
Lord. so did you Bard! you are Lyons coo, you ranne away upon infinit. you will not touch the true Prince; no, fie. 
Bard. Faith, I tane when I saw others runne. 

Prince. Tell now how in earnest, how came Hostesses? 
Bard. Why, he hackt it with his Daggger, and said, hee would fiewe true folk out of England, but hee would make it he was done in fight, and perfwaded vs to doe the like. 

Bard. Yet, and to tickle our Noses with Spear-graffe, to make them bleed, and then to beslbubber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven yeres before, I bluhte to heate his monftrous deuices. 

Prin. O Villaine, thou stol'd a Cup of Sacke eighteen yeres agoe, and were taken with the manner, and euer since thou hast bluhte extempore: thou hadft fire and fword on thy fide, and yet thou ranft away; what ever since thou hast bluhte extempore: thou hadft fire and fword on thy fide, and yet thou ranft away; what

Prin. Help me. Do you fee thefe Meteors? doe you behold these Exhalations? doe you 
Prin. I doe. 
Bard. What thynke you they portend? 

Prin. Hot Liuers, and cold Purfes. 
Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken. 

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter. 
Enter Hostes. 
Heere comes leane Jacke, heere comes bare-bone. How now my sweet Creature of Bombast, how long is't agoe, Jacke, since thou faw'ft thine owne Knee? 

Bard. My owne Knee? When I was about thy yeres (Hal) I was not an Eagles Talent in the Waffe, I could have crept into any Aldermans Thumb-Ring: a plagce of fighing and griefe, it blows a man vp like a Bladder. There's villainous Newses abroad; heere was Sir John Braly from your Father; you muft goe to the Court in the Morning. The fame mad fellow of the North, Percy; and hee of Wales, that gau3 Amazons the Batinado, and made Lucifer Cuckold, and swore the Deuell his true Liege-man upon the Croffe of a Welsh-booke; what a plagce call you him? 

Pron. O, Glendower. 

Bard. Owen, Owen; the fame, and his Sonne in Law Marriiner, and old Northumberland, and the spightful Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runnes a Horse-back ve a Hill perpendicular. 
Prin. Hee that rides at high speede, and with a Piffoll kills a Sparrow flying. 

Hostes. You have hit it.
Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a most most monitory Watch, is at the door.

Faft. Oout you Rogue, play out the Play! I have much to say in the behalfe of that Falstaff.

Enter the Hoftifes.

Hoftife. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Faft. Hoig, hoig, the Deuill rides upon a Fiddle stiek: what's the matter?

Hoftife. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the door: they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

Faft. Do'ft thou hear Hal, never call a true piece of Gold's Counterfeit: thou art essentally made, without seeming so.

Prince. And thou a natural Coward, without in-finct.

Faft. I deny your Majeuey: 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 bring up: I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a Halter, as another.

Prince. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the reft walke vp about. Now my Matters, for a true Face and good Conference.

Faft. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me.

Prince. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prince. Now MafterSherife, what is your will with mee?

Sher. Full pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

Prince. What men?

Sher. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a groffe fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prince. The man, I doe assure you, is not here; For I may soe, as at this time have impoy'd him: And Sherife, I will engage my word to thee, That I will by to morrow Dinner time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For anything he shall be charg'd withal: And so let me entre you, leave the house.

Sher. I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen Have in this Roberie loft three hundred Marke.

Prince. It may be so: if he have robb'd thes men, He shall be answerable: and so farewell.

Sher. Good Night, my Noble Lord.

Prince. I think it is good Morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I think it be twae Cloke, 

Exit.

Prince. This ololy Raffeil is knowne as well as Poules: goe call him forth.

Pete. Falstaff I felt sleepe behinde the Arras, and snorting like a Hoare.

Prince. Harke, how hard he fetches breath: search his Pocktes.
He feareth his Pecker, and mowth certain Papers.

Prince. What haft thou found?

Peto. Nothing bur P-peers, my Lord.

Prince. Let's see, what be they? read them.

Peto. Item, a Capon, i.s., i.d.

Item, Sausce, two Gallons, v.s., v.d.

Item, Anchouses and Sacke after Supper, i.s., v.d.

Item, Brad, ob.

Prince. O monstrous, but one halfe penny-worth of Bread to this intolerable desire of Sacke! What there is else, keep it close, we'll have it us at more advantage; there let him sleep all day. He to the Court in the Morning; Wee must all to the Wars, and why place shall be honorable. He procure this six Rogues a Charge of Foot, and I know his death will be a Match of Twelve-score.

The Money shall be pay'd back againe with advantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning: and so good morning Peto. 

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. 

---

**Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.**

**Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.**

**Mart.** These promises are faire, the parties true, And our indulgence full of prosperous hope. 

**Hot.** Lord Mortimer, and Cousin Glendower, Will you fit downe? And Vnckle Worcester: a plague upon it, I have forgot the Mappe.

**Gled.** No, here it is: 

Sit Cousin Percy, fit good Cousin Hotspur:
For by that Name, as oft as Lancaster doth speake of you, 
His Cheeks looke pale, and with a rising figh, 
He withoth you in Heaven.

**Hot.** And you in HeU, as oft as he heares Owen Glendower speake of.

**Gled.** I cannot blame him: At my Nativity, The front of Heaven was full of fiery fイベt, Of burning Cressets: and at my Birth, The frame and foundation of the Earth 
Shak'd like a Coward.

**Hot.** Why so it would have done at the same season, if your Mothers Cat had but kissett'd, though your selfe had never beene borne.

**Gled.** I say the Earth did shake when I was borne.

**Hot.** And I say the Earth was not of my minde, if you suppose, as fearing you, it thooke.

**Gled.** The Heavens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

**Hot.** Oh, then the Earth thooke To see the Heavens on fire, 
And not in feare of your Nativity. 

Diseased Nature oftentimes breaks forth In strange eruptions; and the teeming Earth Is with a kinde of Collick pinche and vex, By the imprisoning of windy Winde 
Within her Womb: which for enlargement striving, Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and tumbles down.

---

Steeples, and mole-grown Towers. At you Birth, Our Grandson Earth, hauing this deffecture, In passion flooke.

**Gled.** Cousin: of many men I do not beare thesse Croffings: Give me leave 
To tell you once againe, that at your Birth 
The front of Heaven was full of fierie shapes, 
The Goates ranne from the Mountaunes, and the Heards 
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields: 
These signes haue markt the extraordinary, 
And all the courtes of my Life doe shew, 
I am not in the Roll of common men. 

Where is the Luting, chipt 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 race me in the tedious wayes of Art, 
And hold me pace in depee experiments.

**H'psf.** I think there's no man speakes better Welsh:

Ile to Dinner. 

**Mart.** Peace Cousin Percy, you will make him mad.

**Gled.** I can call Spirits from the vaste Depee, 

**H'psf.** Why fo can I, or fo can any man: 

But will they comp, when you doe call for them?

**Gled.** Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to command the Deuell. 

**Hot.** And I can teach thee, Cousin, to frame the Deuill, By telling truth. Tell truth, and frame the Deuill.

If thou have power to rage him, bring him hither, 
And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence, 
Oh, while you liue, tell truth, and frame the Deuill.

**Mart.** Come, come, no more of this vnaprofitable Chat. 

**Gled.** Three times hath Henry Bulingbrooke made head Against my Power: thrice from the Banks of Wyet, 

And sandy-bottom'd Severne, have I sent him Bootleffe home, and Weather-beaten backe. 

**Hotp.** Have without Bootes, 

And in foule Weather too. 

How scapes he Agures in the Deuils name? 

**Glad.** Come, here's the Mappe; 

Shall we see divide our Right, 

According to our three-fold order taken? 

**Mart.** The Arch-Deacon hath divided it Into three Limits, very equally: England, from Trent, and Severne, hither. 

By South and East is to my part assign'd: 

All Westward, Wales, beyond the Severne Store, 

And all the terible Land within that bound, 

To Owen Glendower: And deare Cousin, to you 

The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent, 

And our Indentures Tripartite are drawn: Which being sealed enternchangeably, 

(A Borrower that this Night may execute) 

To morrow, Cousin Percy, you and I, 

And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth, 

To meete your Father, and the Scottish Power, 
As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury. 

My Father Glendower is not ready yet; 

Nor shall we neede his helpe these foureteene dayes: 

Within that space, you may have drawne together 
Your Tenants Friends and neighboiring Gentlemen. 

**Gled.** A shorter time shall sende me to you, Lords: 

And in my Confort shall your Ladies come, 

From whom you now much inlade and take no leave, 

For there will be a World of Water fied, 

**Vpm.**
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Upon the parting of your Wines and you, 
Hon. Methinks my Moity, Next from Burton here, 
In quantitive equal's not one of yours: 
See, how this River comes me cracking in, 
And runs me up with like advantage on the other side, 
And cuts me from the base of all my Land, 
Sec, how this River comes me cracking in!

Irtquantitie equals not one of yours; 
To rob me of so tith a Bottoms here.

And here the smug and Silver Trent shall mine.
A huge half Moon, a monstrous Cantle out.

Vpon the parting of your Wines and you.

And then he runs straight and evenly.
And on this Northern side winne this Cape of Land,
It shall not winde with such a deep indent, 
To rob me of so tith a Bottoms here.

Glend. Not winde! it shall, if you feel it doth. 
Mort. Yea, but mark how he hears his course, 
And runs me up with like advantage on the other side, 
Gelding the opposed Continent as much, 
He have the Current in this place damn'd up.
And runnes me up with like advantage on the other side.
And cuts me from the base of all my Land, 
Sec, how this River comes me cracking in!

Irtquantitie equals not one of yours; 
To rob me of so tith a Bottoms here.

Here come your Wines, and let us take cos I gave,

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly sight, that angers me, 
My Wife can speak no English; I know no Welsh.
Glend. My Daughter weeps, she'll not part with you, 
She'll be a Soldier too, she'll to the Wavers.
Mort. Good Father tell her, that she and my Aunt Perse 
Shall follow in your Conduct speedily.

Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and the answer

Glend. She is desperate here: 
A peevish, self-will'd Harlotry,
One that no persuasion can doe good upon.

The Lady speaks in Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy Looks: that pretty Welsh 
Which thou pourest down from these swelling Heavens, 
I am too perfect in: and but for shame, 
In such a parley shou'd I answe're thee, 

The Lady agains in Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy Kifles, and thou mine, 
And that's a feeling disputation: 
But I will never be a Traunt, Lone, 
Till I have learn'd thy Language for thy tongue.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Makes Welsh as sweet as Ditties highly penned,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers Bowre,
With raisning Division to her Lure.
Glen. Nay, if thou melt, then I will the runne make.

The Lady faketh againe in Welsh.

Mort. O, I am Ignorance it selfe in this,
Glen. She bids you,
On the wanton Rudies lay you downe,
And refte your gentle Head vpon her Lappe,
And die will ting the Song that pleaseth you.
By that time will out Booke, I thinke. be drawne.
The houre before the Heauenly Harneis'd Teeme
Begins his Golden Progress in the Eaft.

The Muficks play.

Min. Now I perceiveth the Deuill understandst Welsh,
And 'tis no wonder he is fo humorous:
By lady he's a good Musitian.
Lady. Then would you be nothing but Muscall,
For you are strooge governed by humors.
Lye still ye Thiefe, and heare the lady fing in Welsh.
Min. I had rather heare (Lady) my Brach howke in thy Lappe.
Lady. Go, ye giddy-Goose.

Enter the Lady singing a Welsh Song.

Min. Come, I have your Song too.
Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.
Min. Not yours, in good sooth?
You swear like a Comfit-makers Wife:
Not you, in good sooth; and, as true as I live;
And, as God shall mede me; and, as sure as day.
And giue such Sarceme sotete for thy Oathers,
As if thou never walkt a further then Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling Oath; and leaue in sooth,
And such pestel of Pepper Ginger-bread,
To Veluet-Guards, and Sunday-Citizens.
Come, fing.
Lady. I will not sing.
Min. 'Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or be Redbreast teacher:
And the Indentures be drawne, Ie away
within these two howres; and to come in, when ye will.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales and others.

King. Lords, giue 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 service I have done;
That in his secret Doome, out of my Blood,
Hee'll budge Reuenge, and a Scoure for me:
But thou dost in thy passages of Life,
Make me beleue, that thou art oneely mark'd
For the hot vengeancce, and the Rod of heauen
To punifh my Miftreadings. Tell me eile,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such manie attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude Societies,
As thou art matcht withall, and graffed too,
Accompanie the greutesse of thy blood,
And hold their louel with thy Princely heart?
Prince So pleafe your Maiesty, I would I could
Quiet all offences with as clear excuses,
As well as I am doubleste I can purge
My selfe of many I am chargd withall:
Yet such exenuation let me begge,
As in reproofof many Talers deed,
Which oft the Ear of Greatnesse needs must heare,
By smilling Pick-thankes, and base Newes-mongers.
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faultie wandred, and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.
King. Heauen pardon thee:
Yest let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which doe hold a Wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancelors,
Thy place in Counsell thou haft rudely loft,
Which by thy younger Brother is supply'd e;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expecation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the Soule of euery man
Prophecly do fore-thinke thy fall.
I had so much of my preence beene,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheape to vulgar Company;
Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall.
I had still kept loyall to possession,
And left me in reputelesse banishment,
A fellow of no note, nor likely hood.
By being feldome seen, I could not stirre,
But like a Comer, I was wondered at.
That men would tell their Children, This is hee:
Others would say, Where, Which is Buckingham.
And then I flote all Courtrefs from Heaven,
And drest my felfe in fuch Humilitie,
That I did plucke Allegiance from mens hearts,
Lowd Showers and Salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the Crowned King.
Thus I did keep my Person freth and new,
My Presence like a Robe Pontifical,
Ne're feene, but wonder'd at: and fo my State,
Seldom but dumptuous, shewed like a Feaft,
And wonne by raresfiche Solemnitie.
The skipping King hee ambled vp and downe,
And wonne by rareneffe fuch Solemnitie.
Mingled his Royaltie with Carping Fooles,
Soone kindled,and foonc burnt,carded his State,
Seldoroe but fumptuous, (hewed like a Feaft,
Grew a Companion to the common Streetes,
To laugh at gybing Boyei.and Rand the pu(h
With (hallow Iefters.and ra(h Bauin Wits,
That being day ly swallowed by mens Eyes,
Of euery Bcardleffe vaine Comparatiue;
They furfeted with Honey,and began to loathe
Enfeoff'd himfelfe to Populasitie:
And gaue his Countenance,sgainff his Name,
So when he had occafion to be feene.
The tafle of Sweetneffe,whereof a little
AsCloudie men vfe to doe to their aduerfaries,
'de're feene ,but wondred ax t and so my State,
'dy Prefence like a Robe Pontificall,
Being with his prefence glutted,gorg'd,and full
But is awearie of thy common sight,
Asfickc and blunted wiihCommunitic,
To bloody Battailes.and to brufing Armes.
AsCloudie men vfe to doe to their aduerfaries,
'de're feene ,but wondred ax t and so my State,
'dy Prefence like a Robe Pontificall,
Being with his prefence glutted,gorg'd,and full
But is awearie of thy common sight,
Asfickc and blunted wiihCommunitic,
To bloody Battailes.and to brufing Armes.

The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Through Gloucesteshire: by which account, Our Business valued some twelve days hence. Our general Forces at Bridgenorth shall meete, Our Hands are full of Business: let's away, Advance, feed them fast, while men delay. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.

Falstaff. Bardolph, am not false apace vilely, since this last action? doe you hate me? do you not dislike me? Why my skene hangs about me like an old Ladies loose gowne: I am weathered like an olde Apple John. Well, he repents, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking: I shall be out of heart shortly, and then shall have no strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the in-side of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper-Comme. Come a Hawkes Horsle, the in-side of a Church. Company, villous Company hath beene the sinne of my life. Sir John, you are so free, you cannot live long.

Falstaff. How is there you? Come, sing me a ballad-Song, make me merry: I was as virtuously given, as a Gentleman need to be; veruous enough, swore little, did not about feven tunes a week, went to a Bawdy-house not above once in a quarter of an hour, paid Money that I borrowed, three or four times: lived well, and in good company: and now I have none out of all order, out of compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs bee out of all compass; out of all reasnable compass, Sir John.

Falstaff. Doe you amend thy Face, and doe you amend thy Life? Thou art our Admiral, thou bearest the Lampre in the Poope, but'tis in the Nafe of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my Face does you no harme.

Falstaff. No, He be wrothe: I make so good use of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a Memento Mori. I never see thy Face, but I think upon Hell fire, and Dives that lived in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou were any way given to vice, I would swear by thy Face, my Oath should be, By the Fire. But thou art altogether given over: and were indeed, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of vertue.

Bard. When thou ran'st up Gods-Hill, in the Night, to catch my Horse, if I did not think that thou wast here, I should be called an ignis furus, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchase in Money. O thou art a perpetually Triumph, an everlasting Bone-fire-Light, thou hast made me a thousand Marbles in Lamps and Torches, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Tauerne, and Tauerne: But the Sack that thou haft drunk me, would have bought me Lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I have maintaied that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres. Heaven reward me for it.

Bard. I would your Face were in your Belly.

Falstaff. So should I be sure to be heart-burn'd. Enter Hoistesse.

How now, Dame Page, have you enquired yet who pick'd my Pocket?

Hoistesse. Why Sir John, what do you thinke, Sir John? do you thinke I keep Theeues in my House? I have search'd, I have enquired, so has my Husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Servant by Servant: the right of a hayre was never lost in my house before.

Falstaff. Ye eye Hoistesse: Bardolph was that, and lost many a hayre; and I beseech me your Pocket was pick'd: goe to, you are a Woman, goe.

Hoistesse. Who is he that calleth me? I was never call'd so in mine owne house before.

Falstaff. Go, go, I know you well enough.

Hoistesse. No, Sir John, you do not know me. Sir John, I know you, Sir John: you owe me Money, Sir John, and now you pick a garter, to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your Back.

Falstaff. Doulas, filthy Doulas: I have given them away to Bakers Wines, and they have made Boultes of them.

Hoistesse. Now as I am a true Woman, Holland of eight shillings an Ell: You owe me Money here besides, Sir John, for your Dyke, and for Drinkings, and Money lent you, four and twentie pounds.

Falstaff. He had his part of it, let him pay. Hoistesse. Hee? alas hee is poor, her hath nothing.

Falstaff. How! Poore? Looke upon his Face: What call you Rich? Let them coryve his Nose, let them coryve his Cheekes. Ite not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Younker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine inne, but I shall have my Pocket pick'd? I have lost a Scale-Ring of my Grand-fathers, worth for the Mark.

Hoistesse. I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that thy King was Copper.

Falstaff. How? the Prince is a Jockey, a Snaeker-Cupper: and if hee were here, I would cudgell him like a Dogge, if hee would say so.

Enter the Prince searching, and Falstaffe meets him, playing on his Truncheone like a Fife.

Falstaff. How now Lad is the Winde in that Doore? Muft we all march?

Bard. Yes, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Hoistesse. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

Prince. What say'ft thou, Mistrelfe Quickly? How doth thy Husband? I loue him well, hee is an honest Man.

Hoistesse. Good, my Lord, heare mee.

Bard. Prether let her alone, and lift to mee.

Prince. What say'ft thou, Jacke?

Falstaff. The other Night I fell asleepe heere behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pick't; this House is turn'd Bawdy-house, they picke Pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, Jacke?

Falstaff. Wilt thou believe me, Jacke? Three or foure Bonds of fortie pound apiece, and a Scale-Ring of my Grand-fathers.

Prince. A Trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Hoistesse. So I told him, my Lord; and I said, I heard your Grace say fo: and (my Lord) hee speaks most vilely of you, like a fole-mouth'd man as hee is, and said, hee would cudgell you.

Prince. What hee did not?

Hoistesse. There's myther Faith, Truth, nor Woman-hood in me else.

Falstaff. There's
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth. 65

Fals. There's no more faith in thee then a flconde Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drarve Fox: and for Wooman-hood, Maid-maria may be the Deputies wife of the Ward or thee. Go you nothing: go.

Hot. Say, what thing? what thing?
Fals. What thing? why a thing to thank heauen on.
Fals. Am I no thing to thank heauen on, I would thou shouldst know it: I am an honest mans wife: and setting thy Knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.
Fals. Setting thy woman-hood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.
Fals. Say, what beast thou knave thou?
Prin. An Otter, sir Iohn? Why an Otter?
Fals. Why? She's neither fishe nor flesh; a man knowes not where to have her.
Fals. Thou art such a man in faying so, thou, or anie man knowes where to have me, thou knowes me.
Prin. Thou fay'st it true Hotaffe, and he flanders thee most groffely.
Fals. So he doth you, my Lord, and fay'd this other day, You ought him a thousand pound. He would cudgel you.

Prin. Did I, Bardolph?
Bar. Indeed Sir Iohn, you fay'd so.
Fals. Yeas, if he fay'd my King was Copper.
Prin. I fay'tis Copper. D'f'thou bee as good as thy word now?
Fals. Why Hotaffe thou know'st, as thou art but a man, I dare; but, as thou art a Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the Lyons Whelp.
Prin. And why not as the Lyon?
Fals. The King himfelfe is to bee feared as the Lyon: Do'th think me I f'are thee, as I f'are thy Father? may I f'do, let my Girdle brake.

Prin. O, f'or f'ould, how would thy guttes fall about thy knees. But firs: There's no room for Faith, Truth, nor Hcnefly, in this boforme of thine: it is still f'd vp with Guttes and Midrife. Charge an honest Woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horion impudent imbon Rafcell, if there were any thing in thy pocket but 

Pon. Be it known, I am pacified still.
Prin. Say, what beaft, theu knauc thou?
Fals. Why an Otter?
Fals. An Otter, f'r Sir. frin.
Prin. It appeares fo by the Story.
Fals. How? hai he the leyfure to ficide now, There shalt thou know thy Charge, and there receive Money and Order for their Furniture. The Land is burning, Perse f'ands on hye, And either they, or we muft lower ly.

Fals. Rare words! braoe world. Hotaffe, my breakfast, come: Oh, I could with this Tauerne were my drumme. Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Harvie Hotaffe, Verefter, and Douglas.

Hot. Well fay, my Noble Scot, if speaking truth In this fine Age, were not thought fratten, Such attribution shou'd the Douglas have, As not a Souliour of this fensions Rampes, Should go fo general currant through the world. By heaven I cannot flatter: I defire In my hearts loue hath no man then your Seife, But I will Beard him.

Dou. Thou arst the King of Honor, No man fo potent breathes upon the ground, But I will f'ead him.

Enter a Messenger.

Hot. Do fo, and 'tis well, What Letters hath there? I can but think you.
Meff. Thefe Letters come from your Father, Hot. Letters from him?
Hot. Why comes he not himfelfe?
Meff. He cannot come, my Lord, He is greuous ficker.

Hot. How? has he the lefteur to be ficker now, In fuch a lifting time? Who leads his power? Under whole Government come they along?
...
Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Falstaff. Bardolph, get thee before to Country, fill me a Bottle of Sack. Our Soldiers shall march through to Sutton-cop-hill to Night.

Bard. Will you give me Money, Captaine?

Falstaff. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This Bottle makes an Angell.

Falstaff. And if it do, take it for thy Labour, and if it make twenty, take them all, I mean the Country. Bid my Lieutenant Peto meet me at the Towne's end.

Bard. I will Captaine: farewell. Exit.

Falstaff. If I be not ashamed of my Soldiers, I am a sober-Gentleman: I have mvself'd the Kings Prefe damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie Soldiers, three hundred and odd Pounds: I prefer none but good Hous-holders, Yeomens. Some enquire about me out of contracted Batchelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the Banes: such a Commodite of warme flaucs, me out controlled Batchelors, such as had been ask'd for. Gurnet: There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my House, they had Gyes on; so? indeed, I had the tnioli of them and the Villaines march wide between the Legges, as if there was fome heads, and they haue bought out their servitude.

And now, my whole Charge confiftsof Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentleman of Companies, Slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted Cloth, where the Gluttons Dogges licked his Sores; and such, as indeed were never Soldiers, but diff-carded unfit Servant-men, yonou-Soners to younger Brothers, roloted Tapifiers and Officers, Trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme World, and the Lord of Westmerrkand. I cry you mercy, I thought you Honour had all three: thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmerrkand, I cry you mercy, I thought you Honour had al ready been at Shrewsbury.

Bard. It may not be.

Dung. You give him then advantage.

Vem. Not a whit.

Hotsp. Why lay you so? lookes he not for Supply?

Vem. So doe we.

HoR. His is certaine, ours is doubtful.

Vem. Good Counter! a advis'd, firre not to night.

Dung. Doe not, my Lord.

Dung. You doe not confaile well.

You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Vem. Doe me no dander, by my Life.

Dung. If well-repeate Honor bid me on, it may not.

Vem. Come, come, it may nor be.

Dung. Yes, or tonight.

Vem. Content.

HoR. To night, say I.

Vem. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being me of such great leading as you are, that you fore-fee not what impediments.

Dung. Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horse.

Hotsp. Of my Cousin Perns are not yet come vp, You Vinkle Gangers Horse came but to day, and now their pride and mettall is atleepe. Their courage with hard labour tame and dull, That not a Horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe.

Hotsp. So are the Horses of the Enemy in generallourney bated, and brought low: The better part of ours are full of reft.
The Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hafl. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt.

And woul'd to God you were of our determination.
Some of you lose you well: and even those some
Enue your great deservings, and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an Enemy.

Blunt. And Heaven defend, but till I should stand so,
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
You stand against annoy't Malice.
But to my Charge,
The King hath lent to know
The nature of your Grievances, and whereupon
You conspire from the Brest of Civil Peace,
Audacious Crueltie. If that the King
Haue any way your good Deserts forgot,
You shall have your desires, with interest;
And Pardon absoolute for your selfe, and thefe,
Herein mis-led, by your sugge'stion.

Hafl. The King is kind:
And well we know, the King
Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay.
My Father, my Vnckle, and my selfe,
Did give him that same Royallie he weare;
And well we know, the King
This seeming Blow of Justice, did winne
This Head of safety; and with all, to trie
Into his Title: the which wee finde
Too indirect, for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I returne this answer to the King?

Hafl. Not so, Sir Walter.

Blunt. We'll with-draw a while.

Go to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some suretie for a safe returne againe,
And in the Morning early Rial! my Vnckle
Bring him our purpose: and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Loue.

Hafl. And't may be, so wee shall.

Blunt. Pray Heaven you doe.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Arch-Bishop of York and Sir Mitchell.

Arch. He, my good Sir Mitchell, beare this sealed Briefe
With winged haste to the Lord Marshall,
This to my Couin Scroope, and all the rest
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 Mitchell, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Muff side the touch. For Sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly gien to understand,
The King, with mightie and quick-rayed Power,
Meetes with Lord Harry: and I fear, Sir Mitchell,
What with the weakness of Northumberland,
Whose Power was in the first proportion;
And what with Owen Glendower absence thence,
Who with them was rated firmly too,
And comes not in, out-rul'd by Prophecies,
I fear the Power of Percy is too weake,
To wage an instant tryall with the King.

Sir Mich. Why, my good Lord, you need not fear
There is Douglas, and Lord Mortimer.

Arch. No; Mortimer is not there,

Sir Mor. But there is Mordake Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester,
And a Head of gallant Warrors,
Noble Gentlemen.
The Prince of Wales, Lord of Lancaster, The speciall head of all the Land together: The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, The Noble Westminster, and warlike Blunt; And many more Corruual, and dear men Of estimation, and courage in Arms.

Sir M. Doubt it not my Lord, he shall be well appr'd of. I hope no left? Yes needful to be so.

And to prevent the worst, Sir Michael speed; For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the King

Dismiss his power, he means to visit us:

For he hast heard of our Confederacie, And is, but Wisedome to make strong against him:

And, 'tis but Wisedome to make strong against him:

I hope no less? Ye needful tis to face.

To other Friends: and so farewell, Sir Michel. Exeunt.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westminster, Sir Walter Blunt, and Pagestaffe.

King. How now my Lord of Worcester? 'Tis not well That you and I should meet upon such strange

As now we meet. You have decede'd our truant,

And by his hollow whistle in the Leaues,

This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.

What say you to it? Will you againe unknot

And made vs desist from our aide in But in Sion spate.

The Prince of Wales doth joyne with all the world

If once they joyne in trial! Tell your Nephew,

To grace this age with Noble deeds.

For mine owne part, I could be well content

To entertaine the Laggend of my life

And being fed by vs, you vs'd so.

As with the injuries of wanton time,

For fear of swallowing it. But with nimble wing

And the contrary Winds that held the King

So long, in the unlucky Irish Waters,

That all in England did repulse him dead:

And from this Swarne of faire advantage,

You Cooke occasion to be quickly woe'd,

To grapple the general sway into your hand.

Grew by our reading, to so great a bulke.

That euen our Loue durst not come neare your sight

Forgot your Oath to us at Doncater,

Vnkind the Cuckowes Bird

Vnkind the Sparrow, did oppresse our Feste,

To this, we feast e our aide in But in Sion spate.

Thefe seeming scrances that you had borne.

To this, we feast e our aide in But in Sion spate.

Not daime no further, then your new-faint right.

To this, we feast e our aide in But in Sion spate.

As that vnkind the Cuckowes Bird

As that vnkind the Cuckowes Bird

It was my Selfe, by your Brother, and his Sonne,

Of Sickle Changelings, and poore Disconsomes,

Of ambush'd Meteor, A prodigie of Feare, and a Portent

Of broached Mischief, to the vnborne Times?

And be no more an exalted Meteor,

Of Sickle Changelings, and poore Disconsomes,

Nor moody Beggars, serving for a time

My part, I may speake it to my shame,

With quiet hours: For I do protest,

That euen our Loue durst not come neare your sight

To grace this later Age with Noble deeds.

For my part, I may speake it to my shame,

More daring, or more bold is now aline,

It pleas'd your Majestie, to turne your lookes

More daring, or more bold is now aline,

Of Flavour, from my Selfe, and all our Houfe; And ye must remember you my Lord,

Of Flavour, from my Selfe, and all our Houfe; And ye must remember you my Lord,

To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,

And you did saye that Oath at Doncaster,

The danger of the time. You swore to vs,

That you did nothing of purpos'e against the State,

For he hath beard of our Confederacie,

Nor claim no further, then your new-faint rights.

The feats of Genez, Dukedome of Lancaster.

To this, we feate our side: But in Sion spate,

What with the intimes of wanton time,

The seeming feances that you had borne.

What with the intimes of wanton time,

And the contrary Winds that held the King

So long, in the unlucky Irish Waters,

That all in England did repulse him dead:

And from this Swarne of faire advantage,

You Cooke occasion to be quickly woe'd,

To grapple the general sway into your hand.

Grew by our reading, to so great a bulke.

That euen our Loue durst not come neare your sight

Forgot your Oath to us at Doncater,

Vnkind the Cuckowes Bird

Vnkind the Sparrow, did oppresse our Feste,

To this, we feast e our aide in But in Sion spate.

Thefe seeming scrances that you had borne.

To this, we feast e our aide in But in Sion spate.

Not daime no further, then your new-faint right.

To this, we feast e our aide in But in Sion spate.

As that vnkind the Cuckowes Bird

As that vnkind the Cuckowes Bird

It was my Selfe, by your Brother, and his Sonne,

Of Sickle Changelings, and poore Disconsomes,

Of ambush'd Meteor, A prodigie of Feare, and a Portent

Of broached Mischief, to the vnborne Times?

And be no more an exalted Meteor,

Of Sickle Changelings, and poore Disconsomes,

Nor moody Beggars, serving for a time

My part, I may speake it to my shame,

More daring, or more bold is now aline,

It pleas'd your Majestie, to turne your lookes

More daring, or more bold is now aline,

Of Flavour, from my Selfe, and all our Houfe; And ye must remember you my Lord,

Of Flavour, from my Selfe, and all our Houfe; And ye must remember you my Lord,

To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,

When you were in peace, and in account

Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I;

It was my Selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,

That brought you home, and boldly did extend

The危险 of the time. You swore to vs,

And you did saye that Oath at Doncaster,

The danger of the time. You swore to vs,

And you did saye that Oath at Doncaster,
Do make against it: No good Wor (Vrv.no,
TKac arc mi fled vpon your Cousin's part:
Shall he my Friend a gains, and lie benls.
T,8,ye,euery man
Both he, and they .and you
And will they take the offer of our Once :
So tell your Cousin,and bring me word.)
out people well; eoen tWofe we loue
We louc
To punifh this offence in others faults
Rebuke and dread corredVion waite on vs.
My Nephewes trefpaffe nay be well forgot.
The better cherifht, (hll the nearer death.
The King would keeoe hu word in lotting vs.
It is not pofTible, it cannot he.
We will not now be troubled with reply.
What he w ill do But if he will not yeeld.
For Treafon is but trufted like the Foie,
Suppofitioo.all out hues, (hall be ffucke fall of eyes )
The liberal! kinde offer of the King.
Honour hath no skill in Surgerie.tben ? No. What is Ho¬
ne ? How then? Can Honour Cet too a legge? No : or an
"rroe?No: Or take away the greefe of a wound ?No.
But how if Honour prreke me off when I come
that call's not on tue? Well, tis no matter .Honor prickes
before his day. What neede I bee fo forward with him,
Say thy prayers,and farewell.

And the

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worcesfer, and Sir Richard Durneo.

Wor. O no,my Nephew must not know,Sir Richard,
The liberal kinde offer of the King.
Wor. 'Twere best he did.
Wor. Then we are all ende.
It is not poffible, it cannot be.
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will forger vs still, and finde a tie
to punish this offence in others faults.
Supposition,all our lives, shall be stucke full of eyes ;
For Tresfon is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who’re so tame, so cherifht, and lock’d vp,
Will have a wilde strake of this Anceftors
Looke how he can, or nod or merely,
Interpretation will mischare our lookes,
And we shall feeke like Ozen at a Stall,
The better cherifht, till the nearer death.
My Nephew's replea may be well forgott,
It hath the excute of youth,and base of blood,
And an adopted name of Piuuledge,
A haire-brain'd Heifsparre, govern'd by a Spleene.
All his offences lie uppon 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 cale, the offer of the King.
Vor. Deliver what you will, ile lay 'tis so.
Here comes your Cousin.

Enter Heisparre.

Hat. My Vnkle is return'd, Deliver vp my Lord of Weftmerland.
Vakie, what neve-'
Wor. The King will bid you battell presently,
Dow. Defe him by the Lord of Weftmerland.
Hat. Lord Douglar : Go you and tell him so.
Dow. Marry and shal, and verie willingly.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worcesfer.

Hat. My Vnkle is return'd, Deliver vp my Lord of Weftmerland.
Vakie, what neve-
Wor. The King will bid you battell presently,
Dow. Defe him by the Lord of Weftmerland.
Hat. Lord Douglar : Go you and tell him so.
Dow. Marry and shal, and verie willingly.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worcesfer.

Hat. My Vnkle is return'd, Deliver vp my Lord of Weftmerland.
Vakie, what neve-
Wor. The King will bid you battell presently,
Dow. Defe him by the Lord of Weftmerland.
Hat. Lord Douglar : Go you and tell him so.
Dow. Marry and shal, and verie willingly.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worcesfer.

Hat. My Vnkle is return'd, Deliver vp my Lord of Weftmerland.
Vakie, what neve-
Wor. The King will bid you battell presently,
Dow. Defe him by the Lord of Weftmerland.
Hat. Lord Douglar : Go you and tell him so.
Dow. Marry and shal, and verie willingly.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worcesfer.

Hat. My Vnkle is return'd, Deliver vp my Lord of Weftmerland.
Vakie, what neve-
Wor. The King will bid you battell presently,
Dow. Defe him by the Lord of Weftmerland.
Hat. Lord Douglar : Go you and tell him so.
Dow. Marry and shal, and verie willingly.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worcesfer.

Hat. My Vnkle is return'd, Deliver vp my Lord of Weftmerland.
Vakie, what neve-
Wor. The King will bid you battell presently,
Dow. Defe him by the Lord of Weftmerland.
Hat. Lord Douglar : Go you and tell him so.
Dow. Marry and shal, and verie willingly.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worcesfer.

Hat. My Vnkle is return'd, Deliver vp my Lord of Weftmerland.
Vakie, what neve-
Wor. The King will bid you battell presently,
Dow. Defe him by the Lord of Weftmerland.
Hat. Lord Douglar : Go you and tell him so.
Dow. Marry and shal, and verie willingly.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worcesfer.

Hat. My Vnkle is return'd, Deliver vp my Lord of Weftmerland.
Vakie, what neve-
Wor. The King will bid you battell presently,
Dow. Defe him by the Lord of Weftmerland.
Hat. Lord Douglar : Go you and tell him so.
Dow. Marry and shal, and verie willingly.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worcesfer.

Hat. My Vnkle is return'd, Deliver vp my Lord of Weftmerland.
Vakie, what neve-
Can lift your blood vp with perswasion.

Enter a Meffenger.

Mef. My Lord, here are Letters for you.

Hot. I cannot see them now.

O Gentlemen, the time of life is short; To spend that shortness safely, were too long. If life did ride upon a Diall point, Now ending at the annual of an houre.

Still ending at the annual of an houre.

For heauen to earte, some of vs newe shall, And set on:

Now Esperance Percy,

With the best blood that I can meete withall,

For I professe not talking. Onely this,

That shortness basely were too long.

And by that Musick, let vs all embrace:

Let eacch man do his heif, And heere I draw a Sword,

In the aventure of this perillous day.

Whose worthy temper I intend to paine

or entangle, the time of short;

Thy likeuene; for instead of thee King Abscond time do such a curtefe.

Thou hast told me, that thou art a King.

And I do haunt thee in the bate ell thus,

What honor doft thou seeke vpon my head?

Unleffe thou yeeld thee as a Prisoner.

And thou shalt finds a King that will revenge

Me never had triumphed o're a Scot.

Lords Stafford's death.

Semblably furnifh'd like the King himselfe.

Our Souldiers stand full fairely for the day.

Exeunt

Alarum, and enter Falls/pee folus.

Fal. Though I could scarce shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scorning, but upon the pate. Soft who are you? Sir Walter Blunt, there's Honour for you; there's no vanity, I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heavy too; heaven keeps Lead out of me, 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

So left alue, and they for the Townes end, to bag during life. But who comes here?

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What, stand't thou idle here? lend me thy sword,

Many's Nobleman likes flatke and thulte

Under the houes of vaunting enemies,

Whole deaths are unremeau'd. Prety lend me thy sword

Fal. O Hal, I prethee give me leave to breathe whilst: Turk and Gregory never did such deeds in Armes, as I have done this day. I haue paid Percy, I haue made him sure.

Prin. He is indeed, and living to kill thee: I prethee lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, Hal; if Percy bee alue, thou gettest not my Sword; but take my Pistoil if thou wilt.

Prin. Give 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 Bottle of Sacke.

Prin. What is it a time to sell and gally now. Exit.

Throws it at him.

Fal. If Percy be alue, lie pierce him: if he do come in my way, if he do not, if I come in his (willingly) let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: Give me life, which if I can sue, so, if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and that's an end.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.
And not the very King. I have two Boys
Seek Percy and thy selfe about the Field:
But feeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee to defend thy self.

Doest thou not see another counterfeit:
And yet in faith thou bearest thee like a King:
But mine I am sure thou art, whoso thou be,
And thus I win thee.

But mine danger,
And thus I will thee.

But that the Earth, and slipecold hand of death,
In my Armes:
Of valiant Sherley, Stafford, Plant, and

Thy name in glory any more:
Two Stars keep not their motion in one Sphere,
Or is it fantastie that playes vp our eye-sight?
I prethee speak, we will not hurt our eyes
Without our eares. Thou art not what thou seem'st.
Fal. No, that's certaine. I am not a double man:
But if I be not Jacky Falstaff, then am I Jacke: There is Percy, if your Father will do me any Honor, for if not, let him kill the next Percy himselfe. I look to be either Earl or Duke, I can assure you.

Why, Percy kill'd my selfe, and saw thee dead,
Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is given to Lying! I grant you I was downe, and out of Breath, and so was he, but we rose both at the same time, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clokke. If I may be beleuued, so I say not, let them that should reward Valour, bare the finne upon their owne heads. He take't on my death I gave him this wound in the Thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eate a piece of my sword.

John. This is the strangest Tale that euer I heard,

This is the strangest Fellow, Brother John.
Come bring your luggage Nobly on your back :  
For my part, if a lye may do thee grace,  
He did it with the happiest tearmes I have.  
A Retreat is found.  
The Trumpeters found Retreat, the day is ours.  
Come Brother, let's to the highest of the field,  
To see what Friends are hungry, who are dead.  
Retreat.  
Exit.  
I follow as they say, for Reward.  
He that rewards me, heauen reward him.  
If I do grow great again,  
He grow lesse.  
For the purfe, and leave Sacke,  
And live cleanly, as a Nobleman should do.  
Exit.

Scena Quarta.

The Trumpeters found.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster  
Earle of Westmorland, with Worcester &  
Devon Prisoners.

King.  
Thus ever did Rebellion finde Rebuke.  
Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send Grace,  
Perdon, and tearmes of Louer to all of you?  
And would't thou turne our offers contrary?  
Mistake the tenor of thy Kinfmans crue?  
Three Knights upon our party flaine to day,  
A Noble Earle, and many a creature else,  
Had beene alive this houre,  
Hile a Christian thou hadst truly borne  
Betwixt our Armes, true Intelligence.  
War.  
What I have done, my safety urg'd me to  

And I embrace this fortune patiently,  
Since not to be avoided, it falls on me.  
King.  
Bear Worcester to death, and Devon too:  
Other Offenders we will pause upon.  
Exit Worcester and Devon.

How goes the Field?  
Prin.  
The Noble Scot Lord Douglas, when hee saw  
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,  
The Noble Percy flaine, and all his men,  
Upon the foot of teare, fled with the rest;  
And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd  
That the pursuers tooke him.  
At my Tent  
The Douglas, and I beseech your Grace,  
I may dispose of him.  
King.  
With all my heart.  
Prin.  
Then Brother John of Lancaster,  
To you this honourable bounty shall belong:  
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him  
Vp to his pleasure, ransomlesse and free:  
His Valour shewne upon our Crefts to day,  
Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deeds,  
Even in the boosome of our Adversaries.  
King.  
Then this remains: that we divide our Power.  
You Sonne John, and my Cousin Westmorland  
Towards Yorke shall bend you, with your dearest speed  
To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate Scroope,  
Who(as we heare)are busily in Armes.  
My Selfe, and you Sonne Harry will towards Wales,  
To fight with Glendower, and the Earle of March.  
Rebellion in this Land shall lye his way,  
Meeting the Checke of such another day:  
And since this Bumellse to faire it done,  
Let vs not leave till all our owne be wonne.  
Exit.
The Second Part of Henry the Fourth, Containing his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the Fift.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Induction.

Enter Rumour.

Pen your Eares: For which of you will stop The vent of Hearing, when loud Rumour speaks? I, from the Orient, to the drooping West (Making the windes my Post-horse) still unfold The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth. Upon my Tongue, continuall Standers ride, The which, in every Language, I pronounce, Stuffing the Eares of them with false Reports. I speake of Peace, while couett Ennimity (Vnder the smile of Safety) wound the World: And who but Rumour, who but only I Make fearefull Musters, and prepar'd Defence, Whilft the bigge yester, sownde with some other griefes, Is thought with childe, by the serene Tyrant, Warre, And so such matter? Rumour, is a Pipe Blowne by Surmises, Jealousies, Comedfures; And of so easie, and so plaine a stop. That the blunt Monfter, with uncounted heads, The still discordant, waering Multitude, Can play vpon it. But what neede I thus My welknowne Body to Anathomize Among my houfhold? Why is Rumour here? RHumour, I run before King Hurries vnhst story, Who in a bloodie held by Shrewsburie Hath beaten downe yong Ho'rup't, and his Troopes, Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion, Even with the Rebels blood. But what meane I To speake so true at firft My Office is To noyfe abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell Under the Wrath of Noble Ho'rup'ts Sword: And that the King, before the Douglas Rage Scoop'd his Anointed head, as low as death. This I runni'd through the peasan-Townes, Between the Royall Field of Shrewsburie, And his Worne-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone, Where Ho'rup'ts Father, old Northumberland, Lyes crasty fickle, The Polles come tyring on, And not a man of them brings other newes Then they have learn'd of Me. From Rumours Tongues, They bring smooth-Comforts-false, worse then True-wrongs.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.

L.Bar. Who keepes the Gate heere hoes? 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 answer. Enter Northumberland.

L.Bar. Heere comes the Earle. Nor. What newes Lord Bardolfe? Ev'ry minute now Should be the Father of some Stratagem; The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horfe Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke loose, And beares downe all before him, L.Bar. Noble Earle, I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury Nor. Good, and heaven will. L.Bar. As good as heart can wish: The King is almost wounded to the death, And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne, Prince Harris slain out-right: and both the Blums Kill'd by the hand of Deagles. Yong Prince John, And Wellmerland, and Stafford, fled the Field, And Harris Monmouth's Braine (the I unlke Sir John) Is prisoner to your Sonne. O, such a Day, (So fought, so follow'd, and so fairely wonne) Came not, till now, to digmfie the Times Since Caesar Fortunes.

Nor. How is this deriu'd? Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury? L.Bar. I spake with one (my L,) that came fro thence, A Gentleman well bred, and of good name, That freely render'd me these newes for true. Nor. Heere comes my Servant Trauer, whom I sent On Tuesday laft, to listen after Newes. Enter Trauer.

L.Bar. My Lord, I over-rode him on the way, And he is furnished with no certainties, More then he (happily) may retale from me. Nor. Now Trauer, what good tidings comes fo you?
Enter Morteen.

Mar. Yea, this man brown, like to a Title-leaf, Fore-tells the Nature of a Tragicke Volume: So lookes the Second, when the Impeccable Flood hath left a wimsel Wurpation.

Say Morteen, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mar. I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord) Where hatefull death put on his yeghish Maske To fright our party.

North. How doth my Sonne, and Brother? Thou tremblest; and the whitenesse in thy Cheekes Is apter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand. Even such a man, in fear, to tremble like, So dull, so dead in looke, so woe-be-gone, Drew Priest: Curstimes, in the dead of night, And would haust them, Half his Troy was burn'd. But Priest found the Fire; are he his Tongue: And I, my Painter death, ere thou reproach'd it This, thou wouldst lay: Your Sonne and thys, and thus and: Your Brother, thus, So taught the Noble Douglas, Stopping my greedy ear, with their bold deeds. But in the end (to stop mine Eare indeed) Thou hast a Sigh, to blow away this Pride, Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead, Mor. Douglas's living, and your Brother, yet: But for my Lord, your Sonne.

North. Why, he is dead. See what a ready tongue Supposition hath: He that but fears the thing, he would not know, Hath by Infinity, knowledge from others Eyes, That what he feard, is chanched. Yet speaks (Morteen) Tell thou why Earle, his Disputation Lies, And I will take it, as a sweet Deligence, And make thee rich, for doing me such wrong. Mor. You are too great, to be (by me) gainesid.

Your Spirit is too true, your Fears too certaine, North. Yet for this, lay not that Perises dealéd, I see a strange Confession in thine Eye: Thou smak't thy head, and hold'st it Beeze, or Sinne, To speake a truth. If he be flaine, say so: The Tongue offends now, that reports his death: And he doth thine that doth bely the dead: Not he, which says the dead is not alive: Yet the first bringer of wakewalke News Hath but a loosing Office; and his Tongue, Sounds empty after a fallen Bell Remember'd, knothing a departing Friend.

L.Bas. I cannot think (by your Lord) your Sonne dead. Mor. I am sorry, I should forsece you to beleive That, which I would to heaven, I had not seen. But these mine eyes, saw him in bloody flate, Reading faint Quintance (weared, and out-breath'd) To Harris Mammon, whose fweet wrath beate downe The nearer-dauted Perise to the earth, From whicke,with life she never more sprung vp. In few; his death (whose spirit lent a fire, Euen to the dull Peasant in his Campe) Being bruitted once, tooke fire and haete a way From the best temper'd Courage in his Troopers. For from his Mettle, was his Party feed'd: Which once, in him abated, all the rest Turn'd on themthemselves, like dull and heavy Lead: And as the Thing, that's beauty in it selfe, Vpon enforcement, eyes with greest speed, So did our Men, heavy in Moitures loffe, Lend to this weight, fuch lighnesse with their Fears, That Arrows fled not twilter toward their ymne, Then did our Soldiers (saying at their safety) Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worcester Too soone too late prisoner: and that furious Scott, (The bloody Douglas) whose well-labouring sword Had three times blaine th'apperance of the King, Can vail his flamacke, and did grace the thyme Of those that turnd their backes: and in his flight, Stumbling in Fears, was tooke. The somme of all, Is, that the King hath wonne: and hath sent out A speedy power, to encounter you my Lord, Under the Conduitt of young Lancaster And Wetherham. This is the Newes at full. North. For this, I shall have time enough to mourne. In Poyton, there is Physick: and this newes (Having bene well) that would have made me sicke, Being sicke, have in some measure, made me well. And as the Wrench, whose Feuer-warthed Ioynts, Like strenghtheffe Hindges, bucklet under life, Impatient of his Fitt, breaks like a fire Out of his keepers arms: Even so, my Limbes (Weakned with griefes) being now imr'g'd with griefes, Are thrice themselfes. Hence therefore thou rice cruch A felace Gauntler now, with ioynts of Steele Must glowe this hand. And hence thou sickly Quelle, Thou art a guard too wanton for the head, Which Princes flesh'd with Conquest, syme to hit. Now bindes my Browes with Torn, and approach The rag'dd'd heare, that Time and Sijptre dare bring To blowne upon them'reg'd Northumberland. Let Heaven hisse Earth: now let no Nature's hand Keepes the wile Flood confende: Let Order And let the world no longer be a rage. To feede Contention in a linqing Art: But let one spirit of the Firth-born Cawm.
Reign in all boostes, that each heart being set
On bloody Courses, the rude Scene may end,
And dazkifle be the buryer of the dead. (Honor
L.Bur. Sweet Earl, divours not wisdom from you
Dier. The lives of all your loving Complices
Leane on your health, the which is fain.
To flormy Paffion, muft perforce decay,
You call the new Warrs (my Noble Lord)
And fumm’d the accoempt of Chance, before you faid
Lev vs make head: it was your prefumrize,
That in the dole of blows, your Son might drop.
You knew he walk’d o’er perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, then to get o’er:
You were adul’s this flath was capable
Of Wounds, and Sacraces; and that his forward Spirit
Would hit him, where most trade of danger rang’d,
Yet did you fay go forth: and none of this
(Though strongly apprehended) could refraine
The flite-born Aelion: What hath then befalne?
Or what hath this bold enterprise bring forth,
More than that Being, which was like to be?
L.Bur. We tell that are engaged to this foffe,
Knew that we ventur’d on fuch dangerous Seas,
That we brought our life, was ten to one;
And yet we ventur’d for the gain propos’d
The gentle Arc’biff. op of York is up,
With well appointed Powres: he is a mars
Who with a double Surety bindes his Followers.
The Prince for finking him. about Bardelfe.
In Smith field. If I could get mee a wife in the Scesves, I
he fee.though he haue his own etanchorne to lift him.
He may keepe his owne Grace, but he is almoft out of
the Prince your Matter) whose Chin is not yet
luttentall. But I will fume Securitie. I look’d he should haue
neS Takmg-up, then they muft ftand upon Securitie I
sent me two and twenty yards of Sateen (as I am noe
mine, I can affurehiro. VYhar faid M.
got in, Gold, nor Siluer, but invade apparell.
he had writ man euer fince his Fatber was a BatcbeHour.
he has no judgement. Thou horfon Mandrake, thou art
were not fike to fay. his Face is a Face-Royal). Heauen may
his hand, then he shall get one on his checke: yet he will
not ftrike to fay, his Face is a Face-Royal. Heauen may
finith it when he will, it is not a haires amiffe yet: he may
keep it still at a Face-Royal, for a Barber hall never
earne fince pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if
he had writ man cuet since his father was a Battelloue. He
may keepe his owne Grace, but he is almost out of
mine, I can affure him. What faid M. Dambledon, about
the Satten for my fhort Cloake, and Slips?
Pag. He faid fur, you fhould procure him better Fluir-
ance then Bardaffe: he would not take his Bond & yours,
he lik’d not the Security.
Fed. Let him bee dam’d like the Glutton, may his
Tongue be hotter, a horfon Achtigebt;, a Ralcy-yea-
sfooth-knaue, to beare a Gentleman in hand, and then
fland upon Security? The horfon fmoofh-pares doe now
were nothing but high fices, and banches of Keyes at
their girdles: and if a man is through with them in hon-
ft Taking-vp, then they muft ftand upon Security: I
had as fife they would put Rats-bane in mymouth, as
offer to floppfe it with Secty. I look’d he shoule have
fent me two and twenty yards of Satten (as I am true
of this foolifo compounded Cly-man, is not able
weare nothing but high (hoes, and bunches of Keyes at
on any not but one, it is wrote thame to begge, then to
be on the world side, were it wor the name then the fame of Re-
bellion can tell how to make it.
Ser. You mistake me Sir.
Fal. Why sir? Did I say you were an honest man? Set-
ing my Knight-hood, and my Souls-ship aside, I had lyed in my threat, if I had faid fo.
Ser. I pray you (Sir) then set your Knighthood and your Souls-ship aside, and give mee leave to tell you, you lye in your throat, if you say I am any other then an honest man.
Fal. I giue thee leave to tell me so? I lay a side that which grows to me. If thou gett any leece of me, hang me: if thou askst leave, thou wert better be hang'd: you Hunt-counter hence: Auant.
Ser. If thou taVft leaue, thou wet t better be bang'd - you when I sent for you?
Fal. My good Lord; giue your Lordship good time of the day. I am glad to fee your Lordship abroad: I heard, your Lordship (though not dean pad
attention of your eares, & lease not if I be your Phyfian.
Jan. I am as poore as Ish, my Lord: but not fo Patient: the day.
Ser. I am no poore as you, my Lord; but not fo Patient:
your Lordship may minifret Use Potion of imprisontnene
this same whomson Apoplexie. You.
Jan. This Apoplexie is (as I take it) a kind of Lethar-
gie, a sleeping of the blood, a horfon Tingling.
Ser. What tell you me of it? be it at it is.
Jan. It is a kinds of deafendfe.
Ser. Do you set downe your youth in the forward
of your youth, that are written doone old, with all the Charac-
ters of age? Have you not a monftr eye? a dry hand? a yel-
low cheekes, a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increas-
belly? Is not your voice broken? your winds (shortly)ottr
belly?
Ser. Not so (my Lord) your ill Angel! is light: but I
heare not what I fay to you.
Jan. My good Lord, giue your Lordship very well:
Ser. Very well, (my Lord) very well: rather can plese
you it is the disease of not Lifting, the malady of not
marking, that I am troubled withal.
Fal. To punjhy you by the heels, would smeed the
attention of your eates, & I care not if be your Physitian
I am as poore as you, my Lord; but not fo Patient:
your Lordship may minifter the Potion of imprisone-
to me, in refpeet of Pouerie: but how I should bee your
Patient, to follow your prefcritae, the wife may make
some drain of a curene, or indeede, a curene it selfe.
Ser. I fent for you (when there were matters against
you for your life) to come speake with me.
Fal. As I was then aduised by my learned Council, in
the laws of this Land-service, I did not come.
Ser. Well, the truth is (Sir) you live in great infamy
Fal. He that buckles him, in my beh.canot hue in leffe.
Ser. Your Meanes is very tender, and your wall great.
Fal. I would were other wise: I would my Meanes were greater, and my wall flender.
Ser. You haue milshed the youthfull Prince.
Fal. The young Prince hath milshed me. I am the Fel-
low with the great belt, and he my Dogge.
Ser. Well, I am loth to gall a new head: wound; your
dies service at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded enter
your Nights exploit on Gad's-hill. You may thank the
vaquiet time, for your quiet e're pasting that Action
Fal. My Lord? (Wolfe)
Ser. But once all is well, keep it; for wake not a sleepIng
Fal. To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to fmeil a Fox.
Ser. Whate you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.
Fal. A Wofell-Candle, my Lord; all Fallow: if this
fay of wax, my growth would approue the truth.
Ser. There is not a white hair on your face, but if I
have his eftect of gravitie.
Fal. His eftect of grasy, grasy, grasy.
Ser. You follow the yong Prince up and downe, like
his eft! Angell.
Fal. Not fo (my Lord) your ill Angel! is light: but I
hope, he that looks upon mee, will take mee without,
weighing: and yet in some respects I grant, I cannot go
I cannot tell. Verus is of fo little regard in these Cofter
mongers, that true valor is not'd Bear's-heard, Pregnen-
tie is made a Taffier, and hath his quicke wisd wested
in going Recknings: all the other gifts appertaining to man
(as the malleie of this Age shapes them) are not worth a
Gooseberry. You that are old, consider not the capaci-
ty of vs that are yong: you mefure the booke of our Li-
uers, with the bitterness of your gals. & we that are in
the vaward of our youth, I must confesse, are waggis too.
Ser. Do you set downe your youth in the forward
of your youth, that are written doone old, with all the Charac-
ters of age? Have you not a monftr eye? a dry hand? a yel-
low cheekes, a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increas-
belly? Is not your voice broken? your winds (shortly)ottr
belly?
Ser. If it please your Lcrdlhip, I heare his Maitfiie is
Ful. He that buckles him, in my beh.canot hue in leffe.
Ser. What tell you me of it? be it at it is.
Fal. I would it were oterwise
Ser. Your Mean* is ve» very {lendgr, and your wad great.
Ser. Well, I am loth to gall aoew-heal'd wound: your
Juft. And I he3re moreouer, hb Highndfe is felne into
Ser. Fox, my Lord would fpeake with you.
Fal. My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & som-
thing a round belly. For my voice, I have faid it with hal-
loving and finging of Anthenes. To appeaue my youth
father, I will not: the truth is, I am only ole in judg-
ment and understanding, and he that will cover with me
a thousand Market, let him lend me the money, & have
it at him. For the boxe of the eare that the Prince gaue you,
he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a fena-
ble Lord. I have checks him for it, and the young Lion re-
cepts: Marty not in atter, and fake-clloth, but new Silke,
and old Sacke.
Ser. Well, heauen fend the Prince a better companion.
Ser. Heauen fend the Companion a better Prince: I
cannot rid my hands of him.
Fal. Well, the King hath feuer'd you and Prince Har-
y, there are you going with Lord Ish of Lancaster, a-
gainst the Archbishops, and the Earle of Northumberland
Ser. Yes, I thank you very sweet wit for it: but
lookes you pray, (all you that kiffe my Lady Peace, at
home) that our Armies ioynt in a hot day: for if take
out two thirs out with me, and I meant not to swear ex-
tordinarily: if it be a hot day, if I brandish any thing
but my Bottle, would I might never spit white againe:
There is not a dangerous Action canpee out his head,
but I am shrif upon it. Well, I cannot laft ever.
Ser. Well, be honest, be honest, and heauen bless your
Expediton.
Ser. Will your Lordship lend mee a thousand pound,
to furnish mee forth?
Ser. Not a penny, not a penny, you are too impatient
to bear croffes. Fare you well. Command mee to my
Cofin Wetherland.
Fal. If I do, fit me with a three-man-Bettle. A man
can no more separate Age and Coudousterne, then he can
part yong limbes and leechery: but the Gown galles the
34th: 12
one, and the pox pinches the other; and to both the Degrees present my curtes. Boy?

F. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats, and two pence.

F. I can get no remedy against this Consumption of the purfe. Borrowing only lingers, and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earl of Westmorland, and this to old Misirs Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry, since I perceiv'd the first white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to find me. A pox of this Game, a Count of this Poxe: for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe: It is no matter, if I do halt, I have the warres for my colour, and my Pension shall former the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing: I will turne diseases to commodity.

Scena Quarta.

Enter archbishop, Hastings, Lewes, and Lord Bardolf.

Ar. Thus have you heard our caufes, & know our Means: And my moft noble Friends, I pray you all Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes, And fir (Lord Marshall) what say you to it? Mew. I well allow the occafion of our Armes, But gladly would be better satisfied, How (in our Means) we should advance our ftates To looke with forthead bold and big enough Upon the Power and puiffance of the King. Haft. Our preuent Mufters grow upon the File To fue and twenty thoufand men of choice: And our Supplies, lue largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whose bofome burnes With an incenced Fire of Iniuries. L. Bard. The quefion then (Lord Haffings) and other thus Whether our preuent fufe and twenty thoufand May hold vp-head, without Northumberland: Haft. With him, we may, L. Bard. I marry, there's the point: But if without him we be thought to feebale, My judgement is, we should not ftep too faire Tit we had his Affiftance by the hand. For in a Theatre so bloody faced, as this, Contefeare, Expecftation, and Surmise Of Aydes incertaine, fould not be admittet. Arch. This is very true Lord Bardalf, for indeed It was your Haffings cafe, at Shrewsbury. L. Bard. It was (my Lord) who lin'd himfelf with hope. Eating the syre, on promise of Supply, Plaf ting himfelle with Proteft of a power, Much fmaluer, then the fmaluer of his Thoughts, And fo with great imagination (Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death, And (winking) leapt'd into deftrution. Haft. But (by your leave) it never yet did hurt, To fay downe likelee-hoods, and formes of hope. L. Bard. Yes, if this preuent quality of warre, Indeed the infall action: cause on foot, Lives in hope: As in early Spring, We fee th'appearing buds, which to praise fruite, Hope give not fo much warrant, as Diftape That Frofits will bite them. When we meant to build, We fit furrey the Plot, then draw the Modell, And when we fee the figure of the houfe, Then must we rate the cost of the Erectton, Which if we finde out-weighs Ability, What do we then, but draw a newe the Modell In fewer offices? Or at leaft, defift To build at all? Much more, in this great worke, (Which is (almost) to plucke a Kingdom downe, And deft another vp) they should we furely The plot of Situation, and the Modell; Content upon a sure Foundation: Question Surveyours, know our owne efface, How able fuch a Workes to vndergo, How weigh against his Oppofite? Or elfe, We forfeit in paper, and in Figures, Vufing the Names of men, instead of men: Like one, that draws the Modell of a houfe Beyond his power to builde it; who (hale through) Guesse on, and leaves his part-created Coft A naked fubiedt to the Weeping Clouds, And wafte, for chriftiffs Winters tyranny. If f. That our hopes (yet likelie of faire byrth) Should be still borne: and that we now pooffit The vtmoft man of expecftation: I thinke we are a Body strong enough (Even as we are) to equall with the King. L. Bard. What is the King but fufe & twenty thoufand? Haft. To vs no more: may not so much Lord Bardolf, For his diuifions (as the Times do braul) Are in three Heads: one Power againft the Fritich, And one again Glendower: Perforce a third Muft take vp vs: So is the unfirme King In three diuided: and his Cofts fiowd With hollow Poverty and Epponeffe. Ar. That he should draw his feueral strengths together And come against us in full puiffance Need not be dreaded. Haft. If he fhould do fo, He leaves his backe vnoarm'd, the French, and Welch Baying him at the heeles: never feare that. L. Bard. Who is it like should lead his Forces hiter? Haft. The Duke of Lancaster, and Welfemland: Against the Welfh himfelfe, and Harris Monmouth. But who is sufficiently 'gainft the French, I have no certaine notice. Arch. Let us on: And publift the occafion of our Armes. The Common-wealth is fickle of their owne Choice, Their owr-greedy love hath fuftetted: An habitation giddy, and unferi. Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart. O thou fond Many, with what loud applaufe Didst thou heare heaven with bleffing Bulkingbrooks, Before he was, what thou would'ft have him be? And being now trimm'd in thine owne defires, Thou (beafily Feeder) art to full of him, That thou pououk'th thy felfe to call him vp. So fo, (thou common Dogge) did ft thou disgear Thy glutton-bofome of the Royall Richard, And now thou wouldft eate thy dead vomit vp, And howl't to finde it. What truft is in thee? There, that when Richard li'd, would have him dy, Are now become enamour'd on his Graves Thou that threw'd duft vpon his goodly head. When through proud London he came fighing on, After the admired hecles of Bulkingbrooks, Craft now, O Earth, yield us that King agiue, And
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

And take thou this (O thoughts of men accust'd)  
*Palp, and to Come, femtes bish; things Profent, west.  
Mow. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?  
Hoft. We are Times stubbed, and Time bids, be gone.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Hoftesse with two Officers, Fang, and Snare.  
Hostesse. Mr. Fang, have you entered the Action?  
Fang. It is entered.  
Hostesse. Where's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman?  
Will he stand to it?  
Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?  
Host. I good M. Snare, here, here.  
Fang. Snare, we must Arrest Sir John Falstaff.  
Host. I good M. Snare, I have enter d him, and all.  
Sn. It may chance cost some of us our lives, he will stab Host.  
Alas the day: take heed of him: he flabb'd me in mine owne house, and that most basely: he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out. Hee will foyme like any duchell, he will ike faire man, woman, nor childe.  
Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.  
Hostess. No, nor I neither: I be at your elbow.  
Fang. If I but fill him once, if he come but within my Vicc.  
Host. I am vndone with his going: I warrant he is an inuities thing upon my score. Good M. Fang hold him sure: good M. Snare let him not escape, he comes continuantly to Py-Corn. Let him be brought into his ar. A too. Marke a woman should be made an Affe and a Beafe, to beare e-ebctne. and borne, and borne, and have bin fob'd off, and dole with her Do your Offices, do your offices; M. Host. There is no horsefly in fuch dealing, vnles sub'd-off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare; & I have, Yonder he comes, and that arrant Maimefey-Nose Villaines head, throw the Queane in the Channel.  
Hoft. lk tucke yout Cataftrophe.  
Enter, Ch Juft.  
Fang. What is the groffe Summe that I owe thee?  
Hosts. Marry (if thou wer't an honest man) thy lefe, & the mony too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel gift Goblet, fitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round table, by a sea-cote fire. On Wednesdays in Whitsun week, when the Prince broke thy head for lik'ning him to a finging man of Windford; Thou didst swear to me then (as I was washing my hand) to marrie me, and make me my Lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keetch the Buschers wife come in then, and cast me goff? Quack-comming to borrow a mesle of Vinegar. Grilling vs, she had a good difth of Prawnes. whereby I didst desire to eat some: whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? and didst not thou (when she was gone down faires)desire me to be no more familiar with such poore people, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam? And did I not kneel me, and bid me fetch thee 30 s. I put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canst?  
Fal. 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 truth is, poverty hath drifted her: but for these foolish Officers, I befeech you, I may have redrefle againft them.  
Falst. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your maner of wenching the true caufe, the faile way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of wordes, that come with fuch (more then impudent) sawdnesfiom you, can thrult me from a leuell confidcracion, I know you ha'prat-  
Fal. I am a most worfhipfull Lord, and 't pleafe your  
*Hoft. Yes in trothmy Lord.  
Infl. Prethee peace pay her the debt you owe her, and vnpay the villany you have done her: the one you maydo with sterling mony, & the other with currant reppent.  
Fal. My Lord, I will not vndergo this fneape without reply. You call honorable Boldnesft impudem Sawcineffe: Ifa man will curt fie, and fay nothing, he is venuous: No, my Lord (your humble duty remembred) I will not be your futor. I fay to you, I defire deliu'rance from thefe Officers being upon hafty employment in the Kings Affairs.  
Infl. You speake, as hauing power to do wrong: But answer in the effect of your Reputaion, and faueth the poor woman.  
Falst. Come hithet Hoftesse.  
Infl. No. I am a Gentleman.  
Fal. Nay, you fayd fo before.  
Falst. As I am a Gentleman, Come, no more words of it.
Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Poins, Bardolph, and Page.

Prince. Truth's me, I am exceeding weary.
Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have stuck'd one of so high blood.
Prince. It doth me: though it discolours the complexion of my Grace; yet to acknowledge it. Doth it not shoot wildly in me, to defer small Beere?
Poins. Why, a Prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a Composition.

Prince. Behold, then, my Appetite was not Princely got; for (in sooth) I do now remember the poor Creature, Small Beere. But indeed these humble considerations make me out of tune with my Grace. What a dilugeace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or so know thy face to morrow? Or to take note how many pair of Sith stockings I haste (Tis the, and these that were thy peach-colour'd ones: Or to bereave the Intemperie of thy thirsts, as one for superfluity, and one other, for vice. But that the Tennis-Court-keeper knows better then I, for it is a low ebb of Linnen with thee, when thou keepest not Racket there, as thou hast done a great while; because the rest of thy Low Countries, have made a shift to esate vp thy Holland.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idlely? Tell me how many good young Princes would do so, their Fathers lying to sie, as yours is?
Prince. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?
Poins. Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing.
Prince. It shall serue among wittes of no higher breeding then thine.

Poins. Go to; suspend the push of your one thing, that you'll tell.
Prince. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I should be so now my Father is sick; 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.

Poins. Very hardly, upon such a subiect.
Prince. Thou think'st me as farre in the Diuels Book, as thou, and Falstaff, for odobusracie and perficion: Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my last bleeds inwardly, that my Father is so sick and keeping such violent company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me, all ostension of sorrow.

Prince. The reason?
Prince. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?
Prince. I would think thee a most Princely hypocrite.
Prince. It would be every mans thought: and thou art a blessed Fella, to think of every man thinkes; you are a man though in the world, keeps the Rode-way better then thine: every man would think me an Hypocrite indeed. And what answers your most worthifull thought to thinke so?

Poins. Why, because you have beene so lewd, and so much ingrass'd to Falstaff.

Prince. And to thee.

Poins. Nay, I am well spokken of, I can here it with mine owne ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second Brother, and that I am a proper Fellow of my hands, and those two things; I confess I cannot help. Looke, looke, here comes Bardolph.

Prince. And so the Boy that I gave Falstaff, he had him from me Christian, and fee if the fast villain have not transfor'd him Ape.

Enter Bardolph.

Bardolph. Sir, sake your Grace.
Prince. And yours, most Noble Bardolph.
Bardolph. Come you permittus Ape, you bashfull Soile, must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now? what a Maidens man at Armes are you become? Is it such a matter to get a Bottle-pots Maiden-head?
Page. He call'd me even now (my Lord) through a red Lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window:
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Page. None my Lord, but old Misfirs Quick, and M. Dell Trees-seat.

Prin. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinswoman of my Masters.

Prin. Even such Kin as the Parthian Heyfors are to the Towne-Bull?

Shall we steale upon them (Ned) at Supper?

Ned. I am your shadow, my Lord, Ie follow you.

Prin. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no worce to your Master that I say yet in Towne.

There's for your silence.

Bar. Thaue no tounge, Sir.

Page. And for mine Sir, I will governe it.

Prin. Fare ye well: go.

This Doll Trees-seat should be some Rode.

Page. I warrant you, as common as the way betweene S. Albans and London.

Prin. How might we see Falstaffe beshew himselfe to night, in his true colours, and not our selves bee seene?

Page. Put on two Leather jerkins, and Aprons, and waite upon him at his Table, like Drawers.

Prin. From a God, to a Bull? A heausie declension: It was Joves cafe: From a Prince: to a Princente, a low trans股份tion, that shall be mine: for in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me Ned. Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Northumberland, his Lady and Harry Percy, Lady.

Nord. I prithee loving Wife, and gentle Daughters, Give me an euay way to my rough Affaires: Put not you on the village of the Times, And be like them to Pereis, troublesome.

Wife. I have gien ouer, I will speak no more, Do what you will; your Wifedome, be your guide.

Nord. Alas (sweet Wife) my Honor is at ponne, And but my going, nothing can redeem it.

La. Oh yet, for heauen sake, go not to theh Wahl; The Time was (Father) when you broke your word, When you were mote endeer'd to it, then now, When your owne Percy when my heart-deere

Harr. Threw many a Northward iooke, to fee his Father

Page. In the gray vault or Beauen: and by his Light

Nord. He had no Legges, that praAic'd not his Gate:

Nord. Some that could speske lew, and tardily,

Which the Noble-Youth did dreffe themseloes.

In Militane Rules. Humors of Blood.

Who then perfuade you to fteale at home?

There were two Horions Jofi; Yours, and your Sonnes. For Yours, may heauenly glory brighten it!

For His, it fteale vp him, as the Sunne

In the grey vault of Beauen: and by his Light

Did all the Cheualrie of England moue

To do brauce Aet. He was (indeed) the Glaffe

Wherein the Noble-Yourth did dreffe himselfes, He had no Legges, that prais'd not his Glasse:

And speaking thicke (which Nature made him blemish)

Became the Accents of the Vaillant.

For thoee that could speak low, and tardily,

Woulde turne their owne Perfe&ion, to Abuse,

To seeme like him. So that in Speech, in Gates,

In Diet, in Affections of delight,

In Militarie Rules, Humors of Blood,
He was the Marke, and Glasse, Coppys, and Booke.
Thet farish doe others. And him, O wondrous! him,
O Muracle of Men! Him did you leave
(Second to none) va-seconded by you,
To looke upon the hideous God of Warre,
In difsausage, to abide a field:
Where nothing but the found of Hathur Name
Did serm deffible: so you left him.
Neror, O ever doe his Ghsto the wrong,
To hold your Honor more precife 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 his Numbers,
To day might I (hanging on Hathurs Necke)
Hawe taile’d of Mommeth’s Graue.

North. Behove you his heart,
(Faire Daughter) you doe draw my Sprites from me,
With new lamenting ancient Over-fights.
But I must goe, and meet with Danger there,
Or it will feke me in another place,
And finde me more subdued.
Faire Daughter, I flye to Scotland.
Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons,
Hawe of their Puiffance made a little taste.

Lady. If they get ground, and vantage of the King,
Then styne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steete,
To make Strength stronger. But, for all our loves,
First let them trye themselves. So did your Sonne,
He was so fuffer’d 4 to come I a Widow
And never shall haue length of Life enough,
To taste upon Remembrance with mine Eyes,
That it may grow, and sprout, as high as Heaven,
For Recordation to my Noble Husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me! is it with mine Mind
As with the Tyde,well’d vp into his height,
That makes a still-hand, running neyther way.
Faine would I goe to meet the Arch-bishop,
But many thonand Reasons hold me backe,
I will refolute for Scotland: there am I,
Till Time and Vantage craue my company.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

2. Drawer. Thou say’st true; the Prince once set a Dish of Apple-John before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johnes: and, putting off his Hat, said, I will now take my leane of these five dres, round, old, wither’d Knights. It anger’d him to the heart: but hee hath forgot that.
3. Drawer. Why then coeter, and fet them downe: and see if thou canst finde out Sneaky Noyse; Mistris Tress-ferre would faie have borne Muflique.
4. Drawer. Sirrha, heere will be the Prince, and Master Paus, anon: and they will put on two of our Jerkins, and Aprons, and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.
5. Drawer. Then here will be old John it will be an excellent stratagem.

| Scene Four |

2. Drawer. Thou say’st true; the Prince once set a Dish of Apple-John before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johnes: and, putting off his Hat, said, I will now take my leane of these five dres, round, old, wither’d Knights. It anger’d him to the heart: but hee hath forgot that.
3. Drawer. Why then coeter, and set them downe: and see if thou canst find out Sneaky Noyse; Mistris Tress-ferre would faie have borne Muflique.
4. Drawer. Sirrha, heere will be the Prince, and Master Paus, anon: and they will put on two of our Jerkins, and Aprons, and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.
5. Drawer. Then here will be old John it will be an excellent stratagem.

2. Drawer. I see if I can finde our Sneaky. Exit.

Enter Hoftes, and Dol.

Hos. Sweet-heart, I thinke now you are in an excellent good temperatality: you Pulidge bestes as extraordinary, as heart would desire; and your Colour (I warrant you) is as red as any Rose: But you have drunk too much Canaries, and that’s a marvellous taching Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere wee can say what’s this. How doe you now?
Dol. Better than I was: Hem.
Hos. Why that was well said: A good heart’s worth Gold. Loake, here comes Sir John.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. When Arthur first in Court—(emptie the Jordan)
and was a worthy King. How now Mistris Dol?
Hos. Sick of a Calme: ye, good-foot.
Fal. So is all her Sett: if they be once in a Calme,
they are sick.
Dol. You mad this Rascall, is that all the comfort you
give me?
Fal. You make fat Rascally, Mistris Dol.
Dol. I make them? Gluttonie and Diffense make them,
I make them not.
Fal. If the Cooke make the Giuttonie, you help to
draw off (Dol) we catch of you (Dol) we catch of you:
Grant that, my poor Venure, grant that.
Dol. I marry, our Chayne, and our Jewels.
Fal. Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to ferue brauely, is to come halting off: you know, to come off the Beach, with his Pike bent brauely, and to Surgeie brauely; to venture upon the charg d-Chambers brauely.
Hos. Why this is the olde fashion: you two never meete
but you fall to some discord: you are both (in
good troth) as Rheumatike as two dre Toffer, you can¬
ot one bear with others Comforts. What the good-yeare? One must bear, and that must bee you.
you are the weaker Veysell; as they say, the emptier Veysell.
Dol. Can weake enforce Veysell bear such a huge full Hogs-head? There’s a whole Merchants Venture
in Court—(than Arthur)
not the 1 Off dan) yet empty the 1 Of dan).
Hos. Why this is the olde fashion: you two never meete,
but you fall to some discord: you are both (in
good troth) as Rheumatike as two dre Toffer, you can¬
ot one bear with others Comforts. What the good-yeare? One must bear, and that must bee you.
you are the weaker Veysell; as they say, the emptier Veysell.
Dol. Can weake enforce Veysell bear such a huge full Hogs-head? There’s a whole Merchants Venture
in Court—(than Arthur)
not the 1 Off dan) yet empty the 1 Of dan).
Hos. Draw. I see if I can finde our Sneaky. Exit.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. When Arthur first in Court—(emptie the Jordan)
and was a worthy King. How now Mistris Dol?
Hos. Sick of a Calme: ye, good-foot.
Fal. So is all her Sett: if they be once in a Calme,
they are sick.
Dol. You mad this Rascall, is that all the comfort you
give me?
Fal. You make fat Rascally, Mistris Dol.
Dol. I make them? Gluttonie and Diffense make them,
I make them not.
Fal. If the Cooke make the Giuttonie, you help to
draw off (Dol) we catch of you (Dol) we catch of you:
Grant that, my poor Venure, grant that.
Dol. I marry, our Chayne, and our Jewels.
Fal. Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to ferue brauely, is to come halting off: you know, to come off the Beach, with his Pike bent brauely, and to Surgeie brauely; to venture upon the charg d-Chambers brauely.
Hos. Why this is the olde fashion: you two never meete
but you fall to some discord: you are both (in
good troth) as Rheumatike as two dre Toffer, you can¬
ot one bear with others Comforts. What the good-yeare? One must bear, and that must bee you.
you are the weaker Veysell; as they say, the emptier Veysell.
Dol. Can weake enforce Veysell bear such a huge full Hogs-head? There’s a whole Merchants Venture
in Court—(than Arthur)
Swaggerer comes r.ot in my doores. I was before Mafter Tiffick the Deputie, the other day: and as hee said to me, it was no longer agoe then Wednesday laft: Neighbour Swaggering Companions. There comes none here. You may stroake him as gently, as a Puppie Greyhound: hee will not swagger with a Barbarie Hound. if hee said so, I beleeke you now, aggrauce your Choler.

Pist. Thee be Good Captaine Pistel be quiet, it is very late: I beleeke you now, aggrauce your Choler.
Pist. Thee be Good Humors indeede. Shall Pack-Horres, and hollow-pamper'd Iades of Asfa, which can not goe but thirtie miles a day, compare with Cafer, and with Caniballs, and Trojan Greeks? Nay, rather daunne them with King Cerberus, and let the Wulkin roare; shall we fell foole for Toys?

Captaine. There you are. You may haue what you please: I cannot abide Swaggerers. 
Pist. Ho! Ho! on my word (Captaine) there's none such here. What the good-yere, do you thinke I would deny her? I pray be quiet.
Pist. Then feed, and be fat (my faire Companions) Come, I will charge you with a Cup of Sack: doe you discharge upon mine Hostess.
Pist. I will discharge upon her (Sir John) with two Bullets. She is Pistoll-proof (Sir) you shall hardly of-fend her.
Pist. Come, Ile drinke no Proostes, nor no Bullets: I will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans pleasures.
Pist. Then to you (Mistris Dorothie) I will charge you.

Del. Charge me? I see none you (fowre Companions) to what? you peere, base, profaftely, cheating, Jacke-Linnen-Make: away you mouldie Rogue, away; I am meat for your Master.
Pist. I know you, Mistris Dorothie.

Del. Away you Cut-purse Raffell, you filthy Bung: away: By this Wine, Ile thrust my Knife in your mouldie Chappes, if you play the fawle Cudite with me. Away you Bottle-Ale Raffell, you Basket-hat Halse Ingler, you.

When I say, you, Sir? what, with two Points on your shoulder? much.
Pist. I will murther your Ruffe, for this:

Host. No good, a Captaine Pistel: not here, sweete Captaine

Del. Captaine? thou sbonomable demd'd Captaine, art thou not famd to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines were of my minds, they would trunck me ouer, for taking their Names upon you, before you have earn'd there. You a Captaine? you have, for what? for tearing a poor Wores Ruffe in a Rabye-house? Here a Captaine hang him Ruffe, hee lives upon mouldie fadow-prazines, and dry Deakes. A Captaine? these Villains will make the word Captaine odious: Therefore Captaines had neede looke to it.
...morow, A morttie Song, come: it growes late.

Page: The Musique is come,Sir.

Fal. Peace (good Fal) doe not speake like a Deaths-head: doe not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrus, what humor is the Prince of?

Fal. A good Shallow young fellow: hee would have made a good Pantler, hee would have chipp'd Bread well.

Fal. They say Prince hath a good Wit.

Fal. Hee a good Wit ? hang him Boboone, his Wit is as thicke as Tweskurie Mustard: there is no more conceit in him, then in a Mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their Legges are both of abignesse: and hee playes at Quoits well, and estes Conger and Fennell, and drinks off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides the wilde-Mare with the Boyes, and lumpes vpon loyn'd back, and drinkes off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides Bread-chopper, and I know not what,? and then 1 know how to handle you.

Poin. Let us beat him before his Whore.

Dol. My Lord, hee will doe you out of your Sence, and turne all to a mercenary, if you take not the fruit.

Prince. Thou whorfon Candle-mynge you, how wildly did you speake of me outward, before this honest, vertuous, civil Gentlewoman?

Fal. Blunting on your good heart, and so fhee is by my treach.

Dol. Didst thou hear me?

Prince. Yes: and yow knew me, as you did when you came to London. Now Heaven bleffe that sweete Face of thine: what, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorfon mad Compound of Mischief: by this light Fleshe, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.


Poin. My Lord, hee will doe you out of your re-concile, and turne all to a mercenary, if you take not the fruit.

Prince. Thou whorfon Candle-mynge you, how wildly did you speake of me outward, before this honest, vertuous, civil Gentlewoman?

Fal. Blunting on your good heart, and so fhee is by my treach.

Dol. Didst thou hear me?

Prince. Yes: and yow knew me, as you did when you came to London. Now Heaven bleffe that sweete Face of thine: what, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorfon mad Compound of Mischief: by this light Fleshe, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.


Poin. My Lord, hee will doe you out of your re-concile, and turne all to a mercenary, if you take not the fruit.

Prince. Thou whorfon Candle-mynge you, how wildly did you speake of me outward, before this honest, vertuous, civil Gentlewoman?

Fal. Blunting on your good heart, and so fhee is by my treach.

Dol. Didst thou hear me?

Prince. Yes: and yow knew me, as you did when you came to London. Now Heaven bleffe that sweete Face of thine: what, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorson mad Compound of Mischief: by this light Fleshe, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.


Poin. My Lord, hee will doe you out of your re-concile, and turne all to a mercenary, if you take not the fruit.

Prince. Thou whorson Candle-mynge you, how wildly did you speake of me outward, before this honest, vertuous, civil Gentlewoman?

Fal. Blunting on your good heart, and so fhee is by my treach.

Dol. Didst thou hear me?

Prince. Yes: and yow knew me, as you did when you came to London. Now Heaven bleffe that sweete Face of thine: what, are you come from Wales?
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

How many thousand of my poorest Subjects Are at this hour so idle? O Sleep, O gentle Sleep,  
A Wallet, howlist thou in mine ear? how hast thou frighted mee, 
That thou no more wilt weighe my eyes-lids downe,  
And sleepe my Sences in Forgetfulness?  
Why rather (Sleepe) lyest thou in simoiske Cribes,  
Vpon vnessefull Pillards stretching thee,  
And bulifht with buffing Night, flies to thy number,  
Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?  
Vnder the Canopies of costly State,  
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest Melodi?  
O thou dull God, why lyest thou with the wilde,  
In loathsome Beds, and leaft the Kingly Couch,  
A Watch-cafe, or a common Laram-Bell?  
Wilt thou, vpon the high and gudde Mafl,  
Make thy selfe the Ship-boys Eyres, and rock his Braines,  
In Cradle of the rude impenous Surge,  
And in the vification of the Windes,  
Who take the Rouffian Billowes by the top,  
Curling their monfrous heads, and hanging them  
With defaining Clamors in the flipp'ry Clouds,  
That with the hurley, Death it selft awakes  
Caunft thou (O partirall Sleepe) gue thy Repose  
To the wet Sea-Boy, in an hour so rude:  
And in the calmef, and most fullest Night,  
With all appliances, and meanes to boote,  
Deny it to a King? Then happy Loufe, lye downe,  
Vnessefull lyes the Head,that wearess Crowne.

Enter Warwicke and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrowes to your Maiestie,  
King. Is it good-morrow, Lords?  
War. 'Tis One a Clock, and past.  
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 distemper'd,  
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,  
With good advice, and little Medicine:  
My Lord Northumberland will voome be coold,  
King. Oh Heaven, that one might read the Book of Fate,  
And fee the resolution of the Times  
Make Mountains leuell, and the Continent  
(Weare of solide firmendre) me! it selfe  
Into the Sea: and other Times, to fee  
The benefic Cirdle of the Ocean  
Too wide for Neptune hippes; now Chances mocks  
And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration  
With dues Queuos, '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 Percio was the man, nearest my Soule,  
Who, like a Brother, toy'd in my Affaires,  
And layd his Loue and Life vnder my foot:  
Yes, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard  
Crue him defiance. But which of you was by  
(You Couen Newt, as I may remember)  
When Richard, with his Eye, burn'd full of Teares,  
(Then check'd, and rated by Northumberland)  
Did speake these words (now prowd a Prophecie,)  
Northumberland, thou Ladder, by the which

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-read theses Letters,  
And well consider of them: make good speed.  
Exit.

Enter Petro.

Prince. Petro, how now? what news?  
Petro. The King, your Father, is at Westminster,  
And there are twantye wounded and wearied Postes,  
Came from the North: and as I came along,  
I met, and over-tooke a dozen Captaines,  
Bare-headed, weating, knocking at the doores,  
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.  
Prince. By Heaven (Pallar) I feele me much to blame,  
So idly to prophane the precious time,  
When Tempest of Commotion, like the South,  
Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to mek.  
Bare-headed, weating, knocking at the doores.  
I met, and cuer-teoke a dozen Captaines,  
Doore thece, Francis.

Falstaff, good night.

Falstaff. Now comes in the sweetest Morcell of the night,  
And wee must hence, and leaue icvnpickt. More  
Bare-headed, weating, knocking at the doores.  
I met, and cuer-teoke a dozen Captaines,  
Doore thece, Francis.

Enter Petro.

Prince. Petro, how now? what news?  
Petro. The King, your Father, is at Westminster,  
And there are twantye wounded and wearied Postes,  
Came from the North: and as I came along,  
I met, and over-tooke a dozen Captaines,  
Bare-headed, weating, knocking at the doores,  
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.  
Prince. By Heaven (Pallar) I feele me much to blame,  
So idly to prophane the precious time,  
When Tempest of Commotion, like the South,  
Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to mek.  
Bare-headed, weating, knocking at the doores.  
I met, and cuer-teoke a dozen Captaines,  
Doore thece, Francis.

Falstaff. Good night.

Falstaff. Now comes in the sweetest Morcell of the night,  
And wee must hence, and leaue icvnpickt. More  
Bare-headed, weating, knocking at the doores.  
I met, and cuer-teoke a dozen Captaines,  
Doore thece, Francis.

Enter Petro.

Prince. Petro, how now? what news?  
Petro. The King, your Father, is at Westminster,  
And there are twantye wounded and wearied Postes,  
Came from the North: and as I came along,  
I met, and over-tooke a dozen Captaines,  
Bare-headed, weating, knocking at the doores,  
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.  
Prince. By Heaven (Pallar) I feele me much to blame,  
So idly to prophane the precious time,  
When Tempest of Commotion, like the South,  
Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to mek.  
Bare-headed, weating, knocking at the doores.  
I met, and cuer-teoke a dozen Captaines,  
Doore thece, Francis.

Falstaff. Good night.

Falstaff. Now comes in the sweetest Morcell of the night,  
And wee must hence, and leaue icvnpickt. More  
Bare-headed, weating, knocking at the doores.  
I met, and cuer-teoke a dozen Captaines,  
Doore thece, Francis.

Enter Petro.

Prince. Petro, how now? what news?  
Petro. The King, your Father, is at Westminster,  
And there are twantye wounded and wearied Postes,  
Came from the North: and as I came along,  
I met, and over-tooke a dozen Captaines,  
Bare-headed, weating, knocking at the doores,  
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.  
Prince. By Heaven (Pallar) I feele me much to blame,  
So idly to prophane the precious time,  
When Tempest of Commotion, like the South,  
Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to mek.  
Bare-headed, weating, knocking at the doores.  
I met, and cuer-teoke a dozen Captaines,  
Doore thece, Francis.

Falstaff. Good night.

Falstaff. Now comes in the sweetest Morcell of the night,  
And wee must hence, and leaue icvnpickt. More  
Bare-headed, weating, knocking at the doores.  
I met, and cuer-teoke a dozen Captaines,  
Doore thece, Francis.

Enter Petro.

Prince. Petro, how now? what news?  
Petro. The King, your Father, is at Westminster,  
And there are twantye wounded and wearied Postes,  
Came from the North: and as I came along,  
I met, and over-tooke a dozen Captaines,  
Bare-headed, weating, knocking at the doores,  
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.  
Prince. By Heaven (Pallar) I feele me much to blame,  
So idly to prophane the precious time,  
When Tempest of Commotion, like the South,  
Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to mek.  
Bare-headed, weating, knocking at the doores.  
I met, and cuer-teoke a dozen Captaines,  
Doore thece, Francis.

Falstaff. Good night.

Falstaff. Now comes in the sweetest Morcell of the night,  
And wee must hence, and leaue icvnpickt. More  
Bare-headed, weating, knocking at the doores.  
I met, and cuer-teoke a dozen Captaines,  
Doore thece, Francis.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Shallow and Silence: with Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Furbe, Bull-calf.

Shal. Come-on, come-on, come-on: give me your Hand. Sir, give me your Hand, Sir: an early rister, by the Road. And how doth my good Cousin Silence? Sil. Good-morrow, good Cousin Shal.

Shal. And how doth my Cousin, your Bed-fellow? and your fair infant Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter Eln?

Sil. Alas, a blacke Oxwell (Cousin Shalow). Shal. By yes and nay, Sir, I dare say my Cousin William is become a good Scholler: he is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed Sir, to my cost.

Shal. Hoist them to the inner of Court shortly: I was once of Clarentes Inne; where (I think) they will take of mad Shalow yet.

Sil. You were call'd Iustice Shalow then (Cousin.)

Shal. I was call'd any thing, and I would have done any thing indecent too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Dout of Staffordshire, and blacke George Bar, and Francis Pick done, and Will Squire a Cat-fuill-man, you had not foure such Swing, bucklers in all the Innes of Court againe: And I may say to you, we knew where the Bom-Reb's were, and had the best of them all at commandement. Then was Jacke Falstaff (now Sir John) a Boy, and Page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John (Cousin) that comes hither soon about Souldiers?

Shal. The fame Sir John, the very fame: I saw him breake Scoggs's Head at the Court-Gate, when he was a Crack, nor thus high: and the very farm-day did I fight with one Sampson Stick-fish, a Fruitree, behinde Greyes-Inne. Oh the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine olde Auncient acquaintance are dead?

Sil. Well shall all follow (Cousin.)

Shal. Certaine: '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.

Shal. Death is certaine. Is old Double of your Towne lying yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead? Sure, see, he drew a good Bow: and dead? hee shot a fine shoote. John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead? hee would have clapt in the Cloath at Twelue-score, and carried you a fore-hand Shal at foureteene, and fourseene, and halfe, that it would have done a mans heart good to see. How a score of Ewes now? Sir. Thereafter as they be: a score of good Ewes may be worth tenne pounds.

Shal. And is olde Double dead?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff: Men (as I think.)

Shal. Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen.

Bard. I befeech you, which is Iustice Shalow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow (Sir) a poore Efqurer of this Countie, and one of the Kings Iustices of the Peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you: my Captaine Sir John Falstaff, a tall Gentleman, and a moft gallant Leader.

Shal. 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, pardone: a Souldier is better accommodated, then with a Wife.

Shal. It is well said, Sir; and it is well said, indeede; too: Better accommodated: is it a good: yea indeed is it: good phrases are surely, and every where very commendable. Accommodated; it comes of Accommodate: very good, a good Phrase.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phrase: but I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to be a Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good Command. Accommodated: that is, when a man is (as they say) 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 lust: looke, here comes good Sir John. Give me your hand, give me your Worships good hand: Truft me, you looke well: and beare your yeares very well. Welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good M. Robert Shal- low. Master Spoon-card as I think?

Shal. No sir John, it is my Cousin Silence, in Commission with me.

Fal. Good M. Silence, it well bities you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good Worship is welcome.

Fal. Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) have you proued me here half a dozen of sufficient men?

Shal. Marry have we fis: Will you fis?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Let me see, let me fee, let me fee: so, so, so: yea marry Sir. Raph Moulds: let them appear as I call: let them do so, let them do so: Let mee fee, Where is Moulds?

Mould. Here, if it please you.

Shal. What think you (Sir John) a good limb'd fellow: yong, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Moulds?

Mault. Yes, if it please you.

Fal. Tis the more time thou wrest vs'd. Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent things. That are moud- dle, lacke we: very singular good. Wall saide Sir John, very well saide.

Fal. Prick him.

Maul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could have let me alone: my old Dame will be undone now: for one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need not to have prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe out, then I.

Fal. Go to: peace Moulds, you shall goe. Moulds, it is time you were spente.

Moul. Spent?

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand side: Know you where you are at? For the other fis John. Let me see: Simon Shallow.

Fal. I marrie, let me have him to fit vnder: he's like to be a cold fouldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shed. Hearr sir.

Fal. Shallow, what's done there? Shad. My Mothers fonne, Sir.

Fal. Thy Mothers fonne: like enough, and thy Fa- thes shadow: so the fonne of the Female, is the shadow of the Male: it is often fo indeede, but not of the Fathers substance.

Shal. Do you like him, sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for Summer: pricke him: For we have a number of shadowes to fill uppe the Muster-Booke.

Shal. Thomas Wart?

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Heree sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yes sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged Wart.

Shal. Shall I pricke him downe.

Sir John?

Falst. It were superfluous: for his apparel is built up on his backe, and the whole frame stands upon pins pricke him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it fis: you can doe it: I commend you well.

Francis Feble.

Fal. Heere sir.

Shal. What Trade art thou Feble?

Feble. A Womans Taylor sir.

Shal. Shall I pricke him fis?

Fal. You may: But if he had beene a mans Taylor, he would have pricke d you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Bar- taille, as thou haft done in a Womans petticote?

Feble. I will doe my good will fis, you can have no more.

Falst. Well said, good Womans Tailour: Well saye Courageous Feble: thou wilt bee as valiant as the wrath- full Dowe, or most magnanimous Moufe. Pricke the wom- an Taylor, our Master Shallow, deeper Master Shal- low.

Feble. I would wast might have gone fis.

Fal. I would thou wast a mans Tailor, that 'd might'ld mend him, and make him fis to goe. I cannot put him to a priuate fouldier, that is the Leader of so many thou- sands. Let that suffice, most forcible Feble.

Feble. It shall suffice.

Fal. I am bound to thee, recerued Feble. Who is the next?

Shal. Peter Bulcaffe of the Greene.

Falst. Yeas marry, let vs see Bulcaffe.

Bult. Heere sir.

Fal. Truft me, a likely Fellow. Come, pricke me Bul- caffe till he roare again.

Bult. Oh, good my Lord Captaine.

Fal. What? don't thou roare before thy art prickt.

Bult. Oh sir, I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bult. A whom so cold fis, a cough fis, which I catch with Ringing in the Kings affayres, upon his Coronation day fis.

Fal. Come, thou shalt goe to the Warres in a Cove: we will have away thy Cold, and I will take such order, that thy fr iends shall ring for thee. Is heete all?

Shal. There is two more called then your number: you must haue but fourr heere fis, and so I pray you go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will goe drinkke with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you in good troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O sir John, do you remember since wee lay all night in the Winde mill, in S Georges Field.

Falstaff. No more of that good Master Shal- low: No more of that.

Shal. Hat it was a merry night. And is Lawe Night- works alwayes?

Fal. She lives, M. Shallow.

Shal. She neuer could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: she would always say thee could not abide M. Shallow.

Shal. I could anger her to the heart. fhee was then a bana Raba. Doth she hold her owne well.

Fal. Old, old, M. Shallow.

Shal. Ne, the must be old, the cannot choose but be old.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

old; certaine shee's old: and had Robe Night-workes; by old Night-worke, before I came to Clemen's Inn.

Sad. That's fiftie fue yeeres agoe.

Shal. Hah, Cousin Silence, that thou hadft see that, that this Knight and I have seene: hah, Sir John, said I well?

Falst. Wee haue heard the Chymnes at mid-night, Maister Shalow.

Shal. That we haue, that wee haue: in faith, Sir John, we haue: out watch-word was, Hen. Boys. Come, let's to Dinner; come Jet's to Dinner: Oh the days that we have seeen. Come, come.

But. Good Maister Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and here is four Harriet tennis shillings in French Crownes for you: in very truth, Sir, I had as lief be hang'd as goe: and yet, for mine owne part, Sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and for mine owne part, have a desire to play with my friends: else, Sir, I did not care, for mine owne part, so much.

Bard. Go-too: stand aside.

Mould. And good Maister Corporall Capitaine, for my old Dames sake, stand my friend: free hath no bodye doe any thing but her. When I am gone, and then she is, and then she cannot help her felte: you shall have forte, Sir.

Bard. Go-too: stand aside.

Feste. I care not, a man can die but once: we see ove a death. I will neuer beare a base minde: if it be my defire, and cannot helpe her selfe; you shall haue forte, Sir. I care not, a man can die but once; wee owe a desir to (lay with my friends: else, I did not care, for mine owne part, Sir.

Bard. Go-too. Sir John, what foure will you haue? Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound, to free Mouldar and But-alke.

Falst. Go-too: well.

Shal. Come, sir John, what foure will you haue?"
That your attempts made you live the hazard, to be serious, and Duke of Lancaster.
The Prince, Lord V'pon one eye, the rate of thirtie thousand.
And by the ground they hide, I judge their number to Scotland; and concludes in heartie prayers.
Hee it retorn'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes,
And dafli themselues to pieces.
The which hee could not letse: whereupon their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus.
My Friends and Brethren (in these great Affaire*) came like to selfe, in base and abjeel Routs,
Unto your Grace doe I in chiefe addreffe let vs sway-on, and face them in the field.
Mow. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let vs iway-on, and face them in the field.

Enter A Messenger.

Heif. Now? what newes?
Mow. Well of this Forrest, scarcely off a mile, In goodly forme, comes on the Enemy:
And by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Vpon, or nearer, the case of thirtie thousand.
Mow. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let vs iway-on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmerland.

Bish. What well-appointed Leader fronts vs here?
Mow. I think it is my Lord of Westmerland.
Bish. Say on (my Lord of Westmerland) in peace:
What doth concern your comming?
Well. Then (my Lord) 
Vnto your Grace doe I in chiefe address.
The substance of my Speech. If that Rebellion came like it selfe, in base and abject Routs,
Led on by bloody Youth, guarded with Rage,
And outenamed by Boys, and Beggerie:
I say, if damn d Commotion to appear,
in his tree, nature, and most proper shape,
You (Reuerend Father, and these Noble Lords) had not beene here, to direct the roughly forme
Of base, and bloody Inflexion.
With your faire Honors, You, Lord Arch-bishop,
Whole Sea is by a Ciuitl Peace maintained,
Whole Beard, the Silver Hand of Peace hath touch'd,
Whole Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd,
Whole white Infitelments figure Innocence,
The Dove, and very bleffed Spirit of Peace.
Wherefore doe you so ill tranfarc your selfe,
Out of the Speech of Peace, that beares such grace,
Into the harsh and boyfrous Tongue of Warre?
Turning your Bookes to Graves, your Inke to Blood,
Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue diuine
To a lowd Trumpet, and a Pointe of Warre.

Bish. Wherefore doe I this? for the Question stands.
Briefly to this end: Wee are all diffcad,
And with our turffing and wanton howres,
Have brought our selves into a burning Feuer,
And wee must bleed for it: of which Difeafe,
Our late King Richard (being infected) dy'd.
But (my most Noble Lord of Wellimerland)
I take not on me here as a Physician,
Nor doe I as an Enemy to Peace,

Troope in the Thronges of Militare men
But rather the was a white like fearfull Warre,
To dye, rankes Minde, sick of happenelie,
And purge th obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very Veines of Life: heare me more plainly.
I have in equal balance sufter weight
What wrongs our Arms may do, what wronge we suffer,
And finde our Griefes heavier then our Offences.
Wee flee which way the fireame of Time doth runne,
And are enforced from our most quiet there,
By the rough Torrent of Occasion.
And have the summatie of all our Griefes
(When time shall serue) to shew in Articles
Which long ere this, wee offered to the King,
And might, by no Suit, gaine our Audience:
When wee are wrong'd, and would vnsfold our Griefes,
Woe are den'd accersse into his Person,
Even by those men, that most have done vs wrong.
The dangers of the dayes but newly gone,
Whose memorie is written on the Earth
With yet appearing blood; and the examples
Of every Minutes instance (prevend now)
Hath put vs in thefe ill-believing Armes:
Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it,
But to establifh here a Peace indeede,
Concurring both in Name and Quality.
Welf. When ever yet was your Appeal deny'd?
Wherein have you beene galled by the King?
What Peace hath beene subord'd, to grace on you,
That you should fear that lawlesse bloody Bookes
Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Seale diuine?
Bish. My Brother generally, the Common-wealth,
I make my Quarrel, in particular.
Welf. There is no neede of any such redrefse:
Get there were, it not belonged to you.
Mow. Why not to him in part, and to vs all,
That feele the bruises of the dayes before,
And suffer the Condition of these Times
To lay a heauie and unequall Hand upon our Honors?
Welf. O my good Lord Stanbroy, Confrue the Times to their Necelitities,
And you shall say (indeed) it is the Time,
And not the King, that doth you imurie.
Yet for your part, it not appears to me
Either from the King, or in the prefent Time,
That you should have anyh of any ground
To build a Greafe on: were you not restor'd
to all the Duke of Norfolkes Seigniorne,
Your Noble, and right well-remembred Fathers?
Mow. What thing. in Honor, had my Father left,
That need to be restor'd, and breath'd in me?
The King, that lou'd him, as the State flood then,
Was forc'd, perforce complaid to banishe:
And then, that Henry Bullingbroke and thee
Being mounted, and both rowfed in their States,
Their neighing Courfers daring of the Spurre,
And the lowd Trumpet blowing them together:
That you should have anyh of any ground
To build a Greafe on: were you not restor'd
to all the Duke of Norfolk's Seigniorne,
Your Noble, and right well-remembred Fathers?
Mow. What thing, in Honor, had my Father left,
That need to be restor'd, and breath'd in me?
The King, that lou'd him, as the State flood then,
Was forc'd, perforce complaid to banishe:
And then, that Henry Bullingbroke and thee
Being mounted, and both rowfed in their States,
Their neighing Courfers daring of the Spurre,
And the lowd Trumpet blowing them together:
Then then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
My Father from the Breath of Bullingbroke.
O, when the King did throw his Warder downe,
(He owne Life hung upon the Staffe he threw)
Then threw hee downe himselfe, and all their Lives,
That by Indulgence, and by doo of Sword,
Hauce time mis-carried under Bullingbroke.

86.3
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Woof. You speak (Lord Mowbray) now you know not what. The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant Gentleman. Who knows, on whom Fortune would then have firm'd? But if your Father had beene Vizior there, Hee ne're had borne it out of Country. For all the Countrie, in a general voyce, Cry'd hee upo'n him: and all their prayers, and loue, Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on, And blest'd, and grace'd, and did more then the King, But this is meer obedience from my purpose. Here come I from our Princely Generall,
To know your Grievances; to tell you, from his Grace, That hee will give you Audience: and wherein It shall appeare, that your demands are lufft, You shall enjoy them, every thing set off,
That might to much as thinks you Enemies.

Mow. But hee hath force'd us to compel this Offer,
And it proceeded from Policy, not Loue.
With much mixture, andisuence to take it so!
This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Fear.
For he, within a Ken our Army lies, Vpon mine Honor, all too confident
To guide admittance to a thought of Fear.
Our Battaile is more full of Names then yours,
To goe, within a Ken our Army lies, Vpon mine Honor, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of Fear.
Our State is more perfect in the view of Armies,
Our Armes all as strong, our Cause the best;
Then Reason will, our hearts should be as good.
Say you not then, our Offer is compell'd.

Mow. Well, by my will, wee shall admit no Parley, Well. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten Case abides no handling.
Hast. Hath the Prince John a full Commission,
In very ample virtue of his Father,
To heare, and absolutely to determine
Of what Conditions wee shall stand upon?

Woof. That is intended in the Generals Name:
I must you make so slight a Quistion.

Hast. Then take (my Lord of Westmerry) this Schedule,
For this contains our general Grievances:
Each general Article herein redres'd,
All members of our Cause, both here, and hence,
That are inflinced to this Action,
Acquitted by a true subtantiall forme,
And present execution of our wills,
To vs, and to our purpos es confin'd,
Wee come within our owne Banks againe,
And knitt our Powers to the Arme of Peace.
If this will I shew the Generall. Please you Lords,
In fight of both our Battailes, wee may meete
At either end in peace: which Heauen so frame.

Hast. My Lord, wee will doe so.

Mow. There is a thing within my Bosome tells me,
That no Conditions of our Peace can stand.

Hast. Peace ye not, that if we can make our Peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
At our Conditions shall consist, our Peace shall stand as firm as Rockie Mountains.

Mow. But our valuation shall be such,
That every flight, and false-derived Caufe,
Yes, every idle, nice, and wanton Reason,
Shall to the King, taste of this Action:
That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Loue,
Wee shall be winnowed with so rough a wind, That even our Corne shall seeme as light as Chaffe,
And good from bad finde no partition.

Hast. No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is wearie
Of daintie, and such picking Grievances:
For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death,
Resumes two greater in the Heires of Life.
And therefore will he wipe his Tables clean,
And keepe no Tell-tale to his Memory,
That may repeat, and Historie his life,
To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes,
Hee cannot so precisely weede this Land,
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so en-rooted with his friends,
That plucking to unhinge an Enemy,
His dothuensten tet, and shaketh a friend.
So that this Land, like an offentive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on, to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his Infant up,
And hangs reloud Correction in the Arme,
That was prest't to execution.

Hast. Besides, the King hath wash'd all his Rods,
On late Offenders, that he now doth looke.
The very Inculaments of Chastisement:
So that his power, like to a Fangleffe Lion
May offer, but not hold.

Hast. Till very true:
And therefore be advis'd (my good Lord Marshall)
If we do now make our attonement well,
Our Peace, will (like a broken Limbe united)
Grow stronger, for the breaking.

Mow. Be it so:
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmerry.

Enter Westmerry.

Woof. The Prince is here at hand: please with your Lordship
To meet his Grace, in his name then forward.

Hast. Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.

Enter Prince John.

John. You are weel encountered here (my cosin Mowbray)
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbifhop,
And so to you Lord Hastings, and to all.
My Lord of York, it better shew'd with you,
When that your Flocke (assembled by the Bell)
Encircled you, to heare with reverence
Your exposition on the holy Text,
Then now to see you heere an Iron man
Cheering a rowt of Rebels with your Drumme,
Turning the Word, to Sword, and Life to death:
That man that fits within a Monarches heart.
And ripens in the Sitnne. of his fauor.
Alack, what Mischiefe might hee set abroach,
How deepe you were within the Bookes of Heauen?

What! this will I shew the Generall. Please you Lords,
In fight of both our Battailes, wee may meete
At either end in peace: which Heauen so frame.

Hast. This will I shew the Generall. Please you Lords,
In fight of both our Battailes, wee may meete
At either end in peace: which Heauen so frame.
Or to the place of difference call the Swords,
Which must decide it.

Hast. My Lord, we will doe so.

Mow. There is a thing within my Bosome tells me,
That no Conditions of our Peace can stand.

Hast. Peace ye not, that if we can make our Peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
At our Conditions shall consist, our Peace shall stand as firm as Rockie Mountains.

Mow. But our valuation shall be such,
That every flight, and false-derived Caufe,
Yes, every idle, nice, and wanton Reason,
Shall to the King, taste of this Action:
That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Loue,
Wee shall be winnowed with so rough a wind, That even our Corne shall seeme as light as Chaffe,
And good from bad finde no partition.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth. 91

Vnder the countertertred Zeale of Heaven,
The Subjectts of Heauens Substitutes, my Father,
And both against the Peace of Heaven, and him,
Hauet here vp-vfoarmed them.

Bish. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here againft your Fathers Peace:
The Sublets of Heauens Substite, my Father,
Stoope tamely to the foot of Matefle.
The which bath been with fcorne fhou'd from the Court:
Crowd vs, and crufh vs, to this monftrous Forme,
Lord of Westmerland
Atty
To the lad man.
Whole dangerous eyes may weii be charm'd aDecpe,
Hydra-
Whereon this
To hold our fsfetie vp. I feus your Grace
Under the counter-Suced Zeale of Heauen,
And true Obedience, of this Madneltfe cur'd,
With grant of our moll iull and right desires;
And Heirc from Heite Ihsll hold this Quarrell
And fo, succifte of Mifchiefe fhal be borne.
If they mif-carry. theirs (hail fecond them.
Wee hatse Supplyes, to fecond our Attempt:
How farre-forth you doe like their Articles.
To found the hot tome of the after-Times.
Much too (hallow,
Ami fome, about him. haue too lauifly
Discharge your Powers unto their (euerall Counties,
My Lord, thefe Gnefes (hall be with fpeed redrefl:
Wrelied his mearnng. and Authoritie.
Our reftored Loue, and Acvutie.
As wee will our
end here, betweene the Armies,
That all ihetr eyes may beare chofe Tokens home,
Let's drinke together friendly, and embrace.
High thee Captaine
Exit.
This newes of Peace: let them haue pay, and part a
I know, it will well pleafe them.
Shall fhew it felfe mote openly hereafter-
To bteede this piefent Peace,
For I am, on the sodaine/omething ill.
Health to my Lord, and gentle Coufin Mowbrxy.
You wifh me health in very happy fealon.

Bisb. I am a Knight, Sir:
And my Name is Collet, the Day.
Col. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?
Fal. As good a man as he lie, whoere I am. doe yee
cydel sif,or Shall I swear for you? if I doe sweate, they
are the drops of thy Louers, and they weep for thy death,
to feme rowze, xp Fear and Trembling, and do obser-
vance roray mercy
therefore rowie vp Fcare and Trembling, and <lo obser*
yeeld me.
mine, and not a Tongue of them all, fpeakes aoie other
comes out Generali.
my wombe, my wombe. my wombe
by mee. Here come our Generall.

Dr. This had been chearefull, after Victorie.
Bisb. A Peace is of the nature of a Conqueft:
For both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither partie loofer.
John. Go (my Lord)
And let our Army be discharged too:
And good my Lord,(fo pleafe you) let our Tsines
March by vs, that we may perfume the men
Therefohould have corp'd withall.
Bisb. Go, good Lord Halsinge:
And ere they be difmis'd, let them march by.,
John. I trufl(Lords)wee shall lye to night together.
Enter Westmerland.
Now Cousin, wherefore stands our Army still?
Well The Leaders having charge from you to hand,
Will not goe off, until they heare you speake.
John. They know their dutie.
Bisb. Our Army is dispers'd:
Like youthfull Secretts, voyoy'd, they took their course
Esft, Weft, North, South; or like a Schoole, broke vp,
Each hurries towards his home, and sporting place.
West. Good ridings (my Lord Halsinge) for the which,
I doo afre thee (Traylor) of high Treafon:
And you Lord Arch-bifhp, and you Lord Membrey,
Of Captall Treafon, I attach you both.
Mow. Is thu proceeding just, and honorable?
West. Is your Assembly fo?
Bisb. Will you thus breake your faith?
John. I pawi'd the none:
I promis'd you redreffe of these fame Grievances
Whereof you did complain, which, by mine
Honor,
But for you (Rebels) looke to tafte the due
Smke vp our Drummes, pursue the fettet d flray,
Meet for Rebellion, and fuch As as yours.
Mofl fmalloowly did you thefe Armes commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly fen hence.
Strike vp our Drummes, pursue the faster f bridal,
Heauen, and not wee, have safely fought to day.
Some guard thefe Traitors to the Block of Death,
Treafon's true Bed, and yeeldet vp of breath.

Col. 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 Collet of the Dale.
Col. Well then, Collet, is your Name, a Knight is
your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. Colletive shall
be your Name, a Traytor your Degree, and the Dun-
geon your Place, a place deepe enough: so fhalh you be
full Colletive of the Dale.
Col. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?
Fal. As good a man as he lie, whoere I am. doe yee
ycdel sif, or Shall I swear for you? if I doe sweate, they
are the drops of thy Louers, and they weep for thy death,
to feme rowze, xp Fear and Trembling, and do obser-
vance roray mercy
therefore rowie vp Fcare and Trembling, and <lo obser*
yeeld me.
mine, and not a Tongue of them all, fpeakes aoie other
comes out Generali.
Enter Prince John, and Westminsterland.

John. The heat is past, follow no farther now: Call in the Powers, good Cousin Westminsterland.

Faff. What Faithfuls, where have you been all this while? When every thing is ended, then you come. These tardy Tricks of yours will on my life.

One time or other, break some Gallowses back.

Faff. I would be fair (my Lord) but it should be thus: I never knew yet, but rebate and checke was the reward of Valour. Do you think me a Swallow, an Arrow, or a Bullet? Have I, in my poor and odde Motion, the expedition of Thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest yth of possibilitie. I have found one score and odder Potifes; and here (travell, painted as I am) have, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken Sir John Coleville of the Dale, a most furious Knight, and plaugious Enemy: But what of that? bee so wise mee, and recollec: that I may sufferly lay with the hookes-nosed fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and overcame.

John. It was more of his Courtsey, then your desiring.

Faff. I know not; here hee bee is, and here I yeald him: and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd, with the rest of this dayes deedes; or I scarce, I will have it in a particular Ballad, with mine own Picture on the top of it (Conleule killing my foot) To the which courfe, if I be enforced, if you do not all play like gill two-pences to me; and I, in the clear Skie of Fame, o're-shine you as much as the Full Moone doth the Cynders of the Elephants, (which shew like Pinnes-heads to her) beleue no man, as keen as I am. Do me good, and call it what you will.

This is the life of the rest of this little Kingdom (Man) to Arme: and then the Vital Commons, and in-land pettie Spirits, mutter meall to their Captaine, the Heart; who great, and pufht vp with his Resinue, doth any Deed of Courage: and the Valour comes of Serras. So, that skill in the Weapon is nothing, without Sack (for that sets it a-worke): and Learning, a mecre Hoord of Gold, kept by a Deuill, till it comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood hee did naturally inherite of his Father, hee hath, like Iovan, fire-fell, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and syst'd, with excellent endeauour of drinking good, and good floure of fertile Serras, that hee is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thoufand Sons, the firft Principle I would teach them, should be to forswear thinne Puttanility, with excellent endeauour of drinking good, and valiant.

Bardolph. How now Bardolph?

Bard. The Armie is discharged all, and gone.

Faff. Let them goe: Ie through Gloucestershirt, and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, Esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumbe, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away.

Enter Bardolph.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Warwicke, Clarke, Gloucester. Scena Secunda.

King. Now Lords, if Heauen doth give successefull end To this Debate that bleedeth at our doors, Wee will our Youth lead on to higher Fields, And draw no Swords, but what are finall'd. Our Nauic is adrest, our Power collected, Our Substices, in absence, well inuested, And every onee for himselfe to our wish: Ouly wee want a little personal theft, And pawn vs, till these Rebels, now so proud, Come underneath the yose of Government.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Maiestie Shall fome enjoy.

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 hath a Tear for Pity, and a Hand between his Greatness, and thy other Brethren. Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Lone. Open (as Day) form/legal Charitie: for. And Noble Offices thou mayst effect. Till that his passion is like a Whale on ground. Confound them selves with working. Learn this, Thomas.

When you perceive his Blood enclin'd to mirth: His temper therefore must be well observ'd: As flaws congealed in the Spring of day. But being too hot, give him line, and scope, As humorous as Winter, and as hidden. That the united Vessell of their Blood and thou shalt prove to your friends, (Mingled with Venoms of Suggestion,) Shall never leak. Thou or it doe work as strong. A Hope of Gold, to abide your Brothers in:

Moll. But to be knowne, and hated. So, like grossie terms. The Prince will, in the perfection of time, Cast off his followers: and their memorie Shall be a Pattern to, or a Measure, blue, By which his Grace must measure the hues of others, Turning past-events to advantages.

King. 'Tis seldome, when the Bee doth leave her Comb; in the dead Carriion. Enter Westmerland.

Who's here? is Westmerland?

Wstl. Health to my Soueraigne, and new happiness. Added to that, that I am to deliver. Prince John, your Sonne, doth kiss your Grace's Hand. Mowbray, the Bishop. Scrope, Hastings, and all, are brought to the Correction of your Law. There is not now a Rebels Sword unshivet. But Peace puts forth her Olive everywhere. The manner how this A lion hath beene borne. Here (at more leasure) may your Highness read, 'With every care, in his particular. Enter. O Westmerland, thou art a Summer Bird, which ever in the haunch of Winter sings. The lifting vp of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Looke, heere's more newses.

Har. From Enemies, Heaven keepes your Maiestie: And when they stand against you, they fall, As those that I am come to tell you of, The Earle Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolfe. With a great Power of English, and of Scots, Are by the Sherife of Yorkshire overthrowne: The manner, and true order of the fight. This Packet (please it you) contains, at large. Make me ficker? Will Fortune never come with both hands full. But write her faire words still in fouet Letters? Shee either gives a Siomack, and no Poode, (Such are the poor, in health) or else a Feast, And takes away the Stomack (such are the Rich, That hate abundance, and enjoy it not.) I should reioyce now, at this happy newes. And now my Sighs flyles, and my Braine is giddie.

O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.

Glo. Comfort your Maiestie.

Cla. Oh, my Royall Father.

Wstl. May your Soueraigne Lord, chere vp your felle. Looke vp.

War. Be patient (Princes) you doe know, those Fits are with his Hightness very ordinarie.

Stand from him, give him air. Hee's a light in the world.

Clear. No, no, hee cannot long hold out: thee pangs, being ins supported, care, and labour of his Mind, Hath wrought the Mure, that should confine it in. So thine, that Life lookes through, and will break out.

Glo. The people fear me: for they doe oblerce

Valfader Heires, and loathly Births of Nature: The Seavens change their manners, as the Year.

Hath founde some Moneths asleep, and waked them over.

Clear. The Rive hath chrice Boy'd, no ebb between; and the old falle (Times dating Chronicles) Say it did fo, a little time before.

That our great Grand-Sire Edward sick'd, and dy'd.

Speak.
War. Spake lower (Princes) for the King recover'd.

Glo. This Appollaxis will (certaime) be his end.

King. I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence

into some other Chamber, softly pray.

Let there be no noise made (my gentle friends)

Voicefull some dail and fauourable hand

Will whisper Musick to my weary Spirit.

War. Call for the Musick in the other Roonme.

King. Set me the Crowne upon my Pillow here.

Glo. His eye is hollow, and hee changes much.

War. Leffe noyfe, leffe noyfe.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. I am here (Brother) full of heaumeffe.

P. Hen. How now? Raine within dooeres, and none abroad? How doth the King?


P. Hen. Heard hee the good newes yet?

Tell it him.

Glo. Hee alreadie much, upon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If hee be fick with joy, Hee recouer without Physick.

War. Not fo much noyfe (my Lords) as I feere. He be not fo found, and haile so deepely sweet.

Hee receiv'd without Physick, Great Care!

That keep't the Portes of Slumber open wide.

To many a watchfull Night; sleepe with it now,

Yet not to found, and halfe so deeply sweete.

As hee whose Brow (with homely Biggen bound)

Shores out the Watch of Night. O Maiestie!

When thou doft pinch thy Bearer, thou do'st fit

Like a rich Armor, wounded in the heate of day,

That would fit with aylesse: by his Gares of breath,

There lies a downe white feather which flieare not

Did hee susie, that light and weightlesse downe

Perforce multime. My gracious Lord, my Father,

This sleepe is found indeede: this is a sleepe,

That from this Golden Rigoloth divorc'd

So many English Kings. Thy due, from mee,

It Teares, and heavie Sorrowes of the Blood,

This sleepe is found indeede: this is a sleepe,

And put the worlds whole strength into one gyant Arme,

It thall not force this I inall Honor from mee.

This, from thee, will I to mine love,

As it's left to me.

Exit Warwicke, Glouceffir, Clarence.

War. What would your Maiestie? how farces your Grace?
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Then get thee gone, and digge my grave thy selfe,
And bid the merry Bell ring to thy ear.
That those that Crowned, not that I am dead
Let all the Teares, that should bedew my Hearse.
Be drops of Berme, to fanaphse thy head.
Onely compound me with forgotten dust.
Glue that, which gaue thee life, vnto the Wormes s
And bid the merry Bell ring to thy ear.

From curb'd Licence pluckes
For the Fift
Reveile the night? Rob? Murder?and commit
Now neighbor-Confines,purge you of your Scum :
Then get thee gone, and digge my grane thy selfe.

That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead
England, fhall giue him Office, Honor, Wight s
England, fhall double giill'd, his treble guilr.
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
The oldeft sines, the neweft kind of wayes

Henry the fift is Crown'd: Up Vanity,
For now a time Is come, to mocke at Forme.
Onely compound me with forgotten duft.
Let all the Tearcs, that fhould bedew my Hestrfa
By whofe feil working, I was firft aduanc'd.

The coarse of it fo fane. There is your Crowne,
I had fuste all'd this deere,and deepe Rebuke,
The moft Impediments vnto my Speech,
But for my Teares,
The moft Impediments vnto my Speech,
I fpake vnto the Crowne (as haoing fenfe)

I flall be a Wilderiffe againe.
That wilt thou do, when Ryot is thy Care ?
When that my Care could not with-hold thy Ryots,
Or fwell my Thoughts, to any ftrainc of Pride,
Did, with the lead Affedion of a Weeleome,

That dayly grew to Quarrel, and to Biocd-fhed,
For all the foyle of the Atchieuement goes
With me, into the Earth. It feem'd in mee,
But as an Honour snatch'd with beyfi'rous hand.

O pardon me (my Liege)
Trince.

I fpake vnto the Crowne (as haoing fense)

O, thou wilt bca Wilderiffe againe.
what wilt thou do, when Ryot is thy Care ?
W

Or flall my Father)

I fhall be, with peril! I haue anfwered t
All thefe bold Feares,

I fhould, with the lead Affedion of a Weeleome,

That dayly grew to Quarrel, and to Biocd-fhed,
For all the foyle of the Atchieuement goes
With me, into the Earth. It feem'd in mee,
But as an Honour snatch'd with beyfi'rous hand.

O, thou wilt bca Wilderiffe againe.
what wilt thou do, when Ryot is thy Care ?
W

Or flall my Father)

I fhall be, with peril! I haue anfwered t
All thefe bold Feares,

I fhould, with the lead Affedion of a Weeleome,
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Enter Quintus. Scena Prima.

Shal. By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night.

What, Dasy, Dasy, Dasy, Dasy! You shall not excuse me.

Shal. I will not excuse you: you shall not be excused.

Excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.

Why Dasy?

Dasy. Here's Sir.

Shal. Dasy, Dasy, Dasy, let me see (Dasy) let me see. William Cooke, bid him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Dasy. Marry sir, thus: those Precepts cannot bee serv'd: and againe sir, shall we leave the head-land with Where?

Shal. With red Where Dasy. But for William Cooke: are there no young Pigeons?

Dasy. Yes, Sir.

Here is now the Smithes note, for Shooping,

Shal. Let it be cast, and payde: Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Dasy. Sir, a new look to the Bucket must needs bee had: And Sir, doe you mean to fllope any of Williams Wages, about the Sacke he left the other day, at Hinckley Farey?

Shal. He shall answer it.

Some Pigeon Dasy, a couple of short-legg'd Hennes: a joynt of Mutton, and any pretty little tine Kickshawes, tell William Cooke.

Dasy. Doth the man of Warre, stay all night Sir?

Shal. Yes, Dasy:

I will vise him well. A Friend's Court, is better then a penny in purle. Vichis men well Dasy, for they are arrant Knaues, and will backe-bite.

Dasy. No worse then they are bitten, Sir: For they have maruellous fowle innen.

Shal. Well conceited Dasy, about thy Business, Dasy.

Dasy. I beseech you Sir, to confentence William Uffer of Wuncot, against Clere Pernel of the hill.

Shal. There are many Complaints Dasy, against that Uffer, that Uffer is an arrant Knaue, on my knowledge.

Dasy. I grant your Worships, that he is a knaue Sir;

But yet heneen forbid Sir, but a Knaue should have some Countenance, at his Friends request. An honester man Sir, is able to speake for himselfe, when a Knaue is not. I have sent your Worships truely Sir, these eight years: and if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter, bear us a knaue, against an honester man, I have but a very little credite with your Worships. The Knaue is mine honester Friend Sir, therefore I beseech your Worships, let him be Countenance'd.

Shal. Go to, I say, he shall have no wrong: Look about Dasy,

Where are you Sir John? Come off, with your Boots.

Give me your hand M. Bardolf.

Bard. I am glad to see your Worships.

Shal. I thank thee, with all my heart, kinde Master Bardolf: and welcome my tall Fellow:

Come Sir John.

Shal. He follow you, good Master Robert Shallow.

Bardolf. looke to our Horfes. If I were fewde into Quantities, I should make foure dozen of fuch bearded Hermite ftaues, as Master Shallow. It is a wonderfull thing to fee the semblable Coherence of his mens fractis, and his: They, by obferuing of him, do bear themselves like foolifh Jutices: Hee, by convering with them, is turn'd into a Jutice-like Servaungman. Their spirits are sommaried in Conjunction, with the participation of Society, that they flocke together in content, like so many Wilde-Gfte. If I had a suit to Mayster Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being more their Mayster. If to his Men, I would carrie with Master Shalow, that no man could better command his Servaunts. It is certaine, that either wife bearing, or ignorant Cartilage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their Companie. I will deuice matter enough out of this Shallow, to kepe Prince Harry in continuall Laughter, the wearing out of faxe Fashions (which is foure Tearmes) for two Actions; and he shall laugh with Intermittence. O it is much that a Lye (with a flight Oath) and a lie (with a fadde brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that neuer had the Ache out of fixe Failions (which is seuerTearmes) octwo Actions, and he thall laugh with their Servaunts. It is ceminc, that either wise bearing, or ignora

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Earls of Warwicke, and the Lord Chiefs Inftince.

Warwicke. How now, my Lord Chiefe Inftince, whether away?

Ch. Inj. How doth the King?

Warwicke. Exceeding well:  his Care.

Ch. Inj. I hope not dead.

Warwicke. Hee walk'd the way of Nature,

And to our purposes, he lives no more.

Ch. Inj. I would his Majestie had call'd me with him,

The severence, that I truly did his life.

Hath left me open to all injuries.
War. Indeed I think not the young King loves you not.  
Ch. Iuf. I know he doth not, and do am my selfe  
To welcome the condition of the Time,  
Which cannot looke more hideously upon me,  
Then I haue drawn it in my Fantazie.  

Enter John of Lancaster, Gloucefter, and Clarence.  
War. Here cometh the heavy Infall of dead Havre:  
O, that the living Thar mud Rrike faile, to Spirits of wildefort?  
Is all too heauy, to admit much talke.  
To welcome the condition of the Time,  
Then I haue d rawne it in my fantazie.  
Qffeeming forrow, it is fure your owne.  
And I dare fweare.you borrow not that face  
I am the forrier,would 'twere otherwife.  
Which fwimmes againft your ftreame efQtualuy.  
3  
You (land in colde R expe&  
Ted by th'Imper iall Condufl of my Soule,  
A rapged, and fore-ftail'd Remifflon.  
And neuerfhallyoufee,th3t I will begge  
And tell him, who hath fent me after him.  
10  
Sits not fo eafie on me, as you thinke.  
Amur ah, succeeds,  
This is the Englifn.not the Turkfh Court:  
For (to fpeake truth) it very well becomes you  
Harry, Harry:  
Then a ioyot burthen, laid vpon vs all.  
For me, by Heauen (I bid you be ador'd)  
But weepethat dead, and  
And weare it in my heart. Why then be fad.  
But Harry  
By number,into heuret of Happineffe.  
Let me but beare your Loue, lie beare year Carer j  
Your Maiefty hath no soft caufe to hate rnee.  
You are (I thinke) afTur d.l loue you not.  
So great Indignities you laid vpon me?  
Good morrow Cosm Warwick,good morrow.  
We meet, like men,that had forgot to fpeake.  
lobn.  
Good morrow, Cosm.  
Peace be with vs,leaf! we be heauier.  
Ch./uji. Well: Peace be with him,chat hath made vs heauy  
War. We do remember: but our Argument  
Heere come the beany IlFue of dead  
War.  
Ch. Iuf. Though no man be affur'd what grace to finde,  
Swee Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,  
This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maiefty,  
Ch.IuJi.Good  
War. Heere comes the Prince,  
Enter Prince Harvie  
Ch. Iuf. Good morrow, and buenfaue faue your Maiesty  
Prin. This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maiety,  
Sits not fo eafie on me, as you thinke.  
Brothers, you mixe your Sadneffe with some Fearer:  
This is the English,not the Turkifh Court:  
Not Anuarah, an Anera/i succeeds,  
But Harry, Harry : Yet be fad (good Brothers)  
For (to fpeake truth) it very well becomes you  
Sorrow, fo Royally in you appeares,  
That I will deeply put the Fathion on,  
And weare it in my heart. Why then be fad,  
But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers)  
Then a joyous burthen, laid upon vs all.  
For me, by Heauen (I bid you be affur'd)  
Be ye your Father, and your Brother too :  
Let me but bare your Loue, Ile bare your Care;  
But wepe that Harvie's dead, and fo will I.  
But Harry liues, that shall conuerse those Terrors  
By number, into hourets of Happynesse.  
Iobn. We hope no other from your Maiesty.  
Prin. You all looke strangely on me: and you moft.  
You are (I thynke) affur'd, I love you not.  
Ch. Iuf. I am affur'd (if I be meafur'd rightly)  
Your Maiety hath no iuft caufe to hate me.  
Pr. No,How might a Prince of my great hopes forget  
So great Indignities you laied upon me?
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 accustomed and familiar to us,
In which you (Father) shall have formost hand.
Our Coronation don, we will acite
(As I before remembred) all our State,
And heauen (conforming to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peer, shall have lust cause to say,
Heauen shortem Hare's happy life, one day. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, Page, and Pistol.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine Orchard: where, in an Arbor we will eat a last years Pippin of my owne grafting, with a dish of Carrawayes, and so forth (Come Come Silence, and then to bed.

Fal. You have here, a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggars all, beggars all
Sir John: Marry, good aye. Spread Dame, Spread Dame: Well find Dame.

Falst. This Dame Ires you for good Vfcs: he is your Servingman, and your Husband.

Shal. A good Vleaf, a very good Vleaf, Sir John: I have drunk too much Sacke at Supper. A Marry. Good ayre. Spread the Hay.

Struingman. and your Husband-

Shal. Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.


Fal. Not the ill winde which blowes none to good, sweet Knight? Thou art now one of the greatest Men in the Realme.

Sil. Indeed, I think he bee, but Goodman Puffs of Babylon.

Pistol. Puffe? puffs in thy teeth, most recreant Coward base. Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy Friend: a helter shelter have I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and luckie yoys, and golden Times, and happy Newes of price.

Fal. I prethee now deliver them, like a man of this World.


O bafe Afiyrian Knight, what is thy newes?

Let King Comyns know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and John.

Pistol. Shall dunghill Curres confroot the Helicos? And shall good newes be baser'd? Then Pistol lay thy head in Furies lappe.

Shal. Honest Gentleman,
I know not your breeding.

Pistol. Why then Lament therefore.

Sil. Give me pardon, Sir.

Fal. If sir, you come with news from the Court, I take it, there is but two wayes, either to vster them, or to conceale them. I am Sir, Vnder the King, in some Authority.

Pistol. Vnder which King?

Brazamion, speake, or dye.

Shal. Vnder King Harry.

Pistol. Harry the Fourth? or Fift?

Shall Harry the Pouth.

Pistol. A footra for thine Office.

Sir John, thy stouter Lamb-kinne, now is King.

Harry the Fift’s the man, I speake the truth, When Pistol lyes, do this, and figgarme, like The bragging Spaniard.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Fal. What is the old King dead?
Pist. As naiie in doome.
The things I speake, are true.
Fal. Away Bardolfe, Sadle my Horfe,
Mater Robert Shallow, chooze what Office thou wilt
In the Land, thine chine. Pistoll, I will double charge thee
With Dignities.
Bard. O joyfull day:
I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune,
Pist. What do I bring doo newe.
Fal. Carrie Master Silence to bed: Master Shallow, my
Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward.
Get on thy Boots, wee ride all night. Oh sweet Pistoll:
Away Bardolfe: Come Pistoll, viter more to mee: and
Withall dooe something to do thy selfe good. Bootz,
boote Master Shallow, I know the young King is sick for
thee, Let vs take any mans Horfes: The Lawes of Eng-
land choose what Office then wilt Matter
Robert Shallow,
with sil deuife fomething to do thy selfe good. Boote,
Bardolfe
Away
Come Pistoll, viter more to mee: and
1
let on thy Boots, wee 1 ride all night. Oh fweet Pistoll:
Iustice.
Why heere it is,wdcome thofe pleafants duyes.
Exeunt
Where is the life that late I led.say they?
ja? beene my Friendes: and woe vnto my Lord Chiefs
and are at my commandWnt. Happie are they, which
>oote Matter
Shall?*,
I Know the young King is fuk for
th
3
st I mighthaue thee hang'd : Thou haft drawne tny
"otd
Shallow,be
what thou wilt,1 am Fortunes Steward.
her. There hath beene a man or two (lately Jskill'd about
and (bse (ball haue Whipping cheere enough, 1 warrant
(boulder out of ioynt.
Tell thee what, thou damn'd Trtpe-vifag'd Rafcall, if the
her.
[Childe I now go with, do Gfifcarrie, thou had'ftd>ettec
thouhad'ftstrooke thy Mother, thou Paper-fsc'd Vil-
laine,
this a bloody day tofomebody. But I would the Fcuite
of her Wombemight mtfearry.
Would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.
offtiffetance,co(Bes cafe.
[01
Cenfor; I
)
).7
lie tell thee what, thou thin mao in
a
a
a
is so indeed.
Shot,
Of.
Del.
Goodman death, goodman Bones,
Of.
Thou Anatomy, thou.
Of.
Del.
Come you thinne Thing i
45
Not to haue patience to (hift mc.i
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Of.
Thou Anatomy, thou.
Of.
Del.
Come you thinne Thing i
45
Not to haue patience to (hift mc.i
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Of.
Thou Anatomy, thou.
Of.
Del.
Come you thinne Thing i
45
Not to haue patience to (hift mc.i
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Of.
Thou Anatomy, thou.
Of.
Del.
Come you thinne Thing i
45
Not to haue patience to (hift mc.i
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Of.
Thou Anatomy, thou.
Of.
Del.
Come you thinne Thing i
45
Not to haue patience to (hift mc.i
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Of.
Thou Anatomy, thou.
Of.
Del.
Come you thinne Thing i
45
Not to haue patience to (hift mc.i
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Of.
Thou Anatomy, thou.
Of.
Del.
Come you thinne Thing i
45
Not to haue patience to (hift mc.i
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Of.
Thou Anatomy, thou.
Of.
Del.
Come you thinne Thing i
45
Not to haue patience to (hift mc.i
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Of.
Thou Anatomy, thou.
Of.
Del.
Come you thinne Thing i
45
Not to haue patience to (hift mc.i
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Of.
Thou Anatomy, thou.
Of.
Del.
Come you thinne Thing i
45
Not to haue patience to (hift mc.i
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Of.
Thou Anatomy, thou.
Of.
Del.
Come you thinne Thing i
45
Not to haue patience to (hift mc.i
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Of.
Thou Anatomy, thou.
Of.
Del.
Come you thinne Thing i
45
Not to haue patience to (hift mc.i
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Of.
Thou Anatomy, thou.
Of.
Del.
Come you thinne Thing i
45
Not to haue patience to (hift mc.i
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Of.
Thou Anatomy, thou.
Of.
Del.
Come you thinne Thing i
45
Not to haue patience to (hift mc.i
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Of.
Thou Anatomy, thou.
Of.
Del.
Come you thinne Thing i
45
Not to haue patience to (hift mc.i
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Of.
Thou Anatomy, thou.
Of.
Del.
Come you thinne Thing i
45
Not to haue patience to (hift mc.i
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Of.
Thou Anatomy, thou.
Of.
Del.
Come you thinne Thing i
45
Not to haue patience to (hift mc.i
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Of.
Thou Anatomy, thou.
Of.
Del.
Come you thinne Thing i
45
Not to haue patience to (hift mc.i
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Of.
Thou Anatomy, thou.
Of.
Del.
Come you thinne Thing i
45
Not to haue patience to (hift mc.i
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Of.
Thou Anatomy, thou.
Of.
Del.
Come you thinne Thing i
45
Not to haue patience to (hift mc.i
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Of.
Thou Anatomy, thou.
Of.
Del.
Come you thinne Thing i
45
Not to haue patience to (hift mc.i
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Of.
Thou Anatomy, thou.
Of.
Del.
Come you thinne Thing i
45
Not to haue patience to (hift mc.i
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Of.
Thou Anatomy, thou.
Of.
Del.
Come you thinne Thing i
45
Not to haue patience to (hift mc.i
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Of.
Thou Anatomy, thou.
Of.
Del.
Come you thinne Thing i
45
Not to haue patience to (hift mc.i
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Of.
Thou Anatomy, thou.
Of.
Del.
Come you thinne Thing i
45
Not to haue patience to (hift mc.i
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Of.
Thou Anatomy, thou.
Of.
Del.
Come you thinne Thing i
45
Not to haue patience to (hift mc.i
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Of.
Thou Anatomy, thou.
Of.
Del.
Come you thinne Thing i
45
Not to haue patience to (hift mc.i
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

I hate long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So sordid-lived, so old, and so prophane:
But being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make lese thy body (hence) and more thy grace,
Leave gourmandizing; know the grave doth gape
For thee, thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me, with a fool's-borne jest,
Prefume not, that I am the thing I was,
For heaven doth know (to shall the world perceive)
That I have turn'd away my former self,
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear that I am, as I have bin,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast.
The tutor and the feeder of my riots.
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death.
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person, by ten mile.
For compentence of life, I will allow you,
That lack of meanes enforce you not to evil:
And as we hope you do reform your fates,
We will according to your strength and qualities,
Give you advancement. Be it your charge (my lord)
To see perfom'd the tenor of our word.

Exit King.

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.
Shal. I marry Sir John, which I beseech you to let me have home with me.
Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow, do not you grudge at this: I shall be sent for in private to him: Look, you, he must seeme thus to the world: fear not your advancement: I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have but 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 fear, that you will dye, in Sir John.
Fal. Fear no colours, go with me to dinner:
Come Lieutenant Pffol, come Bardolph,
I shall be sent for soone at night.
Ch. Just. Go carry Sir John Falstaffe to the Fleet,
Take all his company along with him.
Fal. My Lord, my Lord.
Ch. Just. I cannot now speake, I will heare you soone:
Take them away.

Pst. Sir vast are your tomes, sir, are you content?
Exit. Lancaster and Cheife Insults.

John. I like this faire proceeding of the Kings:
He hath intent his wanting followers
Shall be very well provided for:
But all are banish't, till their conf encountered
Appeare more wise, and moderate to the world.
Ch. Just. And so they are.
John. The King hath call'd his Parliament,
My Lord.
Ch. Just. He bath.
John. I will lay oddes, that ere this yeere expire,
We shall our Civil Swords, and native fire
As farre as France, I heare a Bird so singing,
Whose Mufick (to my thinking) pleas'd the King;
Come, will you hence?
EPILLOGUE.

IRST, my Fear: then, my Curtse: last, my Speech. My Fear, is your Displeasure: My Curtse, my Dute: And my Speech, to Begge your Pardons. If you looke for a good Speech now, you rondd me: For what I have to say, is of mine owne making: and what (indeed) I should say, will (I doubt) prove mine owne marring. But to the Purpofe, and so 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 gent-ple Creditors loose. Heere I promise you I would be, and heere I commit my Bodie to your Mercies: Be me sone, and I will pay you sone, and (as most Debtors do) promise you infinitelv.

If my Tongue cannot entreat 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 Gentlemen heere, have forgiven me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was never seene before, in such an As-embly.

One word more, I befeech you: if you be not too much cloud with Pat Meate, our humble Author will continue the Story (with Sir Iohn in it) and make you merry, with faire Katherine of France: where (for any thing I know) Falstaffe shall dye of a sweat,unless already he be killed with your hard Opinions: For Old-Castle dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is wearie, when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night; and so kneele downe before you: But (indeed) to pray for the Queene.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Actors</th>
<th>Names</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>VMOV R the Pres-</td>
<td>King Henry the Fourth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>enor.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prince Henry,</td>
<td>Prince John of Lancing,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>afterwards</td>
<td>Humphrey of Gloucester,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crowned King</td>
<td>Sonnes to Henry the 4,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry the Fifth</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thomas of Clarence</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Northumberland</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Arch Bishop</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>of Yorke.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mowbray.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hastings.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord Bardolfe.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trauers.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morton.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colcule.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warwick.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wellmerland.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Surrey.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gower.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harcourt.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord Chief Justice</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shallow.</td>
<td>Both Country</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dauie, Servant to Shallow.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pang and Sare, 2. Servants</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mouldie.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shadow.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wart.</td>
<td>Country Soldiers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feeble.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bulcalf.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pointz.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Falstaffe.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bardolphe.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pistoll.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pero.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Page.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irregular</td>
<td>Humorists.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HuDrifts.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shallow.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Northumberland.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Surrey.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gower.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harcourt.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord Chief Justice</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unregular</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HuDrifts.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shallow.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Northumberland.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Surrey.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gower.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harcourt.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord Chief Justice</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unregular</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HuDrifts.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shallow.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Northumberland.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Enter Prologue.

For a Mote of Fire, that would ascend
The brightest Heav’n of Invention:
A Kingdom for a Stage, Princes to All,
And Monarchs to behold the coming Scene.
Then found the Warlike Henry, like himself,
Assume the Part of Mars, and at his heels
(Leaght in, like Hounds!) Should Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all.
The flat unruly Spirits, that hath dash’d
On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
Solemn an Obieft Can this Cock bold
The vaflie fields of France? Or may we crarrrme
Within th’endez O, the very Casket
That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt
O pardon since a croaked Figure may
Atteft in little place a Million,
And let vs, Cyphers in this great Attempt,
On your imaginarie Forces works.
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
Are now confin’d two mighty Monarchies,
Who’s high, not-reared, and abounding Faces,
The perillous narrow Ocean parts asunder
Pierce out our superfluous with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts divide one Man,
And make imaginarie Piassance.
Think when we talk of Heru, that you see them,
Printing their proud Hooves i’th receiving Forth:
For ‘tis your thoughts that now must deck, our Kings
Carry them here and there; lumping o’re Timet;
Turning th’accomplish’d many yeers
Into a thousand parts divide one Man,
And make imaginarie Piassance.
Think when we talk of Heru, that you see them,
Printing their proud Hooves i’th receiving Forth:
For ‘tis your thoughts that now must deck, our Kings
Carry them here and there; lumping o’er Timet;
Turning th’accomplish’d many yeers
Into a thousand parts divide one Man,
And make imaginarie Piassance.

Aditus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the two Bishops of Cantebury and Ely.

Bisb. Cant. Y Lord, he tell you, that self Bill is urg’d,
Which in th’eleueth yeere of that Kings reign
Was like, and had indeed againft vs paf’t.
But that the scrambling and vnquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.
Bisb. Ely. But how my Lord shall we resit it now?
Bisb. Cant. It must be thought on; if pafs against vs,
We loofe the better halfe of our Poffeffion:
For all the Temporal! Lands, which men deuout
By Testament haue giuert to the Church,
Would they frip from vs; being valu’d thus.
As much as would maintaine to the Kings honor,
Full fifteene Earles, and fifteene hundred Knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires:
And to relieve of Lazars, and weake age
By indigent faine Souls, past corporal toyle.
A hundred Almes-houfes, right well供给yd:
And to the Coffers of the King befide
A thousand pounds by the yeere. Thus runs the Bill.
Bisb. Ely. This would drinke deeper.
Bisb. Cant. T would drinke the Cup and all.
Bisb. Ely. But what preuemion?

Bisb. Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire regard.
Bisb. Ely. And a true lover of the holy Church.
Bisb. Cant. The courses of his youth promis’d it not.
The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,
But that his wildneﬂe, mortify’d in him,
Seem’d to dye too: yea, at that very moment,
Confedération like an Angell came.
And whipt th’offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a Paradife;
Full fifteene Earles, and fifteene hundred Knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires:
And to relieve of Lazars, and weake age
By indigent faine Souls, past corporal toyle.
A hundred Almes-houfes, right well supply’d:
And to the Coffers of the King befide
A thousand pounds by the yeere. Thus runs the Bill.
Bisb. Ely. This would drinke deeper.
Bisb. Cant. T would drinke the Cup and all.
Bisb. Ely. But what preuemion?

Bisb. Cant. He are blessed in the Change.
Bisb. Cant. He are blessed in the Change.

Enter Prologue.

O for a Mote of Fire, that would ascend
The brightest Heav’n of Invention:
A Kingdom for a Stage, Princes to All,
And Monarchs to behold the coming Scene.
Then found the Warlike Henry, like himself,
Assume the Part of Mars, and at his heels
(Leaght in, like Hounds!) Should Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all.
The flat unruly Spirits, that hath dash’d
On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
Solemn an Obieft Can this Cock bold
The vaflie fields of France? Or may we crarrrme
Within th’endez O, the very Casket
That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt
O pardon since a croaked Figure may
Atteft in little place a Million,
And let vs, Cyphers in this great Attempt,
On your imaginarie Forces works.
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
Are now confin’d two mighty Monarchies,
Who’s high, not-reared, and abounding Faces,
The perillous narrow Ocean parts asunder
Pierce out our superfluous with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts divide one Man,
And make imaginarie Piassance.
Think when we talk of Heru, that you see them,
Printing their proud Hooves i’th receiving Forth:
For ‘tis your thoughts that now must deck, our Kings
Carry them here and there; lumping o’er Timet;
Turning th’accomplish’d many yeers
Into a thousand parts divide one Man,
And make imaginarie Piassance.
Think when we talk of Heru, that you see them,
Printing their proud Hooves i’th receiving Forth:
For ‘tis your thoughts that now must deck, our Kings
Carry them here and there; lumping o’er Timet;
Turning th’accomplish’d many yeers
Into a thousand parts divide one Man,
And make imaginarie Piassance.
Before we heare him of fame things of weight. That task our thoughts, concerning France. Before the Frenchman speake a word of it. Which could wit ha ready giue declare, To giue him hearing: Is it faire a Clock? 1. 

Crauned audience j and the how re 1. 

As I perceu'd his Grace would faine have done. Of his true Titles to fame certaine Dukedomes. The feueralis and snhind paifages, his great Grandfather. 

Ethaard that there was not time enough to hear.

As touching France, to giue a greater Summe. 

And in regard of Caufes now in hand. Then eaer at one time the Queene yet 

Vpon our Spiritual Connotation, 

Then cherifhing th'ethibiters agamft them; Or rather fwaying more vpon our part. 

Ttne him to any Cairns of Foolcy, 

Muft be the MiftrefTeto this Theotique. 

The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is (till. The Gordian Knot of it he will unloofe. 

Familiar as his Gaiter: than when he speakes, 

How now for mittigation of this Bill, 

How things are perfedled. 

Vnder the Veyle of Wildnefle, which (no doubt) 

Co 

Vnfeene, yet erefliue in his fadtie. 

So that the Art and Praction part of Life, 

From open Haunts and Populritie. 

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 pray you to proceed, And quietly and religiounly unfold, Why the Law Salic, that they have in France, 

Or should he should not barre vs in our Clayme: And God forbid, my deare and faithful Lord, That you should fashion, weft, or bow your reading, Or nicely charge your understanding Soule, 

With opening Titles miscrepresent, whose right Sutes not in nature colours with the truth: For God doth know, how many now in health, Shall drop their blood, in approbation Of what your reverence shall incite us to. Therefore take heed how you impawne our Person, How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre; We charge you in the Name of God take heed. For never so much Kingdoms did contend. Without much fall of blood, whose guiltiefe drops are every one, a Woe a fore Complaint. 'Gainst him, whose wrongs giues edge unto the Swords, That makes fuch wafte in briefe mortality. Vnder this Conituration, speake my Lord: For we will hear, note, and beleue in heart, That what you speake, is in your Conference wafted, As pure as finne with Baptistime. 

B.Cant. Then hear me gracious Soueraign, & you Peers That owe your felues, your lives, and seruices, To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre To make against your Highneffe Clayme to France. But this which they produce from Pharamond, In stream Salicam Matriches me succedard. 

No Woman shall succeed in Salique Land: Which Salique Land, the French vaullty gloze To be the Realme of France, and Pharamond, The founder of this Law, and Female Barre. 

Yet their owne Authors faithfully affiame, That the Land Salique is in Germanie, 

Betwene the Fflods of Salu and of Elue: Where Charles the Great having subdu'd the Saxons, There left behind and fetted certaine French: Who holding in disdain the German Women, For some dishonest manners of their life, Eftablish then this Law; to wit, No Female Should be Inheritrix in Salique Land: 

Which Salique (as I said) &t not Elue and Sala, Is at this day in Germanie, call'd Meffen. Then doth it well appeare, the Salique Law Was not defuited for the Realme of France: 

Nor did the French poftice the Salique Land, 

Yet their owne Authors faithfully affiame, That the Land Salique is in Germanie, 

Betwene the Fflods of Salu and of Elue: Where Charles the Great having subdu'd the Saxons, There left behind and fetted certaine French: Who holding in disdain the German Women, For some dishonest manners of their life, Eftablish then this Law; to wit, No Female Should be Inheritrix in Salique Land: Which Salique (as I said) &t not Elue and Sala, Is at this day in Germanie, call'd Meffen. Then doth it well appeare, the Salique Law Was not defuited for the Realme of France: 

Nor did the French poftice the Salique Land, 

Vntill four hundred one and twenty yeeres After definition of King Pharamond, 

Idly fuppof the founder of this Law, 

Who died within the yeere of our Redemption, 

Four hundred twenty fie: and Charles the Great Subbu'd the Saxons, and did feste the French 

Beyond the Riber Sala, in the yeere 

Eight hundred fie, Befides, their Writers fie, 

King Pepin, which depofed Childerius, 

Did at Heire Generall being defended 

Of Bithulid, which was Daughter to King Clothis, 

Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France. 

Hugh Capet also, who wuprts 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 shew of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himself as th'Heire to th' Lady
Of the true Line and Stock of
the Great:
Charles the Duke of Loraine, sole Heire male
Charles
Of To find his Title with some shew of truth,
King his satisfaction, all appeare,
Levies
to bant your Highness claymiog from the Female,
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique Law,
So doe the Kings of France vote this day.
King Pepin
Queene
That as clear as is the Summers Sonne,
Kings
Of
Levies
the Great;
Also Charles the Duke of Loraine,
Daughter to who was the Sonne
Then amply to imperce their crooked Titles,
Charles the foresaid Duke of Loraine:
Daughter to Descendant to the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
Numbers
Up from you and your Progenitors.
Goes my dread Lord, to your great Grandfires Torbey,
From whom you clayne; inuoke his Warlike Spirit,
When the man dies, let the Inheritance
Was re-united to the Crowne of France
King
the Black Prince,
And your Great Unckies
French Nobilitie.
Of Forrage in blood
Making defeat on the soil Power of France:
Charles.

As neuer did the Clergie: one time
Wil rayse your Highnesst such a rightie Summe,
the Cowne of France, till
Silique Law,
But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,
But laid downe our proponions, to defend
With all advantages.
B Sith Can. They of those Marchers, gracious Sovereign,
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
Our in-land from the paffering Borderers,
King. We do not meane the courting snatchers onely,
But feare the mane intendement of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read, that my great Grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his vnasbstiit Kingdom,
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
With ample and brum fulniffe of his force,
Calling the gleaned Land with hot Aflays,
Girding with grievous slege; Castles and Townes:
Them England being empte of defence,
Hath swooke and trembled at thine neighbourhood.
B Can. She hath bin the more feard the harm'd, my Liege;
For herse but exampl'd by her selfe,
When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,
She hath her selfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of Scots: whom thee did tend to France,
To fill King Edwards fame with prisoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with praysk,
As is the Owe and bottome of the Sea
With fanken Wreck, and fun-leffe Treasure.
Bith. But there's a saying very old and true.
If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin.
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,
To her ungarded Neft, the Wesseu (Scot)
Comes sneaking, and do suck's her Principly Eggges,
Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat,
To tame and haucck more then the can eate.

Exe. It followes then, the Cat must aby at home,
Yet that is but a brut'h'd necessity,
Since we have lockes to safegard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty theews.
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th'adviud head defends it selfe at home:
For Government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keepe in one content,
Congreenting in a full and natural close,
Like Myscke.

Cant. Therefore doth heauen diuide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endenour in continual motion:
To which is fixed as an syme or butt,
Obedience: for so wotke the Hony Bees,
To the Tent royal of their Emperor
Whose busied in his Maiefties forueyes
Make booe upon the Summers Velvet buddes:
Where some like Magistrates correct at home:
Others, like Merchants venter Traxe abroad;
Others, like Souliards armed in their things;
The King, We must not onely arm CLAUDE the French,
But Lay downe our proportions, to defend
Against the Scot, who will make roade upon vs,
With all advantages.
B Sith Can. They of those Marchers, gracious Sovereign,
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
Our in-land from the paffering Borderers,
King. We do not meane the courting snatchers onely,
But feare the mane intendement of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read, that my great Grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his vnasbstiit Kingdom,
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
With ample and brum fulniffe of his force,
Calling the gleaned Land with hot Aflays,
Girding with grievous slege; Castles and Townes:
Theem England being empte of defence,
Hath swooke and trembled at thine neighbourhood.
B Can. She hath bin the more feard the harm'd, my Liege;
For herse but exampl'd by her selfe,
When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,
She hath her selfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of Scots: whom thee did tend to France,
To fill King Edwards fame with prisoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with praysk,
As is the Owe and bottome of the Sea
With fanken Wreck, and fun-leffe Treasure.
Bith. But there's a saying very old and true.
If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin.
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,
To her ungarded Neft, the Wesseu (Scot)
Comes sneaking, and do suck's her Principly Eggges,
Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat,
To tame and haucck more then the can eate.

Exe. It followes then, the Cat must aby at home,
Yet that is but a brut'h'd necessity,
Since we have lockes to safegard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty theews.
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th'adviud head defends it selfe at home:
For Government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keepe in one content,
Congreenting in a full and natural close,
Like Myscke.
The Life of Henry the First.

The sod-e'd justice with his furly humme,
Delivering one to Executors pale
The lazye yawning Drone: I this inferre,
That many things having full reference
To one consent, may worko contrariouly,
As many Arrows loofed several ways
Come to one marke: as many ways meet in one towne,
As many fresh streams meet in one falt sea;
As many Lyes close in the Dialls center:
So may a thousand actions once a foot,
And in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,
Divide your happy England into four,
Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
And you withall shall makke all Gallias shake.
If we with three such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,
Let vs be startled, and our Nation close
The name of hardiness and pollicie.

King. Call in the Messengers sent from the Dolphin.

Now are we well refolu'd, and by Gods helpe
And yours, the noble finevses of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our Awe,
Or breake it all to pieces. Or where we'll fit,
(Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
One France, and all her (amold) Kingly Dukedomes)
Or lay these bones in an vnworthy Vrme,
Tumbleff, with no remembrance over them
Either our History shall with full mouth
Speake freely of our Acts, or else our grace
Like Tuckifh mute, shall have a tongueiie mouth,
Not worship with a waxen Epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our faire Cofin Dolphin: for we heare,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May ye pleaze your Majestie to give vs leave
Frecely to remit what we had in charge:
Or shall we sparingly throw you fare off.
The Dolphins meaning, and our Embassie.

King. We are no Tyrant, but a Chriftian King,
\(\text{Vnto whose grace our passion is as subiect}\)
As is our wretches fettered in our prisons,
Therefore with franke and with uncourbed plainness,
Tell vs the Dolphin's minde

Amb. Thus than in few:
Your Highness lately fending into France,
Did claim some certaine Dukedomes, in the right
Of your great Predecessor, King Edward the third.
In anfwer of which claim, the Prince our Matter
Says, that you fauour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd: There's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne:
You cannot retell into Dukedomes there,
He therefore fends you meeter for your spirit
This Tun of Treasure; and in lieu of this,
Defire you let the dukedomes that you claime
Heare no more of you. \(\text{This the Dolphin speakes}\)

King. What Treasure Vivele?

Exe. Tennis balle, my Liege.

King. We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with us,
His Prefent, and your paines we thank you for:
When we have match our Rackets to these Balles,
We will in France (by Gods grace) play a set,
Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,

That all the Courts of France will be difturbed
With Chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o're vs with our wilder days,
Not measuring what we made of them.
We never valew'd this poore feate of England,
And therefore liking hence, did give our felfe
To barbarous license: As 'tis euer common,
That men are merrieft, when they are from home.
But tell the Dolphin, I will keepe my State,
Be like a King, and shew my fayle of Greatneffe,
When I do rowme in my Throne of France.
For that I have layd by my Maiſtie,
And plodded like a man for working days:
But I will rife there with so full a glory,
That I will dazle all the eyes of France,
Yet strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs,
And tell the pleasant Prince, this Mocke of his
Haith turn'd his balles to Gun-ttones, and his soule
Shall hand fore charged, for the waftefull vengeance
That shall flye with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their dear husbands;
Mocke mothers from their fonnes, mocke Caffites downe;
And some are yet engotten and vnborne,
That shall haue caus to curfe the Dolphis Sorne.
But this lyes all within the wil of God,
To whom I do appeale, and in whole 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 fauour but of fhallow wit,
When thoufands wepe more then did laugh atit.
Convey them with safe conduıt. Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambaffadors.

Exe. This was a merry Message.

King. We hope to make the Sender blushe at it.

Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,
That may give furth'ranceto our Expedition.
For we have now no thought in vs but France,
Sawe that to Cwth, that runne before our businesse.
Therefore let our proportions for thefe Wanes
Be donee colleced, and all things thought vpon,
That may with reasonable wisdome addde.
More Feathers to our Wings: for God before,
We'll chide this Dolphin in his fathers doore.
Therefore let every man now raske his thought,
That this faire Action may on foot be brought.

Exeunt.

Fleeth. Enter Chorus.

Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
And silken Dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thirue the Armours, and Honors thought
Reignes solely in the breast of every man.
They fell the Pature now, to buy the Horfe;
Following the Mirror of all Chriftian Kings,
With winged heeles, as Englishe Mercuries.
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd caufe,
And lomeare yet ungoten and vnborne,
That shall flye with them: for many a thoufand widows
Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their dear husbands;
Mocke mothers from their fonnes, mocke Caffites downe;
And some are yet engotten and vnborne,
That shall haue caus to curfe the Dolphis Sorne.
But this lyes all within the wil of God,
To whom I do appeale, and in whole 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 fauour but of fhallow wit,
When thoufands wepe more then did laugh atit.
Convey them with safe conduıt. Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambaffadors.

Exe. This was a merry Message.

King. We hope to make the Sender blushe at it.

Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,
That may give furth'ranceto our Expedition.
For we have now no thought in vs but France,
Sawe that to Cwth, that runne before our businesse.
Therefore let our proportions for thefe Wanes
Be donee colleced, and all things thought vpon,
That may with reasonable wisdome addde.
More Feathers to our Wings: for God before,
We'll chide this Dolphin in his fathers doore.
Therefore let every man now raske his thought,
That this faire Action may on foot be brought.

Exem.
The Life of Henry the First.

What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do;  
Were all thy children kinde and naturally:  
But see, thy fault: France hath in thee found out,  
A neft of low bornes, which he filleth  
With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:  
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second Henry Lord Sceope of thatland, and the third Sir Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland,  
Hau for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)  
Confirm'd Confpiracy with careless France,  
fee, thy fault France hath in thee found out,  
Vvere all thy children kinde and natural:  
This MM Grey  
Sir  
Knight of Northumberland,  
A neft of hello w bofomes, which he Files  
of Lord Henry and the third  
Seroope  
With treacherous Crowses, and three corrupted men:  
Eschale take (hip for France; and in Southampton.  
And by their hands, this grace of Kings mull dye,  
The summe is payde, the Traitors are agreed.  
The King is set from London, and the Scefte  
if Heil and Tteafor. hold their promisses,  
Th'abufe of distance; force a play:  
Linger your patience on, and wce'i digeli  
There is the play-honfc now, there mull you fit.  
I» now transporced (Gentles) to Southampton,  
Wee'I not offend one stomacke with our Play.  
And thence to France (hall we conuey you safe,  
nd not fill then,  
2  
But till the King come forth,  

Pift. Pith for thee, Island dogge: thou prickeded cull of Island.  

Haft. Good Corporall Nym shew thy valor, and put vp your sword.  

Nym. Will you shoge off? I would have you solde.  
Pift. Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile; The solus in thy mouth, is sholus in thy teeth, and in thy throate, and in thy basefull Lunges, in thy Maw perdy; and which it were, within thy noble mouth.  
I do retort the solus in thy bowels, for I can take, Piltete cocke is vp, and flashing fire will follow.  

Nym. I am not Barbafon, you cannot conjure me: I have an humor to knocke you in differencely well: If you grow fowie with me Pifstall, I will scoure you with my Rapier, as I may, in faire teermes. If you would walke off, I would prickle your guts a little in good teermes, as I may, and that's the humor of it.  
Pift. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight,  
The Grane doth gape, and doting death is nere,  
Therefore exhale.  

Bar. Here me, heare me what I say: He foule whoe shal retorm the first stroke, Dere run him up to the bytel, as I am a foolier.  
Pift. An oath of mickle might, and fury inall shalbe.  
Gune me thy fist, thy fore-foott ro me giue: Th'spirits are most tall.  

Nym. I will cut thy throaste one time or other in faire teermes, that is the humor ofit.  
Piftall. Couple a gerge, that is the worke, I defire the ex-gaine. O hound of Crete, think thou my spooris to get i No, to the spittle goe, and from the Pouding rub of fa-mfy, fetch forth the Lazair Kire of Crepis kindd, Dole Teere fourre, the by name, and her epoufe. I have, and I will hold the Quandann Quickly for the onely playe: and Pafue, there's enough to go to.  

Enter the By.  

Bar. Mine Hott Pifstall, you must come to my May-fter, and your Hotteshe is very fike, & would to bed.  
Good Barbafse, put thy face between his sheets, and do the Office of a warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill.  

Bar. Away you Rogue.  
Pift. By my troth hee yield the Crowe a pudding of these days: the King has kild his heart. Good Husband come home presently.  

Bar. Come, shall I make you two friends. Wee must to France togetherto, why the dield should we keep knaves to cut one anothers throats?  
Pift. Let floods ofrue-swavel, and friends for food howie on.  

Nym. You'll pay me the eight thillings I won of you at Betting?  
Pift. Base is the Slaue that pays.  

Nym. That now I will have: that's the humor of it.  
Pift. As manhood full compound: paff home.  

Bar. By this sword, hee that makes the first thuff, hee will kill him: By this sword, I will.  
Piston sword is an Oath, & Oaths must have their course  
Bar. Corporall Nym, & thou will be friends be friends, and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to pro-  

Pist. A Noble thing thou hace, and prest little pay,  
And Liquor likewise will I gue to thee, and friend shippe shalt combuye, and brotherhood. He live by Nymme, & Nymme shall live by me, is not this just? For I that Sucer  
be unto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Give me thy hand.

Nym.
Breed (by his sufferance) more of such a kind.

And on this more advice, We pardon him.

Let him be punished, Sovereign, least example
It was excess of wine that set him on.

'Enlarge the man committed yesternight.

Sooner than quittance of desert and merit.

And Labour shall refresh itself with hope
According to the weight and worthiness.

And shall forget the office of our hand
With hearts created of duty, and of zeal.

Hast'ed their gazes in honey.' and do serve you
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Under the sweet shade of your government.

True: those that were your father's enemies,
Have steep'd their gouts in hony, and do serve you
With hearts created of duty, and of zeal.

We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,
And shall forgo the office of our hand
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit.

According to the weight and worthiness.

Successor shall with steeled fine-waxe stile,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope
To do your grace incessant services.

We judge no lesse. Vindle of Exeter,
Inlarge the man committed yesternight,
That ray'd against our person: We consider
It was excess of Wine that set him on,
And on his more advice, We pardon him.

That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punished: Sovereign, least example
Breed (by his sufferance) more of such a kind.

O let us yet be merciful.

Your Highness bad me ask for it to day.

So did you me liege,
Gray. And I my Royal Sovereign.

Then Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours:
There your Lord Scroope of Masham, and Sir Knight:
Gray of Northumberland, his fame is yours:
Read them, and know I know your worthiness.
My Lord of Westminster, and Vinkle Exeter,
We will aboid to night. Why how now Gentleman?

What see you in these papers, that you lose
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,
That you so cowardly and chaste your blood
Out of appearance.

I do confess my fault,
And do submit me to your Highness mercy.

The mercy that was quick in vs but late,
By your owne counsaille is suppreft and kill'd:
You must not dare (for shame) to talk of mercy.
For your owne reasons turn'd into your bosomes,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you:
See you my Princes, and my Noble Peares,
These English monarchs: My Lord of Cambridge here,
You know how apt our loue was, to accord
To furnish with all appointments.

Belonging to his Honour; and this man,
Hast for a few light Crownes, lightly confpir'd
And sworne unto the pretences of France
To kill vs here in Hampton. To the which,
Then Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But O,
What shall I say to thee Lord Scroope,
Uncle to the fit themselues.

In case, most justly pay'd.

He that didst beare the key of all my counsaille,
That knew the very bottom of my foule,
That should have cowarded and disc'd your blood
Their cheekes are paper. Why, what read you there.
That you so cowardly and chaste your blood
Out of appearance.

The Life of Henry the First.
And other diuels that luggis by treasons,
Do bosh and bungle vp damnation,
With patches, colours, and with fornes being feucht
From glitt'ring semblances of piety:
But he that temper'd thee, bad thee hand vp,
Gave thee no instance why thou fhouldft do treason,
Vnieffe to dub thee with the name of Traitor.

If that same Daemon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Vnleffe to dub thee with the name of Traitor.

But he that temper'd thee, bad thee Hand vp,
The fweerneffe of affiance? Shew men dutifull.
Oh, how half thou with italoufie infedled
And tell the Legions, I can neuer win
Why fo didft thou. Come they of Noble Family
Why fo didft thou: feeme they grave
and learned
A foule fo eafie as that Engliflimans.
Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world.

Gamifh'd and deck'd in modeft complement,
Why fo didft thou. Or are they fpare in diet,
Not working with the eye.wtthout the eare.
Conftam in fpitit, not fweruing with the blood,
Free from groffe pafsion, or of mirth, or anger,
Such and so finely boulted didft thou feeme:
And but in purged lodgement trufiting neither.

For this revolt ofehine, me thinkes is like
And thus thy fall hath left a krnde of bloc.
To make thee full fraught man, and beft indued
And God acquit them of cheir pradises.

Another fall ofMan. Their faults are open,
Earle of

Northumberland.

Knight of

LotdScroe ofUWarfi-am,
The fooner to effc& what I intended:
Befeeching God, and you, to pardon mee.
Although I did admit it as a motiue.

Then I do at this houre ioy ore my felfe,
At the difeouery of mod dangerous Treafon,
Preuented from a damned enterprise;
Which in fufferance heartily will reioyce,

For me, the Gold of France did not seduce.
Cam.

Flourifk.

No King of England,if not King ofFrance.

Chearely co Sea, the fignes of Warre aduatice,

Shall be to you as vs,like glorious.
Beare them hence.
But euety Rubbe is fmoothed on our way.

The sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile vpon his fin¬
to comfort him, bid him a fhould not thinke of God; I

cryed out,God,God,God,three or snure times : now I,

what man
Sir i

as fharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now

the Sheets,and play with Flowers,and smile vpon his fin¬

vp-peer'd, and vpward,and ail was as cold as any stoile.

were as cold as any Itone:
then I felt to his knees, and

to

feet

put my hand into the Bed,and felt them,and they

sate.

lour he neuer lik'd.

but then hee W
s rumecique, and talk'd of the Wnore oi

Babylon.

Bardslphs
Nofe,and a faid it was a blacke Soule burning

Women.

in Hell.

that's all the Riches I got in hisferuice.

The world is,Pitch and pay: cruft none: for Gathes

rule

fellowes in Armes , let vs to France , like Hovfe-

C<eueto

Hofiefe.

Would I were with him, wherefomere he is,
eyther in Heauen,or in Hell.

Hofiefe. Nay sure,he's not in Hell : hee's in Arthur

Bosome,if euer man went to Arthur: Bosome : a made

a finer end.and went away and it had beenc any Chriftome

Child: a partedeu'n mft betweene Twelue andOne,eu n

a made a

Bofome,if cuerman went to

Bofome:

the Sheets,and play with Flowers,and smile vpon his fin¬


Pitf. Come,let's away. My Loue,giue me thy Lippes

Elofbefe.

Bardo/fib,
Boy

r

r

r


Shall wee fisogg? the King will be gone from

Come,let's away. My Loue,giue me thy Lippes

Ptfi.

Elosbefe.

Bardo/fib.

Boy

r

r

r


The Life of Henry the Fift.

You patience to indure, and true Repenance
Of all your desire offences. Besire them hence. Exi

Now Lords for France ; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you as vs,like glonous.
We doubt nor of a faire and luckie Warre,
Since God so gravely hath brought to light
This dangerous Treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt nor now,
But every Rubbe is smooched on our way.

Then forde,deare Countrireymen : Let vs deliuer
Our Puffiance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.

Chesrelly to Sea, the signes of Warre aduance,
No King of England,if not King of France, Fleaurh.
Enter Piell,Nil,BardeylBoy, and Hofsfe.

Hoslefe. Prythee honey sweet Husband, let me bring
thee to Staines.

Pifod. No: for my manly heart doth erne. Bardolph,
be blythe: Nimm,owle thy vaunting Venes: Boy,brifle
thy Courage vp : for Fal'ffe bee is dead, and wee must
erne therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wherefomere hee is,
eyther in Heauen,or in Hell.

Hoslefe. Nay sure,hee's not in Hell : hee's in Arthur

Bosome,if euer man went to Arthur: Bosome : a made

a finer end.and went away and it had beenc any Chriftome

Child: a partedeu'n mft betweene Twelue andOne,eu n
The Life of Henry the Fift.

leeches my Boys, to sucke, to sucke, the very blood to sucke.

But that is but wholesome food, they say. By Touch her false mouth, and march.

Bed. Farewell Hoftell. Num. I cannot see, that is the humor of it: but adieu.


Houstell. Farewell: adieu.

Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes of Berry and Britaine.

King. Thus cometh the English with full power upon vs, and more then carefully it vs concerneth, to answer Royally in our defences, Therefore the Dukkes of Berry and of Britaine, of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth, and you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch To laye and new repaire our Townes of Ware With men of courage, and with means defendants: For England his approaches make as fierce, As Waters to the sucking of a Gulfe. It fits vs then to be as provident, As fear may reach, out of late examples Left by the farail and neglected English, Upon our fields.

Dolphin. My most redoubted Father, It is most meet we arms vs gainst the Foe: For Peace it selfe shoule not doo a Kingdom, (Though Warre nor no knowne Quarrel were in question) But this Defence, Musters, Preparations, Should be maintain, assembled, and collected, As were a Warre in expectation. Therefore I say, its meet we all goe forth, To view the sick and feble parts of France: And let vs doe it with no shew of feare, No, with no more, then if we heard that England Were buffet with a Whitson Morris-dance: For, my good Liege, shee is so idly King'd, Her Scepter so phanatically borne, By a vaine giddie shallow humorous Youth, That feare attends her now.

Camill. Of peace, Prince Dolphin, You are too much mistaken 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 model'd in exception; and withall, How terrible in constant resolution: and you shall find, his Vani ties fore-spent. Were but the out-side of the Roman Britains, Courting Difcretion with a Cost of Folly; As Gardener doe with Ordure hide those Roots That shall fruit spring, and be most delicate.

Dolphin. Well, its not so, my Lord High Constable. But though we thinke it so, it is no matter: In cases of defence, its bell to weigh The Enemy more migrithe then he cometh, So the proportions of defence are fill'd: Which of a weake and nigardly protection, Doth like a Mifer spoyle his Coat, with scanting A little Cloth.

King. Thinks we King Harry strong: And Princes, look ye strongly arme to meet him. The Kindred of him hath beene fleeth upon vs: And he is bred ou of that bloody straine, That haun ted us in our familiar Pathes - Wintice our too much memorabe frame, When Creasy Battell falsely was strucke, And all our Princes captiue, by the hand Of that black Name, Edward, black Prince of Wales: Whiles he his Mountaine Bore, on Mountaine fleuing In the Ayre, crowned with the Golden Sunne, Saw his Horble Plund, and finall to see him Mangle the Works of Nature, and defece The Patterns, by God and by French Fathers Had twentie yeeres beene made. This is a Stem Of that Victorious Stock: and let vs see The Nature mightieest and face of him.

Enter a Messanger.

Messanger. Embassadors from Henry King of England, Doe crave admittance to your Maiestie.

King. Weele give them prefent audience, and bring them. You see this Chaffe is hotly followed, friends. Dolphin. Turne hee, and stopp puruishing for coward Dogs Most spend their mouths, what they seem to threaten Runs faire before them. Good my Soueraine Take up the English thirt, and let them know Of what a Monarchie you are the Head: Selfe-loue, my Liege, is not so vile a sinne, As selfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

Exeter. King. From our Brother of England? Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maiestie: He wills you in the Name of God Almighty, That you deuell your selfe, 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 pertain By Custome, and the Ordinance of Times, Into the Crowne of France: that you may know Tis no finisher, nor no awk-ward Clayme, Picking from the worme-holes of long-vanisht days, Nor from the dust of old Oblivion take, He sends you this most memorable Line, In every Branch truly demonstrative: Willing you ouer-look this Pedigree: And when you find him euery demn'd From his most fam'd, of famous Ancestors, Edward the third; he bids you then resign Your Crowne and Kingdom, indiscreetely held From him, the Natue and true Challenger.

King. Or else what followes? Exe. Bloody constraint: for if you hide the Crowne Even in your hearts, there will he raffe for it. Therefore in fierce Tempell he is comming, In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a Lion: That if requiring fail, he will compell. And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord, Deliver up the Crowne, and to take mercie On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre Opens his vaste Jawes, and on your head Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Groans, The dead-mens Blood, the pritty Maidens Groancers, For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers, That shall be swallowed in this Contraerchie. This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Message: Vntelle the Dolphin be in presence here; To whom expresly I bring gretting to,
With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow
These call'd and choyfe-drawne Cavaliers to France?
Works, workes your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege;
Beheld the Ordinance on their Carriages,
With face and mouthes gaping on girded Harlew,
Suppose th'Embassador from the French comes back:
Tells Harry, That the King doth offer him
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Downe,
Some petty and vnproufible Duke-doms.
The offer likes not : and the nimble Gunner
With Lynstock now the diuillish Cannon touches,
Armes, and Chambers goe off.
And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eech out our performance with your mind. Exe.

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Claufler.

Flourish: Scaling Ladders at Harlew.

King. Once more into the Breach,
Dear friends, once more;
Or close the Wall vp with our English dead:
In Peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillneffe, and humilitie:
But when the blast of Warre blows in our ears,
Neat imitate the action of the Tyger:
Stiffen the finewes, commute up the blood,
As model'd stillneffe, and humilitie:
O'er hang and iutty his confounded Bafe,
Dilguifed faire Nature with hard-fauour'd Rage:
To his full height, On, on ye Noble English,
As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke
One hang, and turne his confounded Bafe,
Swill'd with the wild and wailfull Ocean.
Whofe blood is set from Fathers of Warre-proofe:
Whofe Lyms were made in England, fhew vs here
That thofe whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you.
Be Coppy now to me of groffer blood,
And reach them how to Warre, And you good Yeomen,
Whole Lyms were made in England, fhew vs here
The mettell of your Paffure: let vs fhare.
That ye are worthy your breeding: which I doubt not:
For there is none of you fo meane and base,
That hath not Noble lufter in your eyes.
I fee you fand like Grey-bounds in the field,
Straying upon the Start. The Game's afoot:

Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pifiel, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee Corporall fay, the Knockes are too hot:
and for mine owne part, I have not a Cafe of Lives:
The humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaie-Song
of it.

Pifi. The plaie-Song Is moft loyt: for humors doe a
bound: Knockes goe and come: Gods Wasfals drop and
dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne
immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an Ale-houfe in London, I
would glue all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and (fee.
Flamant, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge of his directions: by Chriftus he will maintain his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in the disciplines of the Primitive Wars of the Romans.

Sect. I say godday, Captain Flamant.

Welch. Godden to your Worship, good Captain James.

Gower. How now Captain Mackmore, have you quit the Mines: have the Pioneers given out?

Irish. By Chrisft Law suff all done: the Workes is given over, the Trompe found the Retreat. By my Hand I swears, and my fathers Soul, the Workes is ill done: it is given over; I would have blown up the Towne, so Chrisft save me law, an hour. Oftill ill done, tis ill done: by my Hand istill done.

Welch. Captain Mackmore, I beseech you now, will you vouchsafe me, looke you, a few disputation with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the Warre, the Roman Wars, in the way of Argument, looke you, and friendly communication: partly to satisfie my Opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, looke you, of my Mind: as touching the direction of the Militarie discipline, that is the Point.

Sect. It fall be very gud, gud saith, gud Captains bath, and I full cut you with gud leue, as I may pick occasion: this fall I may.

Irish. It is no time to discourse, so Chrisft save me: the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warre: and the King, and the Duke: it is no time to discourse, the Towne is beleed: and the Trompe calls to the brench, and we talk, and be Chrisft do nothing, his Shame forso still: so God saith his Shame to fland fall, it is Shame by my hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be done, and theris nothing done, so Chrisft saith law.

Sect. By the Met, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to thomber, by the gud freuie, or by the gud sword, and I pay's volonously as I may, that fall I freely do, theis is the breif and the long: many, I wad full faine heard some question between you tway.

Welch. Captain Mackmore, I think, looke you, under your correction, there is not many of your Nation.


Welch. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwise then is meant, Captain Mackmore, peradventure I shall think you do not vfe me with that affability, as in discussion you ought to vse me looke you, being as good a man as you selue, both in the disciplines of Warre, and in the deuision of my Birth, and in other particularities.

Irish. I do not know you so good a man as my selfe: so Chrisft save me, I will cut off your Head.

Gower. Gentleman both, you will mistake each other: Sect. A that's a foul fault. A Partey.

Gower. The Towne founds a Partey.

Welch. Captain Mackmore, when there is more better opportunitie to be required, looke you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of Warre: and there is an end.

Enter King and all his Train before the Gates.

King. How yet resolves the Governor of the Towne? This is the last Paule we will admit:
Therefore to our best mercy give your selves, Or like to men prov'd of destruction, Devours to our world; for as I am a Souldier, A Name that in my thoughts becomes me belst; If I begin the batt'rie once again, I will not leave the half-archierd Harflew, Till in her ashes the eye buryst.
The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut vp, And the fed'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart, In libertie of bloody hand, shal} ruffle With Confidence wide as Hell, mowing like Graftle
Your fresh faire Virgins, and your flowring Infants, What is it then to me, if impious Warre,
Till in her alhes (he lye buryed.
Of hot and forcing Violation?

With Confidence wide as Hell, mowing like Grafle
The Gates of Mercy fall all shut vp.

What is it then to me, if impious Warre,
Till in her alhes (he lye buryed.
Of hot and forcing Violation?

What is't to me, when you your felucs are caufe,
Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,
if I begin the batt'rie once again,

What Reynne can hold licentious Wtckednes,
If your pure Maydens fall into the hand
Doe with his fmyrcht complexion all fell feats,
And the flesh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart.
I will not leaue the halfe-atchieued Harflew,

Eniynckt to wad and defolation?
Your frefh faire Virgins, and your flowring Infants,
In libertie of bloody hand, shall range
Of headly Murthcr, Spoyle; with Villany.
O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds
Therefore you men of Harflew,

Your naked Infants spttted vpon Pykes,

Come afhore.

As fend Piccepts to the

We may as bootleffe fpend our vaine Command
The blind and bloody Souldier, with fiue hand
if not: why in a moment looke to fee
Vpon th enraged Souldiers in their spoyle.
Doc breake t'ncClouds; as did the Wriet of Iewry,
Whiles yet my Souldier's are in my Command,

Defire the Locks of your shrill-fnnking Daughters:
Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace
Your Fathers taken by the siluer Beards,
Or guilcie in defence, be thus deftroy'd.

The Winter comming on, and Sicknefe growing
Retumes vs, that hi! Powers are yet not ready,
The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated,
What fay you? Will you ye'd, and this avoyd?
At
Htrods
Vpon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis.

Goe you and enter Harflew; there remaine,
To night in Harflew will we be your Gueft,
le maht en Anglou
Comur.t appelle
vokj
It Language.

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlemewan.
Kath. Alice, tu as efte en Angleresse, & tu bien parler le Language.
Alice. En pez Madame.
Kath. Je te pri Mon enfignez, il faut que je apprene a parler la
en Angllois.
Alice. Le maent & appelle de Hand.
To buy a flobbry and a dusty Farme
In that nook-knotted Isle of Albion.
Conf. Dieu de Battaille, where have they this mettell?
In what their Climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, at in despite, the Sunne lookes pale,
Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can foddens Water,
Their cold blood to such valiant heat?

Seeate froftie, for honor of our Laud,
A Drench for fur-reyn'd Iadea, their Barly broth,
Let us not hang like roping Iyckles
And (ball our quick blood, spirited with Wine,
To new-flore France with Bastard Warriors.
Poore we call them, in their native Lords.

But virtue of your Edward and Henry,
A very noble Prince was this Exeter,
To Scotlands Prince, that from his Mother's hand
To his great Father, Spain was giv'n for a wife:
And this was the first time that Grace was seen
In that great Allied house of Bourbon;

But now, the Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.
His hands. His numbers are so few.
Great Lords of France, and greatest Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
For your great Seats, now quit you of great names:
Go downe vp him, ou haue Power enough.
Rush on his Hoad, as doth the melted Snow
To know what willing Ransome he will give.
And let him say to England, that we send
For thy friendship.
Dye, and be dam'd, and Figs for thy friendship.
It is well.
The Figg of Spaine.
Exit.

Flu. The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Enter Captaines, English and Welch, Gower and Flute.

Gower. How now Captain Flute, come you from the Bridge?
Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent Services committed at the Bridge.
Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter false?
Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as any man that I love and honour with my soule and my heart, and my dutie, and my lieue, and my living, and my vtermost power. He is not, God be praysed and bleffed, any hurt in the World, but keeps the Bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an auncient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I think he in my verry confience he is as valiant a man as Mark Anthony, and he is a man of no estimation in the World, but I did fee him doe as gallant servise.

Gower. What do you call him?
Flu. Hee is call'd auncient Piffoll.
Gower. I know him not.

Enter Piffoll.

Flu. Here is the man.

Piff. Captain, I cheere befeech to doe me favours; the Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. 1, I prays God, and I have merited some loue at his hands.

Piff. Bardolph, a Soullier arms and found of heart, and of busom value, hath by culld Fate, and giddie Fortunes furious fickle Wheel, that Goddefe blind, that stands upon the rolling refleffe Stone.

Flu. By your patience, auncient Piffoll: Fortune is painted blinde, with a Muffer afore his eyes, to signifie to you, that Fortune is blinde; and free is painted also with a Wheel, to signifie to you, which is the Morall of it, that fhee is turning and inconfant, and mutabilitie, and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed upon a Sphericall Stone, which rolles, and rolles, and rolles: in good truth, the Poet makes a moft excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall.

Piff. Fortune is Bardolphs foe, and frownes on him: for he hath flome a Pax, and hangt hangt mut: a damned death: let Gallows gate for Dogge, let Man goe free, and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe fuffocante: but Exeter hath goone the doome of death, for Pax of little price. Therefore goe Spake, the Duke will haue thy voyce; and let not Bardolph vatt hee bee cut with edge of Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Spake Captaine for his Life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Auncient Piffoll, I do partly understond your meaning.

Piff. Why then reioyce therefore.

Flu. Certainly Auncient, it is not a thing to reioyce at: for if youke you, he were my Brother, I would desire the Duke to vie his good pleure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be vfed.

Piff. Dye, and be dam'd, and Figs for thy friendship.

Flu. It is well.

Piff. The Figg of Spaine.

Flu. Very good.

Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Rascal, I remember him now: a Bawdy Cut-purse.

Flu. He affure you, a written as proue words at the Pridge, as you shall see in a Summers day: but it is very well what he helpe spoke to me, that is well I warrant you, when time is ferue.

Gower. Why, tis a Guila Foeo, a Rogue, that now and then goes to the Wares, to grace himselfe at his returne into London, under the forme of a Soullier: and such fellows are prouf in the Great Commanders Names, and they will leave you by rote where Seruices were done; as such and such a Scoate, at such a Breach, at such a Convooy: who came off bravely, who was shot, who difgrace'd, what terms the Enemy flood on: and this they come prouf in the phaife of Ware; which they tricke up.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

King. What is thy name? I know thy quality.
Mount. Mountjoy.
King. Thou dost not thy office fairly, turn thee back,
And tell thy King, I do not seek him now,
But could be willing to march on to Calais,
Without impeachment: for to say the truth,
Though 'tis no wildome to confesse too much
Vnto an enemy of Craft and Vantage,
My people are with sicknesse much eneekede,
My numbers leffen'd: and though few I haue,
Almoft no better then so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald,
I thought, upon one payre of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet for give me God,
That I do bragge thus; this your syre of France
Hath blowne that vice in me. I must repent:
Goe therefore tell thy Master, here I am;
My Rainbow, is this frayle and worthless Trunque;
My Army, but a weake and sickly Guard:
Yet God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himselfe, and such another Neighbor
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour Mountjoy,
Goe bid thy Master well aduise himselfe.
If we may passe, we will: if we be hindred,
We shall your tawnie ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so Mountjoy, fare you well.
The summe of all our Answer is but this:
We would not seeke a Battaille as we are,
Nor as we are, we fay we will not shun it:
So tell your Master.
Mount. I fmall deliver to: Thankes to your Highness.
Glouc. I hope they will not come upon vs now.
King. We are in God's hand, Brother, not in theirs,
March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night,
Beyond the River we'll encamp our felues,
And on to morrow bid them march away. Exeunt.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ramburs,
Orleance, Dolph, with others.

Confl. Tut, I haue the beft Armour of the World:
would it were day.
Orleance. You have an excellent Armour: but let my
Horse haue his due.
Confl. It is the beft Horse of Europe.
Orleance. Will it never be Marching?
Dolph. My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Con-
stable, you talke of Horse and Armour?
Orleance. You are as well provided of both, as any
Prince in the World.
Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change
my Horse with any that treades but on foure pollutes:
ch'ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayls were
Hermes.
Hes of the colour of the Nutmeg,
Dolph. And of the next of the Ginger. It is a Beast
Perfume: hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Ele-
ments of Earth and Water neuer appeare in him, but on-
esthe Pegafus, with his eare,
King.

Mount. You know me by my habit.
King. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of
thee?
Mount. My Masters mind.
King. Vnfold it.
Mount. Thus fayes my King: Say thou to Harry of
England, Though we feem'd dead, we did but sleepe:
Advantage is a better Moulden then rashneffe. Tell him,
wee could have rebuked him at Harflewe, but that wee
thought not good to bruife an iniurie, till it were full
time. Now wee speake upon our Q, and our voyce is im-
perial: England shall repent his folly, fee his weake-
neffe, and admire our Sufferance. Bid him therefore con-
sider of his fumneffe, which muft proportion the loffes we
have haue, the Subjectes we have loif, the disgrace we
have digested; which in weight to re-answer, his petti-
neffe would bow ynder. For our loffes, his Exchequer is
too poore for the effuilion of our blood, the Mufter of his
Kingdom too faint: a number, and for our disgrace, his
owne perfon kneeling at our feet, but a weake and worth-
leffe fatisfacon. To this add beffand: and for conclusion,
he hath betrayed his followers, whose con-
demnation is pronounc'd: So farre my King and Mafter
so much my Office.

Tucket. Enter Mountjoy.
Mountjoy. You know me by my habit.
King. What is thy name? I know thy quality.
Mount. Mountjoy.
King. Thou dost not thy office fairly, turn thee back,
And tell thy King, I do not seek him now,
But could be willing to march on to Calais,
Without impeachment: for to say the truth,
Though 'tis no wildome to confesse too much
Vnto an enemy of Craft and Vantage,
My people are with sicknesse much eneekede,
My numbers leffen'd: and though few I haue,
Almoft no better then so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald,
I thought, upon one payre of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet for give me God,
That I do bragge thus; this your syre of France
Hath blowne that vice in me. I must repent:
Goe therefore tell thy Master, here I am;
My Rainbow, is this frayle and worthless Trunque;
My Army, but a weake and sickly Guard:
Yet God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himselfe, and such another Neighbor
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour Mountjoy,
Goe bid thy Master well aduise himselfe.
If we may passe, we will: if we be hindred,
We shall your tawnie ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so Mountjoy, fare you well.
The summe of all our Answer is but this:
We would not seeke a Battaille as we are,
Nor as we are, we fay we will not shun it:
So tell your Master.
Mount. I fmall deliver to: Thankes to your High-
neffe.
Glouc. I hope they will not come upon vs now.
King. We are in God's hand, Brother, not in theirs,
March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night,
Beyond the River we'll encamp our felues,
And on to morrow bid them march away. Exeunt.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ramburs,
Orleance, Dolph, with others.

Confl. Tut, I haue the beft Armour of the World:
would it were day.
Orleance. You have an excellent Armour: but let my
Horse haue his due.
Confl. It is the beft Horse of Europe.
Orleance. Will it never be Marching?
Dolph. My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Con-
stable, you talke of Horse and Armour?
Orleance. You are as well provided of both, as any
Prince in the World.
Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change
my Horse with any that treades but on foure pollutes:
ch'ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayls were
Hermes.
Hes of the colour of the Nutmeg,
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Conf. Indeed my Lord, 'tis a most absolute and excellent Horse.

Dolph. It is the Prince of Palseys, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

Orleance. No more Cousin.

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the rising of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, varie defect by great prays on my Palfay: it is a Theatre as fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horfe is argument for them all: 'tis a subiect for a Souveraine to reason on, and for a Souveraine to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs, and unknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him, I once write a Sonnet in his prays, and began thus, Wonder of Nature.

Orleance. I have heard a Sonnet begin so to ones Mistrefle.

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Counter, for my Horse is my Mistrefle.

Orleance. Your Mistrefle bears well.

Dolph. Me well, which is the prescript prays and perfection of a good and particular Mistrefle.

Conf. Nay, for me thought yesterday your Mistreflerownedly shook your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours.

Conf. Mine was not bridled.

Dolph. O then belike she was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kene of Ireland, your French Horse off, and in your strict Sotrollers.

Conf. You have good judgement in Horfeman-

ship.

Dolph. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into soule Boggs: I had rather have my Horfe to my Mistrefle.

Conf. I had as like have my Mistrefle a Jade.

Dolph. I tell thee Constable, my Mistrefle wears his owne hayre.

Conf. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a Saw to my Mistrefle.

Dolph. Le chien est retorune a son propre venemensc de Le moyen est baronbour; thou mak'tt iv'e of any thing.

Conf. Yet doe I not vse my Horfe for my Mistrefle, or any such Prouerbe, so little kin to the purpose.

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 bestre a many superflu-

ously and were more honor some were away.

Conf. Eun as your Horfe bears your prays, who would trot as well, were some of your bragges dismounted.

Dolph. Would I were able to losse him with his de-

fert. Will it never be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English Faces.

Conf. I will not say so, for fear I should be farc out of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would faine be about the ears of the English.

Ramb. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twentie Prisoners?

Conf. You must first goe your selfe to hazard ere you have them.

Dolph. Tis Mid-night, Ile goe arme my selfe. Exit. Orleance. The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ramb. He longs to este the English.

Conf. I think he will eate all he kills.

Orleance. By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gal-

lant Prince.

Conf. Swear by her Foot, that he may tred out the Oath.

Orleance. He is simply the most active Gentleman of France.

Conf. Doing is actitute, and he will still be doing.

Orleance. Heeruer did harme, that I heard of.

Conf. Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe that good name still.

Orleance. I know him to be valiant.

Conf. I was told that, by one that knowes him better then you.

Orleance. What's bee?

Conf. Marry hee told me so himselfe, and hee fayd hee car'd not who knew it.

Orleance. Hee needs not, it is no hidden verite 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.

Orleance. I'll never fayd well.

Conf. I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is flatterie in friendship.

Orleance. And I will take vp that with, Gile the Deuell his due.

Conf. Well plac't: there stands your friend for the Deuell: haue at the very eye of that Prouerbe with, A Fox of the Deuell.

Orleance. You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much a Foole Bolte is foone shot.

Conf. You have shot ouer.

Orleance. Tis not the first time you were ouer-shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Meff. My Lord high Constable, the English lye within fifteene hundred paces of your Tents.

Conf. Who hath meafured the ground?

Meff. The Lord Grandpree.

Conf. A valiant and moit expert Gentleman. Would it were day? Alas poore Harry of England: hee longs not for the Dawning, as we do.

Orleance. What a wretched and peeuifh fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so faire out of his knowledge.

Conf. If the English had any apprehenzion, they would runne away.

Orleance. That they lack: for if their heads had any intelleuiall Armour, they could never ware such heuie Head-pieces.

Ramb. That Iland of England breeds very valiant Creatures: their Mathifes are of vmbattable courage.

Orleance. Foolifh Curres, that runne winking into the mouth of a Russian Bear, and have their heads cruched like rotten Apples; you may as well say, that's a valiant Flea, that dare eate his breakefaft on the Lippe of a Ruffian Beare, and haue their heads cruched.

Ramb. Who hath meafured the ground?

Conf. I was told that, by one that knowes him better then you.

Conf. Enter a Messenger.

Meff. My Lord high Constable, the English lye within fifteene hundred paces of your Tents.

Conf. Who hath meafured the ground?

Meff. The Lord Grandpree.

Conf. A valiant and moit expert Gentleman. Would it were day? Alas poore Harry of England: hee longs not for the Dawning, as we do.

Orleance. What a wretched and peeuifh fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so faire out of his knowledge.

Conf. If the English had any apprehenzion, they would runne away.

Orleance. That they lack: for if their heads had any intelleuiall Armour, they could never ware such heuie Head-pieces.

Ramb. That Iland of England breeds very valiant Creatures: their Mathifes are of vmbattable courage.

Orleance. Foolifh Curres, that runne winking into the mouth of a Russian Bear, and have their heads cruched like rotten Apples; you may as well say, that's a valiant Flea, that dare eate his breakefaft on the Lippe of a Lyon.

Conf. Ift, iuft: and the men doe sympathize with the Mathifes, in robuftous and rough comming on, leaving their Wits with their Wives: and then guide them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele; they will eate like Wolues, and fight like Deulls.
The Name of Agincourt: Yet sit and see,
Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee.

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.

King. Glover, 'tis true, that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our Courage be.

God moreover Brother Bedford, God Almighty,
There is some foule of goodnesse in things evil,
Would men obediently distill it out,
For our bad Neighbour makes vs early stirrers,
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry.
Befides, they are our outward Conferences,
And Preachers to us all; admonishing,
That we should distill vs fairly for our end.

Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Morall of the Dust him selfe.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better then a cheerfull turfe of France,

Erping. Not to my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lyce I like a King.

King. 'Tis good for men to loose their present pains,
Upon example, so the Spirit is eas'd:
And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
Vpon example, so the Spirit is eas'd:

Erping. They are Officers, or art thou Officer,
And then I would no other company.

King. Then you are a better then the King.
I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pifi. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a

King. Yes. Enter Piffo.

Pifi. I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pifi. I am a Gentleman of a Company.

King. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.

King. Then you are a better then the King.

Pifi. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a

King. Then you are a better then the King.

Pifi. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold.

Enter the Lord in Heauen bleffe thee, Noble

Harry.

King. God a mercy old Heart, thou speakest cheerfully.

Enter Piffo.

Pifi. Art thou la?

King. A Friend.

Pifi. Difcute vnto me, art thou Officer, or art thou

King. Then you are a better then the King.

Pifi. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a

King. Then you are a better then the King.

Pifi. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold.

Pifi. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold.

Enter the Lord in Heauen bleffe thee, Noble

Harry.

King. Harry le Roy.

Pifi. Art thou la?

King. This Day.

Pifi. Art thou of Cornish Crew?

King. No, I am a Welshman.

Pifi. Know'st thou Pleyden?

King. Yes.

Pifi. Tell me how he knock his Leoke about his Patent

S. Davis day.

King. Do not you wear ye Dagger in your Capp, ye old

Pifi. Art the King's Cornish Name; art thou of Cornish Crew?

King. No, I am a Welshman.

Pifi. Know'st thou Pleyden?

King. Yes.

Pifi. Tell him he knock he's Leoke about his Patent

S. Davis day.
is the greatest admiration in the universe; when the true and ancient prerogatives and laws of the Formes of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it.

Campe: I warrant you, you shall finde to examine the Wars of Pompey the Great: you shall finde, the ceremonies of the Wares, and the cares of it, and I warrant you, that there is no idle talk nor pibble babble in Pompeys Campe; I warrant you, you shall finde the ceremonies of the Wares, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it to be other wise.

Gower: Why the Enemy is loved, you hear him all night.

Flu. If the Enemy is an Afe and a Fool, and a prating Coxcombe; is it meet, think you, that he should also, looke you, he be an Ase and a Fool, and a prating Coxcombe, in your owne confidence now?

Gowr: I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will. Exit.

King: Though it appeares a little out of fashion, there is much care and value in this Welchman.

Enter three Soulers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but wee have no great cause to define the approach of day.

Williams. Wee see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

King. A Friend.

Williams. Vnder what Captaine serve you?

King. Vnder Sir John Erpingham.

Williams. A good old Commander, and a most kind Gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

King. Even as men wrack upon a sand, that looke to be wafted off the next tyde.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

King. No: nor is it not meet he should; for though I speak it to you, I think the King is but a man; as I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me: the element of joy to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies lye'd by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his actions are higher mounted then ours, yet when they flourish, they flourish with the like wing: therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do; his fears, out of doubt, be of the same colour as ours are; yet in reason, no man should possesse him with any appearance of fear; least he, by shewing it, should dishearten his Army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will: but I believe, as cold a night as this, he could with himselfe in Thames up to the neck; and I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quite here.

King. By my troth, I will speak my confidence of the
his ovene bead, the King is not to answeer it.

Weraunft beareall.

yet ranfom'd. when our throats are cut, hee may be ranfom'd, and wee

Peacocks feather: You'l qeuer truft his Word after;

of an Elder Gunne. that a poore and a priuate displeafure
candoeagamft a Monarch: you may as well got about

ur.

be angry with you, if the time were conuincnt.

come,'tis afoolifh faying.

in my Sonnet: Then if eucr thou dar'ft ackno wledge it,

Creating awe and feare in other men?

What? is thy Soule of Odoration?

What kind of God art thou? that fufifer'ft more

French Crownes, and to morrow the Kinghimselfc will

con.

Then they in fearing.

'Stiscertaine, euery man that dye* ill, the ill vpon

WiB. but hee faid fo, to make vs fight ehearefully

I embrace it

King. And I haue buili. two Chauncries,

Fiue hundred poore I haue in yeerelypay.

Pluck their hearts from them. Not so day, Q Lord,

Sleepes in Eueness: next day after dawne,

Doth rife and helpe Hesperis to his Horfe,

And follows fo the euer-ruming yeere

With profitable labour to his Gloue;

And but for Ceremonie, fuch a Wretch,

Winding vp Dayes with toyle, and Nights with sleepe,

Had the fore-hand and vantage of 2 King.

Sleepes in EUkJhw>:

But like a Lacquey, from the Rife to Set,

Not all these, liy'd in Bed M rieficall.

Who with*a body fill'd, and vacant mind.

Doth rife; helpe to bis Kotfe,

Hiperio

Phtbus

Sudcates in the eye of

'; and all Night

Who with*a body fill'd, and vacant mind.

No, not all thicke. thrice-gor^eous Crencmk;

The farfed Title running'fore the King,

The Saint, a Member of the Countreyes peace,

Enjoys it; but in grasse braine little wotts,

What watch the King keeps, to maintaine the peace;

Whole howres, the Pefant bull advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles zealous of your abfence,

Seeke through your Campe to find you,

King. Good olde Knight, collect them all together

At my Tent: I'll be before thee,

Erp. I shall doo't, my Lord. 

Exit.

King. O Godcf Bacsasle$, feele£ney Soulsiers hearts,

Poffed them not with fcare; Take from the® cow

The fence of reeking of ch'opped numbers

Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,

O not to day, thince not upon the fault

My Father made, in compafling the Crowne,

I Richards body have intrested new,

And on it have hallowed more contrite teares,

Then from it issu'd forced drops of blood.

Fine hundred poore I haue in yeerely pay,

Who twicke a day their wither'd hands hold vp

Toward Heaven, to pardon blood:

And I have built two Chuntries,

Where the sad and solemnne Priests fing fll

For Richards Soule. More will I doe:

Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth;

Since that my Penitence comes after all,

Imploiring pardon.

Enter Glouceflor.

Glace. My Liege.

King. My Brother Glouceflor, you fee?

I know thy errand, I will goe with thee:

The day, my friend, and all things fay forme.

Exeunt.
Enter the Dolphin, Orleans, Kambcrs, and Beaumont.

Orleans. The Sunne both gild our Armour up, my Lords.


Orleans. Oh braue Spirit.

Delph. Viesi swee terre.

Orleans. Rienc pou vaire aie & sin.

Delph. Cein, Cousin Orleans. Enter Conflable.

Now my Lord Conflable?

Conf. Hearke how our Steedes, for present Seruice

Delph. Mount them, and make incision in their Hides,

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,

And doubt them with superfluous courage: ha,

Kan. What, will you have them weep our Horses blood?

How shall we then behold their naturall testes?

Enter Messenger.

Messenger. The English are embattail'd, you French Peers.

Conf. To Horse you gallant Princes, straight to Horse.

Doe but behold yond poore and flattered Band,

And your faire Snew shall lack away their Souls,

Leaving them but the fisles and huskes of men,

There is not worke enough for all our hands,

Scarce blood enough in all their sickly Veines,

To give each naked Curtal a flyne,

That our French Gallants shall to day draw out,

And threat for lack of sport. Let vs but blow on them,

The vapour of our Valour will e'ere turne them

Tis possibill against all exceptions, Lords,

That our superfluous Lucquies, and our Pefants,

Who in vanesaffirion swarme

About our Squares of Battle, were enow

To purge this field of any hindling Prey;

Though we upon this Mountains Bafis by,

Tooke stand for idle speculation:

But that our Honours must not. What's to say?

A very little little let vs doe,

And all is done: then let the Trumpets sound

The Tucket Sonarance, and the Note to mount;

For the beft hope inane. O,do not wish one more;

That he which hath no stomack to this fight,

Let him depart, his Passport shall be made.

Conf. To Horse your gallant Princes, straight to Horse.

And giue their falling Horses Prouender

And after fight with them?

Conf. I pray but for my Guard: on

To the field; I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,

And vie it for my haffe. Come, come away,

The Sunne is high, and we oure-weare the day. Exeunt.

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Cornwallis

with all his Hoast: Salutury, and

Wifequarland.

Glouce. Where is the King?

Bedford. The King himfelf is rode to view their Battle.

Exe. There's sixe to one, besides they all are fresh.

Salis. Gods Arme strike with us, it's a fearsfull battle.

Gods buy you Princes all: Ie to my Charge:

If we no more meet, till we meet in Heaven;

Then joyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,

My deare Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,

And my kind Kinman, Warriors all, adieu.

Bed. Farwell good Salubry, & good luck goe with thee;

And yet I doe ther wrong, to mind thee of it,

For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour.

Exe. Farwell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.

Bed. He is a full of Valour as of Kindnesse,

Princely in both.

Enter the King.

158. O that we now had here

But one ten thousand of those men in England,

That doe no worke to day.

King. What's he that wishes so?

My Cousin Fifequarland. No, my faire Cousin,

If we are marked to dye, we are enow

To doe our Countrie losse: and if to lye,

The fewe men, the greater share of honour.

Gods will, I pray thee wish not one man more.

By law, I am not couteous for Gold,

Nor care I who doth feed vpou my coff;

It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare;

Such outward things dwell nor in my defires.

But if it be a time to couct Honor,

I am the moat offending Soule alive,

To do my Courte with a man from England:

Gods peace, I would not loose so great an Honor,

As one man more me thinkes would loose from me,

For the beft hope I have. O, doe not wish one more:

Rather proclame it (Fifequarland) through my Hoast,

That he which hath no flamack to this fight,

Let him depart, his Passport shall be made,

And Crowner for Courtoy put into his Pufe:

We would not dye in that mans companie,

That fears his fellowship, to dye with vs

This day is cal'd the Feast of Crijian:

Her that our-lues this day, and comes safe home,

Will fland a tip-toe when this day is named,

And rowle him at the Name of Crijian.

He that shall fee this day, and live old age,

Will yeerely on the Vigil feast his neighbours,

And sue to morrow is Saint Crijian.

Then will he flrip his slooks, and shew his scarres

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot:

But hee'll remember, and doth attende,

What feats he did that day. Then flall our Names,

Familiar in his mouth as household words,
And time hath wornen vs into flioniens.
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 plesse, they shall; my Randome then
Will done be leued.
Herald, faue thou this trouble:
Come thou no more for Randome, gentle Herald,
They shall have none, I sweare, but thee my loyset;
Which if they haue, as I will leave vm them,
Shall yeeld them little, tell the Confable.
Mount, I shall, King Harry. And fo fare thee well:
Thou neuer shall hear Herald any more. Exit.
King. I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a
Randome.

Enter Yorks.

Tyrke. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge
The leading of the Vaward.
King. Takest, briba Tyrke.
Now Souldiers march away,
And how thou pleafest God. dispowe the day. Exeunt.

Alarum. Exeunt.

Enter Piffo, French Soulldeir, Boy.
Pis. Yeld Corre.

French. Je pense que vous estes le Gentilhomme de bon qualte.
Pis. Qualite calme culture. Art thou Gentle-
man? What is thy Name? discoufe.
French. O Signeur Dien.
Pis. O Signeur Dewe should be a Gentleman: per-
pend thy words O Signieur Dewe, and marke: O Signieur
Dewe, thou eyfel on point of Fox, except O Signeur
thou doe gue to me egregious Randome.
French. O penses misericordie are pices, de moy.
Pis. May shall not serve, I will have forthe Moyens
I will fetch thy remme out at thy Throat, in drops of
Crimson blood.
French. Efi il imposible d'esclapper le force de ton bras.
Pis. Brafle, Couteous damned and luxurious Moun-
taine Goar, offer't me Brafle?
French. O perdons moy.
Pis. Say'lt thou me so? is that a Tonne of Moyes?
Come hither boy, ask me this flawe in French what is his
Name.
Pis. Boy. Vous me parlez.
Pis. M.Fer. It me command! a vote* dire que vote) fait* Vow
Boy. fentz
tout.
French. Eft il impossible d'esclapper le force de ton bras.
Pis. Brafle, Couteous damned and luxurious Moun-
taine Goar, offer't me Brafle?
French. O perdons moy.
Pis. Say'lt thou me so? is that a Tonne of Moyes?
Come hither boy, ask me this flawe in French what is his
Name.
Pis. Boy. Eftes comment a vous appelle?
French. Monseigneur le Fer.
Pis. He sayes his Name is M.Fer.
Pis. M.Fer. Il efer him, and fike him, and ferret him:
discoufe the same in French vnto him.
Pis. Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferrer, and
fike.
Pis. Boy. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.
French. Que dit il Monseigneur?
Pis. Boy. Il me commande a vous dire que vous faite vos
prof, car ce soldat ici est difposie tous afme de compes vôtre
gorge.
Pis. Oy, cumpete gorse permaforto peuant, valette
voiez me Crowne, brasse Crownezor mangled that
this be by this my Sword.
French. O veux fupplicier pour l'amour de Dieu: ma por-
donnez, le fais la Gentilhomme de bon maifon garde ma vie,
Je te donnes deux cent eufes.
Pis. What are his words?
Boy. He
Enter Constable, Orleane, Burbon, Delphion, and Rambrus.

Con. O Diabo.

Orl. O signeur le pour est pérille, tante est pérille.

Dol. Mor Bienmaue, all is confounded all.

Reproach, and cutting flame.

Sits mocking in our Plumes. A short Alarm.

O mischievous Fortune, do not come away.

Gen. Why all our ranks are broke.

Dol. O perdurable shame, let's stab our felues:

Believe the wretches that we plaid at dice for.

Ort. Is this the King we fent too, for his ransom?

Bur. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame,

Let vs dice in one more backe againe,

And he that will not follow Burbon now,

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand.

Like a base Pander hold the Chamber doore,

Whilsts a base issue, no gentler then my dogge,

His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Coun. Disorder that hath spoylevd vs, friend vs now,

Let vs on heapes go offer vp our lives.

Ort. We are now yeeling in the Field,

To another vp the English in our throngs.

If any order might be thought upon.

Bur. The diuell take Order now, Ile to the throng;

Let life be short, else shame will be too long. Exit.

Alarms. Enter the King and his traynes, with Prisoners.

King. Lives he good Nekcle, thrice within this houre

I saw him downe; thrice vp againe, and fighting,

From Helme to the spurre, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array (brave Soldier) doth he ly,

I validating the plaine: and by his bloody fide,

(Youse-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds)

The Noble Earle of Suffolk alfo lyes.

Suffolk first dyed, and York alke hagled over

Comes to him, where in gore he laye infpiered,

And takes him by the Beard, kifles the gathes

That bloodily did vayne upon his face.

He eyes aloud; Tarry my Coln Suffolk,

My foole shall thine keep company to heauen:

Tarry (fierce foule) for mine, then flye a-briefe:

As in this glorious and well-foughten field

We kept together in our Chivalrie.

Upon these words I came, and cheerd him vp,

He smilt me in the face, taught me his hand,

And with a feeble gripe, says: Dearre my Lord,

Commend my fervice to my Soueraigne,

So did he turne, and other Suffolkes recke

He threw his wounded arme, and kift his lippes,

And fo efperous to death, with blood he tell'd

A Tcstament of Noble-ending-loue:

The prettie and sweet manner of force'd

Those waters from me, which I would have flop'd,

But I had not so much of man in me,

And all my mother came into mine eyes,

And gave me vp to tears.

King. I blame you not,

For hearing this, I must perfoure compond

With mixtfull eyes, or they will ifuce to. Alarm

But haerke, what new alarum is this fame?

The French have re-enforc'd their fcatcet'd men:

Then evry fouldiour killed his Prifoners,

Give the word through. Exit.

A bus Quattuor.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 1st pressely

against the Law of Armes, it is as errant a piece of knave-

ry marke you now, as can bee offer in your Confeience

now, is it not?

Gow. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left alive,and the

Cowardly Reafcals that ranne from the battaile he's done

this flaugher: besides they have burned and carried a-

way all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King

moft worliy hath caurd every foldiour to cut his prif-

oners throath. O tis a gallant King.

Flu. I, hee was borne at Monmouth Captaine Gower:

What call you the Townes name where Alexander

the pig was borne?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why I praye you, is not pig, great? The plg, or

the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnani-

mous, are all one reckonings, face the phrase is a little va-

tions.

Gower. I thinkne Alexander the Great was borne in

Macedon, his Father was called Pabiph of Macedon, at I

take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is

borne.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

The day is yours.

To view the field in safety, and dispose the field.

To booke our dead, and then to bury them.

O give us leave great King, to wander on this bloody field, and strike it out soundly.

King. Good keep me so.

Enter William.

Herald. Our Heralds go with him, bring me sure notice of the numbers dead.

Our Grace) that he keep his vow and his oath: If he see periur'd (see you now), his repugnation is as actant a

And gallop o'er the field.

And make them sker away, as swift as fumes

Enforced from the old Assyrian kings:

And make them sker away, as swift as fumes.

If they will fight with us, bid them come down.

If they'll do neither, we will come to them.

If th'plea of this Gloue, I have sworn to take him a boxe

Give me true notice of the numbers dead.

Or if I can see my Glove in his cappe, which he swore as he was a Souldier he would wear it if it were.

And make them sker away, as swift as fumes.

For many of our Princes, in the day of Agincourt, when they were killed, they fell quite from the answer of his degree.

For many of our Princes, in the day of Agincourt, when they were killed, they fell quite from the answer of his degree.

If they will fight with us, bid them come down.

For I am Welch you know good Countrirman.

Our Grace) that he keep his vow and his oath: If he see periur'd (see you now), his repugnation is as actant a

You, is both alike. There is a River in Monmouth: I tell you Captaine, if you looke in the Mops of any of his friends.

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't please your Majesty) and your great Uncle Edward the Pleake Prince of Wales, as I have read in the Chronicles, fought a most proue battle here in France.

They did Floridens.

Flu. Your Majesty fayes very true: If your Majesties is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good service in a Garden where Leckes did grow, weaning Leckes in their Monmouth caps, which your Majesty know to this hour is an honourable badge of the service: And I do believe your Majesty takes no scorn to weare the Lecke vpon S. Tasures day.

Wee'l cut the throats of those we have, and make them sker away, as swift as doncs.

British Library, Reading Room.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Will. Under Captain Bowen, my liege.

Flu. Bowen is a good Captain, and is such knowledge and literacy in the wars.

King. Call him hither to me, Soulter.

Will. I will your grace.

King. Here florliden, were thou this favour for me, and strike it in thy cappe: when Alasfon and my felte were done together, I plucke this Gloue from his helmet: if any man challeghe this, he is a friend to Alasfon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou do ill.

Flu. Your Grace do sa me as great honors as can be, deadliest in the hearts of his subjects: I would faine thee, that he's but two legges, that shall find himselfe agreeat with this Gloue; that is all: but I would faine fee it is once, and please God of his grace that I might see.

King. Know'lt thou Bowen?

Flu. He is my deare friend, and pleafe you.

King. Pray thee goe seek him, and bring him to me.

Flu. I will fetch him.

King. My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Closfer, follow Floriden closely at the heels.

The Gloue which I have given him for a favour, may haply purchase him a box the heart.

It is the Soulter: I by bargain should

Where it my felte. Follow good Cousin Warwick:

If that the Souther strike him, as I judge

By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word;

Some sodaine michiefe may stiffe of it:

For I doe know Floriden, valiant,

And物联网 with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,

And quickly will return an injury.

Follow, and se there be no harm betwene them.

Goe you with me, Uncle of Exeter.

Exeunt.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, Captain.

Enter Floriden.

Flu. Gods will, and his pleasure, Captain, I befeech you now, come space to the king: there is more good toward you peradventure, then in your knowledge to dream 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.

Strikes him.

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant Traitor as anyes in the Wiltshire world, or in France, or in England.

Gower. How now Sir John Villaine.

Will. Do you think: He be forsworne?

Flu. Stand away Captain Gower, I will give Trazen his payment into glowers, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traiter.

Flu. That's a lyke in thy throat. I charge you in his Maiesties name apprehend him. He's a friend of the Duke Alasfon.

Enter Warwick, and Gloucester.

Warw. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here is, prayed be God for't, a most contemptuous Trazen come to light, looke you, as you shall desire in a summers day, here is his Maiestie.

Enter King and Exeter.

King. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, here is a Villaine, and a Traiter, that looke your Grace, ha's strooke the Gloue which your Maiestie is take out of the Helmet of Alasfon.

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 Maiestie heare now, sauing your Maiesties Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggarly, lowlie Knave it is: I hope your Maiestie is pacifie me testimonie and witnesse, and will approue that, this is the Gloue of Alasfon, that your Maiestie is give me, in your Confidence now.

King. Give me thy Gloue Soulter.

Looke, heere is the fellow of it:

'Twas I indeed thou promisedst't to strike,

And thou hast given me most bitter termes.

Flu. And please your Maiestie, let his Neck answere for it, if there is any Marchall Law in the World.

King. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your Maiestie.

King. It was our selfe thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Maiestie came not like your selfe: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witnesse the Night, your Garments, your Lowline: and what your Highness suffer'd vnder that Shape: I befeech you take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you beene as I lookke you for, I made no offence; therefore I befeech your Highness pardon me.

King. Here Vnckle Exeter, fill this Gloue with Crownes,

And give it to this fellow. Keep it fellow, and wear 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 Light, the fellow he's mett-tell enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelve-pence for you, and I pray you to serve God, and keepe you out of warre.

I warrant it is the better for you,

I will not none of your Money.

Flu. It is with a good will: I can tell you it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pathfull, your shoes is not so good: 'tis a good filling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herald.

King. Now Heralde, are the dead numbered?

Herald. Here be the number of the slaughtred French.

King. What Prisoners of good sort are taken, Vnckle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orlence, nephew to the King.

John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Benchmaid:

Of other Lords and Barons, Knights, and Squires,

Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French

That in the field lytaine: of Princes in this number,

And Nobles bearing Banners, there lyte dead

One hundred twentie six: added to these,

Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen,

Eight thoufand and foure hundred: of the which,

Fifte hundred were but yesteydy dub'd Knights.

So that in these ten thousand they have loft,

There are but exceede hundred Mercenaries:

The reft are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,
The Life of Henry the First.

And Gentlemen of blood and quality:
The Names of those that nobles that lie dead:
Charles Dolebriuch, High Constable of France,
Jacques de Chastillon, Admiral of France,
The Maitre of the Cross-bow, Lord Lambeur,
Great Maitre of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dolfin,
John Duke of Alenfon, John Duke of Brabant,
The Brother to the Duke of Burgundy,
And Edward Duke of Yorke, the brave Sir
The Maitre of the Cross-bow, Lord Rambures
And Edward Duke of Yorke, of luffie Earles,
Grandpre and Renfie, Faulconbridge and Foyers,
Beaumont and Marie, Panshams and Leftreffe.
Here was a Royall fellowship of death.
Where is the number of our English dead?
Edwards Duke of Yorke, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketts, Demy Game Esquire.
None else of name: and of all other men,
But five and twenty.
O God, thy Arme was here:
And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone.
Astore we all: when, without stratagem,
But in plain shock, and euyn play of Battale,
Was ever knowne to great and little loose?
On one part and on the other take it God,
For it is none but thine.
But in plain shock, and euyn play of Batiaile,
Asfcribe we all: when, without stratagem,
And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,
But five and twenty.
John Duke of Alanfon, the Duke of Brabant
Charle Delabrech,
Before him, through the Citie: he forbids it,
His bruised Helmet, and his bended Sword
Where that his Lord desir'd he have borne
So swift a pace 'twas thought, that euyn now
Athwart the Sea: Behold the English beach
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts.
Toward Callice: Grant him there; there see,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life,
Of time, of number, and due course of things.
The dead with chaste enclos'd in Clay:
None else of name: and of all other men,
Richard Ketts, Deny Campion.
Efquire the Duke of Yorke, the Earl of Suffelke,
Here was a Royal fellowship of death.
Let there be sung Deu, non, and Deus.
None of name: and of all other men,
John Duke of Alanfon.
Gower. Why heere he comes, swelling like a Turky-cock.
Fin. There is no matter for his swellings, nor his Turky-cocks.
God plesse you asuenced Priest, you serious lowlie Knave, God plesse you.
Pist. Ha, art thou bedlam? dost then thirst, base Trojan, to hauie me fold vp Parce fatal Web? Hence; I am qualmish at the smell of Lecke.
Fin. I pefeech you heartly, settie lowlie Knave, as my defires, and my requites, and my petitions, to este, looke you, this Lecke; because, looke you, you do not louse it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your digesions does not agree with it, I would defire you to este it.
Pist. Not for Cæsardar and all his Gods.
Fin. There is one God for you. Strike him.
Will you be so good, shall Knave, as esteit?
Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt dye.
Fin. You say very true, said Knave, when Gods will is: I will defire you to lue in the meane time, and este your Vicatrix: come, there is sawce for it. You call'd me yesterday Mountains. Squier, but I will make

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Fin. This no matter for his swellings, nor his Turky-cocks.
Gower. Nay, that's right: but why were you your Lecke to day? S. Deus day is past.
Fin. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you as I myseff, Captain Gower; the rafcafly, scoud, beggerly, lowlie, praggmg Knave Pistolph, which you and your selfe, and all the World, know to be no petcer then a fellow, looke you now, of no merits: hee is come to me, and prings me pread and fault yesterday, looke you, and bid me este my Lecke: it was in a place where I could not brede no contention with him; but I will be so bold as to weare it in my Cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my defires.

Enter Pistolph.

Gower. Why heere he comes, swelling like a Turky-cock.
Fin. This no matter for his swellings, nor his Turky-cocks.
Gower. Nay, that's right: but why were you your Lecke to day? S. Deus day is past.
Fin. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you as I myseff, Captain Gower; the rafcafly, scoud, beggerly, lowlie, praggmg Knave Pistolph, which you and your selfe, and all the World, know to be no petcer then a fellow, looke you now, of no merits: hee is come to me, and prings me pread and fault yesterday, looke you, and bid me este my Lecke: it was in a place where I could not brede no contention with him; but I will be so bold as to weare it in my Cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my defires.

Enter Pistolph.

Gower. Why heere he comes, swelling like a Turky-cock.
Fin. This no matter for his swellings, nor his Turky-cocks.
Gower. Nay, that's right: but why were you your Lecke to day? S. Deus day is past.
Fin. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you as I myseff, Captain Gower; the rafcafly, scoud, beggerly, lowlie, praggmg Knave Pistolph, which you and your selfe, and all the World, know to be no petcer then a fellow, looke you now, of no merits: hee is come to me, and prings me pread and fault yesterday, looke you, and bid me este my Lecke: it was in a place where I could not brede no contention with him; but I will be so bold as to weare it in my Cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my defires.

Enter Pistolph.
you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you fall too, if you can mock a Lekke, you can eate a Lekke.

Flu. I say, I will make him eate some part of my lekke, or I will praze his patc foute days: bite I pray you, it is good for your green wound, and your poollid Cokecombe.

Pif. Myt I bite.

Flu. Yet certzainly, and out of doubt and out of qutation too and ambiguous.

Pif. By this Lekke, I will molt horribly reute I care and eate I sweare.

Flu. Eate I pray you, will you have some more sauce to this Lekke: there is not enough Lekke to sweare by.

Pif. Quo et thy Cudgell, hou dolf fe I care.

Flu. Much good do you feald kneae, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skime is good for your broken Coxcombe; when you take occasiones to fee Leekes hereafter, I pray you mock at 'em, that is all.

Pif. Good.

Flu. I, Leekes is good: hold you, there is a groat to heale your pate.

Pif. Noe groat?

Flu. Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I have another Lekke in my pocket, which you shall eate.

Pif. I take thy groat in earnest of reuenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgells, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgells: God buy you, and keep you, & heale your pate.

Pif. All hell shall flatte for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knave, will you mocking at an ancient Tradition began vppon an honourable proposal, and worse as a memorable Troyhee of predeced valor, and dare not touch in your hereys any of your words. I have seen you glicking & gulling at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speake English in the atttie garb, he could not therefore handle an English Cudgel? you finde it other-wis, and henceforth lets Wels correction, teach you a good English condition, fate ye well.

Pif. Doeth fortune play the hufwife with me now? Never have I tht my Doll is dead 1st Spittle of a malady of France, and there my rendevous is quite cut off: Old I do waze, and from my weazie limbes honour is Cudgel. Well, Baud Ie turne, and something leaneto Cutpurf of quicke hand: To England will I fleele, and there Ile fleale:

And patches will I get unto these cudgelscarres, and Iware we got them in the Gallia winters.

Exit at one door, King Henry, Essex, Bedford, Warwick, and other Lords. At another, Queene Isabel, the King, the Duke of Burgongne, and other French.

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we see met; Vnto our brother France, and to our Sister Health and faire time of day: joy and good wishes To our most faire and Princesse Catherine; And as a branch and member of this Royalty, By whom this great assemblie is contri'd, We do salute you Duke of Burgongne, And Princes French and Peeres health to you all.

Prf. Right joyous are we to behold your face, Most worthy brother England, fairely met, So are you Princes (English) every one.

Quee. So happy be the false 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 bents, The false Bulls of murthering Daftikes: The venome of such Lookes we fairly hope Have lost their quastise, and that this day Shall change all griefes and quartels into love.

Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare.

Quee. You English Princes all, I doe relate you.

Burg. My dutie you to both, on equall love.

Great Kings of France and England: that I haue labbour'd With all my wits, my patience, and strong endeavors, To bring your most Imperial Maiteties Unto this Barre, and Royall interview;

Your Mughtineffe on both parts beft can witnesse, Since then my Office hath so fare preuy'd, That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye, You have congreed: let it not dilgrace me,

If I demand before this Royall view, What Rub, or what Impediments there is,

Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace,

Desire Nourse of Arts, Plentyes, and joyfull Births,

Should not in this best Garden of the World,

Our feruile France, put vp her louely Vifage?

Alas, free hath from France too long been chas'd,

And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes,

Correcting in it owne fertilizitie.

Her Vine, the merry cheaser of the heart,

Vnpruned, dyers: her Hedges even pleas'd,

Like Prisoners wildly ouer-growne with hayre,

Put forth disordered Twigs: her fallow Less,

The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Fementary,

Dobt root vpon; while that the Culter rufls,

That should deracinate such Sauagery:

The even Meade, that eft brought swerely forthe

The freed Cowlip, Burner and greene Cloucr,

Wanting the Sythe, with hallo vncorrected, rankes,

Conceiued by idlenesse, and nothing teemes,

But hatefull Docks, rough Thiftles, Kellys, Bualles,

Looking both beautie and vtility;

And all our Vineyards, Fallowes,Meades, and Hedges,

Defetue in their natures, grow to wildneffe.

Euen so our Houthes, and our felucs, and Children,

Have loft, or doe not leame, for want of time,

The Sciences that should become our Country;

But grow like Sauages, as Souldiers will,

That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,

The Sciences in3t fhould become our Councrey j

Euen so our Houses, and our selucs, and Children,

Have lost, or doe not leame, for want of time.

Corrupting in it owne fertillitie.

Our fertill France, put vp her louely Vifage?

Conceiued by idlenesse, and nothing teemes.

Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,

That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood.

To bring your moft Imperial Maieftie,

With all my wits, my paines, and strong endcuors.

If I demand before this Royall view.

That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye,

You have congreed: let it not dilgrace me,

If I demand before this Royall view,

What Rub, or what Impediments there is,

Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace,

Desire Nourse of Arts, Plentyes, and joyfull Births,

Should not in this best Garden of the World,

Our seruile France, put vp her louely Vifage?

Alas, free hath from France too long been chas'd,

And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes,

Correcting in it owne fertilizitie.

Her Vine, the merry cheaser of the heart,

Vnpruned, dyers: her Hedges even pleas'd,

Like Prisoners wildly ouer-growne with hayre,

Put forth disordered Twigs: her fallow Less,

The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Fementary,

Dobt root vpon; while that the Culter rufls,

That should deracinate such Sauagery:

The even Meade, that eft brought swerely forthe

The freed Cowlip, Burner and greene Cloucr,

Wanting the Sythe, with hallo vncorrected, rankes,

Conceiued by idlenesse, and nothing teemes,

But hatefull Docks, rough Thiftles, Kellys, Bualles,

Looking both beautie and vtility;

And all our Vineyards, Fallowes,Meades, and Hedges,

Defetue in their natures, grow to wildneffe.

Euen so our Houthes, and our selucs, and Children,

Have lost, or doe not leame, for want of time,

The Sciences that should become our Country;

But grow like Sauages, as Souldiers will,

That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,

The Sciences in3t fhould become our Councrey j

Euen so our Houses, and our selucs, and Children,

Have lost, or doe not leame, for want of time.

Corrupting in it owne fertillitie.

Our fertill France, put vp her louely Vifage?

Conceiued by idlenesse, and nothing teemes.

Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
France:  I have but with a curlesrie eye
O're-glance the Articles: Pleaseth your Grace;
To appoint some of your Council present
To fit with vs once more, with better heed
To re-furey them; 'twill be suddenly
Paffe our accept and preteremptive Answr.

England: Brother we shall. Goe Vackle Exeter,
And Brother Clarence, and you Brother Gloucester,
Inverelli, and Lanthington, gone with the King;
And take with you free power, to raise,
Augment, or alter, as you Wifdomes beth,
Shall see advantageable for our Dignite,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
And we'll configne therto. Will you, faire Sifter,
Goe with the Princes, or stay here with vs?

Kath. Our gracious Brothers, I will goe with them:
Happily a Womans Voyce may doe some good,
When Articles too nicely vig'd,be flood on
England. Yet leave our Couha Katherine here with vs, 
She is our capitall Demand, compris'd
Within the fore-ranke of our Articles.

Kath. She hath good leue. Exeunt omnes.

Manet King and Katherine.

King. Faire Katherine, and most faire,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a Souldier teatmes,
Such as will enter at a Ladies eare,
And please his Loue-fuit to her gentle heart.
Kath Your Maiestie shall mock, I cannot speake
your England.

King. O faire Katherine, if you will loue me
fully with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you
colle it brokenly with your English Tongue. Doe you
like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardons May, I cannot tell wa't is like me.

King. O Angellic is you Kate, and you are like an
Angel.

Kath. Que dit il quest fais semblable a les Anges?
Lady. Out voyagez, Kate, and stand off.

King. I laid so, desire Katherine, and I mutt not bluth
to affime it.

Kath. O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes sont plein
de tromperies.

Kath. What fayes fie, faire one that the tongues of
men are full of decea;
Lady. Oy, dat de tongue of de mens is be full of decea;
Kath. bat de Princefe.

King. The Princeffe is the better English-woman:
yiad Kate, my woong is fit for thry underlarding, I am
glad thou canst speake no better English, for if thou
could fi, thou would'st finde me suc a pline King,thou
would'st thinke, I had fold my Farme to buy my
Crownet. I know no waies to mince it in love, but
directly to sge, I love you; then if you vrg me farther,
then to sge, Doe you in faith? I weare out my yute: Give
me your answr, yfaith doe, and so clap hand, and a bar-
gune: how sge yau, Lady?

Kath. Sain voytrafe honere, me vnderstand well.

King. Marty, if you would put me to Verity, or to
Dance for your yake, Kate,you wendt me: for the one
I have neither words nor measure; and for the other,
I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure
in strength. I could wine a Lady at Leape,fragg, or by
vawting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe;
nder the correction of bragging be it spoken. I should
quickly leap into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my
Loue, or bound my Horfe for her fauours, I could lay on
like a Butcher, and fit like a lack an Aper, neuer off. But
before God Kate, I cannot looke greenerly, nor gaspe out
my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in profession;
one downe-right Oathes, which I never vie till vrygd,
nor neuer breake for viging. If thou canst loue a fellow
of this temper, Kate, whose take it not worth Sunne-buryn-
ing? that never lookes in his Claffe, for love of any
thing he fees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I pecke
to bee plain Soldier: If thou canst loue me for this,
take me? if not to sge to thee that I shall dy, is true; but
for thy loue, by the L: No: yet I love thee too.
And while thou liu'd, deare Kate, take a fellow of plainse
and vancouned Confiiane, for he performe mu't do thee right,
because he hath not the gift to woome in other places:
for these fellows of infinit tongue, that can syrme themselves
into Ladys fauours, they doe alwayes realen theirsef
out against. What? a speaker is but a prister, a Ryme is
but a Ballad: a good Legge will fall, a ftrait Backe will
floop, a blakc Beare will turne white, a twoft Pate will
grow balf, 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
thines but an hour, and never changes, but keepes his courfe
truly. If thou would have such a one, take me? and take;
me, take a Soldier: take a Soldier: take a King,
And what thy fit thou then to my Loue? speake my fare,
and fairely, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it poiffible dat I shoulde dou ennemie de Franque?

King. No, it is not poiffible you should loue the
Enemie of France, Kate; but in louing me, you shoulde
the Friend of France: for I loue France so well, that
I will not part with a Village of it; I will have it all mine:
and Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours
is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell wa't is dat.

King. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am
fure will hang upon your tongue, like a new-married Wife
about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be (hooke off; Le
guard que le peffonne de France, et grand vous mes le pef-
sson de moy. (Let me fee what then? Saint Doms bene
my peace) Dome voytrafe de France, et vous ests messes.
It is a esse for me, Kate, to conquer the Kingdome, as to
speake so much more French: I shall never loue thine in
France,unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. San voytrafe honere, le Francois quas voues parles, il
et melons que l'Angeu lequl le parle.

King. No faith it's not, Kate: but thy speaking of
my Tongue, and I thinke, most truly falsely, full
needs be grannuted to be much at one. But Kate, do't
thou vnderstand thus much English? Canst thou love
me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, Kate? It
ask them. Come, I know thou louest me; and at night
when you come into your Clofre, you question thee
Gentle-woman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to
her difplaying of the parts in me, that you love with your
heart: but good Kate, mocke me mercifully, the rather
Princeffe, because I love thee cruely. If ever thou
beest mine, Kate, as I haue a fauing faith within me tells
me thou shalt; I get thee with skambling, and thou
must therefore needs proue a good Soldier-bredre.
Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint Domme and Saint
George, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe English,
that shall goe to Constantinople, and take the Turke by the Peard: Shall we noe? what sayst thou, my faire Flower-de-Luce.

Kate. I do not know dat.

King. No; itis hereafter to know, but now to promise: doe but now promise Kate, you shall endeavoure for your French part of such a Boy; and for my English maidie, take the Word of a King, and a Butcher. How answer you, La plus belle Katherine du monde mes tresors & dewn deffe.

Kate. Your Maiestie are faufe Franche enough to recuele de moit fage Damefille dat en France.

King. Now eye upon my falle Frenchly mine Honor in true English, I loue thee Kate; by which Honor, I dare not swear thou love me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou doo it; notwithstanding the poore and watercraper efsett of my Vaghe. Now before my Fathers Ambition, he was thinking of Guill Warrres when he got me, therefore was I created with a Rubborne out-side, with an aspet of Iron, that when I come to woos Ladies, I fright them: but in faith Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appeare. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beatie, doe no more spoyle upon my Face. Thou haft me, if thou haft me, at the worst; and thou shalt weare me, if thou weare me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most faire Katherine, will you haue me? Put off your Maiden Blushes, anoch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of my Face, if he be not Fellow wich the bed King, thou shalt finde the best King of Good-fellowes. Come, your Anbreake thy minde to me in broken Engiifh; wilt thou attouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of your Country, in denying me a Kiffe: therefore paftisly, and yellding. You have Witch-craft in your Lippes. Kate: there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of them, then in the Tongues of the French Councell; and they should sooner periwade Harry of England, then a generall Petition of Monarchs. Here comes your Father.

Enter the French Power, and the English Lords.

Burg. God fay you your Maiestie, my Royall Cousin, teach you our Princefle English?

King. I would have her learne, my faire Cousin, how perfectly I loue her,and that is good Englishs.

Burg. Is thee not apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condition is not smooth: To that hauing neyther the Voyce nor the Heart of Flaterie about me, I cannot fo conurce vp the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appeare in his true likenesse.

Burg. Pardon the franknepse of my minth, if I answer you for that. If you would conurce her in her, you must make a Circle: if conurce vp Loue in her in his true likenesse, hee must appeare naked, and blinde. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet rood over with the Virgin Crimon of Modextie, if shee deny the appearance of a naked blinde Boy in her naked feeing felfe? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to configne to.

King. Yet they doo winke and yelld, 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 consent winking.

Burg. I will winke on her to consent,my Lord,if you will teech her to know my meaning: for Maides well Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Balthose-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 over to Time, and a hot Summer; and fo I shall catch the Flye, your Cousin, in the latter end, and thee must be blinde to.

Burg. As Loue is my Lord,before it loutes.

King. It is fo: and you may, some of you, thank Loue for my blindnepse, who cannot see many a faire French Citie for one faire French Maid that stands in my way.

French King. Yes my Lord, you see them perspec-actually: the Citie turn'd into a Maid; for they are all gyrdled with Maiden Wails, that Ware hath ent-

England. Shall Kate be my Wife?

France. So pleae you.

England. I am content, fo the Maiden Cities you talke of, may wait on her: fo the Maid that flood in the way for my Wife, shall shew me the way to my Will.

France. We have confented to all termes of re-

England. Is't so,my Lords of England?

Wife. The King hath granted every Article:

Exx. One y.
Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your Majestie demands, That the King of France
having any occasion to write for matter of Grant, shall
name your Highness in this form, and with this addita-
on, in French: "Neeque trifcher filae Henry Reg d Angleterræ
Heræct de Francae: et thus in Latin: Praeclarissimum
Filum after Hierom Rex Anglæc & Heræ Francæ.
France. Not this I have not Brother so deny'd,
But your request shall make me let it passe.

England. I pray you then, in loue and deare allianse,
Let that one Article ranke with the rest,
And thereupon give me your Daughter.
France. Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood raise vp
Issue to me, that the contending Kingdomes
Of France and England, whose very shoates looke pale,
With envy of each others happinesse,
May cease their hatred; and this deare Combination
Plant Neighbour-hood and Chrestian-like accord
In their sweet Bosome: that never Warre advance
His bleeding Sword twist England and faire France.

Lords. Amen.
King. Now welcome Kate: and beare me witness all.
That here I kiss her as my Soueraigne Queene.

Quee. God, the beft 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 never may all Office, or fell Jealousie,

Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage,
Thrust in betwixt the Paton of these Kingdomes,
To make divorce of their incorporate League:
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God spake this Amen.
All. Amen.

King. Prepare we for our Marriage: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy wee'll take your Oath
And all the Peeres, for sustent of our Leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me,
And may our Oathes well kept and profprous be.

Enter Chorus.

Thur farre with rough, and unvanable Pen,
Our bending Author hath purfued the Story,
In little roomie confining mightie men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory
Small time: but in that small, most greatly liued
This State of England, Fortune made his Sword
By which, the Worlds beft Garden he achieved:
And of it left his Sonne Imperial Lord
Henry the Sixth, in Infant Bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this King succede:
Whole State so many had the managing,
That they loft France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our Stage hath shewn; and for their sake,
In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Actus Primus Scena Prima.

Dead March.

Enter the Funerall of King Henry the Fift, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloucester, Protector; the Duke of Exeter, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset.

Bedford.

Vng beyheauens with black,yield day tonight; Cornets importing change of Times and States, randilhyeur cry stail Trefles in the Skie, And with them (courge the bad revolting Stars, That haue confemed'vnta Henries death j King Henry the Fift.too famous to Hue long, England ne'telost a King of so much worth, Vertue he had»deferoing to command, His brandifttt Sword did blir.de men with his beamei, His Armes fpred wider then a Dragons Wings; His fparktlne Eyes,repleat with wrachfull fire. More dialed and droue back his Enemies, Then mid-day Sunne.fierce bent againft their faces. What (hoy id 1 fay? his Deeds exceed ali fpeech: He ne're lift vp his Hand,but conquered. Exe. Voe mournein black, why mourn we not in blood? Henry isdead.and neuer (hall rcuiue: Vpon a Wood den Coffin we attend; And Deaths dilhonourable Vietorie, We with our (lately prefenceglorifie, Like Cap titles bound to a Trionphanr Carre. What? (nail we curie the Planets of Mis(hap, That plotted thus our Glories oumhrow? Or (hall wethinkc the fubrilc-wicted French, Coniurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him, haue contriu'd his end, Proch. He was a King.bleft of the King of Kings Vote the French,the dreadful! Judgement-Day So dresdfull will not be,as was his fight. The Battailes of the Lord of Hods he fought; The Churches Prayers made him so profperour Cleft. The Church ? where is it ? had not Church-men pray'd, His thred of Life had not so soon decay'd. None doe you like, but an effeminate Prince, Whom like a Schoole-boy you may over-awe. Wach. Gledter,what ere we like,thou art Protector, And look to command the Prince and Realm. Thy Wife is proud, she holdesth thee in sw, More then God or Religious Church-men may.

Gloft. Name not Religion,for thou lou'ft the Fleth, And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'th, Except it be to pray against thy foes, Bed.Ceafe,cease these farres,& rest your minds in peace: Let's to the Altar: Heralds wayt on vs; In stead of Gold, wee le offer vp our Armes, Since Armes auysle not,now that Henry's dead, Pofferrie a wait for wretched yees, When at their Mothers monifieled eyes,Babes shall fack. Our Ibe be made a Nounsh of fail Trares, And none but Women left to wayle the dead, Henry the Fift, thy Ghoft I innocuete: Prosper this Realme, keep it from Civill BtoyJe* A farse more glorious Starry Soule will make, Then Julias Cefar,or bright-----

Enter a Messenger.

Meff. My honourable Lords,health to you all. Sad tidings bring I to you out of France, Of Ioffe, of slaughter.and difcomfitures: Guyen,Champaigne,Rheines,Orleans, Paris,Guyfors,Poschiers,are all quite loft. Bedf. What fay'll thou men,before dead Henry's Coat? Exe. Voe were in black,why mourn we not in blood? Henry is dead, and neuer (hall rcuiue: Vpon a Wood den Coffin we attend; And Deaths dilhonourable Vietorie, We with our (lately prefenceglorifie, Like Cap titles bound to a Trionphanr Carre. What? (nail we curie the Planets of Mis(hap, That plotted thus our Glories oumhrow? Or (hall wethinkc the fubrilc-wicted French, Coniurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him, haue contriu'd his end, Proch. He was a King.bleft of the King of Kings Vote the French,the dreadful! Judgement-Day So dresdfull will not be,as was his sight. The Battailes of the Lord of Hods he fought; The Churches Prayers made him so profperour Cleft. The Church ? where is it ? had not Church-men pray'd, His thred of Life had not so soon decay'd. None doe you like, but an effeminate Prince, Whom like a Schoole-boy you may over-awe. Wach. Gledter,what ere we like,thou art Protector, And look to command the Prince and Realm. Thy Wife is proud, she holdesth thee in sw, More then God or Religious Church-men may.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Enter to them another Messengers.

Mess. Lords view these Letters, full of bad miscarriage. France is resolved from the English quite. Except some petty Townes, of no import. The Dolphin Charles is crowned King in Rheimes: Reynold Duke of Anjou, doth take his part. O what shall we flye from this reproach? We will not flye, but to our enemies throts. Bedford, if thou be slack, lie fight it out. Wherewith already France is over-tun. I mart informe you of a dismal fight. The tenth of August last, this dreadfull Lord, the circumstancc 1 and the French. Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearfe, An Army haue I murder'd in my thoughts, for me nothing remaines: but long I will not be lack out of Office. And rush into the Bowels of the Battle. Here had the Cooquet fully been seal'd up, while ft [k 3]st Tart of Henry the Sixt. Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take, Since they so few, watch such a multitude. Ext. Remember Lords your Oathes to Henry Sworne: Eyther to quell the Dolphin vitally, For living idly here, in pompe and ease, With purpose to relieve and follow them, Cowardly fled, not hauing struck one stroke. Hence grew the general wrack and massacre: Enenold were they with their Enemies. A base Wallion, to win the Dolphins grace, Thuft Talbot, with a Speech into the Buke, Whom all France, with their chiefes assembled strength, Durnt not preume to looke once in the face. Bedford, is Talbot slaine then? I will flay my selfe. For living idly here, in pompe and ease, Whilft such a worthy Leader, wanting ayd, Voto his daftard foe men is betray'd. 3. Mess. O no, he lies, but is couked Prisoner, And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford: Moist of the rest Daughter, or couk like wise. Bedford, His Ranfome there is none but I shall pay Ile hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne, His Crownes shall be the Ranfome of my friend: Foure of their Lords Ile change for one of ours. Farwell my Matters, to my Taskes will I. Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make, To keep out our great Saint Georges Feast withall. Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take, Whole bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake. 3. Mess. So you had need, for Orleance is beleag'd, The English Army is gromwe weakes and faint: The Earl of Salisbury crouched simply, And hardly keeps his men from mutiny, Since they so few, watch such a multitude. Ext. Remember Lords your Oathes to Henry Sworne, to goe about my preparation. Exit Bedford. Mess. He to the Tower with all the hal I can, to view th'ArtiUerie and Munition, And then I will proclayme young Henry King. Ext Gloster.

Ext. To Eltam will I, where the young King is, Being ordained his speciall Governer, And for his safety there I left him. Exit.rench, Each hath his Place and Function to attend: A am left out; for me nothing remains; But long I will not be Jack out of Office. The King from Eltam I intend to fend, and set at chiefest Sterne of publique Weale. Exit.

Sound a Flartsh.

Enter Charles, Alanfon, and Reigmer, marching with Drum and Souldiers. Charles. Mar this his true meaning, even as in the Hesuets, So in the Earth, to this day is not knowne. Late did he shine upon the English side: Now we are Victor, upon vs the English fly. At pleasure here we lye, near Orleance: Otherwhiles, the famifht English, like pale Ghosts, Paintly besiege vs one hour in a month, Alas. They want their Porrude, & their fat Bul Benees: Eyther they must be dyer'd like Mules, And have their Prouender. How with their mout, Or piteoos they will looke, like drowned Mice. Reigmer. Let's ray fse the Siege: why live we idly here? Talbot is taken, whom we want to feare: Remyzeneth none but mad-bright'd Salisbury, And he may well in fretting spend his gall, Nor oen nor Money hath he to make Warre. Charles. Sound, sound Alarum, we will rush upon them. Now for the honour of the ftrorne French: Him I forge my death, that killeth me, When he lees me goe back one foot, or flye. Ext. Here Alarum, they are beaten back, by the English, with great toffe.

Enter Charles, Alanfon, and Reigmer. Charles. Who ever saw the like? what men have I? Dogges, Cowards, Daffards: I would were bane Bed, But that they left me inidit my Enemies. Reigmer. Salisbury is a desperate Homicide, He missing as one weaht of his life: The other Lords, like Lyons wanting food, Doe run vp vpp as their hungry prey.
That beaucie am I left with, which you may see.
With these clear rays, which she infused on me,
With these clear rays, which she infused on me,
That beautie am I blest with, which you may see.

Alas!...
Enter Gloster, with his serving men.

GLoS. I am come to survey the Tower this day; Since Henrie's death, I scarce there is Conuene: Where be the Warders, that they wait not here? Open the Gates, 'tis Gloster that calls.


2. Warder. Who ere he be, you may not be let in. 1. Man. Villains, answer you so the Lord Protector? 1. Warder. The Lord protect him, so we answer him. We doe no otherwise then we are will'd.

GloS. Who will'd you to so whose will stands but mine? There's none Protector of the Realm, but I:

Break up the Gates, Ile be your warrantie;
Shall be flowed thus by dunghill Groomese
Shall Regain. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honor,
Open the Gates, here's Gloster that would enter.

Thou art no friend to God, or to the King;
That thou nor none of thine shalt be let in,
The Cardinall of Winchefster forbids:
From him I have express commandement,
Our late Souveraine ne'er could brooke?
Henry Whom
Open the Gates, or lie thou out sharply.
Winchefster, GloS. I doe, thou mod usurping Proditor,
Stand back thou manifest Conspirator.

Nay, stand thou back. I will not budge
foot:
GloS. Will not stay thee, but I'll drive thee back to thy
beard thee to thy
Doc what thou dar'st,
GloS. Pictured Priest, dost thou command me to be
strung
Open to the Protector, the Tower Gates, and Woodside the Lieutenant seekes within.

Woodside. What noise is this? what Traytors have we here?

GloS. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear? Open the Gates; here's Gloster that would enter.

Woodside. Have patience Noble Duke, I may not open,
The Cardinall of Winchefster forbids:
From him I have express commandement,
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in,
The Lord Protector forbids:
That thou nor none of thine shalt be let in,
The Cardinall of Winchefster forbids:
From him I have express commandement,
That thou nor none of thine shalt be let in,
The Lord Protector forbids:
That thou nor none of thine shalt be let in,
The Lord Protector forbids:
That thou nor none of thine shalt be let in,
The Lord Protector forbids:
That thou nor none of thine shalt be let in.

Enter the Protector at the Tower Gates, and his men in Tawny Coats.

Winchefster. How now ambitious Phebe, what means this?

GloS. Priest, I'll Priest, doost thou command me to be
shut out?
Winh. I doo, thou most usurping Priester, And not Protector of the King or Realm.

GloS. Stand back thou manifest Conspirator, Thou that contrivedst to marther our dead Lord, Thou that giv'st Whores Indulgences to sinne, Ile canuas thee in thy broad Cardinalls Hat, If thou proceed in this thy insolence, Ile canuas thee in thy broad Cardinalls Hat, If thou proceed in this thy insolence, Ile canuas thee in thy broad Cardinalls Hat, If thou proceed in this thy insolence, Ile canuas thee in thy broad Cardinalls Hat, If thou proceed in this thy insolence, Ile canuas thee in thy broad Cardinalls Hat, If thou proceed in this thy insolence, There's none more haughtie then the Devil, May'st.

Winch. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Can.
To fly thy Brother Abel, if thou wilt,
GloS. I will not fly thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth, Ile vs, to carry thee out of this place.

Winch. Doe what thou dar'st, I heard thee to thy
face.
GloS. What am I dar'd, and beard to my face? Draw men, for this privilaged place,
Blew Coats to Tawny Coats. Priest, be ware your Beard, I meant to tugge it, and to cuffe you fondly.
Virtue my feet I stampe thy Cardinalls Hat:

In sight of Pope, or dignities of Church,
Here by the Checkes Ile drag thee vp and downe.

Winch. Gloster, thou wilt answer this before the Pope.

GloS. Winchester Goofe, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.
Now beat them hence, why doe you let them stay? Thee Ile chase hence, thou Wolfe in Sheeps array,
Out Tawny, Coats, out Scarlet Hypocrisie.

Here Gloves men beat out the Cardinalls men,

Enter the M after Gunner of Orleane, and his Boy.

M. Gunner. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleane be besieged,
And how the English haue the Suburbs wonne.
Boy. Father I know, and oft haue stood at them,
How e're it be, I was not of my name.
M. Gunner. But now thou shalt not.
Boy. Chiefest Master Gunner am I at this Towns,
Sometimes it is good to procure me grace:
The Princes bygays haue informed me,
How the English in the Suburbs close entrench,
Went through a secret Grate of Iron Barres,
In yonder Tower, to over-peere the Citie,
And thence discover, how with most aduantage
They may vex vs with Shot or with Assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A Piece of Ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd,
How far'th thou, Mirror of all martial men?
One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheekes fcarce check’d off.
Acurst Tower, accurs’d foul Hand,
That hath contriv’d this woful Tragedie.
In thirteene Batailles, Salisbury o’re came:
Henry the Fift he first tray’d to the Warres.
Whilst any Trumpet did sound, or Drum struck vp,
His Sword did not leave striking in the field.
Yet isn’t though Salisbury? though thy speech doth sfyle,
One Eye thou hast to looke to Heauen for grace.
The Sunne with one Eye viewer all the World,
Heauen be thou gracious to none alike.
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands,
Beast hence his Body, I will helpe to bury it.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, haft thou any life?
Speake vnto Talbot, my Lord, looke vp to him.
Salisbury chere thy Spirit with this comfort,
Thou shalt not dye whiles—
He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me:
As who should say, When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.
Plantagenet I will, and like thee,
Play on the Lute, beholding the Townes burne;
Wretched shall France be onely in my Name.
Here an Alarum, and it Thunder and Lightnings.
What stirs this? what tumult in the Heavens?
Whence commeth this Alarum, and the noyse?
Exit. A Meflenger.
My Lord, my Lord, the French have gather’d head.
The Dolphin, with one Isabe de Puzel joynd,
A holy Prophcete, new raisen vp,
Is come with a great Power, to rayse the Siege.
Here Salisbury lifteth himself vp, and greate.
Talb. Heare, heare, how dying doth Salisbury doth groane
It rikes his heart he cannot be requeng’d.
Frenchmen, Ile be a Salisbury to you.
Puzel or Puffel, Dolphin or Dog-fish.
Your hearts Ile frame out with my Horses heels,
And make a Quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we’ll try what these daftard Frenchmen dare.
Alarum. Exeunt.

Here an Alarum againe, and Talbot pursueth the Dolphin,
and driveth him: Then enter Isabe de Puzel,
driving Englishmen before her.
Then enter Talbot.

Talb. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English Troupes return, I cannot stay them,
A Woman clad in Armour chafeth them.

Enter Puzel. Here, here thee comes. Ile haue a bowte with thee:
Deuill, or Deusil Dam, Ile coniure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,
And straighwaye glue thy Soule to him thon foule.
Puzel. Come, come, ’tis onely I that must disgrace thee.
Here they fight.

Talb. Heauen, can you suffer Hell so to preuayle?
My breft Ile burft with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my Armes sunder,
But I will chafith this high-minded Strumpet.
They fight againe.
Puzel. Talbot farwell, thy houre is not yet come,
I must goe Victual Orelance forthwith:
A short Alarum; then enter the Townes with Souldiers.
Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentries.

Sgt. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant: If any noise or Souldier you perceive
Neere to the walls, by some apperant signe
Let vs have knowledge at the Court of Guard.

Sgt. Sergeant you shall. Thus are poore Servitors
(When others sleepe upon their quiet beds)
Constraining to watch in darknesse, raine, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling
Ladders: Their Drummers beating a
Dead March.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubt Burgundy,
By whose whole power, the Regions of Artois,
Wallon, and Picardy, are friends to vs:
This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banquetted,
And all the Priests and Fryers in my Realm,
More blessed hap did never befall our State.
Of all exploits since first I follow'd Atmea,
Now will I shew how much he wrongs his fame,
And be just to this. Better farre I guesse,
That we do make our entance severall wayes:
If we chance the one of vs do faile,
The other yet may rize against their force.

Enter a Sergeant ef a Band, with net Sentries.

Fuceii. Advance our waving Colours on the Walls,
Recruit's d Orleanc from the English:
Thus looke de Fuceii hath perform'd her word.

Dolph. Divine fight, creature, Alfred's Daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adam's Garden.
That one day bloom'd, and fruitfull were the nest.
France, in thy glorious Prophetesse,
More blest hap did ne'er befall our State.
Reign over, why ring not out the Bells slow'd,
Throughout the Towne?
Dolph. Command the Citizens make Bonfires,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the nest.
France, in thy glorious Prophetesse,
Reign over.

Tal. A Maid? And forsooth?
Bur. A Maid, and forsooth?

Tal. A Maid? And forsooth?
Bur. A Maid, and forsooth?

Bed. How much in duty, I am bound to both.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubt Burgundy,
By whose whole power, the Regions of Artois,
Wallon, and Picardy, are friends to vs:
This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banquetted,
And all the Priests and Fryers in my Realm,
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our State.
Of all exploits since first I follow'd Atmea,
Now will I shew how much he wrongs his fame,
And be just to this. Better farre I guesse,
That we do make our entance severall wayes:
If we chance the one of vs do faile,
The other yet may rize against their force.

Enter a Sergeant ef a Band, with net Sentries.

Talbot. This night appeare
Of Englith this night appeare
Of all exploits since first I follow'd Atmea,
Now will I shew how much he wrongs his fame,
And be just to this. Better farre I guesse,
That we do make our entance severall wayes:
If we chance the one of vs do faile,
The other yet may rize against their force.

Bed. Agreed: Ile to yond corner.
Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his graue
Now Salisbury, for thee and for the right
Of English Henry, whilst this night appeare
How much in duty, I am bound to both.

Snt. Armes, stme, the enemy doth make assault.
Cry, S. George, A Talbot.

The French leap o the walls in their shirts. Enter
several wayes, Bedfort, Alanfon, Regnier,
half ready, and half unready.

Alan. How now my Lords? what all vntend do a
Boft. Vready? I am glad we feap'd do well.
Reign. Twice time (trow) to wake and leaue our beds,
Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores.
Alan. Of all exploit in first I follow'd Armes,
Nere heard I of a warlike enterprise

More
But Lord, our bloody massacre,
And what a terror he had been to France.
I trust we met not with the Dolphins Grace,
Upon the which, that every one may read,
The treacherous manner of his mournful death.
Shall be engraved in the face of Orleans,
And that hereafter Ages may behold
What ruin happened in revenge of him.
There have at least five Frenchmen died tonight.
For every drop of blood was drawn from him.
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul:
And here advance it in the market-place,
Retreat.
Here found retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.
For I have loaded me with many spoils,
Serves me for a sword,
The cry of Talbot using no other weapon but his name.
Exit.
Whose pitchy mantle outvail'd the earth.
More venturous, desperate than this.
That now our loss might be ten times so much?
That being captain of the watch to-night,
Didst thou at first to flatter us with all.
This sudden mischief ne'er could have faile.
That could not live another day or night.
As that whereof I had the government,
They did amongst the troops of armed men,
Leaps on the walls for refuge in the field.
My felle, as farre as I could well discern.
That now our loss might be ten times so much?
For I have loaden me with many spoils.
Serues me for a sword,
The cry of Talbot using no other weapon but his name.

Enter Charles and James.
Tut, holy James was his defence-guard.
Charl. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful Dane?
Didst thou at first to flatter us with all?
Make vs partakers of a little gaine,
As that whereof I had the government,
They did amongst the troops of armed men,
Leaps on the walls for refuge in the field.

Charl. Duke of Alanson, this was your default,
That being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.
Alas! Had all your quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Baft. Tut, holy James was his defence-guard.
Charl. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful Dane?
Didst thou at first to flatter us with all?
As that whereof I had the government,
They did amongst the troops of armed men,
Leaps on the walls for refuge in the field.

Enter a Messenger.
Mess. All haste, my Lords: which of this princely traitor
Call ye the Warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?
Talb. Here is the Talbot, who would speak with him?
Mess. The vertuous Lady, Countess of Ouerone,
With modestie admiring thy renowne,
By me entreats (great Lord,) thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor Castle where she lies.
That she may boast she hath beheld the man,
Whose glory fills the world with lowd report.

Retg. Is it even so? Nay then I see our warre
Will turne vs to a peaceful Comick sport,
When Ladies brave to be encountered with.
You may not (my Lord) despise her gentle suit.
Talb. We're true to thee then: for when a world of men
Could not preuayle with all their oratone,
Yet hath a Woman's kindneffe ouer-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your honors bear me company?
Beds. No, truly, it is more than manners will.
And I have heard it said, 'tis wisely.
They are often vouchsafed when they are gone.
Talb. We'll then alone: (since there's no remedie)
I mean to proove this ladyes modestie.
Come hither captain, you perceive my mind.

Mess. I do my Lord, and meane accordingly.

Enter Countess.
Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge,
And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.
Porter. Madame, I will.
Exit.

Count. The plot is layd, if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this explose.
As scythian Tomms by cymn death,
Great is the rumour of this dreadful Knight,
And his achievements of no leffe account:
Faine would mine eyes be vouchsaf'd in mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.
Mess. Madame, according as your ladyship deign'd,
By Message cruid, so is Lord Talbot come.
Count. And he is welcome: what is this the man?
Mess. Madame, it is:
Count. Is this the Scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much feard abroad?
That with his name the mothers fting their babes?
I see reports is fabulous and false.
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

I thought I should have seen some Herocles,
A second Themis, for his great speech,
And large proportion of his flowing knit Limbs.
Alas, this is a Child, a silly Dwarf.
It cannot be, this weak and wretched shrive
Should strike such terror to his Enemies.

Talk. Madame, I have been bold to trouble you;
But since your Ladyship is not at leisure,
I thought I should have seen some Harrow.

Count. What means he now? Go ask him, whither he goes.
Meff. Stay my Lord Talbot, for my Lady craves,
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Talb. March, for that there's a wrong believe,
I go to certify her there.

Count. If thou be be, then art thou Prisoner.

Talb. Prisoner? to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty Lord:
For I am forty, that with reverence
Let my preemption not provoke thy wrath.

Talb. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Talb. No, no, I am but shadow of my self:
Your sovereign grace, your hand is not here;
For what you see, is but the smallest part,
And least proportion of Humanities:
I tell you Madame, were the whole Frame here,
It is of such a spacious loftie pitch,
Your Roost were not sufficient to contain't.

Count. This is a Riddling Merchant forthenonce.
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Talk. That will I shew you presently.

Winds his Hands, Drummers strike up, a Peals
Of drums. Enter Souldiers.

How say you Madame? are you now perswaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, finewes, armes, and strength,
With which he yezketh your rebellious Neckes,
Razeth your Cities, and subverts your Townes,
And in a moment makes them defolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot, pardon my abuse,
I finde thou art not left then Fame hath brotten,
And more then may be gathered by thy shape.
Let my preumption not provoke thy wrath,
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Talk. Be not disdain'd, faire Lady, nor misconstrue
The minde of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body,
What you have done, hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only with your patience, that we may
Taste of your Wine, and see what Cases you have,
For Souldiers flomacks always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart, and think me honored,
To lead so great a Warrior in my House.

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Sommerset, Poole, and others.

Turk. Great Lords and Gentlemen.
What means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a Case of Truth?

Suff. Within the Temple Hall we were too loud,
The Garden here is more conuenient.

Turk. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the Truth:
Or else was wrangling Summerse in error?

Suff. Faith I have been a Twain in the Law,
And never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the Law into my will.

Som. Judge you, my Lord of Warrick, then betweene us.

W r. Between two Hawks, which Eyes 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 bett,

Som. And on my tide it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind-man's eye.

Talk. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speake,
In dumbe signification proclayme your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born Gentleman,
And stands upon the honor of his birth,
If he suppose that I haue pleaded truth,
Pluck a red Rose from off this Thorne with me.

Suff. Pluck this red Rose with Plantagenet.

Talk. I pluck this white Rose with Plantagenet.

Suff. I pluck this white Rose with Plantagenet.

Talk. I pluck this white Rose with Plantagenet.

Som. Prick not your finger, as you pluck it off,

Vernon. Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more
Till you conclude, that he upon whose side
From off this Bryer pluck a white Rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,
But dare maintain the partie of the truth,
Pluck a red Rose from off this Thorne with me.

War. I love not Colours: and without all colour
Of base insinuating flatterie,
I pluck this white Rose with Plantagenet.

Suff. I pluck this red Rose, with young Somerset,
And say withall, I think he held the right.

Vernon. Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more
Till you conclude, that he upon whose side
The fewest Roses are crop't from the Tree,
Shall yeld the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected,
If I haue fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Turk. And I.

Vernon. Then for the truth, and plaineoff of the Case,
I pluck this pale and Maiden Blossome here,
Giving my Verdict on the white Rose.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Least bleeding, you doe paint the white Rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.

Vernon. If I, my Lord, for my opinion blede,
Opinion shall be Surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where full I am.

Som. Well, well, come on, who elfe?
Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament, or flourish to the height of my degree.

For the fox, my friends in light of thee shall wear. And in farewell, until I meet thee next.

Exit.

Turbard. Exit.

And know us by these Colour'd tortoys foes, as cognizance of my blood-sucking hate. Until it wither with me to my grave, will I for ever and my faction wear.

Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd. To scourge you for this apprehension: I note you in my book of memory, corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry.

The argument you held was wrong in you, for your partaker and you yourself were growing time once ripened to my will, and that I prove on better men than that. By him that made me, lie maintain my words. A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

For treason executed in our late king's day on any plot of ground in Christendom. Or durst not for his craven heart say thus.

King of England: third son of the third

Infignia whereto. I pluck a white rose too.

Turned not thy frowns this way, Plantagenet. passionately.

That you on my behalf would pluck a flower. In your behalf still will I wear the fame, lawyer. And so will I. Terce. Thanks gentle. Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say, this quart will drink blood another day.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a chair, and cloyes.

Mort. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age, let dying Mortimer here rest himself. Even like a man new haled from the wreck, so fare my limbs with long imprisonment: and these gray locks, the pursuivants of death, nofer-like aged, in an age of care. Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer. These eyes, like lamps, while wasting Oyle is spent, wax dimme, as drawing to their exigent. Weake Shoulders, our-born, borne with burdening grief, and pythias arms, like to a withered vine, that droopes his tasseled branches to the ground. Yet are these feet, whose strength-lefse stays are nume, (Viable to support this lump of clay)

Swift-winged with desire to get a grace, as witning, I too other comfort have. But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come? Keeper. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come! We sent unto the temple, unto his chamber, and answer was return'd, that he will come.

Mort. Enough: my soul shall then be satisfied. Poor gentle venus, his wrong doth equal mine. Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign, before whole glory I was great in armes; this losse shone, a question 80 I had; and even since then, hath Richard been obscure'd, deprived of honor and inheritance. But now, the arbitrator of desires, tuff death, kinsman, voice of men, miferies. With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence: I would his troubles likewise were expired, that so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard.

Keeper. My lord, your loving nephew now is come. Mort. Richard Plantagenet, my friend: is he come? Rich. I, noble Vnkle, thus ignobly vs'd, your nephew, late despised Richard, comes. Mort. Direc't me Armer, I may embrace his neck, and in his bosom spend my latter gaspe. Oh tell me when to be accounted rich his cheques, that I may kindly give one fainting kiss. And now declare sweet Stem from turkes great stock, why didn't thou say of late thou wert despis'd?

Rich. First.
Then day in argument vpon a Caic, and roe: Some words there grew 'twixe and in that eafe, Ile tell thee my D.ufe fe.

And did vpbrayd me with my Fathers death; Within a loathfome Dungeon, there to pyne, Therefore good Uncle, for my Fathers fake. Elfc with the like I had requited him Which obloquie set barres before my tongue, Plantagcnet, In honor of a true My Father,Earle of Cambridge.©!! his Head. And for Alliance f»ke, declare the caufe And hath detayn d me all my flowring Youih, For I am ignorant, and cannot guefle Of King. the Third of chat Decent. The firft begotten, and the lawful! Heire (And Death approach not ere my Tale be done. Depos'd his Nephew Sonne, the Fourth,Grandfather to this King, Henry of the North, Perret During whofe Reigne. the The reafon rootl'd thefe Warlike Lords to this, Finding his Vfurpation mod vniuft, Endeuourd my aduancement to the Throne. They laboured.to plant the rightfull Heire, But market as in this haughtie great attempt. To King the Third; whereas hee. But yet me thinkes. my Fathers execution Was nothing lefs then bloody Tytanny. And like a Mountaine, no: to be remou'd. With long continuance in a fetded place, As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd Might but redeeme the paffage of your Age. And Peace, no Warre, befall thyt parting Soule, In Prifon haft thou spent a Pilgrimage, And like a Hermit ouer-pafi thy dayes, Well, I will locke his Councell in my Breft, And what I doe imagine, let that refi. Keepers conuey him hence, and I refolve Will fee his Buryall better then his Life. Here dyes the duskie Torch of Mortlmr, Chokst with Ambition of the meaner fort, And for thofe Wrongs, thofe bitter Injuries, Which Somerfet hath offer'd to my Houfe, I doubt not, but with Honor to redrefs, And therefore haffe I to the Parliament, Eyther to be restored to my Blood, Or make my will th'advantage of my good. And Peace, no Wane, befall thy parting Soule.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

And makes him to these Accusations forth. But he shall know I am as good.

Gloft. As good? Thou Bastard of my Grandfather.


My Lord, it were your dute to forbear.

Som. I fee the Bishope be not over-borne: Me thinks my Lord should be Religious, And know the Office that belongs to such, Wor. Me thinks his Lordship should be humbler, It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy State is toucht so neere, Wor. State holy, or vnswallod, what of that? Is not his Grace Protector to the King? Rich. Plantagenet I see must hold his tongue.

Leat it be said, Speaketh Sir she when you should: Must your bold Verdict enter talke with Lords? Else would I have a flying at Winchester.

King. Vackles of Glouster, and of Winchester, The special Warch-men of our English Weale, I would preushi, if Prayers might preushi, To ioyney your hearts in loue and amitie. If holy Church-men take delight in broyles? Except you meane with obblinate repulse To play your Souveraine, and destroy the Realme. You see what Mischief, and what Murther too, Hath been enraged through your enmities.

Thou art soeuerent, Cloth. Stay, stay, I fay

You of my houfhold,leave this penuish broyle, And fet this vnseculomt'fght aside.

3. Seru. My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man Just, and upright: and for your Royall Birch, Inferior to none, but to his Maiestie; And ere that we will suffer such a Prince, So kinde a Father of the Common-wealth, To be disgrac'd by an In-horne Mate, Wee and our Witches and Children all will fight, And have our bodies slaughtered by thy foes, 1. Seru. And the very passing of our Nayles Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.

Gloft. Stay, stay, I fay: And if you loue me, as you fay you doe,

Let me persuade you to forbear a while. King. Oh, how this discord doth affliet my Soule. Can you, my Lord of Winchifter, behold

My fighes and tears, and will not once relent? Who should be pitifull, if you be not? Or who should fludy to preferve a Peace, If holy Church-men take delight in broyles? Wor. Yeld my Lord Protector, yeld Winchester, Except you meane with obblinate repulse To play your Souveraine, and destroy the Realme. You see what Mischief, and what Murther too, Hath been enraged through your enmities.

Then be at peace except ye thrall for blood. Wor. He shall fubmit, or I will neuer yeeld.

Gloft. Compassion on the King commends me fowe, Or I would fee his heart out, ere the Priet

Should ever get that priviledge of me. Wor. Behold my Lord of Winchester, the Duke Ham bath moody discontented fury,

As by his fmootherd Browses it doth appearre. Why looke you still to ferne, and tragical? Gloft. Here Winchester, I offer thee my Hand, King. Fie Vackle Beanford, I haue heard you preach, That Mallice was a great and grievous finne:

And will not you maintaine the thing you teach? But proue a chief offendor in the fame. Wor. Sweet King: the Bishope hath a kindly gyrd:

For shame my Lord of Winchester relent; What, shall a Child instruct you what to doe? Wor. Well, Duke of Glofier, I will yeeld thee Love for thy Loue, and hand for hand I giue. But I feare me with a hollow Heart.

See here my Friends and louing Countreymen; This token ferueth for a Flagge of Truce, Betwixt our felucs, and all our followers. The Bishop hath a kindly gyrd:

For shame my Lord of Winchester relent; What, shall a Child instruct you what to doe? Wor. Well, Duke of Glofier, I will yeeld thee Love for thy Loue, and hand for hand I giue. Gloft. But I feare me with a hollow Heart. See here my Friends and louing Countreymen; This token ferueth for a Flagge of Truce, Betwixt our felucs, and all our followers. So helpe me God, as I intend it not.

Wor. So helpe me God, as I intend it not.

King. Oh Louing Vackle, kinde Duke of Glofier, How joyfull am I made by this Contraft.

A way my Maffers, trouble vs no more, But ioyne in fellowship, as your Lords have done. 1. Seru. Conten, Ile to the Surgeons. 2. Seru. And fo will I.

3. Seru. And I will fea what Physick the Tauerne affords.

Extende.

Wor. Accept this Serowle, moft gracious Souveraine, Which in the Right of Rightful Plantagenet, We doe exhibite to your Majestie. Glost. Wyle Mr'd, my Lord of Warwick for sweet Prince, And if your Grace make your every circumstance, You have greaft reaoning to doe Rightfull right, Especially for those occations At Elten Place I told your Maiestie.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

That doth belong unto the House of York, and humble service till the point of death. So shall his Father's wrongs be recompenct. Therefore my loving Lords, our pleasure is, and as my duty springs, so perish they. And in regard of that done, that rise created Princely Duke of York. The presence of a King engenders love, as it dis-animiates his Enemies. Plautagenet, a true Richard, and rise created Prince. This late division grows between the Princes, not seeing what is likely to ensue: till bones and flesh and sinews fall away. Bore with seduced allies of forged love, so will this base and envious discord breed. And will at last break out into a flame. Its dayes may finish, ere that hapless time. Exit, as severed members rot but by degree.

And Henry borne at Monmouth should winne all. Henry, which in the time of Richard, was in the mouth of every thinking Babe. That Henry borne at Mowmough should winne all, and Henry borne at Windlor, loose all: Which is so plain, that Exeter doth with, his days may finish, ere that hapless time. Exit.

Enter Pocell disguis'd, with four Soldiers with Sacks upon their backs.

Pocell. These are the Cutie Gates, the Gates of Roan, through which our Policy must make a breach. Take heed, be wary how you place your words, take like the vulgar sort 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 flourish Watch but weak, Ile by a signe give notice to our friends, that Charles the Dolphin may encounter them.

Saddier. Our Sacks shall be a means to sack the City. And we be Lords and Relations over Roan, therefore we're knockt.

Watch. Cease.

Pocell. Profasses la pouvere gens de France.

Poor market folkes that come to tell their Corne, the Market Bell is rung. Enter now Roan, Ile shake thy Buthvarkes to the ground.

Exeunt.

Enter Charles, Baffard, Algeron.

Charles. Saint Death blest this happy Stratageme, and once again we'll sleepe secure in Roan.

Baffard. Here entered Pocell, and his Pratifsins: now she is there, how will the specific? Here is the best and safest passage in. Reig. By bursting out a torch from yonder tower, which once discern'd, shewes that her meaning is, no way to that (for weakness) which the enter'd.

Enter Pocell on the top, strafing out a torch burning.

Pocell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch. That seeketh Roan into her Countrymen, but burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Baffard. See Noble Charles the Beacon of our friend, the burning Torch in yonder Turret stands.

Charles. Now thinkest thou a Commer of Reuenge, a Prophet to the fall of all our Foes. Reig. Defire no time, delays have dangerous ends, Enter and cry, the Dolphin, presently, and then doe executiou on the Watch.

An Alarum.

An Alarum. Talbot in an Excursion.

Talk, France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy tears, if Talbot but suffer thy Treachery. Pocell that Witch, that damned Sorceresse. Hath wrought this Hellish Mischiefe unavoycs. That hardly we escape the Pride of France. Exit.


Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: within, Pocell, Charles, Baffard, and Reigneir on the Walls.

Pocell. God morrow Gallants, what ye Corne for Bread? I think the Duke of Burgonie will fall, before hee'le buy againe at such a rate. Twas full of Darnell, dio you like the taste? Burg. Scoffe on vile Fiend, and shameless Curizan, I trot one long to chace thee with divine owne, and make thee curse the Harneft of that Corne. Charles. Youth Grace may blame (perhaps) before that time. Bedf. Oh let no words, but deeds, revenge this Trea- son.

Pocell. What will you doe, good gray-beard? Break a Lance, and runne a Tilt at Death; within a Chaise.

Talk. Foole Friend of France, and Hag of all despiet, Incompasse'd with thy lustfull Paramount, Becomes it thee to taunt his vacant Age. And with him Cowardise a man halfe dead? Darnell, ile have a bowe with you againa. Or else let Talbot perish with this flame.

Pocell. Are ye so hot, Sir? yet Pocell hold thy peace, if Talbot doe but Thunder, Raine will follow. They whispet together in counsell.

God speed the Parliament, who shall be the Speaker? 12 Talk. Dare


To try if that our owne be ours, or no. 

Me thinkes I shoulde feeue the Soldiour's hearts, and the rest.

Alanf. Will ye, like Soldiour, come and fight it out?

For meanes no good by his Looks, and dire not take up Armes like Gentlemen. 


But gather we ou: Forces out of hand, and now no more ado, brace safe. 

Then be it so: Heauens keep old Talb: that of late were daring with their seoffe. 

For I have seen our Enemies ouerthrow. 

Becauche I euer found them as my selfe. 

Thaft stout 1st. gon, his Litter side, 

Prick on oy publike Wrongs sustaine'd in France, and set vp on our boastong Enemie. 

Exit.

Vow by honor of my Houfe, we are like to have the ouerthrow againe. 

What the rust or strength of foolifh man? Fitter for sickneffe, and for crifie age.


direct your fwords in a dying breaft, and no where's the Baftard's braves, and his glories. 

But once I read, Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee. 

next, let's get vs from the Walls, 

So sure I sware, to get the Towne, or dye. 

And as his Father here was. Conqueror. 

And will be partner of your weak or woe.

But ere we got, regard this dying Prince. 

What? will you flye, and leaue Lord 

Talbot? Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee. 

And let vs now perfwade you. 

But Kings and mighty Potentates must die, for that's the end of humane miferie. 

An Alarum. Exeunt Sir John Falsaffe, and a Captaine. 

Cops. Whither away Sir John Falsaffe, in such haft, 

Fals Whither away to save my selfe by flight, 

We are like to have the ouerthrow againe. 

Cops. What? will you flye, and leave Lord Talbot? 

Fals I all the Talbots in the World, to save my life. 

Exeunt. 

Cops. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee. 


Bedf. Now quiet Soule, depart when Heauen please, 

For I have seen our Enemies ouerthrow. 

What is the strength or strength of foolish man? 

They that of late were daring with their scofes, 

Are glad and fame by flight to save themselves. 

Bedford flye, and is carrie by in two on his Chair.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Charles, Baffard, Alanfon, Pucell.

Pucell. Difmay not (Princes) at this accident, nor grieue that Roan is so recovered; 

care is no cure, but rather corrosive. 

For things that are not to be remedy'd. 

Let francique Talbots triumph for a while, 

And like a Peacock sweep along his tayle, 

Wee'll pull his Plumes, and take away his Trayne. 

If Dophin and the reft be but rul'd. 

Charles. We have been guided by thee biterto, 

And of thy Cunning had no diffidence, 

But yet before we goe, let's not forget. 

One fudder Boyle shall never breed disorder. 

Baffard. Search out thy wit for secret pollacies, 

And we will make thee famous through the World. 

Alanf. We're fet thy Statue in some holy place, 

And haue thee reverenc'd like a bleffed Saint. 

Employ thee then, sweet Virgin, for our good. 

Pucell. Then thus it must be, this doth taste drufke: 

By fate pettifions, mixt with forged words, 

We will entice the Duke of Burgonie 

To leaue the Talbot, and to follow vs. 

Charles. I marrie Sweeting, if I coule doe that, 

France were no place for Henry's Warriors, 

Nor shou'd that Nation box't it so with vs, 

But be extirped from our Prouinces. 

Alanf. For ever should they be expuls'd from France, 

And not have Title of an Earledome here. 

Pucell. Your Honors shall perceive how I will wotche, 

To bring this matter to the wished end. 

Drummes sound a fare off. 

Heare, by the sound of Drumme you may perceive 

Their Powers are marching into Paris ward. 

Here found an English March. 

There goes the Talbot, with his Colours spread, 

And all the Troupes of English after him.

French
French March.

Now in the Reteword comes the Duke and his:

Fortune in favor makes him lagge behinde.

Summon a Parley, we will talk with him.

Tranpues vndress a Parley.

Charles. A Parley with the Duke of Burgonie?

Burg. Who craves a Parley with the Burgonie?

Pacell. The Princecly Charles of France, thy Countryman.


Charles. Speake, Pacell, and enchaunt him with thy words.

Pacell. Brute Burgonie, undoubted hope of France,

Stay, let thy humble Hand-maid speake to thee.

Burg. Speake on, but be not over-tedious.

Pacell. Look on thy Country, look on fertile France,

And see the Cities and the Townes decac's,

Hence.

Twelve Cities, and seven walled Townes of strength,

Beside five hundred Prisoners of esteem,

Should grieue thee more than frearoes offorraine gore.

One drop of Blood drawne from thy Countries bosorne,

Strike chose that hurt, and hurt not those that helpe

Which thou thy self giuen her wofull Breft.

So farwell Talbot, we

And all his friends.

Burgonie

Forgiue me Country, and sweet Countreymen

And Lords accept this heartie kind embrace.

Haue batt'red me like roaring Cannon (hot,

To the haughty wordes of hers

Bret Ik.

And doth deserve a Coronet of Gold.

Puce/I.Bestdes, all French and France exclaimes on thee

A Parley with the Duke of Burgonie.

Burg. Speake on, but be not over-tedious.

Pacell, for I am marching.

What say'ft thou

Pacell. Welcome brave Duke, thy friendship makes vs fresh.

Baffard. And doth beget new Courage in our breasts.

Amen.

Burg. Done like a Frenchman: turne and turne againe.

Charles. Welcome brave Duke, thy friendship makes vs fresh.

Baffard. And doth beget new Courage in our breasts.

Amen; Pacell hath brusely play'd her part in this,

And doth deserve a Coronet of Gold.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Exeunt: To them, with his Solemns, Talbot.

Talk. My gracious Prince, and honorable Peeres,

Hearing of your arrival in this Realme,

I have a while given Truce vnto my Wars,

To doe my Duke to my Soueraigne,

In signe whereof, this Arme, that hath reclyned to your obedience, signifieth Fortesser,

Warchief, and feuen walled Townes of strength,

Befide five hundred Prisoners of esteeme.

Let fall his Sword before your Highnesse feet;

And with submiſſiue loyalty of heart

Aſſcribes the Glory of his conquests got,

First to my God, and next vnto your Grace.

King. Is this the Lord Talbot, brave Gloucester,

That hath so long beene resident in France?

Glou. Yes, if it please your Majeſty, my Liege.

King. Welcome brave Captaine, and victorious Lord.

When I was young (as yet I am not old)

I doe remember how my father faide,

A routour Champion never handled Sword,

Long since we were resolued of your truth,

That hath so long beene testimonient in France?

Either that have bewucht me with her words,

Or Nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pacell, besides all French and France exclaimes on thee

Doubting thy Birth and lawfull Progenie.

Who soyn'th wish, but with a Lordly Nation,

That will not trust thee, but for profits fake?

When Talbot hath fet footing once in France,

And fashioned thee that Instrument of ill,

Who then, but English Henry, will be Lord,

And thou be ruffian out, like a Fugitive?

Call we to minde, and make but this for proofe:

Was not the Duke of Orleans thy Foe?

And was he not in England Prisoner?

But when they heard he was thine Enemy,

They fet him free, without his Ransome pay'd,

In signe whereof, this Arme, that hath redem'd

And with submissive loyalty of heart

Befide five hundred Prisoners of esteeme.

Return thee therefore with a cloud of Treses,

Twelue Cities, and seven walled Townes of strength,

And wash away thy Countries stain'd Spots.

Or Nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pacell, besides all French and France exclaimes on thee

Doubting thy Birth and lawfull Progenie.

Who soyn'th wish, but with a Lordly Nation,

That will not trust thee, but for profits fake?

When Talbot hath set footing once in France,

And fashioned thee that Instrument of ill,

Who then, but English Henry, will be Lord,

And thou be ruffian out, like a Fugitive?

Call we to minde, and make but this for proofe:

Was not the Duke of Orleans thy Foe?

And was he not in England Prisoner?

But when they heard he was thine Enemy,

They set him free, without his Ransome pay'd,

In signe whereof, this Arme, that hath redem'd

And with submissive loyalty of heart

Befide five hundred Prisoners of esteeme.

Return thee therefore with a cloud of Treses,

Twelue Cities, and seven walled Townes of strength,

And wash away thy Countries stain'd Spots.

From whence, from whence, from whence.

Enter the Duke of Burgonie, with his Forces.

Enter the Duke of Burgonie, with his Forces.

Enter the Duke of Burgonie, with his Forces.

Enter the Duke of Burgonie, with his Forces.

Enter the Duke of Burgonie, with his Forces.

Enter the Duke of Burgonie, with his Forces.
Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

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 Governor of Paris take your oath,

That you elect no other King but him;

Erect none Friends, but such as are his Friends,

And none your Foes, but such as shall pretend

Malicious praifés against his State:

This shall ye do, to help you righteous God.

Enter Exeter.

Ex. My gracious Sovereigne, as I rode from Calice,

To hastie unto your Coronation:

A Letter was deliver'd to my hands,

Write 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 meet the next,

To tear the Garter from thy Graunts legge,

Which I have done, because (unworthy)

Thou was't infall'd in that High Degree.

Pardon me Prince Henry, and the rest:

This Daftard, at the bastell of Paris,

When (but in all) I was five thousand strong,

And that the French were almost ten to one,

Before we met, or that a Stroke was given,

Like to a truftie Squire, did run away.

In which affault, we loft twelve hundred men

My selfe, and divers Gentlemen besides;

Were shot surpris'd, and taken prisoners.

Then judge (great Lords) if I haue done amisse:

Or whether that fuch Cowards ought to wear

This Ornament of Knight-hood, yea or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,

And ill befitting any common man;

Much more a Knight, a Captain, 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 haughtie courage,

Be packing therefore, thou that was't a knight

Knights of the Quarter were of Noble birth;

And now Lord Proteflor, view the Letter

Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Diftreffe,

Then judge (great Lords) if I haue done amisse:

Or whether that fuch Cowards ought to wear

This Ornament of Knight-hood, yea or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,

And ill befitting any common man;

Much more a Knight, a Captain, 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 haughtie courage,

Be packing therefore, thou that was't a knight

Knights of the Quarter were of Noble birth;

And now Lord Proteflor, view the Letter

Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Diftreffe,

Then judge (great Lords) if I haue done amisse:

Or whether that fuch Cowards ought to wear

This Ornament of Knight-hood, yea or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,

And ill befitting any common man;

Much more a Knight, a Captain, 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 haughtie courage,

Be packing therefore, thou that was't a knight

Knights of the Quarter were of Noble birth;

And now Lord Proteflor, view the Letter

Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Diftreffe,

Then judge (great Lords) if I haue done amisse:

Or whether that fuch Cowards ought to wear

This Ornament of Knight-hood, yea or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,

And ill befitting any common man;

Much more a Knight, a Captain, 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 haughtie courage,

Be packing therefore, thou that was't a knight

Knights of the Quarter were of Noble birth;

And now Lord Proteflor, view the Letter

Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Diftreffe,

Then judge (great Lords) if I haue done amisse:

Or whether that fuch Cowards ought to wear

This Ornament of Knight-hood, yea or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,

And ill befitting any common man;

Much more a Knight, a Captain, and a Leader.
The First Part of Henry the Sixth.

The King.

Come hither you that would be Combattants.
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quire to forget this Quarrell, and the cause.
And you my Lords: Remember where we are,
Hereafter I charge you, as you love our favour.
Good my Lords, be Friends.

To bear with their peruerse Objections:
To trouwe and disturb the King, and Us.
Our Selfe, my Lord Protestor, and the rest.
But your discretion better can perswade,
For saue the lives of your Progenitors.

Enter Talbot with Trumpet and Drumme,

Talbot.

Go to the Gates of Bordeaux the Trumpeter,
Summon their Generall into the Wall.

Enter General a'la Pucins.

English John Talbot (Captaines) call you forth,
Servant in Armes to Harry King of England,
And thus he would. Open your Citie Gates.
Be humble to vs, call my Soveraigne yours.
And do him homage as obedient Subjects,
And Ie withdraw me, and my bloody power.
For if you overgo upon this proffered Peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Leane Famine, quartering Stelce, and climbing Fire,
Who in a moment, eaten with the earth,
Shall lay your flately, and ayre-braving Towers,
If you forake the offer of their love.

Cap. Thou omipotent and fenefull 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 issue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed,
Stands with the fnares of Warre to tangle thee.
Ten thousand French bare tane the Sacrament,
To ruue their dangerous Artillerie.
Upon no Christian soule but English Talbot:
Looe, thou standst a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:
This is the last Glorie of thy praise,
That I thy enemy dew thee withall:
For ere the Glasse that now begins to runne,
Finish the processe of his famy'hour.
These eyes that fee thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.

Drum a faire off.

Harke, harke, the Dolphins do summe, a warning bell.
Sings heauv Muzzike to rhy timorous loule,
From thence to England, where I hope erelong
Finish the processe of his famy'hour.
These eyes that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.

Talbot.

Harke, harke, the Dolphins do summe, a warning bell.
Sings heauv Musicke to thy timorous soule,
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.
Exeunt {Pucins Tymblyr, Exeunt Armes,}
Thar ho is match'd to Fiurdesvx with his power
And they founde here Deere of my Friends.
God, and St. George, Talbot and Englands right,
Professe our Colours in this dangerous fight.

Enter a Messenger that meets Turke. Enter Turks
with Trumpets, and many Soldiers.

Turke. Are not the speedy scouts return'd againe,
That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin?
Mess. They are return'd my Lord, and give it out,
That he is march'd to Burdeux with his power
To fight with Talbot as he march'd along.
By your eareys were discovered
Two mighty Troopes then that the Dolphin led,
Which you'd with him, and made their march for
(Burdeux)

Turke. A plague upon this Villaine Somerset,
That thus delays my promis'd supply
If he not send them row
So God take mercy on braue
Talbot's soule.

White thou Princely Leader of our English strenght,
Neuer so needfull on the earth of France,
Spare to the rescue of the Noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waife of iron,
And hem'd about with grim deftruction :
To Burdeux warlike Duke, to Burdeux Yorke,
Else farwel Talbot, France, and England's honor.

Turke. O God, that Somerset who in proud heart
Doth lay his counsell to our shame and dishonour,
That so much good for England,
And makes the Cowards {knd e'oofe at bap
Gtergi, Talbot
And make the Cowards {knd e'oofe at bap
Gtergi, Talbot
God, and S-
and England: right,
Profpet oui Colours in this dangeroo* fight.

That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin?
Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led.
By vour epyals were difcovered
To fight with
Talbot
as he march'd along.
'Neuer fo need full on the earth of France,
Ofhor'smen, that were leuied for thst fiege.
doth expert my ryde.
Resnewdd
That shu* delayes my promtfed fupply
And cannot helpe the noble Ch«iali« s
Ana I am low ted by a Traitor ViU a ine.

Talbot.
Talbot.

The Corr^quat of our scarce-coid Conqueror,
Sparse to the telVue of the Noble
Talbot,

He dies, we losse:
We mourns, France fissile*
All long of this vile Traitor Somerfet.

Enter another Meffengfr.

(Yorke)

Enter another Meffenger.

9. Mess. Thou Princely Leader of our English strenght,
Neuer so needful on the earth of France,
Spare to the rescue of the Noble Talbot,
Who now is girded with a waife of iron,

Enter Turke and his Sonne.

Enter another Meffenger.

9. Mess. Thou Princely Leader of our English strenght,
Neuer so needful on the earth of France,
Spare to the rescue of the Noble Talbot,
Who now is girded with a waife of iron,
And hem'd about with grim destruction:
To Burdeux warlike Duke, to Burdeux Yorke,
Else farwell Talbot, France, and England's honor.

Mess. O God, that Somerset who in proud heart
Doth lie his counsell to our shame and dishonour,
That so much good for England,
And makes the Cowards {knd e'oofe at bap
Gtergi, Talbot
And make the Cowards {knd e'oofe at bap
Gtergi, Talbot
God, and S-
and England: right,
Profpet oui Colours in this dangeroo* fight.

That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin?
Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led.
By your epyals were discovered
To fight with
Talbot
as he march'd along.
'Neuer so need full on the earth of France,
Ofhor'smen, that were leuied for thst fiege.
doth expert my ryde.

Mess. O God, that Somerset who in proud heart
Doth lie his counsell to our shame and dishonour,
That so much good for England,
And makes the Cowards {knd e'oofe at bap
Gtergi, Talbot
And make the Cowards {knd e'oofe at bap
Gtergi, Talbot

Enter another Meffenger.

9. Mess. Thou Princely Leader of our English strenght,
Neuer so needful on the earth of France,
Spare to the rescue of the Noble Talbot,
Who now is girded with a waife of iron,
And hem'd about with grim destruction:
To Burdeux warlike Duke, to Burdeux Yorke,
Else farwell Talbot, France, and England's honor.

Enter another Meffenger.

9. Mess. Thou Princely Leader of our English strenght,
Neuer so needful on the earth of France,
Spare to the rescue of the Noble Talbot,
Who now is girded with a waife of iron,
And hem'd about with grim destruction:
To Burdeux warlike Duke, to Burdeux Yorke,
Else farwell Talbot, France, and England's honor.

Enter another Meffenger.

9. Mess. Thou Princely Leader of our English strenght,
Neuer so needful on the earth of France,
Spare to the rescue of the Noble Talbot,
Who now is girded with a waife of iron,
And hem'd about with grim destruction:
To Burdeux warlike Duke, to Burdeux Yorke,
Else farwell Talbot, France, and England's honor.

Enter another Meffenger.

9. Mess. Thou Princely Leader of our English strenght,
Neuer so needful on the earth of France,
Spare to the rescue of the Noble Talbot,
Who now is girded with a waise of iron,
And hem'd about with grim destruction:
To Burdeux warlike Duke, to Burdeux Yorke,
Else farwell Talbot, France, and England's honor.

Enter another Meffenger.

9. Mess. Thou Princely Leader of our English strenght,
Neuer so needful on the earth of France,
Spare to the rescue of the Noble Talbot,
Who now is girded with a waife of iron,
Some of his Baffard blood, and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base,
And mis-begotten blood, I spill of thine,
Meane and right poore, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbott, my brave Boye.
Here purposing the Baffard to destroy,
Came in strong revenge. Speake thy Fathers care:
Art thou not wearie, John? How doth thou fare?
With thy brave soldiers, the Battaile, Boy, and file,
Now thou art seal'd the Sonne of Chivalrie?
Flye, to revenge 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 lines in one small Boat,
If I to day dye not with Frenchmens Rage,
To morrow I shall dye with mickle Age,
By me they nothing gaine, and if I stay,
'Tis but the shortning of my Life one day,
In thee thy Mother dyes, our Householde Name,
My Deaths revenge, thy Youth, and Englands Fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy file.
All these are seal'd, if thou wilt flye away.

John, The Sword of Orlaunce hath not made me wearie,
Thrice words of yours draw Life-blood from my Heart.
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
To faue a paltry Life, and slay bright Fame,
Before young Talbott from old Talbott flye,
The Coward Horfe that bearers me, fall and dye:
And like me to the pestifent Boyes of France,
To be Shames scorne, and subieff of Mischance,
Surely, by all the Glory you haue wonne,
And if I flye, I am not Talbott Sonne.
Then talke no more of flight, it is no boot
If Sonne to Talbott, dye at Talbotts foot.
Talbott. Then follow thou thy depret Rate Syre of Crete,
Thou Scarce, thy Life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers side,
And commendable proud, let's dye in pride.

Exit.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter old Talbot last.

Talk Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone,
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant Death, smaw'd with Captivitie,
Young Talbott Valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiued me shrink, and on my Knee,
His bloody Sword he brandish'd o'er me,
And like a hungry Lyon did commence
To hazard all our lines in one final Battle.
Now thou art seal'd the Sonne of Chivalrie?
And commendable proud, let's dye in pride.

Exit.

Alarum: Excursions, Enter old Talbot last.

Talk Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone,
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant Death, smaw'd with Captivitie,
Young Talbott Valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiued me shrink, and on my Knee,
His bloody Sword he brandish'd o'er me,
And like a hungry Lyon did commence
To hazard all our lines in one final Battle.
Now thou art seal'd the Sonne of Chivalrie?
And commendable proud, let's dye in pride.

Exit.

Alarum: Excursions, Enter old Talbot last.

Talk Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone,
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant Death, smaw'd with Captivitie,
Young Talbott Valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiued me shrink, and on my Knee,
His bloody Sword he brandish'd o'er me,
And like a hungry Lyon did commence
To hazard all our lines in one final Battle.
Now thou art seal'd the Sonne of Chivalrie?
And commendable proud, let's dye in pride.

Exit.

Alarum: Excursions, Enter old Talbot last.

Talk Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone,
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant Death, smaw'd with Captivitie,
Young Talbott Valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiued me shrink, and on my Knee,
His bloody Sword he brandish'd o'er me,
And like a hungry Lyon did commence
To hazard all our lines in one final Battle.
Now thou art seal'd the Sonne of Chivalrie?
And commendable proud, let's dye in pride.

Exit.

Alarum: Excursions, Enter old Talbot last.

Talk Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone,
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant Death, smaw'd with Captivitie,
Young Talbott Valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiued me shrink, and on my Knee,
His bloody Sword he brandish'd o'er me,
And like a hungry Lyon did commence
To hazard all our lines in one final Battle.
Now thou art seal'd the Sonne of Chivalrie?
And commendable proud, let's dye in pride.

Exit.

Alarum: Excursions, Enter old Talbot last.

Talk Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone,
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant Death, smaw'd with Captivitie,
Young Talbott Valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiued me shrink, and on my Knee,
His bloody Sword he brandish'd o'er me,
And like a hungry Lyon did commence
To hazard all our lines in one final Battle.
Now thou art seal'd the Sonne of Chivalrie?
And commendable proud, let's dye in pride.

Exit.

Alarum: Excursions, Enter old Talbot last.

Talk Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone,
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant Death, smaw'd with Captivitie,
Young Talbott Valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiued me shrink, and on my Knee,
His bloody Sword he brandish'd o'er me,
And like a hungry Lyon did commence
To hazard all our lines in one final Battle.
Now thou art seal'd the Sonne of Chivalrie?
And commendable proud, let's dye in pride.

Exit.
Othello

O thou whose wounds became hard favoured death,
Speake to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath,
Braue death by speaking, whither he will or no:
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe
Poor Boy, he fumes, me thinke, as who should say,
Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day.
Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers armes.
My spirit can no longer beare thefe lurmes.
Soldiers adieu: I haue what I would haue,
Dyes of Talbots grave.
If he were French, then Death had dyed to day.
‘Oore Boy, he fumes, me thinke, as who should fay,
Did flesh his pume-fword in Frenchmens blood.

So rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as vnworthy fight.
He anfwer’d thus: Yong Talbot
But with a proud Majfticall high fcorne
We fhould haue found a bloody day of this.
Of all his Warres within the Realme of France.

Char. Had Yorke and Somerset brought refuge in,
We fhould haue found a bloody day of this.
Baff. How the yong whelp of Talbots raged woe,
Did fpleafe him with-woe in Frenchmens blood.
Pas. Once I encountered him, and thus I faid:
Thou Maiden youth, be vanquift by a Maide.
But with a proud Majfticall high fcorne.
He anfwer’d thus: Yong Talbot was not borne
To be the pillage of a Giglot Wench.
See where he lies inherced in the armes.
He left me proudly, as vnworthy fight.
So rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as vnworthy fight.

Oh, that I could but call thefe dead to life.
It would amaze the proudefl of you all.
Give me their Bodyes, that I may bear them hence,
And glue them Baratil, as beftimes their worth.
Put. I thinke this viftare is old Talbots Ghost.
He fpeakes with fuch a proud commanding fpirit
For Gods fake let him haue him, to keep them bref,
They would but flinke, and purtufe the aycr.
Char. Go take their bodies hence.
Lucy. He beare them hence but from their aycr fhall bered.
A Phoenix that fhall make all France affeff’d.
Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what y wilt.
And now to Paris in this conquering vaine,
All will be ours, now bloody Talbots blaine.

Scena secunda.

SENNET.

Enter Kings, Gloucefier, and Exeter.

King. Have you perus’d the Letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earl of Arminack?
Glo. I haue my Lord, and their intent is this,
They humbly fue into your Excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France.
King. How doth your Grace affect their motion?
Glo. Well (my good Lord) and as the only means
To ftop effufion of our Chriftian blood,
And ftablifh queftrons on every side.

Char. I marry Vnckle, for I alwayes thought
It was both impious and vnnatural,
That fuch immanity and bloody strife
Should reigne among Profeflors of one Faith.
Glo. Befide my Lord, the fooner to affect,
And furer bind this knot of amitie,
The Earl of Arminack nere knit to Charles,
A man of great Authoritie in France,
Profers his onely daughter to your Grace,
As the only meanes
Lords Ambaffadors, your Excellence
My feue Tall Lords, the foonet to effeft.

Marriage Vnckle? Alas my yearcs are yong:
And fitter is my studie, and my Bookes,
Than wanton dalliance with a Patamour.
Yet call Embattadors, and as you pleaf,
I fhall be well content with any choyle
Tends to Gods glory, and my Countrey weale.

Enter Winchester, and three Ambaffadors.

Exet. What, is my Lord of Winchester infall’d,
And call’d into a Cardinalls degree?
Then I perceive, that will be verified
Henry the Pift did fometime prophefie.
If once he come to be a Cardinall,
Hee’l make his cap coequall with the Crown.
King. My Lords Ambaffadors, your feueral suites
Have bin confider’d and debated on,
Your purpose is both good and reafonable:
And therefore we certeny refal’d,
To draw conditions of a friendly peace.

Which
Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alan, Suffolke, ffellard, Regnier, and Iselin.

Char. These newes (my Lords) may cheare our drooping spirits: This said, the stout Parisians do return, And turne againe into the warlike French. 
Alan. Then march to Paris Royall Charles of France, And keepenot backe your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongt them if they turne to vs, Else ruine come with their Palaces.

Enter Scout.

Scour Succeede vnto our valiant Generall, And happy Life to his accomplices.

Char. What tidings send our Scouts? prethee speake.
Scour. The English Army that diuided was into two partes, is now conioyned in one, And meanes to goe you battell prently.
Char. Somewhat too sodaine Sirs, the warning is.
But we will presently profide for them.

Bur. I trust the Ghost of Talbot is not there: Now he is gone my Lord, you neede not feare.
Puc. Of all bafe palTrons, Feare is most accurft.
Char. To be what thou wilt, thou art my prifoner.

Curfe Mifcreant, whoe thou coaft to the flake.

York. Fell banning Haggis, Incantations hold thy tongue.
Puc. I prethee giue me leave to curse while.
York. Curse Miscreant, when thou comft to the flake.

Enter Scour with Margaret in his hand.

Scour. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisioner.

Oh Fairell Beautie, do not fear, nor flye. 
For I will touch thee but with tender hand. 
I kisde these fingers for eternall peace. 
And lay them gently on thy tender fide. 
Who art thou, say? that I may honor thee.

Char. The Regent conquer, and the Frenchmen flye, 
Now helpe ye charming Spelles and Peisips, 
And ye chosen Spirits that admonish me, 
And give me figurs of future accidents. 

You speedy helpers, that are substitutes

Exeunt.
Keeping them prisoner underneath his wings:
Yet if this ferule vile once offend,
Co. and be free againe, as Suffolkes friend. She is going
Oh stay: I have no power to sol her paife,
My hand would free her, but my heart fayes no,
As plays the Sunne vpon the glaffe fireames,
Twinkling another counterfeited beame,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes,
Faine would I vvoe her, yet I dare not fpeake:
Oh Vlay: I haue no power to let her paffe,
My hand would free her, but my heart fayes no.
Fair would I woe her, yet I dare not fpeake:
So feerns this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Hast not a Tongue? I s she not hcere?
He call for Pen and Inke, and wrire my minde:
Before thou mak e a triall of her loue?
De la Pole, For I perceiue I am thy prifoner.
"Confounds the tongue, and makes the fenfes rough.
Hheis a Woman; therefore to be Wonne.
What ranfome mufti pay before
Wile thou be daunted at a Womans fight?
Then how can
be thy Paramour?
Margaret To put a Golden Scepter in thy band,
and
iJSfajrne, yet is he poore,
If thou wilt condifeend to be my
Thar Suffolk* doth nor flatter, face.or faine.
To giue thee anfwer of thy tuft demand.
Yet so my fancy may be fatisfied.
Suf. Wilt thou accept of ranfome. yea or no?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but
Quo. for
Mar. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian Prince King Hemie were he theere.
Suf. Farewell my Lord, good wishes, praise & prayers,
Shall Suffolk euer hau e of Margaret. She is going.
Suf. Farewell sweet Madam: but hearke you Margaret,
No Princely commendations to my King.
Mar. Such commendations as becomes a Maid, A Virgin, and his Servant, fay to him.
Suf. Words sweety placd, and modeste directed,
By inspiration of Celestial Grace,
Mufl I behold thy timorous cruel death:
The more that I was wedded to her mother.
Have I now an oasis with wonder.

Exit Thou mayest beleive
To werke exceeding miracles on earth.
And now it is my chance to finde thee out,
But you that are polluted with your iniquity.

Vertuous and Holy, chosen stone above,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.
O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good.
Exit.

Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
Of purpose, to obfuscate my Noble birth.
God knowes, thou art a collop of my flesh,
She was the first fruit of my Bachelor's strip.

Fyce, That in this quarrell haue beene overthrowne.
So many Captains, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,
Mou'd with remorse of these out-raging broyles,
You may not wander in that Labyrinth.
That in this quarrell haue beene overthrowne.

Shep. That true, I gave a Noble to the Priest.
The more that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel downe and take my blessing, good my Gyrie.
Wilt thou not swope? Now curfe was the time
Of thy naturall : I would the Milkke
This argues what her kind of life hath beene.
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.
Shep. That thou wilt be so obstinate.
God knowes, thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I smitted many a tear.
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle love.
Shep. Gentilman. You have barbarously this man
Of purpose, to obfuscate my Noble birth.

"Fyce, That in this quarrell haue beene overthrowne.
So many Captains, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,
Mou'd with remorse of these out-raging broyles,
You may not wander in that Labyrinth.
That in this quarrell haue beene overthrowne.

Shep. That true, I gave a Noble to the Priest.
The more that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel downe and take my blessing, good my Gyrie.
Wilt thou not swope? Now curse was the time
Of thy naturall : I would the Milkke
This argues what her kind of life hath beene.
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.
Shep. That thou wilt be so obstinate.
God knowes, thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I smitted many a tear.
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle love.
Shep. Gentilman. You have barbarously this man
Of purpose, to obfuscate my Noble birth.

"Fyce, That in this quarrell haue beene overthrowne.
So many Captains, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,
Mou'd with remorse of these out-raging broyles,
You may not wander in that Labyrinth.
That in this quarrell haue beene overthrowne.

Shep. That true, I gave a Noble to the Priest.
The more that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel downe and take my blessing, good my Gyrie.
Wilt thou not swope? Now curse was the time
Of thy naturall : I would the Milkke
This argues what her kind of life hath beene.
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.
Shep. That thou wilt be so obstinate.
God knowes, thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I smitted many a tear.
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle love.
Shep. Gentilman. You have barbarously this man
Of purpose, to obfuscate my Noble birth.

"Fyce, That in this quarrell haue beene overthrowne.
So many Captains, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,
Mou'd with remorse of these out-raging broyles,
You may not wander in that Labyrinth.
That in this quarrell haue beene overthrowne.

Shep. That true, I gave a Noble to the Priest.
The more that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel downe and take my blessing, good my Gyrie.
Wilt thou not swope? Now curse was the time
Of thy naturall : I would the Milkke
This argues what her kind of life hath beene.
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.
Shep. That thou wilt be so obstinate.
God knowes, thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I smitted many a tear.
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle love.
Shep. Gentilman. You have barbarously this man
Of purpose, to obfuscate my Noble birth.

"Fyce, That in this quarrell haue beene overthrowne.
So many Captains, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,
Mou'd with remorse of these out-raging broyles,
You may not wander in that Labyrinth.
That in this quarrell haue beene overthrowne.

Shep. That true, I gave a Noble to the Priest.
The more that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel downe and take my blessing, good my Gyrie.
Wilt thou not swope? Now curse was the time
Of thy naturall : I would the Milkke
This argues what her kind of life hath beene.
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.
Enter Charles, Alan, Bickst, Bofkyr, Regnier.

Char. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed, that peaceful truce shall be proclaimed in France, we come to be informed by your selves, what the conditions of that league must be.

Tor. Speak Witchet, for boiling choller choked
The hollow passage of my poor soul's voice,
By fight of these our basefull enemies.

Wpy. Char., and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King Henry gives content,
Of mere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your Country of disreverful Warre,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace.
You shall become true Liegemen to his Crowne.

And Char., upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thy selfe,
And differ you to breath in fruitful peace.

Rctat but privilege of a private man?
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him,
You shall become true Liegemen to his Crowne.
This proffer is abford, and reasonable,
And still enjoy thy Regall dignity.

And upon condition thou wilt swear
Charley shall for lucre of the red unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogatiue,
With mot' than halfe the Callian Territorics.

Of benefit proceeding from our King,
That which I have, than coveting for more
And therein receiv'd for theit lawful King.
A dome his Tempics with a Coronet,
Either accept the Title thou usurp'd,
And yet in subdance and authority,
To cauill in the course of this Contract;
And not of any challenge of desert,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No Lord Ambassador, lie rather keepe
Be cad from possibility of all.

His Lordship, this confent, this content,
My Lord, you do not well in obstinacy,
Reignier, in my line, is a privy judge.
How say'd thou Charles?

Char. I say'd, my Lord, the foundations
Then to be dealt in by Atturney-ship:
And of such great Authorise in France,
Your Highneffe is betroath'd
She is content to beat your command:
But with as humble lowlineffe of minde.

And which is more, (he is not so Divine,
This proffer is abford, and reasonable,
And without their gratefull consent.
Be cas'd from possibility of all.

Torke. Insolent, Charles, hast thou by secret messnes
V'st intercession to obtain a league.
And now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'th thou aloofe upon Comparison
Either accept the Title thou usurp't,
Of benefi proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of defect.

Or we will plague thee with incessant Warres
Reign. My Lord, you do not well in obblinory,
To caus'th in the course of this Contract;
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not finde like opportunity.

Alan. To say the truth, it is your policie,
To issue your Subiects from such massacre
And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen.
By our proceedings in Holinby,
And therefore take this compacts of a truce,
Although you brake it, when your pleasure seues.

Why how sayst thou Charles?
Shall we condition stand?
Char. It shall:
Only refer'd, you claim no in creft
In any of your Townes of Gattifon.

Tor. Then sweare Allegience to his Maiesty,
As thou art Knight, never to disobey,
Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England,
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England.

So, now dismiſſe your Army when ye please:
Hang vp your Ensignes, let your Drummes be still.
For here we entertain a solenn peace.

Enter Suffolk in conference with the King.

Suf. Give me leave, my Lord, to speak with you.
That I may know, how farre the King is to be areailed,
And not to be receiv'd the report of the Earl of Armin.

Char. As to the Earl of Armin.
Suf. My Lord, I do not doubt your consent.

Char. That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect Loue.
Henry is able to enrich his Queen,
And not to feke a Queene to make him rich?
So worthiſſe Peazants bargain for their Wives,
As Marketh men for Oxen, Sheepe, or Horfe.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Then to be dealt in by Attorney-ship:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
The firft Part of Henry the Sixt.

Must be companion of his Nuptiall bed,
And therefore Lords, since he affects her most,
Most of all these reasons bindeth vs,
In our opinions she should be prefer'd,
For what is wedlocke forced but a Hell,
An Age of discord and continuall strife,
Whereas the contrarie bringeth blisse,
And is a pattern of Celestiall peace.

Whom should we match with Henry being a King,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a King:
Her peerless feature, joyned with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
(More then in women commonly is seene)
Will answer our hope in issue of a King.

For Henry, some vnto a Conqueror,
It is likely to beget more Conquerors,
(As is faire Margaret) he be link'd in loue.
Then yeeld my Lords, and here conclude with mee,
That Margaret shall be Queene, and none but she.

King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My Noble Lord of Suffolk; Or for that
My tender youth was never yet attain'd
With any passion of inflaming loue,
I cannot tell: but this I am affir'd,

I feel such sharpe distemper in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Feare,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore shipping, post to my Lord to France,
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That Lady Margaret do you safe to come
To croste the Seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and appointed Queene.
For your expences and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather vp a tenth.
Be gone I say, for till you do returne,
I rest perplexed with a thousand Cares.

And you (good Niece) banish all offence:
If you do ensure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company,
I may resolve and ruminate my greefe.

Exit.

Glo. I greefe I feare me, both at first and last.

Exit Clavellor.

Suff. Thus Suffolk hath prevaill'd, and thus he goes
As did the youthfull Paris once to Greece,
With hope to finde the like event in loue,
But prosper better than the Trojan did:
Margaret shall 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 HUMFREY.

Adus Primus. Scena Prima.

Flourish of Trumpets: Then Hodyes.

Enter King, Duke Humfrey, Salisbury, Warwick, and Beau-
ford on the one side.
The Queen, Suffolk, York, Somerset, and Buckingham,
on the other.

Suffolk.

S by your high Imperial Majesty, I had in charge at my deparc for France,
As Procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princes Margaret for your Grace;
So in the Famous Ancient City,
In presence of the Kings of France, and Smill,
The Dukes of Orleance, Calabar, Braggetts, and Alanion,
Seven Earles, twelve Barons, & twenty Reuerend Bishops
I haue perform'd my Task, and was espoused,
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England, and her Lordly Person,
Deliver vp my Title in the Queene
To your moit gracious hands, that are the Substance
Of that great Shadow I did represent:
The happiest Gift, that ever Marquess gave,
The fairest Queene, that ever King received.

King. Suffolk arise. Welcome Queene Margaret,
I can express no kinder signe of Love: O Lord, that lives me life.
Lend me a hart repleate with Chanktnesse:
For thou haft giuen me in this beauteous face
A world of Earthly Blessings to my soule,
If Simpathy of love vnite our thoughts.

Queene. Great King of England, & my gracious Lord,
The mutual conference that my minde hath had,
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams,
In Courtly company, or at my Beades,
With you mine Ader (fof Soueraigne,
Makes me the bolder to salute my King,
With tender terms, such as my wit afford'd,
And over joy of heart doth minifter.

King. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in Speech,
Her words yelded with wisdome so mately,
Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping joyes,
Such is the fulneffe of my hearts content.
Lords, with one cheerefull voice, Welcome my Loue.
All Three. Long line Qu. Margaret, Englands happier,
Queen. We thank you all.
Flourish

Suff. My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,
Here are the Articles of complaint peace,
Between our Soueraigne, and the French King Charles.
For eightene moneths concluded by consent.

Glo. Reads. Inprimis, It is agreed between the French K. Charles, and William de la Pole Marquess of Suffolk, Amba-
sslador for Henry King of England, That the said Henry shal
epose the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reigneur King of
Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem, and Crowne her Queene of
England, and the thirteenth of May next ensuing.
Item, That the Duchy of Aniou, and the County of Maine,
Shall be releas'd and deliver'd to the King her father.

King. Vsteel, how now?
Glo. Pardon me gracious Lord,
Some soudaine quajme hath ftrucke me at the heart,
And dim'd mine eyes, that I can reade no further.

King. Up. Clerk, read on.

Win. Item, It is further agreed between them, That the Duchy of Aniou and Maine, shall be releas'd and deliver'd
To the King her Father, and doe sent over of the King of
Englands some proper Cofl and Charges, without having 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. Cousin of Yorke,
We heere discharge thy Grace from being Regent
In parts of France, till terme of eightene Moneths
Befull expir'd. Thankes Uncle Winchefter,
Glotfer, Yorke, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwicke.
We thank you all for this great fauour done,
In entertainment to my Princely Queene.
Come, let vs in, and with all speede provide
To see her Coronation be perfom'd.

Exit King, Queen, and Suffolk.

Magnes the ref.

Glo. Brave Peeres of England, Pillars of the State,
To you Duke Humfry meurt unfold his greese:
Your greese, the common greese of all the Land.
What did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, colne, and people in the warrs?
Did he so often lodge in open field:
In Winters cold. and Summers parching beate,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford soyle his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got:
Hast thou your sisters, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave Warwick, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Received deep success in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine Uncle Beaufford, and my selfe,
With all the Learned Counsell of the Realme,
Staid so long, fat in the Council house,
Early and late, debating too and fro
With all the Learned Counsell of the Realme,
Or hath mine Uncle Beaufford,
Brave Tarke, Saffbury,
A quest, Shall Bedford vigilance.
Hemet C Crowned in Paris in despite of foes,
Semerfet, Buckingham, Have you your clues,
And shall these Labours, and these Honours dye?
To keeps by policy what got:
Johnrit Fat and all this Marriage, cancelling your fame,
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.
Defacing Monuments of Conquest'd France,
The seer Counties were the keys of That dims the honor of this Warlike isle.
Delivered up againe with peaceful words,
For were there hope to conquer them againe,
My valiant forme?
But wherefore weepes Sir, was this League?
Those promises, those arrises of mine did conquer.
My sword should shed hot blood, my eyes no tears.
But now it is impossible we should.
She should have said in France, and sewed in France
Agrees not with the leanesse of his part.
Anick Moyne, Hath given the Dutchy of Suffolk, the new made Duke that rules the rod.
Before Coasts and charges in vaine in transporting her.
That suit Counsell were the keys of Normandy:
But wherefore weepes Warwick, my valiant forne?
War. For griefe that they are past recovery.
For were there hope to conquer them againe,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anne and Marie? My selfe did win them both:
Those transport, these arms of mine did conquer,
And are the Cities that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd vp againe with peacefull words?
Mort Deu.
Tark. For Suffolkes Duke, may he be suffocare,
That dimn the honor of this Warlike isle:
France should have borne and rent my very hart,
Before I would have yeelded to this League.
I never saw but Hamfrays Duke of Glofford,
Did bear him like a Noble Gentleman:
Of late have I seen the haughty Cardinal.
More like a Souldier then a man of Churche,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all,
Swore like a Ruffian, and demands himselfe
Vnlike the ruler of a common-wealth,
Warwickse my sone, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy pleasantness, and thy house-keeping,
Hath wonne the greatest favour of the Commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humfrey,
And Brother Yorke, thy as in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline:
They late exploit in the heart of France,
When thou wast Regent for our Sovereigne,
Haste made thee fear'd and honor'd of the people,
Ioyne we together for the publicke good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolkes, and the Cardinal,
With Somasfets and Buckinghams ambition,
And as wean us, through Duke Hamfrays deeds,
While they do get the profit of the Land
War. So God helpes Warwick; as he loves the land,
And common profit of his Countrey.
Tark. And to ioyne Yorke,
For he hath greatest cause.
Salisbury. They lets make halfe away,
And looke into the mine.
Warwick. Into the mine?
Oh Father, Massey is lost,
That Miseric, which by mine force Warwick did winne,
And would have keipt, so long as breath did last.
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

*Hum.* O Ned, sweet Ned, if thou dost love thy Lord,
Banish the Canker of ambitious thoughts ;
And may that thought, when I imagine it
Against my King and Nephew, vexed in Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortall world.

My troublous dreams this night, doth make me sit.
*Elia.* What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and I'll requite it
With sweet rehearse fall of my mornings dreams.

*Hum.* Me thought this ruffe mine Office-badge in Court
Was broke in twaine : by whom, I have forgot,
But as I think, it was by Cardinall,
And on the pieces of the broken Wood
Were plac'd the heads of Edmond Duke of Somerset,
And William de la Pole first Duke of Suffolk.

This was my dreame, what doth bode God knowes?
*Elia.* Tur, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a tiche of Glafora growe;
Shall looke his head for his prefumption.

But lift to me my Humfrey, my sweete Duke :—
Me thought I faw in Sente of Maiesty,
In the Cathedrall Church of Wffmiflent,
And in that Chaire where Kings & Queens were sownd,
Where Harvey and Dame Margaret kneel'd to me,
And on my head did let the Diadem.

*Hum.* Nay Elia, then muft I chide outright ;—
Praepsumptuous Dame, ill-nurter'd of him,
Art thou not second Woman in the Realme ?
And the Protector wife belou'd of him?
Haft thou not worldly pleasures at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou fill be hammering Treachery,
To tumble down thy husbend, and thy selfe,
From rople of Honor, to Disgraces seat ?
Away from me, and let me heare no more.

*Elia.* What, what, my Lord? Are you so chollericks
With Elia, for telling but her dreame?
Next time I keepe my dreames into my selfe,
And not be check'd.

*Hum.* Nay be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

**Enter Messengers.**

*Meas.* My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highnes pleasure,
You do prepare to ride into S. Albans,
Where as the King and Queene do mean to Hawke.

*Hu.* I go, Come Ned thou wilt ride with vs! E.R.Ed.
*Eli.* Yes my good Lord, I'll follow presently.

Follow I muft, I cannot go before,
While Glafora bears this base and humble minde.

Were I a Man, * Duke, and next of blood,
I would remoue these reddious flumbling blockers,
And smooth my way upon their headlie neckes.
And being a woman, I will not be flicke.

To play my part in Fortunes Pageant.

Where are you there Sir John, pay seeter not men.
We are alone, here's none but thee, & I.

**Enter Hume.**

*Hum.* I fufpece preferue your Royall Maiestie.

*Hum.* But by the grace of God, and Hummes advice,
Your Grace Tittle shall be multiplied.

*Elia.* What faith thou man? If thou hast yet confented
With Margaret ofdane the cunning Witch,
With Roger Bolingbroke the Cynke of Elia,
And will they undertake to do me good?

*Hum.* This they hace promised to shew your Highnes
A Spirit rais'd from depth of vnder ground,
That shall make answer to such Questions.
As by you: Grace shall be pronounced him.
Eiener. It is enough: I think upon the Questions:
When from Saint Alkater we doe make resurse,
Wee see these things affected to the fall,
Here Hume: take this reward: make merry man
With thy Confederates in this weightie cause.

Exit Eisener.

Home. Home must make merry with the Duchesse Gold:
Marry and shew: but how now, Sir John Hume?
Seale vp your Lips, and give no words but Muro,
The businesse ariseth fitenoten ferenote.
Dame Eisener gives Gold, to bring the Witch:
Gold cannot come amisse: she a Deuill.
Yet haue I Gold byes from another Coast:
I doe not fay, from the rich Cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk:
Yet I doe finde it to: for to be plaine,
They (knowing Dame Eisener aspiring humor)
Hate hyed me to vnder-mine the Duchesse,
And burdened the Contrivances in her brayne.
They fay, A craffe Knave doe's need no Broker,
Yet am I haue bbeed me to vnder-mine the Duchesse,
And buszathefe Conversations in her brayn.e.
And must be made a Subieft to a Duke?
Is this the Government of Briences lie?
Yet we must we joyn with him and with the Lord?
For I am bold to eounfale you in this;
And nevermore to trouble you againe.

Salisbury. Warwick.
Seife. Not all these Lords does me haue so much,
As this proud Dame, the Lord Protector's Wife.
She sweept it through the Court with croups of Ladies,
But can doe more in England then the King:
She beares a Dukes Reuence on her backe.
And this the Roydices of Albemarle King?
What, shall King Henry be a Papill fall,
Vnder the lurly Giffen Gournarder?
Am I a Queene in Title and in Stile,
And must be made a Subject to a Duke?
I tell thee Peete, when in the Cittie Tours
Thou canst not a-title in honor of my Loue,
And fille it away the Ladies hearts of France;
I thought King Henry had remembred thee,
In Courage, Courtship, and Proportion:
But all his minds is bent to Holinette,
To number Aces, Moors on his Beades:
His Champions, are the Prophets and Apostles
His Weapons, holy Sayes of Scried Writ,
His Studie is his Titl-yard, and his Loues
Are breuen Images of Canonized Saints,
I would the Colledge of the Cardinall,
Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the Triple Crowne upon his Head:
That were a Stake fit for his Holinette.
Suffolk. The very traine of her word wearing Goumne.
In Courage, Courtship, and Proportion:
"And who's a Queene of soe, enticing Birds,
Till we haue brought Duke Humphrey to England, to will I
In England worke your Graces full consent.
Queene. Befide the haughtie Protecror, have we Beauford
The imperious Churchman; Soenderfie, Buxingham,
And grumbling Tork; and not the leaft of thee,
But can doe more in England then the King.
Seife. And he of these, that can doe most of all,
Cannot doe more in England then the Nevells:
Salsbury and Warrenk, see no simple Poets.
Queene. Now all these Lords does me haue so much,
As this proud Dame, the Lord Protector's Wife.
She sweept it through the Court with croups of Ladies,
But can doe more in England then the King.
Seife. And he of these, that can doe most of all,
Cannot doe more in England then the Nevells:
Salsbury and Warrenk, see no simple Poets.
Seife. Madame be patient: as I was caufe
She beares a Dukes Reuence on her backe,
And in her heart she scorns our Pouerite:
Shall I not be to sueng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-borne Callor as she is,
She wanted nothing but Minions vther day,
The very trayne of her word vnaer Goonwes,
Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands.
Suffolk gave two Dukedomes for his Daughters.
Seife. Madame, my selfe have lynn'd a Bath for her,
And plac't a Quer of such enticing Birds,
That she will light to listen to the Lees,
And nevermore to trouble you againe.
So let her rest: and Madame lift romes.
For I am bold to countaine you in this,
Although we fancy thee the Cardinal,
Yet must we intinge with him and with the Lords,
Till we haue brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.

Enter three or four Petitioners, the Armorers.

Mr. My Masters, let's stand close, my Lord Protector
will come this way by and by, and then we may
deliver our Supplications in the Quill.

Mr. Marry the Lord protect him, for he's a good man, I tells bleffe him.

Enter Suffolk and Queene.

Peter. Here comes me thinkes, and the Queene with him: lie be the first sure.
Mr. Come backe fool: this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my Lord Protector.

Suffolk. How now fellow: would it any thing with me?
Mr. I pray my Lord pardon me, your Highnesse came to England, so will I

Pet. That my Mistresse was? No scruffe; my Mistresse.

Siefe. Per. Quene. Peter. Come backe soone, this is the Duke of Suffolk,
And grumbling Tork: and not the leaft of the, be.
But can doe more in England then the King.
Suffolk. And he of these, that can doe most of all,
Cannot doe more in England then the Nevells:
Salsbury and Warrenk, see no simple Poets.
Queene. Now all these Lords does me haue so much,
As this proud Dame, the Lord Protector's Wife.
She sweept it through the Court with croups of Ladies,
But can doe more in England then the King.
Suffolk. And he of these, that can doe most of all,
Cannot doe more in England then the Nevells:
Salsbury and Warrenk, see no simple Poets.
Suffolk gave two Dukedomes for his Daughters.
Suffolk. Madame, my selfe have lynn'd a Bath for her,
And plac't a Quer of such enticing Birds,
That she will light to listen to the Lees,
And nevermore to trouble you againe.
So let her rest: and Madame lift romes.
For I am bold to countaine you in this,
Although we fancy thee the Cardinal,
Yet must we intinge with him and with the Lords,
Till we haue brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
And you yourself believe the happy helmet.

As for the Duke of York, this place complain:

Enter the King, Duke Humphrey, Cardinal, Buckingham, York, Salisbury, Warwick, and the Duke of.

King. For my part, noble Lords, I care not which, or Somerset, or York, till one to me. York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France, then let him be deny'd the Regency-ship, or I'll call all one to me. Somerset. If Somerset be unworthy of the place, let York be Regent, I will yield to him.

Suff. Whether your Grace be worthy, yes or no, Dispute not that, Torke is the worthier. Card. Ambitious Warwick, let thy better speake. Warwick. The Cardinal's not my better in the field. Buck. All in his presence are thy better, Warwick. Warwick may live to be the best of all. Salisbury, Peace, and some reason Buckingham. Why Somerset should be prefer'd in this? Queen. Because the King forsooth will have it so. Humphrey. Madame, the King is old enough himself to give his Censure: These are no Women's matters. Queen. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace To be Protector of his Excellence? Humphrey. Madame, I am Protector of the Realme, And at his pleasure will resign my Place. Suff. Resign it then, and leave thine influence. Since thou wert King, who is the King but thou? The Common-wealth hath daily run to wrack, The Dolphin hath presump'd beyond the Seas, And all the Peers and Nobles of the Realme Have beene as Bond-men to thy Sovereignty. Card. The Commons haft thou rack't, the Clergies hang, And left thee to the mercy of the Law. Saux. Thy spacious Buildings, and thy Wives Affayre Have cost a make of publique Treasure. Buck. Thy Crueltie in execution Upon Offenders, hath exceeded Law, And left thee to the mercy of the Law. Queen. Thy sale of Offices and Townes in France, If they were knowne, as the suspect is great, Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head. Humphrey. Give me my Fanne: what, Myrryn, can ye not? She gives the Duke's a box on the ear. I try you mercy, Madame was it you? Duche. Was it? Yeas, it was, proud French-woman: I could not neere your Beautie with my Nayles, I could let my ten Commandements in your face. King. Sweet Anne be quiet, was against her will. Duche. Against her will, good King? looke to't in time She's hampered thus, and dandle thee like a Baby: Though in this place most Matter were no Brether, She shall not strike Dame Elizabe thence. Humphrey. Lord Cardinal, I will follow Elizabe, And let them speak thy words, how he prov'd 'em: She's tickled now, but her Pume need no spures, She's gallop fast enough to her destruction.

Enter Humphrey.}

Humphrey. Now Lord, my Choller being nuer-blowne, With walking once about the Quadrangle, I come to tale of Common-wealth Affairs. As for thy spightfull false Objections, Prue them, and I lye open to the Law: But God in mercie do deal with my Soule, As I in dutie love my King and Countrie. But to the matter that we have in hand: I say, my Sovereign, Torke is merlet 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 Torke is most vntmeet of any man. Torke. Hee tell thee, Suffolk, why I am vamet. First, I cannot flatter thee in Pride: Next, if I be appointed for the Place, My Lord of Somerset will keep me bete, Without Discharge, Money, or Furniture, Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands: Last time I dian't attendance on his will, Till Paris was besieged, famish'd, and loth. That can I witnessse, and a fouler fact Did never Traytor in the Land commit. Suff. Peace! peace! thou dost provoke Wronke. Image of Pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Armorer and his Man.}

Suff. Because here is a man accus'd of Treason, Pray God the Duke of York excuse himselfe. Torke. Doth any one accuse Torke for a Traytor? King. What mean's it, Shute, Suffolk? tell me, what please thee? Suff. Please it your Maiestie, this is the man That doth accuse his Master of high Treason: His words were these: That Richard, Duke of York, Was rightfully Heire unto the English Crowne, And that his Maiestie was an Ysurper. King. Say man, were these thy words? Armorer. And I shall please your Maiestie, I never said nor thought any such matter; God is my witnesse, I am falsely accus'd by the Villaine. Peter. By these tenne bones, my Lord, he did speake to me in the Garret one Night, as we were scowling my Lord of Yorkes Armor. Torke. Base Dunghill Villaine, and Machneall, I heare thy Head for this thy Traytous speach: I dare behove your Royall Maiestie, Let him have all the rigor of the Law. Armorer. Alas, my Lord, hang me if euer I spake the words: my accusator is my Princieth, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witnesse of this: therefore I behove your Maiestie, do not cast away an honest man for a Villaines accusation. King. Vnkle, what shall we say to this in law? Humphrey. This doome, my Lord, if I may judge: Let Somerset be Regent in the French, Because in Torke this brendes suspicion; And let these have a day appointed them For single Combat, in conveient place, For he hath witnesse of his enemies malice: This is the Law, and this Duke Humphrey doome.
Enter the Duke of York and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard and Brought in.

**York.** Lay hands upon these Traitors, and their tarts: Beldam. I thinke we scartzt you at an ync. What Madame, are you therewith the King & Commonsweal Deeply indebted for this piece of pains? My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not, See you well guard'd for these good defects.

**Eleanor.** Not half so bad as thine to Englands King, Injurious Duke, that threat'ft where's no cause.

**Buck.** True Madame, none at all: what call you this? Away with them, let them be clapped vp close, And kept sounder: you Madame shall with vs. Stafford take her to thee. We'll see your Trinkets here all forth-comming, All away.

**York.** Lord Buckingham, me thinks you watch't her we'll. A pretty Plot, well Chosen to build upon. Now p lay my Lord, let's see the Devils Writ. What have we here? 

**Reader.** The Duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose: But humour sometime, and dye a violent death, Why this is it: An Excidus Romanus sincerus poffe. Well, to the Tell: Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?

By Water shall he dye, and take his end. What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

Let him hence Cattles, Safer shall he be upon the sande Plains, Then where Cattles mounted (land.

**Spurr.** What shall the Duke of Somerset? For flying at the Brooke, To be the Pottle, in hope of his reward. And hardly understood.

**Buck.** Now pray my Lord, let's see the Devils Writ. What haue we here? Reader.

**Spirit.** A pretty Plot, well Chosen to build upon. What shall the Duke of Suffolk? For flying at the Brooke, To be the Pottle, in hope of his reward. And hardly understood.

**Buck.** What saue we here? Reader.

**Spirit.** A pretty Plot, well Chosen to build upon. What shall the Duke of Suffolk? For flying at the Brooke, To be the Pottle, in hope of his reward. And hardly understood.

**Buck.** Now pray my Lord, let's see the Devils Writ. What haue we here? Reader.

**Spirit.** A pretty Plot, well Chosen to build upon. What shall the Duke of Suffolk? For flying at the Brooke, To be the Pottle, in hope of his reward. And hardly understood.

**Buck.** What shall the Duke of Suffolk? For flying at the Brooke, To be the Pottle, in hope of his reward. And hardly understood.

**Buck.** What shall the Duke of Suffolk? For flying at the Brooke, To be the Pottle, in hope of his reward. And hardly understood.
The Second Part of Henry the Sixth.

Card. I thought as much, hee would be about the Clouds.

Gloft. My Lord Cardinal, how thinke you by that? Were it not good your Grace could fye to Heaven?

King. The Treasure of everlastting Joy.

Card. Thy Heaven is on Earth, thine Eyes & Thoughts Best on a Crown, the Treasure of thy Heart.

Permitious Protector, dangerous Peer.

That smooth't it is with King and Common-weale.

Gloft. What, Cardinal?

Is your Priest-hood growne preteremote?

Tantum et annua Caden's tur, Church-men so hot?

Good Vnckle hide such mallice!

With such Holyneffe, can you do it?

Suff. No mallice Sir, no more then will becomes

So good a Quarrell, and to bad a Peer.

Gloft. As who, my Lord?

Suff. Why, as you, my Lord, 

An't you your Lordly Lords Protectorship.


Queen. And thy Ambition, Gloster.

King. I pray my Lords let me compound this Strife.

Card. The West side of the Grove.

Queen. How now, my Lords?

King. Good Fellowship, and you our Peace.

Gloster. I, in my opinion, yet then seeft net well.

Why, as you, my Lord,

England knowes thine insolence.

Simp. Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner.

But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Card. I am with you.

Gloster. Heaven is on Earth, thine Eyes & Thoughts.

Now by Gods Monc'r, Prtct,

In my opinion, yet then seeft net well.

Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner.

Card. Thy Ambition,

And thy Insoflencc.

Quen. Tell me, good fellow.

Gloster. Then I think, I did he neuer see.

Gloster. A who, my Lord?

King. Good-fellow, tell vs here the circumstance.

That we for thee may glorifie the Lord.

What, hast thou beene long blinde, and now repair'd?

Simp. Borne blinde, and don't please your Grace.

Wife. I indeede was he.

Suff. What Woman is this?

Wife. His Wife, and don't like your Worship.

Gloster. Hafst thou been his Mother, thou couldst have better told.

King. Where went thou borne

Simp. At Barwick in the North, and don't like your Grace.

King. Poore Soule.

Gods Goodness hath beene great to thee:

But ineter Day nor Night whilastallowed paffe,

And still remember what the Lord hath done.

I, where thou darst not peep.

Gloster. Make vp no fatuous numbers for the matter.

In thine owne person anfwer thy abufe.

Card. I, where thou darst not peep.

Simp. How now, my Lords?

Card. Off dice terpum,

Gloster. Off dice terpum,

Yes Matter, cleare a* day, I tlianke God and

Gloster. How long haft thou beene blinde?

Simp. O borne so, Mafter.

Gloster. How, and would it climbbe a Tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very deare.

Gloster. Maffe, thou told'ft Plummes well, that would't venture so.

Simp. Alas, good Mafter, my Wife desired some

Dumfons, and made me climbes, with danger of my Life.

Gloster. A subtile Kniue, but yet it shall not serve:

Let me fee thine Eyes: wincke now, now open them,

In my opinion, yet thou seeft not well.

Simp. Yes Mafter, clearer as day, I thanke God and

Gloster. Saffy thou me so: what Colour is this Cloake of?

Simp. Red Mafter,Red as Blood.

Gloster. Why that's well said: What Colour is my 

Gowne of?

Simp. Black forsooth, Cale-Bacch, as let.

King. Why then, thou know'st what Colour let is of?

Saff. And yet I thinke, I did he never see.

Gloster. But
Gloft. But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a
many.
Simps. Never before this day, in all his life.
Gloft. Tell me Sirth, what's my Name?
Simps. Alas Master, I know not.
Gloft. What's his Name?
Simps. I know not.
Gloft. Nor his?
Simps. No indeede, Master.
Gloft. What's thine owne Name?
Simps. Swearer Simpcox, and if it please you, Master.
Gloft. Then Swander, sit there,
The lying'ft Knaue in Christendomme.
If thou hadst borne borne borne, 
Thou mightst as well have known all our Names.
As thus to name the several Colours we do wears.
Thou might'st as well have known all our Names,
My Lords. Saint Bat fuddenly to nominate them all.
Now Sirrah, if you mean to sue your selfe from Whip-
And Things call'd Whippes?
Gloft. Now fetch me a Stoole hither by and by.
Come on Sirrah, off with your Doubt, quicke.
Simps. Sure, quicke.
Exit.

Enter a Beadle with Whippet.

Gloft. Well Sir, we must have you finde your Legges.
Sirrah Beadle, whippe him till he leap over that tape 
Stool.
Beadle. I will, my Lord.
Come on Sirrah, off with your Doubt, quicke.
Simps. Alas Master, what shall I do? I am not able to
stand.
After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over
the Stool, and runs away: and they
follow, and cry, A Miracle.
King. O God, seest thou this, and bestir fo long?
Simps. It made me laugh, to see 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 whipit through every Market Towne,
Till they come to Barwick, from whence they came.
Exit.
Card. Duke, Humphrey's ha's done a Miracle to day.
Suff. True: made the Lame to leape and Eye away.
Gloft. But you have done more Miracles than I: 
You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to eye.
Exit Buckingham.

King. What Tidings with our Counsin Buckingham?
Back. Such is my heart doth tremble to unfold:
A fort of naughty persons,uddy bent, 
Under the Countenance and Confederate
of Lady Eleanor, the Protector's Wife,
The King-leader and Head of all this Rout, 
Haue prach'd dangerously against your State, 
Dealing with Wichches and with Coniurers, 
Whom we haue apprehended in the Fact,
Raying vp wicked Spirits from under ground, 
Demanding of King Henrys Life and Death, 
And other of your Highnesse Privie Council,
As more at large your Grace shall understand.
Card. And so my Lord Protector, by this means
Your Lady is forth-coming, yet at London. 
This News I think hath turn'd your Weapons edge;
'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keep your house.
Gloft. Ambitious Church-man, leaze to afflit my heart:" 
Sorrow and griefe have vanquished all my powers; 
And vanquished as I am, yield to thee,
Or to the meanest Groome.
King. O God, what mischiefes work the wicked ones? 
Heaping confusion on their owne heads thereby.
Queen. Gloft, see here the Tainture of thy Neffe,
And looke thy selfe be faithful, thou wast blett.
Gloft. Madame, for my selfe, to Heauen I do appeale,
How I have looke, my King, and Common-wealths;
And for my Wife, I know not how it stands,
Sorry I am to heare what I haue heard.
Noble thee is: but if thee haue forgot
Honor and Vertue, and courtes with such,
As like to Pytch,defile Nobilitie; 
I banishe her my Bed, and Companie,
And giue her as a Prey to Law and Shame,
That hath dis-honored Glosters honest Name.
King. Well, for this Night we will repole vs here;
To morrow toward London, back againe,
To look into this Business thorowly,
And giue her his owne Name?
Sirrah, what's his Name?
Alas Master, I know not.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now my good Lords of Salisbury & Warwick,
Our simple Supper ended, giue me leave,
In this close Walk, to satisfy my selfe,
In exauing your opinion of my Title,
Which is infallible, to Englands Crown.
Salisb. My Lord, I long to heare it full,
Worf. Sweet Yorke begin, and if thy clayne be good,
The Nevell are thy Subjects to command.
York. Then thus: Edward the third, my Lords, how often Sonnes: 
The first, Edward the Black-Prince, Prince of Wales; 
The second, William of Hasting; and the third, 
Leuel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom, 
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster: 
The first, was Edward Lawges, Duke of York; 
The last, was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Glosters; 
Williams of Windsor was the feuenth, a 
Jaft, Edward the Black-Prince dyed before his Father, 
And left behind him Richard, his only Sonne, 
Who after Edward the third's death, rang'd as King, 
Till Henry Buckingham, Duke of Lancaster, 
The eldest Sonne and Heire of John of Gaunt, 
Crown'd by the Name of Henry the fourth,
Seiz'd on the Realme, depos'd the rightfull King, 
Sent this prince Queene to France, from whence the came,
And him to Pumfret; where, as all you know,
Hermelid Richard was murdered straitly,
War. Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the House of Lancaster the crown.
York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right:
For Richard, the first Sonne Heire, being dead,
The issue of the next Sonne should have reign'd,
York. The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence,
From whose line John I dyed the crown,
Had issue Philip, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March;
Edmund had issue, Roger, Earl of March;
Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.
Sahul. This Edmund in the Reign of Bolingbroke,
As I hear read, laid claim unto the crown,
And but for Owen Glendower, he had been King;
Who kept him in Captivity, till he dy'd,
But, to the seal.
York. His eldest Sister, Anne,
My Mother, being Heire unto the crown,
Married Richard, Earl of Cambridge,
Who was to Edmund Longley,
Edward the third's fifth Sonne Sonne;
By her I espouse the Kingdome;
She was Heire to Roger, Earl of March,
Who was the Sonne of Edmund Mortimer,
Who married Philip, sole Daughter
Unto Lionel, Duke of Clarence.
So, if the issue of the elder Sonne
Succeed before the younger, I am King.
War. What pleine proceedings is more plain then this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt.
The fourth Sonne, Yorks claimeth it from the third:
Till Lionel, issue, Rivers, his should not reign.
It fayles not yet, but flourishes in the hope,
And in thy Sonne, faire flipes of such a stock,
Then Fathers Salisbury, kneel we together,
And in this private Plot be we the first,
That shall salute our rightfull Sovereign,
With honor of his Birth-right to the crown.
Sahul. Long live our Sovereign, Richard, Englands King.
York. We thank you Kings.
But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd,
And that my Sword be fley'd over;
With heart-blood of the House of Lancaster:
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do ye as I doe in these dangerous days,
Wince at the Duke of Suffolk infolence,
At Beaupre's Pride, at Somerfell's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have had nard the Sheppard of the flock,
That reveres Prince, the good Duke Humphrey;
'Tis that they seek, and they in seeking that,
Shall find their death, if they can prophesie.
Sahul. My Lord, break we off, we know your minde as full.
War. My heart affures me, that the Earle of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.
York. And now, this I do assure me, friend,
Richard wants just to make the Earle of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the King.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State,
with Guards to mount the Duke of Glosters.

King. Stand forth Duke Elizanor Cobham,
Glosters Wife:
In fight of God, and y's, your guilt is great,
Receive the Sentence of the Law for sinne,
Such as by Gods Book, and Sude is judge to death.
You fowre from hence to Prison, back againe;
From thence, unto the place of Execution.
The Witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the Gallows.
You Madame, for you are more Nobly borne,
Deftroyed of your Honor in your Life,
Shall, after three days open Penance done,
Lie in your Country here, in Banishment,
With Sir John Stanely, in the Isle of Man.
Elizaner Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my Death.

Glof. Elizanor, the Law thou seeft hath judged thee,
I cannot satisfie whom the Law condemnes:
Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of griefe.
Ah Humphrey, this dishonor in thine age,
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
I befeech you Maister, the grace I give me to goe.
Sorrow would fallace, and mine age would ease.
King. Stay Humphrey, Duke of Glostor,
Ere thou goe, give up thy Staffe.
Henry will to himselfe Protecto, be;
And God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide,
And Lanthorne to my feet.
And goe in peace, Humphrey, no leffe belou'd,
Then when thou went Protecto to thy King.
Queene. I see no reason, why a King of yeares
Should be to be protected like a child,
God and King Henry goutene Englands Realme:
Give us, Sir, and the King his Realme.
Glof. My Staffe? Here, Noble Henry, is my Staffe;
As willingly doe I the same resigne,
As the thy Father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feete I leave it.
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell good King: when I am dead, and gone,
May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.

Exit Glosters.

Queene. Why now is Henry King, and Margaret Queen,
And Humphrey Duke of Glostor, scarce himselfe,
That beares such a may me: two Pulls at once;
His Lady banish, and a Limbe lopt off.
This Staffe of Honor right, there let it stand.
Farewell good King: when I am dead, and gone,
May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.

Exit Glosters.

Queene. Why now is Henry King, and Margaret Queen,
And Humphrey Duke of Glostor, scarce himselfe,
That beares such a may me: two Pulls at once;
His Lady banish, and a Limbe lopt off.
This Staffe of Honor right, there let it stand.
Farewell good King: when I am dead, and gone,
May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.

Exit Glosters.

ZIMM. Why now is Henry King, and Margaret Queen,
And Humphrey Duke of Glostor, scarce himselfe,
That beares such a may me: two Pulls at once;
His Lady banish, and a Limbe lopt off.
This Staffe of Honor right, there let it stand.
Farewell good King: when I am dead, and gone,
May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.

Exit Glosters.
Enter at one Doorsthe Armorer and his Neighbors,drinking to him so much, that he is drunk; and he enters with a Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge fullered to it, and at the other Door his Man, with a Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to him.

1. Neighbor. Here Neighbour Horner, I drinke to you in a Cup of Sack; and fear not Neighbour, you shall doe well enough.

2. Neighbor. And here Neighbour, here's a Cuppe of Charneco.

3. Neighbor. And here's a Pot of good Double-Beer Neighbour; drink, and fear not your Man.

Armorer. Let it come yfaith, and Ile pledge you all, and a figge for Peter.

Prent. Here Peter, I drinke to thee, and be not a-fraid.

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 leave thee my Aporne; and will thou shalt have my Hammer: and here Tom, take all the Money that I haue. O Lord bleffe me, I pray, and if I dye, I will thee my Aporne; and a figge for Peter, who's thy Name? God, for I am newer able to deale with my Matter, hee and here thou (hall haue my Hammer and the good Wine in thy Matters way.

Peter. Thou hast learnt so much fence already.

You, for I thinke I haue taken my laft Draught in this presence?

Ray Mans inftigation, to proue him a Knaue, and my felfe Fight for credit of the Pi entices.

Charneco. Nor the Queen: and therefore I haue at thee with a

Armorer. Take away his Weapon: Fellow thanke God, and Officers.

Peter. I thanke you aldrinke, 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 leave thee my Aporne; and will thou shalt have my Hammer: and here Tom, take all the Money that I haue. O Lord bleffe me, I pray, and if I dye, I will thee my Aporne; and a figge for Peter, who's thy Name? God, for I am newer able to deale with my Matter, hee and here thou (shall haue my Hammer and the good Wine in thy Matters way.

Peter. I thanke you aldrinke, 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 leave thee my Aporne; and will thou shalt have my Hammer: and here Tom, take all the Money that I haue. O Lord bleffe me, I pray, and if I dye, I will thee my Aporne; and a figge for Peter, who's thy Name? God, for I am newer able to deale with my Matter, hee and here thou (shall haue my Hammer and the good Wine in thy Matters way.

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 leave thee my Aporne; and will thou shalt have my Hammer: and here Tom, take all the Money that I haue. O Lord bleffe me, I pray, and if I dye, I will thee my Aporne; and a figge for Peter, who's thy Name? God, for I am newer able to deale with my Matter, hee and here thou (shall haue my Hammer and the good Wine in thy Matters way.

Peter. I thanke you aldrinke, 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 leave thee my Aporne; and will thou shalt have my Hammer: and here Tom, take all the Money that I haue. O Lord bleffe me, I pray, and if I dye, I will thee my Aporne; and a figge for Peter, who's thy Name? God, for I am newer able to deale with my Matter, hee and here thou (shall haue my Hammer and the good Wine in thy Matters way.

Peter. I thanke you aldrinke, 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 leave thee my Aporne; and will thou shalt have my Hammer: and here Tom, take all the Money that I haue. O Lord bleffe me,_I pray, and if I dye, I will thee my Aporne; and a figge for Peter, who's thy Name? God, for I am newer able to deale with my Matter, hee and here thou (shall haue my Hammer and the good Wine in thy Matters way.

The second Part of Henry the Sixt. 129

Gloft. Tenne is the houre that was appointed me, To watch the comming of my punifht Ducheffe: Vnneath may thee endure the Flinte Streets, To treade them with her tender-feeling feet. Sweet Neil, Ill can thy Noble Minde abrooke The abdue People, gazing on thy face, With enuious Lookes laughing at thy thame, That erft did follow thy prou'd Charriot-Wheelees, When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets. But soft, I think she comes, and Ile prepare My earre-flayn'd eyes, to see her Miseries.

Enter the Duchesse in a white Sheet, and a Topiter burneing in her hand, with the Sherifs and Officers.

Serv. So pleace your Grace, we'll take her from the Sherif.

Gloster. No, fhure not for your lies, let her passe by.

Elianor. Come you, my Lord, to fee my open fhame? Now thou don't Penance too, Looke how they gaze, See how the gruddy multitude doe point, And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee. Ah Gloster, hide thee from their hateful lookes, And in thy Clofet pent vp, rue my fhame, And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.

Gloster. Be patient, gentle Neil, forget this griefe,

Elianor. Ah Gloster, teach me to forget my selfe: For whilest I think I am thy married Wife, And thou a Prince, Protecor of this Land; Me thinkes I should not thus be led along, May'd vp in fume, with Papers on my back, And folow'd with a Rabble, that reioyce To fee my tears, and beare my deepe-feet groanes. The ruffleffe Fimt doth eate my tender fee, And when I start, the enuious people laugh, And bid me be advifed how I treade. Ah Humfrey, can I beare this shamefull yoke? Trowewell thou, that ere Ie looke vpone the World, Or count them happy, that emoyes the Sunne No: Darke tall be my Light, and Night my Day. To thinke upon my Pompe, shall be my Hell. Sometime Ie fay, I am Duke Humfreys Wife, And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land: Yet fo he rule't, and such a Prince he was, As hee rode by, whilest I, his forteine Duchesse, Was made a wonder, and a pointing stock To every idle Ralphall follower. But be thou milde, and blufh not at my fhame, Nor thire at nothing, till the Axe of Death Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will. For Suffolk, he that can doe all in all With her, that haereth thee, and hates vs all, And Torke, and impious Beauford, that felle Priet, Hau all ydm dum Bushes to betray thy Wings, And flye thou bow thou canft. theye tangle thee, But feare not it ou, vnutt thy foot be feard, Nor neuer feke prevention of thy foes.

Gloft. Ah Neil, for beare thou aymt all awry. I must offend, before I be attain'd; And had I twentie times fo many foes, And each of them had twentie times their power, All thefe could not procure me any feate, So long as I am loyal, true, and crindefe.

Would it have me rescue thee from this reproach?
We know the rime since He was roilde and affable.

Thy greatcR helpe is quiet, gentlc

Why yet thy fcandaU were not wipt away.

I pray thee fort thy heart to patience,

But 1 in danger for the breach of Law.

Hell, l

"My take my leaue: and MafierSheilfe,

This is clofe dealing. Well, I will be there.

Enter a Herald.

Art thou gone to? all comfort goe with thee,

For none abides with me: my Ioy,is Death

Although thou had beene Coodudi of my (home.

And dull I then be vwi reproachfully

And (bew it felfe. atiyre me how I can.

And goe we to attyre you for our Journey.

According to that State you (hall be vs’d.

Onely conuey me where thou art commanded—

I care not whither/oi I begge no fauor;

And i may liuc to doe you kindneffedf you doe it her.

Sf. I,farewdl, thy Office is difch&rg’d:

My Lord of Suffolk?, Buck in gham,and Yorke,

My Lord of Glofiter is not come:

For hec’s difpofed as the harrfull Rauen.

Seemes he a Doue? his feathers are but borrow’d.

The reuercnt care I bcsrevniomy Lord,

Now Vis the Spring,and Weeds arc fhallow-rooted.

Suffer them now, and they le o'i e-grow the Garden,

No, no, my Soucraigne, Gr*^vr is a man

And dull I then be vwi reproachfully

By wicked meanes to frame our Soueraignes fall

That he fhould come about your Royall Perfon,

But meet him now, and be it in the Motor,

My shame will not be drifted with my Sheets

That aD the Court admir’d him for fubmiffion.

And prom meaning Treafon ro our Roy a’lPeron,

No, no, my Soucraigne, this is my OfBce,aad Madame pardon me.

Queene. Your Penance done.

And did he not, in his Protedorfliip,

That is my Office, and Madame pardon me.

That’s bad enough, for I am but reproach s

That is my OfBce, and Madame pardon me.

My Lord, and bid me not fare¬

Why, Madame, »hac is to the lie of Man,

And did he not, in his Protedorfliip,

Stanley. What, gone my Lord, and bid me not fare¬

So am I giuen in charge, may’t plcafe your

If it befond.rall it a Womans feare:

Or his aduantage following your deceafe,

That aD the Court admir’d him for fubmiffion.

And (bew it felfe. atiyre me how I can.

And did he not, in his Protedorfliip,

And pafletb by with ftiffc unbowd Knee,

Did inftigate the Bedlam braine-ftek Ducheffe,

That the reuercnt care I bcsrevniomy Lord,

And went to attyre you for our Journey.

Which time will bring to light in fhiooth Duke

Vpon my Life began her diucllfh pradifes >

Or if he were not prirule to thofe Faults,

But meet him now, and be it in the Motor,

And pafletb by with ftiffc unbowd Knee,

To drvarne on euU, or to workc oiy downeTalL

As is the fucking Lambe,or harmelcife Doue:

Whoe’s dispo’d to leaue the Lambs.

2 thinks I fhould haue told your Graces Tale.

Or elfe conclude my words effe£hia!

As neat the K.ing,he was fucceffiut Heire,

No, no, my Soucraigne, this is my OfBce,aad Madame pardon me.

Or if he were not prirule to thofe Faults,

By wicked meanes to frame our Soueraignes fall

Now Vis the Spring, and Weeds arc fhallow-rooted.

Smooth runncsthe Watrr,where thcBrooke is deepe.

And (bew it felfe. atiyre me how I can.

As neat the K.ing, he was fucceffiut Heire,

Did infligate the Bedlam braine-ftek Ducheffe,

Smooth runncsthe Watrr,where thcBrooke is deepe.

And he fpeake not, when he would (leak the Lambs.

As neat the K.ing, he was fucceffiut Heire,

It is to be fear’d they all will follow him.

Did infligate the Bedlam braine-ftek Ducheffe,

But meet him now, and be it in the Motor,

Thefe few daye* wonder will be quickly worne;

And pafletb by with ftiffc unbowd Knee,

In danger for the breach of Law.

And he fpeake not, when he would (leak the Lambs.

The fecond Tart ofHenry the Sixt.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

For bee's enclin'd as is the eameous Wolves;
Who cannot fleathe a shape, that meanes deject?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of us all,
Hangs on the cutting formt that frankfull man.

Enter Somerse.

Sam. All health unto my gracious Soueraigne.
King. Welcome Lord Somerse: What News from France?

Sam. That all your Interrell in those Territories,
Is vertely bereft you: all is lost.

King. Cold News, Lord Somerse: but God's will be done.

Saff. Cold News for me: I had hope of France,
As finerly as I hope for fertile England.

Thrus. Thus are my blossoms blasted in the Bud,
And Caterepillers eate my Leaues away i
Or fell my Title for a glorious Graue.

Pardon, my Liege, that I have stay'd so long.

1 doe arret thee of High Treason here.

Unleffe thoue wert more loyall then thou art:
Nor euer had one penny Bribe from France,
And being Protector, sty'd the Souldiers pay.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guelder
As I am clears from Treason to my Soueraigne.
The pureft Spring is not so free from mudde,
Vntnst it were a bloody Murther.

Thrus. That you tooke Bribes of France,
And stingly words were Ransome for their fault i
For I should melt at an Offendors rearer.
ill the fault that was in me
Pittie was:

No: many a Pound of mine owne proper store,
Or any Groat I hoorded to my use.
So help me God, as I haue watch't the Ntebr,
A Heart vnspotted.is not eaftily daunted.

Gloster. Why was Protector, I say no more then erit, helpe me God.

Card. My Liege, his rayling is intolerable.

Gloster. I throwes sway his Crutch,
Ah, thus King Henry,
Behov all the World.

Let me be my Prifoner.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. All happened unto my Lord the King:
Fardon, my Lige, that I haue ray'd so long.

Sam. Nay Gloster, know that thou art come too soono,
Vnlee thoue were more loyall then thou art:
I doe arret thee of High Treason here.

Glo. Well Suffrag, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my Countenance for this Arret:
A Heart unspotted, is not easily daunted.
The purest Spring is not so free from mudde,
As I hope for fertile England.

Card. It seruces you well, my Lord, to say so much.
Glo. I say no more then truth, to helpe me God.

Sam. In your Protectorship, you did deuide
Strange Tottages for Offenders, neuer heard of,
That England was desem'd by Tyrannie.

Glo. Why is't so well known, that whiles I was Protector,
Prisie was all the fault that was in me:
For I shouldest melt as an Offenders tears
And lowely words were Ransome for their faults:
Vnlee if were a bloody Murderer,
Or soleful tenebrous Theeke, that fleazed poor passengers,
I never gaveth them conciigne punishment.
Murther indee, that bloodie fine, I turrst'd
About the Felon, or what Trefasr elsc.

Glo. My Lord, these faults are easie, quicke answer'd
But mightier Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge your selfe,

1 doe arret you in your Highnesse Name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal.
To keepe, vntil your further time of Tryall.

King. My Lord of Gloster, it's my special hope,
That you will cleare your selfe from all suspeccion,
My Confidence tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah gracious Lords, these days are dangerous:
Vertue is choaks with foule Ambition,
And Chystics chat'd hence by Rancours hand.
Foule Subornation is predominant,
And Equitie exild your Highnesse Land.
I know, their Complcx is to hame my Life:
And if my death might make this land happy,
And proue the Period of their Tyrannie,
I would expend it with all willingneffe.
But mine is made the Prologue to their Play.
For rouds more cancer, that yet supped no perril,
Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie.

Buc. Startles red sparkling eyes blab his hearts mallice,
And Saffickly cloudie Brow his stormie hate.

Sharpe. Buckingham subhurtens with his tongue,
The emounse Lord that eyes upon his heart:
And dogged Tykes; that reachest at the Mooner,
Whose shrews-wreathing Arms I have pluckt back,
By false accuse doch lettell at my Life,
And you, my Soueraigne Lady, with the refh,
Caufetie hue lay'd disgraaces on my head,
And with your best endeauour have flutt'd vp
My lieft Liege to be mine Enemy:
I,all of you have lay'd your heads together,
My felfe had notice of your Complaeles,
And all to make away my guilefle Life.
I shall not want faile Witruffe, to condemne me,
Nor flrue of Treasons, to augment my guilt:
The ancient Proverbbe will be well effected,
A Staffe is quickly found to beat a Dogge.

Card. My Liege, his rayling is intolerable.
If those that care to keepe your Royall Person
From Treasons secret Knife, and Treasons Rage,
Be thus upbrayed, chid, and rated at,
And the Offendor granted scope of Speech,
'Twill make them coole in zele into your Grace,
Nor Hann it not two our Soueraigne Lady here
With ignominious words, though Clarkely coucht?
As if she had fuborned some to sweate
False allegations, to o'rethrow his state.

Quo. But I can giue the later leae to chide.
Glo. Fare treure spote then means: I lofe indeede,
Befrew the winners, for they play'd me faile,
And weal such losers may haue leae to speake.

Buck. Hee'll wreath the fene, and hold vs here all day.

Card. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ahthus King Henry throwes away his Cruch,
Before his Legges be firme to bear his Body,
Thus is the Shepheard beaten from thy side,
And Wolves are gasing, who shall gauhe thee first.
Ah that my teare were faile, ah that it ware:
For god King Henry, thy deare I fear;
Exit Gloster.

King. My Lords, what to your widofee serene bee,
Doe, or vnde, as if our faile were here.

For, what will your Highnesse leae the Parlement?

King. I Margrave: my heart is drown'd with griefes,
Whose flood begins to swowe within mine eyes;
My Body round engyst with milittere.
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

Quene. Thrice Noble Suffolk, tis resolutely spoke.
Suff. Not resolute, except so much were done,
For things are often spoken, and seldom meant,
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preferre my Soueraigne from his Fee,
Say but the word, and I will be his Priest.
Card. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due Orders for a Priest:
Say you content, and confirme well the deed,
And I will provide his Execution here.
I render to the safetie of my Liege.
Suff. Here is my Hand, the deed is worthy doing.
Quene. And so say I.
Turke. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugnes our doome.

Enter a Poete.

Poet. Great Lords, from Ireland am I come amaine,
To conjure that Rebels there arrest.
And put the Englishmen into the Sword.
Send Succours (Lords) and stop the Rage betime,
Before the Wound doe grow inueritable.
For being Greene, there is great hope of helpe.
Card. A Bresch that craues a quicke expeditious hoppe,
What counselle give you in this weightie cause?
Turke. That Somerset be sent as Regent thither:
'Tis meet that luckie Ruler be employ'd,
Wintiff the fortune he hath had in France.
Sum. If Turke, with all his fairest politicke,
Had bene the Regent there in Head of me,
He were not to have stayed in France so long,
Turke. No, nor to loose it all, as thou hast done.
I rather would have lost my Life betimes,
Then bring a bushten of dis-honour home,
By laying there so long, till all were lost.
Shewe me one scarre, character'd on thy Skinne,
Mens fleeth preferu'd so whole, doe seldom winne.
Qu. Nay then, this sparke will prove a raging fire,
If Wind and Fuelle be brought, to feed it with:
No more, good Turke, sweet Somerset be still.
Thy fortune, Turke, had been so short,
Might possibly have prou'd farre worse, then his.
Turke. What, worser then naught? nay, then a flame take all.
Somerset. And in the number, thee, that wastest flame.
Card. My Lord of York, trie what thy fortune is:
Wth muchstil! Kernes of Ireland we in Armes,
And temper Clay with blood of Englishmen.
To Ireland will you leade a Band of men,
Collected choicely, from each Countie sorne,
And trye your hand against the Irishmen.
Turke. I will, my Lord, to place his Majestie.
Suff. Why, our Authority is his content,
And what we doe establish, he confirmes:
Then Noble Turke, take thou this Turke in hand.
Turke. I am content: Provide me Souldiers, Lords,
While I take order for mine owne affaires.
Suff. A charge, Lord Turke, that I will see perform'd.
But now returne we to the late Duke Humphrey.
Card. No more of him, for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more:
And so broke off, the day is almost spent,
Lord Suffolk, you and I must take of that course.

Turk. My
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

Tyrke. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourtene dayes At Enbtow I expect my Souldiers, For these He flippes them all for Ireland. Suff. He hee it truly done, my Lord of York. Exeunt. Monet Tyrke.

Tyrke. Now Tyrke, or neuer, fetle thy faire full fast thoughts and change doubtings to resolution; be that thou hope'nt to be, or what thou art; Rlngue to death, it is not worth thinking; Let pale-faete fear keep with the mean-borne man, And finde no harbours in Royall heart.

Father the Spring-time showres do comesthough on them. Full often, like a shag-hair'd craftie Kerne, Say be betaken, rackt, and tortured; For that which now is dead, John Will make him say. I root'd him to thofe Armes. Hath he convered with the Enemy, I know, no paine they can inflict on him. How they assaile the House and Clayme of Torke. By this, I perceive the Commons minde. And undiscoury, come to me againe.

Wete aimed like a sharpe-quilled Porpentine: And sought fo long, till that his thighes with Darts To make Commotion, as full well he can. I have seduced a head-drong Kentifhman, Do not evil the furie of this mad-bred Savage. For there he fhipe them all for Ireland. Him capre upright like a wilde Morffe, And in the end being rescued. I have seen Oppofe hitneft with a Trup of Kernes, and for a murder of my intent, Cade

In Ireland have I seen this dubborne to-morrow. I under the Title of... And this fell Tempest shall not cease to rage, Well Nobles, well: 'tis politely done.

Enter two or three running over the Stage, from the Mother of Duke Humfray. 1. Runne to my Lord of Suffolk: let him know We have dispatch the Duke, as he commanded. 2. Oh, that it were to do: what have we done? Did ever hear a man so penitent? Enter Suffolk. 1. Here comes my Lord.

Suff. Now Sirs, have you dispatch this thing? 1. I my good Lord, he's a dead. Suff. Why that's well said. Go, get you to my House, I will reward you for this venturesome deed: The King and all the Peeres are here at hand. Have you lye'd faire the Bed? I all things well, According as I gave directions? 1. 'Tis, my good Lord. Suff. Away, be gone. Exeunt.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, the Queene, Cardinal, Suffolk, Somerset, with Attendants.

King. Go call our Uncle to our presence straight: Say, we intend to try his Grace to day, If he be guilfe, as 'tis published. Suff. He call him presently, my Noble Lord. Exit. King. Lords take your places: and I pray you all Proceed no faster gainst our Uncle Glosfer. Then from true evidence, of good esteem, He be approved in peaceful culpable. Queen God forbid any Malice should prouyse, That faultlefe may condemn a Noble man: Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion. King. I thank thee Nell, these words content mee much.

Enter Suffolk.


I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans, 
Look pale as Prin-rose with blood-dripping gashes, 
And all to lose the Noble Duke alive.

What know I how the world may deem of me?
For is it known we were but hollow Friends?
It may be judged I made the Duke away.
So shall my name with Slanders tongue be wounded, 
And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach:
This get I by his death: Aye me w holog, 
To be a Queen, and Crown'd with infamie.

Ah woe is me for Giosler, wretched man.
What, doth thou turne away, and hide thy face? 
I nam no losthome Leaper, looke on me.
What Art thou like the Adder waxen deaf?
Be pharmacy too, and kill thy forlorne Queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Giosler Tombe?
Why then Dame Eluraw was neere thy joy.
Ereft his Statue, and worship it,
And make thy Image but an Ale-houfe figure,
Was I for this myse wack'd upon the Sea,
And twice by awkward winde from Englands banke
Drouce backe againe vnto my Natvce Chime.
What bood this? but well fore-warning winde
Did seeme to say, secke not a Scorpion Nest,
Nor set no footing on this vnkinde Shore.
What did I do? But curft the gentle gfts,
And he that lost them forth their Brazen Canue,
And bid them blow towards Englands blessed Shore,
Or turne our Sterne vpon a dreadfull Rocke
To blufh and beautifie the Cheeke againe
Of ashy femblance, meager, pale, and bloodlesse,
Which with the heart there cooles, and before returneth,
What inffance giues Lord Warwicke for his vow,
Who in the Conflict that it holds vnto death,
Vpon the fheets his hair (you see) is flicking.
To blufh and beautifie the Cheeke againe
Being all deseended to the labouring heart.

The pretty vauing Sea refus'd to drowne me,
Knowing that thou wouldest have me drown'd on shore
With teares as faie as Sea, through thy vnkindnes.

Whar boaded this? but well fore-warning winde
Was I for this nye wrack'd vpon the Sea,
Doom'd vpon the Hatchts in the ftoime:
When from thy Shore,ibeTempeff beate vs backe,
And euen with this, I loft faire Englands view.
And fo I wish'd thy body might my Heart:
To blufh and beautifie the Cheeke againe
What inffance giues Lord Warwicke for his vow,
Who in the Conflict that it holds vnto death,
Vpon the fheets his hair (you see) is flicking.
To blufh and beautifie the Cheeke againe
Being all deseended to the labouring heart.

Oh woe is me for Glofter, wretched man.
Be woe for me, more wretched then he is.
Queen, 

What were it but to make my sorrow greater
Canst thou be more unkind, Heauens God,
Some violent bands were laid vpon him, 
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
Vpon his face an Ocean of faie teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbedeafed
Vpon his face an Ocean of faie teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbedeafed

War. 
And to surveye his dead and earthly Image:
What were it but to make my sorrow greater
Canst thou be more unkind, Heauens God,
Some violent hands were laid vpon him, 
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
Vpon his face an Ocean of faie teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbedeafed
Vpon his face an Ocean of faie teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbedeafed

War. 
And to surveye his dead and earthly Image:
What were it but to make my sorrow greater
Canst thou be more unkind, Heauens God,
Some violent hands were laid vpon him, 
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
Vpon his face an Ocean of faie teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbedeafed
Vpon his face an Ocean of faie teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbedeafed

War. 
And to surveye his dead and earthly Image:
What were it but to make my sorrow greater
Canst thou be more unkind, Heauens God,
Some violent hands were laid vpon him, 
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
Vpon his face an Ocean of faie teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbedeafed
Vpon his face an Ocean of faie teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbedeafed

War. 
And to surveye his dead and earthly Image:
What were it but to make my sorrow greater
Canst thou be more unkind, Heauens God,
Some violent hands were laid vpon him, 
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
Vpon his face an Ocean of faie teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbedeafed
Vpon his face an Ocean of faie teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbedeafed

War. 
And to surveye his dead and earthly Image:
What were it but to make my sorrow greater
Canst thou be more unkind, Heauens God,
Some violent hands were laid vpon him, 
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
Vpon his face an Ocean of faie teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbedeafed
Vpon his face an Ocean of faie teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbedeafed

War. 
And to surveye his dead and earthly Image:
What were it but to make my sorrow greater
Canst thou be more unkind, Heauens God,
Some violent hands were laid vpon him, 
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
Vpon his face an Ocean of faie teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbedeafed
Vpon his face an Ocean of faie teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbedeafed

War. 
And to surveye his dead and earthly Image:
What were it but to make my sorrow greater
Canst thou be more unkind, Heauens God,
Some violent hands were laid vpon him, 
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
Vpon his face an Ocean of faie teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbedeafed
Vpon his face an Ocean of faie teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbedeafed

War. 
And to surveye his dead and earthly Image:
What were it but to make my sorrow greater
Canst thou be more unkind, Heauens God,
Some violent hands were laid vpon him, 
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
Vpon his face an Ocean of faie teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbedeafed
Vpon his face an Ocean of faie teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbedeafed

War. 
And to surveye his dead and earthly Image:
What were it but to make my sorrow greater
Canst thou be more unkind, Heauens God,
Some violent hands were laid vpon him, 
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
Vpon his face an Ocean of faie teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbedeafed
Vpon his face an Ocean of faie teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbedeafed

War. 
And to surveye his dead and earthly Image:
What were it but to make my sorrow greater
Canst thou be more unkind, Heauens God,
Some violent hands were laid vpon him, 
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
Vpon his face an Ocean of faie teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbedeafed
Vpon his face an Ocean of faie teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbedeafed

War. 
And to surveye his dead and earthly Image:
What were it but to make my sorrow greater
Canst thou be more unkind, Heauens God,
Some violent hands were laid vpon him, 
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
Vpon his face an Ocean of faie teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbedeafed
Vpon his face an Ocean of faie teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbedeafed

War. 
And to surveye his dead and earthly Image:
What were it but to make my sorrow greater
Canst thou be more unkind, Heauens God,
Some violent hands were laid vpon him, 
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
Vpon his face an Ocean of faie teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbedeafed
Vpon his face an Ocean of faie teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbedeafed

War. 
And to surveye his dead and earthly Image:
What were it but to make my sorrow greater
Canst thou be more unkind, Heauens God,
Some violent hands were laid vpon him, 
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
Vpon his face an Ocean of faie teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbedeafed
Vpon his face an Ocean of faie teares,
Dread Lord, the Commons fend you word by me, 
Vulnere Lord Suffolk straight be done to death, 
Or banished faire Englands Territories, 
They will by violence tear him from your Palace, 
And torture him with grievous lingering death, 
They say by him the Duke of York dy'd: 
They, in him they fear your Hightnesse death; 
And more into Mute and Loyalty, 
Free from a stubborn opposite intent, 
As being thought to contradi your liking, 
They say, in care of your most Royall Person, 
That if your Hightnesse should intend to sleepe, 
And charge, that no man should disturb your rest, 
In paine of your dislike, or paine of death; 
Yet notwithstanding such a strait Edict, 
There were a Serpent scene, with forked Tongue, 
That Ouly glyded towards your Malefice, 
It were but necessarie you were wak't, 
Least being suffer'd in that harmless flumber, 
The mostt Worne might make the sleepe eternal, 
And therefore doe they cry, though you forbid, 
That they will guard you, where you will, or no, 
From suche fell Serpents as false Suffolk is; 
Whose head is unwound and fastall fling, 
Your Louing Vnckle, twentietimes his worth, 
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons within. An answer from the King, my Lord of Salisbury.

Suff. Tis like the Commons, rude vnpolisht Hindes, 
Could send such Message to their Soueraigne: 
But you, my Lord, were glad to be impoy'd, 
To thow how quiet in Orator you are, 
But all the Honore Salisbury hath wanne, 
Is, that he was the Lord Embassador,  
Sent from a fort of Tinkers to the King.

Within. An answer from the King, or wee will all breake in.

King. Goe Salisbury, and tell them all from me, 
I thank them for their tender lousing care; 
And had I not beene cited so by them, 
Yet did I purpose as they doe entreat: 
For sure, my thoughts doe hourly prophetic, 
Mischance vnto my State by Suffolkes means. 
And therefore by his Malefic I wares, 
Whose faire vnworthie Depute I am, 
He shall not breathe the infection in this ayre, 
But three daies longer, on the paine of death.

Qu. Oh Henry, let me please for gentle Suffolk.

King. With gentle Queene, to call him gentle Suffolk.

No more I say; if thou do not plesse for him, 
Thou wilt but add encrease into my Wrath, 
Had I but sayd, I would have kept my Word; 
But when I were, it is irreconcilable: 
If after three daies space thou here be't found, 
On any ground that I am Ruler of, 
The World shall not be Ranosome for thy Life.
Come Warwick, come good Warwick, goe with mee, 
I have great matters to impart to thee.

Ent. Mischance and Sorrow goe along with you, 
Hearts Discouer'd, and love with Affliction, 
Be play-fellowes to keepe you company: 
There's two of you, the Desuill make a third, 
And three-fold Vengeance send upon your heads.

Suff. Ceafe, gentle Queene, these Execurations, 
And let thy Suffolk take his beautie leaue.
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy.

"Tis but surmised, whiles thou art standing by.

Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone,

Would it went as bitter searching terms.

So get thee gone, that I may know my grieve,

All the foule terrors in dark seated hell——

Tis not the Land, but what is this World? What newes are these?

But wherefore grieve I at an hours poor losse,

Omitting Suffolke exile, my soules Treasure?

Why only Suffolke mourne I not for thee?

And with the Southern clouds, contend in tears?

Theirs for the earths encrasse, mine for my forrowes.

Now get thee hence, the King thou know'lt is coming,

If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

You bad me ban, and will you bid me tarry?

What newes that shall finde thee out.

He haue an Iris that shall finde thee out.

Away; Though parting be a fleerful corosiue.

Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the Cardinal in bod.

How fare's my Lord? Speake Beaunford to thy Soversaigne.

If thou beest death, ill giue thee Englands Treasure,

Enough to purchase such another Island,

So thou wilt let me live, and feel no paine.

Ah, what a figure it is of euel life,

Where death's approach is seen so terrible.

It is thy Soversaigne speakes to thee.

Bring me yunto my Trial when you will.

Dye he not in his bed? Where should he dye?

Can I make men live where they will or no?

Oh torture me no more, I will confesse.

Againe? Then shew me where he is,

Hee giue a thousand pound to looke upon him.

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Give me some drink, and bid the Apothecary bring the strong poisons that I bought of him.

See how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

I, but these ragges are no part of the Duke.

Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth Mule,

And thought they happy when I shook my head.

And let it make thee Creft-faine,

Oh in contempt shalhiffe at thee again.

Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth Mule,

By the base-born ragged Souldiers wounded home.

But to conclude, Reproach and Beggete,

Yet let not this take thee be bloody-minded.

Small things make base men proud. Thus Viltaine betre.

He dies and makes no signe: Oh God for forgive him.

Thy name is , being tightly founded,

And thought they happy when I shook my head.

By duellifti policy art thou grown great.

And by thee were sold to France.

And sound them as thou hast been, and Piccard

Harsh flaine their Governors, surpriz'd our Forts,

As hating thee, and rising vp in armes.

And now the House of York thrue from the Crowne,

Shamefull murther of a guiltlefe King,

and wedded be thou to the Hagges of hell.

And hating thee, and rising vp in armes.

And thought thee happy when I shook my head.

And boldly professing tyranny,

And thought they happy when I shook my head.

And hating thee, and rising vp in armes.

And now the House of York thrue from the Crowne,

A duence our halfe-fac'd Sunne, striving to shine;

And Wedde be thou to the Haggges of hell,

And hating thee, and rising vp in armes.

And boldy professing tyranny,

And now the House of York thrue from the Crowne,

Forswallowing the Treasu/eofthe Realroe.

Now will I dam vp this thy yawning mouth,

Is crept into the bofome of the Sea:

And then he saw the fhame of death.

And thinkt thou not that my name is Walter Whitmore.

And do thou also, for thy Prince.

And thinkt thou not that my name is Walter Whitmore.

And, and thinkt thou not that my name is Walter Whitmore.

And do thou also, for thy Prince.
By such a lowly Vassal! as thy selfe.

Thy words moue Rage, and not remorse in me:
I goe of Melfage from the Queene to France
What, are ye dinted now? Now will ye stoopc.
I charge thee wast me safer over the Channel.

Then Rand vnouer'd to the Vulgar Groom.
Stoope to the blocke. then these knees bow to any,
Soac to the God of heaven, and to my King:
With humble suitet no, rather let my head
Tanner of Wingham.

Great men oft dye by wilde Bcionions.
True Nobility, is exempt from feare.
And soonr dance uppon a bloody pole,
Come Souldiers, shew what crueltie ye can.
Exit Walter.

Suff. My gracious Lord intreat him, speak him fair
But. If his body will 1 beate vnto the King:
Hen. And as for thefe who have been in Leather
Lace, they haue the more need to fleepe now then.
Hoi. They sall bee no more to sleepe.

Buu. Therefore am I of an honorable house.
Cade. Therefore am I of an honorable house.

Buu. Where's no fword, nor fire.
Hen. He need not feare the fword, for his coat it of

Buu. Nay mofe, the Kings Councell ate no good

Buu. Come, come, let's fall in with them.
Ho! They haue the more need to fleepe now then.

Buu. Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good
Workmen.

Buu. True: and yet it is faid, Labour in thy Vocati¬
on: which is as much to fay, as let the Magiftrate be la¬
bouring men, and therefore should we be Magiftrates.

Hen. It is ye 1 feare. Thou (halt haue caufe to feare before I leaue thee.

Cade. Or rather of stealing a Cad of Hertings.

Buu. But now of late, not able to trauell with her

Buu. Come and get thee a fword, though made of a

Cade. Come, come, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe fhould

Buu. Nay, that I meanc to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe fhould

Cade. Nay, that I meanc to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe fhould

Buu. Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good
Workmen.

Buu. True: and yet it is faid, Labour in thy Vocati¬
on: which is as much to fay, as let the Magiftrate be la¬
bouring men, and therefore should we be Magiftrates.

Buu. Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good
Workmen.

Buu. True: and yet it is faid, Labour in thy Vocati¬
on: which is as much to fay, as let the Magiftrate be la¬
bouring men, and therefore should we be Magiftrates.

Buu. Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good
Workmen.

Buu. True: and yet it is faid, Labour in thy Vocati¬
on: which is as much to fay, as let the Magiftrate be la¬
bouring men, and therefore should we be Magiftrates.
Here’s a Villaine.

He’s a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in’t.

Nay then he is a Conjuror.

Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court hand.

I am sorry for’t: The man is a proper man of mine Honour: vnlefs I finde him guilty, he shall not die.

Come hither sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Bus. They vie to writ it on the top of Letters: T will go hard with you.

Let me alone: Doft thou vie to write thy name? Or haft thou a marke to thy selfe, like a honest plain dealing man?

Sit I thanke God, I have bin so well brought vp, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him he’s a Villaine and a Traitor.

Away with him I say! Hang him with his Pen and Inke-hone about his necke.

Enter with the Clerk.

Where’s our General? Heere I am thou particular fellow.

Fly, fly, fly, Sir Trich. Hunfrey Sufferd for his March.

Enter Sir Hunfrey Stafford, and his Brother, with Drum and Soldiers.

Rebellious Hinds, the sith and seum of Kent, Mark’d for the Gallowes: Lay your Weapons downe, Home to your Cottages: forfake this Groomee.

The King is mercifull, if you reuolt.

No, no, and therefore wee’ll haue his head.

Now shew your felues men, ‘tis for Liberty.

And to speak tru th, I shoulde not haue a Licenfe to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Enter Cade and therefi.

Rebellious Hinds, the sith and seum of Kent, Mark’d for the Gallowes: Lay your Weapons downe, Home to your Cottages: forfake this Groomee.

The King is mercifull, if you reuolt.

But angry, wrathful!, and inclin’d to blood.

O groife and miserable ignorance.


Staf. They fell before thee like Sheepe and Oxen, & thou behavedst thy selfe, as if thou hadst beene in thine owne Slaughter-house: Therefore thus will I reward thee, the Lent shall be as long against as it is, and thou shalt have a Licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Enter Sir Hunfrey Stafford, and his Brother, with Drum and Soldiers.

Rebellious Hinds, the sith and seum of Kent, Mark’d for the Gallowes: Lay your Weapons downe, Home to your Cottages: forfake this Groomee.

The King is mercifull, if you reuolt.

But angry, wrathful!, and inclin’d to blood.

O groise and miserable ignorance.


Staf. They fell before thee like Sheepe and Oxen, & thou behavedst thy selfe, as if thou hadst beene in thine owne Slaughter-house: Therefore thus will I reward thee, the Lent shall be as long against as it is, and thou shalt have a Licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

But. I desire no more.

Enter Sir Hunfrey Stafford, and his Brother, with Drum and Soldiers.

Rebellious Hinds, the sith and seum of Kent, Mark’d for the Gallowes: Lay your Weapons downe, Home to your Cottages: forfake this Groomee.

The King is mercifull, if you reuolt.

But angry, wrathful!, and inclin’d to blood.

O groise and miserable ignorance.


Staf. They fell before thee like Sheepe and Oxen, & thou behavedst thy selfe, as if thou hadst beene in thine owne Slaughter-house: Therefore thus will I reward thee, the Lent shall be as long against as it is, and thou shalt have a Licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

But. I desire no more.

Enter Sir Hunfrey Stafford, and his Brother, with Drum and Soldiers.

Rebellious Hinds, the sith and seum of Kent, Mark’d for the Gallowes: Lay your Weapons downe, Home to your Cottages: forfake this Groomee.

The King is mercifull, if you reuolt.

But angry, wrathful!, and inclin’d to blood.

O groise and miserable ignorance.


Staf. They fell before thee like Sheepe and Oxen, & thou behavedst thy selfe, as if thou hadst beene in thine owne Slaughter-house: Therefore thus will I reward thee, the Lent shall be as long against as it is, and thou shalt have a Licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

But. I desire no more.
And makes it fearefull and degenerate,
and to revenge.
But who can ceas to weep, and looke on this,
Hecce may his head eye on my throbbing brest:
But where's the body that I should embrace?

But. What answr makes your Grace to the Rebels
Suggestion?

King. I feend some holy Bishop to intreat:
For God forbid, so many simple foules
Should pereth by the Sword. And I my selfe,
Rather then bloody Warre shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jacke Cade their Generall,
But stay, Ile read it ouer once againe.

Qu. Ah barbarous villains: Hath this lovely face,
Rul'd like a wandering Plannct ouer me,
And could it not inforne to silent,
That were vnworthy to behold the same.

King. Lord Say, Jacke Cade hath sworn to buze thy head.

Say, I, but I hope your Highnes shall have his.

King. How now Madam?

Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death ?
I feare me (Loue) ifchat I had beenedead.

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now? What newes ? Why can't thou in
such haste?

Mefl. 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 Vipser, openly,
And voves to Crowne himfelfe in Westminsler.
His Army is a ragged multitude
Of Hindes and Peants, rude and mercifjffe
Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brothers death,
Hath giuen them heart and courage to procecde;
Of Hindes and Peants, rude and merciflffe
Humfrey Stafford,
His Army is a ragged multitude
Aod vowes to Crowne himfelfe in Westroinfr.

'Cade. Come, then let's go fight with them:
But firft, go and fetLondon Bridge on fire.
Exeunt cranes.

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 have wonne the Bridge,
Killing all those that withdrew them:
The L. Major crashes of your Honor from the Tower
To defend the City from the Rebels.

Scales. Such as ye can spare you shall command,
But I am troubled here with them my selfe,
The Rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will send you Mathew Caffe,
Fight for your King, your Country, and your Lines,
And so farewell, for I must hence againe.

Enter Jacke Cade and the rest, and strikes his
staff on London stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer Lord of this City,
And here fitteth upon London Stone,
I charge and command, that of the Cities cost
The pissing Conduit run nothing but Clarret Wine
This firt yeare of our raigne.
And now henceforward it shall be Tresfon for any
That calles me other then Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier running.

Sow. Jacke Cade, Jacke Cade.

Cade. Knocks him downe there. They kill him.

Bar. If this Fellow be wife, he'll neuer call ye Jack
Cade more, I thinke he hath a very faire warming.

Dike. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together
in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then let's go fight with them:
But firft, go and let London Bridge on fire,
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.
Come, let's away.

Enter Lord Scales and others.

Majesty. Mathew Caffe is slaine, and all the rest,
Then enter Jacke Cade, with his Company.

Cade. So firft now go some and pull down the Satusy:
Others to th' Innes of Court, downe with them all.
But, I haue a suite unto your Lordship.

Cade. Bee it a Lordshippe, thou shalt haue it for this
word.

Bar. Onely that the Lawes of England may come out
of your mouth.

John. Made 'twill be sore Law then, for he was thrust
in the mouth with a Speare, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay John, it will be flinking Law, for his breath
stinks with eating roasted chees.

Cade. I haue thought upon it, it shall bee so. Away,
burne all the Records of the Realm, my mouth shall be

John. Then we are like to have bring Statutes
Vnlesse his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And hence-forward all things shall be in Com-
mon.

Enter a Messenjer.

Majesty. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heareth the Lord Say,
which fold the Townes in Transc. He that made vs pay
one and twenty Fiftecnes, and one hillling to the pound.
the laft Subsidy.
Enter George with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, hee shall be beheaded for it ten times: Ah thou Say, thou Surge, say thou Backstrum Lord, now art thou within point-blanke of our Jurisdiction Regall. What canst thou answer to my Maiestie, for giving vp of Normandie unto Moufieur Bisbisenis, the Dolphine of France? Be it knownewnto thee by thec prefewe, euen the prefewe of Lord Martiner, that I am the Befoome that muft sweepe the Court cleane of such filth as thou art: Thou haft moft traiteroufy corrupted the youth of the Reame, irocrc&ing a Grammar Schoole: and where¬that muft fweepe the Court clesne of fuch filth as thou haft men about thee, that ufually talke of a Score and the Tally, thou haft caufed printing to be vs'd, as before, our Fore-schets had no other Bookes but the Art: Thou haft mod traiteroufy corrupted the youth of the People Liberal!, Valiant, A ftiue, Wealthy, Sweet is the Countr

Say. Tell me: wherein haue I offended moft? Have I affected weath, or honor? Speak. Are my Cheifs fild vp with extorted Gold? Is my Apparel! sumptuous to behold? Whom haue I injured, that ye seek my death? These hands are free from guileffe bloodshedding. This breath from harboring foule deceitfull thoughts. O let me live. Cade. I feele remorse in my felle with his words: but he bridle it: be thall dye, and it bee but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him, he ha's a Familiar under his Tongue, he speaks 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 upon two polet hither. Ait. It shall be done. Say. Ah Countrimen: if when you make your prair's, God should be so obdurate as your felues: How would it fare with your departed soules, and therefore yet relent, and save my life. Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye; the proudfeft Peere in the Realone, shall not weare a head on his shoulders, vnleffe he me tribute: thare shall not a man be married, but the small pay to me her Mayden-head ere they haue it: Men fhall hold of mee in Capite, and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell. Dicky. My Lord, When shall we go to Cheapside, and take vp commoditieS upon our biles? Cade. Many presently. Ait. O brasse.

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this brasse? Let them kiffe one another: For they lou'd well When they were alioe. Now part them against, Leaft they consult about the giving vp Of fome more Townes in France. Soldiers, Defferre the spoile of the Citie vntill night: For with thes borne before vs,in field of Maeces, Will we ride through the streets, &s at every Corner Haue them kiffe. Away. Exit

Alerion, and Retreat. Enter againe Cade, and all his habbonemen.

Cade. Vp Fifth-freece, downe Saint Magnes corner, hill and knocke downe, throw them into Thames:

Second parley

What noife is this I heare? Darc any be so bold to found Rounde or Parley When I command them kill?
Enter Buckingham and old Clifford.

Buc. There they be, that dare and will disturb thee: Know Cade, we come Ambassadors from the King, unto the Commons, whom thou hast misled, and here pronounce free pardon to them all, that will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Ciff. What say ye Counsels, will ye relent and yield to mercy, while it is offered you? Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths? Who loves the King, and will embrace his pardon, lifting up his cap, and say, God save his Majesty. Who hates him, and honrs not his Father, Henry the fit, that made all France to quake, shake his his wrap on at, and pass by.

Cor. God save the King, God save the King.

Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford are ye to brace? And ye base Peacocks, do ye believe him, will you need he bang'd with your Pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White-hart in Southwark. I thought ye would never have given up these Armes till you had recovered your ancient Freedom. But ye are all Recreants and Dastards, and delight to live in Favour to the Nobility. Let them break your backs with but-thens, take your houses over your heads, rush your Wives and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will make shift for one, and so God curse light upon you.

All. We'll follow Cade.

We'll follow Cade.

Ciff. Is Cade the sonne of Henry the fit, that thus you do exclaim you go with him. Will he conduct you through the heart of France, and make the meanest of you Earls and Dukes?

Also, he hath no home, no place to fly too. Nor knowes he how to live, but by the spoile, Vulture by robbing of your Friends, and vs.

We'll not a shame, that whilst you live at sarre, The fearful French, whom you late vanquished should make a faint处cess, and vanquish you? Me thinks alreadie in this city braille, I see them Lording it in London streets, crying Cade unto all they meet.

Better ten thousand base-borne Cades miscarrie, Then you should choose unto a Frenchmans mercy. To France, to France, and get what you haue lost: Spare England, for it is your Nation Coast: Henry hath mony, you are strong and manly. God on our side, doubt not of Victorie.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford.

We'll follow the King and Clifford.

Cade. Was evere Feather so lightly blowne too & fro, as this multitude? The name of Henry the fit, hailes them to an hundred mischifies, and makes them leave mee desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprize me. My sword make way for me, for here is no standing in the fight of the ducals and hell, huse through the very midddle of you, and heaven and honor be vextne, that no want of resolution in mee, but only my Followers base and ignomious treasons, makes me betake mee to my hoiles. Exit

Buc. What is he fled? Go some and follow him, And he that brings his head unto the King, Shall have a thousand Crownes for his reward.

Enter some of them.

Follow mee Souldiers, wee'll dudge a mane, To reconcile you all unto the King. Exit some.

Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queene, and Somerset on the Terras.

King. Was evere King that toy'd on earthly Throne, And could command no more content then it? No sooner was I crept out of my Cradle, But I was made a King, at nine moneths old. Was evere Subject long'd to be a King, As I do long and witt to be Subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buc. Health and glad guidings to your Majesty.

Kmg. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor Cade surpris'd? Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter Multitudes with Halters about their Neckes.

Ciff. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld, And humbly this with halters on their neckes, Expect your Highness doome of these, or death.

King. Then heaven set on the everlastings gates, To entertaine my vows of thankes and praise, Souldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives, And fhe'd how well you love your Prince & Country Continue full in this so good a minde, And Henry though he be infortunate, Afflire your sculls will never be vnkind. And so with thankes, and pardon to you all, I do diffuse you to your feuerall Countries.

All. God save the King, God save the King.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Please it you Grace to be aduertised, The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland, And with a puissant and a mighty power Of Gallows-glasses and stout Kenners, Is marching hitherward in proud array, And still proclaims he as he comes along. His Armes are onely to revenge from these The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a Traitor. King. Thus stands my state, swift Carde and York disdistreft, Like to a Ship, that having leaped a Tempest, Is straight way calme, and boarded with a Pyrate. But now is Cade drunken backe, his men dispaire, And now is Yorke in Armes, to second him. I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him, And ask him what's the reason of these Armes. Tell him, I send Duke Edmond to the Tower, And Somerset we will commit thee thither, Untill his Army be dismist from him. Somerset, My Lord, he yeelds my selfe to prison willingly, Or unto death, to do my Country good.

King. In any case, be more to rough in terms, For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language. Buc. I will my Lord, and doubt not so to deal, As all things shall redound unto your good.

King. Come wife, let's in, and learn to govern better. For yet may England curse my wretched reign.
Enter Cade.

Cade. Fye on Ambitions: firc on my felfe, that have a sword, and yet am ready to familify, Thofe five daies have I hid me infe these Woods, and durft not ppee out, for all the Country is laid for me: but now am I fo hungry, that if I might have a Leafe of my life for a thousand years, I could not more. Wherefore on a Bracile wall have I climb'd into this Garden, to fee if I can eate Graffe, or picle a Sallet another Whiptick, which is not amifte to coole a manne from make 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-pane had bene left with a brown Bill; and many a time when I have beene dry, & brauely matching, I had for'd me infe of a quart pot to drinke in: and now the word Sallet fuffrece me to feed on.

Enter Idon.

Idon. Lord, who would liue turmoyled in the Court, And may enjoy fuch quiet walkers as thefe? This small inheritance my Father let me, Contemneth me, and worth a Monarchy.
I f eeke not to wake great by others warning, Or gather wealth I care not with what enuy: Sufficeth, that I have maintaine my State, And fends the poor well pleafed from my gate.

Cade. Here's the Lord of the fole come to feize me for a fray, for entering his Fee-fim ple without leave. A Villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes of the King by carrying my head to him, but let make thee eate Iron like an Offidge, and fwallow my Sword like a great pin ere thou and I part.

Idon. Why rude Companion, whatfoere thou be, I know thee not, why then fhoud I betray thee? It's not enough to brake into my Garden, And like a Theefe to come to rob my grounds: Climbing my walle in fighted of me the Owner, Thou wilt braue me with thofe favie terms?
Cade. Braue thee I by the beft blood that ever was broch'd, and beard thee to. Looke on mee well, I haue eate no meate these five daies, come thou and thy fiftemen, and if I do not leave thee all as dead as a door nail, I pray God I may never eate graffe more.

Idon. Nay, if that nece may be faid, while England flands, That Alexander Idon an Efquire of Kent, Took oddes to combate a poore famifht man. Oppofe thy Sallie gazin eyes to mine, See if thou canft out-face me with thy lookes:
Set limb to limb, and thou art fafe the leffer. Thy hand is but a finger to my fiff, Thy legge a ftickc compared with this Truncheon, My foote shall fight with all the ftreng thou haft, And if mine eene beheaved in the Ayre, Thy graue is digg'd already in the earth: As for words, whom greatneffe anfwer's words, Let this my word report what fpeech forbears.

Cade. By my Valour: the moft compleat Champion that euer I heard. Steele, if thou tune the edge, or cut not out the bony bond Clowne in chines of Beefe, eye thou felon in thy Sheath, I bare thee mount on my knates thou mayst be turn'd to Hobnailes.

Here they fight.

Enter Buckingham.

Buckingham. Whom haue we heere ? Buckingham to difturbe me? The King hath fent him fare: I muft difsemble. Thee, Yorks, if thou meaffell well, I greet thee well. Art thou a Meffenger, or come of pleafure. Buckingham from Henry, our dread Liege, To know the raifon of thefe Armes in peace. Or why, thou being a Sufidick, as I am, Against thy Oath, and tree Allegiance sworn, Should raife fo great a power without his leave? Or dare to bring thy Force to neere the Court ? Seeke I can feeke, my Choller is fo great. Oh I could hew vp Rockes, and fight with Flint, I am fo angry at thee abled teernes.

And now like Acts Telemarches. On Sheep or Oxen could I fpend my furie, I am farte better borne then the king: More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts, But I muft make faire weather yet a while, Till Henry be more wrackt, and I more strong. Buckingham, I prethee pardon me, That I have gluen no anfwer all this while: My minde was troubled with deeps Melancholly. The caufe why I haue brought this Armie bither,
Is to remove proud Somerset from the King,
Seditions to his Grace, and to the State.

'Tis that too much presumption on thy part.
But if thy Arms be to no other end,
The King hath yielded unto thy demand;
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine Honor is he Prisoner?
Buck. Upon mine Honor he is Prisoner.

York. Then Buckingham I do dissemble Power.
Souldiers, I thank you all: Disperse your felues;
Meet me to morrow in S. George's Field,
You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.
And let my Sovereigne, vertuous Henry,
Command my eldest sonne, may all my sonnes,
As pledges of my Feallie and Love,
Ile send them all as willing as I live:
Leads, Goods, Horses, Armor, any thing I have
Is to his life, so Somerset may die.

But boldly stand, and front him to his face.
And let thy Conquest be equall to thy heart.
Then Yorke vniose thy long imprisoned thoughts.
Is torreouge proud Somerset from the King,
other end.
But if by Armys be ta
And never live but true unto his Liege.
The King hath yielded unto thy demand;
Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.
Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that flew him?
Oh let me view his Image being dead,
That I was, at like your Master.
How art thou call'd? And what is thy degree?
Alexander Iden, that's my name,
A poore Equire of Kent, that loves his King.
But, so please it you the Lord, were not amisse
He were created Knight for his good service.
Iden. I am not like your Master.

How art thou call'd? And what is thy degree?
Alexander Iden, that's my name,
A poore Equire of Kent, that loves his King.

Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that flew him?
Iden. I was, at like your Master.

Enter Queen and Somerset.
See Buckingham, Somerset comes with th'Queene.
Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

Quy. For thousand Yorkes he shall not hide his head,
Boldly stand, and front him to his face.

How nowt is Somerset at libertie?
Then Yorkes violets thy long imprisoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equall with thy heart,
Shall I encounter the fight of Somerset?
Else King, why hast 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 doe a fact, me nor can I not rule a Traitor.

That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne:
Thy Hand is made to grasp a Palmes staffe,
And not to grace an eyewfull Princely Scepter.
That Gold, mult round enript thee browes of mine,
Whose Smile and Crowne, like to Achilles Sceptre
Is able with the change, to kill and cure.
Hereis a hand to hold a Scepter vp,
And with the same to afe controlling Lawes:
Give place: by heauen thou shalt rule no more
Or him, whom heauen created for thy ruler.

Smyr. O monstrous Traitor! I arrest thee Yorke
Of Capital Treason' gainst the King and Crowne:
Obey audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace.
York, Wold'haue me kneele! First let me ask of thee,
If they can brooke I bow a knee to man:
Sirsah, call in my sonne to be my bale:
I know ere they will have me go to Ward,
They pawns thier swords of my infranchisement.

Qu. Call hither Clifford, bid him come amaine,
To lay, if that the Bastard boys of Yorke
Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.
York. O blood-bepeopled Neapolitan,
Our-calf of Naples, Englands bloody Scourge,
The Duke of York, thy better in their birth,
Shall be their Fathers baile, and bane to chafe
That for my Surety will refuse the Boys.

Enter Edward and Richard.
See where they come, Ile warrant they'll make it good.

Enter Clifford.
Qu. And here comes Clifford to deny their baile.
Cliff. Health, and all happiness to my Lord the King.

If you mistakes me much to thinks I do,
To Bedlom with him, is the mail erowne mad.

Why why a brood of Trairors haue we heere ?
Nay, do not fright vs with an angry looke:
We are thy Soueraigne Clifford, kneele againe;
For thy mistaking fo, We pardon thee.

Cliff. This is my King Yorke, I do not mistake,
But thou mistakes me much to thinks I do,
To Bedlom with him, is the mail erowne mad.

King. Clifford, a Bedlem and ambitious humor
Makes him oppofe himfclfe againfl his King.
Cliff. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,
And chop away that faioue pace of his.

Qui. He is attred, but will not obey:
His fiones (he fayers) shall give their words for him.

Qu. Will you not Sonnes?
Edon. I noble Father, if our words will ferve.
Rich. And if words will nor, then our Weapons shall.
Cliff. Why what a brood of Traitors have we here?
York. I Clifford, a Bedlem and ambitious humor
Makes him oppofe himfclfe againfl his King.

Cliff. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,
And chop away that faioue pace of his.

Enter the Earls of Warrick, and Salisbury.

Cliff. Are thses thy Beares? Wcll be thy Beares to death,
And manacle th'Beard in their Chaines,
If thou darft bring them to the baying place.
Rich. Of haue I feene a hot ore-weeping Currer,
Run backe and bite, because he was with-held,
Who being fuffer'd with the Beares fell paw,
Hath clapt his tail, between his legges and cride,
And such a piece of feruice will you do,
Now when the angle Trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead mans cries do fill the empyte aire,
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northern Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to names.

Enter Terce.

War. How now my Noble Lord! What all a foot,
Tor. The deadly handed Clifford flew my Steed:
But match to match I have encountered him,
And made a pray for Carriion Kytes and Crowes
Even of the bonnie beast he loved so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of the time is come.
Tor. Hold Warwick seek thee out some other chase
For I my selfe most hunt this Deere to death.

War. Then nobly Yorkes, his for a Crown thou fightst,
As I intend Clifford to thrive to day,
It greases my foule to leave thee vacall d. Exit War.

Cliff. What feest thou in me Yorkes?
Why dost thou pause?

Terke. Why thy brave bearing should I be in loue,
But that thou art so fall mine enemie.
Cliff. Nor shouldest thou provefalse want praise & cftreme,
But that 'tis shewn ignobly, and in Tercion.

Terke. So let it helpe me now against thy sword,
As I in justice, and true right expresst.

Cliff. My soule and bodie on the action both,
Thou a dreadful lay, addresse thee infinitely.

Cliff. Let fruits of Emperors be our countenances.

Tor. Thus Warr hath glueth thee peace, for y'art still,
Peace with his soule, heauen if he be thy will.

Enter eng Clifford.

Cliff. Shame and Confusion all is on the rout,
Peace frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O Warre, thou sonne of hell,
Whom angry heauen do make their minimfer,
Throw in the frozen hoimes of our part,
Hot Coales of Vengeance. Let no Souleier flye.

Cliff. The remnant Beere chain'd to the ragged Beffe,
This day lie weares aloft my Butgonet,

Old Clif. I am resolu'd to bære a greater ftorme,
But that thou art fo faft my enemie.

War. Now by my Fathers badge, old Newt Creft,
The remnant Beere chain'd to the ragged Beffe,
This day lie weares aloft my Butgonet,
As on a Mountaine top, the Cedar thrives,
That keeps his leaves insight of my forme,
That in effright theie with the view thereof.

Old Clif. And from thy Burgonet I hent thy Beare,
And tend it vnder foot with all contempt.

Desright the Bestard, that proceeds the Beare.

To Clif. And fo to Armes victorious Father,
To quell the Rebels, and their Complices.

Rich. Fie, Christie for shame, speake not in spight,
For you shall fip with Teas Christf to night.

To Clif. Foul lye strangtaire that's more then thou canst tell.

Fie. If hour in heauen, you'll surely fip in hell.

Enter Clifford of Cumberland, his Warwick cales it:
And if thou doft not hide thee from the Beare,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

Enter Richard, and Somersets to fight.

Rich. So ly thee there:
For underneath an Ale-house palsy signe,
The Castle in Sand of Salisbury,
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, Queen, and others.

King. Can we out run the Heauens? Good Margaret:

Qu. What are you made of? You'll nor fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisdome, and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but flye.

If you be tane, we then should see the bottom
Of all our Fortunes: but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We shall to London get, where you are looked,
And where this breach now in our Fortunes made
May readily be stopp't.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my hearts on future mischief set,
I would speake blasphemy ere bid you flye:
But flye you must: Vincible discomfit
Reignes in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away for your releefe, and we will live
To fee their day, and them our Fortune givne.
Away my Lord, away.

FINIS.
The third Part of Henry the Sixt,  
with the death of the Duke of Yorke.

Ālūs Primus. Scēna Prima.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Actum.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Enter Plantagenet, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Warwick.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wonder how the King eloped our hands?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plan. While we purs'd the Horsemen of North.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| He fly'd Hole away, and left his men:  
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,  
Whose Warlike cares could never brook retreat,  
Cheer'd up the drooping Army, and himself,  
Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford all a-brief  
Charg'd our maine Battallions Front: and breaking in,  
Were by the Swords of common Soldiers slain. |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Edward.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| Lord Stafford's Father, Duke of Buckingham,  
Is either slain or wounded dangerous.  
I des't his Beauver with a down-right blow:  
That this is true (Father) behold his blood. |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Mount.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| And Brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire  
Whom I encount'red as the Battles join'd. (blood)  
Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did. |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Plan.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| Richard hath best deserve of all my sons:  
But is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset? |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Wiltshire.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| We'll all affit you: he that flies, shall dye,  
Plants. Thanks gentle Norfolk, stay by me my Lords,  
And Soldiers stay and lodge by me this Night.  
They set up. |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Warwick.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| And when the King comes, offer him no violence,  
Vnl ease he seek to thrust you out perfecution.  
Plants. The Queen this day here holds her Parliament,  
But little think's we shall be of her counsellors,  
By words or blows here let us winne our right.  
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this House.  
Mars. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,  
Vnl ease Plantagenet, Duke of Yorke, be King,  
And batfull Henry depos'd, whose Cowardize  
Hath make us by-words to our enemies.  
Plan. Then leave me not, my Lords be resolute,  
I mean't to take possession of my Right.  
Warw. Neither the King, nor he that loves him best,  
The provident he that holds vp Lancaster,  
Dares stirre a Wing, if Warwick shake his Bells.  
He plant Plantagenet, root him vp who dares:  
Resolve thee Richard, clayne the English Crown. |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Fluorib.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Wiltshire, Exeter, and the rest.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Henry.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| My Lord, look where the wurdie Rebell sits,  
Even in the Chyare of State: belike he means,  
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false Peere,  
To aspire unto the Crowne, and reign as King,  
Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy Father,  
And shine, Lord Clifford, & you both have vow'd revenge  
On him, his sons, his favorites, and his friends.  
Northumberland. If I be not, Heavens be revenge'd on me,  
Clifford. The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourn in Steele. |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Wiltshire.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| What shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down,  
My heart for anger burnes, I cannot brooke it. |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Henry.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| Be patient, gentle Earle of Wiltshire.  
Clifford. Patience is for Poultroones, such as be s  
But your Father liv'd, My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament,  
Let vs affly the Family of York.  
Northumberland. If I be not, Heavens be revenge'd on me,  
And they have troops of Soldiers at their beck?  
Wiltshire. But when the Duke is slaine, they'll quickly flye. |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Henry.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| Farre be the thought of this from Henry's heart,  
To make a Shambles of the Parliament House.  
Exeter. Cousin Everet, frownes, words, and threats,  
Shall be the Warte that Henry meanes to vfe.  
Thou fathion Duke of Yorke defend my Throne,  
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet,  
I am thy Soueraine.  
Tork. I am thine.  
Exeter. For shame come downe, he made thee Duke of York,  
Tork. It was my Inheritance, as the Earledome was.  
Exeter. Thy
In following this usurping Henry.

Clifford. Whom should he follow, but his natural King?


Henry. And shall I stand, and shall sit in your Throne? Tork. It must and shall be, content thy felf. Then drops of blood were in my Father's veins. Clifford. Vengeance is mine, and I will yet revenge his death. You forget, that we are those which cast you from the field, and flew your Fathers, and with Colours spread March through the Cittie to the Palace Gates. Northumb. Yes Warw. I remember it to my griefe, and by my Soule, thou and thy Houfe shall rue it. Westminster, Plantagenet, of thee and thefie Sonnes, Thy kinfmen, and thy Friends, Ile have more lies. And six'd upon their Townes and Provinces. Who made the Dolphin and the French to flue, When I was crown'd. I was but nine moneths old. The Lord Protector lost it. and not: Henry. Wane. What Title haft thou Traitor to the Crowne? If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field. My Father was as thou art. Duke of Yorke, and Earl of March. Tby Grandfather. And six'd upon their Townes and Provinces. Who made the Dolphin and the French to flue, When I was crown'd. I was but nine moneths old. The Lord Protector lost it. and not: Henry. Wane. What Title haft thou Traitor to the Crowne? If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field. My Father was as thou art. Duke of Yorke, and Earl of March. Tby Grandfather. And six'd upon their Townes and Provinces. Who made the Dolphin and the French to slue, When I was crown'd. I was but nine moneths old. The Lord Protector lost it. and not: Henry. Wane. What Title haft thou Traitor to the Crowne? If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field. My Father was as thou art. Duke of Yorke, and Earl of March. Tby Grandfather. And six'd upon their Townes and Provinces. Who made the Dolphin and the French to slue, When I was crown'd. I was but nine moneths old. The Lord Protector lost it. and not: Henry. Wane. What Title haft thou Traitor to the Crowne? If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field. My Father was as thou art. Duke of Yorke, and Earl of March. Tby Grandfather. And six'd upon their Townes and Provinces. Who made the Dolphin and the French to slue, When I was crown'd. I was but nine moneths old. The Lord Protector lost it. and not: Henry. Wane. What Title haft thou Traitor to the Crowne? If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field. My Father was as thou art. Duke of Yorke, and Earl of March. Tby Grandfather. And six'd upon their Townes and Provinces. Who made the Dolphin and the French to slue, When I was crown'd. I was but nine moneths old. The Lord Protector lost it. and not: Henry. Wane. What Title haft thou Traitor to the Crowne? If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field. My Father was as thou art. Duke of Yorke, and Earl of March. Tby Grandfather. And six'd upon their Townes and Provinces. Who made the Dolphin and the French to slue, When I was crown'd. I was but nine moneths old. The Lord Protector lost it. and not: Henry. Wane. What Title haft thou Traitor to the Crowne? If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field. My Father was as thou art. Duke of Yorke, and Earl of March. Tby Grandfather. And six'd upon their Townes and Provinces. Who made the Dolphin and the French to slue, When I was crown'd. I was but nine moneths old. The Lord Protector lost it. and not: Henry. Wane. What Title haft thou Traitor to the Crowne? If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field. My Father was as thou art. Duke of Yorke, and Earl of March. Tby Grandfather. And six'd upon their Townes and Provinces. Who made the Dolphin and the French to slue, When I was crown'd. I was but nine moneths old. The Lord Protector lost it. and not: Henry. Wane. What Title haft thou Traitor to the Crowne? If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field. My Father was as thou art. Duke of Yorke, and Earl of March. Tby Grandfather. And six'd upon their Townes and Provinces. Who made the Dolphin and the French to slue, When I was crown'd. I was but nine moneths old. The Lord Protector lost it. and not: Henry. Wane. What Title haft thou Traitor to the Crowne? If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field. My Father was as thou art. Duke of Yorke, and Earl of March. Tby Grandfather. And six'd upon their Townes and Provinces. Who made the Dolphin and the French to slue, When I was crown'd. I was but nine moneths old. The Lord Protector lost it. and not: Henry. Wane. What Title haft thou Traitor to the Crowne? If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field. My Father was as thou art. Duke of Yorke, and Earl of March. Tby Grandfather.
To honor me at thy King, and Sovereigne; And neyther by Treason nor Hostilitie, To seek to purrne downe, and reign over thy selfe.
Plant. This Oath I willingly take, and will perform.

Later, Long live King Henry! Plantagenet embrace him.

Henry. And long live thou, and these thy forward Sons.

Plant. Now York and Lancaster are reconcill'd.

Exeunt. Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes.

Sent. Here they come downe.

Treach. Farewell my gracious Lord, Ile to my Castle.

Exeunt. And Ie keepe London with my Soldiers.

Nurf. And I to Norfolk with my follower.

Mount. And I into the Sea,from whence I came.

Henry. And I with griefe and sorrow to the Court.

Enter the Queen.

Exeuter. Hence cometh the Queene, Whose Lookes be warie her anger:

Ile flate away.

Henry. Entier to 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 extremities?

Ab wretched man, would I had dy'd a Maid?

And neuer feene thee, neuer borne thee Sonne,

Seeing thou hast prou'd fo unnaturall a Father,

Hath he deseru'd to losse his Birth-right thus?

Henry. Stay gentle Margaret, and brasse me speech.

Queene. Thou haft spake too much already: get thee gone.

Henry. Gentle Sonne Edward, thou wilt fly me?

Queene. I, to be murther'd by his Enemies.

Prince. When I returne with victorie to the field,

He see thy Grace: till then, Ile follow her.

Queene. Come Sonne away, we may not linger thus.

Henry. Pooore Queene, How louse to me, and to her Sonne,

Hath made her breake out into terrnes of Rage.

Roung'd may the be on that batefull Duke,

Who was haughtie spirit, winged with desire,

Will conf my Crowne, and like an emprize Eagle,

Tyre on the flefhi of meand of my Sonne.

The lose of these three Lords torments my heart:

Ile write unto them, and extort them faire;

Come Cousin, you shall be the Messenger.

Exeuter. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

Flourish. Enter Richard, Edward, and Mountague.

Richard. Brother, though I bee youngest, give me leave.

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 strife?

What is your Quarrell? how began it first?

Edward. No Quarrell, but a flight Contention.

York. Mine Boyst 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 giving the House of Lancaster leave to breathe,

It will out-runne you, Father, in the end.

York. I tooke an Oath, that bee should quietly reign.

Edward. But for a Kingdom any Oath may be broken.

I would breake a thousand Oathes, to reign one yere.

Richard. No: God forbid your Grace should be forsworne.

York. I shall be, if I clame by open Warre.

Richard. Ile prove the contrary, if you beate me 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 authority over him that sweares.

Henry had none, but did viuple the place.

Then seeing twice he that made you to depose,

Your Oath, my Lord, is vain and frualous.

Therefore to Armes: and Father doe but thinke,

How sweet a thing it is to wear a Crowne,

Within whose Circuit is Eligium,

And all that Poets faigne of Blisse and Joy.

Where doe we linger thus? I cannot tell,

Vastly the White Rose that I wear, be dy'de

Even in the lake, warm blood of Henry heart.

York. Richard ynowh. I will be King, or dye.

Brother, thou shalt to London presently,

And what on Warwick to this Enterprise.
Thou Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,  
And tell him privily of our intent.  
You Edward shall see my Lord Cobham,  
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.  
In them I trust: for they are Souldiers,  
Wittie, courteous, Iberall, full of spirit.  
While you are thus employ'd, what retrench more?  
But that I seek occasion how to live,  
And yet the King not pruie to my Drift,  
She is hard by, with twenty thousand men  
Intend here to besiege you in your Castle.  
With all the Northem Earls and Lords,  
What? think'ft thou, that we fear them?  
But stay, what Newes? Why comm'ft thou in such haste?  
You Chloras, farewell to your life.  
Enter Gabriel.  
But stay, what Newes? Why commit thou in such haste?  
Gabriel. The Queene,  
With all the Northern Earles and Lords,  
Intend here to besiege you in your Castle.  
She is hard by, with twenty thousand men  
And therefore forfie your Holcmy Lord.  
Tork. I, with my Sword.  
What? think'ft thou, that we fear them?  
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me,  
My Brother Mountague shall goe to London.  
Let Noble and Sir John Cobham, and the rest,  
Whom we have left Protectors of the King,  
With powerful Pollicie strengthen them selves,  
And truant not simple Henry, nor his Oathes.  
Mountague. Brother, I goe; Ile winne them, feare it not  
And thus most humbly I do take my leave.  
Exit Mountague.  
Enter Mortimer and his Brother.  
You are come to Sandal! In a happie houre.  
The Armin of the Queene meane to besiege you.  
John. Shee shall not neede, we'le meete her in the field.  
Tork. What, with fventhoufand men?  
Richard. I, with fventhoufand, Father, for a neede.  
A Woman's general! what should we fere?  
A March sall be off.  
Edward. I heare their Drummes:  
Let's fet our men in order,  
And Ille forth, and bid them Battle right.  
Tork. feventhoufand men toventieth, though the odde be great,  
I doubt not, Vnkle, of our Victorie.  
Many a Battle haue I wonne in France,  
When as the Enemy hath bene thence to one;  
Why should I not now haue the like successe?  
Exit.  
Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.  
Rutland. Ah, whether shall I dye, to scape their hands:  
Ah Tutor, looke where bloody Clifford comes.  
Exit Clifford.  
Clifford. Chaplaine a way, thy Priefthood faves thy life!  
As for the Bras of this accurned Duke,  
Whose Father flew my Father, he shall dye.  
Tutor. And I, my Lord, will beare him company.  
Clifford. Souldiers, away with him.  
Tutor. Ah Clifford, mother not this innocent Child,  
Least thou be hazed both of God and Man.  
Exit.
A Scepter, or an Extasy Sepulchre.
With this we charg'd againe; but our eyes,
We bodg'd againe, as I have seen a swan.
With boisterous labour swimme against the Tyde, 
And spend her strengthe with one-matching Waves. 
A short Abrum within.
Ah hearke, the fhasil followes doe pursue,
And I am faire, and cannot flye their furie;
And were I strong, I would not shunne their furie.
The Sands are numbred, that makes vp my Life,
Here muft I stay, and here my Life muft end.

Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland, 
the young Prince, and Souldiers.

Come bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland, 
I dare your quenchless furie to more rage.
I am your Butt, and I abide your Shot.
Northumb. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
Clifford. I, to such mercy, as his ruthless Arme
With downe-right payment, shewed unto my Father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his Carre, 
And made an Evening at the Noone-side Prick.

York. My affay, as the Phoenix, may bring forth
A Bird, that will reoeage vpon you all.
And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heaven,
Scorning what ere you can ifshufl me with.
Why come you not? what multitudes, and cease
And if thou canst, for blushing, view this face.
And in thy thought ote-tune my former time:
So doth the Conoie struggle in the
Northumb. Hold Clifford, do not honor him so much,
For one tothrf through his Teeth,
Where aie your Wifll of Sons, to back you now
What, was it you that would be Englands King
Yet parted but the shadow with his Hand.

And bite thy tongue, that flanders him with Cowardice,
Breathe out Inurdliues against the Officers.

But huckler with thee blowes twice two for one.
And if thou canst, for blushing, view this face.
And in thy thought ote-tune my former time:
So Does doe peck the Faulcons pieteing Talloos,
Scorning what ere you can ifshufl me with.
And made a Prachement of your high Descent
Where are your Meffe of Sonnes, so back you now
The wition Edward, and the Jufhie George?

And where's that valiant Crooke-back Prodigie,
Dide, your Boy, that with his grumbling royece
Was wont to cheare his Dad in Mutines?
Or with the reft, where is your Darling, Rutland?
Looke York, I lay'd this Napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his Rapiers point,
Made blude from the Bosome of the Boy.
And if thine eyes can warre for his death,
I giue thee this to drie thy Cheekles withall.
Alas poore Terke, but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable fate
I pray thee giue to make me merry, Terke.
What, hath thy ferte heart so parcht thine enerycles,
That not a Teere can fall, for Rutlands death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shou'dft be mad:
And I, to make thee mad, doe make thee thus.
Stamp, raue, and fre, that I may sing and dance,
Thou wouldn't be feed, 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 fet it on,
I marry Sir, now lookes he like a King.
I, this is he that tooke King Henry's Chaire,
And this is he was his adopted Heire,
But how is it, that great Plantagenet
If I cou'dt fo foone, and broke his foleme Oath
As I behinke me you should not be King,
Till our King theory had thooke lands with Death
And will you pale your head in Henry's Glory,
And rob his Temples of the Diademe,
Now in his Life, against your holy Oath?
Oh 'tis a fault too too unpardonable.
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 stay, let's heare the Orisons he makes
Terke. Shee Wolfe of France,
But worse then Wolves of France,
Whose Tongue more paysonshen then the Adders Tooth:
How ill-befoming is it in thy Sex,
To triumph like an Amazonian Trull,
Vpon their Woes, whom Fortune captiuates
But that thy Face is Vizard-like, vchanging,
Made impudent with vfe of cruel deedes.
I wouldays, proud Queene, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou camst, of whom demd,
Were shame enough, to shame thee,
Wert thou not shamefless.
Thy Father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealkish as an English Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to infult?
It needses nor, nor it booses thee nor, proud Queene,
Vnleffe the Adage must be veridy'd,
That Beggers mounted, runne their Horse to death.
'Tis Beautie that doth oth make Women proud.
But God he knowes, thy share thereof is small.
'Tis Vertue, that doth make them moft admird,
The contrary, doth make thee wonderd.
'Tis Government that makes them feeme Divine,
The want thereof, makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opueroue to every good,
As the Antipodes are rove,
Or as the South to the September.
Oh Tygtes Heart, wrapt in a Womanes Hide,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.

How could I thou drain the life-blood of the Child,
And yet be fain to bear a woman's face?

Tobid the Father wipe his eyes with all,
Thou false obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseful.

Or raging wind blow up incessant showers,
And when the rage alway, the rain begins.

These tears are my sweet Rasillands obsolete,
And every drop cries vengeance for his death.

Holland's obsequies,
These tears are very sweet and these false French-woman.

And when the rage alway, the rain begins.

That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

Buc you are more inhuman, and inexorable
Would not have stay'd with blood:

And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,"

Or had he scape, we should have heard the news:
Had he been taken, we should have heard the news:

The happy tides of his good escape.

To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads.

Clifford, take me from the world,

And in thy need, such comfort come to thee.

To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads.

Queene. And here's to right our gentle-hearted King.

York. Open thy gaze of mercy, gracious God,
My soul flies through these wounds, to seek out thee.

Queene. Of with his head, and set it on yorke gates.
So York may out-looke the town of yorke.

Flourish. Exit.

A March. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

Edward. I wonder how our princely father escap't:
Or whether he escap't away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit?

Had he been taken, we should have heard the news:
Had he beene slain, we should have heard the news:

Or had he escap'd, my thinkes we should have heard
The happy tides of his good escape.

How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Richard. I cannot joy, until I be resolved
Where our right valiant father is become.

I saw him in the battle rage about,
And watch'd how he fingly Clifford for'th.

Me thought he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a Lyon in a heard of near,
Or as a beare encompass'd round with dogges;

Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest fland all aloofe, and bark at him,

So far'd our father with his enemies,
So fled his enemies my valiant father.

Me thinks 'tis praiseworthy to be his sonne.

How see the morningopies her golden Gates,
And takes her farwell of the glorious sunne,
How well rememb'ts it the pride of youth,

Trimm'd like a yorke, pronouncing to his lone?

Ed. Dazzle mine eyes, or doe I see three sunnes?

Rich. Three glorious sunnes, each one a perfect sunne,
Not seperated with the racking clouds,
But sear'd in a pale clear-shining skye.

See, see, they Ioyn, embrace, and seeme to keepe,
As if they would some league invincible.

Now see they but one lampe, one light, one sunne:
In this, the heavens figures some event.

Edward. 'Tis wondrous strange,
The like yet never heard of.

I think it cites vs (brother) to the field,
That wee, the sunnes of brave Plantagenet,
Each one a birtad and blazing by our meeders,
Should not withstanding Ioyn our lights together,
And over-flame the earth, as this the world.

What e'er it bodes, hence-forward will I bear
Should not withstanding Ioyn our lights together,
And over-shine the earth, as this the world.

They tooke his head, and on the gate of yorke

Rich. Three glorious sunnes, each one a perfect sunne,

Edward. Oh speak no more, for I have heard too much.

Richard. Say how he dy'd, for I will hear it all.

Meas. Enviom'd he was with many foes,
And ftood against them, as the hope of troy
Against the greeks, that would have entred troy.

But hercules himselfe must yield to odde:
And many stroakes, though with a little axe,
Hewes downe and falls the hardiest tymbred oak.

By many hands your father was subdu'd,
But onely slau'ther'd by the irrelif armes
Of vn-releming Clifford, and the queene:
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despi't,

Laugh'd in his face: and when with griefe he wept,
The ruthless queene gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin, steeped in the hairemello blood
Of sweet young rasilland, by rough Clifford slaine:

And after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of yorke

They set the fame, and there it doth remaine,
The saddes fpectacle that e're I view'd.

Edward. Sweet Duke of yorke, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou are gone, we have no staff, no stay.

Oh Clifford, boy! thou Clifford that hast flame
The flower of Europe, for his chivalrie,
And treacherously hast thou vanquish't him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquish't thee.

Now my soules Pallaces is become a prifon:

Ah, would the breakes from hence, that this my body...
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Might in the ground be closed vp in rest:
For never heereforth shall I joy against
Neuer, oh neuer shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot wepe: for all my bodies moyfture
Scarce faire to quench my Furnace-burnt hart:
Nor can my tongue volaode my hearts great burthen,
For selfe-same winde that I should spake withall,
Is kindling coales that fires all my brett,
And bernes me vp with flames, that tears would quench.
To wepe, is to make Ieale the depth of greefe;
And buisines me vp with flames, that tears would quench.

Scarle serues to quench my Furnace-burnling hart:
Either that is thine, or elfe thou wet't not his,
For Chstre and Dukedome, Throne and Kingdcme ft)
Shew thy defeent by gsxing'gainfl the Sunne:
Or dye renowned by attempting it.
Ja kindling coales that fires all my bred.
The words would add more anguifti then the wounds,
Come to tell you things fith then befalne.
Stab Poniards in our flefh, till all were told.
I bcare thy name, lie venge thy death,
Clifford done to death.
Is by the (feme Lord
Our balefull newes, and at each words deliueraoce
Henries
That (he was comming with a full intent
Where your braue Father breath'd bis 1st eft gaspe,
And now co add? more meafure to your woes,
Short Tale to make, we at S. Albons met.
Bearing the King in my behalfe along s
TheirWcaponsliketo Lightning, came and went s
Or whether 'twas report of ber furceffe.
That robb'd my Soldiersoftheiv heated Spleene.
But all in raine, they had no heart to fight.
Fell gently downe.as if ihey strucke their Ftiends,
Our Sooldietr like the Night-Owles laiie flight,
Who thunders to his Captiucs,Blood and Death,
But whether kw3s the coldncffe of che King,
And we (in them) no hope to win the day.
I cheer'd them vp with iustice of our Caufc,
So that we fled • the King vnto the Queene,
With oromife of high pay ,and great Rewards;
Lord your Brother, Notfolke, and rny Selfe,
And wrap our bodies in biacke mourning Gownes,
Our Bactailes ioyn'd, and both (ides fiercely fought 3
Short Tale to make, we at S. Albons met.
Their power (I thinke)is thirty thoufand fttong a
But in this troublous time, whatVco be done
Or (hall we on the Helmets of our Foes
Or more then common feare of
Cliffords
Rigour,
Or whether 'twas report of ber furceffe.
That robb'd my Soldiersoftheiv heated Spleene.

Might in the ground be closed vp in rest:
For never heereforth shall I joy against
Neuer, oh neuer shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot wepe: for all my bodies moyfture
Scarce faire to quench my Furnace-burnt hart:
Nor can my tongue volaode my hearts great burthen,
For selfe-same winde that I should spake withall,
Is kindling coales that fires all my brett,
And bernes me vp with flames, that tears would quench.
To wepe, is to make Ieale the depth of greefe;
And buisines me vp with flames, that tears would quench.

Scarle serues to quench my Furnace-burnling hart:
Either that is thine, or elfe thou wet't not his,
For Chstre and Dukedome, Throne and Kingdcme ft)
Shew thy defeent by gsxing'gainfl the Sunne:
Or dye renowned by attempting it.
Ja kindling coales that fires all my bred.
The words would add more anguifti then the wounds,
Come to tell you things fith then befalne.
Stab Poniards in our flefh, till all were told.
I bcare thy name, lie venge thy death,
Clifford done to death.
Is by the (feme Lord
Our balefull newes, and at each words deliueraoce
Henries
That (he was comming with a full intent
Where your braue Father breath'd bis 1st eft gaspe,
And now co add? more meafure to your woes,
Short Tale to make, we at S. Albons met.
Bearing the King in my behalfe along s
TheirWcaponsliketo Lightning, came and went s
Or whether 'twas report of ber furceffe.
That robb'd my Soldiersoftheiv heated Spleene.
But all in raine, they had no heart to fight.
Fell gently downe.as if ihey strucke their Ftiends,
Our Sooldietr like the Night-Owles laiie flight,
Who thunders to his Captiucs,Blood and Death,
But whether kw3s the coldncffe of che King,
And we (in them) no hope to win the day.
I cheer'd them vp with iustice of our Caufc,
So that we fled • the King vnto the Queene,
With oromife of high pay ,and great Rewards;
Lord your Brother, Notfolke, and rny Selfe,
And wrap our bodies in biacke mourning Gownes,
Our Bactailes ioyn'd, and both (ides fiercely fought 3
Short Tale to make, we at S. Albons met.
Bearing the King in my behalfe along s
TheirWcaponsliketo Lightning, came and went s
Or whether 'twas report of ber furceffe.
That robb'd my Soldiersoftheiv heated Spleene.
But all in raine, they had no heart to fight.
Fell gently downe.as if ihey strucke their Ftiends,
Our Sooldietr like the Night-Owles laiie flight,
Who thunders to his Captiucs,Blood and Death,
Enter a Messenger.

**War.** How now? what news?  

**Mfs.** The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me, The Queen is comeing with a puissant Host,  
And craves your company, for speedy counsell.  

**War.** Why then it forts, brave Warriors lets away,  

Enter the King, the Queene, Clifford, Northum-  
and Tony Prince, with Drumme and  

Trumpetts.

**Q.** Welcome my Lord, to this brave town of Yorke,  
Yonder the head of that Arch-enemy,  
That sought to be incompaft with your Crowne.  

Doth not the obie&ech yee your heart, my Lord,  

K.  

T. as the rocks chear them that feare their wack,  
To fee this fight, it rakes my very foule;  
With hold reuenge (deere God) yis nor my faule,  

Not willingly have I infring'd my Vow.  

And long hereafter fay unto his childe.  

Offering their owne Hue in their yongs defence?  

Did'ft yeeld consent to difioherit him:  

Not he that ftts his foot upon her backe.  

SuccelTefull Fortune fteele thy melting heart,  
Thou being a King, bleft with a goodly fonne,  

Ah, what a flume were this? Looke on the Boy,  

Should looff his Birth-right by his Fathers fault.  

Yet in proteftion of their tender ones.  

And though mans face be scarefull to their eyes,  

Ambitious Yotke, did leuell at thy Crowne,  

He but a Duke, would haue his Sonne a King,  

Which sometime they haue vs'd with fearfull flight.  

Who (hould succeede the Father, but the Sonne.  

Which argued thee a moft unloving Father.  

But lets the obie&ech your hart, my Lord,  

K.  

T.  

To whom do Lyons caft their gentle Lookes  

As brings a thoufand fold more cate to keepe.  

And would my Father had left me oo more:  

lie Ieaue my Sonne my Vertuous deeds behind®  

Tell me, did'ft thou neuer heare,  

But  

Inferring arguments of mighty force:  

And let his manly face, which proroifeth  

My careleffe Father fondly gaue away.  

What my greacGrandfacher, and Grandfire got,  

Were it not pitty that this goodly Boy  

Which fometime they haue vs'd with fearfull flight.  

What my greacGrandfacher, and Grandfire got,  

Were it not pitty that this goodly Boy  

Should looff his Birth-right by his Fathers fault,  
And long hereafter feynto yao child,  

What my great Grandfather, and Grandfire got,  

My carelesse Father fondly gaue away.  

Ah, what a shame were this? Looke on the Boy,  
And let his manly face, which promifeth  
Successfull Fortune (teele by melting heart,  
To hold chine owne, and leaue chine owne with him.  

King.  

Full well hath Clifford plaide the Orator,  
Inferring arguments of mighty force:  

But Clifford tell me, did it thou never heare,  
That things ill got, had euer bad successe.  

And happy always was it for that Sonne,  
Whose Father for his hoordiog went to hell.  
Ie leave yee my Sonne my Vertuous deeds behinde,  
And would my Father had left me no more:  
For all the reft is held at fuch a Rate,  
As brings a thousand fold more care to keepe,  
Then in pooffeeion any io of pleasure.  

Ah Cofin Yorke, would thy beff Friends did know,

How it doth greece me that my head is heree.  

Qu. My Lord cheere vp your spirits, our foes are n[e,  
And thisSoft courage makes your Followers faint:  
You promifit Knighthood to our forward fonne,  
Vnfeath your fword, and dub him prefently.  

Edward, kneele downe.  

King, Edward Plantagenet, stifte a Knight,  
And leave this Lefion, Draw thy Sword in right.  

Prim. My gracious Father, by your Kindly leauie,  
Ille 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.

**Mfs.** Royall Commanders, be in readinesse,  
For withs a Band of thirty thoufand men,  
Comes Warwicke baching of the Duke of Yorke,  
And in the Townes as they do march along,  
Proclaims him King, and many lyce to him,  
Darraine your harquefet, for they are at hand.  

Clif. I would your Highneffe would depart the field,  
The Queen hath beft successe when you are abfent.  

Qu. I good my Lord, and leauie vs to our Fortune,  

King. Why, that's my Fortune too, therefore Ile flay.  

North. Be it with refolution then to fight.  

Prim. My Royall Father, cheere thefe Noble Lords,  
And heften thofe that fight in your defence;  

Vnfeath your Sword, good Father: Cry S.George.

March. Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, Clarewace,  
Norfolke, Monngaye, and Soliers.

**Edw.** Now periu't d Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace?  
And let thy Diadem vpon my head?  
Or bide the mortall Fortune of the field.  

**Qu.** Go rate thy Minions, proud influting Boy,  
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in termes,  
Before thy Soueraine, and thy lawfull King?  

Ed. I am his King, and he fhould bow his knee:  
I was adopted Heire by his content.  

Cia. Since when his Oath is broke: for as I heare,  
You that are King, though he do ware the Crowne,  
Have crauf'd him by new Act of Parliament,  
To blot out me, and put his owne Sonne in.  

Clif. And reafon too.  

Who should succede the Father, but the Sonne.  

Rich. Are you there Eutcher?  
Q. I cannot speake.  
Clif. I Crooke-back,and here I ftaid to anfwert thee,  
Or any he, the proudefl of thy fort.  

Rich. Wast you that kill'd yong Rutland, was it not?  
Clif. I, and old Yorke, and yet not fatisfie.  
Rich. For Gods fake Lords giue signall to the fight.  

War. What fay'st thou Henry,  
Will thou yeeld the Crowne?  

**Qu.** Why how now long-tongu'd Warwicke, dare  
When you and I, met at  

Long Mane, and yet not fatisfied.  

**Rich.** Wast you that kill'd Rutland, was it not?  
**Clif.** I Crooke back, and here I ftaid to anfwert thee.  
Or any he, the proudefl of thy fort.  

**Rich.** For Gods fake Lords giue signall to the fight.  
**War.** What fay'st thou Henry,  
**Will thou yeeld the Crowne?**
Rich. I like a Draught, and a treacherous Coward,
As thou didst't kill our tender Brother Rutland,
But ere Sunset, let me make thee curse the deed.

King. Haue done with words (my Lords) and hear me speake.

Qu. Defie them then, or else hold close thy lips.

King. I prye thee give no limits to my Tongue,
I am a King, and proulgd to do speake.

Ed. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by Words, therefore be still.

There is no wrong, but euery thing is right.

I am a King, and priuiledg'd to speake.

As thou didst kill our tender Brother Rutland,
But like a foule mishapen Stygmaticke,
But er e Sunfet, I'll make thee curfc the deeds
As venonie Toades, or Liaards dreadful! (Hogs.

To make this shamelefle Caller know her felfc:
To let thy tongue deflct thy bafe-iorne heart.
(As if a Channel! (hould be call d the Sea)

His Farher reuel'd in the heart of France,
And ne're was Agamemnons Brother wrong'd of Greece was faier farre than thou.
Helen Had dipt our Claime, vuiul another Age.
Had'd thou benemeeke, our Title sti! had flept,
That wafnt bis Fathers fortunes forth of France,
But when he tooke a begger to his bed.
He might haue kept that glory to this day.
And tsm'd the King, and made the Dolphin floupe:

Menelasu,

For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy Pride?

But when we faw, our Sunshine made thy Spring,

And in the very pangs of death, he cryde.
Broach'd with the Steely point of Launce:
Thy Brothers blood the thirsty earth hath drunk.

So underneath the belly of their Steeds,

Would it cut oft'our Spring-time so.

That Winter (hould cut oft'our Spring-time so.

Now Lords, take leaue vot'd! we rneete againe,
Be fetching thee (if with thy will it lands)

Enter Edward running.

Ed. Smile gentle heauen, or strike vngentle death,
For this world flowes, and Edwards Sunne is clowded.

War. How now my Lord, what happen? what hope of
good?

Enter Clarence.

Cia. Our hap is loffe, our hope but fad dispair,
Our ranks are broke, and ruine folloves vs.
What counfaile giue you? whether Shall we flye?

Ed. Bootlefe is flight, they follow vs with Wings,
And weake we are, and cannot ftrong pursue.

Enter Richard.

Ritch. Ah Warwick, why haft thou drawn thy felf?
Thy Brothers blood the thirfty earth hath drank,
Breach'd with the Steely point of Cliffsords Launce: And in the very pangs of death, he cryde, Like to a dismall Clangor heard from farre,
Warwicke, revenge; Brother, revenge my death.

Rich. The Noble Gentleman gave vp the glou.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kile my Horfe, beacause I will not flye:
Why fand we like fofr-hearted women heree,
Wayling our lodes, whiles the Foe doth Rage,
Thou fetter vp, and slacker downe of Kings:
And in this vow do chains my foule to thine,

At the Olympian Games.

As Vigors weate at the Olympian Games.

Were plaid in ieft, by counterfeiting Actors.

Enter Edward.

Ed. O Warwicke, I do bend my knee with thicke,
And in this vow do chaine my foule to thine:
And er my knee rife from the Earths cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou fetter vp, and plucker downe of Kings:
Befeeching thee (if with thy will it lands)

That to my Foes this body muft be prey.

Yet let vs altogether to cor Troopes.

At the Olympian Games.

As Vigors weate at the Olympian Games.

Now Lords, take leaue unti1 we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in heauen, or in earth.

Ritch. I pry thee giue no limits to my Tongue,
In this tefolution, I aefie thee.

Rich. I like a Draught, and a treacherous Coward,
As thou didst't kill our tender Brother Rutland,
But ere Sunset, let me make thee curse the deed.

Rich. Then Executioner vntheth thy sword:
By him that made vs all, I am resolvd.
That Cliffsords Manhood lies vpon his congue.
For Yotke in iuftice put's his Armour on.

Rich. That Cliffsords Manhood lies vpon his congue.
For Yotke in iuftice put's his Armour on.

For ye t is hop e uf Li

This may plant courage in their quailing breads,
Suppose this armes for the Duke of Yorke,
This is the hand that ftabb'd thy Father Yorke.
And this the hand, that flew thy Brother Rutland,
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death.

To whom God will give the Victorie:
Wer't thou environ'd with a Brazen wall,
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death.
To execute the like upon thy selfe,
And so hauie at thee.

Now, one the better: then, another best;
For forc'd to ryte by furie of the Winde.
For growing light.
So is the equal peace of this fell Warre.
Yet neither Conqueror, nor Conquered.
Some time, the Flood prevails; and then the Wind:
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.

To be no better then a homely Swaine,
To cut them downe, as I do now.
To carve out Dialls quaintly, point by point.
Oh God! methinks it were a happy life,
Would I were dead, if Gods good will were so;
What time the Shepheard blowing of his nailes.

What Stragems? how fell? how Butcherly?
Weepe wretched man: He ayde thee Teare for Teare,
And let our hearts and eyes, like Civil Warre,
The fatal! Colours of our straining Houses:
Griefe be blind with teares, and break ore-charg'd with grieue.

Enter Father bearing of his Sonne.

Fa. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy Gold, if thou haft any Gold:
For I have bought it with an hundred blowes.
Give me thy Gold, if thou hast any Gold:
But let me see: Is this our Poes mans face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine onely Sonne.
Ah Boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye: see, see, what floweres arise,
Blowne with the windie Tempeft of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that killeth mine Eye, and Heart.
O pitty God, this miserable Age!
What Stragems? how fell? how Butcherly?
Erreoneous, mutinous, and unnaturall,
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget
O Boy! thy Father gave thee life too soon,
And hast bereft thee of thy life too late.

King. Woe above woe: grieue, more the common grieue
That my death would stay these ruthfull deeds:
O pitty, pitty, gentle heauen pitty:
The Red Rose and the White are on his face,
The fatal Colours of our straining Houseth:
The one, his pure Blood right well resembles,
The other his pale Cheekes (me thinkes) pretenteth:
Wither one Rose, and let the other flourish:
If you contend, a thousand liues must wither.

Sim. How will my Mother, for a Fathers death
Take on with me, and ne're be satisfi'd?
Fa. How will my Wife, for slaughter of my Sonne,
Shed fess of Teares, and ne're be satisfi'd?
King. How will the Country, for these woful chances,
Mncb is your forrow: Mioc, rcn times fo much.
Men for the Ioffe of thee. hauing no more.
lie beirc tbee bcnce. and let them fight that will.
For from my heart, thine Image ne're (hail go.
HetTe fits a King, more wofull then you are.
Prior a was for all his V alunt Sonnes j
As (o obfequious will tby Father be,
My figbine breft, (hall be thy Faoerall hell;
(My heart (fweet Boy) (halt be thy Sepulcher,
For I haoe onurtbered where 1 (hould not kill.
Nay, (lay not to expoftulate, make fpeed,
And bloody fteele grafpt in their ytefull hands
Hauing the fearfull flying Hare in sight,
Of clfecocne after, lie away before.
Are at our backes. and therefore hence amasne.
N »t that I co flay, but loue to go
do and like a brace of Grey-hottnds,
Richard
They neuer then had fprung like Sommer Flyes i
Giuing no grouod vnto the houfe of Yorke,
And now I fall. Thy tough Commixtures melts.
More then my Bodies parting with my Soule:
O Lancaftcr! I feare thy ouerthrow,
I, and ten thoufand in this luckleffc Realme,
Thy burning Carre neuer had fcorch'd the earth.
That should checke thy fiery Steeds,
That Phaeton
And whether flye the Gnats, but to the Sunne ?
ftrength'ning mifproud Yorkc;
Henry,
Inspiring
Whether the Queene intends. Forward,away.
Exit
And who (bines now, but
Henries
And whether flye the Gnats, but to the Sunne ?
And who flewe. and Cureleffe are my Wounds;
Cliffor d grows
But thinkc you(Lords)thac Clifford fled with them?
Mesfore for mesure, must be answered.
Ed.Bring forth that faffal Schwecbhowle to our house,
That nothing fung but death, to vs and ours :
Now death shall ftep his difmal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue, no more shall speake.
War. I thinke is understanding is heref:
Speake Clifford,doft thou know who speakes to thee ?
Darke cloudy death ore-shades his beams of life,
And he nor fees, nor hears vs, what we fay.
Rich. O who would he did, and fo (perhaps)hc doth,
Tis but his policy to counterfei,
Because he would avoid fuch bitter raunts
Which in the time of death he gave our Father,
Clr. Ifo thou think it,
Vex him with sager Words.
Rich. Clifford, askc mercy, and obtaine no grace.
Ed. Clifford, repent in bootleffe penitence.
War. Clifford, dencile excufes for thy faults.
Cla. While we deuife fell Tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou did'ft love Yorke, and I am fen to Yorke.
Edo. Thou pitied'fh Rutland, I will pity thee.
Cla. Where's Captaine Margaret, to fience you now?
War. They mocke thee Clifford,
Swene as thou was't wont.
Ri. What, not an Oath? Nav then the world go's hard
When Clifford cannot stare his Friends an oath !
I know by that he's dead, and by my Soules,
If this right hand would buy two hours life,
That (I am all deligfht) might refyle at him.
This hand SHOULD chop it off: &c with the ifting Blood
Sift the Villaine, whose weitachted thirft
Yorkc, and yong Rutland could not fatisfe
War. 1, but he's dead. Of with the Traitors head,
And receit in the place your Fathers stands,
An now to London with Triumphant march,
Enter Sinker, and Humfrey, with Groves-bowes in their hands.  

SINK.  Under this thick ynone bravenke, weell shrownd For through this Laund nowon the Deere will come, And in this court we will make our Stand, Culling the principal of all the Deere.  

HUM.  Ille flye about the hill fo both may shoot.  

SINK.  That cannot be, the noise of thy Crossie-bow Will scarce the Peac, and fo my flou is lost: Heree fland we both, and syne we ar the best: And for the time shall not feeme tedious, Ille tell thee what befell me on a day, In this self-place, where now we meane to fland.  

SINK.  Heree comes a man, let's flay till he be paft: Enter the King with a Prayer book.  

HEN.  From Scotland am I boine euen of pure lour, To gree mine owne Land with my withfull fight: No Harry, Harry, 'tis no Led of thine, Thy place is filld, thy Scepter wrung from thee, Thy Palme vaist off, wherewith thou was Annointed: No bending knee call thee Caser now, No humble futers preffe to speake for right: No, not a man comes for redresse of thee: For how can I helpe them, and not my felfe?  

SINK.  Ille here's a Deere, whose skin's a Keepers Fee.  This is the quondam King; Let's feeke vpon him.  

HEN.  Let me embrace the lower Aduersaries, For Wifes men say, it is the whifte course.  

HUM.  Why linger we? Let vs lay hands vpon him.  

SINK.  Forbear a while, weel'll heare a little more.  

HEN.  My Queene and Son are gone to France for aid: And (as I hear) the great Commanding Warwicke It thither gone, to traue the French Kings Sifter. To wife for Edward.  If this newes be true, Poor Queene, and Some, your labour is but lost: For Warwicke is a stubbe Orator: And Lewis a Prince some wonne with moweing words: By this accoint then, Margaret may winne him, For firs a woman be prieved much: Her fights will make a batafie in his breif, Her teares will pierce into a Marble heart:  

The Tyger will be milde, while the doth moun; And Nere will be taint with remors, To heare and fee her plents, her Briniff Thers.  

I, but shee's come to begge, Warwicke to give: Shee on his left side, crauing syde for Heroe: He on his right, asking a wife for Edward.  

Shee Wipes, and fayes, her Heroe is depos'd: He Smiles, and fayes, his Edward is infrault'd; That shee (poore Wretch) for greefe can speake no more.  

Whiles Warwicke sets his Title, smooths the Wrong, Inferreth arguments of mightie strength, And in conclusion wimnes the King from her, With promise of his Sifter, and what ells, To strengthen and support King Edward's place, O Margaret, thus 'twill be, and thou (poore foule) Art then forfeaken, as thou woul't forfeine.  

HEN.  Say, what art thou talk't of Kings & Queens?  

King.  More then I feeene, and leffe then I was born to: A man at leaft, for leffe I shoul'd not be : And men may talk of Kings, and why not I?  

HEN.  I, but thou talk'lt, as if thou wert's a King.  

King.  Why so I am (in Minde) and that's enough.  

HEN.  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: Not to be feene: my Crowne, is call'd Content, A Crowne it is, that oldome Kings enjoy.  

HEN.  Well, if you be a King crowned with Content, Your Crowne Content, and you, must be contented: To go along with us. For (as we thinke) You are the king King Edward hath depos'd: And we his subjets, sworn in all Allegance, Will apprehend you, as his Enemies.  

King.  But did you never swear, and breake an Oath,  

HEN.  No, never such an Oath, nor will not now,  

King.  Where did you dwell when I was K. of England?  

HEN.  Heree in this Country, where we now remaine.  

King.  I was annoicued King at nine monthes old, My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings: And you were sworn true Subiefts vnto me: And till methen, have you not broke your Oathes?  

SINK.  No, for we were Subiefts, but while you weet King.  

Why? Am I dead? Do I not breake a Man?  

Ah simple men, you know not what you swears: Looke, as I blow this Feather from my Face, And as the Air blows it to me again, Obeying with my windes when I do blow, And yeelding to another, when it blowes, Commanded alwayes by the greater guft: Such is the lightnesse of you, common men.  

But do not breake your Oathes, for of that finnie, My milde intreatie shall not make you guiltie.  

Go where you will, the king shall be commanded, And be you kings, command, and Ille obey.  

SINK.  We are true Subiefts to the king, King Edward.  

King.  So would you be againe to Henry, Ifhe were feast as king Edward's.  

SINK.  We charge you in Gods name & the Kings, To go with us vnto 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 bumbly yeld vote.  

Enter K. Edward, Gloiter, Clarence, Lady Grey.  

King.  Brother of Gloiter, at S. Albions field This
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

This Ladyes Husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slaine,
His Land then seiz'd on by the Conqueror,
Her suit is now, to reprofeffe thofe Lands,
Which wee in Justice cannot well deny,
Because in Quarrell of the House of York,
The worthy Gentleman did loffe his Life.

Her fruit is now to repoffe thofe Lands,
His Land then feiz'd on by the Conqueror,
It wetcdifhonor to deny it her.

Tarl, becaufe in Quarrell of the Houfe of Grey
This Ladyes Husband, Sir, was slaine.

And what your pleafure is, (hall facisfie me.

Fight clofer, or good faith you'll catch a Blow.

May it plcafe your Highneffe to refolue me now.

And come fome other time to know our minds.

Before the King will graunt her humble suit.

I fee the Lady hath a thing to graunt.

And if what pleafes him, (hall pleafure you.

Wee in Iufticc cannot well deny.

And what your pleafure is, (hall facisfie me.

You (hall haue foure, if youle be rul'd by him.

Wid. What you command, that refts in me to doe.

Her Words doth (hew her Wit incomparable.

But you will take exceptions to my Boone.

He is the bluntcft Wooer in Chriftendom.

That'sfoone perform'd, becaufe I ama Subieft

Hee plays her hard, and much Raine weares the Marble.

The Match is made, hee scales it with a Cuffie.

The fruits of Love, I incane, my louing Liege.

The Match is made, hee scales it with a Cuffie.

What Loue, think'lt thou, I fave so much to get?

My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,
That loue which Vertue begges, and Vertue grants.

What Loue, think'lt thou, I fave so much to get?

My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,
That loue which Vertue begges, and Vertue grants.

What Loue think'lt thou, I fave so much to get?

My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,
That loue which Vertue begges, and Vertue grants.

What Loue, think'lt thou, I fave so much to get?

My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,
That loue which Vertue begges, and Vertue grants.

What Loue, think'lt thou, I fave so much to get?

My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,
That loue which Vertue begges, and Vertue grants.

What Loue, think'lt thou, I fave so much to get?

My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,
That loue which Vertue begges, and Vertue grants.

What Loue, think'lt thou, I fave so much to get?

My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,
That loue which Vertue begges, and Vertue grants.

What Loue, think'lt thou, I fave so much to get?

My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,
That loue which Vertue begges, and Vertue grants.

What Loue, think'lt thou, I fave so much to get?

My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,
That loue which Vertue begges, and Vertue grants.

What Loue, think'lt thou, I fave so much to get?

My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,
That loue which Vertue begges, and Vertue grants.

What Loue, think'lt thou, I fave so much to get?

My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,
That loue which Vertue begges, and Vertue grants.

What Loue, think'lt thou, I fave so much to get?
For many Lives stand between me and home:
And yet I know not how to get the Crowne,
Oh mor. Pious fault, to harbour such a thought,
To disproportion me in every part:
He make my Heauen, to dreame upon the Crowne,
Be round impaled with a glorious Crowne,
As ate of brittle Person then myself:
But to command, to check, to o'te-bear such,
Then since this Earth affords no loy to me.
To shape my Legges of an unequal size,
Untill my mis-Shap'd Trunk, that beats this Head,
Be round impaled with a glorious Crowne,
And yet I know not how to get the Crowne.
For many Lives stand between me and home:

Enter a Noble man.

Nob. My gracious Lord, Henry your Foe is taken,
And brought your Prisoner to your Palace Gate.
King. See that he be convey'd into the Tower;
And goe wise Brothers to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.
Widow goe you along: Lords vse her honourable,

Mantle Richard,

Rich. I, Edward will vse Women honourably:
Would he were wafted, Marrow, Bone, and all,
That from his Loynes no hopefull Branch may spring,
To cote me from the Golden time I look for:
And yet, betweene my Sonles desire, and me,
The leisful Edward Titie buried,
Is Clarence, Henry, and his Sonne young Edward,
And all the enlook'd-for Issue of their Bodies,
To take their Rooms, I care I can place my felfe:
A cold premeditation for my purpose.
Why then I doe but dreame on Soulesignifie,
Like one that wanders upon a Promontorie,
And fythes a faire-off shore, where hee would tread,
Withings his foote were equal with his eye,
And chides the Sea, that funderis him from thence,
Saying hee'lte lade it dry, to hame his way:
So doe I with the Crowne, being so faire off,
And do I chide the means that keeps me from it,
And do (I say) Ile cut the Caules off,
Fluttering me with impossibilitie:
My Eyes too quick, my Heart o'te-wernes too much,
Wolfe my Hand and Strength could equall them:
Well, say there is no Kingdom then for Richard:
And so I chide the meanes that keeper me torn it,
Saying her lade it dry, to have his way:
And chides the Sea, that landers him from thence.
And fyies a faire-off shore, where hee would tread,
A cold premeditation for my purpose.
Why then I doe but dreame on Soulesignifie,
Like one that wanders upon a Promontorie,
And fythes a faire-off shore, where hee would tread,
Withings his foote were equal with his eye,
And chides the Sea, that funderis him from thence,
Saying hee'lte lade it dry, to hame his way:
So doe I with the Crowne, being so faire off,
And do I chide the means that keeps me from it,
And do (I say) Ile cut the Caules off,
Fluttering me with impossibilitie:
My Eyes too quick, my Heart o'te-wernes too much,
Wolfe my Hand and Strength could equall them:
Well, say there is no Kingdom then for Richard:
And so I chide the meanes that keeper me torn it,
Saying her lade it dry, to have his way:
And chides the Sea, that landers him from thence.
And fyies a faire-off shore, where hee would tread,
A cold premeditation for my purpose.
Why then I doe but dreame on Soulesignifie,
Like one that wanders upon a Promontorie,
And fythes a faire-off shore, where hee would tread,
Withings his foote were equal with his eye,
And chides the Sea, that funderis him from thence,
Saying hee'lte lade it dry, to hame his way:
So doe I with the Crowne, being so faire off,
And do I chide the means that keeps me from it,
And do (I say) Ile cut the Caules off,
Fluttering me with impossibilitie:
My Eyes too quick, my Heart o'te-wernes too much,
Wolfe my Hand and Strength could equall them:
Well, say there is no Kingdom then for Richard:
And so I chide the meanes that keeper me torn it,
Saying her lade it dry, to have his way:
And chides the Sea, that landers him from thence.
And fyies a faire-off shore, where hee would tread,
A cold premeditation for my purpose.
Why then I doe but dreame on Soulesignifie,
Like one that wanders upon a Promontorie,
And fythes a faire-off shore, where hee would tread,
Withings his foote were equal with his eye,
And chides the Sea, that funderis him from thence,
Saying hee'lte lade it dry, to hame his way:
So doe I with the Crowne, being so faire off,
And do I chide the means that keeps me from it,
And do (I say) Ile cut the Caules off,
Fluttering me with impossibilitie:
My Eyes too quick, my Heart o'te-wernes too much,
Wolfe my Hand and Strength could equall them:
Well, say there is no Kingdom then for Richard:
And so I chide the meanes that keeper me torn it,
Saying her lade it dry, to have his way:
And chides the Sea, that landers him from thence.
Our People, and our Peers, are both mis-led,
Our Treasure seiz'd, our Souldiers put to flight,
And (as you see) our selves in heautie plight.

Lew. Renowned Queene,
With patience calme the Storme,
While we bethinke ourselves to break it off.

Marg. The more we stay, the stronger grows our Foe.

Lew. The more I stay, the more Ile succour thee.
Marg. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter Warwicke.

Lew. What's hee approacheth boldly to our presence?

Lew. Welcome brave Warwicke, what brings thee to France?

Marg. He defends. She enrisb. She enrisb.

Lew. From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
To Englands King, in lawful Marriage,
If that goe forward, Henry's hope is done.
With Nuptiall Knots, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bonav, thy faire Sifter,
To Englands King, in lawful Marriage.

Marg. If hee see that, hee sees both Winde and Tyde,
And then to crave a League of Amity:
And after that wise Prince, Henry's young Sonne,
Whofe Wifdome was a Mirror to the wiseft:
And thou no more art Prince, then (he is Queene.

Lew. And after the Fourth, Henry liueth still: but were he dead,
Our Treasure seiz'd, our Souldiers put to flight.
And our Earle of Warwicke, Edward's greatest Friend.

Marg. Tell me for truth, the measure of his Love
As may befeeme a Monarch like himself.

Lew. Such it seemes,
As may beforme a Monarch like himselfe.
For though Vfurperi swav the rule a while.
Yet Heau'ns arc iust, and Time suppresses Wrongs.
And after that wise Prince, Henry's young Sonne,
Whom thou obeyed thirty and six yeeres,
Why Warwicke, now liues in Scotland, at his ease;
And not bewray thy Treason with a Blush?

Warw. Can Oxford, that did euer fence the right,
Now buckler Falsehood with a Pedigree?
For shame leave Henry, and call Edward King.

Marg. Call him my King, by whose inuorious doome
My elder Brother, the Lord Aubrey Ville
Was done to death? and more then to my Father,
Euen in the downe-fall of his mellow'd yeeres,
When Nature brought him to the dowe of Death?

Warw. No Warwicke, no; while Life vpholds this Arme,
This Arme vpholds the House of Lancaster.

Marg. And I the House of York.

Lew. Queene Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe at our request, to stand aside,
While I vple for further conference with warwicke,
They stand alfece.

Marg. Heauens grants, that Warwicke wordes be writch him not.

Lew. Now Warwicke, tell me even upon thy conscience
Is Edward your true King? for I were loth
To linke with him, that were not lawfull chosen.

Warw. Thereon I pawn my Credit, and mine He nor.

Lew. But is hee gracious in the Peoples eye?

Warw. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

Lew. Then further: all dissembling fet aside;
Tell me for truth, the measure of his Love
Vnto our Sifter Bonav.

War. Such it seemes,
As may beforme a Monarch like himselfe.
For though Vfurperi swav the rule a while.
Yet Heau'ns arc iust, and Time suppresses Wrongs.

Marg. Let us heare your Kings defert recounted.

Lew. Our Sifter shall be Edward's.
And now forthwith shall Articles be drawne,
Touching the Joynture that your King must make,
Which with her Dowrie shall be counter-poynts'd:
Draw near Queen Margaret, and be a witnesse,
That Bonav shall be Wife to the English King.

Pr. Edw. To Edward, but not to the English King.

Marg. Deceitfull Warwicke, it was thy device,
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy comming, Lew was Henryr friend.
Lew. And still is friend to him, and Margaret.

Marg. But if your Title to the Crowne be weake,
As may appear by Edward good succeffe:
Then 'tis but reason, that I be relas'd:
From giving ayde, which late I promis'd.
Yet shall you have all kindnesse at my hand,
That your Efface requires, and mine can yeeld.

Warw. All this now liues in Scotland, at his ease;

When
Where hauing nothing, nothing can he love.
And as for you your selfe (our quondam Queene)
You have a Father able to maintaine you,
And better t'were, you troubled him, then France.
Mar. Peace impudent, and shamefullle Warwicke,
Proud fetter vp, and pulleller downe of Kings,
I will not hence, till with my Talke and Teares
(Both full of Truth) I make King Lewis behold
Thy flyre conuance, and thy Lords falsfe loue,
Poast blouging a wantre With in.

For both of you are Birds of selfe-fame Feather.
Lewis. Warwicke, this is some poule to vs, or thee.
Enter the Poole.
Pofi. My Lord Ambassador,
These Letters are for you.
Speakes to Warwicke,
Sent from your Brother Marquidge Montague.
Thefe from our Kine.vnto your Maiefty,
And better 'twere, you troubled him, then France.
Proud fetter vp, and pulleller downe of Kings,
Montague.
For both of you are Birds of selfe-faroe Feathet.
I will not hence, till with my Talke and Tesrei
Thy (lye conuance, and thy Lords falsfe loue,
Sends me a Paper to perfwade me Patience ?
And now to footh your Forgery, and His,
And youft, faire Queene.
Warwicke. What? has your King married the Lady
Oxf. My Lord Ambaffador,
Warwicke, what axe thy Newesf
Lew. Warwicke, what are thy News?
And yours, faire Queene.
Mar. Mine fuch, as fill my heart with woldopd ioyes.
War. Mine full of broow, and hearts discontent.
Low. What has your King married the Lady Grei ?
And now to bough your Fording, and his,
Sends me a Paper to perfwade me Patience ?
Is this th' Alliance that he seekes with France ?
Dare he presume to fcorne vs In this manner ?
And Madam,these for you;
To Loue.and Warwickes maiefty.
This proueth
Did I forget, that by the Koufe of Yorke
Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne
No more my King, for he dishonors me.
That I am deere from this mifdeed of
From whom, I know not.
Your aRreade their Letter!.

The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

162
How could he stay till Warwick made return?
Sms. My Lords, forbear this talk: here comes the King.

Fleance.

Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, Penbrooks, Stafford, Hastings: four stand on one side, and four on the other.

Rich. And his well-chosen Bride.

Clarence. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

King. Now Brother of Clarence, How like you our Choice, That you stand penitent, as help malecontents?

Clarence. As well as Lewis of France, Or the Earl of Warwick, Which are so weak of courage, and in judgement, That they take no offence at our abuse,

King. Levis Warwick*, They are but I am That they take no offence at our abuse,

Clarence. And meaner then my selfe had like fortune Out of this Title honors me and mine, So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing, Doth cloud my joyes with danger, and with sorrow.

King. My Lords, forbear to fawn upon their frownes
That danger, or what sorrow can befall thee, So long as Edward is thy constant friend, And their true Soueraigne, whom they must obey?

Nay, whom they shall obey, and lose thee too,

Clarence. Which if they doe, yet will I keep thee safe, And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Rich. I hear, yet say not much, but thinke the more.

Enter a Page.

King. Now Messenguer, what Letters, or what News from France?

Page. My Soueraigne Liege, no Letters, & few words, But such as (without your speciall pardon) Dare not relate.

King. Goe too, see pardon thee:
Therefore, in briefe, tell me their words, As neere as thou canst guell them.

What answer makes King Lewis unto our Letters?

Page. At my depart, there were his very words:

Goe tell Fales Edward, the supposed King, That Lewis of France is sending over Maskers, To reell it with him, and his new Bride.

King. Is Lewis so braue? belike he thinkes me florne,
But what said Lady Bona to my Marriage?

Page. These were her words, wrt red with mild disdain
Tell him, in hope he'll proue a Widow shortlie,
He were the Willow Garland for his sake.

King. I blame not her; she could say little else.
She had the wrong. But what said Lewis Queen?
For I have heard, that she was there in place.

Page. Tell him (quoth he) My mourning Weedes are done,
And I am readie to put Armour on.

King. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to thee incites?

Page. He, more incensed against your Maiestie,
Then all the rest, disfrach'd me with these words:
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore he vnderwonne him, 'tis long.

King. Hadst thou the Traytor breath out so proud words?
Well, I will assme me, being thus fore-warned:
They shall have Wearres, and pay for their preumption.
But say, it Warwick friends with Margaret?

Page. I, gracious Soueraigne, They are so link'd in friendship, That yong Prince Edward marries Warwick Daughter.

Clarence. Belike, the elder;

Clarence will have the younger.
Now Brother King farewell, and fit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick other Daughter,
That though I want a Kingdom, yet in Marriage
I may not prove inferior to your selfe.
You that love me, and Warwick, follow me.
Exit Clarence, and Somerset follow.

Rich. Not I. My thoughts are else a further matter:
I pray not for the love of Edward, but the Crown.
King. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick?
Yet am I not against the worst can happen:
And haste is needful in this desperate case.
Pembroke and Stafford, you in your behalfs
Goe leuie men, and make prepare for Warre;
They are already, or quickely will be landed:
My selfe in person will straight follow you.
Exit Pembroke and Stafford.

But ere I goe, Haflings and Monmouth
Resolute my doubt: you eswell, of all the rest,
Are neere to Warwick, by blood, and by allyance:
Tell me, if you love Warwick more then me;
If it be so, then both depart to him:
I rather with you foes, then hollow friends.
But if you minde to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
But if you minde to hold your true obedience,
If it be so, then both depart to him:
My selfe in person will straight follow you.

X rather wish you foes, then hollow friends.
Warwick?, by blood, and by allyance are neere to
Warwick!, till wee meet.
Now therefore let us hence, and lose no howre.
The common people by numbers swarme to us.
Exeunt Pends rook, and Stafford.

Somerfet: and welcome, happy Summer.
His Soldiers lurking in the Towns about,
Thy Brother being carelesly encamp'd,
And now, what refts? but in Nights Couvertuie,
Were but a friend to our proceedings:
Hylitt, Dsomede, that as
And but attended by a horse Guard,
Fpr I intend but onely to surprize him,
And bring him from hence.
Waste him selfe in the cold field?
Warwick, if he knew in what estate he standes,
But to defend his Person from Night-begs?
I like it better then a dangerous honor.
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.
Exeunt Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerfet,
And French Soldiers, silens ab.

Warw. This is his Tent, and see where stand his Guards:
Courage my Masters, Honor now, or never:
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.
1. Watch. Who goes there?
2. Watch. Stay, or thou dyest.
Warwicke and the rest cry all, Warwick, Warwick,
Warwicke, and tend upon the Guards, who fly, crying, Arm, Arm, Arm.
Warwicke and the rest following them.

The Drumme playing, and Trumpet sounding.

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 not to Bed?
1. Watch. Why, no, for he hath made a solemn Vow,
Neuer to lyse, and take his natural Rest,
Till Warwick, or himselfe be quite suppress.
2. Watch. To morrow then be place the day.
If Warwick be so neere as men report.
3. Watch. But say I pray, what Noble man is that,
That with the King here retched in his Tent?
1. Watch. Tis the Lord Haflings, the Kings chiefest friend.
3. Watch. O, is it so? but why commands the King,
That his chief followers lodge in Townes about him,
While he himselfe keepes in the cold field?
2. Watch. Tis the more honour, because more danger.
3. Watch. But, give me worship, and quietness,
I like it better then a dangerous honor.
If Warwick knew in what estate he standes,
Tis to be doubted he would waken him.
1. Watch. Vnlees our Halberds did shu his palnage.
2. Watch. I, wherefore else guard we his Royall Tent,
But to defend his Person from Night-begs?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerfet, and French Soldiers, silens ab.

Warw. This is his Tent, and see where stand his Guards:
Courage my Masters, Honor now, or never:
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.
1. Watch. Who goes there?
2. Watch. Stay, or thou dyest.
Warw. Richard, Haflings, and the rest cry all, Warner, Warner,
Warner, and tend upon the Guards, who fly, crying, Arm, Arm, Arm.
Warw. and the rest following them.

The Drumme playing, and Trumpet sounding.

Enter Warwick, Somerfet, and the rest, bringing the King out at his Gown, sitting in a Chaire: Richard and Haflings flyer over the Stage.

Som. What see they that flye there?
War. Richard and Haflings: let them goe, heere is the Duke.

Why Warwick, when we were parted,
Thou call'dst me King,
War. But the cause is alter'd.
When you disprayed me in my Embassade,
Then I degreded thee from being King,
And come now to create thee Duke of Yorke.
Alas, how should you govern any Kingdom,
That know not how to save Embassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one Wife,
Nor how to serve thy Brothers Brotherly,
Nor how to finde for the Peoples Welfare,
Nor how to shord your selfe from Enemies?

K. Edw. Yea, Brother of Clarence,
Art thou here too?
Nay then I see, that Edward needs must downe.
Yet Warwick, in spite of all mischance,
Of thee thy selfe and all thy Complises,
Edward will always beare him selfe as King:
Though Fortunes mallice overthrow my State,
My minde exceeds the compass of her Wheel.

Warw. Then for his minde, be Edward Englands King.

Takes off his Crownes.

But Henry now shall wear 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 convey'd
Unto my Brother Arch-Bishop of Yorke:

Vnto my Brother Arch-Bishop of Yorke:
See that forthwith Duke be convey'd
M v mindc exceedes the compalTe of her Wheele.
Nay then I fee, that needs mull downe.
Edward now hall weare the Enghf Crowne,
But Henry Warwick;,
in despight of all mifehaoce.
When I haue fought with his fellowes,
And be true King iodeede: thou but the (hadow.

Bona send to him.
Lewis and the Lady
My Lord of Somerfet, at ray reoueft,
To free King from imprtfonmcnt.
Henry But march to London with our Soldiers ?

Wat wicke may loofe that now hath woone the day.
Fell Warwickes Brother, and by that our Foe.
This is it that makes me bridle paffion.
Yet gracious Madam, beare it as you may,
Or by his Foe furpnz'J at vnawares :
Againft Warwick.

Exit.

Enter Rinerst, and Lady Grey.

Rim. Madam,what makes you in this sodon change?
Grey. Why Brother Rivers, are you yet to leasne
What late misfortune is befalne King Edward?
Rim. What losfe of some pitcht battel
Against Warwick?  
Grey. No but the losfe of his owne Royall person.
Rim. Then is my Soueraigne (laine ?
Grey. I almoft (Uine,for he is taken prifoner.

War. Why Brother are you yet to learnt:
Rivers, I am inform'd that he comes towards London
To let the Crowne once more on Henry head.
Guelfe thou the reft, King Edwards Friends must downe
But to prevent the Tyrants violence,
(For truft nothim that hath once broken Faith) Ile henceforth warn the Sanctuary,

To issue (at least the heire of Edwards right:
There Shall I sell secures from force and fraud.
Come therefore let vs flye, while we may flye,
If Warwick take vs, we are sure to dye.

Enter Richard,Lord Haftmgts, and Sir William Stanley.

Rich. Now my Lord Haftmgts, and Sir William Stanley
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this cheefelt Thicket of the Parke.
Thus stand the case: you know out King,my Brother,
Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whole hauis
He hath good vantage, and great liberty,
And often but attended with weake guard,
Come hunting this way to disport himselfe.
I have succurr'd him by secret meanes,
That if about this houre he make this way,
Vnder the colour of his vifual game,
He shall here finde his Friends with Horfe and Men,
To let him free from his Captivity,

Enter King Edward, and a Huntfman
with him.

Huntfman. This way my Lord,  
For this way lies the Game.
King Edw. Nay this way man,  
See where the Huntfmen stand.
Now Brother of Gloomer, Lord Haftmgs, and the reft.
Stand you thus close to stelec the Biftops Deere ?
Rich. Brother, the time and case,requiticalhaft,
Your horse stands ready at the Parke-coroer.
King Ed. But whether shall we then?
Huff. To Lyn my Lord,  
And shipt from thence to Flanders.
Rich. Wel guete believe me,for that was my meaning
K.Ed. Stanley, I will require thy forwardnes.
Rich. But wherefore ray we? is no time to talke.
K.Ed. Huntfman, what say'ft thou?
Wilt thou go along?
Hunt. Better do so, then tarry and be hang'd.
Rich. Come then away,let ha no more ado.
K.Ed. Bishop fat well,
Sheld thee from Warwickes Crowne,
And pray that I may re-poffeffe the Crowne.

Enter King Henry the fixt, Clarence, Warwick, 
Somerfet, young Henry, Oxford, Montague, 
and Lieutenant.

K.Hen. M. Lieutenant,now that God and Friends
Have shaken Edward from the Regall face,
And turn'd my captive parte to libertie,
My fear to hope,my forrowes vnto loyes.
For this I draw in many a teare,
And l the rather waine me from desipire
Edwards prtite,unte heyte to th'Engli(h Crowne.

K.Ed. Where is Warwick then become?
Grey. I am inform'd that he comes towards London
To let the Crowne once more on Henry head.
Guelfe thou the reft, King Edwards Friends must downe
But to prevent the Tyrants violence,
(For trutli not him that hath once broken Faith) Ile henceforth warn the Sanctuary,
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

Enter a Poët.

Warr. What news, my friend?

Poët. That Edward is escaped from your Brother And fild (as hee hearts fince) to Burgundie Warr. Untrue news, but how made he escape? Poët. He was couer'd by Richard, Duke of Glofter, And the Lord Hastings, who attended him In fecret amboth on the Forrest fide, And from the Bishops Huntmen receu'd him. For Hunting was his daily Exercise. Warr. My Brother was too carelefs of his charge. But let vs hence, my Soueraigne, to prouide A falue for any foe, that may betide

Enter Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of Edwards. For doublefle, Burgundie will yield him helpe, And we fhall have more Warres before the long. As Hurnes late prefaging Prophecy Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond: So doth my heart mil-lf-give me, in these Conflicts, What may befal him, to his harms and ours. Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worft, Forthwith wele fende him hence to Britannie, Till thofes be paft of Ciuit Emmitt. Of 1: for if Edward re-poffefle the Crowne, 'Tis like that Richmond, with the ref, fhall downe. Som. It fhall be fo, he fhall to Britannie, Come therefore, let's about it speedily,

Enter Edward, Richard, Hufing, and Souldiers.

Edw. Now Brother Richard, Lord Hufing, and the ref, Yet thus forfe Fortune maketh vs amend, And fayes, that once more I fhall enterchange My wained state, for Hermes Regall Crowne. We fhall have their palf, and now re-gaft the Seas, And brought defired helpe from Burgundie. What then remaileth, we being thus arraaid From Raveuenpsurrie 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 fumble at the Threshold, Are well fore-told, that danger liues within. Edw. Tufh, man, obfevations muft not now affright vs. By fate or foule meanez we muft enter in, For hither will our friends repaire to vs.

Halft. My Liege, I eke knocke once more, to summon them.

Enter on the Beafts, the Maiors of Turke, and his Brethren.

Maior. My Lords, We were fore-warned of your comming, And flaut the Gates, for fecret of our foules, For now we owe allegiance into Henry. Edw. But, Maior Maior, if Henry be your King, Yet Edward, at the head, 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 the alone. Rex. But...
Our truflle friend, vnlefe 1 be deceu'd.

So to the Crowne,
And our dulye Dome, will defend the Towne and thee.
Edward
For doubt not Hewitt friends. Open the Gates, we are King.
I came to ferue a King, and not a Duke.

And all thofe friends, that deine to follow me.
Druinme drinke vp, and let vs march away.
What, feare not men, but yecld me vp the Keyes.

To keepe them back, that come to fuccour you.
Why fhall we fight, if you pretend no Title?
lie leauc you to your fortune, and be gone.

Champion.
Then we make our Clayme:
If you be not here prodaime your Title, our King.

Sound Edward Trumpet, Edward, and not a Duke.

My power that Edward by the Croce of Cod, King.

John Montgomere.
Brother, this is Sir John Mountgomere, Our truflle friend, vnlefe I be deceu'd.

Welcome Sir John: but why come you in Arms?
To helpe King Edward in his time of ftorme.

Mount. To help King Edward in his time of norme.
As every loyal Subiect ought to doe.

Mount. To helpe King Edward in his time of norme.

March. Enter Mountgomere with Drums and Soldiers.
Rich. Brother, this is Sir John Mountgomere.
Our truflle friend, vnlefe I be deceu'd.

Edw. Welcome Sir John: but why come you in Arms?

Mount. To help King Edward in his time of norme.

March. Enter Mountgomere with Drums and Soldiers.
Rich. Brother, this is Sir John Mountgomere.
Our truflle friend, vnlefe I be deceu'd.

Edw. Welcome Sir John: but why come you in Arms?

Mount. To help King Edward in his time of norme.

March. Enter Mountgomere with Drums and Soldiers.
Rich. Brother, this is Sir John Mountgomere.
Our truflle friend, vnlefe I be deceu'd.

Edw. Welcome Sir John: but why come you in Arms?

Mount. To help King Edward in his time of norme.

March. Enter Mountgomere with Drums and Soldiers.
Rich. Brother, this is Sir John Mountgomere.
Our truflle friend, vnlefe I be deceu'd.

Edw. Welcome Sir John: but why come you in Arms?

Mount. To help King Edward in his time of norme.

March. Enter Mountgomere with Drums and Soldiers.
Rich. Brother, this is Sir John Mountgomere.
Our truflle friend, vnlefe I be deceu'd.

Edw. Welcome Sir John: but why come you in Arms?

Mount. To help King Edward in his time of norme.
And when the Lyon faies upon the Lambe,
The Lambe will never ceafe to follow him.

Exit. Hearke, heare, my Lord, what Shoats are thefe?

Exit Edward and his Souldiers.

Edward. Seize on the Shamefuls Henry, bere him hence,
And once againe proclame us King of England.

You are the Fount that makes all Brookes to flow,
Now flows thy Spring, O Sea (hall suck them dry,
And once againe proclaims us King of England.

Cold biteing Winter marres our hop'd for Hay.
The Sunne Junes hot, and if we vs delay,
Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speake.


Edward. Goe, Trumpet, to the Walls, and sound a Parle.
Rich. See how the surly Warwick now remains.
War. Where is the Post that came from valiant Oxford?
How farre hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?
Parle. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.
Edw. Warwicks Gates are open, let vs enter too.
Rich. So other foes may set upon our backs.

War. Oh welcome Oxford, for we want thy helpe.

Enter Mountrague, with Drumme and Colours.

Mount. Mountrague, Mountrague for Lancaster.
Rich. Thou and thy Brother both shall buy this Treason

Even with the dearth of blood your bodies beare.

Edw. The harder March, the greater Victorie,
My minde prefageth happy gaine, and Conquest.

Enter Somerset, with Drumme and Colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster.
Rich. Two of thy Name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Haue fold their Lives unto the Houte of York,
And thou shalt be the third, if this Sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with Drumme and Colours.

War. Thou set no Atlas for so great a weight:
And Weaking, Warwick takes his gift againe,
And Henry is my King, Warwick his Subject.

Edw. But Warwick, King is Edwards Prisoner.

And gallant Warwick, do but answer this,
What is the Body, when the Head is off?
Rich. Alas, that Warwick had no more fore-caft,
But whiles he thought to reale the Single Ten,
The King was Stily finger'd from the Deck:
You left poore Henry at the Bishops Palace,
And tenne to one you're meet him in the Tower.

Edw. 'Tis even so, yet you are Warwick full.
Rich. Come Warwick,
Take the time, kneele downe, kneele downe:
Nay when? Urke now, or else the Iron cooles. 

War. I had rather chop this Hand off at a blow,
And with the other, sling it at thy face,
Them beare as low a fayle, to strike to thee.

Edw. Sayle how thou canst, Haue Winde and Tyde thy friend,
This Hand,full wound about thy coale-black hayre,
Shall, whiles thy Head is warme, and new cut off,
Write in the duft this Sentence with thy blood,
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with Drumme and Colours.

War. Oh chearefull Colours, see where Oxford comes.
Rich. The Gates are open, let us enter too.
Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.

Mount. Mountague, Mountrague for Lancaster.
Rich. Thou and thy Brother both shall buy this Treason

Even with the dearth of blood your bodies beare.

Edw. The harder March, the greater Victorie,
My minde prefageth happy gaine, and Conquest.

Enter Clarence, with Drumme and Colours.

War. And loe, where George of Clarence sweepes along,
Of force enough to bid his Brother Battale:
With whom, in upright zeal to right, preuailes
More then the nature of a Brothers Love.

Come Clarence, come thou wilt, if Warwick call.
Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?

Looke here, I throw my infamie at thee:
I will not ruinate my Fathers Houfe,
Who gave his blood to lyme the stones together,
And set vp Lancaster.

Why, straue thou, Warwick, That Clarence is so hard, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal Instruments of Warre.
Against his Brother, and his Lawfull King. 
Perhaps thou wilt oblige my holy Oath: 
To keep that Oath, were more impetue, 
Then rashful, when he sacrific'd his Daughter. 
I am so sorry for my Trelapse, 
That to devour well at my Brothers hands, 
I here protest myselfe thy mortall foe: 
With resolution, wherefore I meet thee, 
As I will meet thee, if thou strie abroad 
To plague thee, for thy soule mis-leading me. 
(As I will meet thee, if thou stirre abroad, 
So I will make amends: 
And so proud-hearted 
I am so sorry for my Trespas made. 
For I will henceforth be no more vneconstant. 
not frowne vpon my faults. 
Richard, doe 
And with resolution, wherefore I meet thee, 
Then if thou never hadst destroy'd our hate 
Or shall we beat the Stones about thine Eares? 
And as we march on to fight with Vs. 
And we are grac'd with wreaths of Victory, 
For every Cloud engenders not a Storme. 
And blow it to the Source from whence it came. 
Hath ray'sd in Gallia, have arrived our Coast, 
We having now the best at Barnet field. 
The Queen is valued thirtie thousand strong. 
But the Queenes from France hath brought a puissant power. 
Even now we heard the newes: 
My Lord, this is Brother-like. 
Welcome good Clarence, this is Brother-like. 
Welcome good Warwick. 
I spy a black suspicious threathing Cloud, 
But in the midst of this bright-shining Day, 
I mesne, my Lords, those powers that the Queene 
That will encounter with our glorious Sunne, 
I spy a black suspicious threathing Cloud, 
But in the midst of this bright-shining Day, 
I mesne, my Lords, those powers that the Queene 
That will encounter with our glorious Sunne, 
For every Cloud engenders not a Storme.

The Queen from France hath brought a puissant power. 
Even now we heard the newes: 
Ah, could'st thou flye. 
Warw. Why then I would not flye, Ah Moose, 
If thou be there, sweet Brother, take my Hand, 
And with thy Lippes keep in my Soule a while. 
Thou looke'st me no: for, if thou dost, 
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood, 
That grieves my Lippes, and will not let me speake. 
Come quickly Moosey, or I am dead. 
Warw. Ah Warwick, Warwick hath breed'd his self, 
And to the latest gaspe, cry'd out for Warwick: 
And said, Commend me to my valiant Brother. 
And more he would have said, and more he spoke, 
Which founded like a Cannon in a Vault, 
That mought not be distinguisht: but at last 
I well might heare, delivered with a groane, 
Oh farewell Warwick. 
Warw. Sweet reft his Soule: 
Five Lords, and true your felues, 
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in Heaven. 
Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queens great power. 
Here they bear away this Body. 
Exeunt. 

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph, with 
Richard, Clarence, and the rest. 
King. Thus fare we our fortune keeps an upward course, 
And we are grac'd with wrestes of Victory: 
But in the midst of this bright-shining Day, 
I spy a black suspicious threatening Cloud, 
That will encounter with our glorious Sunne, 
Ere he attains his casefull Welterne Bed: 
I meane, my Lords, those powers that the Queene 
Hath ray'd in Gallia, have arrived our Coast, 
And as we hear, march on to fight with VS. 
Clar. A little gate will foone diffuse that Cloud, 
And blow it to the Source from whence it came, 
Thy very Beames will drye those Vapours vp, 
For every Cloud engenders nor a Storme. 
Rut. The Queenes is valued thirtie thousand strange, 
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her: 
If the have time to breathe, be well advis'd 
Her faction will be full as strong as ours. 
King. We are aduers'd by our loving friends, 
That they do keep them self from us. 
Warwick. We have now the best at Barnet field, 
Will thither straight, for willingneffe tids way, 
And as we march, our strength will be augmented: 
In every Countie as we goe along, 
Strike up the Drumme, cry courage, and away. 
Exeunt. 

Flourish. March. Enter the Queens, young Edward, Somerset, Oxford, and 
Soulakers.

Que. Great Lords, wise men met/it and waisle their losse, 
But cheerefully seek how to refireffe their harmes. 
What though the Maft be now blemish'd ouer-boored, 
The Cables broke, the holding-Anchor loft, 
And halfe the Sallors swallow'd in the flood? 
Yet lives our Pilot still. It's meet, that here 
Should leave the Helme, and like a Fearfull Lad, 
With tearfull Eyes addr Water to the Sea, 
And give more strengthe to that which hath too much. 
Whiles in his moane, the Ship spits on the Rock, 
Which Induflrie and Courage might haue faid? 
Ah what a shame, ah what a fault were this. 
Says Warwick was our Anchor: what of that?
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt

And Montague our Top-Mast: what of him?
Our slaughtred friends, the Tacklers: what of these?
Why is not Oxford here, another Anchor?
And Somerset, another goodly Mast?
The friends of France our Shotwells and Tacklings
And though vnskillfull, why not Ned and I,
For once allowed the skillfull Pilots Charge?
We will not from the Helm, to fit and wepe,
But keep our Course (though the rough Winde say no)
From Sheles and Rocks, that threaten vs with Wreck.
As good to chide the Waere, as speake them faire.
And what is Edward, but a ruthless Sea?
What Clarence, but a Quick-sand of Deceit?
And Richard, but a ragd Fall Rocke?
All these the Enemies to our poore Bark
Say you can swim, alas 'tis but a while:
Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly sinke,
Befride the Rock, the Tyde will wash you off,
Or else you famish, that's a three-fold Death,
This speake 1 (Lords) to you understand,
If cale some one of you would flye from vs,
That there's no hope. For Mercy with the Brothers,
More then with ruthless Waere, with Sands and Rocks.
Why courage then, what cannot be avoided.
'Twere childiffi weakened to lament or feare.
Let him depart, before we neede his helpe.

Mist. Prepare you Lords, for Edward is at hand
Rendile to fight: therefore be resolute.
Oxf. I thought no less: it is his Politie,
To haste thus fast, to hide vs unprovided.
Som. But hee's dece'd, we are in readinesse.
Qu. This chares my heart, to see your forwardnesse.
Oxf. Here pitch out Battaile, hence we will not budge

Flourish and march. Enter Edward, Richard, Clarence, and Sawdiers.

Qu. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say,
My teares gainse say: for every word I speake,
Ye see I drink the water of my eye.
Therefore no more but this: Henry your Soueraigne
Is Prisoner to the Foeg, his State vulturd,
His Realm a slaughtred-house, his Subjectes Slaine,
His Statutes cancel'd, and his Treasure spent:
And yonder is the Wolfe, that makes this spoyle.
You fight in justice: then in Gods Name, Lords,
Be valiant, and give signall to the fight.
Alarum, Retreat, Exit Edw. Exeunt.


Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous Broyles.
Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight
For Somerset, off with his guiltie Head
Goe heare them hence, I will not heare them speake.
Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.
Som. Nor I, but floupe with patience to my fortune.

Qu. So part we sadly in this troublous World,
To meet with Joy in sweet Jerusalem.

Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds Edward,
Shall have a high Reward, and he his Life.
Rich. It is, and loe where youthfull Edward comes.

Enter the Prince.

Edw. Bring forth the Gallant, let vs heare him speake.
What? can so young a T Boone begin to prick?
Edward, what liabilitie canst thou make,
For bearing Armes, for flattering vp my Subjectes,
And all the trouble thou haft turn'd me to?
Prince. Speake like a Subject, proud ambitious Turk.
Suppose that I am now my Fathers Mouth.
Renigne thy Chayre, and where I stand, kneel thou,
Whilt I propes the selfe-same words to thee.

Qu. Ah, that thy Father had beene so resolu'd
That you might full have wore the Petticoat,
And ne'er have showne the Breach from Lancastere.

Prince. Let as be fable in a Winters Night,
Hill Currifh Riddles forts not with this place.
Rich. By Heaven, Brat, I'll plye for that word.
Qu. I thou wast borne to be a plye to men.
Rich. For Gods sake, take away this Captive Stold.
Prince. Nay, take away this stolding Crooke-bache.

Enter the Prince.

Flourish. Edward, Boy, or I will charme your tongue.
Clare. Vnto'thr lad, thou art too malapert.
Prince. I know my dutie, you are all vudutifully
Lascivious Edward, and thou periur'd George,
And thou mis-Inpens Dickie, I tell ye all,
I am your better. Traytours as ye are,
And thou vulturd my Fathers right and mine.

Edw. Take that, and so the like sene of this Rayler here.

Rich. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.

Clare. And there's for twitting me with persurie
Ye know not where.

Qu. Oh, kill me too.

Rich. Marry, and shall.

Qu. Why?
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

Rich. Why should I see thee, to fill the World with words.

Edw. What doth she call woman? He means for her return.

Rich. Clarence excuseth the King his Brother: 
He hence to London on a serious matter.

Edw. What? what? 

Rich. Tower, the Tower.

Qu. Oh Ned, sweet Ned, speake to thy Mother Boy. 
Can't thou not speake? O Traitors, Murderers! 
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 theit fury on a Child.

Qu. Nay, ne'er bear me hence; dispart me hence: 
Here (in thy) Sword, I pardon thee my death: 
What wilt thou have? Then Clarence do it thou, 
By heaven, I will not do so much more.

Qu. Good Clarence do! sweet Clarence do thou it. 
Didst thou not hear me swears I would not do it? 
But than erst to forswear thy life.

Twas Sin before, but now's Charity.

What wilt this Woman? Where is that diuell's butcher Richard? 
Hard favour'd Richard, Richard, where art thou? 
Thou art not here, Murtherer is thy Alme-deed: 
Petitioners for Blood, thou ne'er putst backe.

Ed. A way I say, I charge ye bear her hence, 
So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince.

Ed. Where's Richard gone. 

Qu. To London all in poff, and as I guesse, 
To make a bloody Supper in the Tower.

Ed. He's sudden, he is come to me in his head, 
Now marre we hence, dispart the common fort 
With Pay and Thankes, and let's away to London, 
And see our gentle Queene how well the fares, 
By this (hope) the Bath a Sonne for me.

Enter Henry the fart, and Richard, with the Lieutenant on the Wafts.

Rich. Good day, my Lord, what is your Booke so hard? 

Hen. I my good Lord: my Lord I should say rather, 
Tis sinne to flatter. Good was little better; 
'Good Glofier, and good Deuill, were alike, 
And both preposterous therefore, not Good Lord. 

Rich. Sirs, leave vs to our chose, we must conferre. 

Hen. So flies the wreakelesse Shepherd from the Wafts: 
So first the harmless Sheepe doth yield his Fleece, 
And next his Throate, vnto the Butchers Knife.

What Scene of death hath, Return now to Acte 1 
Rich. Sufferion always haunts the guilty mind, 

The Thieves doth severe each bath in Office. 
Hen. The Bird that hath bin linned in a bush, With trembling wings misdeemeth every bush; 
And I the haplesse Male to one sweet Bird, 
Have now the fatall Obiect in my eye, 
Where my poore yong was lin'd, was caught, and kil'd.

Rich. Why what a preuiou Fool was that of Creec, 
That taught his Sonne the office of a Foulwe, 
And yet for all his wings, the fool was drownd.

Hen. I declare, my poore Boy receas, 
Thy Father Amis, that dem'd thee our care, 
The Sonne that fear'd the wings of my sweet Boy. 
Thy Brother Edward, and thy Selfe, the Sea. 
Whole enuous Guile did swell up his life: 
Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words, 
My breast can better brooke thy Daggers point, 
Then can I easies that Tragick History.

But wherefore doth thou come? Ist it for my Life? 
Rich. Think'lt thou I am an Executioner? 

Hen. A Persecutor I am sure thou art, 
If murthering Innocents be Executing, 
Why then thou art an Executioner. 

Rich. Thy Son I kill'd for his presumption, 
Hen. Hadst thou bin kill'd, when first I didst presume, 
Thou hadst not li'd to kill a Sonne of mine: 
And thus I prophesie, that many a thoufand, 
Which now misneift no paerell of my care, 
And many an old mans fighe, and many a Widdowes, 
And many an Orphans water-flifting-eye, 
Men for their Sonnes, Wives for their Husbands, 
Orphans, for their Parents timelesse death, 
Shall rue the heure that euer thou wast borne. 
The Owl shriek'd at thy birth, an euill fighe, 
The Night-Crow cry'de, aboding lucklesse time, 
Dogs howl'd, and hideous Temped fhook down Treest 
The Raven rook'd het on the Chimnies top, 
And chaunting Pies in Difcord sung 
Thy Mother fell more then a Mothers pame, 
And yet brought forth leffe then a singer's hope, 
To win an indigested and deformed lump, 
Not like the fruit of such a goodly Tree. 
Teeth had flt thou in thy head, when thou wast borne, 
To finifie, thou can'tt to bite the world; 
And if the ruff be true, which I have heard, 
Thou can'tt.

Rich. Ye hear no more: 

Dye Prophet in thy speech, 

Stake him again.

For this (among'ft the reed) was Iordain'd.

Qu. Mount, away to the Wall, and as I guesse, 
Make a bloody Supper in the Tower.

Ed. He's sudden, he is come to me in his head, 
Now marre we hence, dispart the common fort 
With Pay and Thankes, and let's away to London, 
And see our gentle Queene how well the fares, 
By this (hope) the Bath a Sonne for me.

Exit Queene

Enter Henry the fart, and Richard, with the Lieutenant on the Walf.

Rich. Good day, my Lord, what is your Booke so hard? 

Hen. I my good Lord: my Lord I should say rather, 
Tis sinne to flatter. Good was little better; 
'Good Glofier, and good Deuill, were alike, 
And both preposterous therefore, not Good Lord. 

Rich. Sirs, leave vs to our chose, we must conferre. 

Hen. So flies the wreakelesse Shepherd from the Walf: 
So first the harmless Sheepe doth yield his Fleece, 
And next his Throate, vnto the Butchers Knife.

What Scene of death hath, Return now to Acte 1 
Rich. Sufferion always haunts the guilty mind, 

The Thieves doth severe each bath in Office. 
Hen. The Bird that hath bin linned in a bush, With trembling wings misdeemeth every bush; 
And I the haplesse Male to one sweet Bird, 
Have now the fatall Obiect in my eye, 
Where my poore yong was lin'd, was caught, and kil'd. 

Rich. Why what a preuiou Fool was that of Creec, 
That taught his Sonne the office of a Foulwe, 
And yet for all his wings, the fool was drownd. 

Hen. I declare, my poore Boy receas, 
Thy Father Amis, that dem'd thee our care, 
The Sonne that fear'd the wings of my sweet Boy. 
Thy Brother Edward, and thy Selfe, the Sea. 
Whole enuous Guile did swell up his life: 
Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words, 
My breast can better brooke thy Daggers point, 
Then can I easies that Tragick History.

But wherefore doth thou come? Ist it for my Life? 
Rich. Think'lt thou I am an Executioner? 

Hen. A Persecutor I am sure thou art, 
If murthering Innocents be Executing, 
Why then thou art an Executioner. 

Rich. Thy Son I kill'd for his presumption, 
Hen. Hadst thou bin kill'd, when first I didst presume, 
Thou hadst not li'd to kill a Sonne of mine: 
And thus I prophesie, that many a thoufand, 
Which now misneift no paerell of my care, 
And many an old mans fighe, and many a Widdowes, 
And many an Orphans water-flisting-eye, 
Men for their Sonnes, Wives for their Husbands, 
Orphans, for their Parents timelesse death, 
Shall rue the heure that euer thou wast borne. 
The Owl shriek'd at thy birth, an euill fighe, 
The Night-Crow cry'de, aboding lucklesse time, 
Dogs howl'd, and hideous Temped fhook down Treest 
The Raven rook'd het on the Chimnies top, 
And chaunting Pies in Difcord sung 
Thy Mother fell more then a Mothers pame, 
And yet brought forth leffe then a singer's hope, 
To win an indigested and deformed lump, 
Not like the fruit of such a goodly Tree. 
Teeth had flt thou in thy head, when thou wast borne, 
To finienie, thou can'tt to bite the world; 
And if the ruff be true, which I have heard, 
Thou can'tt.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth

And so I was; which plainly signified,
That I should starle, and bite, and play the dogg:
Then since the Heavens have chas'd my Body so,
Let ill make crook'd my Mince to answer it.
I have no Brother, I am like no Brother;
And this word [Lout] which Gray-beards call Dullens,
Be resistent in men like one another,
And not in me: I am my selfe alone.

Clarence beware, thou keepest me from the Light,
But I will for a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buzz abroad such Prophesies,
That Edward shall be forestill of his life,
And then to purge his fear, Ie be thy death.

King Henry, and the Prince his Son are gone,
Clarence thy turne next, and then the rest,
Counring my selfe but bad,
still I be best.
Ie throw thy body in another room,
And Triumph Henry, in thy day of Doome.

Flourish. Enter King, Queene, Clarence, Richard, Hastings, Nurse, and Attendants.

King. Once more we sit in Englands Royall Throne,
Re-purchas'd with the Blood of Enemies:
What valiant Foot-men, like to Autumnes Corne,
Hauing downe their tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerset, three fold Renowne,
For hardy and unoubted Champions:
Two Clifords, as the Father and the Sonne,
And two Northumberlands: two braver men,
Here spurr'd their Couriers at the Trumpets sound
With them, the two brave Beares, Warwick & Monagues.
That in their Chains fetter'd the Kingly Lyon,
And made the Forrest tremble when they rost.

Thus have we swept Suspicion from our Seste,
And made our Footsteole of Security.

Come hissiter Booff, and let me kisse my Boy:
Kng Ned, for thee, shine Vnckles, and my selfe,
Hauing in our Armes watch'd the Winters night,
Went all afoot in Summers scantling brace,
That thou mightst repose the Crowne in peace,
And of our Labours shou shalt receive the gaine.

Rich. Ie blast his Harueft, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to, to haue
And heauie it shall some weight, or break my backe.
Work's thou the way, add that shal execute.

Cl. Clarence and Gloffer, love my lovely Queene,
And this your Princefully Nephew Brothers both,
Cla. The duty that I owne unto your Majestie,
I Seale upon the lips of this sweet Babe.

Rich. Ie blast his Harueft, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to, to haue
And heauie it shall some weight, or break my backe.
Work's thou the way, add that shal execute.

King. Clarence and Gloffer, love my lovely Queene,
And this your Princefully Nephew Brothers both,
Cla. The duty that I owne unto your Majestie,
I Seale upon the lips of this sweet Babe.

Finis.
The Tragedy of Richard the Third:  
with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the  
Battell at Bosworth Field.

**Actus Primus. Scena Prima.**

Enter Richard Duke of Glofier Solus.

Now is the Winter of our Discontent,  
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:  
And all the clouds that lowr'd upon our house  
In the deeps bosome of the Ocean buried.

Now are our brows bound with Victorious Wreathes,  
Our bruised arms hung vp for Monuments;  
Our stöne Alarums chang'd to delightfull Meaforets,  
To fright the Soules of fearfull Aduertaries,

But I, that am not (hap'd for sportive tickes,  
Not made to court an amorous Looking-glaffe  
I, that am Rudely stamp't, and want loues Majestie,  
I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,

That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them.

Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)  
Have no delight to paife away the time,  
Unles To see my Shadow in the Sunne,  
And defcant on mine owne Deformity.

Enter Clarence and Brakenbury guarded.

That waits upon your Grace?

Cla. His Maiestie sending my persons safety,  
Hath appointed this Conduit, to convey me to th Tower  
Rich. Upon what cause?

Cla. Because my name is George.  
Rich. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours;  
He should for that commit your Godfathers,  
O belike, his Maiestie hath some intent,  
That you should be new Chriftned in the Tower.

But what's the matter Clarence, may I know?

Cla. Ye sir Richard, when I know: but I protest

As yet I do not: But as I can Jeanie,

If you fhould be new Chriftned in the Tower.

But what's the matter Clarence, may I know?

Cla. Yea Richard, when I know: but I protest

As yet I do not: But as I can Jeanie,

That you fhould be new Chriftned in the Tower.

As yet I do not: But as I can Jeanie,

That you fhould be new Chriftned in the Tower.

As yet I do not: But as I can Jeanie,
Whiles Kites and Buxards play at liberty.
Js wile and vertuous, and hi* Noble Queene
You may partake of any ihing wc fay :
And his Phyfitians feare him mightily.
Well strooke inyeares, faire, and not iealous.
We fpeake no Trcafon man; Wc fay the King
'T is very greeuous to be thought vpon.
O he hath kept an euii! Diet long,
The King is ficklyj weake, and tnelancholly,
And houe preuail’d as much on him, as you,
How hath your Lordfhip brook’d impiifonment?
To pardon me, and withall forbeare
And that the Queeres Kindred are made gentle Folkes.
We fay, that S
Wife hath a pretty Foot,
Where is he, in his bed ?
But i fhall !iue (my Lord) to giue themthankes
Well art you welcome to this open Ayre,
That I will fhortly fend thy Soule to Heauen,
I will perfo:ce: Farewell.
Exit Clar.
I do befceh your Grace
Bra.
Her Husband Kraue, would’t thou betray me?
Bra. Do with this (my Lord) my feife have nought to
do.
Rich. Naught to do with Mistirs Show?
I tell thee Fellow, he that dooth naught with her
(Excepting one) were belt to do it secretly alone.
Bra. What one, my Lord?
Rich. Her Husband Kraue, would’t thou betray me?
Bra. I do befeech your Grace
To pardon me, and withall forbeare
Your Conference with the Noble Duke.
Cl. We know thy charge, Breachbery, and will obey.
Rich. We are the Queences abie£h, and muft obey.
Brother farewell, I will unto the King,
And whatfo’e you will implofe me in,
Were it to call King Edwards Widdow, Sister,
I will performe it to infranchife you.
Meane time, this deepe difgrace in Brethreend,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
Cl. I know it pleafeth neither of vs well.
Rich. Well, your imprifonment shall not be long,
I will deliver you, or else lyfe for you:
Meane time, haue patience.
Cl. I must perfoce: Farewell.  Exit Clar.
Rich. Go treade the path that thou shalt ne’re return;
Simple plaine Clarence, I do loue thee fo,
That I will shortly fend thy Soule to Heauen,
If Heauen will take the prefentat out hands.
Cl. With this (my Lord) my felfe have nought to
With patiencc(Nob!e L.otd)as pnfoners muft;
Cl. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.
Rich. Do fay you fir? can you deny all this
(Iartnc Simple plaine, I do loue thee so,
Come now towards Chertfey with your holy Lode,
With Lyes well fteel’d with weighty Arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue:
Which done, God take King Edward to his merry,
And leave the world for me to buflie in.
For then, I le mare Watwickcs yongeft daughter.
What though I kill’d her Husband, and her Father,
The readieft way to make the Weneh amends,
Is to become her Husband, and her Father:
The which will I, not all so much for loue,
As for another fecret close intent, 
By marrying her, which I must reach unto;
But yet I run before my horse to Market:
Clarence till breathes, Edward till rules and raiges,
When they are gone, then muft I count my gains.  Exit

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Coarfe of Henrie the fext with Halberds to guard it, 
Lady Anne being the Mourner.

Am. Set downe, set downe your honourable load,
If Honor may be throwed in a Herfe;
Whilf’I was a-while obsequiously lament
Th’vntimely fall of Vertuous Lancaster.
Pooe key-cold Figure of a holy King,
Pale Athes of the Houfe of Lancaster;
Thou bloodleffe Remnant of that Royall Blood,
Be it lawfull that I invocate thy Ghost,
To heare the Lamentations of poore Am.
Wife to thy Edward, to thy flaughterd Sonne,
Stab’d by the fellesame hand that made thefe wounds.
Loe in these windowes that let forth thy life,
I powere the helpelufe Balm of my poore eyes,
O curfed be the hand that made thefe holes:
Curfed the Heart, that had the heart to do it:
Curfed the Blood, that let this blood from hence:
More direfull hsp beside that hated Wretch
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee,
Then I can wish to Wolues, to Spiders, Toades,
Or any creeping venom’d thing that liues.
If feuer he haue Child, Abortion be it,
Prodigious, and untemtly brought to light,
Whole vgly and vnnaturall A fpeech.
May frithe the hopful full Mother at the view,
And that be Heyre to his unhappinesse.
If feuer he haue Wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.
Come now rewards Cherfey with your holy Lode,
Takcn from Paulcs, to be interred there.
And fill as you are weasy of this weight,
Reft you, while I lament King Henrie Coarfe.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester

Rich. Stay you that bear the Coarfe, & fet it down.
Am. What blace Magitian coniures vp this Fiend, 
To stop devoted charitable deeds?
Rich. Villaines set downe the Coarfe,or by S. Paul,
Ike make a Coarfe of him that dibefies.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Rich. Vnmanner'd Dogge,
Stand'ft thou when I command:
Adulace thy Halbert higher then my brest,
Or by S. Paul I strike thee to my Foote,
And spurne upon thee Bigger for thy boldneffe.
Answ. What do you tremble? are you all affraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall,
And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Diseall.
Auant thou darestfull minister of Hell;
Thou had'ft but power over his Mortall body,
His Soule thou canst not save: Therefore be gone,
Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not so cruel.
An. Foule Diuell,
For Gods sake hence, and trouble us not.
Rich. Thou had'ft but powre oner hit Mortall body,
I blame thee not, for you are Mortall,
Which renders good for bad, Bleffings for Curfes.
Or Earth gape open wide, and sate him quicke.
As thou dost swallow up this good Kings blood,
Either Heau'rn with Lightning strike the murth'rer dead:
O Earth! which this Blood drink'ft, reuenge his death.
O God! which this Blood mad'ft, reuenge his death:
Oh Gentlemen, see.see dead
wounds.
Henries
For Gods fake hence, and trouble us not.
Hit Souk thou canft not haue: Therefore be gone.
Rich. He is in heauen, where thou (halt neuer come.
An. 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 woulfl for any place, but hell.
Rich. Yes one place else, if you will heare me name it.
An. Some dungeon,
An. I'll reft beside the chamber where thou lye'st,
Rich. So wull it Madam, till I lyre with you.
An. I hope fo.
Rich. I know fo. But gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this scene encounter of our wittes;
And fall something into a flower method.
Is not the causer of the timelesse deaths
Of thefe Plantagenses, Henry and Edward,
As blamefull as the Executioner.
An. Thou was't the cause, and moft accurfte effect:
Rich. Your beauty was the caufe of that effect:
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleepe,
To underake the death of all the world,
So I might live one houre in your sweei bofome.
An. If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide.
Thefe Nailes should rent that beauty from my Cheekes.
Rich. These eyes could not endure y beauties wrack,
You should not blench if, if I flood by; 
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So I by that: It is my day, my life,
An. Blacke night ore-fhade thy day,
Death thy life.
Rich. Cure not thy felfe faire Creature,
Thou art both,
An. I would I were, to be reueng'd on thee.
Rich. It is a quarrell moft vnnaturall.
Vouchsafe (defus'd infection of man)
Of thefe defpight'd Crimes, to giue me leve;
By circumftance, but to acquit my felfe
Of thefe fuppofed Crimes, to giue me leaue
Vouchafe (diuine perfe&ion of a Woman)
And fhould I reuenge on him that kill'd
my Husband.
Rich. He that bereft the Lady of thy Husband,
To be reueng'd on him that loue's thee.
An. It is a quarrell luft and reafonable,
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 upon the earth.
Rich. He liuer, that loves thee better then he could.
An. Name him.
An. Why that was he,
Rich. The felfe fame name, but one of better Nature.
An. Where is he?
Rich. Here:
Wliy doft thou spit at me,
Wliy didst thou runne to me.
Ann. Would it were mortall poyfon, for thy sake.
Rich. Neuer came poyfon from fooo Sweetes a place.
An. Neuer hung poyfon on a fowler Toade.
Out of my fight, thou dost infect me eyes.
Rich. Thine eyes (sweet Lady) have infected mine.
An. Would they were Bafiliskes, so might they be.
Rich. I would they were, that I might dye at once:
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine, from mine have drawn a salt Tearss;
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Sham'd the Aspect with Store of Childish Drops:
These Eyes, which never shed tears of fullness,
No, when my Father York, and Edward slept,
To bear the pitious moans that Rutland made
When black-fe'd Clifford shook his sword at him.
Not when they 'ware like Father like a Child,
Told the sad stories of my Father's death,
And twenty times, made paus to sobs and weeps:
That all the flowers by had wet their cheeks.
Like Trees before'd with rain. In that sad time,
My manly tears did come an humble taste:
And what these storms could not thence exhale.
Touched not thy lip with Sore's tone for it was made
For killing Lady, nor for such contempt.
If thy resolute heart cannot forgive,
Loe here I lend thee this sharp-pointed Sword,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And let the soul forth that adores thee,
Which if thou pleases to hide in this true breast.
Nay now dispatch: 'Twas I that stab'd young Edward,
But 'twas thy beauty that prouoked me.
Henrie,
Nay do not paus; For I did kill King,
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.
Shall for thy love, kill a truer love,
And make her widow to a woeful bed?
Then never Man was true.
Rich.
Then never Man was true.

For divers knowne Reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this Boon.
As. With all my heart, and much it joyes me too,
In case you are become so penitent.
Treffell and Barkley, go along with me.
Rich. Bid me farewell.
As. 'Tis more then you deserve:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have faile farewell already.

Was ever woman in this humour wo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour wome?
Ile have her, but I will not keep her long.
What I that kill'd her Husband, and his Father,
To take her in her heart's extreme of hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred for,
Having God, her confidence, and these bars against me,
And I, no Friends to backe my suit withall.
But the plain Diuell, and distembling looks?
And yet to winne her? All the world to nothing.
Hah!
Hath she forgot alreadie that brave Prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom 1 (some three months since)
Stab'd in my angry mood, at Tewkesbury?
A sweeter, and a lovelier Gentleman,
Yong, Valiant, wise, and (no doubt) right Royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford:
That crost the Good's prime of this sweet Prince,
And made her Widdow to a woeful Bed?
On me, whose All not equals Edwards Mouries?
On me, that I have her, but I will not keep her long.
Since I am crepe in favour with my selfe,
To study saluion to adorn my body:
On me, that halts, and am misshapen thus?
Shine out fair Sunne, till I have bought a glasse.

Enter the Queene Mother, Lord Rivers,
and Lord Gray.

Rain. Have patience Madam, there's no doubt his Majestie
Will soone recover his accustome'd health.
Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods fake entertain good comfort,
And cherish his Grace with quicke and merry eyes.

Scena Tertia.

Exit two with As.

Cent. Towards Chertsey, Noble Lord?
Rich. Not to White Friars, there attend my comming.
Ayming (belike) at your interior hatred,
(And not prouok'd by any Sutor eife)
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
The King on his own Royall disposition,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Gr thee? or thee? or any of your Fadthon
A plague upon you all. His Royall Grace
With silken, Gye, insinuating Jackes?
But this simpie truth must be abus'd,
Cannot a plain man live and think no harme,
Becaufe I can not flatter, and look faire,
Ducke with French nods, and Apish curtefie,
Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceiue, and cogge,
I must be held a rancorous Enemy.
That fill his eares with such dislentious Rumors.
They love his Grace but lightly.
By holy Foul,

(Forsooth) am steme and love them not?
And betweene them, and my Lord Chambleraine,
And sent to wame them to his Royall presence.
Or if she be accus'd on true report,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
From wayward GcknetTc. and no grounded malice.
Beare with her weaknefle, which I thinke proceeds
1 feate our happineffe is at the height.

Yet DrTpy. not withftantling she's your wife,
I do befeech you, either not belecue
But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Gray. Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby.
Buc. Good time of day into your Royall Grace.
Der. God make your Maiesty joyful, as you have bin
Qu. The Countesse Richamond, good my Lord Derby.
To your good prayer, will fearesly say, Amen.
Yet Derby, notwithstanding fhe's your wife,
And loves not me, by you good Lord au'd my
I hate not you for your proud arrogance.
Der. I do befiege you, either not belece
The enonnous thunders of her false Accusers:
Or if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weaknefel which I thinke proceeds
From wayward GcknetTe. 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.
Qu. What likelyhood of his amendment Lords.
Buc. Madam good hope, his Grace speaks cheerfully.
Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him?
Buc. I Madam, he desires to make attonement;
Betwenee the Duke of Gloufter, and your Brothers,
And betwenee them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,
And fent to wame them to his Royall preffence.
Qu. Would all were well, but that will never be,
I feate out hoppiness is at the height.

Enter Richard.

Rib. They do me wrong and I will not induce it,
Who is it that complains into the King,
That I forfooth am flene, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his Grace but lightly,
That fill his eares with such dislentious Rumors.
Because I cannot flatter, and look faire,
Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceiue, and cogge,
Ducke with French nods, and Apish curtefie,
I must be held a rancorous Enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harme,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd,
With slisen, fly, inflaminating Jackes?

Gray. To who in all this presence speakes your Grace?
Rib. To thee, that haf not honesty, nor Grace:
When banke I injur'd thee? When done thee wrong?
Or thee, or thee, or any of your Fation?
A plague upon you all. His Royall Grace
(Whom God preffeure better then you would wish)
Cannot be quiet, or breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Brother of Gloufter, you mistake the matter:
The King on his owne Royall disposition,
(And not prou'd by any Sutor eife)
Ayiming (belke) at your intierior hatred,
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Richard. In all which time, you and your Husband Grey Were faithful, for the House of Lancaster;
And Rivers, so were you: Was not your Husband,
In Margaret's Battle, at Saint Albans, slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget
What you have beene ere this, and what you are;
With all, what I have beene, and what I am.

Q. M. A mutt'rous Villain, and so still thou art.
RICH. Poor Clarence did forlack his Father Warwicks,
I, and forsook himselves (which left pardon.)

Q. M. Which God renounce.
RICH. To fight on Edwards partie, for the Crowne,
And for his neede, poor Lord, he is meewd up
I would to God my heart were Flint, like Edwards,
Or so soft and pittifull, like mine;
I am too childifh foolifh for this World.

Q. M. High thee to Hell for shame, & leave this World
Thou Cacodemon, there thy Kingdoms is,
RICH. My Lord of Glosters in those bufie days,
Which here you urge, to prove we Edwards,
We followed then our Lord, our Soueraigne King,
If you if should be, I had rather be a Pedler.
Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof.

Q. M. A little toy (my Lord) as you suppose
You shoulde enjoy, were you this Countries King,
As little joy you may fuppofe in me.

Q. M. A little toy enjoyes the Queene thereof,
For I am free, and altogether free;
That I enjoy, being the Queene thereof.

Q. M. This Sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,
To helpe thee curse this poysonous Bimch-backt Toade.

Qu. Thus haue you breath'd your Curse agatnft yourfelf.

Q. M. And leave out thee? Any Dog, for I hate hear me,
If Heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O let them keepe it, till thy finnes be ripe,

Q. M. And Rich. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
That thou hadft 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 Curse.

RICH. This done by me, and ends in Margaret.
Qu. Thus have you breath'd your Curse against thyself,
Q. M. Poor painted Queen, vain fanguine of my fortune,
Why thou wast thou Sugar on that Bostel'd Spider,
Whose deadly Web enconzreth theeabout?
Fool, fool, thou when a Knife to kill thy felfe:
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me,
To helpe thee curse this poysonous Bimch-backt Toade.
Hath, Falses boding Woman, and thy craftie Curfe,
Leath to thy bates, thou moue our patience.

Q. M. Why so I did, but look'd for no reply.
Oh let me make the Period to my Curse.

RICH. This done by me, and ends in Margaret.
Qu. Thus have you breath'd your Curse against thyself,
Q. M. Poor painted Queen, vain fanguine of my fortune,
Why thou wast thou Sugar on that Bostel'd Spider,
Whose deadly Web enconzreth theeabout?
Fool, fool, thou when a Knife to kill thy felfe:
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me,
To helpe thee curse this poysonous Bimch-backt Toade.
Hath, Falses boding Woman, and thy craftie Curfe,
Leath to thy bates, thou moue our patience.

Q. M. Why so I did, but look'd for no reply.
Oh let me make the Period to my Curse.

RICH. This done by me, and ends in Margaret.
Qu. Thus have you breath'd your Curse against thyself,
Q. M. Poor painted Queen, vain fanguine of my fortune,
Why thou wast thou Sugar on that Bostel'd Spider,
Whose deadly Web enconzreth theeabout?
Fool, fool, thou when a Knife to kill thy felfe:
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me,
To helpe thee curse this poysonous Bimch-backt Toade.
Hath, Falses boding Woman, and thy craftie Curfe,
Leath to thy bates, thou moue our patience.

Q. M. Why so I did, but look'd for no reply.
Oh let me make the Period to my Curse.

RICH. This done by me, and ends in Margaret.
Qu. Thus have you breath'd your Curse against thyself,
Q. M. Poor painted Queen, vain fanguine of my fortune,
Why thou wast thou Sugar on that Bostel'd Spider,
Whose deadly Web enconzreth theeabout?
Fool, fool, thou when a Knife to kill thy felfe:
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me,
To helpe thee curse this poysonous Bimch-backt Toade.
Hath, Falses boding Woman, and thy craftie Curfe,
Leath to thy bates, thou moue our patience.

Q. M. Why so I did, but look'd for no reply.
Oh let me make the Period to my Curse.
For had I turft now, had I turft my felfe.

God pardon them, that are thecaufe thereof.

He is frank d vp to fatting for his pajnes,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
To pray for them that haue done fcath to vs.

Marry as for Clarence, he is well repayed:
I was too hot, to do fomebody good.

And she to yours, and all of you to Gods,
Exit.

Rich. I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Mar. I never did her any to my knowledge.

Rich. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong,
I was too hoy, to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marty as for Clarence, he is well repayed:
He is frank'd vp to satting for his pains,
God pardon them, that are the caufe thereof.

Rich. So do I turft, being well advis'd.

Speak to bothfelfes,
For had I turft now, had I turft my felfe

Enter Courtney.

Court. Madam, his Malefly doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord,
Poor. Careful I come, Lords will you go with mee.
Rich. We wait upon your Grace,

Enter another Gloster.

Rich. I do the wrong, and still begin to brawle.
The ferrer Mischiefes that I do attack,
I lay unto the gravous charge of others.
Clarence, who I indeede have cait in darkneffe,
I do bewepe to many fimple Gulles,
Namely to Derby, Hoftings, Buckingham,
And tell them vis the Queene, and her Allies,
That flire the King againft the Duke my Brother.
Now they believing it, and withall what me
To be reueng'd on Riuers, Dorfet, Gny.
But then I figh, and with a peece of Scripture,
Tell them thit God bids vs do good for cuil:
And thus I cloath my naked Villanie
With odd old ends, borne forth of holy Writ,
And ferme a Saint, when moft I play the deuil.

Enter two wortheres.

But soft, here come my Executioners,
How now my handy flout refolved Mates,
Are you now going to difpatch this thing?

Vil. We are your Lord, and come to have the Warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Rich. Well thought upon, I have it hearst about me:
When you have done, repare to Crusty place;
But firs be sodaine in the execution,
Withall obdurate, do not heate him pleade,
For Clarence is well spoken, and parfeples
May move your hearts to pitty, if you make him.

Vil. Tur, tur, my Lord, we will not fland to prate,
Talkers are no good dooers, be affur'd:
We go to vfe our hands, and not our tongues.

Rich. Your eyes drop Mill-stones, when Fools eyes
fall Teares:
I like you Lads, about your business straight,
Go, go, difpatch.

Vil. We will my Noble Lord.

**Scena Quarta.**

Enter Clarence and Keeper.

Keep. Why looks your Grace fo heaoily to day.

Cla. O, I have paft a miserable night,
So full of carefull Dreams, of ugly lights,
That as I am a Christian faithfull man,
I would not spend another such a night.
Though twrest to buy a world of happy dales:
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Keep. What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tell me
Cla. He thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to croffe to Burgundy,
And in my company my Brother Gloster,
Who from my Cabinet tempted me to walke,
Vpon the Hatches: There we look'd toward England,
And cited vp a thousand heavy times,
During the warres of Yotke and Lancattcr
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatchet,
That bad bcfalne vsjks we pac'd along
Me thought thaiGloufter ftumbled,and in falling
Strooke me (that thought to lay him)ooer-boord.
O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne.
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
A thoufand men that Fifties gnaw'd upp:
Me thoughts, I faw a thoufand featfull wackesi
What dreadfull noife of water in mine earea,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay fcattred by.
That woo'd the (limy bottome of the deepe,
To rind the empry, vaft.and weeno ring ayre t
To yeild the Ghoft: but dill the enuious Rood
To gaie v pon thefe fee rets of the deepe
Some lay in dead-mens Sen lies, and its the holes
Wedges of Cold.great Anchors, beapes of Pearle,
What figbtt of vgty death within mine eyes.
Stop d in my foule, and would nor <«*t it forth
Ineflimable Stones, unvalewed JewyU,
But (mother'd it within my panting bulk?.
O then, began the Temped to my Soule.
Who alrooft borft, to belch it in the Sea.
That dabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury:
Clarence
Can this dacke Monarchy affoord falfe
Who fpake alowd; What fcourge for Periurie,
The fitd that there did greet my Stranger-soule.
With that fowre Ferry-man which Poets write of,
Such hiddecua cries.that with the very Noife,
Sene on him Furies, take him vnto Torment.
Dabbel d inblood.and he shrlek'd out alowd
I pad (me thought) the Melancholly Flood,
I trembling wak d, and for a feafon after,
A Shadow like an Angcll.with bright hayte
Vnto the Kingdome of petpetuall Night.
Could not beleeue, but that I was in Hell,
Inuiron'd me, and howled in mine eates
And fo he vanifti'd. Then came wand ring by,
Keep.
I am affraid (me thinkes) to heare you tell it.
Brakp>l
Princes haue but their Titles for their Glasses,
An outward Honors, for an inward Toyle,
And for vnfelt Imaginations
They often feel a world of refiliffe Cares:
So that betweene their Titles, and low Name,
There's nothing differs, but the outward fame.

Enter two Nthberers.

1. Mur. Ho, who's here?
Bra. What would ft thou fellow? And how cam'ft thou hither.
2. Mur. I would speake with Clarence, and I came hither on my Legges.
Bra. Wat to brefs?
1. Ti better (Sir) then to be tedious:
Let him fee our Commission, and talke no more. 
Bra. I am in this, commanded to deluer
The Noble Duke of Clareson your hands.
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be godfelfe from the meaning.
There lies the Duke asleep, and there the Keyes,
To the Kingdome, and signifie to him,
That thus I have tefign'd to you my charge.
1. You may ft, 'tis a point of wifedome:
Par you well.
1. What, fhall we flab him as he sleepe.
2 No: he'll fay 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes
2 Why be shall never wake, vntil the great judgement day.
1 Why then he'll fay, we flab'd him sleepeing.
3 The ruing of that word judgement, both bred a
donde of remorie in me.
1 What? art thou affraid?
3 Not to kill him, having a Warrant,
But to be damned for killing him, from the which
No Warrant can defend me.
1 I thought thou had ft bin refolute.
2 So I am, to let him live.
3 He bekee to the Duke of Gloufler, and tell him fo.
3 Nay, I prittyfe Hay a little:
I hope this passionate humor of mine, will change.
It was wont to hold me but while one rcLs twenty.
1 How do'ft thou feele thy felfe now?
2 A certaine dregges of confcience are yet within me.
1 Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.
2 Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward,
1 Where's thy confcience now.
2 O, in the Duke ofGlouflers purfe.
2 When hee open his purfe to give us our Reward,
thy Confcience eyes our,
1 This no matter, let it goe: There's few or none will entertaine it.
2 What if it come to thee again?
2 Ife not meddle with't, it makes a man a Coward:
A man cannot fleue, but it afcrefteth him: A man cannot Swearre, but it Checks him: A man cannot lie with his Neighbours Wife, but it defects him. This is a blushing flamefac'd spirit, that mutinies in a mans boome: It fills a man full of Obstacles. It made me once reftrict a Purfe of Gold that (by chance) I found. It beggars any man that keeps it. It is turn'd out of Townes and Cities for a dangerous thing, and every man that means to live well, endeavours to truff to himfelfe, and live with¬
out it.

Enter Brakpenbury the Lieutenent.
Brak. Sorrow breaks Seafons, and reproving houres,
Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon-tide night:
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

For in that sense, he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O know you yet, he doth it publiquely,
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm:
He needs no indirect, or lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him,
Who made thee then a bloody minifter,
When gallant Springing brawe Plantagenet,
That Princely Nounce was frucke dead by thee?
Cla. My Brothers love, the Diuell, and my Rage,
Thu Brothers Love, our Duty, and thy Faults,
Prouoke vs hister now, to slaughter thee.
Cla. If you do loue my Brother, hate not me:
I am his Brother, and I love him well.
If you are hyrd for meede, goe backe againe,
And I will send you to my Brother Gloufier:
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.
You are deceu'd,
Your Brother Gloufier hates you.
Cla. Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deere:
Go you to him from me,
I so we will.
Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely Father Yorke,
Bleft his three Sonnes with his victorious Arme,
He little thought of this diuided Friendship
Bid Gloufier thinke on this, and he will weep.
1 I Millones, as he leffoned vs to wepe.
Cla. O do not flander him, for he is kinde,
Right, as Snow in Haruelle.
Come, you deceue your selfe,
'Tis that fends vs to destroy you here.
Cla. It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and iwor with fobs,
That he would labour my deliuerie.
Why fo be death, when he delivers you
From this earths thralldome, to the eyes of heaven.
Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.
Cla. Have you that holy feeling in your foules,
To confame me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your owne foules so blinde,
That you will warre with God, by murthering me,
O firs consider, they that fet you on
To do this deede, will hate you for the deede.
What shall we do?
Clar. Relent, and fware 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 intrest for life, as you would begge
Were you in my diftreffe.
Relent no:
'Tis cowardly and womanifh:
My Friend, I fpye fome picty in thy lookes :
O, if shine eye be not a Flatterer,
Come thou on my fide, and intreate for mee,
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not.
Looke behinde you, my Lord.
I take that, and that, if all this will not do, Stab him,
He drowne you in the Maimefey, But within.
A bloody deede, and desperately difpache,
How faine (like Pilate) would I wash my hands
Of this most greevous murther.
Enter Murtherer.
I How now? what means'thou that thou help't me not? By Heauen the Duke shall know how slacke you have beene,
Exit.

For I repent me that the Duke is ibi. 
Take thou the Fee. and tell him what I say,
Till that the Duke give or cleri for his burial:
Well, he go hide the body in some hole.

With thy embracements to my wives Allies,
And when I have my meede, I will away.
Exit
For this will out. and then I must not stay.

Our former hatred, so chriue I, and mine.
Upon your Grace, but with dutious love.
And make me happy in your unity.
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.
To make the blessed period of this peace.
There wanteth now our Brother Hastings here,
Is this thy Vow, unto my sickely heart:
When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.
Embrace
King. A pleasing Cordial, Princely Buckingham.
Is this thy Vow, into my sickely heart:
There wanteth now our Brother Gloster here,
To make the blest period of this peace.
Bec. And in good time.
Here comes Sir Richard Ratcliffe, and the Duke.

Enter Ratcliffe, and Gloster.

Rich. Good morrow to my Sovereign King & Queen And Princely Peoples, 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 louse of hate,
Bereve thes dwelling wrong incensed Peoples.

Rat. A blessed labour my most Sovereign Lord: Among this Princely heape, if any herere
By falle intelligence, or wrong furnize
Hold me a Fee. If I unwillingly, or in my rage,
Haste ought committed that is hardly borne,
To any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his Friendly peace:
Tis death to me to be at enmities:
I hate it, and desire all good mens love,
First Madam, I intreate true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my dutious seruice.
Of you my Noble Cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd betweene us:
Of you and you, Lord Rivers and of Dorset,
That all without defect have sworn on me:
Of you Lord Woodvil, and Lord Scales of you,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive,
Whom with my foule is any iocatcd at odds,
More than the Infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my Humility.

Qu. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:
I would to God all stires were well compounded,
My Sovereign Lord, I do beseech your Highness
To take our Brother Clarence to your Grace.
Rich. Why Madam, have I oared love for this,
To be so flown in this Royall presence?
Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead?
They do you inuiure to forcme his Coarle,
All statt.
King. Who knowes not he is dead?
Who knowes he is?
Qu. All-feing heaven, what a world is this?
Bec. Looke I to pale Lord Dorset, as the refi?
Dor. I my good Lord, and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsooke his cheeckes.
King. Is Clarence dead? the Order was reserft.
Rich. But he (poore man) by your first orde dyed,
And that a winged Mercurie did beeare:
Some tardie Cripple bare the Countermand,
And that a winged Mercurie did bare:
Some tardie Cripple bare the Countermand,
That came too lage to see him buried.
God grant, that some leffe Noble, and leffe Icy all,
Nenter in bloody thoughts, and not in blood.
Defence not wonte then wretched Clarence did,
Yet goe currest from Sulphion.

Enter Earl of Derby.

Dor. A boone my Sovereign signe for my seruice done.
King. I prethee peace, my foule is full of sorrow.
Dor. I will not rife, vnless your Highnes hear me.
King Then say at once, what is it thou requeseth.
Dor. The forfeit (Soveraigne) of my yeauant life.
Who slew to day a Rious Gentleman,
Lately attenchant on the Duke of Norfoke.
King. Haste is tongue to doome my Brothers death.
And shall that tongue giue pardon to a flave?
My Brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
And fearde Brother, and be a King
For him pover Soule. The proudef of you all,
For ten( alrooff) to death, how he did lap me
The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me?

But for my Brother, not a man would speake.
The precious Image of our deere Redeemer
Haue done a drunken Slaught, and defac'd
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
When Oxford had me do woe, he refeued me*
Kneel'd and my feet, and bid me be aduis'd?
O! they did urge it ftill vnto the King,
Haue bin beholding to him in his life:
Nor I (ungracious) speake vnto my felfe
You straight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon,
Euen in his Garments, and did giue himfelfe
(All thin and naked) to the numbre cold night I
Who told me in this field acTewkesbury,
Who fpoke of Brother-hood? who fpoke of love?
With our company.

To comfort Edward
As loath to lofe him, not your Fathers death:
May fend forth plenteous teares to drowne the World.
To ouer-go thy woes, and drowne thy cries.
Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant death.

But now two Mirrors of his Princely femblance.
To his new Kingdome of nere-changing night,
And to my felfe, become an enemie.
lie ioyne with blacke dispaire againft my Soule,
To chide my Fortune, and torment my Selfe.
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
Thou art a Widdow: yec thou art a Mother,
That greeues me, when I see my (hame in him.

I haue bewp a worthy Husbands death,
As I had Title in thy Noble Husband:
And liu'd with looking on his Images:
That our fvyift-winged Soules may catch the Kings,
And with a vertuous Vizor hide deepe vice.
Deuis'd impeachments to imprifon him;
Durst be, for I will I.
Ofafs children peace, the King doth love you wel.
Incopecible, and shalow Innocents,
You cannot guesse who caus'd your Fathers death.
Grandam we can for my good Vnkle Glofter
Told me, the King prouok'd to it by the Queene,
Durst impeachments to imprifon him;
And when my Vnkle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kit my cheeke:
Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,
And he would loose me descrely as a child.
Durst! Ah! that Deceit should aree such gentle shape,
Not with a vertuous Vizor hide deepe vice.
He is my fone, and therein my flame.
Yet from my dugger, he drew not this deceit.
Boy. Thynke you my Vnkle did difsemble Grandam?
Durst. 1 Boy.
Boy. I cannot think it. Hearde, what noise is this?

Enter the Queene with her hair about her ears,
Riuer & Dorflie after her.
Enter Richard, Buckingham, Dorset, Hastings, and Ratcliff.

Rich. Sister have comfort, all of vs have cause
To waile the dimming of our shining Stars:
But none can help our harms by wayling them.
Madam, my Mother, I do cry you meteere,
I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my knee,
I crave your Blessing.

Buc. God blest thee, and put meeknes in thy breast,
Loue Christeny, Obedience, and true Dutie.
Rich. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
That is the butt-end of a Mothers bleffing;
I musuell that her Grace did leave it out.

Buc. You slowdy-Princes, hast-sorrowing-Dukes,
That bear this heauie mutuall loade of Moane,
Now cheer each other, in each others Loue.

Rich. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
That is the butt-end of a Mothers bleffing;
I musuell that her Grace did leave it out.

Hast. To waile the dimming of our shining Stars:

Rich. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
That is the butt-end of a Mothers bleffing;
I musuell that her Grace did leave it out.

Buc. My other selfe, my Counsaiies Consistory,
These are the butt-end of a Mothers bleffing;
I musuell that her Grace did leave it out.

Rich. Marrie my Lord, leaft by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of Malice should breake out,
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the effaft is greene, and yet vngovern'd.
Where every Hoste bears his commanding Reine,
And may direct his course as pleaseth himself.
As well the fear of hisme, as harme appaunt,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Rich. I hope the King made peace with all of vs,
And the compact is firme, and true in me.

Krc. And so in me, and so (I think) in all,
Yet since it is but greene, it should be put
To no apponat,likely-hood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be vrg'd:
Therefore I lay with Noble Buckingham,
That it meets to few should fetch the Prince.

Rich. And so lye.

Rich. Then be it so, and go we to determine
Who they shall be that shall fess the poftel to London.
Madam, and you my Syster, will you go
To give your censures in this business.

Enter another Citizen at one dure, and another at the other.

1. Cit. Good morrow Neighbour, whether away so fast?
2. Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know my fels:
Hear you the newes abroad?
1. Yes, the King is dead,
2. Ill newes by this, seldom comes the better:
If rare, I fear, I twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3. Neighbours, God speed.
1. Give you good morrow sir.
2. Doth the newest hold of good King Edwards death
1. I fear, it is too true, God helpe the while.
3. Then Masters looke to fee a troublous world.
1. No, no, by Gods good grace, his Son shall reigne.
3. Were to that Land that y gouern'd by a Childe.
1. In him there is a hope of Government,
Which in his name, counsell under him,
And in his full and ripened yeares, himselfe
No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well.
2. So fouled the State, when Henry the Fat
With crowne'd in Paris, but at time months old.
3. Stood the State in? No, no, good friends, God for.
1. Who by that Land was famously enrich'd
With politike grace Counsell, then the King
Had vertuous Vehios to protect his Grace.
2. Why so hath this, both by his Father and Moother.
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 neerest,
Will touch vs all too neere, if God prevent not.
4. Full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester,
And the Queenes Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud
And were they to be toll'd, and not to rule,
This sickly Land, might solace as before.

1. Come, come, we fear the worst: all will be well.
2. When Clouds are seen, wise men put on their clokes,
When great leaues fall, then Winter is at hand:
When the Sun sets, who doth not looke for night?
3. Why so hath this, both by his Father and Moother.

Enter another Citizen.

1. Before the dayes of Change, still is it so,
By a divine infinite, mens minds mistrust

Ensuig.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third. 185

The Water swell'd before the boyful thorme: But Jesus is all to God, Whither may we 3
Marry we were sent for to the Ladies. 3 And lo was I bleare you company.  

Scena Quarta.

Enter Arch-bishop Yong York, the Queene, and the Dutchess.

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. I hope he is much growne since last I saw him.

Pursuing danger: as by picots we see out jeaueit all to God. Whither away?

Becauf sweet Flowres are flow, and Weeds make haft. Small Herbes have grace, great Weeds do grow apace. And at Northampton they d® reft to night: He was the Wretched's thing when he was yong. Ritters My Vnkle talk'd how I did grow that if his rule were true, he (hould be gracious. In him that did object the same to thee. And since, me thinkes I would not grow so fast, more than my Brother. I, quoth my Vnkle Gloufter, so long a growing, and so leyfurely.

Tow. I long with all my heart to fee the Prince: I hope he be much growne since last I saw him. Q.s. But I hear no, they say ooysonne of Yorks. I Mother, but I would not haue it so. Tor. Come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary. Madam, farwell.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Arch-bishop, young York, the Queen, and Buckingham.

Arch. For what occasion? Msf. The summe of all I can, I haue disclos'd: Why, or for what, the Nobles are committed, is all unknowe to me, my gracious Lord.

Qu. Aye me! I see the rume of my House: The Tyger now hath feiz'd the gentle Hinde, Infulting Titanny begins to Jutt Vpon the innocent and swelleffe Throne: Welcome Deffruction, Blood, and Maffacre, I see (as in a Map) the end of all.

Dur. Accursed, and vnquiet wrangling days, How many of you have mine eyes beheld? My Husband loft his life, to get the Crowne, And often up and downe my lornnes were tost For me to lay, and wepe, their gazeine and loose. And being feasted, and Donefliecke biyoles Cleane ouer-blowne, themelves the Conquerors, Make warre vpon themselues, Brother to Brother; Blood to blood, felse against felse: O prephonous And franticke outrage, end thy damned spleene, Or let me dye, to looke on earth no more. Qu. Come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary, Madam, farwell.

Arch. My gracious Lady go. Qu. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious Lady go, and thether beare your Treasur and your Goodes, For my part, I resigne unto your Grace The Seale I keeps, and so betide to me, As well I tender you, and all of yours. Go, Ile conduift you to the Sanctuary.  

Exeunt

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

The Sandwich sound. Enter young Prince, the Duke of Gloufter, and Buckingham, Lord Cardonall, with others.

Prin. Welcome sweete Prince to London, to your Chamber. Rich. Welcome deere Cousin, my thoughts Souveraing. The westie way hath made you Melancholly. Prin. No Vakle, but our croffes on the way. Rich. Sweet Prince, the untaunted vertue of your yeres Hath not yet diu'd into the Worlds deceit: No more can you distinguish of a man. Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes, Seldom or neuer lumpeth with the heart. Tho' Vakles which you want, were dangerous: Your Grace attended to their Suered words. But look'd not on the poynon of their hearts: God keepes you from them, and from such falfe Friends. Prin. God keepes me from falfe Friends, But they were none.

Rich. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greet you. Enter Lord Maior.

Le. Maior. God bleffe your Grace, with health and happy days.

Prin. I thanke you, good my Lord, and thank you all.
I thought my Mother, and my Brother York,
Would long ere this, have met vs on the way.
Fie, what a Slag is 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
Lords.

Prince. Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother
come?

Hast. On what occasion God he knowes, not I;
The Queen your Mother, and your Brother York,
Hast to see Sanquarie: the tender Prince
Would faine have come with me, to meet your Grace,
But by his Mother was perfecution withheld.

Buck. Fie, on what an indirect and perjurious course
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinal, will your Grace
Perfwade the Queen, to send the Duke of York
to his Prince brother presently?

If she deny, Lord Hastings goe with him,
And from her jealous armes pluck him perforce.
Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weake Octorior
Can from his Mother winne the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here: but if he be obdurate
To meddle entretains, God forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Or bleffed Sanquarie: not for all this land,
Would I be guiltie of so great a sinne.

Buck. You are too sencelessly obstinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditionist.
Weigh it lightly, but with the bleffed Sanduarii:
You have not heard of Sanduarii here.

But Sanduarii children, we're till now.
Card. My Lord, you shall o're rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you goe with me?

Hast. I goe, my Lord. Exit Cardinall and Hastings.

Prince. Good Lords, make all the speedie haste you may.
Say, Vnckle Gloucefter, if our Brother come,
Where shall we foureight, till our Coronation?

Glo. Where it thinkest best, into your Royall selfe.

If I may counfaile you some day or two
You Highness shall report 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 since, succeeding Ages have re-edify'd.
Successively from age to age, he built it.

Buck. Upon record, my gracious Lord.
Prince. But say, my Lord, if he were not registred,
I mean the truth shall live from age to age,
As 'twere recity'd to all posteritie.

Enter young York, Hastings, and Cardinal.

Buck. Now in good time, here comes the Duke of
York.

Prince. Richard of York, how fares our noble broth¬
er?

York. Well, my dear Lord, so must I call you now.
Prince. I, Brother, to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late he dy'd, that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much misfortune.

Glo. How fares our Cousin, noble Lord of York?

Prince. I thank you, gentle Vnckle. O my Lord,
You said, that idle words are fit in growth:
The Prince, my Brother, hath our grewn me faire.

Glo. He hath, my Lord.

Prince. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my faire Cousin, I muft not say so.

Prince. Then he is more beholding to you, then I.
Glo. He may command me as my Soueraigne,
But you have power in me, as in a kinman.

Prince. What, will you haue my weapon, little Lord?
Glo. I weigh it lightly, weare it heauier.

Prince. You are too fencelessly obstinate, my Lord.

Glo. A greater gift then thar. I'll give my Cousin
Prince. A greater gift then thar. O, that's the Sword to it.
Glo. O, gentle Cousin, were it light enough.
Prince. O, then I feue you, you will part with light gifts,
In weightier things you'll faue a Beggar my.

Glo. Is it too weightie for your Grace to weare.

Prince. I weigh it lightly, were it heauier.

Glo. What would you haue my weapon, little Lord?
Prince. I would that I might thanke you, as you
Call me.

Glo. How?

Prince. My Lord of York, will you be of the coorde
Vnckle, your Grace knowes how to bear with him.

York. You mean to bear with me, not to bear with me;
Glo. My Brother, not only both you and me.

Because that I am little, like a ape,
He thinkes that you should bare me on your shoulders.

Prince. With what a tharp prouded wight he reason:
To mitigate the scorn he glues his Vnckle,
He prettily and aptly taunts him selfe:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderfull.
Glo. My Lord, will please you passe along?

Prince. My Lord, will please you passe along?
My selfe, and my good Cousin Buckingham,
Will to your Mother, to entertain of her.
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

Buck. What.
Enter a Messenger to the Door of Hastings.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord.
Hast. Who knocks?
Mess. One from the Lord Stanley.
Hast. What is 'tis a Clocke?
Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Cannot my Lord Stanley sleep these tedious Nights?

Mess. So it appears, by that I have to say:
First, he commends him to your Noble self,
Hast. What then?
Mess. Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night
He dreams, the Bore had rased off his Helmet:
Besides, he fears there are two Councils kept;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he tends to know your Lordships pleasure,
If you will presently take Horse with him,
And with all speed goth him toward the North,
To shun the danger that his Soul doth suspect.

Hast. Go, fellow, goe, returne unto thy Lord,
Bid him not fear the separted Council;
His Honor and my selfe are at the one,
And at the other is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth vs,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence:
Tell him his fears are hollow, without instance.
With his Dreams, I wonder he's so simple,
To trust the mock'ry of unquiet slumbers.
To fly the Bore, before the Bore pursues,
Were to incense the Bore to follow us,
And make pursuit, where he did meane no chace.
Goe, bid my Master slide, and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall see the Bore will vie vs kindly.
Mess. He goe, my Lord, and tell him what you say.

Exit.

Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord,
Hast. Good morrow Catesby, you are early rising;
What news, what news, in this our tow'ring State?
Cates. It is a reckling World indeed, my Lord:
And I beleive will never stand upright,
Till Richard wear the Garland of the Realm,
Hast. How were the Garland?
Cates. Doth thou meane the Crowne?
Cates. I my good Lord,
Hast. Ile have this Crown of mine set on my Shoulders,
Before Ile see the Crowne so foule mis-plac'd;
But canst thou guesse, that he doth ayme at it?
Come on, come on, where is your Bore. 
1
But come, my Lord, let's away. 
Then when thou met'st me last, where now we meet. 
*) But now I tell thee (keepe it close to thy self. 
Then was I going Prisoner to the Tower. 
To barre my Masters Heires in true Deffence. 
God knowes I will not doe it, to the death. 
Cates. God keepes your Lordship in that gracious mind. 
Haft. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence, 
That they which brought me in my Masters hate, 
I live to looke upon their Tragedie. 
Well Cates, ere a fort-night make me older, 
He send some packing, that yet think not on it. 
Cates. It is a vile thing to dye, my gracious Lord, 
When men are vnprepar'd, and looke not for it. 
Haft. O monstrous, monstrous and so falls it out 
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill doe 
With some men else, that thinke themselfes as safe 
As thou and I, who (as thou know'st) are deare 
To Princeely Richard, and to Buckingham. 
Cates. The Princes both make high account of you, 
For they account his Head vpon the Bridge.

Enter Lord Stanley. 
Come on, come on, where is your Bore. speare man? 
Fear you the Bore, and goe so vpnone? 
Stan. My Lord good morrow, good morrow Catesby: 
You may leaft on, but by the holy Rood, 
I doe not like thefe feuerall Councels. 
That this same very day your enemies. 

And I in better state then ere I was. 
Purf. God hold it, to your Honors good content. 
Haft. Gramercie fellow: there, drink that for me. 
Throws him his Purse. 
Purf. I thank ye your Honor. 
Exit Purseant. 

Enter a Purseant. 
Purf. Well me, my Lord, I am glad to see you, your Honor. 
Haft. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart. 
I am in your debt, for your last Exercise: 
Come the next Sabboth, and I will content you. 
Purse. Ie wait vpon your Lordship. 

Enter Buckingham. 
Buc. What, walking with a Prieft, Lord Chamberlaine? 
Your friends at Pomfret, they doe need the Prieft, 
Your Honor hath no flinting worke in hand. 
Haft. Good faith, and when I met this holy man, 
The men you talke of, came into my minde, 
What doe 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 knowst it not. 
Come, will you goe? 
Haft. Ie wait vpon your Lordship. 

Scena Tertia. 

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with Halberds, carrying the Nobles to death at Pomfret. 

Rivers. Sir Richard Ratcliffe, let me tell thee this, 
To day shall thou behold a Sack die, 
For Truth, for Duty, and for Loyalty. 
Grey. God bleffe the Prince from all the Path of you, 
A Knot you are, of damned Blood-suckers. 

Scena Dertia, 

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with Halberds, carrying the Nobles to death at Pomfret. 

And I in better state then ere I was. 
Purf. God hold it, to your Honors good content. 
Haft. Gramercie fellow: there, drink that for me. 
Throws him his Purse. 
Purf. I thank ye your Honor. 
Exit Purseant. 

Enter a Purseant. 
Purf. Well me, my Lord, I am glad to see you, your Honor. 
Haft. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart. 
I am in your debt, for your last Exercise: 
Come the next Sabboth, and I will content you. 
Purse. Ie wait vpon your Lordship. 

Enter Buckingham. 
Buc. What, walking with a Prieft, Lord Chamberlaine? 
Your friends at Pomfret, they doe need the Prieft, 
Your Honor hath no flinting worke in hand. 
Haft. Good faith, and when I met this holy man, 
The men you talke of, came into my minde, 
What doe 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 knowst it not. 
Come, will you goe? 
Haft. Ie wait vpon your Lordship. 

Scena Tertia. 

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with Halberds, carrying the Nobles to death at Pomfret. 

Rivers. Sir Richard Ratcliffe, let me tell thee this, 
To day shall thou behold a Sack die, 
For Truth, for Duty, and for Loyalty. 
Grey. God bleffe the Prince from all the Path of you, 
A Knot you are, of damned Blood-suckers. 

Scena Dertia.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Buckingham, Darcy, Hastings, Bishop of Ely, Nerfuke, Ratcliffe, Loues, with others, at a Table.

Haft. Now Noble Peeres, 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?

Dark. It is, and wants but nomination.

Ely. Tomorrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the Lord Protectors mind herein?

Dark. When is the Noble Duke?

Ely. Your Grace, we think, should soon know his mind.

Buck. We know each others Fates: for our Hearts,
Know no more of nine, then I of yours.

Dark. Lord for his purpose in the Coronation,
For selfe am not so well prouided.

To morrow, in my judgements too sudden.

Buck. But you, my Honorable Lords: may name the time.

Dark. His gracious pleasure any way therein;
I haue not founded him, nor headier'd
I haue sent for thefe Strawberries.

Dark. As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Dark. As to Triumph, in my judgement, is too sudden.

Buck. For were he, he had shewne it in his Looks.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

Rich. I pray you all, tell me what they deserre,
That doe conspire my death with dazned Plots
Of damned Witchcraft, and that have prevaul'd
Vpon my Body with their Hellish Charmes.

Haft. The tender love I bear my Grace, my Lord,
Makes me most forward in this Princely presence,
To doome the Th'Ofenders, whosebe they be:
I say, my Lord, they haue defercd death.

Buck. Then be your eyes the witnessing of their quill.

Ely. How I am bewitch'd: behold, mine Arme

Rich. It is, and wants but nomination.

Buck. With this monstrous Witch, Conforted with that Harlot, Strumpet, Shame,
That by their Witchcraft thus have marked me.

Rich. If they have done this deed, my Noble Lord.

Dark. If thou Protefter of this damned Strumpet,
Talk't thou to me of this: thou art a Traiter,
Off with his Head: now by Saint Paul I Twiere,
I will not dine, until I see the fame.

Loues and Ratcliffe, look that it be done:

Haft. The right that love me, right, and follow me.

Enter Lord Loues, and Ratcliffe, with the
Lord Hastings.

Haft. Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me,
For 1, too fond, might have prevented this:

Stanley did dreame, the Bore did rowde our Helmes,
And I did fcorne it, and disdain'd to Aye:

Three times to day my Foot-Cloth-Horde did tumble,
And flarted, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O now I need the Priest, that spake to me:
I now repent I told the Purfuiuant,
As too triumphing, how mine Enemies
To day at Ponfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I my felfe secure, in grace and fauour.

Oh Margaret, or Curfe, or Curfe for mine Enemies
That doe confpire my death, with dazned Plots
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Haft. O momentarie grace of mortal men, Which we more hunt for, then the grace of God!

Rich. Who builds his hope in eyre of your good Lookes,
Lives like a drunken Sayler on a Maft,
Readie with every Nod to tumble downe,
Into the fatal Bowels of the Deepe.

Rich. O bloody Richard, miserable England,
I prophecie the fearefull time to thee.

Leu. Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner,
Make a shorter Shrift, he longs to see your Head.

Rich. Enter the Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloflet?
I have lent for these Strawberries.

Ely. His Grace looks carefully & smooth this morning,

There's some conceit or other like him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
I think there's nearer a man in Christendome
Can lere hide his honour bare, than he.

For by his face outright shall you know his Heart.

Dark. What of his Heart perceive you in his Face,
By any luythhood he shewd to day?

Haft. May, that with no man here he is offended:

Haft. Enter the Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloflet?
I have lent for these Strawberries.

Ely. His Grace looks carefully & smooth this morning,

There's some conceit or other like him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
I think there's nearer a man in Christendome
Can lere hide his honour bare, than he.

For by his face outright shall you know his Heart.

Dark. What of his Heart perceive you in his Face,
By any luythhood he shewd to day?

Haft. May, that with no man here he is offended:

For were he, he had shewne it in his Looks.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

Rich. Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me,
For 1, too fond, might have prevented this:

Stanley did dreame, the Bore did rowde our Helmes,
And I did fcorne it, and disdain'd to Aye:

Three times to day my Foot-Cloth-Horde did tumble,
And flarted, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O now I need the Priest, that spake to me:
I now repent I told the Purfuiuant,
As too triumphing, how mine Enemies
To day at Ponfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I my felfe secure, in grace and fauour.

Oh Margaret, or Curfe, or Curfe for mine Enemies
That doe confpire my death, with dazned Plots
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Haft. O momentarie grace of mortal men, Which we more hunt for, then the grace of God!

Rich. Who builds his hope in eyre of your good Lookes,
Lives like a drunken Sayler on a Maft,
Readie with every Nod to tumble downe,
Into the fatal Bowels of the Deepe.
Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in a raten Armour, mutinous ill-favoured.

Richard. Come Cousin,
Canst thou quaker, and change thy colour,
Murther thy breath in midst 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 deeps Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on every side,
Tremble and run at waggling of a Straw.
Intending deeps suspicion, gaily Lookes
Are at my service, like enforced Smiles;
And both are ready in their disguises,
At any time to grace my Stratagernes.
But what's, is Catesby gone?

Rick. He is, and see he brings the Maior along.

Enter the Maior, and Catesby.

Buck. Lord Maior.

Rick. Look to the Draw-Bridge there.

Buck. Hearke, a Drumme.

Rick. Catesby, o're-look the Walls.

Buck. Lord Maior, the reason we have sent.

Rick. Look to defend thee, here are Enemies.

Buck. God and our Innocence defend, and guard us.

Enter Lewell and Ratcliffe, with Hastings Head.

Rick. Be patient, they are friends. Ratcliffe, and Lewell.

Lewell. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traytor,
The dangerous and un sickness Hastings.

Rick. So dear I loud the man, that I must weep:
I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse Creature,
That breath'd upon the Earth, Christian.

Buck. Doubt not, nor did my Lord, I play the Orator,
As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead.

Rick. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle,
Where you shall finde me well accompanied
With reverend Fathers, and well-learned Bishops.

Buck. I goe, and towards three or foure O'clock
Looke for the Newes that the Guild-Hall affords.

Exit Buckingham.

Rick. Goe Lewell with all speed to Doctor Shew,
Goe thou to Fryer Penker, bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.

Now will I go to take some private order,
To draw the Brats of Clarence out of sight,
And to give order, that no manner person
Have any time recourse unto the Princes.

Enter a Scrivener.

Srn. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord Hastings,
Which in a set Hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to day read o're in public.

And marke how well the sequeil hangs together:
Sixt hours I have spent to write it out,
For yeeter-night by Catesby was it sent me,
The Precedent was full as long a doing.
And yet within these five Hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamind, free, at liberty.

Here's a good World the while,
Who is so gross, that cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold, but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought.

Enter Richard and Buckingham at several Doors.

Richard. How now, how now, what says the Citizens?
Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mum; say not a word.

Richard. Touches you the Bastardie of Edwards Children?
Buck. I did, with his Contract with Lady Lucy,
And his Contract by Deputation in France,
Th'vniat of greedineffe of his desire,
And his enforcement of the City Wives,
His Tyranny for Trifles, his owne Bastardie,
As being got, your Father then in France,
His Tyrannie for Trifles, his owne Bastardie,
Your Beauty, Venue, faire Humilitie:

Richard. Your Discipline in War, Wisdom in Peace,
Both in your forme and Noblenesse of Mind:

Richard. As being got, your Father then in France,
His Tyrannie for Trifles, his owne Bastardie,
Your Beauty, Venue, faire Humilitie:

Richard. Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose,

Richard. But likedumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Layd open all your Virtues in Scotland,
And did they so?

Richard. And thus I took the advantage of those few.

Buck. No, God helps me, they spoke not a word,
But like dembe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:

Richard. To be spoke to, but by the Recorder.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
But nothing spoke, in warrant from himselfe.

Buck. Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferred.

Richard. Then he was urg'd to tell my Tale:
His answer was, the people were not vued
Withal. I did inferre your Lineaments,
King. Richard, England's Royal Cry, God save

Richard. And did they so?

Richard. And sence or slighte handled in discourse.

Richard. But liked dumb Statues, or breathing Stones,
Layd open all your Virtues in Scotland,
And did they so?

Richard. And sence or slighte handled in discourse.

Richard. But likedumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Layd open all your Virtues in Scotland,
And did they so?

Richard. And sence or slighte handled in discourse.

Richard. But likedumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Layd open all your Virtues in Scotland,
And did they so?

Richard. And sence or slighte handled in discourse.

Richard. But likedumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Layd open all your Virtues in Scotland,
And did they so?

Richard. And sence or slighte handled in discourse.

Richard. But likedumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Layd open all your Virtues in Scotland,
And did they so?

Richard. And sence or slighte handled in discourse.

Richard. But likedumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Layd open all your Virtues in Scotland,
And did they so?

Richard. And sence or slighte handled in discourse.

Richard. But likedumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Layd open all your Virtues in Scotland,
And did they so?

Richard. And sence or slighte handled in discourse.

Richard. But likedumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Layd open all your Virtues in Scotland,
And did they so?

Richard. And sence or slighte handled in discourse.

Richard. But likedumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Layd open all your Virtues in Scotland,
And did they so?

Richard. And sence or slighte handled in discourse.

Richard. But likedumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Layd open all your Virtues in Scotland,
And did they so?

Richard. And sence or slighte handled in discourse.

Richard. But likedumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Layd open all your Virtues in Scotland,
And did they so?

Richard. And sence or slighte handled in discourse.

Richard. But likedumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Layd open all your Virtues in Scotland,
And did they so?

Richard. And sence or slighte handled in discourse.

Richard. But likedumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Layd open all your Virtues in Scotland,
And did they so?

Richard. And sence or slighte handled in discourse.

Richard. But likedumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Layd open all your Virtues in Scotland,
And did they so?

Richard. And sence or slighte handled in discourse.

Richard. But likedumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Layd open all your Virtues in Scotland,
And did they so?

Richard. And sence or slighte handled in discourse.

Richard. But likedumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Layd open all your Virtues in Scotland,
And did they so?

Richard. And sence or slighte handled in discourse.

Richard. But likedumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Layd open all your Virtues in Scotland,
And did they so?

Richard. And sence or slighte handled in discourse.

Richard. But likedumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Layd open all your Virtues in Scotland,
And did they so?

Richard. And sence or slighte handled in discourse.

Richard. But likedumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Layd open all your Virtues in Scotland,
And did they so?

Richard. And sence or slighte handled in discourse.

Richard. But likedumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Layd open all your Virtues in Scotland,
And did they so?

Richard. And sence or slighte handled in discourse.

Richard. But likedumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Layd open all your Virtues in Scotland,
And did they so?

Richard. And sence or slighte handled in discourse.

Richard. But likedumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Layd open all your Virtues in Scotland,
And did they so?

Richard. And sence or slighte handled in discourse.

Richard. But likedumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Layd open all your Virtues in Scotland,
And did they so?

Richard. And sence or slighte handled in discourse.

Richard. But likedumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Layd open all your Virtues in Scotland,
And did they so?

Richard. And sence or slighte handled in discourse.

Richard. But likedumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Layd open all your Virtues in Scotland,
And did they so?

Richard. And sence or slighte handled in discourse.

Richard. But likedumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Layd open all your Virtues in Scotland,
And did they so?

Richard. And sence or slighte handled in discourse.

Richard. But likedumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Layd open all your Virtues in Scotland,
And did they so?

Richard. And sence or slighte handled in discourse.

Richard. But likedumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Layd open all your Virtues in Scotland,
And did they so?

Richard. And sence or slighte handled in discourse.

Richard. But likedumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Layd open all your Virtues in Scotland,
So lay we too, but not by Edwards Wife:
You say, that your Brothers Son, Edward is
All circumstances well considered.
Which God defend that I should wring from him.
The Right and Fortune of his happy Stars,
And make me doubt, you happy by his Reign.
The Royal Tree hath left us Royal Fruit,
Which mellow'd by the dealing hours of time.
But God be thank'd, there is no need of me.
Will well become the Seat of Majesty,
And in the vapours of my Glory scatter'd.
But I would rather hide me from my Greatness,
Hit the respect of it are nice and trivial.
Yet know, where you accept our suit or no,
And equally indeed to all Estates:
Which we have noted in you to your Kindred,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse.
As well we knew your tenderness of heart, *
Loth to depose the Child, your Brothers Son,
For you accept our suit or no,
And denie them, all the Land will rise up.
Rich. Will you enforce it to a world of Cares.
Call them again, I am not made of Stones,
But penetrable to your kinde entreaties,
Albeit against my Conscience and my Soul.
Cousin of Buckingham, and Tage grace men,
Since you will buckle fortune on your back,
To bear her burden, where I will or no.
I must have patience, your Load:
But if black Scandal, or foul-fulled Reproach,
Attend the sequel of your Imposition.
Your mere enforcement shall acquaintance me
From all the impure blot and stains thereof.
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire of this.
Rich. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.
Buck. Then I flute you with this Royal Title,
Long live King Richard, England's 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 so.
Enter Queen. Anne, Duchess of Gloucester, the
Duchess of York, and Margaret, Duchess of

Duchy. 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.

Enter the Duke. Scena Prima.

Enter the Queen, Anne, Duchess of Gloucester, the
Duchess of York, and Margaret, Duchess of.

Duchy. Who meets vs here?
My Niece, Plantagenet,
Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Gloucester
My Niece.

Anne. God give your Grace both, a happy
And a joyful time of day.

Lieu. As much to you, good Sister: whither away?

Anne. No farther than the Tower, and as I guess,
You shall have Letters from me to my Sonne,
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not too tardy by needful delay.

Duchy. Oh ill dispersing Wind of Miserie,
O my accursed Womb, the Bed of Death:
A Cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the World,
You shal have Letters from me to my Sonne.
O would to God, that the inclinable Verge
Of Golden Metall, that must round my Brow,
Were red hot Steele, to seize me to the Brames,
Ay, and d'ye ever men can say, God save the Queene.

Anne. No by Ift: When he that is my Husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry the Sixt,
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
That issued from my other Angell Husband,
And that dear Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
I, when I lay look'd on Richard the Pace.
This was my Wish: Be thou (quoth I) accurs'd,
For making me so young, so old a Widow:
And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy Bed;
And be thy Wife, if any be so mad,
More miserable, by the Life of thee,
Then thou hast made me, by my deare Lords death,
Loe, ere I can repeat this Curse againe,
Within so small a time, my Womans heart
Grofely grew captiue to his honey words,
And proud the subiect of mine owne Soules Curfe,
Which I heretofore hath held mine eyes from rest:
For neuer yet one howre in his Bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleepe,
But with his timorous Dreames was-fill await'd,
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest.

Anne. Their Aunt I am in law, in love their Mother:
Then bring me to their Site, as I bear thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee, on my peril.
Lieu. No, Dame, no: I may not leaue it so:
I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.

Enter Lieutenant.

Stanley. Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence,
And so salute your Grace of York as Mother,
And reverend looker on of two faire Queues.
Come Dame, you must straight to Wolchester,
There to be crown'd Richard Royall Queene.

Anne. Ah, cut my Lance, slander,
That my pens heart may have some scope to bear,
Oft and I owne with this dead-killing newes.

Anne. Disgustfull tidings, O unpleasing newes.
Duchy. Be of good cheare: Mother, how fares your

Grace?

Qu. O Duscher, speake not to me, get thee gone,
Death and Destruction dogges thee at thy heels,
Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.

If thou wilt out-brand Deach, goe crosse the Sea,
And live with Richmone, from the reach of Hell,
Goe bye thee, bye thee from this slaughter-house,
Left thou encrease the number of the dead,
And make me dye the thrall of Margarets Curfe,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.

Stanley. Full of wife care, is this thy counsell, Madame:
Take all the swift advantage of the howres:
You shall have Letters from me to my Sonne,
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not too tardy by needful delay.

Duchy. Oh ill dispersing Wind of Miserie,
O my accursed Womb, the Bed of Death:
A Cockatrice hast thou hatcht to the World,
Whose unconstant Eye is mutterous,
Stanley. Come, Madame, come, I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will goe,
I would to God, that the inclinable Verge
Of Golden Metall, that must round my Brow,
Were red hot Steele, to seize me to the Brames,
And d'ye ever men can say, God save the Queene.

Anne. Whoe ever? When he that is my Husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry the Sixt,
When scarce the blood was well wash't from his hands,
Which issued from my other Angell Husband,
And that dear Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
I, when I lay look'd on Richard the Pace.

This was my Wish: Be thou (quoth I) accurs'd,
For making me so young, so old a Widow:
And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy Bed;
And be thy Wife, if any be so mad,
More miserable, by the Life of thee,
Then thou hast made me, by my deare Lords death,
Loe, ere I can repeat this Curse againe,
Within so small a time, my Womans heart
Grofely grew captiue to his honey words,
And proud the subiect of mine owne Soules Curfe,
Which I heretofore hath held mine eyes from rest:
For neuer yet one howre in his Bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleepe,
But with his timorous Dreames was-fill await'd,
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest.

Anne. No by Ift: When he that is my Husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry the Sixt,
When scarce the blood was well wash't from his hands,
Which issued from my other Angell Husband,
And that dear Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
I, when I lay look'd on Richard the Pace.

This was my Wish: Be thou (quoth I) accurs'd,
For making me so young, so old a Widow:
And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy Bed;
And be thy Wife, if any be so mad,
More miserable, by the Life of thee,
Then thou hast made me, by my deare Lords death,
Loe, ere I can repeat this Curse againe,
Within so small a time, my Womans heart
Grofely grew captiue to his honey words,
And proud the subiect of mine owne Soules Curfe,
Which I heretofore hath held mine eyes from rest:
For neuer yet one howre in his Bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleepe,
But with his timorous Dreames was-fill await'd,
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest.

Anne. Their Aunt I am in law, in love their Mother:
Then bring me to their Site, as I bear thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee, on my peril.
Lieu. No, Dame, no: I may not leaue it so:
I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.

Enter Lieutenant.

Stanley. Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence,
And so salute your Grace of York as Mother,
And reverend looker on of two faire Queues.
Come Dame, you must straight to Wolchester,
There to be crown'd Richard Royall Queene.

Anne. Ah, cut my Lance, slander,
That my pens heart may have some scope to bear,
Oft and I owne with this dead-killing newes.

Anne. Disgustfull tidings, O unpleasing newes.
Duchy. Be of good cheare: Mother, how fares your

Grace?
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Scena Secunda.

Second a Scene. Enter Richard in pompous, Buckingham, Catesby, Tyrrel, Leuty.

Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham.

Buck. My gracious Sovereign. 

Rich. Give me thy hand. 

Buck. My gracious Sovereign. 

Rich. Give me thy hand. 

Buck. My gracious Sovereign. 

Rich. Ha! am I king? 

Buck. True, Noble Prince. 

Rich. 0 bitter consequence! 

That Edward still should live true Noble Prince. 

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull. 

Shall I be plain? 

I will take order for her keeping close. 

Inquire me out some meaner Gentleman, 

Whom I will marry straight to Clarence Daughter: 

The Boy is foolish, and I fear not him. 

Look how thou dream'st: I say again, give out, 

That Anne, my Queene, is sick, and like to dye. 

About it, for it stands me much upon 

To stop all hopes, whose growth may dammage me. 

I must be married to my Brothers Daughter, 

Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle Glass: 

Murther her Brothers, and then marrie her, 

Vncertaine way of gaine. But I am in 

So farre in blood, that finne will pluck on finne, 

Teare-falling Pittie dwells not in this Eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy Name Tyrrel? 

Tyr. I amo Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject. 

Rich. Art thou indeed? 

Tyr. I prove me, my gracious Lord. 

Rich. Dar'st thou refuse to kill a friend of mine? 

Tyr. Please you: 

But I had rather kill two enemies. 

Rich. Why then thou haft it: two deepe enemies, 

Foos to my Rest, and my sweet sleepes disturbs. 

Are they that I would have thee dealle upon: 

Tyrrel, I meane those Bastards in the Tower. 

Tyr. Let me have open meanes to come to them, 

And soone Hee rid you from the feare of them. 

Rich. Thou finge'st sweete Musique: 

Heeke some hither Tyrrel, 

Goe by this token: rise, and lend thine Eare, 

And soone lie rid you from the feare of them. 

Tyr. If it be so: I say again, give out, 

There is no more but so: say it is done. 

And I will love thee, and preferre thee for it. 

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight. 

Exit Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I have consider'd in my minde, 

The late tequest that you did found me in. 

Rich. Well, let that rest: Dorset is fled to Richmond. 

Buck. I hear the news, my Lord. 

Rich. Stanley, he is your Wives Sonne: well, looke into it. 

Buck. My Lord, I clame the gift, my due by promise, 

For which your Honor and your Faith is pownd, 

Th'Earl'dome of Hereford, and the monesales, 

Which you have promised I shall possesse. 

Rich. Stanley looke to your Wife: if she obey the letters to Richmond, you shall answert it. 

Buck. What fayes your Highness to my last tequest? 

Rich. I do remember me, Henry the Sixth. 

Buck. When Richmond was a little pernicious Boy, 

Did prophesie, that Richmond Should be King, 

When Richmond was a little pernicious Boy. 

A King perhaps. 

Buck. May it please you to resolvse me in my doubt. 

Rich. Thou troubllest me, I am not in the vaine. 

Buck. Am I thus? repaves he my deepes service 

With such contempt? made I him King for this? 

O let me thinke on it, and be gone 

To Brench, while my fearfull Head is on. 

Enter Tyrrel. 

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloodie Act is done, 

The most arch deed of pitious massacre

That
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Scena Tertia.

Enter old Queen Margaret.

Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in these confines I fly have I lurk'd,
To watch the waining of mine enemies,
A dire induction, and I witness to,
And will to France, hoping the confection
Will prove as bitter, blacke, and Tragical,
Withdraw thee wretched Margaret, who comes here?

Enter Dorchester and Queen Anne.

Anne. Ah my poor Princess, ah my tender Babes!
My miliowed Flowers, new appearing sweets:
If yet your gentle Fowler flye in the Ayre,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Hourer about me with your ayery wings,
And hear the thoughts of your mothers Lamentation.

Mar. Hourer about her, say that right for right
Hath didst thy Infant name, to Age night
So many sufferes have craz'd thy voyce,
That my woearie tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward, payes a dying debt.

Qu. Wilt thou, O God, flye from such gentle Lems,
And throw them in the intrailes of the Wolfe?
When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done?

Mar. When holy Harry dyed, and my sweet Sonne.
Our Dead life, blind fight, poore mortal lining gho,ost Scene, Worlds shame, Graces due, by life vftar,
Breefe abstrait and record of redious dayes,
Reft thy wretch on Englands lawfull earth,
Vowfully made drunkte with innocent blood.

Qu. Ah that thou wouldst aloone afford a Graue,
As thou canst yielde a melancholly feats:
Then would I hide my bones, not reft them here,
Ah who hath any cause to mourne but we?

Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,
Gie me the benefit of signeurie,
And let my greese frowne on the upper hand
If sorrow can admit Society.
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a Husband, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him:
I hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him:
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him:

Qu. Or till a Land too, thou hop'dst to kill him.

Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too,
And Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennelle of thy wombe hast crepe
A Hell-bound that doth hunt vs all to death:
That Dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry Lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
That foulc defacer of Gods holy worke s
A dire induction, am I witnesse to.

Rat. My Lord, Rat. Good or bad newes, that thou com'nt in so bruntly?
Rat. Bad news my Lord: by your will,
And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welfham
Is in the field, and still his power encrasteth.

Rat. Ely with Richmond troubles me more aere,
Then Buckingham and his rali Leuted Strength.
Come, I have learn'd, that fearfull commenting
Is leade to dally.

Delay Ids impostant and Snale-pac'd Beggary :
Then fire expedition be my wing,
Iwets Mercury, and Herald for a King:
Go mouter men: My counselle is my Shield,
We must be brace, when Traitors brave the Field.

Exeunt.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Prayes on the Image of his Mothers Body,
And makes her Put-fellow with others mone.

Duy. Oh, Harries wife, triumph not in my woes:
God witnesse with me, I haue wept for thine.

Mar. Beside me: I am hungery for requenge,
And now I cloye me with beholding it.

Thy Edward he is dead, that did'nt my Edward,
The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward.
Young Yorke, he is but boote, becaufe both they
Marcht not the high perfection of my loffe.

Thy Clarence he is dead, that flabd my Edward,
And the beholders of this frantick play,
Thadulcetate Hafington, Rivers, Vaughan Gray,
Vnitime smotherd in their dusky Graves.

Richard yet lives, He's blacke Intelligence,
Onely reuer'd their Father, to buy foules,
And send them thither: But at hand, at hand
Infus his pittious and emptie end.

Earth gapes, Hell burnes, Friends roar, Saints pray,
To have him sodainly conuery'd from hence:
Cancell his bond ofiffe, deere God I pray,
That I may live and say. The Dogge is dead.

Whos,

To torture thee the more, being what thou art,
Bea'ring thy Ioffe, makes the bad caufer worfe,
Think that thy Babes were sweeter then they were
Thus hath the course of luftice whirl'd about.

Compare dead happineffe, with liuing woe:
For (he being feared of all, no w fearing one:
Thefe Englifh woes, (hall make me fmile in France.
From which.euen heere I flip my wearied head,
Thou didst vserpe my place, and doft thou not
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Now thy proud Necke, beares halfe my burthen d yoke,
And leaue the burthen of it all.on thee.

Thy School-daies frighifull. desp'tatt^wilde, and furious,
Tetchy and wayward was thy Infande.
Thou cam ft on earth, to make the earth my Hell.
A grecious burthen was thy Birth to me.

COD knowes)tn toiment and in agony.

Enter King Richard, and his Trame

Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition?

Duy. O she, that might have intercepted thee
By trangling thee in her accursed wome:

From all the Laughters (Wretch) that thou hast done.

Qu. Hid thou that Forhead with a Golden Crowne
Where'should be branded, if that right were right?
The laughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crowne,
And the dyre death of my poore Sonnes, and Brothers.
Tell me thou Villaine-flawe, where are my Children?

Duy. Thou Toad, thou Toade,
Whereis thy Brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plamagener his Sonne?

Qu. Where is the gentle Rover, Vaughan Gray?

Duy. Where is kite Hafington?

Rich. A flourifh Trumpets,strike Allarum Drummes :
Let not the Heaven's heart thefe Tell-tale wome

Rich. Four,The Lords Annoyed, Strike I lay, 

Either be patient, and interest me sayre.
Or with the clamorous report of Warre,
Thus will I drowneye your exclamation.

Duy. Art thou my Sonne?

Rich. 1, I thanke God,my Father,and your selfe.

Duy. Then patiently hear my impatience.

Rich. Madam, I haue a touch of your condition.

Then patiently heare my impatience.

Rich. O let me speake.

Rich. Do then, but Ile not heare.

Duy. I will be milde, and gentle in my words.

Rich. And breste (good Mother) for I am in haft.

Duy. Art thou so halfe? I haue flaid for thee

Rich. O see that might haue intercepted thee

Duy. Who Intercepts me In my Expedition ?

A flourifh TtumpetSjftrike Alarum Drummes.

Rich. A flourifh TrumpetS,

A flourifh Trumpet,

A flourifh Trumpet,

A flourifh Trumpet,

Let them haue fcope, though whst they will impart,

The Trumpet sounds, be copious in exclaimes.

Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to Curfe.

Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine:
Mar. Thy woes will make them sharper,
And piece like mine.

Exit Margaret.

Duy. Why should calamity be full of words?

Qu. Windy Atturnes to their Clients Wores,
Avery succeeders of intelligne joys,
Poore breathing Orators of miseries,

Let them have scope, though what they will impart,
Help nothing els, yet do they ease the hart.

Duy. If in that, be not Tongue-sty dgo with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, let's smother
My damned Son, that thy two sweet Sonnes smother'd.
The Trumper sounds, be copious in exclames.

Enter King Richard, and his Trame
The Life and Death of Richard the Third. 197

Rich. You speake too bitterly.

DaU. Hear me a word:
For I shall never speake to thee again.

Rich. So.

DaU. Either thou wilt dye, by Gods just ordinance
Ere from this warre thou turn'st a Conqueror:
Or I with greefe and extreme Age ihall penfh.
And neuer more behold thy face againe.
Therefore take with thee my moft greeuous Curfe,
Or I with greefe and extreame Age ihall penfh.
Ere from this warre thou turnc a Conqueror:
Then all the coraplcat Armour that thou wear'

Daughter.
I will confesse Gie was not
Throw ouer her the vaile of Infamy,
And promife them Succefs and Vijdore
And therefore leucll not to hit their Hues.
Abides in me, I fay Amen to her.

Rich. bid
Slander my Selfe.as falfe to
And He corrupt her Manners,ftaine her Beauty,-
Veruus and Faire,Royall and Gracious?
Then euer you and yours by me were harm'd.
And dangerous succeff of bloody warres.
If grace hadbleft thee with a fairer life.
As I intend more good to you and yours.
Rush ail to peeces on thy Rocky bofome.
Till that my Nayles were anchor'd in thine eyes :
My tongue fhould to thy eares not name my Boyes,
Whofe hand focuer lanch'd their tender hearts,
To recall in the intrails of my Lambes.
No doubt the mutd'rous Knife was dul and blunt.
Of Comfort,Kingdome,Kindred,Freedome, Life,
To be discouered,that can do me good.
Rich. Thi'advancement of your children,gentle Lady
Vp to some Scaffold,there to lofe their heads.
Rich. Vnto the dignity and height of Fortune,
The high Imperiell Type of this earths glory.

Qu. Flatter my forrow with report of it:
Tell m ,what State,what Dignity,what Honor,
Canft thou demifte to any childe of mine.
Rich. Even all I haue I, and my life and all,
Will I withall inow a childe of thine:
So in the Lathe of thy angry soule,
Then downe the fad remembrance of thofe wrongs,
Which thou supposelt I have done to thee.
Qu. Be breefe, leat that the proceffe of thy kindnefe
Laff longe telling then thy kindnefe date.
Rich. Then know,
That from my Soule, I loue thy Daughter,
Qu. My daughters Mother thinks it with her soule.
Rich. What do you thinke?
Qu. That thon deli loue my daughter from thy soule
So from thy Soules loue didft thou loue her Brothers,
And from my hearts loue, I do thanke thee for it.
Rich. Be not fo hafly to confound my meaning:
I meaned that with my Soule I loue thy daughters,
And do intend to make her Queene of England.
Qu. Well then, who dolt muft I shallbe her King.
Rich. Even he that makes her Queene :
Who else fhoold bee?
Qu. What, thou?
Rich. Even f o fow the truth of it?
Qu. How canft thou loue her?
Qu. That I would learne of you,
As one being bef acquainted with her humour.
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
Rich. Madam, with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that flew her Brothers,
A paire of bleeding heatts: thereon ingrue
Edward and Torke, then haply will fie wepe:
Therefore prefent to her,as fometime
Send to her by the man that flew her Brothers,
Qu. And wilt thou loue her?
Qu. And wift thou loue her?
Qu. This inducement moue her not to loue.
Rich. That I would learne of you,
Tell her thou didst away her Vnckle
Qu. Euen fo: How thinke yoo of it ?
Rich. Loke what is done, cannot be now amended:
Rich. I haue kill'd the iflue of your wombs,
And do intend to make her Queene of England.
Qu. Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor,
Canft thou demifte to any child of mine.
Rich. Even all I haue I, and my life and all,
Will I withall inow a childe of thine:
So in the Lathe of thy angry soule,
Then downe the fad remembrance of thofe wrongs,
Which thou supposelt I have done to thee.
Qu. Be breefe, leat that the proceffe of thy kindnefe
Laff longe telling then thy kindnefe date.
Rich. Then know,
That from my Soule, I loue thy Daughter,
Qu. My daughters Mother thinks it with her soule.
Rich. What do you thinke?
Qu. That thon deli loue my daughter from thy soule
So from thy Soules loue didft thou loue her Brothers,
And from my hearts loue, I do thanke thee for it.
Rich. Be not so hafly to confound my meaning:
I meaned that with my Soule I loue thy daughters,
And do intend to make her Queene of England.
Qu. Well then, who doft muft I shallbe her King.
Rich. Even he that makes her Queene :
Who else should be?
Qu. What, thou?
Rich. Even so fow the truth of it?
Qu. How canft thou loue her?
Qu. That I would learne of you,
As one being bef acquainted with her humour.
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
Rich. Madam, with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that flew her Brothers,
A paire of bleeding heatts: thereon ingrue
Edward and Torke, then haply will fie wepe:
Therefore prefent to her,as fometime
Send to her by the man that flew her Brothers,
Qu. And wilt thou loue her?
Qu. And wift thou loue her?
Qu. This inducement moue her not to loue.
Rich. That I would learne of you,
Tell her thou didst away her Vnckle
Qu. Euen fo: How thinke yoo of it ?
Rich. Loke what is done, cannot be now amended:
Rich. I haue kill'd the iflue of your wombs,
And do intend to make her Queene of England.
Qu. Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor,
Canft thou demifte to any child of mine.
Rich. Even all I haue I, and my life and all,
Will I withall inow a childe of thine:
So in the Lathe of thy angry soule,
Then downe the fad remembrance of thofe wrongs,
Which thou supposelt I have done to thee.
Qu. Be breefe, leat that the proceffe of thy kindnefe
Laff longe telling then thy kindnefe date.
Rich. Then know,
That from my Soule, I loue thy Daughter,
Qu. My daughters Mother thinks it with her soule.
Rich. What do you thinke?
Qu. That thon deli loue my daughter from thy soule
So from thy Soules loue didft thou loue her Brothers,
And from my hearts loue, I do thanke thee for it.
Rich. Be not so hafly to confound my meaning:
I meaned that with my Soule I loue thy daughters,
And do intend to make her Queene of England.
Qu. Well then, who doft muft I shallbe her King.
Rich. Even he that makes her Queene :
Who else should be?
Qu. What, thou?
Rich. Even so fow the truth of it?
Qu. How canft thou loue her?
Qu. That I would learne of you,
As one being bef acquainted with her humour.
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
Rich. Madam, with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that flew her Brothers,
A paire of bleeding heatts: thereon ingrue
Edward and Torke, then haply will fie wepe:
Therefore prefent to her,as fometime
Send to her by the man that flew her Brothers,
Qu. And wilt thou loue her?
Qu. And wift thou loue her?
Qu. This inducement moue her not to loue.
Rich. That I would learne of you,
Tell her thou didst away her Vnckle
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
The love you have, is but a son's being King,
And by that love, your daughter is made Queen.
The King that calls your beauteous daughter Wife,
To high promotions, and great dignity.
After your son, that with a fearful soul
Familiarly shall call thy sister's brother:
This faire alliance, quickly shall call home
Go then my mother, to thy daughter go.
Often-times double gaine of happiness.
 Leads discontented steps in Foresaine foyle,
This faire alliance, quickly shall call home.
To high promotions, and great dignity.
The King that calls your beauteous daughter Wife,
To high promotions, and great dignity.
Prepare her es'es to hear a Weeds Tale.
Put in her tender heart, that flaming flame
Of Golden Sovereignty: Acquaint the Princesse
Prepare her heart to hear the truth.

Rich. Inferre faire England's peace by this alliance.
Qu. Which shall preserve with full lasting warre.
Rich. Tell her the King that may command, interests.
Qu. That she can do no more than keep the peace.
Rich. Say, she shall be a High and Mighty Queene.
Qu. What were I best to say, her father's brother?
Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.
Sweetly in force, unto her faire hues end.
But how long shall that title ever last?
Rich. As long as heaven and nature lengthens it.
Qu. As long as hell and Richard likes of it.
Rich. Say, I her Sovereign, am her Subject now.
But the your Subject, clothes such Sovereignty.
Rich. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
Qu. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.
Rich. Then plainly to her, tell my loving tale.
Qu. Plaine and not honest, is too harsh a style.
Rich. Your reasons are too shallow, and to quick.
Qu. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead,
Too deep and dead (poore Infants) in their graves;
Harpe on it till shall I still heart-stringes breake.
Rich. Harpe not on that string Madam, that is past.
Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crown.
Qu. Prophan'd, disdinium, and the third viurt.
Qu. By nothing, for this is no Oath:
The George prophan'd, hath lost his Lordly Honor;
The Garter blenneth, pawn'd his Knighthly Vester;
How now, what news?

Enter Ratscliffe.

Rat. Most mighty Sovereign, on the Western Coast
Ridest a fruitful Nation: to our Shores
Through many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Vainly, and wafeful ord to bear them backe.
This thought, that Richmond is their Admiral:
And there they hull, expediting but the side
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.
Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk:
Ratscliffe thy selfe, or Catesby, where is he?
Cat. Here, my good Lord.
Cat. I will, my Lord, with all convenient haste.
Rich. Catesby come hither, post to Salisbury:
When thou com'st thither, Dull vnresolu'd to beat them backe.
Cat. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highness pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.
Rich. Or true, good Catesby, bid him leave straight
The greatest strength and power that he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.
Cat. I goe. Exit.

Rat. What, may't please you, shall I doe at Salisbury?
Rich. Why, what wouldst thou doe there, before I goe?
Rat. Your Hignesse told me I should post before;
Rich. My mind is changed.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what news with you?

Sea. None, good my Liege, to please you with heare,
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.
Rich. Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad;
When thou mayest tell thy Tale the nearest way.

Rich. Richmond is on the Sea.
Rich. There let him stoike, and be the Seas on him,
White-livered Runagates, what doth he there?
Stan. I know not, mightie Sovereigne, but by guesse.
Rich. Well, as you guesse.
Stan. Start'd vp by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to clame the Crowne.
Rich. Is the Chayre empit? is the Sword vnslayd?
Is the King dead? the Empire vnopset?
What Heire of Tyrke is there alive, but wee?
And who is England's King, but great Tyrke's Heire?
Then tell me, what makes he upon the Seas?
Stan. Vilefse for that, my Liege, I can assure you,
Rich. Vilefse for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchmen comes,
They will revolt, and flye to him, I fear.
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 now uppon the Western Sea,
Safe conveying the Rebels from their Ships?
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 fentre their Sovereigne in the West?
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Is with a mighty power Landed at Milford,
Is colder News, but yet they must be told.
Rath. Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,
A Royall battle might be wonne and lost.
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury, the left march on with me. Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Derby, and Sir Christopher.

Der. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the flyer of the most deadly Bore,
My Sonne George Stanley is taken in hold:
If I resolve, on goes young George's head,
The fear of which holds off my present aid.
So get thee gone: I write him of my mind.

Scena Quinta. Scena Prima.

Enter Buckingham with Halberd & Sax to Execution.

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speake with him?
Sher. No, my good Lord, therefore be patient
But, Hastings, and Edwards children, Gray & Rivers,
Holy King Henry, and thy faire Sonne Edward,
Uaughan, and all that have miscarried
By sudden hand corrupted foule intollute,
If that your moody disconsolatd soules,
Do through the cloudes behold this present house,
Even for revenge rocke my destruction.
This is All-soules day (Fellowes) is it not?
Sher. It is.
Buck. Why then All-soules day, is my bodys doomsday
This is the day, which in King Edwards time
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
Fals to his Children, and his Wife Allies.
This is the day, wherein I wish to fall
By the false Faith of him whom most I trusted.
This, this All-soules day to my heartfull Soule,
Is the determin'd reft of my wrongs.
That high All-soule, which I dali'd with,
Hath turn'd my fained Prayer on my head,
And given in earneit, what I begged in left.
Thus doth he force the swordes of wickd men
To turne their owne points in their Masters bosomes.
Thus Margrette curse falleth heavy on my necke:
When he (quoth she) shall split thy heart with sorrow.
Remember Margret was a Prophetesse:
Come leade me Officers to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with drum and colours.

Rich. Fellowes in Armes, and my most loving Friends
Brus'd underneath the yoke of Tyranny,
Thus faire into the bowes of the Land,
Hau e we marcht on without impediment;
And here receive we from our Father Stanley
Lines of faire comfort and encouragement:
The wretched, bloody, and wrupling Boar,
(That spoill'd your Summer Fields, and fruitfull Vinces)
Swilles your warm blood like wate, & makes his trough
In your embowelled bosomes: This soule Swine
Is now eueen in the Centry of this life,
Ne'ere to the Towne of Leicester, as we leare:
From Tamworth thither, is but one dayes march.
In Gods name cheyrelly on, couragious Friends,
To reape the Harueft of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloody tryall of thatre Warre.
Oxf. Every mans Conference is a thousand men,
To fight against this guilty Homicide.
Her. I doubt not but his Friends will turn to vs.
Blunt. He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear
Which in his deereft needs will flye from him.
Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True Hope is swift, and flies with Swallows wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.
Exeunt.

Enter King Richard in Armes with Norfolke, Ratcliffs, and the Earl of Surrey.

Rath. Here pitch our Tent, eu'ry here in Bosforth field,
My Lord of Surrey, why looke you so sad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter then my looks.
Rath. My Lord of Norfolke.
Nor. Heere most gracious Liege.
Rich. Norfolke, we must haue knockes.
Ha. What we not?
Nor. We must both give and takke my loving Lord.
Rath. Vp with my Tent, heere will I lye to night,
But where to morrow? Well, all's one for that.
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
Rath. Why our Battalia trembles that accounts:
Besides, the Kings name is a Tower of strength,
Which they upon the aduerse Faction went
Vp with the Tent: Come Noble Gentlemen,
Let vs survey the vantage of the ground,
Call for some men of found direction:

Let's
The Life and death of Richard the Third.

Let's lacke in Discipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a base day.

Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and Despise.

Richm. The weare Sunne, hath made a Golden fct,
And by the bright Traa of his fiery Carre,
Gues token of a goodly day tomorrow.
Sir William Brandon, you hall bear my Standard:
Give me some Inke and Paper in my Tent:
I shall draw the Forme and Modell of our Battice,
Limit each Leader to his seuerall Charge,
And in part in proportion our small Power.
My Lord of Oxford, you Sir William Brandon,
And your Sir Walter Herbert, By with me:
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his Regiment:
Our Captaine Blunt, bear my goodnight to him,
And by the second hour in the Morning,
Defire the Earle to fee me in roy Tent:
Good Captaine, beare my goodnight to him.
My Lord of Oxford, you Sir William Brandon,
And all my Armour laid into my Tent?
What, is my Beauereafier then it was?
Come Gentlemen,
And part in just proportion our small Power.
Let vs confult vpon tomorrow's Business;
Sweet Lord, make foroe good meanes to speake with him
Hi, Regiment lies halfe a Mile at leaft
quarter'd, do you know?
South, from the might Power of the King.
Prepare thy Batell early in the Morning,
And put thy Fortune to th'Arbitrement
Of bloody blaues, and mortall fizing Warre
I, as I may, that which I would I cannot.
With best advantage will deceiue the time,
And syde thee in this doubtfull shocoek of Armes,
On thy right, I may not be too forward,
Leafe being scene, thy Brother, tender George
Be executed in his Fathers fight.
Farewell: the leyfure, and the fearfuU time
Cuts off the ceremonious Youes of Loue,
And ample enterchange of sweet Discourse,
Which so long fundred Friends shoule dwell
On this fift, bids thee difpairet and dye.
Leafe being scene, thy Brother, tender George
Be execuated in his Fathers fight.
Once more, good night kinde Lords and Gentlemen.

Enter Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolk, & Catesby.

Rich. What is't a Clocke?
Cat. It's Supper time my Lord, it's nine a clocke.
King. I will not sup to night,
Give me some Inke and Paper:
What, is my Beauereafier then it was?
And all my Armour laid into my Tent?
Cat. It is my Liege: and all things are in readineffe.
Rich. Good Norfolk, bry thee to thy charge,
Each with the Larke to morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you my Lord.
Nor. I go my Lord.
Rich. Send out a Pursuitant at Armes.
To Stanley Regiment: bid him bring his power
Before Sun-rising, leaft his Sonne George fall
Into the blinde Caue of eternal night.
Fill me a Boute of Wine: Give me a Watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the Field to morrow:
Look that my Stabes be found, & not too heavy.
Rich. My Lord:
Rich. Send out a Pursuitant at Armes.
To Stanley Regiment: bid him bring his power
Before Sun-rising, leaft his Sonne George fall
Into the blinde Caue of eternal night.
Fill me a Boute of Wine: Give me a Watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the Field to morrow:
Look that my Stabes be found, & not too heavy-Ratcliffe.
Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Sir with the Larke to morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you my Lord.

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.

Der. Fortune, and Victory fit on thy Helm.
RICH. All comfort that the darke night can afford,
Be to thy perfett, Noble Father in Law.
Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother?
Der. By Atrouney, bleffe thee from thy Mother,
Who prays continually for Richmonds good:
So much for that. The silent hours stille on,
And flakie darkeneffe breaks within the East.
In breefe, for fo the featon bids vs be,
Prepare thy Batell early in the Morning,
And put thy Fortune to th'Arbitrement
Of bloody ficates, and mortall fizing Warre
I, as I may, that which I would I cannot.
With best advantage will deceiue the time,
And syde thee in this doubtfull shocoek of Armes,
On thy right, I may not be too forward,
Leafe being scene, thy Brother, tender George
Be executed in his Fathers fight.
Farewell: the leyfure, and the fearfuU time
Cuts off the ceremonious Youes of Loue,
And ample enterchange of sweet Discourse,
Which so long fundred Friends shoule dwell
On this fift, bids thee difpairet and dye.
Leafe being scene, thy Brother, tender George
Be execuated in his Fathers sight.
Once more, good night kinde Lords and Gentlemen.

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Somme & Henry the first.

Gh.to Ri. Let me fit heauy on thy foule to morrow:
Think how thou lab't me in my pryme of youth
At Tewksbury: Dispaire therefore, and dye.
RICH. Be chearefull Richard.
For the wronged Soules
Of butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalfe:
King Henrie iffe Richmond comforts thee.
Bury the windowes of mine eyes:
Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me still.
Sleeps.

Ratcliffe.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the first.

Gh. to Ri. When I was mortall, my Annotated body
By thee was punch'd full of holes:
Thinke on the Tower, and me: Dispaire, and dye,
Harry the fets, bids thee dispaire, and dye.
To Richm. Vertuous and holly be thou Conqueror:
Harry that prophefied thou fould it be King,
Doth comfort thee infiere: Lute, and flourifh.
Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy in thy soul to morrow, That was wuss'd to death with fulsome Wine:
Poor Clarence by thy guile betray'd to death:
To morrow in the battell think on me, And fall thine edgeless Sword, dispaire and dye.
To Rich. Thou oft-sleeping of the house of Lancaster
The wronged heeres of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, Live and Flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan.

Rich. Let me sit heavy in thy soul to morrow,
Rivers, that dy'd at Pomfret: dispaire and dye.
Grey. Think on Grey; and let thy soul dispaire.
Vaugh. Think on Vaughan and with guilty feare
Let fall thy Lance, dispaire and dye.

A to Rich. Awake, and think on wrongs of Rich. Bosome,
Will conquet him. Awake, and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Gha. Bloody and guilty: guiltily awake,
And in a bloody Battell end thy days.
Think on Lord Hastings: dispaire and dye.

Awake, awake:
Arms, fight, and conquer, for faire Englands sake.

Enter the Ghost of the two yong Princes.

Ghoft. Dreame on thy Counsins
Smoothered in the Tower:
Let vs be laid within thy bosome Rich.
And weep downe to ruine, shame, and death.
Thy Nephewes soule bids thee dispaire and dye.

Ghoft to Richm. Sleepe Richmond,
Sleepe in Peace, and wake in Joy.
Good Angels guard thee from the Beares annoy,
Lire, and beget a happy race of Kings.

Eduards that shared a quiet houre with thee.

Vnhappy Sonnes, do bid thee flourishe.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hgh. Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.


To Rich. Thou quiet soule,
That never slept a quiet houre with thee.

Rich. Sleepe thou a quiet sleepe;
To morrow in the Battell, thinke on me.

Now fille thy sleepe with perturbations.

Enter the Ghost of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan.

Arms, fight, and conquer, for faire Englands sake.

Enter the Ghost of the two yong Princes.

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghoft. Let me sit heavy in thy soule to morrow,
That was wuss'd to death with fulsome Wine:
Poor Clarence by thy guile betray'd to death:
To morrow in the battell think on me, And fall thine edgeless Sword, dispaire and dye.

Enter Richard.

Ghoft. Dreame on thy Counsins
Smoothered in the Tower:
Let vs be laid within thy bosome Rich.
And weep downe to ruine, shame, and death.
Thy Nephewes soule bids thee dispaire and dye.

Ghoft to Richm. Sleepe Richmond,
Sleepe in Peace, and wake in Joy.
Good Angels guard thee from the Beares annoy,
Lire, and beget a happy race of Kings.

Eduards that shared a quiet houre with thee.

Vnhappy Sonnes, do bid thee flourishe.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hgh. Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghoft. Let me sit heavy in thy soule to morrow,
That was wuss'd to death with fulsome Wine:
Poor Clarence by thy guile betray'd to death:
To morrow in the battell think on me, And fall thine edgeless Sword, dispaire and dye.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Enter the Ghost of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan.

Enter the Ghost of the two yong Princes.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

God, and our good cause, fight upon our side,
The Prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high reared Bulwarks, stand before our faces,
(Richard except) thro whom we fight against;
Had rather have we win, then them 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 establish'd;
And slaughter'd thro' the means to help him:
Of England's Chaire, where he is falsely set:
One that hath ever beene God's Enemy.
Then if you fight against God's Enemy,
God will in succour ward you as his Soldiers,
Your wives shall welcome home the Conquerors.
If you do fight in safeguard or your wives.
Your Country's fate shall pay your names the price.
If you do fight against your Country's foes,
Your children and your children's children quits it in your age.
If you do swear to put a Tyrant downe,
And your wives free your children from the sword.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, and Catesby.

K. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?  
Rat. That he was never trained vp in Armes.
K. He said the truth; and what said Surrey then?  
Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.
K. He was in the right, and so indeed it is,
Tell the clocke there.

Clock strikes.
Give me a Kalender; who saw the Sunne to day?  
Rat. Not I my Lord.
K. Then he disappoin'ts to shine; for by the Booke
He should have been't the Eftan hour ago,
A blacke day will it be to somebody.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord; the foe vaults in the field.
K. Come, buffle, buffle. Captain my horse,
Call vp Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power,
I will lead forth my Soldiers to the plain,
And thus my Barrell shall be order'd.
My Foreward shall be drawn in length,
Confuting equally of Horse and Foot;
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst;
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall haue the leading of the Foot and Horse.
They thus directed, we will fly.
Enter Richard.

Rich. A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse.

Coom. Withdraw my Lord, I'll help you to a Horse.

Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:
I think there be sixe Richmonds in the field,
Five have I slaine to day, in head of him.
A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse.

Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is slain.

Retreat and Flourish. Enter Richmond. Dost bearing the Crown, with divers other Lords.

Rich. God, and your Arms
Be prais'd Victorious Friends;
The day is ours, the bloody Dogge is dead.

Der. Courageous Richmond,
Well hast thou acquit thee: Loes,
Here thee long viorped Royalties,
From the dead Temples of this bloody Wretch,
I have pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.
Weare it, and make much of it.

Rich. Great God of Heauen, say Amen to all.

But tell me, is young 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 side?

Enter John Duke of Nortolke, Walter Lord Ferris,

Rich. Interre their Bodies, as become their Births,
Proclaime a pardon to the Soldiers dead,
That in submission will returne to vs,
And then as we haue taken the Sacrament,
We will unite the White Rose, and the Red.
Smile Heaven upon this faire Coniunction,
That long haue crown'd upon their Enimy:
What Traitor heares, and sayes not Amen?
England hath long beene mad, and feare't her selfe:
The Brother blindly flied the Brothers blood:
The Father, rashly slaughter'd his owne Sonne.
The Sonne compell'd, became Butcher to the Sire;
All this divided Yorke and Lancaster,
Divided, in their dire Division.
O now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true Succeeders of each Royall House,
By Gods faire ordinance, conioint together:
And let thy Heires (God if thy will be so)
Enrich the time to come, with Smooth-fac'd Peace,
With smiling Plentie, and faire Prosperous dayes.
Abate th'edge of Traitors. Grazious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody dayes againe,
And make poor England wepe in Streams of Blood;
I let them not lye to taste this Land's increase.
That would with Treason, wound this faire Land's peace.
Now Cuil wounds are stopp'd, Peace lives azen;
That she may long, live here, God say, Amen.

FINIS.
The Famous History of the Life of King HENRY the Eight.

THE PROLOGUE.

The Terrible.

No more to make you laugh, Things now,
Tast bear a Weighty, and a Serious Bow,
Such Noble Scents, as draw the Eye to flow.
We now pretend. Those that can Pity, here
May (if they think it well) let fall a Tear,
The Subtelt will defend us. Such as give
Their Money out of hope they may believe,
May here find Truth too. Those that come to see
Onely a show or two, and so a great,
The Play may passe: If they be still and willing,
He undertake may see away their mliding
Richly in two short hours. Oney they
That come to see a Merry, Bawdy Play,
A Noble of Target: Or to see a Fellow
In along Melon Coat, garded with Yellow,
Will be decey'd. For gentle Hearer's, know
To rank our cheifest Truth with such a show
As Fools, and Fights us, beside forgetting
Our own Brains, and the Opinion that we bring
To make that onely true, we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding Friend,
Therefore, for Goodnaife sake, and as you are knowne
To first and Happiest Hearers of the Towne,
Be sad, as we would make ye. Thinks ye see
To very Persons of our Noble Story,
As they were Laughing: Thanks you see them Great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweet
Of Shot and Friends: Then, in a moment, see
How soon this Mischiefe, meets Misery:
And if you can be merry then, He say,
As I may were upon his Wedding day.

Enter the Duke of Norfolke at one doore. At the other,
the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord
Aborgartnwy.

Buckingham.

Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank you Grace:
Healthfull, and ever since a fresh Admirtur
Of what I saw there,

Buck. An entirely Ague
Staid me a Prisoner in my Chamber, when
Those Sunnes of Glory, those two Lights of Men
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. 'Twas Guynes and Arde,
I was then prefent, saw them fall on Horfesbacke,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their Embracement, as they grew together,
Which had they,
What four Thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the while time
I was my Chambers Prisoner.

Nor. Then you left
The view of earthly glory: Men might say
Till this time Pompe was single, but now married
To one above it selfe. Each following day
Become the next days matter, till the last
Made former Wonders, To-day the French,
All Cinquant all in Gold, like Heathen Gods
Shone downe the English; and to morrow, they
Made Britaine, India: Every man that stood,
Shew'd like a Mine. Their Dwarfish Pages were
As Cherubins, allgilt: the Madams too,
Nor w'drostrate, did almost sweat to bear
The Pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Maske
Was cry'de incomparable, and then following night
Made it a Fool, and Begger: The two Kings
Equall in stature, were now bel't, now worst
As preference did pretend them. Him in eye,
Still him in praine, and being pretent both,
Twas said they saw but one, and no Differmen
Durst wagge his Tongue in censure, when these Sunnes
(For so they phrase 'em) by their Heralds challenge'd
The Noble Sprits to Armes, they did performe
After the hideous storme that follow'd, was 

The Coast that did conclude it.

The Peace betweene the French and vs, not valcwes 

A mod poore tfule.

But rafter communication of 

For this great Journey. What did this vanity 

Hauc broke their backes with laying Mannorsoo'em 

They (hall abound as formerly.

By this.fo ficken'd their EAates, that neuer 

Kmfrnenof mine, three at the lesft, that haue 

Mult fetch him in, he Papets. 

To whom as great a Charge, as little Honor 

Of all the Gentry; for the molt pan fuch 

Who fhould 3tfend on him* He maxes vp the File 

T

th'King) t'appoint 

Or has giuen all before, and he begins 

If not from Hell ? The Diuell is a Niggard, 

Pierce into that, but I can fee his Pride 

He meant to by vpon j and his owoc Letter 

A place next to the King. 

The force ofhis ovrac met it makes his way 

There's m him ftufre, that pur's him to thefe ends: 

A new Hell in himfelfe. 

Wh3t Heauen hath giuen him: let feme Grauer eye 

A guift that heauen gioes fot biro, which buyes 

Oat ofhis Scife-dravcing Web. O giues vs note. 

For being not propt by Avnccftry, whofe grace 

Chalkes SucccfTors their way; nor call'd vppon 

And keepe it from the Earth. 

Take up the Rsyes o'th'beneficiall San, 

That fuch a Keec'a can with his very bulke 

To do in thefe fierce Vanities f i wonder. 

From his Ambitious finger. What had be 

Of the right Reuerend Cardinal! of Yotke. 

One certes, that promisses no Element 

Of this great Sport together?

I meant who fet the Body, and the Licnbes 

Order gaue each thing vie w. The Office csd 

To the difpofing of it nought rebell'd. 

Which A&ions felfe.was tongue too, 

Would by a good Dilcourfer loofe forae life, 

In Honor, Honcsty.the rrs&ofcu'rything, 

To all wssRoyall, 

Surely Sir, 

Nor. 

Nor. 

Nor. 

Nor. 

Nor. 

Nor. 

Nor. 

Urb.

1 pray you who, my Lord? 

1 read in's looks 

What are you chaff'd? 

Not. 

Nor. 

Stay my Lord, 

I read in's looks 

Hand on hand, 

Buckingham on (no 

Both full of disfance.

Car. The Duke of Buckingham's Surveyor? Ha? 

Where's his Examination? 

Serr. Here! to please you. 

Car. Is he in person ready. 

Serr. I, please your Grace. 

Car. Well, we shall then know more, & Buckingham 

Shall leffen this bigge looke. 

Erect Cardinal, and his Trame. 

Buc. This Butchers Curre is venom'd-mouth'd, and 1 

Havet not the power to muzz le him, therefore befl 

Nor wake him in his (lumber. A Beggersbooke, 

Which youi diseaft requites. 

AskeGod forTemn'tance, that's 

th'applianceonely 

Buc. Why the Duell, 

Upon this French going out, tooke he vpon him 

(Without the priuate o th'King) t'appoint 

Who should stand on him. He makes vp the File 

Of all the Gentry; for the molt part such 

To whom as great a Charge, as little Honor 

He meant to lay vpon ; and his own Letter 

The Honourable Board of Counsell, out 

Muff fetch him in, he Papets. 

Aber. I do know 

Kinsmen of mine, three at the leftt. that have 

By this, so ficken'd their Elates, that never 

They shull abund as formerly. 

Buc. O myrt 

Have broke their backes with lapng Mannors on em 

For this great Journey. What did this vanity 

But minifter communication of 

A molt pooreifice. 

Nor. Greanilly I think, 

The Peace betweene the French and vs, not valewes 

The Cofi that did conclude it. 

Buc. Every man, 

After the hideous storme that follow'd, was 

A thing Inspird, and not consulting, broke 

Into a general Prophets, That this Tempeft 

Dashing the Garment of this Peace, aboaded 

The oldaine breach on'. 

Nor. Which is budded out, 

For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd 

Our Merchants goods at Burdeux. 

Aber. Is it therefor? 

Th' Ambassador is silence? 

Nor. Maffy is't. 

Aber. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd? 

At a superfivious rate. 

Buc. Why all this Business 

Our Reuerend Cardinal carri'd, 

Nor. Like it your Grace, 

The State takes notice of the priuate difference 

Betwixt you, and the Cardinall. I aduise you 

(And take it from a heart, that wishes towards you 

Honor, and plenteous safety) that you reside 

The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency 

Together; To consider further, that 

What his high Hasted would effedt, went not 

A Miniffer in his Power. You know his Nature, 

That he's Rouengeful, and I know, his Sword 

Hath a sharp edge. It's long, and may be fade 

It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend, 

Thither he darts it. Before vp my countself, 

You'll finde it wholesome. Lor, where comes that Rock 

That I aduise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the Purfe borne before btm, 

Serr. Here's the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers : The 

Cardinal in his palasse, faxt bus eye on Buck- 

ham, and Buckingham on him, 

both full of disfance.

Car. The Duke of Buckingham's Surveyor? Ha? 

Where's his Examination? 

Serr. Here! to please you. 

Car. Is he in person ready. 

Serr. I, please your Grace. 

Car. Well, we shall then know more, & Buckingham 

Shall leffen this bigge looke.

Exit Cardinal, and his Trame.

Buc. This Butchers Curre is venom'd-mouth'd, and 1 

Havet not the power to muzz le him, therefore befl 

Nor wake him in his (lumber. A Beggersbooke, 

Which youi diseaft requites. 

AskeGod forTemn'tance, that's 

th'applianceonely 

Buc. Why the Duell, 

Upon this French going out, tooke he vpon him 

(Without the priuate o th'King) t'appoint 

Who should stand on him. He makes vp the File 

Of all the Gentry; for the molt part such 

To whom as great a Charge, as little Honor 

He meant to lay vpon ; and his own Letter 

The Honourable Board of Counsell, out 

Muff fetch him in, he Papets. 

Aber. I do know 

Kinsmen of mine, three at the leftt. that have 

By this, so ficken'd their Elates, that never 

They shull abund as formerly. 

Buc. O myrt 

Have broke their backes with lapng Mannors on em 

For this great Journey. What did this vanity 

But minifter communication of 

A molt pooreifice. 

Nor. Greanilly I think, 

The Peace betweene the French and vs, not valewes 

The Cofi that did conclude it. 

Buc. Every man, 

After the hideous storme that follow'd, was 

A thing Inspird, and not consulting, broke 

Into a general Prophets, That this Tempeft 

Dashing the Garment of this Peace, aboaded 

The oldaine breach on'. 

Nor. Which is budded out, 

For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd 

Our Merchants goods at Burdeux. 

Aber. Is it therefor? 

Th' Ambassador is silence? 

Nor. Maffy is't. 

Aber. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd? 

At a superfivious rate. 

Buc. Why all this Business 

Our Reuerend Cardinal carri'd, 

Nor. Like it your Grace, 

The State takes notice of the priuate difference 

Betwixt you, and the Cardinall. I aduise you 

(And take it from a heart, that wishes towards you 

Honor, and plenteous safety) that you reside 

The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency 

Together; To consider further, that 

What his high Hasted would effedt, went not 

A Miniffer in his Power. You know his Nature, 

That he's Rouengeful, and I know, his Sword 

Hath a sharp edge. It's long, and may be fade 

It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend, 

Thither he darts it. Before vp my countself, 

You'll finde it wholesome. Lor, where comes that Rock 

That I aduise your shunning.
There's difference in no persons.

This Ipswich fellowes insolence; or proclaime,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be adu'd;f

Hast not a Furnace for your foe so hot
That it do finge your felfe. We may out-runne
By violent swiftnesse that which we runnes
And lofe by over-running: know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till it run ote,
In seeming to augment it, waits it. be adu'd;
I say againe there is no English Soule
More strong to direct you then your felfe;
If with the tap of treason you would quench,
Or but slay the fire of paffion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you, and I'll goe along
By your prescriftion; but this toproud fellow;
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincerer motions, by Intelligence,
And proofs as cleere at Founts in July, when
We see each graine of grauell; I doe know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not treasonous.

Buck. To th'King it isn't, & make my vouch as strong
As thore of Rockeu attend. This holy Foe,
Or Wolfe, or both (for he is equall rau'ous
As he is subtile, and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform't) his minde, and place Infesting one another, yes reciprocally,
Only to shew his pompe, as well in France,
England and France, might through their amity
Suck. Pray giue me fauour Sir: This cunning Cardinal!
This artful and subtile fellow
Who cannot erre, he did it. Now this follower,
His done this, and it is well: for worthy
In seeming to augment it. waft'd; beaduif'd;
His feares were that the Interviewbetwixt
(For twas indeed his colour, but he came
Under pretence to see the Queene his Aunt,
And pau'd with gold: the Emperor thus defir'd.

King. My life is selfe, and the bell heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care. I fliould th't lesuell
Of a full-charg'd confederacie, and giue thanks
To you that chao'd it. Let be said before vs
That Gentleman of Buckingham, in person,
Ile hear him his confessions sufficie,
And point by point the reasons of his Maister,
He shall againe relate.

Buck. Lo you my Lord,
In feeming to augment it. waft'd; beaduif'd;
When he did promis'd, whereby his Suit was granted
Ere it was ask't. But when the way was made
And pau'd with gold: the Emperor thus defir'd,
That he would pleaue to alter the Kings courfe,
And break the foresaid place. Let the King know
(As some he thall by me) that thus the Cardinal
Does buy and sell his Honour as he pleases,
And for his owne advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear of this of him; and could with he were
Something made in't.

Buck. No, no, no fisible:
I doe promis't him in that very shape
He shall appear in proorce.
The other moiety ere you asketh is given, 
Repeat you will, and take it.

Queen. Thank ye your Majestie 
That you would loue your selfe, and in that loue 
Nor unconsidered leaveth your Honour, nor 
The dignity of your Office, is the point 
Of my Petition.

Kin. Lady mine proceed.

Queen. I am solicited nor by a few, 
And those of true condition; That your Subject 
Are in great grousse: There have beene Commissions 
Sent downe amongst them, which hath swalowed the heart 
Of all their Loyalties, wherein, although 
My good Lord Carduall, they vnto you proacheth 
Most bitterly on you as I putter on 
Of these exactions: yet the King, our Maker (not 
Whose Honor Heauen shield from folleseye he escapeth 
Language vanmannerly; yea, such which breaks 
The ties of loyalty, and almost appears 
In lowd Rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears, 
It doth appeares; for, vpon these Taxations, 
The Clothiers all not able to maintaine 
The many to them longing, haue put off 
The Spinners, Carders, Fullers, Weavers, who 
You that are blam'd for it alike with vs, 
Unfit for other life, compelled by hunger 
Of the dignity of your Office; is the point 
Things that are knowne alike, which are not wholesome 
You know not no more than others? But you frame 
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions 
(Whereof my Soueraine would have note) they are 
Most pestilent to the hearing, and to beare 'em, 
And lack of other means, in desperate manner 
Daring the work too thinne, are all in vprore, 
And danger suffets among them.

Kin. Taxation? 
Wherein? and what Taxation? My Lord Carduall, 
You that are blam'd for it alike with us, 
Know you of this Taxation? 
Card. Plesse you Sir, 
I know but of a hngle part in ought 
Pertains to th' State; and front but in that File 
Where others roll repes with me.

Queen. No, my Lord? 
You know not no more then others? But you frame 
Things that are knowne alike, which are not wholesome 
To those which would not know them, and yet must 
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions 
(Whereof my Soueraine would have note) they are 
Most pestilent to the hearing, and to beare 'em, 
The Backe is Sacrifice to the load; They say 
They are deuised by you, or else you suffer 
Too hard an explanation.

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 
Under your promis'd pardon. The Subject grieves 
Comes through Commissions, which compels from each 
The sixt part of his Substance, to be levied 
Without delay; and the presence for this 
Is name'd, your warres in France; this makes bold mouthes, 
Tongues spurt their duties out, and cold hearts freeze 
Allegence in them; their curses now 
Lady where their prayers did: and it's come to passe, 
This receivable obedience is a Slave 
To each unenforced Will; I would your Highness 
Would give it quickie consideration; for 
There is no primer bafemene.

Kin. By my life, 
This is against our pleasure.

Card. And for me, 
I have no further gone in this, then by 
A single voice, and that not past me, but 
By learned approbation of the Judges: If I am 
Traduc't by ignorat Tongues, which neither know 
My faculties nor perfon, yet will be 
The Chronicles of my doing: Let me say, 
'Tis but the face of Place, and the tough Brake 
That verse must go through: we must not aint 
Our necessary actions, in the feare 
To cope malicious Concensters, whichever, 
As they run in your displeasure. 
And danger serves among them. 
The many to them longing, have put off 
The Kings grace and pardon: the grieved Commons 
May hardly conceiue of me. Let it be good, 
That through our Intercession, this Revokement 
And pardon comes: I shall anone address you 
Further in the proceeding. 

Exit Secret.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Card. Stand forth, & with bold Spirit relate what you
most like a careful Subject have collected.

Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

Kim. Speake freely.

Sur. First, it was usual with him; every day
It would infect his Speech: That if the King

Shoulde with intent be, he'd carry it on

To make the Scepter his. These very words

I've heard him utter to his Sonne in Law,

Lord Abingdon, to whom by oth he mens'd

Range upon the Cardinal.

Card. Please your Highness notice.

This dangerous conception in this point,

Not heed'd by his wish to your High person;

His will is most malignant, and it stretches

Beyond your to your friends.

Queen. My learned Lord Cardinal,

Deliver all with Charity.

Kim. Speak on.

How grounded bee his Title to the Crowne

Upon our faile; to this point, hast thou heard him,

At any time speake o'gath?

Sur. He was brought to this,

By a vaile Prophecy of Nicholas Henton.

Kim. What was that Henton?

Sur. Sir, a Charitrose Fryer,

His Confeffor, who fed him euerie minute

With words of Sovereignty.

Kim. How know'st thou this?

Sur. Not long before your Hignesse sped to France,

The Duke being at the Rose, within the Parish

Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand

What was the speech among the Londoners,

Concerning the French journey. I replidc,

Of me demand

Laurence Poulter, &c. &c.

Saint Henton.

He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke

Should have gone off.

Kim. Ha? What, so rashly? Ah, ha,

There's mischief in this man; cannot thou say farther?

Sur. I can my Ledge.

Kim. Proceed.

Sur. Being at Greenwich,

After your Highness had reprovd the Duke

About Sir William Blumer

Kim. I remember of such a time, being my Ledge: The Duke retold him his, but on what hence?

Sur. If (quoth he) I for this had been committed,

As to the Tower, I thought I would have plaid

The Part my Father meant to act upon

Th'Vfurper Richard, who being at Salisbury,

Made fuit to come in's presence; which if granted,

(As he made semblance of his duty) would

Have put his knife into him.


Card. Now Madam, may his Hignesse live in freedome,

And this man out of Prifon.

Queen. God mend all.

Kim. That something more would out of thee: what

Sur. After the Duke his Father, with the knife

He reach'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,

Another spread on'ts breast, mounting his eyes,

He did discharge a horrible Oath, whose tenor

With words of Sovereignty.

Kim. There's his period,

Do's an irresolute purpose.

Kim. There's his period,

To behead his knife in vs: he is attach'd,

Call him to present tryall: if he may

Find mercy in the Law, his; if none.

Kim. There's his period,

Let him not seek't of us: By day and night

Hee's Trayer to th' height.

Queen.

Scena Tertia.

Enter L. Chamberlaine, and L. Sandy.

L. Ch. Is't possible the spels of France should juggle

Men into such strange mysteries?

L. Sandy. New Cultiomes,

Though they be no more ridiculous,

(Nay let 'em be vnnaturally) yet are follow'd,

L. Ch. As farre as I see, all the good our English

Haue got by the late Voyage, is but meerely

A fit or two of those, (but they are drell'd ones)

For when they hold 'em, you would sweate directly

Their very note's had been Councelours

To Popes or Cleharzus, they keep'd State for.

L. Sandy. They have all new legs,

And lame ones; one would take it

That neuer see 'em pace 1 efo»e, the Spanauen

A Spring-hall rain'd among'em.

L. Ch. Death my Lord.

Their clothes are after such a Pagan cut too's,

That sure th'hauc worn out Christen dome: how now?

What news, Sir Thomas Loeuell?
To think an English Courtesye may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lou: They must either

(For so run the Conditions) lease those servants
Of Fools and Fretbuses, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Presuming thereunto; as Fights and Fire-works,
Abusing better men then they can be
Out of a foreigne wise dome, renouncing cleanse
The faith they loose in Tennis and Tall Stockings,
Short blisterd Breeches, and those types of Trawell;
And understand againe like honest men,
Pack together old Playfellows, there, I take it
They may turn Pradegues, were away

The legue of their Levedrefe, and be laugh'd at.

L. Sen. This time to glute'em Phyfickke, the dissolus
Are grown to lock

L. Cham. What a Elliot out our Lades.
Will have of these trim vanities?

Lou. I marry,
There will be vore indeed Lords, the flye whorsons
Have got a speeding tricke to lay dowe Anc Ladys.

A French Song, and a Fiddle, he's no Fellow
L. Sen. The Diuell fiddle'em.

I am glad they are going,
Lou. Your Lordship is a gueft too.
Whither were you a going?
Sex. To the Cardinals;
Your Lordship is a guest too.

L. Cham. O, its true;
This night he makes a Supper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The beauty of this Kingdom the assured you.

Lou. That Churchman
Beares a bounteous mind indeat;
Ahind as a fruitfull as the Land that feeds vs,
His dews fall every where.

L. Cham. No doubt he's a Noble;
He had a blacke mouth that said other of him.
L. Sen. He may my Lord,
He's where withall in him;
Spawning would Jew a wore fine, then ill Doctrine,
Men of his way, should be most libelous,
They are fee here examples.

J. Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones.

My Barge flays;
Your Lordship shall flong; Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late elich, which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guilford
This night to be Comptrollers.
L. Sen. I am your Lordships.
I am beholding to you: cheere your neighbours.

Ladies you are not merry; Gentlemen.

Whoe fault is this?

Son. The red wine suit must rise
In their faire cheeckes my Lord, then wee shall haue 'em, Take vs to silence.

An. B. You are a merry Gamer.

My Lord Sandy.

Son. Yes, if I make my play:
Here's to your Ladyship, and pledge it Madam.

For ris to such a thing.

An. B. You cannot swow me.

Dream and Trumpet, Chambers discharged.

Son. I told your Grace, they would talk anon.

Card. What's that?

Cham. Looks out there, some of ye.

Card. What warlike voyce, And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, seere not: By all the lawes of Warre you are privileged.

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now, what's this?

Seru. A noble troupe of Strangers, For so they feeme; th'haue left their Barge and landed. And hither make, as great Embassadors From forraigne Princes.

Card. Good Lord Chamberlaine, Go, give 'em welcome; you can speake the French tongue And pray receiue 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

Alrife, and Tables removed.

You have now a broken Banquet, but we'll mend it.

A good digestion to you all; and once more I shoule a welcome on ye: welcome all.

Hoboyes. Enter King and others as Marketers, habited like Shipwards, under by the Lord Chamberlaine. They passe directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble Company: what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speake no English, thus they praied To tell your Grace: That having heard by fame Of this so Noble and so faire Assembly, That labour Sir. All's now done but the Ceremony.

Enter King and others as Assemblers.

Card. What say they?

Card. Let me fee then, By all your good leues Gentlemen; here I make My royal choyce. 

Kin. Ye haue found him Cardinal, You hold a faire Assembly; you doe well Lord: You are a Churche-man, or I'll tell you Cardinal, I should judge now unhappily. 

Card. I am glad Your Grace is growne so pleasent. 

Kin. My Lord Chamberlaine, PrehEEP become hither, what faire Lady's that?

Cham. 'Ann please your Grace, Sir Thomas Bullen Daughter, the Vicenue Rochford, One of her Highness women.

Kin. By Heauen she is a dainty one, Sweet heart, I were vnamanerly to take you out, And not to kiffe you. A health Gentlemen, Let it goe round.

Card. Sir Thomas Lewell, is the Banket ready I'll Priue Chamber? 

Lou. Yes, my Lord. 

Card. Your Grace I feare, with dancing is a little heated, 

Kin. I feare too much. 

Card. There's frether syre my Lord, In the next Chamber. 

Kin. Lead in your Ladies eu'ry one: Sweet Partner, I must not yet forsafe you. Let's be merry, Good my Lord Cardinal; I haue halfe a dozen bealths, To drink to these faire Ladies, and a measure To lead 'em once againe, and then let's dreamt. 

Who's best in favour. Let the Muficke knock it.

Enter with Trumpet.

A Tius Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen at Several Doors. 

1. Whether away so fast?

2. O, God save ye.

But up to the Halle, to heare what shall become Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

1. He faue you. 

That labour Sir, All's now done but the Ceremony Of bringing backe the Prifoner.

2. Were you there? 

1. Yes indeed was I, 

2. Pray speake what he's happen'd.

1. You may guess quickly what.

2. Is he found guilty? 

1. Yes truely is he, And condemn'd upon't.

2. I am sorry for, 

1. So are a number more. 

2. But pray how past it?

1. He tell you in a little. The great Duke Came to the Bay, where, to his accusations He pleaded still not guilty, and alladged Many harsh reasons to defeat the Law. 

The Kings Attorney on the contrary, Vrg'd on the Examinations, proofs, confessions
Of diviers witnesses, which the Duke defir'd
To him brought, that gave voice to his face;
At which appeared against him, his Surveyor,
Sir Gilbert Picky, his Chancellour, and John Car.
Confessor to him, with that Diuell Monk*
Hypkin, that made this mischiefe.

2. That they did
That fed him with his Prophecies.
1. The same,
All thefe accus'd him strongly, which he faine
Would have flogged from him; but indeed he would not
And to his Peeres upon this evidnce,
Hau'd found him guilty of high Treafon. Much
He fpoke, and learnedly for life: But all
Was either pi'tied in him, or forgotten.

2. After all this, how did he beare himself?
2. When he was brought agra to th Bar, to hear
His Knell rung out, his judgement, he was flir'd
With fuch an Agony, he fweat extreamly,
And fomathing fpoke in choller, ill, and haftily:
But he fell to himfelfe againe, and fweetly,
In all the reft shew'd a moft Noble patience.
1. I do not think he fereas death.
Sure he does not,
He never was fo womanifh, the caufe
He may a little grieue at.
2. Certainly,
The Cardinall is the end of this.
1. This likely,
By all confequences; Firft I'd throw
Then Deputy of Ireland, who remou'd
Was either pi'tied in him, or forgotten.
And fo
All the reft
Would cou'd not; but indeed he
Sung from him; but indeed he
He may a little grieue at.
He neuct was fo womanifh, the caufe
The Greatneffe of his Perfon.
And as the long durance of Steele falt on me.
Make of your Prayers one fweet Sacrifice,
As I would be forgiuen: I forgiue all.
If euer any malice In your heart
Gainft me that I cannot take peace with:
Yet let it flneke me,
Confidence,
And if I haue a

Yet let it flneke me,
Confidence,
And if I haue a

Yet let it flneke me,
Confidence,
And if I haue a

Yet let it flneke me,
Confidence,
And if I haue a

Yet let it flneke me,
Confidence,
And if I haue a

Yet let it slneke me,
Confidence,
And if I haue a

Yet let it slneke me,
Confidence,
And if I haue a

Yet let it slneke me,
Confidence,
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine, reading the Letter.

Mr Lord, the Heret your Lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ready, and furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinals, In Commission, and same power took them from me, with the reason the master would be few days.
Enter Gardiner.

His Grace give me your hand, much joy & favour to you;
You are the Kings now.

Gard. But to be commanded
ever by your Grace, whose hand he's rais'd me.

Kin. Come hither Gardiner.

Wolsey and Bishops.

Camp. My Lord of Turke, was one Doctor Pow
In this mams place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Camp. Was he not held a learned Man?

Wol. Yes so.

Camp. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then,
Euen of your selfe Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How? of me?

Camp. They will not sticke to say, you emude him;
And fearing he would rise (he was so vertuous)
Kept him a forsign man still, which so green'd him,
That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. Heavens peace be with him.

That's Christian care enough; for living Murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a Foolie;
For he would needs be vertuous. That good Fellow,
If I command him follows my appointment,
I will have none to neece els. Learn this Brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

Kin. Deliver this with modesty to the Queen.

Enter Gardiner.

The most convenient place, that I can think of.
For such receipt of Learning, is Black-Fryers;
There ye shall meere about this weighty busines.

My Woff, see it furnish'd, O my Lord,
Would not grone an able man to issue
So sweet a Bedfellow? But Conscience, Conscience;
O 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Anne Bulen, and an old Lady.

An. Not for that neither; there's the pang that pinches.
His Highnesse, having bid so long with her, and she
So good a Lady, that no Tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
She never knew a quarrel; Oh, now after
So many courtes of the Sun entheoned,
Still growing in a Maefly and pompe, the which
To leave, a thousand fold more bitter, then
'Tis sweet at first to acquire. After this Process.
To give her the aunswert, it is a pitty
Would move a Monster.

Old La. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

As. Oh Gods will, much better
She's not a Stued Woman; though't be temporall,
Yet if that quarrel Fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a suffrance, panging
As foule and bodies feuering.

As. Alas pour Lady,
She's a stranger now againe.

As. So much the more
Muli pity drop upon her; verily
I waseer'tis better to be lowly borne.
Then to be perk'd up in a grief, a grief*
And range with humble Lucers in content,
And weate a golden forro w.

Is out befl haoing.

for all this ffieoi your Hipocrifie:
I would not feaQoecnc.
Haue (too) a Woraansheart,which eueryet
You that haue fofairc parts or Woman on you,
for all the world:
Of your Cofi Chiucrctl Confcience,would recciue ,
(Sauing your mincing) the capacity
fwcare agsine. I woold not be aQueene,
I would not be a young Count in your way,
To beare that load of Title ?
Ifyoumightpleafeto ftretch it
Whofe health and Royalty I pray for.

One. My bonour'd Lord.
Old L. Why this it is : See, see,
I have beene begging sixeene yeeares in Court
(An yet a Counter beggyer) not could
Come par betwixt too early, and too late
For any fea of pounds: and you, (oh fate)
A very leaff Fifth heece; sye, sye, sye upon
This compel'd fortune : have your mouth full vp,
Before you open it.

An. This is strange to me.
Old L. How tefts it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no:
There was a Lady once (tis on old Story)
That would not be a Queene, that would the not
For all the mud in Egypt ; have you heard it?

An. Come you are pleafant.
Old L. With your 1 bene, I could
O're-mount the Larke: The Marchionete of Pembroke?
A thousand ponde 1, yeeare, for true eftelp?
No other obligation ? by my Life,
That promifes mo thousan: Honours trsine
Is longer then his forte-Kirt; by this time
I know your backe will beare a Duchesse, 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
I this falue my blood a iot; it faints me
To think what follows.
The Queene is comfortleffe, ano we forgetful)
Ifthis falutemy blood a tot; it faints me

L Chan. Good morrow Ladies; what wen't worth to
The freeter of your conceit
An. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking ;
Our affifants Sorrows we were pittyng.
Cham. It was a gentle biffuefe, and bocoming
The action of good women, there is hope
All will be well.

Cham. You beare a gentle minde & hea'nly blessings
Follow such Creatures that you may, faire Lady
Perceiue I speake fincerely, and high notes
Tane of your many vertues; the Kings Mafterly
Commands his good opinion of you, to you: and
Doe's purpofe honour to you no leffe flowing
Then Marchionete of Pembroke; to which Title,
A Thousand pound yeere, Annuall support,
Out of his Grace, he adds,
An. I do not know
What kind of my obedience, I should render
More then my All, is Nothing: Not my Prayers
Are not words dulely hallowed; nor my Wishes
More worth, than empty vanities yet Prayers & Wishes
Are all I can returne. Befeech your Lordship,
Vouchsafe to speake my thanks, and my obedience
As from a blushing Handmaid, to his Highnefe;
Whole health and Royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approwe the faire conceit
The King hath of you. I have part'd her well,
Beauty and Honour in her are fomelied,
That they haue caugh't the King: and who knows yet
But from this Lady, may proceed a femme,
To lightten all this lie. I'ce to the King,
And fay I spoke with you.

Exit Lord Chamberlaine

An. My bonour'd Lord.
Old L. Why this it is : See, see,
I have beene begging sixeene yeeares in Court
(An yet a Counter beggyer) not could
Come par betwixt too early, and too late
For any fea of pounds: and you, (oh fate)
A very leaff Fifth heece; sye, sye, sye upon
This compel'd fortune : have your mouth full vp,
Before you open it.

An. This is strange to me.
Old L. How tefts it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no:
There was a Lady once (tis on old Story)
That would not be a Queene, that would the not
For all the mud in Egypt ; have you heard it?

An. Come you are pleafant.
Old L. With your 1 bene, I could
O're-mount the Larke: The Marchionete of Pembroke?
A thousand ponde 1, yeeare, for true eftelp?
No other obligation ? by my Life,
That promifes mo thousan: Honours trsine
Is longer then his forte-Kirt; by this time
I know your backe will beare a Duchesse, 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
I this falue my blood a iot; it faints me
To think what follows.
The Queene is comfortleffe, ano we forgetful)
Ifthis falutemy blood a tot; it faints me

L Chan. Good morrow Ladies; what wen't worth to
The freeter of your conceit
An. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking ;
Our affifants Sorrows we were pittyng.
Cham. It was a gentle biffuefe, and bocoming
The action of good women, there is hope
All will be well.

Cham. You beare a gentle minde & hea'nly blessings
Follow such Creatures that you may, faire Lady
Perceiue I speake fincerely, and high notes
Tane of your many vertues; the Kings Mafterly
Commands his good opinion of you, to you: and
Doe's purpofe honour to you no leffe flowing
Then Marchionete of Pembroke; to which Title,
A Thousand pound yeere, Annuall support,
Out of his Grace, he adds,
An. I do not know
What kind of my obedience, I should render
More then my All, is Nothing: Not my Prayers
Are not words dulely hallowed; nor my Wishes
More worth, than empty vanities yet Prayers & Wishes
Are all I can returne. Befeech your Lordship,
Vouchsafe to speake my thanks, and my obedience
As from a blushing Handmaid, to his Highnefe;
Whole health and Royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approwe the faire conceit
The King hath of you. I have part'd her well,
Beauty and Honour in her are fomelied,
That they haue caugh't the King: and who knows yet
But from this Lady, may proceed a femme,
To lightten all this lie. I'ce to the King,
And fay I spoke with you.

Exit Lord Chamberlaine

An. My bonour'd Lord.
Old L. Why this it is : See, see,
I have beene begging sixeene yeeares in Court
(An yet a Counter beggyer) not could
Come par betwixt too early, and too late
For any fea of pounds: and you, (oh fate)
A very leaff Fifth heece; sye, sye, sye upon
This compel'd fortune : have your mouth full vp,
Before you open it.

An. This is strange to me.
Old L. How tefts it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no:
There was a Lady once (tis on old Story)
That would not be a Queene, that would the not
For all the mud in Egypt ; have you heard it?

An. Come you are pleafant.
Old L. With your 1 bene, I could
O're-mount the Larke: The Marchionete of Pembroke?
A thousand ponde 1, yeeare, for true eftelp?
No other obligation ? by my Life,
That promises mo thousan: Honours trsine
Is longer then his forte-Kirt; by this time
I know your backe will beare a Duchesse, Say,
Are you not stronger then you were?

An. Good Lady,
Make your selfe mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being
I this value my blood a jot; it faints me
To think what follows.
The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: pray do not delire,
What here ye have heard to her.
Old L. What do you thinke me —- Except

Scena Quarta.
It hath already publickly bene read.
Let silence be commanded.
And on all sides th' Authority allow'd.
Come into the Court.
Noludge indifferent, nor no mote assurance
I am a poor wretched Woman, and a Stranger,
And to bestow your piety on me; for
Sir, I desire you do me Right and Justice,
And take your good grace from me. Heaven witness,
Borne out of your dominion: having here
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Or equal friendship and proceeding. Alas Sir
Yield, subject to your countenance: Glad or sorry.
At all times to your will conformable:
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
In what have I offended you? What cause
Continue in my liking? Nay, give notice
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Ever contradicted your desire?
That have been your wife, in this obedience,
He was hence discharged? Sir, call to mind,
As I saw it inclined? When was the hour
to plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless.
And of your choice) these Reuerend Fathers, men
Of singular Integrity, and learning;
Yea, the eldest of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you desire the Court, as well
For your own quiet, as to redress
What is visibl'd in the King.
Hath spoken well, and truly: Therefore Madam,
It's fit this Royal Session do proceed,
And that (without delay) their Arguments
Be now produced, and heard.
We are a Queen (or long have dream'd so) certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears,
It turns to sparkles of fire.
Be, Patient yet.
I will, when you are humble; Nay before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe
(Induced by potent circumstances) that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge,
Yea, the eldest of the land, who are assembled
To debate this business. Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhorre; yes, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge, whom yet once more
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom.
Who ever opposed me? Or which of your friends
That I am free of your report, he knowes
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produced, and heard.
That I have blown this coale: I do deny it.
That I have confess'd my deed, however may he wound,
You have blown this coale, between my Lord, and me;
(Which God's dew quench) therefore, I say again,
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Plead you, Sir,
He was your judge, whom yet once more
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Plead you, Sir,
The king your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.
What's the need?
It hath already publickly been read.
And on all sides th' Authority allow'd.
You may then Spare that time.
Come into the Court.
Noludge indifferent, nor no mote assurance
I am a wretched Woman, and a Stranger,
And to bestow your piety on me; for
Sir, I desire you do me Right and Justice,
And take your good grace from me. Heaven witness,
Borne out of your dominion: having here
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Or equal friendship and proceeding. Alas Sir
You haue been your wife, in this obedience,
He was hence discharged? Sir, call to mind,
As I saw it inclined? When was the hour
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless.
And of your choice) these Reuerend Fathers, men
Of singular Integrity, and learning;
Yea, the eldest of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you desire the Court, as well
For your own quiet, as to redress
What is visibl'd in the King.
Hath spoken well, and truly: Therefore Madam,
It's fit this Royal Session do proceed,
And that (without delay) their Arguments
Be now produced, and heard.
We are a Queen (or long have dream'd so) certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears,
It turns to sparkles of fire.
Be, Patient yet.
I will, when you are humble; Nay before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe
(Induced by potent circumstances) that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge,
Yea, the eldest of the land, who are assembled
To debate this business. Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhorre; yes, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge, whom yet once more
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom.
Who ever opposed me? Or which of your friends
That I am free of your report, he knowes
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produced, and heard.
That I have blown this coale: I do deny it.
That I have confess'd my deed, however may he wound,
You have blown this coale, between my Lord, and me;
(Which God's dew quench) therefore, I say again,
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Plead you, Sir,
He was your judge, whom yet once more
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Plead you, Sir,
The king your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.
What's the need?
It hath already publickly been read.
And on all sides th' Authority allow'd.
You may then Spare that time.
Come into the Court.
Noludge indifferent, nor no mote assurance
I am a wretched Woman, and a Stranger,
And to bestow your piety on me; for
Sir, I desire you do me Right and Justice,
And take your good grace from me. Heaven witness,
Borne out of your dominion: having here
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Or equal friendship and proceeding. Alas Sir
You haue been your wife, in this obedience,
He was hence discharged? Sir, call to mind,
As I saw it inclined? When was the hour
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless.
And of your choice) these Reuerend Fathers, men
Of singular Integrity, and learning;
Yea, the eldest of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless,
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Comp. The Queen is obstinate, Stubborn to Justice, apt to accuse it, and Disdainfull to be tried by it; it is not well. She's going away.

K. Call her again.

C. Katherine, Q. of England, come into the Court. Gent. Madam, you are cold backe.

L. What need you now more pray you keep your way, When you are cold returne. Now the Lord helps, They vex me past my patience, pray you passe on!

I will not tarry, nor ever more Upon this businesse my appearance make, In any of these Courts.

Exit Queen, and her Attendants.

K. Goeth thy wayes Kate, That man it's world, who shall report hee's A better Wife, let him in naught be trusted, For speaking false in that; thou art alone (If thy rare qualities, sweet gentlenesse, Thy meeknesse Saint-like, Wife-like Gouernment, Obeying in commanding, and thy parts) That man in the world, who shall report he's In any of their Courts, Thy meeknesse Wife-like Gouernment, Saint-like, For speaking false in that; thou art alone (If thy rare qualities, sweet gentle nature, A better Wife, let him in naught be trusted.)

Did this busines to your Highnes, or Did it stand and bound, Of all these estates (for where I am) That it shall please you to declare in hearing There must be unloos'd, although not there In humblest manner I require your Highnes, But will you be more importune? You euer Have with'd the sleeping of this busines, never desir'd It to be hid'd; but oft had hinder'd, oft This was a lodgement on me, that my Kingdome This world had ait'd them. Hence I tooke a thought. I stand not in the smile of Heaven, who had By this my issues faire, and that gave to me Many a groaning throw; thus hollering in The wild sea of my Conference, I did there Toward this remedy, whereupon we are Now present here together; that's to say, I mean to refute my Conscience, which I then did feete full sick, and yet not well, By all the Reverend Fathers of the Land, And Doctors leam'd. First I began in priuate, With you my Lord of Lincoln; you remember How under my apprentices I did seeke When I first mou'd you.

B. Lim. Very well my Liege. K. I have spoke long, be pleas'd your selfe to say How farre you set yourselfe to mislike me. Lim. So please your Highnes, The question did at first so stagger me, Reasuing a State of mighty moment in't, And consequence of dreads, that I committed The daring it Counsaile which I had to doubts, And did entertain your Highnes to this course, Which you are running here.

K. I then mou'd you, My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave To make this present Suppems vsolution. I left no Reverend Person in this Court; But by particular consent proceeded Vnder your hands and Seales; therefore go on, For no dislike it's world against the person Of the good Queen; but the sharpe thorny points Of my allreadie reasons; drives this forward: Proud but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life And Kingly Dignity, we are contented To wear our mostall State to come, with her, (Katherine our Queen) before the primest Creature That's Parragon'd a' th' World.

Camp. So please your Highnes, The Queen being absent, itis needfull faire, That we adjourn this Court till further day; Meane while, must be an earnest motion Made to the Queen to call before her. She intends unto his Holieesse.

K. I may perceive These Cardinals trite with me: I abhorre This dilatory shelf, and trickes of Rome. My learned and welldefined Seruants Causer, Prehete returne, with thy approch: I know, My comfort comes along; break vp the Court; I say, set on.

Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.
Enter Queen and her Women as at work.

Queen. Take thy Lute wench, My Soule grows sad with troubles, Sing, and disperse 'em if thou canst: issue working: "I would he all" against the worst may happen: Out with it boldly: Troth loues open dealing. Aboue anumber) if ronations My Lords. I care not (forduch 1 am happy Could speake this with as free a Soule as I doe. Deerves a Corner: would all other Women There's nothing I haue done yet o' my Conscienee What are your pleafures with me, reverem Lords? With me, a poore weake woman, falne from faour To come neerer what can be their bufines. Into your priuate Chamber; we (hall gioe you ButallHoods.makenot Monkes. They fhould bee good men, their affaires as righteous: I doe not like their eomming; now 1 thinke on'c. Seeke me out, and that way I am Wise in | I know my life fo euen, fyour bufines Enuy and bafe opinion fet againft 'em, Were tri'de by eu'ry tongoe.eu'ry eye faw 'em, Walt in the prefence. My Soule grcves sad with troubles. Beleeue me (he ha's had much wrong. Lord Cardinal!, If you speake truth, for their poore Mftris fake; A Orange Toogue makes my caufe more ftrange.fuspi- I am not fucha Truant sincemy eomming. Pray speake in Englifh ; heere arefome wilhhankeyou, May be abfolu'd in Englifh, As not to know the Language I haue liu'd in: (ous: A strange Tongue makes my caufe more strange, fufpi- Praye speake in Englifh, there are fome will thank you, If you speake truth, for their poore Miftiris fale; Beleeue me the he's had much wrong. Lord Cardinall, The willing ft time I euer yet committed, May be abfolu'd in Englifh.

Card. Noble Lady,
### Scena Secunda.


**Nor.** If you will now write in your Complaints, And forces them with a Confinacy, the Cardinal Must stand and under you. If you omit The offer of this time, I cannot promise, But that you shall sustaine more new disgrace, With these your beard already.

**Sur.** I am sorry.

to meet the least occasion, that may give me Remembrance of my Father-in-Law, the Duke, To be reuwed'd on him.

**Sof.** Which of the Peers

Hath vncountemd's done by him, or at least Strangely negleced? When did he regard The flanipe of Noblenesse in any person Out of himselfe?

**Cham.** My Lords, you speake your pleasures: What he deffires of you and me, I know: What we can do to him (though now the time Givens way to vs) I much fear. If you cannot Banne his acries to his, King, never stempes Anything on him: for he hath a Witchcraft Over the King int's Tongue.  

**Nor.** O fear him not, His spell in that is out: the King hath found Matter against him, that for ever marrers The Hony of his Language. No, he's fealed (Not to come off) in his displeasure.

**Sur.** Sir, I should be glad to have such Newses as this Once every hour.

**Nor.** Believe it, this is true.

In the Durincs, his contrary proceedings Are all unfolded: wherein he appeares, As I would with mine Enemy.  

**Cham.** How came his practices to light?

**Sof.** Most strangely.

**Sur.** O how? how?

**Sof.** The Cardinals Letters to the Pope miscarried.

---

**The Life of King Henry the Eighth.**

I have more Charity. But say I wanted ye; Take heed, for heavens sake take heed, least as once The burden of my sorrow, fall upon ye.  

Carr. Madam, this is a meer distraction, You serve the good we offer, into envy.

**Qw.** Yerune me into nothing. Wee upon ye, And all such false Professors. Would you have me (If you have any Lujorne, any Putty, If ye be any thing but Churchmen habits) Put my tickle caule into his hands, that hater me? Alas, he's banish'd me his bed already, His flout is too long aye. I am old my Lords, And all the Felloship I hold now with him Is only my Obedience. What can happen To me, about this wretchedness? All your Studies Make me a Curse, like this.

Carr. Pray beare me.

**Qw.** Haue I liud thus long (let me speake my selfe, Since Virtue finde no friends) A Wife a true one? A Woman (I dare say without Vanity) Never yet branded with Sufpicion? Hane I, with all my full Attractions Still met the King? Lou'd him next Heauow? him? Bin (out on fondneffe) superflitious to him? Almost forgot my prayers to content him? And am I thus rewarded? Tis not well Lords, Bring me a constant woman to her Husband, One that never dream'd a toy, beyond his pleasure, To make a seemely answer to such person. Shall e're diuise my Dignities.

Carr. With these weake Women's fears. A Noble Spirit As years was, put into you, ever calls Such doubts as false cows from it. The King loves you, Beware you look not: it not: For we (if you please) To truft vs in your businesse we are ready To vie our most Studies, in your seruice.

**Qw.** Do what ye will, my Lords: And pray forgive me;

If I haue said my selfe vnmanly, You know I am a Woman, lacking wit To make a feemeally answer to such persons, Pray do my service to his Majestie, He ha's my heart yet, and shall base my Prayers While I shall have my life. Come reverent Fathers, Beflow your Counsels on me. She now begges That little thought when she set footing here, She shoule have bought her Dignities so deere.  

---

**Sof.** Most strangely negleced? When did he regard The flanipe of Noblenesse in any person Out of himselfe?
And came to the eye o'th'king, whenin was read
How that the Cardinal did intend his Holinesse
To stay the judgements o'th'Divorce; for if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceive
My king is tangle in soppicion to
A Creature of the Queenes, Lady Anne Ballyn.
Sar. Ha's the King this?
Saf. Belcete it.
Sar. Will this work?
Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he costs
And hedges his owne way. But in this point,
All his trickes founder, and he brings his Physick
After his Patients death, the King already
Hath married the faire Lady.
Sar. Would he had.
Saf. May you be happy in your with my Lord,
For I prophesie you have it.
Sar. Now all my joy
Trace the Coniun fit on.
Saf. My Amen too.
Nor. All mens.
Saf. There's order giuen for her Coronation;
Marty this is yet but yong, and may he left
To some cares unrecounted. But my Lords
She is a gallant Creature, and compleat
For 1 peoffe you haue st.
A Creature of the Queenes, Lady
Katherine no mot
After his Patients death; the King already
Haue satisfied the King for his Divorce,
As I haue satisfy'd the King for his Diuorce,
Toke the judgements o'th'Divorce: for if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceive
My king is tangle in soppicion to
A Creature of the Queenes, Lady Anne Ballyn.
Sar. Ha's the King this?
Saf. Belcete it.
Sar. Will this work?
Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he costs
And hedges his owne way. But in this point,
All his trickes founder, and he brings his Physick
After his Patients death, the King already
Hath married the faire Lady.
Sar. Would he had.
Saf. May you be happy in your with my Lord,
For I prophesie you have it.
Sar. Now all my joy
Trace the Coniun fit on.
Saf. My Amen too.
Nor. All mens.
Saf. There's order giuen for her Coronation;
Marty this is yet but yong, and may he left
To some cares unrecounted. But my Lords
She is a gallant Creature, and compleat
For 1 peoffe you haue st.
A Creature of the Queenes, Lady
Katherine no mot
After his Patients death; the King already
Haue satisfied the King for his Divorce,
As I haue satisfy'd the King for his Diuorce,
Toke the judgements o'th'Divorce: for if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceive
My king is tangle in soppicion to
A Creature of the Queenes, Lady Anne Ballyn.
Sar. Ha's the King this?
Saf. Belcete it.
Sar. Will this work?
Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he costs
And hedges his owne way. But in this point,
All his trickes founder, and he brings his Physick
After his Patients death, the King already
Hath married the faire Lady.
Sar. Would he had.
Saf. May you be happy in your with my Lord,
For I prophesie you have it.
Sar. Now all my joy
Trace the Coniun fit on.
Saf. My Amen too.
Nor. All mens.
Saf. There's order giuen for her Coronation;
Marty this is yet but yong, and may he left
To some cares unrecounted. But my Lords
She is a gallant Creature, and compleat
For 1 peoffe you haue st.
And fixt on Spiritual! obieft, he fltould fltill
His Thinkings are below the Moone, not worth
But par'd my prefent Havings, to beftow
Dwifling Mufings. But ainaid
For Holy Offices I have a time; a time
My Bounty upon you.
Mud glue my tendance to
Eur God blefle pour Highneffe.
You are full of Heauenly stuff, and beare the Inuentory
Hertime* of prcferuation, which perforce
my doing well.
J will lend you caufe
The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me.
I haue kept you next my Heart, haue not alone
Hu word uppo you. Since I had my Office,
I her fraile lonne, amoong'ft my Brethren mornll.
To keepe your earthly Audit, fure in that
Ff what I now pronounce, you haue found true •
He (aid he did, and with his deed did Crowne
With my well faying.
I beare ith'Scare •. and Nature doet require
Idcemeyou an ill Husband, and am gald
Show'd on me daily, haue bene more then could
Employ'dyou where high Profits might come home.
And yet word* are no deed*.
And if you may confefle it, fay wuhall
Therein illufirated, the Honor of it
Can nothing render but Allegianse thankes,
My Prayres to heaoen for you; my Lay alcic
Thereof, and ener you are bound to vs, or no. What fay you?
My Soueraigne, I confefte your Royal! graces
Which euer ha's, and cuer that! be growing.
For mine ownc ends, (Indeed to gain® the Popedome,
And us a kindc of good deeds to fay well.
Your Braine, and every Function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As auring in Loues particular, be more
To me your Friend, then a ny.
Car. I do proffe,
That for your Highneffe good, I ever labourd
More then mine owne: that any,have, 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
Appease in forms more horrid) yet my Duty,
As doth a Rocke agasnft the chiding Flood,
Should the approach of this wilde River breake,
And stand unflaken yours.
King. 'Tis Nobly spoken:
Take notice Lords, he has a Loyall brefi,
For you have fene him open't. Read or this,
And after this, and then to Breakfast with
What approcire you haue.
Exit King, frowning upon the Cardinal, the Nobles
thent offer him fending and whifforgen.
Car. What should this mean?
What fodsine Anger's this? How have I resp'd it?
He parted Frowning from me, as if Ruine
Leap'd from his Eyes. So lookes 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 vndoneme: Tisth'Arcompt
Of all that world of Wealth I haue drawn me together
More then mine ownc; that am,haue,ar,d will be
Into our hands, and to Confine your felfe
To render rp the Great Seale prcfently
The Letter (as I lute) with all the Banifie
I writ too a Holinfey. Nay then, favehill:
I haue touch'd the highefi point of all my Greatncfie,
And throw it from their Soule, chough perils did
Appeare in formes more horrid) yet my Duty,
Should the appraoch of this wilde Ritter breake.
And ftand vnfliakeo yours.
For your great Grices
Till death (that Winter) kill ic.
The fowlenefle is the punitfement.
Does pay the Aft of ic, as i'th'contrat v
Therein illufirated, the Honor of it
'Tiswellfaid agen,
I feare the Story of his Anger. 'Tis fo:
What appetite you haue.
Who dare crefie'em.
Stay:
Who dare crefie'em.
Co.
Doth you know of what courfe Mettle ye ate molded, Enuy,
Bearing the Kings will from his mooth expreficly?
'Fairly answer'd:
A Loyall, and obedient Subject is
Where's your CommiSSSon? Lords, words cannot Carrie
Hearten, and one lovere Cardinall,
Who commands you
To render up the Great Scale prcfently
Into our hands, and to Confine your felfe
To After-house, my Lord of Winchefter,
Till you hearc further from his Highneffe.
Car. Stay:
Where's your CommiSSSon? Lords, words cannot Carrie
Authority so weighty.
Soft. Who dare crefie'em,
Bearing the Kings will from his mouth expreficly?
Car. Till I finde more then will, or words to do, (I mean your malice) know, Officous Lords,
I dare, and muft deny it. Now I fcele
Of what course Mettle ye are molded, Enuy,
How egerely ye follow my Difgraces

The Life of King Henry the Eight.
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

As if it had ye, and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in everything may bring my ruine?
Follow your envious course, make Malice;
You have Chriiftian warrant for it, and no doubt
In time will find their fit Rewards. This Seale
You ask with such Violence, the King
(Mine, and your Master) with his owne hand, gave me:
Bad me enjoy it, with the Piece, and Honors
During my life; and to confirm his Goodness,
Tie’d by Letters Patent. Now, who’ll take it?

Sur. The King that gave it.
Car. It must be himslielf then.
Sur. Thou art a proud Traitor, Priest.
Car. Proud Lord, thou lyest:
Within these fortie hours, Surrey durst better
Issue burn that Tongue, than fade fo.

Sur. Thy Ambition
(Thou Scarlet Sinne) cabbb’d this bewailing Land
Of Noble Buckingham, my Father in Law,
The heads of all thy Brother-Cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best part bound together)
Weight’d not a hair of his. Plague of your policie,
You sent me Deputie for Ireland,
Farre from his succour; from the King, from all
That might have mercy on the faults, thou gav’st him:
Whil of your great Goodness, out of holy pity.
Absolv’d him with an Axe,
This, and all else
This talking Lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most falfe. The Duke by Law
Found his defects. How innocout I was
From any private malice in his end,
His Noble lustie, and sould Caute can witnesse,
If I had many words, Lord, I should tell you,
You have as little Honesty, as Honor,
That in the way of Loyality, and Truth.
Toward the King, my ever Roial Master,
Dare make a founder man then Surrie can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my Soule,
Your long Cos (Priest) protect you,
Thou should’st fede
My Sword v’thlife blood of thee elfe. My Lords,
Can ye endure to bear this Arrogance?
And from this Fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus laded by
s
peete of Scarlet,
My Swotd i’th’hfe blood of thee elfe. My Lords,
As you refpect the common good, the State
Of our deplit’d Nobilitie, our Ills.
(Whom if he live, will fere Be Gentlemen)
Produce the grand Summe of his fames, the Articles
Collected from his life. He ftrike you
Worſthen the Searing Hell, when the brownie Wench
Lay kiffing in your Arnes, Lord Cardinall.

Car. How much me thinkes, I could defpife this man,
But that I am bound in Charity against it.

Not. Thofe Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hand:
But thus much, they are foule ones.

Wal. So much falte
And fpottles, fhall mine Innocence arise,
When the King knowes my Truth.

Sur. This cannot fave you:
I thankhe my Meritorie, I yet remember
Some of thofe Articles, and our they fhall.
Now, if you can blufh, and cry guilty Cardinall,
You fhew a little Honeftie.

Wal. Speake on Sir,
I dare your worft Objeftion: If I blufh,
It is to fee a Nobleman went manners.

Sur. I had rather want thoſe, then my head;
Hauze at you.

Fifth, that without the Kings order or knowledge,
You wrought to be a Legacie, by which power
You ordain’d the Jurisdiction of all Bishops.

Nor. Then, That in all you write to Rome, or elfe
To Foraigne Princes, Epif & Rex noua
Was fill infcrib’d: in which you brought the King
To be your Servant.

Sur. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of King or Councell, when you went
Ambassador to the Emperour, you made bold
To carry into Flanders, the Great Seale.

Sur. Item, You fent a large Commission
To Gregory de Caffado, to conclude
Without the Kings will, or the States allowance,
A Leage betweene his Highneffe, and Ferrara.

Sur. That out of mere Ambition, you have caus’d
Your holy body. Let it be fill’d on the Kings Coine.

Sur. Then, That you have lent innumerable Substance,
(By what means get, I leave to your owne confidence)
To furnih Rome, and to prepare the wayes
You have for Dignities, to the meer vndoing
Of all the Kingdom. Many more there are,
Which fince they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my Lord,
Preffent a falling man too farre: ’tis Verteve;
His faults ly open to the Lawes, let them
(Not you) correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little, of his great Selfe.


Sur. Lord Cardinal, the Kings further pleasure is,
Because all thofe things you have done of late
By your power Legislu in this Kingdom,
Fall into his comphafe of a Premunire;
That therefore fuch a Writ be fued againft you.
To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,
To be your Seruant.

Sur. That without the Kings affirm or knowledge.

To conclude
Without the Kings will, or the States allowance,
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the wayes
You have for Dignities, to the meer vndoing
Of all the Kingdom. Many more there are,
Which fince they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my Lord,
Preffent a falling man too farre; ’tis Vertue;
His faults ly open to the Lawes, let them
(Not you) correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little, of his great Selfe.


Sur. Lord Cardinal, the Kings further pleasure is,
Because all thofe things you have done of late
By your power Legislu in this Kingdom,
Fall into his comphafe of a Premunire;
That therefore fuch a Writ be fued againft you.
To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,
To be your Seruant.

Sur. That without the Kings affirm or knowledge.

To conclude
Without the Kings will, or the States allowance,
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the wayes
You have for Dignities, to the meer vndoing
Of all the Kingdom. Many more there are,
Which fince they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my Lord,
Preffent a falling man too farre: ’tis Verteve;
His faults ly open to the Lawes, let them
(Not you) correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little, of his great Selfe.


Sur. Lord Cardinal, the Kings further pleasure is,
Because all thofe things you have done of late
By your power Legislu in this Kingdom,
Fall into his comphafe of a Premunire;
That therefore fuch a Writ be fued againft you.
To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,
To be your Seruant.

Sur. That without the Kings affirm or knowledge.

To conclude
Without the Kings will, or the States allowance,
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the wayes
You have for Dignities, to the meer vndoing
Of all the Kingdom. Many more there are,
Which fince they are of you, and odious,
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

No Sun, shall ever wither forth mine Honors,
Or gild e againe the Noble Troopers that weighted
Upon my Smiles. Go get thee from me Cromwell,
I am a poore false man, vnworthy now
To be thy Lord, and Master. Seeke the King
(That Sun, I pray may never set) I hate him told him,
What, and how true thou art; he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me, will shire thee
(I know his Noble Nature) not to let
Thy hopefull securite perish too. Good Cromwell
Neglect him not; make me wise now, and proude
Fot thou owne future safety.

Crom. O my Lord,
Mufi I then leave you? Musl I needes fargo
So good, so Noble, and so true a Master?
Beare witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his Lord.
The King shall have my securite; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever shall be yours.

Card. Cromwell, I did not thinke to fed a teare
In all my Miferies: But thou haft fore'd me
(Out of thine honest truth) to play the Woman.
Let's dry our eyes: And thus fare we hearte me Cromwell,
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And deep'd in dulle cold Marble, where no mention
Of me, more must be heard of: Say I taught thee:
Say Wolsty, that once trod the waye of Glorie,
And founded all the Depthes, and Shoates of Honor.
Pound thee a waye (out of his wacke) to ride in:
A sure, and safe one, though thy Mafier mist it.
Mark but my Fall, and that that Ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, Ring away Ambition,
By that annie fell the Angells: how can man then
(The Image of his Maker) hope to win by it?
Love thy selfe last, cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more then Honely.
Still in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace
To silence envious Tongues. Be luft, and feare not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy Countries,
Thy Gods, and Truths. Then if thou fall sit(O Cromwell)
Thou fall'st a blissful Martyr.
Setue the King: And praythee leade me to
There take an Inventory of all I have,
To the latte pen'y, 'tis the Kings. My Robe,
And my Integrity to Heauen, is all,
I dare now call mine owne. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but sere'd my God, with halfe the Zeale
I sere'd my King; he would not in mine Age
Have lef me naked to mine Enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience.

Card. So I haue. Farewell
The Hopes of Court, my Hopes in Heauen do dwell.

Exeunt.

Atius Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 'Y're well met once again.
2 So are you.
3 You come to take your hand here, and behold
The Lady Anne, poole from her Corroonation.

'Tis
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

224

1 A lively Flourish of Trumpets.
2 Their two Judges.
3 Lord Chancellor, with Train and Place before him.
4 Quidritters singing.
5 Mayor of London, bearing the Mace. Then Garter, in his Coat of Arms, and on his head wore a Gold Crown.
6 Marquess Dorset, bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his head, a Demy Coronet of Gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the Rod of Silver with the Dote, Crowned with an Earles Coronet. Collars of Effes.
7 Duke of Suffolk, in his Robe of Estate his Coronet on his head bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the Rod of Marshallhip, a Coronet on his head. Collars of Effes.
8 The Old Durrefhe of Norfolk, in a Coronet of Gold, wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queens Train.
9 Certaine Ladies or Countesses, with plaine Circlets of Gold, without Flowers.
10 Extant, first passing over the Stage in Order and State, and then A great Flourish of Trumpets.

2 A Royal Train believe me: These I know:
1 Marquess Dorset.
2 The Duke of Buckinghame, the first with the Scepter?
3 That beare the Scepter?
4 A bold brave Gentleman. That should bee.
5 He to be Earl Marshall; you may read the rest.
6 I thank you Sir: had I not known these Customs, I should have beene beholden to your Paper.
7 But I beseech you, what is become of Katherine.
8 The Prince Dowager? How goes her business?
9 Sir, I have a Soul, she is an Angel.
10 It is, and all these are Countesses.
11 Their Coronets say so. These are Stars indeed, And sometimes falling ones.
12 No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.
1 God save you, Sir. Where haue you bin abroading?
2 Among the crowd is the Abbey, where a finger Could not be wedg'd in more: I am flipt.
3 With the more ranknesse of their joy.
4 You saw the Ceremony?
5 That I did.
6 How was it?
7 Well worth the seeing.
8 Good Sir, speak it to me?
9 As well as I am able.
10 The Beauty of her Person to the People.
11 Believe me Sir, she is the goodliest Woman that ever lay by man: which when the people Had the full view of, such a boye was, As the throned was at Sea, in a little Temper, As I have, and to as many Tunes. Hats, Cloakes, (Doublets, I thinke) flew vp, and had their Faces
12 Which when the people Had the fullest view of, such a boy was, As the throned was at Sea, in a little Temper, As I have, and to as many Tunes. Hats, Cloakes, (Doublets, I thinke) flew vp, and had their Faces
13 And more, and richer, when his Time was come. Great bell'd women.
14 Their Coronets say so. Thefe are Stars indeed.
15 Thofe men are happy. Thofe men are happy.
16 The death of Honour cost but a trifle.
17 So strangely in one peece.
18 For ever look'd on. Thou haft the sweetest face I ever look'd on.
19 Sir, as I have a Soul, she is an Angel.
20 Our King hath all the Ladies in his Armes, And more, and richer, when his Time was come. Great bell'd women.
21 That I am stilled.
22 With the meekest ranknesse of their joy.
23 Believer me, Sir, she is the goodliest Woman that ever lay by man: which when the people
24 And more, and richer, when his Time was come. Great bell'd women.
25 With the meekest ranknesse of their joy.
26 And more, and richer, when his Time was come. Great bell'd women.
27 Sir, if I may. Sir, if I may.
28 Sir, I thinke.
29 They that bear their Coronets fay so. Thefe are Stars indeed.
30 It is, and till the Queens are Couer'd.
31 I know that beam the Scepter?
32 With the meekest ranknesse of their joy.
33 Sir, as I have a Soul, she is an Angel.
34 Our King hath all the Ladies in his Armes, And more, and richer, when his Time was come. Great bell'd women.
35 That I am stilled.
36 With the meekest ranknesse of their joy.
37 Thofe men are happy. Thofe men are happy.
38 The death of Honour cost but a trifle.
39 So strangely in one peece.
40 For ever look'd on. Thou haft the sweetest face I ever look'd on.
41 Sir, as I have a Soul, she is an Angel.
42 Our King hath all the Ladies in his Armes, And more, and richer, when his Time was come. Great bell'd women.
43 That I am stilled.
44 With the meekest ranknesse of their joy.
45 Thofe men are happy. Thofe men are happy.
46 The death of Honour cost but a trifle.
47 So strangely in one peece.
48 For ever look'd on. Thou haft the sweetest face I ever look'd on.
49 Sir, as I have a Soul, she is an Angel.
50 Our King hath all the Ladies in his Armes, And more, and richer, when his Time was come. Great bell'd women.
51 That I am stilled.
52 With the meekest ranknesse of their joy.
53 Thofe men are happy. Thofe men are happy.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

With all the choicest Musick of the Kingdom, Together sung To Des. So she past, And with the same full State pac'd backe againe To York-place, where the Earl she hold.

1 Sir, You shall no more call it York-place, that's past: For since the Cardinal fell, that Titles loft, 'Tis now the Kings, and call'd White-Hall.

2 I know it: But 'tis too late alter'd, that the old name Is fresh about me. What two Reuerend Bishops Were those that went on each side of the Queen? Sakerley and Gardiner, the one of Wincheste, Newly prefent'd from the Kings Secretary, The other London.

3 He of Wincheste Is held no great good lower of the Archbishops, The vertuous Cranmer.

4 All the Land knows that: How euer, yet there is no great break, when it comes Cranmer will finde a Friend will not shinke from him. Who may that he, I pray you.

5 Thomas Cranmer, A man in much esteem with th'King, and truly A worthy Friend. The King he's made him Master o'th'Gelwel Houfe, And one alreadie of the Privy Counceller.

6 He will deferve more. Yet without all doubt, Come Gentlemen, ye shall go my way, Which is to th'Court, and there ye shall be my Guest: Something I can command. As I wakke thither, I'll te ye more.

Beth. You my command vs Sir.

Scene Secunda.

Queen Katherine Dowager, sick, lead betweene Griffith, her Gentleman usher, and Patience her Woman.


Grif. My Legges like etoaten Branches bow to th'Earth, Willing to issue their burthen: Reacht a Chair, So now (me thinketh) I fee a little ease.

Grif. Tho' thou not tell me Griffith, as thou lead a men, That the great Child of Honor, Cardinal was dead? Kath. Yes Madam: but I thank ye Grace Out of the paine you suffer'd, gave me eare too.

Grif. Perhapes good Griffith, tell me how he dy'de.

Kath. If well, he steps before me happily

For my example.

Grif. Well, the voyce goes Madam, For after the foure Earle Northumberland Arrested him at York, and brought him forward As a man sorely tainted, to his Answer, He fell fiche foradly, and grew to ill He could not fiue his Mote.

Kath. Alas poor man, Griffith, at Laft, with effie Rodes, he came to Leicester, Lodg'd in the Abbey, where the reverend Abbot With all his Couent, honourably receiued him; To whom he gave these words. O Father Abbot, An old man, broken with the fformes of State, Is come to lay his weary bones among you Giv me a little rest for Charity.

Grif. So went to bed; where egerly his fickneffe Pursued him still, and three nights after this, About the houre of eight, which he himfelfe Foretold should be his lift, full of Repentance, Continuall Meditations, Tears, and Sorrowes, He gave his Honors to the world agen, His bledfeed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he reft, His faults I egey gently on him: Yet thus faire Griffith, give me leave to speake him, And yet with Charity. He was a man Of an unbounded fomacke, ever ranking Himselfe with Princes. One that by fuggeltion Ty'd all the Kingdom. Symonie, was faine pla'y, His owne Opinion was his Law. I prefume He would lay untruths, and be ever double Both in his words, and meaning. He was never (But where he meant to Ruine) pitifull. His Promifes, were as he then was, Myhty: But his performance, as he is now, Nothing Of his owne body he was ill, and gage The clergy fjill example.

Grif. Noble Madam: Mens eull manners, live in Brasse, their Veruue We write in Water. May it please your Highneffe To hear me speake his good now?

Kath. Yes good Griffith, I were malicious effe.

Grif. This Cardinal, Though from an humble Stocke, undoubtedly Was fashion'd to much Honor. From his Cradle He was a Scholler, and a rife, and good one Exceeding wife, faire spoken, and perswading Lately, and lowe to thame that laud' him now: But, to thofe men that fough't him, fweet as Summer And though he were unfatisfi'd in getting, (Which was a finne) yet in bellowing Madam, He was moft Princely: Euer witneffe for him Thofe twinnnes of Learning, that he rain'd in you, Ivphwich and Oxon: one of which, fell with him, Winn'ing to out-lue the good that did it. The other (though vnfaith) yet to fame, So excellent in Art, and flill fonging, That Chriftendome fhall euer speake his Verue: His Ouettrow, head'Happineffe upon him: For then, and not till then, he felt himfelfe, And found the Blesfednesse of being little. And to add the greater Honors to his Age Then man could give him; he dy'de, fearing God. Then to the foot of men, and to the top of mountains, He will defcrue more.

Exeunt.
On that Cardehill Hymn I go too,  
Sad and solemn Musick.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's fit down quiet,  
For I mean we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.

The Munfters
Enter solemnly tripping one after another,  
First Persever, clad in white Robes, wearing on their heads Garlands of Bayes, and golden Prizes on their faces, branches of Bayes or Palme in their hands. They first Convo unto her, then Dance: and at certaine Changes, the first two hold a bough Garland over her Head, at which the other four make returned Courtesies. Then the two that hold the Garland deliver the same to the other two next, who observe 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 observe the same Order. At which (as it were by Inspiration) she makes (in her Sleep) Signts of rejoicing, and lifts up her hands to Heaven, and in their Dancing vanish, carrying the Garland with them.  
The Musickke continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone  
And leave me here in wretchedness, behind ye?  
Grif. Madam, we are here.  
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 bleffed Troope  
Initiate me to a Banquet, whose bright faces  
Caft thousand beams vpon me, like the Sun?  
They promis'd me eternall Happinesse,  
And brought me Garland (Griffith which I feele  
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall assurely.  
Grif. I am most joyfull Madam, such good dreames  
Pollefe your Fancy.  
Kath. Bid the Musickke cease.  
They are harsh and heavy to me.  
Musickke cease.  
Pati. Do you know  
How much her Grace is alter'd on the saddaine?  
How long her face is drawne? How pale her looke?  
And of an earthy cold? Marke her eyes  
Grif. She is going Wench. Pray, pray.  
Pati. Heaven comfort her.  
Enter a {Meflenger.  
Mef. And'tis like your Grace—  
Kath. You are a fawey Fellow.  
Deferve we no more Reuence?  
Grif. You are too blame,  
Knowing he will not looke her wanted Gratefesse  
To vfe so rude behaviour. Go, kneele.  
Mef. I humbly do entreat your Highnesse pardon,  
My hawl made me vanametely. There is playing  
A Gentleman sent from the King, to fee you.  
Kath. Admit him entrance Grifith. But this Fellow  
Let me see at once again.  
Exit Meflenger.  
Enter Lord Capuchins.  
If my sight fail not,  
You should be Lord Ambaffeador from the Emperour,  
My Royall Nephew, and your name Capuchins.  
Cap. Madam the fame, Your Senecess.  
Kath. O my Lord,  
The Times and Titles now are alter'd strangely  
With me, since last you knew me.  
But I pray you,  
What is your pleasure with me?  
Cap. Noble Lady,  
First mine owne service to your Grace, the next  
The Kings requeft, that I would visit you,  
Who greeues much for your weakness, and by me  
 Sends you his Privyse Commdcations,  
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 given in time, had cur'd me:  
But now I am past all Comforts here, but Prayers.  
How does his Highnesse?  
Cap. Madam, in good health.  
Kath. So he may be ever so, and curt flourish,  
When I shall dwell with Warmers, and my peaceful name  
Banish'd the Kingdom. Patience, is that Letter  
I cau't you write, yet sent away?  
Pati. No Madam.  
Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver  
This to my Lord the King.  
Cap. Most willing Madam,  
Kath. In which you have commended to his goodnesse  
The Model of our chaste ladies: his young daughter,  
The dewes of Heauen fall thickes in Blessings on her,  
Befreching him to grace her vertuous breeding.  
She is yong, and of a Noble modell Nature,  
I hope the will beside well; and a little  
To love her for her Mothers sake, that loud him,  
Heaven knoves how deerely.  
My next poore Petition,  
Is, that his Noble Grace would have some pittle  
Vpon my wretched women, that so long  
Have follow'd both my Fortunes faithfully,  
Of which there is not one, I dare anow  
(And now I should not lye) but will declare  
For Vertue, and true Beautie of the Soule,  
For honestie, and decent Carriage  
A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)  
And sure these men are happy that shall have'em.  
The left is for my men, they are the poorest,  
(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 pleas'd to have given me longer life  
And able meanes, we had not pined thus.  
These are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,  
By that you love the dearest in this world,  
As you with Christian peace to foules departed,  
Stand these poore peoples Friend, and vgre the King  
To do me this last right.  
Cap. By Heaven I will,  
Or let me loose the fashion of a man.  
Kath. I thank you honest Lord. Remember me  
In all humilitie vnto his Highnesse:  
Say his long trouble now is paing  
Out of this world. Tell him in death I blefi him  
(For so I will) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell  
My Lord, Grifith farewell. May Patience,  
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed,  
Call in more women. When I am designd Wench,  
Let me be v'd with Honore, fiue me once  
With Maiden Flowers, that all the world may know  
I was a chaste Wife, to my Grace: Embalme me,  
Then lay me forth (although vacque'n'd) yet like  
A Queene, and Daughter to a King vnto me.  
I can no more.  

Exit conuding Katherin.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gardiner, Bishop of Winchelsea, a Page with a Torch before him, sent by Sir Thomas Lovell.

Gard. It's one a clocke Boy, it's not.

Boy. It hath struck.

Gard. These should be hours for necessities, Not for delights: Times to repaire our Nature With comforting repose, and not for us To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir Thomas: Whether so late?

Low. Came you from the King, my Lord? Gard. I did Sir Thomas, and left him at Pimouro.

With the Duke of Suffolk.

Low. I must to him too.

Before he go to bed. I let take my leave.

'Ft seems you are in haste: and if there be

No great offence belongs to't. Give your friend

That seeks dispatch by day.

In them a wilder Nature, than the business

Some touch of your haste business: Affairs that wake

Good time, and hue: but for the Stocke, Sir Thomas,

I pray for heartily, that it may finde

And durst commend a secret to your care

Much weightier than this work. The Queen in Labor

I wish it grub'd up now.

She'll with the Labour, end.

They say in great extremity, and fear'd

Cry the Amen, and yet my Conference says

Deserve out better wishes.

She's a good creature, and sweet-Lady do's

Of mine own way. I know you, Wife, Religious,

y'are a Gentleman.

Twill not Sir, can't of me,

Them Iuell,

Till

And let me tell you, it will ne're be well.

Sleepe in their graves.

The most remark'd thing in the nation. As for Cromwell, Befide that of the Jewell-House, is made Master Oth' Rolles, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sir, Stands in the gap and trade of most preferments,

With which the King will issue him. Th' Archbyshop is the Kings hand and tongue, and who dare speak

One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,

There are that dare, and I my selfe have ventured To speake my mind of him: and indeed this day, Sir, (I may tell you) I think he have

Incest the Lords o'th Councell, that he is (For so I know he is, they know he is)

A most Arch-Heretique, a Pestilence That does infect the Land: with which, they moved

He grud broken with the King, who hath so farre

Given ear to our Complaints, of his great Grace,

And Princeely Care, foreseeing these false Mischiefes,
He has tangled his language in his cere.

None better in any kingdoms. Get you gone, I swear he is true-hearted, and a foul deceiver. them, and your appeal to us will render you no remedy, this ring the occasion shall instruct you. If importunities fade not to use, and with solemnity he sworn on mine honor. God's blood, mother, there make before them. Look, the goodman weeps:

The bell persuade the contrary. You do appear before them. If they shall chance keep comfort to you, and this morning see:

They shall no more prevail, then we glue your way to me. What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd what manner of man are you? I swear you such things have been done. I have more, or else vaunt: and now, while 'tis hot, I put it to the issue.

The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Enter Otho Lady.

Gen. within. Come back, what means you? Lady. He not come back, the tydings that I bring will make him boldenesse, manners. Now good angels fly o'er thy royal head, and blase thy person under their blessed wings.

King. Now by thy looks I geese thy message. Is the queen deliver'd? Say I, and of a boy. Lady. I, my liege,

And of a lovely boy: the god of heaven:

Both now, and ever bless her: 'tis a gyrie promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen defines her visitation, and to be acquainted with this stranger, 'tis as like you, as cherry's to cherry.


King. Give her an hundred markes.

Ile to the queen. 

Enter King. 

Lady. An hundred markes? By this light, 'tis more. An ordinary groome is for such payment. I will have more, or scold it out of him. Said I for this, the gyrie was like to him? He have more, or else vaunt: and now, while 'tis hot, I put it to the issue.

Scena Secunda.


Cran. I hope I am not too late, and yet the gentleman

That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me to make great haste. All fast? What means this? Hoo? Who waits there? Sure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yet, my lord:

But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

Keep. Your grace must waft till you be called for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice: I am glad

I come this way so happily. The king shall understand it presently.

Exit Butts.

Cran. 'Tis Butts.

The king's physician, as he pass along:

How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me:

Pray heaven he found not my disgrace, for certaine

This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,

(God turn their hearts, I never fought their malice)

To quench mine honor; they would shame to make me wait else at door: a fellow councilor

'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures

Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts, at a window above.

Butts. He shew your grace the strangest sight.

King. What's that Butts?

Butts.
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury, who holds his State at more 'mongst Pursuivants, Pages, and Foot-boys. 

Is this the Honour they do one another? They had patted so much hastily among Pages, and Foot-boys.

Just as not thus to suffer. In our own nature frail and capable. To one man Honour, this contagious sickness; Forthwith all Physicke: and what followes then? Comotions, vomits, with a general Taint of the whole State: as of late days our neighbours, The upper Germany can decently withstand. Yet firmly planted in our memories.

My Lords; Aristotle, in all the Progress. Both of my Life and Office, I have laboured, And with no little labour, that rey teaching 

And the strong course of my Authority, Might goe one way, and safely, and the end Was not to doe well: nor is there being, If I speake it with a single heart, my Lords. A man that more detests, more hates against, Both in his private Conscience, and his place, Defacers of a publicke peace then I doe. Pray Heaven the King may new find a heart With lease Allegiance in it. Mote that make Enuy, and crooked malice, nourishment; Dare bite the beef. I doe beezech your Lordships, That in this case of justice, my Accusers, Be what they will, may stand forth face to face, And freely urge against me. 

Suff. Nay, my Lord, That cannot be; you are a Counsellor, And by that vice no man dare accuse you. (mence. 

Gard. My Lord, because we have business of more mo- We will be bold with you. This his Highness pleasure And our content, for better tryall of you. From hence you be committed to the Tower, Where being but a private man against. You shall know many dare accuse you boldly, More then (I feste) you are prooided for. 

Cham. Ah my good Lord of Winchester: I thanke you, You are alwayes my good friend, if your will passe, I shall both finde your Lordship, Judge and Iuror, You are so mercifull. I fee your end, Tis my vindoing. Love and meekenesse, Lord Become a Churchman, better then Ambition; Win braying Soules with modesty againe, Caft non away: That I shall cleare my felfe, Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience, I make as little doubt as you doe conscience, In doing dailye wrongs. I could fay more, But reverence to your calling, makes me modest. 

Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Seflary, That's the plaine truth; your painted glasse discouers To men that Vnderstand they, words and weaknesse. 

Crom. My Lord of Winchstoff, y'are a little, By your good fauour, too sharp; Men fo Noble, How euer faultly, yet should finde respect For what they have bene: 'tis a cruelty, To load a falling man.

Gard. Good M. Secretary, I try your Honour mercie, you may woot Of all this Table fay fo. 

Crom. Why my Lord? 

Gard. Doe not I know you for a Fauourer Of this new Seff? ye are not found. 

Crom. Not found? 

Gard. Not found. I fay. 

Crom. Would you were halfe so honest. Men prayers then would feeke you, not their fears. 

Gard. I shall remember this bold Language. 

Crom. Doe. 

Remember your bold life too. 

Cham. This is too much; 

Forbear for shame my Lords. 

Gard. I have done. 

Crom. And I. 

Cham Then thus for you my Lord, it stands agreed It shal it, by all voyces: That forthwith, You be conuainced to the Tower a Prisoner, 

Or to remaine till the Kings further pleasure Be knowne vnto vs: are you all agreed Lords.
Enter the Guard.

Gird. Dread Sovereign,

May it please your Grace;

Embrace, and love this man.

Scena Tertia.

Noyst and Tunmull within: Enter Porter and his man.

Port. You'll leave your noyst anon ye Rasculs: do you take the Court for Parish Garden: ye rude Slaves, leave your gaping:

Whiles. Good M. Porter I belong to th' Lorder.

Port. Belong to th' Gallies was, and be hang'd ye Rogue: Is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen Grab-tree Issues, and strong ones: these are but Switches to 'em: little fetch your heads: you must be looking Christening? Do you lookes for Ale, and Cakes here? you rude Rasculs?

Man. Pray Sir be patient; 'tis as much impossible, Vsethe we sweep 'em from the doors with Cannons, To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em Sleep.

On May-day Morning, which will never be: We may as well push against Powles as Stopper 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

By ch'thecles, and godliness:and on your heads
Clap round Fins for neglect: ye're lazy knaves,
And here ye eye baiting of Bombards, when
Ye should doe Service. Harke the Trumpets sound,
Th'are come already from the Christening,
Go break among the presale, and finde away out
To let the Troope passe freely; or Ile finde
A Marshallsay, shall hold ye play these two Monthes.
For Make way here, for the Princess.

Man. Your great fellow,
Stand close vp, or Ile make your head sake.
Par. You 'tch' Chamberlet, get vp o'th' raile,
Ile pecke you o're the pales else.

Enter Trumpets sounding: Then two Aldermen, L. Moser,
Carter, Cromwell, Duke of Norfolke with his Marshalls
Staffe, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemens, bearing great
Standing Bows for the Christening Garters: Then four
Noblemens bearing a Canopie, under which the Dresse of
Norfolke, Godmother, bearing the Childe truly haberd in a
Musette, &c. Train'd borne by a Lady: Then follows
the Marshimmells Dester, the other Godmother, and Ladi-
ders. The Troope passe once about the Siege, and Gar-
toor speakes.

Carr. Heauen
Fromthy endlesse goodnesse, send prosperous life,
Long and ever happy, to the high and Mighty
Princeesse of England Elizabeth.

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.
Carr. And to your Royall Grace, & the good Queen,
My Noble Partners, and my felf thus pray
All confornt, joy in this most gracious Lady,
Heaven euery laue vp to make Parents happy,
May hourly fall vpon ye.

Kin. Thank you good Lord Archibifhop:
What is her Name?

Carr. Elizabeth.

Kin. Stand vp Lord,
With this Kiffe, take my Blessing: God protect thee,
Into whom head, I give thy Life.

Carr. Amen.

Kin. My Noble Ghost, ye'have bene too Prodigall;
I thank ye heartily: So shall this Lady,
When she ha's so much English.

Carr. Let me speake Sir,
For Heaven now bids me: and the words I utter,
Let now thynke Flatter; for they'find'em Truth,
This Royall Infant, Heaven full most about her,
Though in her Cradle; yet now promisses
Vpon this Land a thoufand thoufand Blesfings,
Which Time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
(But few now lying can behold that goodnesse)
A Pattern to all Princes living with her,
And all that shall succed: Saba was never
More courteous of Wife andde, and faire Verse
Then this pure Soule shall be. All Princely Graces
That would vp such a mighty Piece as this is,
With all the Vertues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall Nurfe her,
Holy and Heavenly thoughts still Counsell her;
She shall be loud and fear'd: Her owne shall bleffe her;
Her Foes shake like a Field of beaten Corne,
And hang their heads with sorrow.
Good grows with her
In her dayes, Every Man shall eat in Safety,
Vnder his owne Vine what he plants; and sing
The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.
God shall be truly knowne, and tho' about her,
From her shall read the perfect way of Honour,
And tho' she claims her greatness, nor by Blood.
Nor shall this peace sleepe with her: But as when
The Bird of Wonder dyes, the Mayden Phoenix,
Her Afhes new create another Heare,
As great in admiration as her selfe.
So shall she leaue her Blessedneffe to One,
(When Heauen shall call her from this cloud of darknes)
Who,from the sacred Asphes of her Honour
Shall Star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And to stand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Loue, Truth, Terror,
That were the Servants to this chosen Infant,
Shall be, and make new Nations. He shall flourish,
And like a Mountaine Cedar, reach his branches,
To all the Plains about him: Our Childrens Children
Shall see this, and bleffe Heauen.

Km. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be to the happiness of England,
An aged Princesse; many dayes shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to Crowne it.
Would I had knowne no more: But she must dye,
She must, the Saints must haue her; yet a Virgin,
A most vnspotted Lilly shall she passe
To the ground, and all the World shall mourne her.

Km. O Lord Archbishop
Thou haft made me now a man, never before
This happy Child, did I get any thing,
This Oracle of comfort, ha's so pleas'd me,
That when I am in Heauen, I shall desire
To see 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 shall see the Queene, and she muft thanke ye,
She will be sick els. This day, no man thinke
'Thas businesse at his house; for all shall play,
This Little-One shall make it Holy-day.

Exeunt.

The Epilogue.

This tale one, this Play can never please
All that are here. Some come to take their ease,
And sleepe an All or two; but those we fear
Who are frighted with our Tumpeus: so its clear,
They play tw naught. Others to see the Corp
About extremely, and to cry that's witty;
Which are not done neither, that I fear
All the expell'd good women are like to bear.
For this Play at this time, so usely in
The mercyfull construction of good women.
For such a one we fear'd em: If they smile,
And say tw well doe, I know when a while,
All the best men are ours; for 'tis so hop,
If they hold, when their Ladys but em clap

FINIS.
The Prologue.

In Troy there lies the Scene: From Iles of Greece
The Princes Orgillass, their high blood chaf'd
Have to the Port of Athens sent their shippes
Fraught with theministers and instruments
Of cruel Warre: Sixty and nine that wore
Their Crowne's Regall, from th'Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ransacke Troy, within whose strong emures
The ransack'd Helen, Menelaus Queene,
With wanton Paris sleepe, 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 brave Pavillions. Priams fix-gated City,
Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien;
And Actenonidus with mafsie Staples
And correspondsonse and fulfilling Bolts
Stirre up the Sonnes of Troy.
Now Expectation tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greeke,
Sets all on hazard And bither am I come,
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Authors pen, or Actors voice; but suited
In like conditions, as our Argument,
To tell you (faire Beholders) that our Play
Leapes at the outset of those broyles,
Beginning in the middle, slanting 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.
Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

**Troilus.**

All here my Valor, let me arm my name.
Why should I wear without the walls of Troy That base such cruel battle here within? Each Trojan that is master of his heart, Let him to field, *Troilus* has hath none.

**Pand.** Will this gesture here be mended?

**Troil.** The Greeks are strong, skilful in their strength, Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness; Valiant: But I am weaker then a woman's tear; Tamer then sleep, fonder then ignorance, Lees valiant then the virgin in the night, And skilful as inpractis'd Infante.

**Pand.** Well, I have told you enough of this: For my part, I do not meddle nor make no farther. Hee that will bake a Cake out of the Wheat's, must needs tarry the grinding.

**Troil.** Have I not tarded?

**Pand.** Have I not tarded? But you must tarry the bolting.

**Troil.** Have I not tarded?

**Pand.** To the leavening; but here's yet in the word, after the kneading, the making of the Cake, the baking; nay, you must stay the coolness too, or you may chance to burn your lips. Patience her selfe, what Goddesse ere she be, Dost Jeffer bleanch at suffering, then do I:
At Prince's Royal Apartments do I sit; And when fair *Cressida* comes into my thoughts, So (Troilus) then she comes, when she is thence.

**Troil.** She look'd yeasterday fairer, then ever I saw her looke, Or any woman eft.

**Pand.** I was about to tell thee, when my heart, As wedged with a sigh, would rue in twain, Left Helen, or my Father should perceive me: I have (as when the Sunne doth light a storme) Burnt this fish, in wrinkle of a smile: But sorrow, that is couched in seeming gladness, Is like that mirth, Fate turns to a sudden fadness.

**Pand.** And her hair was not somewhat darker then Helen, well go too, there were no more comparison between the Women. But for my part she is my Kinswoman, I would not (as they terme it) praise it, but I wold some-body had heard her talke yesterday as I did: I will not dispraise your sister *Cassandra's* wit, but——

**Troil.** Oh *Pandarus*! I tell thee *Pandarus*;
When I doe tell thee, there my hopes lies drown'd:
Reply not in how many Fadomes deep:
They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In *Cressida* love. Thou answer'll she is faire,
Pow'd in the open Vice of my heart,
Her Eyes, her Hair, her Cheeks, her Face, her Voice,
Handlev in thy discourse. O that her Hand
(Whose comparison, all whites are Joke)
Writing their owne reproach; to whose soft Ingrain.
The Cignets Downe is harsh, and spirit of Sense
Hard as the palmes of Plough-man. This thou tell'st me;
As true thou tell'st me when I say I love her:
But saying thus, instead of Oyle and Balme,
Thou lai'ft in every gash that love hath guerne,
The Knife that makes it.

**Pand.** I speake no more then truth.

**Troil.** Thou do'st not speake so much.

**Pand.** Faith, I do not meddle in't: Let her be as shee be, if she be faire, 'tis the better for her, and she be not, she's the mens in her owne hands.

**Troil.** Good *Pandarus*: How now *Pandarus*?

**Pand.** I haue had my Labour for my travell. ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you, Gone betweene and betweene, but small thankes for my labour.

**Troil.** What art thou angry *Pandarus*? what with me?

**Pand.** Because she's kinne to me, therefore she's not so 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? care not and she were a Black-a Moore, 'tis all one to me.

**Troil.** Say she is not faire?

**Troil.** I doe not care whether you doe or no, she's a Foole to stay behind her Father: Let her to the Greeks, and so Ile tell her the hight time I see her. for my part, Ie meddle nor make no more Pffmatter

**Pand.** Pray you speake no more to me, I will leave all as I found it, and there end.

**Troil.** What care I? what care not and she were a Black-a Moore, 'tis all one to me.

**Pand.** Peace you vngracions Clamors, peace rude sounds.

**Troil.** Peace you vngracious Clamors, peace rude sounds.

**Pand.** Peace on both sides, *Helen* must needs be faire.

When with your bloud you daily paint her thus,
I cannot fight upon this Argument:
How do you plague me!
for I too far outdid for my Sword
paid for that Merchant and this failing
Cruise, but by ander Pa
Tell me Daphnes (or why
As she is stubborne, she against all suite.
there (she lies a Pearle,
Hedge bed is stold,
Let us be called the wild and wandring
What ye and what is, what CVer/7* Pander
To see the battell; whose patience. Heitor
o/£ne; what newer from the field to day?
Wherefore not a field?
Is as a Vertue fixt to day was mov'd.
But to thatport abroad are you bound thither?
For womanshit it is to be from thence:
and strooke his Armorer,
Andromache
Whose height commands as subject all the sile,

Did as a Prophet weepe what it forsw
home.

Before the Sun rises he was hasten to,
There is among the Greekes,
wrath.
In Hectors
And to the field go's he; where every flower
hauenolrages.

They call him Asax.

nv man an attaint, but he carries somc flame of it. He is
as the Bear, slow as the Elephant: a man into whom
particular addirions he is as valiant as the Lyon.

churlifh

in him aboue, his complexion is higher then hi
he hailing

all eyes and no sight.

Argut,

hce hath the toynts of every thing, but every thing so
man hath a venue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor a-

man.

Queene
up to the Eastern Tower,
Man.

And whether go they?
Cr. To Troy.
Pan. What not bet weene?

Exeunt, T

T

You. HelUn
arm'd and gone yea came to
Troyhes

two. But how should this man that makes me smile,

he is a gowty «re, many hands


man. Then Trojans. How now Prince Troylus!

Enter Pander set.

Enter Creeds and her man.

The Tragedie of Troy Ins and Creesisda.

Heitor fading and waking.
of, hath euer since kept

how do you Cozen? when
oo good morrow

oot up? was (he?

him aboue, his complexion is higher then hi
he hailing

all eyes and no sight.


man. Then Trojans. How now Prince Troylus!

Enter Pander set.

Enter Creeds and her man.

The Tragedie of Troy Ins and Creesisda.

Heitor fading and waking.
of, hath euer since kept

how do you Cozen? when
oo good morrow

oot up? was (he?

him aboue, his complexion is higher then hi
he hailing

all eyes and no sight.


man. Then Trojans. How now Prince Troylus!

Enter Pander set.

Enter Creeds and her man.

The Tragedie of Troy Ins and Creesisda.
colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion, I had as lieue Helen's golden tongue had commended Troylus for a copper note.

Pan. If it were true, I think Helen loves him better then Paris.

Cre. Then there's a merry Greek here indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does, she came to him that other day into the compass window, and you know he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed a Tapters Arithmeticke may soone bring his particulars therein, to a recount.

Pan. Why he is very joyous, and yet will he within three pound lis, as much as his brother Heller.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a litter?

Pan. But to prooue to you that Helen loves him, he came and put her white hand to his cloven chin.

Cres. Who has mercy, how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know his dimpled,

I think his smiling becomes him better then any man in all Phanta.

Cre. Oh he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. Oh yes, and were a /low'd in Autumne,

Pan. Why go to none, but to prooue to you that Helen loves Troylus.

Cre. Troylus will stand to thee.

Proofe, if you prooue it so.

Pan. Troylus? why he ofteemes her no more then I esteeme an addle egege.

Cre. If you love an addle egg eat as well as you love an idle head, you would ease children's christkell.

Pan. I cannot chufe but laugh to think how he tickled his chin, indeed thee has a marueil's white hand I must needs confesse.

Cre. Without the racke.

Pan. And shee takes upon her to spie a white hair on his chinne.

Cre. Alas poor chin, many a warre is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing, Quene Hercuba laugh that her eyes ran ore.

Cre. With Milftones.

Pan. And Cornpandra laugh.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire vnder the pot of her eyes, did her eyes run ore too?

Pan. And Heller laugh.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marce at the white hair that Heller spied on Troylus chin.

Cre. And that beene a greene haire, I should have laugh too.

Pan. They laugh not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answere.

Cre. What was his answere?

Pan. Qouth shee, here's but two and fifty haires on your chinne, and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her question.

Pan. That's true, make no question of that, two and fifty haires quoth shee, and one where that white hair is my Father, and all the rest are his Sonnes. I spit, quoth she, which of these haires is Paris my husband? The forkeed one quoth he, pluck out and give it him: but there was such laughing, and Helen so blouthe, and Paris so chaffle, and all the rest so laugh, that it past.

Pan. So let it.

For it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well Cozen.

I told you a thing yesterday, think on't.

Cre. So I does.

Pan. Ille be sworne 'tis true, he will wepe you an't were a man borne in April.

Cres. And ile siring vp in his teares, and were a beree against him.

Pan. Harke they are comming from the field, weal we stand vp here and see them, as they passe toward Illium, good Nece do, sweet Nece Cresida.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here, he's a rich man, they all shal see you all by their names, as they passe by, but mark Troylus shine the left.

Enter Alcest.

Cre. Speakes not so low'd.

Pan. That's Antoret, is not that a brave man, here's one of the flowers of Troy I can you, but mark Troylus you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Pan. That's Helenor, he has a thow'd wit: I can tell you and he's a man good enough, he's one o'th found judgement in Troy whomyet, and a proper man of person: when comes Troylus? Ille then you Troylus anon, if shee me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will you give him the nod?

Pan. You shall fee.

Cre. If she do, the rich shall have more.

Enter Heller.

Pan. That's Heller, that, that, looke you, that there's a fellow, Go thy way Heller, there's a brave man Nece, Obraue Heller! Look how he lookest, there's a countenance, if it not a brave man?

Cre. Obraue man!

Pan. Is it not? He doos a mans heart good, looke yon what hacks are on his Helmer, looke yon yonder, do you see? Looke yon yonder? There's no telling, laying on, cal't off, who is the, they say, there he hacks.

Cre. Behof with Swords?

Enter Paris.

Pan. Swords, anything he cares not, and the diuell come to him, it's all one, by Gods bid it doos ones heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris, looke yon yonder Nece, is't not a gallant man to, is't not? Why this is brave now: who said he came hurt home to day? Hee's not hurt, why this will do Nece heart good now, ha? Would I could see Troylus now, you shall Troylus anon.

Cre. Whole that?

Enter Helenor.

Pan. That's Helenor, I warrant where Troylus is, that's Helenor, I think he went not forth to day: that's Helenor.

Cre. Can Helenor fight Vnkle?

Pan. Helenor no eyes heele fight indifferent, well, I warrant where Troylus is, bartke, do you not hate the people crie Troylus? Helenor is a Priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Enter Troylus.

Pan. Where he Yonder? That's Despobus, 'tis Troylus! There's a man Nece, hem, brave Troylus, the Prince of Chiulrie.

Cre. Peace for shame peace.

Pan. Marke him, not him: Obraue Troylus: looke well upon him Nece, looke you how his Sword is bloudied, and his Helme more hackt then Heller, and how he looks,
Troilus and Cressida.

looket, and how be goes. O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twentie. Go thy way Troilus, go thy way, had I a sister were a Graces, or a daughter a Goddesse, hee should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris is durt to him, and I warrant, Helen to change, would give money to boot.

Enter common Scullions.

Cres. Heere come more.
Pan. Axes, fooles, dolts, chtiffs and bran, chaffe and bran; porridge after mess. I could hue and dye th'eyes of Troilus. Ne're looke, ne're looke: the Eagles are gon, Crowes and Dawes, Crowes and Dawes: I had rather be such a man as Troilus.

Cres. There is among the Greekes Achilles, a better man then Troilus.
Pan. Achilles; a Dray-man, a Porter, a very Camell.
Cres. Well well.
Pan. Well well. Why have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, but good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, vertue, youth, liberality, and so forth: the Spicke, and salt that feels a man.
Cres. I a min'd man and then to be bach'd with no Date in the pye, for then the man's dates out.
Pan. You are such another woman, one knowes not as what wond you lye.
Cres. Upon my backe to defend my belly; upon my way to defend my sisters; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty: my Maske, to defend my beauty, and you to defend my wiles; upon my lecrory, to defend what ward you lye.

Enter Boy.

Pan. You are such another.
Boy. Sir, my Lord would instantly speake with you.
Pan. Where?
Boy. At your owne house.
Pan. Good Boy tell him I come, I doubt he bee hurt.

Fair ye well good Niece.

Cres. Adieu Vnkle.
Pan. Ile be with you Niece by and by.
Cres. To bring Vnkle
Pan. I a token from Troilus.
Cres. By the same token, you are a Bawd. Exit Pandy.

Words, vowes, gifts, sweetes, & loutes full facrifice.
He offers in an Corps, and Conscience.
But more in Troilus thousand fold I lye.
Then in the glasse of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I am. Women are Angels wooing,
Things won are done, loyes soule lyes in the dooing;
That the belou'd, knowes nought, that knowes not this;
Men prize the thing vngaind, more then it is
That fire was never yet, that ever knew
Loure goe fower: as when diſcreet diſcoer
Therefore Ibis maxime out of louse I teach;
"Achitement, 1 command; ungaind, beforth.
That though my hearts Contents, frame some loue doth beare,
Nothing of that diffill from mine eyes appeare." Exit.
This Chaos, when Degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking:
And this negligence of Degree, is it?
That by a pace goes backward in a purpose
It hath to climb. The General's disdain'd
By him one step below ; he, by the next,
That next, by him beneath: so every step
Examined by the first pace that is fick
Of his Superior, grows to an envious Peau
Of pace, and bloodless Emulation.
And 'tis this Peau that keeps Troy on foote,
Not her own finesse.
To end a tale of length,
Troy in our wretched lives, not in her strength.
Of Troy, Moft wisely hath Vffys here discourse'd
The Peau, whereof all our power is fick.

Agamemnon:
The Nature of the wicked Peau (Vffys)
What is the remedy?
Vffys: The great Achilles, whom Opinion crowns,
The finew, and the fore-hand of our Hosts,
Haunting his ear full of his sprey Fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his Tent
Lyes mocking our defignes. With him, Patroclus,
Vpon a lazie Bed, the laue-long day
Breaks fenneth lefts,
And with ridiculous and suckward action,
(Which Sandrine, he imitation call's)
He Pageants vs. Something great Agamemnon,
Thy topliefe deputation he purs on
And like a flattering Player, whose conceit
Lies in his Ham-string, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden Dialogue and found
Twixt his stretche footing, and the Scaflilage,
Such to be pitied, and overfeft leeming
He acts thy Greatnesse in: and when he speakes,
'Tis like a Chamie a mending. With tearsms vainguard,
Which from the tongue of roaring Tphon dropt,
Wold seems Hyperboles.
At this furyful fluffe,
The large Achilles (on his pref't-bed lolling)
From his depe Chaff, laughs out a loud applause,
Cries excellent, 'tis Agamemnon stuff
Now play me Neftor: hum, and stroke thy Beard
As he being draft to some Oration.
That's done, as near as the extremest ends
Of paralels: so like, as Polycon and his wife,
Yet god Achilles full crier excellent.
'Tis Neftor right. Now play him (me) Patroclus,
Arming to anfwer in a night-Alarme,
And then (foroouch) the faint defcrit of Age
Must be the Scene of myrth, to cough, and spit,
And with a palate furniling on his Gerget,
Shake in and out the Ricte: and at this sport
Sir Vulon dies; cries, Oenough Patroclus,
Or, give me ribs of Saffon, I shall split all
In pleasure of my Spleene. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, passions, shapes,
Scenerals and generals of grace execd,
Achievements, plots, orders, prevention,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success or lose, what is, or is nor, serves
As fliue for these two, to make paradoxes.
Neft. And in the imitation of these twaine,
Who (as Vffys says) Opinion crowns
With an imperiall voyce, many are infect:
Aix is crowne felle-will'd, and bearers his head
In such a reyne as full as proud a place
As broad Achilles, and keeps his Tent like him;
Makes fatafous Feats, raiseth on our state of Warre

Agamemnon:
This Chaos, when Degree is suffocate,
Troylus and Gresida.

Bold as an Oracle, and lets Theories.
A Flue, whose Gall comes flanders like a Mint,
To match vs in comparisons with durt,
To weaken anddered our exposure,
How wafts thus were rounded in a danger.

They take our policy, and call us Cowardice,
Counsel Wise, as no member of the Ware,
Fore-Ball preference, and efficac no safe
But that of hands: the full and mental parts,
That do construe how many hands shall strike
When sinfull call them on, and know by measure
Of their abominable toyle, the Enemies weight,
Why this hath not a fingers dignify:
They call this Bed-works, Mapp'ry, Cloccut-Wattc:
Of men obseram toylc, the Enemies waight,
Or those that with the sinnefle of their souls.
They place before his hand that made the Engine,
Why this hau nor a lingers dignity:
Of 'Tucket makes many Tones.
But that of hand: the still and memall pares.
How rank Coeunc rounded in with danger.
By Ther/utJ And then to speake.

When news call them on, and know by measure
That thou shalt know Troyan he is swike,
Agamemnon it is not sleeping boars;
To set his fence on the atermuue bent,
I bring a Truaspri to awake hts eare,
To know them from eyes of other Mortals?

Head and Generali.
Agamemnon his Kingly eates to
That breath Fame blowes, that orail'e fble pure tranfet ds.
But what the repining enemy commends,
The worthineffe of praife disdains his worth:
A Hanger to tho fot Imperial lookes.

Peace Troyan, lay ry finger on ry lips.
Good armes, strong ioynts, true fwords, &
Which is the high and mighty
The oatbfull, The Fairest.

He tell thee to himselfe.

Ares. Trumpets blow loud,
Send thy Brafe voyct through all the laciz Tents,
And every Greke of mettle, let him know,
What Troy signifies therefore, shall be spoke xnowd.

The Trumpets sound.

We have great Agamemnon here in Troy,
A Prince call'd Helle, Pream is his Father:
Who in this dull and long-continued Truce
Is rashly grown. He bad me take a Trumpet,
And to this purpose speake: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one amongst the laye't of Greece,
That holds his Honor higher then his cafe,
That feeks his praife, more then he fears his peril,
That knows his Valour, and knows not his foes,
That loves his Missirs more then in confession,
(With truant vows to her owne lips he loves)
And dare avow her Beauty, and her Worth,
In other arms then his to him this Challenge.
Helle, in view of Troyans, and of Greces,
Shall make it good, or do his beft to do it.
He hath a Lady, wiser, fairer, truest,
Then euer Greek did compose in his armes,
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,
Midway betweene your Tents, and walles of Troy,
To rouse a Greek that is true in love.
If any come, Helle shall honour him:
If none, he'1l fly in Troy when he resyres,
The Greek Dames are fun-burnt, and not worth
The fholter of a Lance: Even so much.

Agamemnon shall be told our Louers Lord Amen.
If none of them have foule to such a kind.
We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,
And may that Souldier a more recevant prone,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love:
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Helle if none else ile be he.

Tell him of Neffor, one that was a man
When Helle had Fire: he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian would,
One Noble man, that hathone spark of fire
To answer for his Loues: tell him from me,
I hide my Siluet beard in a Gold Beauer,
To answer for his Loue; tell him from me,
And may that Souldier that is true in love.
Midway betweene your Tents, and Walking Troy,
Who is this dull and long-continewed True?

One Noble man, that hathon spark of fire
To answer for his Loues: tell him from me,
I hide my Siluet beard in a Gold Beauer,
To answer for his Loue: tell him from me,
And may that Souldier that is true in love.
Midway betweene your Tents, and Walking Troy,
We left there all at home: But we are Souldiers,
If none of them have soule to such a kind.
We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,
And may that Souldier a more recevant prone,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love:
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Helle if none else ile be he.

Tell him of Neffor, one that was a man
When Helle had Fire: he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian would,
One Noble man, that hathone spark of fire
To answer for his Loues: tell him from me,
I hide my Siluet beard in a Gold Beauer,
To answer for his Loue; tell him from me,
And may that Souldier that is true in love.
Midway betweene your Tents, and Walking Troy,
We left there all at home: But we are Souldiers,
If none of them have soule to such a kind.
We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,
And may that Souldier a more recevant prone,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love:
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Helle if none else ile be he.

Tell him of Neffor, one that was a man
When Helle had Fire: he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian would,
One Noble man, that hathone spark of fire
To answer for his Loues: tell him from me,
I hide my Siluet beard in a Gold Beauer,
To answer for his Loue: tell him from me,
And may that Souldier that is true in love.
Midway betweene your Tents, and Walking Troy,
We left there all at home: But we are Souldiers,
If none of them have soule to such a kind.
We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,
And may that Souldier a more recevant prone,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love:
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Helle if none else ile be he.

Tell him of Neffor, one that was a man
When Helle had Fire: he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian would,
One Noble man, that hathone spark of fire
To answer for his Loues: tell him from me,
I hide my Siluet beard in a Gold Beauer,
To answer for his Loue: tell him from me,
And may that Souldier that is true in love.
Midway betweene your Tents, and Walking Troy,
We left there all at home: But we are Souldiers,
If none of them have soule to such a kind.
We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,
And may that Souldier a more recevant prone,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love:
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Helle if none else ile be he.

Tell him of Neffor, one that was a man
When Helle had Fire: he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian would,
One Noble man, that hathone spark of fire
To answer for his Loues: tell him from me,
I hide my Siluet beard in a Gold Beauer,
To answer for his Loue: tell him from me,
And may that Souldier that is true in love.
Midway betweene your Tents, and Walking Troy,
We left there all at home: But we are Souldiers,
If none of them have soule to such a kind.
We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,
And may that Souldier a more recevant prone,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love:
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Helle if none else ile be he.

Tell him of Neffor, one that was a man
When Helle had Fire: he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian would,
One Noble man, that hathone spark of fire
To answer for his Loues: tell him from me,
I hide my Siluet beard in a Gold Beauer,
To answer for his Loue: tell him from me,
And may that Souldier that is true in love.
Midway betweene your Tents, and Walking Troy,
We left there all at home: But we are Souldiers,
If none of them have soule to such a kind.
We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,
And may that Souldier a more recevant prone,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love:
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Helle if none else ile be he.

Tell him of Neffor, one that was a man
When Helle had Fire: he is old now,
In the Nursey of like coil
To ouei-bulke vs all.

Relates in purpose onely to Achilles.

The purpose is periscipious even as a Substance,
Whole grotesnesse little charactres tumme vp,
And in the publication make no Haine,
But that Achilles, were his braine as barren
As banchets of Lybia, though (Apollo knowes)
'Tis dry enough, wil with great speede of judgement,
I, with celerity, finde Heles purpose
Printing on him.

Yet make him to the answer, think ye?

Neft. Yes, 'tis most meet,

Tell the lusert of the better yet to shew,
Meet not debt Het
Hetlar:
Therefore 'tis meet,

Pursue the great Myrmidon
He thatmeets effier,if Tures from our choyce;
And in the publication make noftraine.
The baby figure of the Gy ant-masse
Of things to ceme at large. It is suppos'd.

Poet here the Troyans stste our deer'ft repnre
Yet in this tryall, much opinion dwels.

Achilles
Achilles

Shall shew the better. Do not content,

Give him allowance as the worthier man,

And we were better parch in Affricke Sunne,
But he already is coo infolcnt,
Are dogg'd with two strange Followers.
Shall he frape Heller l

Meteor, how now what's the matter man?

By inches. thou thing of no bowels thou,

Ado. Thou Bitch- Wolves-Sonne, canst not heare?

Feel thee then.

Ther. The plague of Greece vpon thee thou Mungrel
beefe-witted Lord.

Ais. Speak then you whind'tt lesse speake,
I will beare thee into handforme,

Ther. I that sooner ratelye thee into wit and holiness;
but I think thy Horsfe wil forter con an Oration, than ye
learn a prayer without booke: Thou canst strike, canst thou?
A red Murren o'th thy lades tricke.

Ais. Toads foole, leame me the Proclamation.

Ther. Doest thou think I haue no fence thou strik's

Ais. The Proclamation,

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a foole, I think.

Ais. Do not Perpennine, do not, my fingers itch.
Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and

Ther. Thou forc'st me to think of thee, I would make thee the loth-
form'd cab in Greece.

Ais. I say the Proclamation.

Ther. Thou grumbled & tailest every house on A-
chilles, and thou art as full of enuy as his greatness, as
Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty. I, that thou bark'd
Atis. Mitritellse Therite.

Ther. Thou should'ft strike him.

Ais. Cobole.

Ther. He would pun thee into fhiuers with Wj sid, as

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a foole, I thinke.

Ais. Thou doroe for a Witch.

Ther. I, do, do, thou fudden-witted Lord, thou hast no more braine then I have in mine elbows: An Aifricke
may turtor thee. Thou leuerly valiant Affe, thou art heere but to thrash Troyans, and thou art bought and soldle
amonge thos of any wir, like a Barbarian flue. If thou wert to best me, I will begin at thy heele and tel what theeart
by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou,

Ado. Toads foole.

Ther. You grumbled derailed

Ther. You hurl'd the Proclamation.

Ais. You horfon Corre.

Ther. Do.ado.

Ais. Thou foole for a Witch.

Ther. I, do, do, thou fudden-witted Lord; thou hast no more braine then I have in mine elbows: An Aifricke
may turtor thee. Thou leuerly valiant Affe, thou art heere but to thrash Troyans, and thou art bought and soldle
amonge thos of any wir, like a Barbarian flue. If thou wert to best me, I will begin at thy heele and tel what theeart
by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou,

Ais. Mitritellse Therite.

Ther. Thou should'ft strike him.

Ais. Cobole.

Ther. He would pun thee into fhiuers with Wj sid, as

Ais. Thou doroe for a Witch.

Ther. I, do, do, thou fudden-witted Lord, thou hast no more braine then I have in mine elbows: An Aifricke
may turtor thee. Thou leuerly valiant Affe, thou art heere but to thrash Troyans, and thou art bought and soldle
amonge thos of any wir, like a Barbarian flue. If thou wert to best me, I will begin at thy heele and tel what theeart
by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou,

Ais. Thou doroe for a Witch.

Ther. I, do, do, thou fudden-witted Lord, thou hast no more braine then I have in mine elbows: An Aifricke
may turtor thee. Thou leuerly valiant Affe, thou art heere but to thrash Troyans, and thou art bought and soldle
amonge thos of any wir, like a Barbarian flue. If thou wert to best me, I will begin at thy heele and tel what theeart
by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou,

Ais. Thou doroe for a Witch.

Ther. I, do, do, thou fudden-witted Lord, thou hast no more braine then I have in mine elbows: An Aifricke
may turtor thee. Thou leuerly valiant Affe, thou art heere but to thrash Troyans, and thou art bought and soldle
amonge thos of any wir, like a Barbarian flue. If thou wert to best me, I will begin at thy heele and tel what theeart
by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou,

Ais. Thou doroe for a Witch.

Ther. I, do, do, thou fudden-witted Lord, thou hast no more braine then I have in mine elbows: An Aifricke
may turtor thee. Thou leuerly valiant Affe, thou art heere but to thrash Troyans, and thou art bought and soldle
amonge thos of any wir, like a Barbarian flue. If thou wert to best me, I will begin at thy heele and tel what theeart
by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou,
Troyus and Credisa.

Ther. Nay but regard him well.

Achub. Well, why do I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for who

some ever your like to him to be, he is Achub.

Achub. I know that foolie.

Ther. But that foolie knows not himself.

Achub. Therefore I bestise thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, what madamour of wit he veters, his

tusions have cares thus long. I have bob'd his brain

more then he has bestey my bones; I will buy nine Spar-
wrows for a penny, and his Prammar is not worth the

ninth part of a Sparrow. This Lord (Achub) Achub who wears

his wit in his belly, and his gutter in his head, he tell you

what I say of him.

Achub. What?

Ther. I say this Achub.

Achub. Nay good Achub.

Ther. Has not so much wit.

Achub. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will flop the eye of Helen Needle, for whom

comes to fight.

Achub. Peace foolo.

Ther. I would have peace and quiet, but the foolie

will not be there, that he look you there.

Achub. O thou damned Curr, I shall—

Achub. Will you let your wit to a Foolie.

Ther. No I warrant you, for a foolie will shame it.

Pat. Good words Therist.

Achub. What's the quarrel?

Achub. I had thre eye Owie, goe learn me the tenure

of the Proclamation, and he replies upon me.

Ther. I ferue thee not.

Achub. Well go too, go too.

Achub. I ferue thee not.

Her. What's the quarrel? / Words

Pal. No 1 warrant you. Soe sfooles will shaue it.

Tier. —

Achub. Qothidamn'd Curr, I shal—

Peace foolo.

Achub. As will flop the eye of /ffe*/Needk, for whom

(Asour dread Father) in a Scale

Well fete you.

Achub. Your last service was suffer'd, was not.

Ther. Brooch bids will hold my peace when

will hold my peace when

Achub. I know not; this is put to Lottery; otherwise

Hecknew his man.

Achub. O meaning you, I wil go learn more of it. Exit.

Enter Priam, Helber, Trojanas, Paris and Helen.

Pri. Afer to many heutes, Junes, speeches spent,

Thus once againe lyes Nefer from the Grees,

Deliuer Helen, and all damage else

(As honouer, loose of time, traualie, expence,

Wounds, friends, and what else deere that is consumed

In hot digression of this comonat Warr)

Shall be broke off. Helber, what fay you too't.

Hel. Though no man lefles feares the Grees then I,

As farre as touches my particular yet dread Priam,

There is no Lady of more fofter bowels,

More impung, to dace in the fenne of Feare,

More ready to cry out, who knows what follows

Then Helber is: the wound of peace is furety,

Surety secure: but modest Doubt is call'd

The Beacon of the wife: the tent that searches

Toth bottome of the world, let Helber go,

Since the firt sword was drawne about this question,

Every to the foule mongft many thousand dismes,

Hath bin as dear as Helen: I meane of ours:

If we have loft to many tenths of ours

To guard a thing not ours, not worth to us

(Had it not name) the vale of one ten;

What meritt's in that reafon which denies

The yielding of her v p.

Troy. Fis, fie, my Brother;

Weigh you the worth and haour of a King

(As great as our dread Father) in a Scale

Of common Ounces? Wil you with Counters fume

The past proportion of his infinite,

And bucklie in a waft fathionflee,

With fpaines and inques fo dimmutive,

As feares and reafons ? Fie for godly flame?

Hel. No maruel though you bite to tharp ar reafons,

You are fo empty of them, theod not our Father

Bare the great way of his affyres with reafons,

Because your speech bath none that tell him so.

Troy. You are for dreams & numbers brother Prieft

You furre your gloues with reafon here are your reafons

You know an enemy intends you harne,

You know, a sword imploids it perilous,

And reafon hyes the object of all harne.

Who manufleth when Helenus beholds

A Grecian and his Tword, if he do fet

The very wings of reafon to his heeles:

You know, a fword imploy'd is perillous.

You are fo empty of them, theod not our Father

Bare the great way of his affyres with reafons,

Because your speech bath none that tell him so.

Troy. You are for dreams & numbers brother Prieft

You furre your gloues with reafon here are your reafons

You know an enemy intends you harne,

You know, a sword imploids it perilous,

And reafon hyes the object of all harne.

Who manufleth when Helenus beholds

A Grecian and his Tword, if he do fet

The very wings of reafon to his heeles:

You know, a fword imploy'd is perillous.

You are fo empty of them, theod not our Father

Bare the great way of his affyres with reafons,

Because your speech bath none that tell him so.

Troy. You are for dreams & numbers brother Prieft

You furre your gloues with reafon here are your reafons

You know an enemy intends you harne,

You know, a sword imploids it perilous,

And reafon hyes the object of all harne.

Who manufleth when Helenus beholds

A Grecian and his Tword, if he do fet

The very wings of reafon to his heeles:

You know, a fword imploy'd is perillous.

You are fo empty of them, theod not our Father

Bare the great way of his affyres with reafons,

Because your speech bath none that tell him so.

Troy. You are for dreams & numbers brother Prieft

You furre your gloues with reafon here are your reafons

You know an enemy intends you harne,

You know, a sword imploids it perilous,

And reafon hyes the object of all harne.

Who manufleth when Helenus beholds

A Grecian and his Tword, if he do sett
Why keepe we her? The Grecians keeps our Aunt c

The Seat and Yndes (old Wranglers) tooke a Truce,

Your breath of full confers bellied his Sails,

Such, and no other then silent doth forme is,

you And cride inefh finable; why do

Pam We do net throw in vnrcfp«&«ue fame,

Is defended : no? none fo Noble,

The worlds large fpaces cannot paralrll.

Enter Caffandraw with her hair about her ears

Caf Cry Troyans, cry.

Priam What noyfe? what shreke is this?

Trey 'Tis our mad flifer, I know no other, 

Caf. Cry Troyans.

Priam. If Helen was wilderne, (As you must needs, for you all aids, Go, go,) 

Trey. And as you must needs for you all clapt your hands, 

Caf. Troyans cry; lend me ten thousand eyes, 

Helen, Peace, peace, peace,

Caf Virgins, and Boys; mid-age & wrinkled old, 

Cry Troyans cry, prattifie your eyes with teares, 

And in fuch a morall Lawe. 

Cry Troyans cry, a Helen and a woe;

Cry, cry, Troy burnes, or else let Helen goe.

Exit. 

Helen. Now youngflull Troyius, do not thee his straies

Cry Troy. Why Brother Helen, 

We may not thinke the lufhesse of each aile

These things as might offend the weakeft fpere, 

Cannot dilate the godnifhes of a quarrell,
Troylus and Cressida.

Is this in very truth? yet ne'er the less,
My spiritely brethren, I propound to you
In resolution to keep Helen still.
For 'tis the result of that high and true
Vpun our joys and favorious dignities.

Thou, why there thou touchest the life of our designe?
We were not glad that we were seated,
Then the performance of our aching spleenes,
I would not with a drop of Treson blood,
Spent more in her defence. But worthy Heles.
She is a sheame of honour and renowne,
A sprite to valiant and magnamious deeds,
Whose present courage may bear downe our foes,
And fame in time to come canonizes.
For I presume brave Heles would not loose
So rich a substance of a promis'd glory.

Enter Theristes. Theristes, lie learn to conjure and raise.
That thou art the King of Gods: and los.
All the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou takest
Fleues. O thou great thunder-dauer of Olympus, forget
Thy splendor, it, try where will stand till they fall of the roe-
Afax furies? (hall the Elephant flye from a Spider, without drawing the mighty
Swine, which (hort-arm'd ignorance it selfe knowes, is so
Lie free for if issue of my spiteful execrations Then ther'
fenate.

For the wide wot id teuenew.

Abundant scarce, it will not incircumvention deliver
That little little letfe then let me from them that they
Cimp, or tether the boce-Rch, for that his chiokes is the
Cutting the web after this, the vengeance on the whole

I have a roysting challenge sent amongst
You valiant offspring of great Achilles,

So rich an advantage of a promised glory.

Achilles, an are Enginer. If Troy be not taken till these two
vadmen, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves.
O thou great thunder-dauer of Olympus, forget
That thou art the King of gods; and Mercury, loose all
The Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou takest
Not that little little letfe then little wit from them that they
Which short-arm'd ignorance it selfe knowes, is so
cannot escape, it will not in circumvention deliver a
Flye from a Spider, without drawing the mighty Irons and
cutting the web after this, the vengeance on the whole
Camp, or rather the boce-Rch, for that she thinkes is the
curse dependant on those that were for a placke. I have
said my prayers and disent, enim, say Amen: What is thy
Lord Achilles?

Enter Patroclus.

Par. Who's there? Theristes. Good Theristes come in and rise.

Ther. If I could have remembered a guilt counterfeit,
though it would not have slip't out of my contemplation; but it is no matter; thy selfe upon thy selfe. The common

cuts of mankinde, fallie and ignorance be thine in great
revenue; heaven bleffe thee from a Tucor, and Disdissent
come not here thee. Let thy blood be thy diuell direction
thy death, then if the that lastest thee, thyse thou set a
fare coverts, Ibe be Isonom and Isonom upon thee she never
throwed any but Lesar, Amen. What's Achilles?

Par. What art thou devout? wilt thou in a prayer?
Ther. 1, the heavenes here me.

Enter Achilles.

Ach. Who's there?

Par. Theristes, my Lord.

Ach. Where, where, art thou come? why my chese,
my digestion, why hath thou not lefed thy selfe into my
Table, for my meals? Come, what's Agamemmon?

Ther. Thy Commander Achilles, then tell me Parro-
clus, what's Achilles?

Par. Thy Lord Theristes: then tell me I pray thee,
what's thy selfe?

Ther. Thy knowes Patroclus: then tell me Parroclus,
what art thou?

Par. Thou must tell that knowst.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. Ile declare the whole question: Agamemnon com-
mands Achilles, Achilles is my Lord, I am Patroclus know-
er, and Patroclus is a fool.

Par. Thou realest.

Ter. Peace fool, I have not done.

Achil. He is a princely ma, proceed Theristes.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool, Achilles is a fool, Ther-
istes is a fool, and as before saith, Parroclus is a fool.

Achil. But what's come?

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command
Achilles, Achilles is a fool to be commandd of Agamem-
non. Theristes is a fool to ferue such a fool, and Parroclus is a
fool presenct.

Par. Why am I a fool?

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes,

Alex, and Chaucer.

Ther. Make that demand to the Creuer, it suffiseth me
thou art. Lacke you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, Ile speake with no body: come in
with me Theristes.

Exeunt.

Ther. Here is such patcherie, such bugling, and such
keauen; tell the argument is a Cuckold and a Whore,
a good quartel to draw enuantions, factions and bleed to
death upon. Now the dry Suppergo on the Subject, and
Warre and Lecherie confound all.

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Par. Within his Tent, but ill disposed my Lord.

Agam. Let it be knowne to him that we are here:
He sent our Messengers, and we lay by
Our apprehensions, suffer of him:
Let him be told of, so perchance he thinkes
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Pat. I shall to say to him.

Ulf. We saw him at the opening of his Tent,
He is not ficht.

Achil. Yes, Lycon Sicke, sick of proud heart, you may
call it Melancholy if it will favour the man, but by
my head, it is pride; but why, why, let him show vs the cause?
A word my Lord.

Nef. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulf. Achilles hath inquestd his Foole from him.

Nef. Who, Theristes?

Ulf. He.

Nef. Then will Ajax lacke matter, if he have left his
A gument.

Ulf. No, you see he is his argument that has his argu-
ment Achilles.

Nef. All the better, their fation is more our with
then their faction; but it was a strong counsell that a
Foole could confine.

Ulf. The emmote that wisdome fruits, not folly my
safely entrie.

Enter Patroclus.

Here
Without offence or reproach of any, he carries on the fearless tow of bis disfavour.

Did you ever see your greatness, and this noble State, destroyed in the presence?

Yea, and like fair fruit in an unholden dish, not vertuously of his own part beheld, of Tosdes.

His legs are legs for necessity, not for right.

If anything more then your sport and pleasure, Diomed sorts his greatness, and this noble state, To call upon him; he hopes it is no other, But for your health, and your digestion sake, An after dinner's breath.

Hedoth rely on none. Wherefore (hould you so?

The Elephant hath joints, but none for cunning: V'th.

What's his estate, hate the ingenuous, 1

A tax, Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow?

It is well, he rubs the velue of him. Aia.

A tax, Why, will he be not upon our faire request, Vincent his person, and share the wyre with vs?

Troylus and Cressida.

Yea, and watch in an obseruing kind. Not portable, lie ynder this report.

That quarrels at selfe-bread. Imagin'd wrath

He makes important; poiffe he be with greatness, And speaks not to himselfe, but with a pride.

That in his blood such swolne and hot discourse, That twist his mental and his actuate parts, Kingdom'd. Achilles in commotion rages, And batter it with its; what should I say?

He is so plagy proud, that the death tokens of it, Cry no recovery.

Let Achilles goe to him, Deare Lord, goe you and greet him in his Tent; This fault he holds you well, and will be led At your request a little from himselfe.

O Agamemnon, let it not be so. Were to confess the flaps that Aiax makes, When they goe from Achilles, shall the proud Lord, That baffes his arrogance with his owne frame, And never suffereth matter of the world, Enter his thoughts: faue such as doe revolve And ruminate himselfe. Shall he be worshiped. Of that we hold an Iold, more then he?

No, this three worthy and right valiant Lord,

Mut't not so floute his Palme, nobly acquir'd, Nor by my will subjugate his merit, As simply taited as Achilles is: by going to Achilles, That were to enlaid his fat already, pride, And addre more Coles to Cancer, when he burns With entertaining great Hyperion. This I, goe to him? Jupiter forbid, And say in thunder, Achilles goe to him.

Neath this is well, he rubs the veins of him. Else. And how his silence drankes vp this applause. Aia. If I goe to him, with my armed fist, ile path him o're the face.

Ag. O no,you shall not goe.

Aia. And be proud with me, ile phehe his pride: let me goe to him.

Ulf. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Aia. A poultry insolent fellow.

Ulf. How he describes himselfe.

Aia. Can he not be sociable?

Ulf. The Roman chides blacknese,

Aia. Tis not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ag. He will be the Physitian that should be the patient.

Aia. And all men were a my mind.

Ulf. Wit would be out of fashion.

Aia. A should not brace it so, a should use Swords.

Ulf. And 'twould, you'ld carry before.

Ulf. A would have ten shares.

Aia. I will kneade him, He make him supple, hee's not yet through warme.

Ulf. Force him with praises, pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulf. My L. you feede too much on this dislike.

Aia. Our noble Generall, doe not doe so.

Dim. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulf. Why, this naming of him doth him harme. Here is a man, but 'ts before his face, I will be silent.

Neath Wherefore should you so?
He is not envious, as Achilles is.

Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition

Fame be thy Tutor, and chy parts of oat are

But he that disfetpiin'd thy armes to fight.

Praise him that got thee, (he that gauetheeffe:

To finnowie. I will not praiSe thy wisecstf.

A tax

Tretam.

7

>«y{to morrow

And gtoe him halfe, and for thy vigour.

But pardon Father A/iy?*r, were your dsyes

He tmsft, he is, he cannot but be wise

Let Mart
decide Eternity in twasne.

You (hould not haae the eminence of him.

Inftrufled by the Antiquary times.

(Lsll cope the bed.

And cull their flowre,

But be as

Aiax

At greeneas

and yourbraine so temper'd.

Which like a bourne, a pale, a (here confines

Exeunt, founds anlhtn.

Light Botes may fails swift, though greater bulke* desw

needes praife him.

Know you the Mufitiant.

Pa.

Go to sweete Queene, goe to.

She, Commds himselfe must seductionly to you.

Hel! You shall not bob vs out of our melody:

if you doe, our melancholly vpon your head.

Pan. Sweete Queene, (weeke Queene, that's a sweete

Queene Faith

Hel. My Lord Pandarus, hony sweete Lord.

Pan. Go too sweete Queene, goe to.

And to make a sweet Lady sad, is a fewer offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not fleece your turns, that shall it

not in truth is. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no.

And my Lord he defires you, that if the King call for him

at Supper, you will make his excuse.

Hel. My Lord Pandarus?

Pan. What fakes my sweete Queene, my very, very

Sweete Queene.

Pan. What explicit's in hand, where ups he to night?

Hel. Nay but my Lord?

Pan. What fakes my sweete Queene? my cozen will

fall out with you.

Hel. You must not know where be fips.

Pan. With my diposer Crefida.

Pan. No, no no such matter, you are wide, some you:

disper is fike.

Pan. Well, it make excuse.

Pan. I good my Lord: why should you say Crefida?

no, your poore diposer's fike.

Pan. I slip.
Pan. You spie, what doe you spie: come, giue me an instrument now sweete Queene.

Hel. Why this is kindely done?

Pan. My Necees horrible in loue with a thing you have sweete Queene.

Hel. She shall have it my Lord, if it be not my Lord Paris

Pan. Hee? no, sheele none of him, they two are twaine.

Hel. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I heare no more of this, Ile sing you a song now.

Hel. 1, I, pretheenow: by my troth sweet Lord thou haft a fine fore-head.

Pan. 1 you my, you may.

Hel. Let thy song be loue: this loue will rendee us all

Oh Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.

Pan. Loue? I haue it shall yfith.

Pan. 1, good now loue, leue, no thing but loue.

Pan. In good troth it begins so.

Loue loue, nothing but loue still more:
For O loves Bow,
Shotes Buckes and Doe:
The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,
But tickles still the ore:
This Lovers cry, oh bothe they dye:
To that which scemes the wound to kill,
So dying love lives still,
O be a while put ha ha ha
O be grone out for ha ha ba—hey bo.

Hel. In loue yfith to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eateth nothing but loues and that breedes hot bloud, and hot bloud begetts hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is loue.

Pan. Is this the generation of loue? Hot bloud, hot thoughts, and hot deeds, why they are Vipers, is Loue a generation of Vipers?

Sweete Lord what a field is this day?

Heloster, Daphabulus, Helene, Anwther, and all the gellant of Tryp. I would faine have arm’d to day, but my Neil would not have it so.

How chance my brother Troylus went not?

Hel. He hangt the lippe at something; you know all
Lord Pandarus?

Pan. Not I honie sweeter Queene: I long to hear how they sped to day:

Youle remember your brothers excufe?

Pan. To a hayre.

Pan. Farewell sweete Queene.

Hel. Commend me to your Nece.

Pan. I will sweete Queene Sound a retreat.

Par. They’re come from field: let vs to Priznes Hall
To gteece the Warrion, Sweet Helene, I mist woe you,
To helpe wrome out Heloster: his BabemTIME Buckles,
With thefe your where enchanting fingers touch,
Shall more obay then to the edge of Steele,
Or force of Oerchets doenwes you shall doe more
Then all the land Kings, disfame great Heloster.

Hel. Twill make vs proud to be his fentien Paris:
Yes what he shall recelue of sin ducie,
Gives vs more palme in beautie then we haue:
Tfe orlamentant our liffe.
Sweete abowe thought I love thee.

Enter Pandarus and Troylus Man.

Pan. How now, where’s thy Mafter, or my Cousen Creffida?

Man. No sir, he stayer for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troylus.

Par. O here he comes: How now, how now?

Try. Sierra walke off,

Pan. Hau you fenee my Cousin?

Try. No Pandarus I falke about her doote

Like a strange foule upon the Stigan banks

Staying for waftage. O be thou my Cheron,

And giue me swift tranportsence to thofe fields

Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds

Propo’d for the defuer. O gentle Pandarus,

From Cupid shoulder plucke his painted wings,

And flye with me to Creffida.

Par. Walke here in fhort, Orfch, ile bring her ftraight.

Exit Pandarus.

Try. I am giddy a reexpedation whilsts me round,

Th’imaginay relifh is fo sweete,

That it enchantes my fence: what will it be

When that the warry pollats taste indeede

Loues thriche reputed Nectar? Death I fere me

ounding diftru£tion, or some joy too fine,

Too subile, potent, and too sharpe in fueetneffe,

For the capacitie of my ruder powers;

I ferve much, and I do fere besides,

That I fhall loose diffolution in my voyes,

As doth a bataille, when they charge on heapes

The enemy flying.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. She’s making her ready, sheeles come straights you

must be witty now, she doe so blufh, & fetche her winde to fhort, or if the were fraid with a sprite: Ile fetche her; it is the prettiest villaines, fhe fetche her breath fo fhort as a new late Sparrow.

Exit Pand.

Try. Euen fuch a passion doth imbrazee my bosome:

My heart beats thinner then a faviour pufle,

And all my powers doe their befhowing loofe,

Like vaflagage at answers encountering

The eye of Mafter.

Enter Pandarus and Creffida.

Pan. Come, come, what neede you blufh?

Shames a babie; here she is now, sweeere the oathee now to her, that you have fwoone to me. What are you gone a-agne, you must be waftre ere you be made tame, must you? come your wayes, come your wayes, and you draw backward weele put you thin this: why do you not speake to her? Come draw this curtain, & let’s fee your picture.

Alashe the day, how loath you are to offend day light? and this is fo fubtive, potent, and too fharpe in fueetneffe, build there Carpenter, the ayre is sweete. Nay, you fhall fight your hearts onere I part you, The Palfoon, and the Terell, for all the Ducks shal flie: go to, go to.

Try. You have bereft me of all words Lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts; giue her dreedes: but thefe bereft you of all dreedes too, if youe call your aubtivity in questions what billing against here is wittences wherof the Parties interchangenfly. Come in, come in, he go get a fire?

Cref. Will you walke in my Lord?

Try. O Creffida, how often have I wifht me thus?

Cref. Whiff i my I ear: the gods grant I my Lord.

Try. What should they grant? what makes this precious ambition? what too curious dress enoingles my sweete lady in the fountain of out loue?

Cref. More
Feare the wot ft, oft cures the worfe.
finite, and the execution confin'd in the definite is bound-
to weep. liue in fire. eat rockes. tame Tygers; think-
ing it harder for our Miftreffe to deuife impofuion
in all.

Cupids footing, then blinde reafon, Rumbling without feare: to
Ituely.

But though I lou'd you well. I woed you not.

And what truth can fpeake trueft, not truer then
what enuie can fay word; (hall be a mockefor his truth;

But though with the fitft glance; that ecru pardon me.

You know now your hoflages: your Uncle's word

You cannot fhuo your felfe.

Pray you content you,

Magus, or Sorne Sonne; build, or Stepdame to his Sonne;

Yet after all comparifons of truth,

Aproove their truths by Troylus, when theit rimes.

As fox to Lambe; as Wolfe to Heifers Calf.

The thing I fhall repeate, fee, feeyour silence
Comming in dumbneffe, from my wakenesse draws

My soule of counfell from me. Stop my mouth.

My Lord, I doe behave you pardon me,
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a hiffe:
I am afham'd; O Heauens, what haue I done!
For this time will I take my leave my Lord.

Leave: and you take your feate till tomorrow mor-
ning.

Pray you content you.

What offends you, Lady?
Sir, mine owne company.

You cannot fhut your felle.

Let me goe and try.

I haue a kind of felle reciues with you:
But an vnkinde felle, that it felle will leaue,
To be anothers fool, Where is my wit?
I would be gone: I fpeake I know not what,

Well know they what they fpeake, that fpeake
so vilely.

Perchance my Lord, I fhew more craft then loue,
And fell to roundly to a large confefion,
To Angle for your thoughts: but you are wife,
Or elle you loue not: ferto be wise and loue,
Exceeds mens might, that dwelt with gods above.

What was my blab'd: who fhall be true to vs

Why haue I blab'd: who fhall be true to vs

My thoughts were like vnbrideled children grow

If I be falfe, or fwerue a haite from truth,
Or that perfwaflon could but thus conumce me,
That doth renew swifter then blood decaies:

But an vnkinde felle, that it felfe will leaue.

I haue a kind of felle reciues with you:

But an vnkinde felle, that it felfe will leaue.

When water drops haue worne the Stones

And felfe will leaue.

When water drops haue worne the Stones

And felfe will leaue.

"Twas not my purpofe thus to beg a kiffe:

"Twas not my purpofe thus to beg a kiffe:

As it can, I will prefume in you,
To fede for aye her lampe and flames of loue.

That my integrerie and truth to you,

That my integrerie and truth to you,

That doth renew (wiftet then blood decaies:
Or that perfwaflon could but thus conumce me,
That my integrerie and truth to you,

May be confronted with the match and weight
Of fuch a winnowed puriritie in loue:

Or elfe you loue not: ferto be wise and loue,
On liuing beauties outward, with a minde

To Angle for your thoughts: but you are wise,
Or elle you loue not: ferto be wise and loue,

That doth renew (wiftet then blood decaies:
Or that perfwaflon could but thus conumce me,
That my integrerie and truth to you,

May be confronted with the match and weight
Of fuch a winnowed puriritie in loue:

Or elfe you loue not: ferto be wise and loue,

That doth renew (wiftet then blood decaies:
Or that perfwaflon could but thus conumce me,
That my integrerie and truth to you,

May be confronted with the match and weight
Of fuch a winnowed puriritie in loue:

Or elfe you loue not: ferto be wise and loue,

That doth renew (wiftet then blood decaies:
Or that perfwaflon could but thus conumce me,
That my integrerie and truth to you,

May be confronted with the match and weight
Of fuch a winnowed puriritie in loue:

Or elfe you loue not: ferto be wise and loue,

That doth renew (wiftet then blood decaies:
Or that perfwaflon could but thus conumce me,
That my integrerie and truth to you,

May be confronted with the match and weight
Of fuch a winnowed puriritie in loue:

Or elfe you loue not: ferto be wise and loue,

That doth renew (wiftet then blood decaies:
Or that perfwaflon could but thus conumce me,
That my integrerie and truth to you,

May be confronted with the match and weight
Of fuch a winnowed puriritie in loue:

Or elfe you loue not: ferto be wise and loue,

That doth renew (wiftet then blood decaies:
Or that perfwaflon could but thus conumce me,
That my integrerie and truth to you,

May be confronted with the match and weight
Of fuch a winnowed puriritie in loue:

Or elfe you loue not: ferto be wise and loue,

That doth renew (wiftet then blood decaies:
Or that perfwaflon could but thus conumce me,
That my integrerie and truth to you,

May be confronted with the match and weight
Of fuch a winnowed puriritie in loue:

Or elfe you loue not: ferto be wise and loue,

That doth renew (wiftet then blood decaies:
Or that perfwaflon could but thus conumce me,
That my integrerie and truth to you,

May be confronted with the match and weight
Of fuch a winnowed puriritie in loue:

Or elfe you loue not: ferto be wise and loue,

That doth renew (wiftet then blood decaies:
Or that perfwaflon could but thus conumce me,
That my integrerie and truth to you,

May be confronted with the match and weight
Of fuch a winnowed puriritie in loue:

Or elfe you loue not: ferto be wise and loue,

That doth renew (wiftet then blood decaies:
Or that perfwaflon could but thus conumce me,
That my integrerie and truth to you,

May be confronted with the match and weight
Of fuch a winnowed puriritie in loue:

Or elfe you loue not: ferto be wise and loue,

That doth renew (wiftet then blood decaies:
Or that perfwaflon could but thus conumce me,
As false as Cresseid.

Pand. Go too, a bargain made: seal it, seal it, let the witness here I hold your hand: here my Countess, if ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goes between be cast to the world's end after my name: call them all Panders; let all constant men be Troylus, all false women Cresseid, and all brokers between, Panders: say Amen.

Troy. Amen.

Cresseid. Amen.

Pand. Amen.

Whereupon I will shew you a Chamber, which bed, because it shall not speak of your prettie encounters, preface it to death: away.

And Cupid grants all long-ride Maidens here, Bed, Chamber, and Panders, to pride on his gear. Exit.

Enter Vllisses, Diomedes, Nestor, Agamemnon, Menelaus and Chaldos. Fio. lb.

Cal. Now Princes for the service I have done you, 'Tis advantage of the time prompts me aloud, To call for remembrance: That through the fight I bear in things to love, I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession, What I had in Troy hold him very dear.

Achilles. This I vow, and I will undertake, and I will laboure to bring you up. If I do not, I shall be thought a man

Achilles. Nothing my Lord.

Agam. The better.

Achilles. Good day, good day.

Men. How dost thou? How dost thou?

Achilles. What do's the Cuckold look me?

Aix. How now Patroclus?


Aix. H'm.

Achilles. Good morrow.

Aix. I, and good next day too.

Exeunt.

Achilles. What meane these fellows? know they not Achilles?

Pat. They passe by strangely: they were r'd to bend To lend their smiles before them to Achilles: To come as humbly as they'd to receiue holy Altars. Achilles. What am I poor of late?

Tis certain, great enemie once false out with fortune, To send their smiles before him to holy Altars. Shew not their meanie wings, but to the Summer: And not a man for being simply man, Dye in the fall. But 'tis not so with me; He shall as soon as in the eyes of others, As feele in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies, Settle on his face, and show him. So doe e'ch Lord, and e'ir take him not.

Pat. Hee interrupt his reading: how now Achilles?

Vllisses. What meane these fellowes? know they not Achilles?

Achilles. Let Diomed bear him, And bring vs Cresseid for gathering. Calaun shall have What he requets of vs: good Diomed Furnish you likely for this enterprise: We shall bring word, if Hector will to morrow Be answer'd in his challenge, Ajax is ready. Dio. This shall I undertake, and 'tis a burden Which I am proud to bear.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus in their Tent. Vllisses. Achilles stands in't entrance of his Tent; Please it our General! to passe strangely by him, As if he were forgot: and Princes all, Lay not pleasant and loose regard upon him; I will come left, as hee before question me,

Why such unpleasurly eyes are bent? why turn'd on him? If so, I have respite medicinable.

To vie betweene your strange affairs and his pride, Which his owne will shall have desire to drink; It may doe good, pride hath no other glass To shew it false, but pride: for supple knees, Feed arrogance, and are the proud mans fees. Achilles. Wee execute your purpose, and put on A forme of strangeness, as we passe along, So doe each Lord, and either greete him not, Or else dildfully, which shall shake him more, Then if not look on. I will lead the way.

Achilles. What comes the Generall to speake with me?

You know my minde. Ie fight no more against Troy.

Ajax. What faies Achilles, would he ought with vs?

Achilles. Would you my Lord ought with the Generall?

Ajax. No.

Achilles. Nothing my Lord.

Ajax. The better.

Achilles. Good day, good day.

Men. How doe you? how doe you?

Achilles. What do's the Cuckold look me?

Ajax. How now Patroclus?


Ajax. H'm.

Achilles. Good morrow.

Ajax. I, and good next day too. Exeunt.

Achilles. What meane these fellows? know they not Achilles?

Pat. They passe by strangely: they were r'd to bend To lend their smiles before them to Achilles: To come as humbly as they'd to receiue holy Altars. Achilles. What am I poor of late?

Tis certain, great enemie once false out with fortune, To send their smiles before him to holy Altars. Shew not their meanie wings, but to the Summer: And not a man for being simply man, Dye in the fall. But 'tis not so with me; He shall as soon as in the eyes of others, As feele in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies, Settle on his face, and show him. So doe e'ch Lord, and e'ir take him not.

Pat. Hee interrupt his reading: how now Achilles?

Vllisses. What meane these fellowes? know they not Achilles?

Achilles. Let Diomed bear him, And bring vs Cresseid for gathering. Calaun shall have What he requets of vs: good Diomed Furnish you likely for this enterprise: We shall bring word, if Hector will to morrow Be answer'd in his challenge, Ajax is ready. Dio. This shall I undertake, and 'tis a burden Which I am proud to bear.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus in their Tent. Vllisses. Achilles stands in't entrance of his Tent; Please it our General! to passe strangely by him, As if he were forgot: and Princes all, Lay not pleasant and loose regard upon him; I will come left, as hee before question me,
Troylus and Cressida.

Salutes each other with each others forme
For speculation runnes not to it selfe,
Till it hath crauel'd, and is married there
For (peculation turtles not to it elfe,
That no may is the Lord of any thing,
Salutes each other with each others forme
Till he communicate his parts toothers:
(Though in and cf him there is much confiding,)
That has he knowes net what. Nature,what things there
Fronting the Sunne, receioes and renders backe
Who in his clrcumflance, exprefly proues
Where it may fee it elfe : this is not ftrange at all.
The vnknowne
It is familiar; but at the Authors drift,
Moft abieft in regard, and deare in vfe.
Heauens what a man is there?a very Horfe, (are
The voyce againe; or like a gate of Rede,
Nor doth he ofhimfelfe know them for ought,
To fee thefe Grecian Lords; why.euen already,
Si tax
For they part by me,as myfers doeby beggars,
While fome men ieaue to doe !
What arc my deedes forgot ?
And great Troy
A great fu'd monfler of ingratitudes .*
Forgot as soonc as done: perfeuerance.deere my Lord,
Which aredeuout'd asfaft as they are made,
Quite out offafhion like a rufliemale,
Though iefic then yours in pafi,muft ore-top yours :
That (lightly (hikes his parting Guefl by th'hand;
For time is like a fafhionable Hofle,
Or hedge afide from the direft forth right;
That one byonepurfue; ifyou giue way,
For emulation hath a thoufand Sonnes,
Quite out of fashion,
That all with one confent prafie new borne gaudes,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And goe to dull,that is a little guilt,
More laud then guilt creafed.
The present eye prafies the present objeQt;
Then masuell not thou great and compleat man,
That all the Grecians begin to worship Aeax;
Since things in motion begin to catch the eye.
Then what not flls : the cry went out on thee,
And flll it might, and yet it may againe,
If thou wouldft not enterbe rhy felfe alioe,
And cafe thy reputation in thy Tent;
Whofe glorious deeds, but in their fields of late,
Made emulonious monftrismongft the gods themselves,
And draue great Mars to fation.
Achil. Of this my priuacie,
I have strong reafons.
Plif. But gainft your priuacie
The reafons are more potent and heroycall:
'Tis knowne Achilles,that you are in loue
With one of Priams daughters.
Achil. He has. Achill.
Plif. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchfull State,
Knowes almoft evry graine of Plutoes gold ;
Finds bottome in th'vncomprehenfiue deepes;
Keepe place with thought; and almoft like the gods,
Doe thoughts vnuaile in tbetr dumbe cradles:
Knowes almofl euery graine of Plutoes gold ;
Finds bottome in th'vncomprehenfiue deepes;
The prouidence that's in a watchful State;
Which hath an operation more diuine,
Then breath or pen can give expreflure to:
All the commerse that you have had with Troy,
As perfeftly is ours,as yours,my Lord,
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw downe Hellor then Polyxena.
But it muft greceu young Peribue now at home,
When eome shall in her Hand found her trumpe;
And all the Grecckis Gales shall tripping fing,
Great Hellers fifer did Achilles winne.
But our great Aeax bruelly beate downe him.
Farewell my Lord : l as your louer fpeake :" The fouls slides are the lee that you should breake.

Part. To this effedt Achilles have I mou'd you ;
A woman impudent and mannifh growne,
Is not more loth'd,then an effeminate man,
In time of aition : I land condemn'd for this ;
They think my little flamacke to the warre,
And your great loue to me,reftraines you thus :" Sweete,roufe your felfe;and the weake wanton Cepid
Shall from your neck evne of his amorous fould,
And like a dew drop from the Lyons mane,
Be fomnero a styrce.
Achil. Shall Aeax fight with Hellor ?
Part. 1, and perhaps rectifie much honor by him.
Achil. I fett my reputation is at flake.
My fame is throwdy gored.
Part. O then beware ;
Those wounds heate ill,that men doe give themfelves
Omission to doe what is neceffary,
Seales a commiffion to a blanke of danger,
And danger like aague subtly rains
Euen then when we fitidely in the funne.
Achil. Goce call | be finer biffer (weet Parroclc,
Tand-Ffh, languageiefle, a monfter : a plague of o-
Armic
Agamemnon
To see vs here vnarm'd: I have a woman's longings,
An appetite that I am sicke withall,
To see great Hellor in his weedes of peace: Enter Thers.
To talke with him, and to behold his vilage,
Even to my full of view. A labout fau'd.
Ther. A wonder.
Acbil. What?
Ther. Aix goes vp and downe the field, asking for
himselfe.
Acbil. How fo?
Ther. Why he flalles vp and downe like a Peacock, a
fride and a frinde lauminate like an hoffelfe, that hath no
Arithmatique but her braine: to fete downe her reckoning:
bites his lip with a politike regard, as who should say,
tere were wit in his head and two'd o'out; and fo
thereis: but itlyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint,
which will not fhew without knocking. His men un-
me the he has me.
Ther. *Aux goes vp and downe the field, asking for
himselfe.
Acbil. Thou muft be my Ambaffador to him Therfs.
Ther. Who, I: why, heake anfwer no body: he pro-
ftes foneswearing: speaking is for beggers: he weares
his tongue in his armes: i will put on his pretence; let Pa-
rectus make his demands to me, you fhall fee the Page-
ant of Aix.
Acbil. Thou muft be my Ambaffador to him Therfs.
Ther. How? Why he flalles vp and downe like a Peacock, a
fride and a frinde lauminate like an hoffelfe, that hath no
Arithmatique but her braine: to fete downe her reckoning:
bites his lip with a politike regard, as who should say,
tere were wit in his head and two'd o'out; and fo
thereis: but itlyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint,
which will not fhew without knocking. His men un-
me the he has me.
Ther. *Aux goes vp and downe the field, asking for
himselfe.
Acbil. Thou muft be my Ambaffador to him Therfs.
Ther. Who, I: why, heake anfwer no body: he pro-
ftes foneswearing: speaking is for beggers: he weares
his tongue in his armes: i will put on his pretence; let Pa-
rectus make his demands to me, you fhall fee the Page-
ant of Aix.
Acbil. Thou muft be my Ambaffador to him Therfs.
Ther. Who, I: why, heake anfwer no body: he pro-
ftes foneswearing: speaking is for beggers: he weares
his tongue in his armes: i will put on his pretence; let Pa-
rectus make his demands to me, you fhall fee the Page-
ant of Aix.
Acbil. Thou muft be my Ambaffador to him Therfs.
Ther. Who, I: why, heake anfwer no body: he pro-
ftes foneswearing: speaking is for beggers: he weares
his tongue in his armes: i will put on his pretence; let Pa-
rectus make his demands to me, you fhall fee the Page-
ant of Aix.
Acbil. Thou muft be my Ambaffador to him Therfs.
Ther. Who, I: why, heake anfwer no body: he pro-
ftes foneswearing: speaking is for beggers: he weares
his tongue in his armes: i will put on his pretence; let Pa-
rectus make his demands to me, you fhall fee the Page-
ant of Aix.
Acbil. Thou muft be my Ambaffador to him Therfs.
Ther. Who, I: why, heake anfwer no body: he pro-
ftes foneswearing: speaking is for beggers: he weares
his tongue in his armes: i will put on his pretence; let Pa-
rectus make his demands to me, you fhall fee the Page-
ant of Aix.
Acbil. Thou muft be my Ambaffador to him Therfs.
Ther. Who, I: why, heake anfwer no body: he pro-
ftes foneswearing: speaking is for beggers: he weares
his tongue in his armes: i will put on his pretence; let Pa-
rectus make his demands to me, you fhall fee the Page-
ant of Aix.
Acbil. Thou muft be my Ambaffador to him Therfs.
Ther. Who, I: why, heake anfwer no body: he pro-
ftes foneswearing: speaking is for beggers: he weares
his tongue in his armes: i will put on his pretence; let Pa-
rectus make his demands to me, you fhall fee the Page-
ant of Aix.
Acbil. Thou muft be my Ambaffador to him Therfs.
Ther. Who, I: why, heake anfwer no body: he pro-
ftes foneswearing: speaking is for beggers: he weares
his tongue in his armes: i will put on his pretence; let Pa-
rectus make his demands to me, you fhall fee the Page-
ant of Aix.
Acbil. Thou muft be my Ambaffador to him Therfs.
Ther. Who, I: why, heake anfwer no body: he pro-
ftes foneswearing: speaking is for beggers: he weares
his tongue in his armes: i will put on his pretence; let Pa-
rectus make his demands to me, you fhall fee the Page-
ant of Aix.
Acbil. Thou muft be my Ambaffador to him Therfs.
Ther. Who, I: why, heake anfwer no body: he pro-
ftes foneswearing: speaking is for beggers: he weares
his tongue in his armes: i will put on his pretence; let Pa-
rectus make his demands to me, you fhall fee the Page-
ant of Aix.
Acbil. Thou muft be my Ambaffador to him Therfs.
Ther. Who, I: why, heake anfwer no body: he pro-
ftes foneswearing: speaking is for beggers: he weares
his tongue in his armes: i will put on his pretence; let Pa-
rectus make his demands to me, you fhall see the Page-
ant of Aix.
Acbil. Thou muft be my Ambaffador to him Therfs.
Ther. Who, I: why, heake anfwer no body: he pro-
ftes foneswearing: speaking is for beggers: he weares
his tongue in his armes: i will put on his pretence; let Pa-
rectus make his demands to me, you fhall see the Page-
ant of Aix.
Acbil. Thou muft be my Ambaffador to him Therfs.
Ther. Who, I: why, heake anfwer no body: he pro-
ftes foneswearing: speaking is for beggers: he weares
his tongue in his armes: i will put on his pretence; let Pa-
rectus make his demands to me, you fhall see the Page-
ant of Aix.
Acbil. Thou muft be my Ambaffador to him Therfs.
Ther. Who, I: why, heake anfwer no body: he pro-
ftes foneswearing: speaking is for beggers: he weares
his tongue in his armes: i will put on his pretence; let Pa-
rectus make his demands to me, you fhall see the Page-
ant of Aix.
Acbil. Thou muft be my Ambaffador to him Therfs.
Ther. Who, I: why, heake anfwer no body: he pro-
ftes foneswearing: speaking is for beggers: he weares
his tongue in his armes: i will put on his pretence; let Pa-
rectus make his demands to me, you fhall see the Page-
ant of Aix.
You bring me to doo----and then you floute me too.

Pan. To do what? To do what? Let her say what?

Cref. Come, come, be th' heart's: you have beene good, nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha. alas poor Worms, a poor Cheesewit, haft not slept to nights? Would he not (a naughty man) let it sleepers bug bear take him.

One knock.

Cref. Did not I tell you? Would he not have knocked his head? Who's that at doore? Good Vnckle goe and see.

My Lord, come you againe into my Chamber: You smile and mocke me, as if I meant naughtly.

Troy. Ha, ha.

Cref. Come you are deceiued, I thinke of no such thing. How earnestly they knocke: pray you come in. Knocke. I would not for halfe Troy have you see me here. Excuse.

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? Will you beate downe the doore? How now, what's the matter?

Aene. Good morrow Lord, good morrow

Pan. Who's there my Lord? Excuse! By my troth I know you not: what newes with you so early?

Aene. Is not Prince Troyes here?

Pan. Here? what should he doe here?

Aene. Come he is here, my Lord, do not deny him: It doth import him much to speake with me.

Pan. Is he here? say you? 'Tis more then I know. Ibe sworn: For my owne part I came in late: what should he doe here?

Aene. Who, pay then: Come, come, youle doe him wrong, ere ye are ware; youle be fo true to him, to be false to him; Does not you know of him, but yet goe fetch him hither, goe.

Enter Troyes and Crefida.

Troy. How now, what's the matter?

Aene. My Lord, I scarce haue leasure to salute you, My matter is so rafh; there is at hand, Paru your brother, and Diaphobus. The Grecian Diomed, and our Author Deluder's to vs, and for him forth-with, Ere the first sacrifice, within this houre, We must give up to Diomedes hand

The Lady Crefida.

Troy. Is it concluded so?

Aene. By Pready, and the general state of Troy, They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troy. How my architceutures mocke me; I will goe meete them: and my Lord Aeneas, We met by chance; you did not finde me here.

Aene. Good, good, my Lord, the secrets of nature Have not more gift in taciturnitie. Excuse.

Enter Pandarus and Crefida.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got but lost: the diuell take Author; the young Prince will goe mad: a plague vpon Author: I would they had brokes necke.

Cref. How now, what's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ha!

Cref. Why figh you fo profoundly? where's my Lord gone? tell me wrest 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. Peckye get thee in; I would thou had'ld here beene borne; I knew thou would'ld be his death. O poor Gentleman: a plague vpon Author.
More bright in zeal, then the devotion which
cold lips blow to their deities: take thee from me.
no love, no blood, no foule, so near me.
no kin,
I know no couch of consanguinity:
That the blest gods, as angry with my fancy
Of such a verse: we see it, we see it;
How now, Lambs?
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.
The grief is fine, full perfect that I taste,
To you the lady what she is to do,
for I will deceive her.
With founding Troylus. I will not goe from Troy.
Exeunt.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.
Cress. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full perfect that I taste,
and no leafe in a sense as strong
As that which saueth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temperifie with my affection,
or beate it to a weake and colder pallat,
The like alainment could I give my grief:
My love admires no qualifying crofte;
No more my grief, in such a precious teese.
Pan. Here, here, here, he comes, a sweet duck.
Cress. O Troylus, Troylus!
Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here? let me embroil
your heart, as the goodly sifting is; O heart, hearth,
why sehest thou without breaking? where he
answers againe; because thou esst not aely smart by
friendship: nor by speaking: there was nearer a truer time,
let vs as a way nothing, for we may live to have need
of such a verse: we see it, we see it: how now lambs?
Troy. Cressid: I love thee: in to strange a puritie;
That the blest gods, as angry with my face,
More bright in a sense, then the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities: take thee from me.
Cress. Have the gods enuie?

Pam. If, if, if, vis too plane a sat.
Pam. And is it true, that I must goe from Troy?
Troy. A hateful truth.
Pam. What, and from Troy too?
Troy. From Troy, and Troylus.
Pam. Is it possible?
Troy. And sodainely, where injury of chunce
Puts backe loose-taking, stuflle roughly by
All time of pause: rudely beguiles our lips
Of all retayndure: foreibly prevents
Our lock embrasures: strangues our desire vowels,
Even in the birth of our owne laboring breath.
We twa, that with so many thousand fights
Did buy each other, must poul not well our felues;
With the rude breuitie and discharge of our
Injurie rime; now with a robbers haste
Crams his rich theuerie vp, he knowes not how.
As many farwells as be stars in heauen,
With diuine breath, and confide kisse to them,
He humbles vp into a loose adiew;
And fants vs with a fulling familie, kiffe,
Difaffail with the falt of broken teares.


Enter Pandarus and Cressida. To
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell that in each grace of these,
There lurks a fable and dubb'dous cause dwelleth,
This tempts most cunningly; but be not tempted.

Cref. Do you think I will:

Troy. No, but something may be done that we will not:
And sometimes we are dull to our selves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers.

Enter Aias armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon,
Menelaus, Vlers, Nestor, Calchas, &c.

Agam. Here are thou in appointment fresh and faire,
Anticipating time. With shifting courage,
Gleue with thy Trumpet a loud note to Troy
Thou dreadful Aias, that the appalled aire
May pierce the head of the great Combatants,
And hale him hither.

Aias. Thou, Trumpet, that's my purge;
Now crake thy lungs, and splir thy brazen pipe:
Blow victirious, till thy shivered Bias cheeks
Ou'swell the collick of ays Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy cheef, and let thy eyes spout blood!
Thou blowfast for Hellas.

Vif. No Trumpeter answers.

Achill. 'Tis but early dayes.

Agam. Is not young Diomed with Calchas daughter?

Vif. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate;
He rides on the toe, that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Agam. Is this the Lady Cressida?

Dio. Even the.

Agam. Most severely welcome to the Grecians, sweete
Lady.

Nest. Our General doth salute you with a kiffe.

Vif. Yet is the kindnesse but particular; were better
she were kifst in general.

Nest. And very courteously cull'd: I begin. So much
for Nestor.

Achill. I take that winter from your lips faire Lady
Achil. bids you welcome.

Mene. I had good argument for kissing once;
Paro. But that's no argument for kissing now;
For thus pops Paro in his hardtiment.

Vif. Oh deadly gall, and themse of all our sores,
For which we loose our heads, to gild his horns.

Paro. The first was Melencius kiffe, this mine:
Patroclus kisst you.

Mene. Oth this is trim.

Paro. Paro, and I kisse euermore for him.

Mene. He haue my kiffe fit: Lady by your lease.
Cref. In kissing do you render or receive.
Paro. Both take and give.
Paro. Ile make my match to live,
The kisse you take is better then you give: therefore no
kiffe.

Mene. Ile give you boote, Ile give you three for one.
Cref. You are an odd man, gue euery, or give none.

Mene. An odd man Lady, every man is odd.
Cref. No, Paro's not; for you know 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is euery with you.
Mene. You flipp'ren me a' th'head.

Cref. No, Ile be sworne.

Vif. If there were no match, your smile against his hone:
May I sweer Lady beg a kifst of you?

Cref. You may.

Vif. I do desire it,
Cref. Why begge then?

Vif. Why then for Venus sake, give me a kiffe:

When Helen is a maid againe, and his——

Cref. I am your debtor, clame it when 'tis due.
Troylus and Cressida.

Wilt. Neuer's my day, and men a knife of you.
Dion. Lady a word, Ie bring you to your Father
Neft. A woman of quicke fencce.
Wilt. Tie, tie, won her:
There's a language in her eye, her cheeke, her lip;
Nay, her foote speaks, her wanton spirites look out
At every joynt, and motion of her body:
Oh these encounters so glib of tongue,
That gues a coafting welcome ere it comes;
And wide vnslape the tables of their thoughts,
To very tickling reader: let them downe,
For fluttish spoiles of opporrunitie;
And daughters of the game.

Enter all of Troy, Helier, Paris, Eneas, Helenus and Attendants. Floris.

All. The Troians Trumpeter.

Aga. Yonder comes the troope.

Eneas. Halfe all you late of Greece: what halfe done
To him that victory commands? or doe you purpose,
A victor shall be knowne: will you the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extremite
Purse each other: or shall be divided
By any voyce, or order of the field: Helier bad ake
To bee, what way would Helier have it?
Aga. He care not, herry obey conditions.

Aga. 'Tis done like Helier; but securely done,
A litle prouyly, and great deal dispixing
The Knight oppo'd.

Aga. If not Achilles fir, what is your name?
Achil. If not Achilē nothing.

Aga. Therefore Achilles but what ere know this,
In the extremety of great and little:
Valour and pride excel themselves in Helier;
The one almoft as infinite as all;
The other almoft as nothing: weigh him well:
And that which looks like pride is currie;
This Asias halfe made of Heliers blood;
In loue whereof, halfe Helier lies at home;
Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe Helier comes to seek
This blended Knight, halfe Troian, and halfe Greece.

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

Aga. Here is fir, Dionys: goe gentle Knight,
Stand by our Aias: you and Lord Eneas
Conuft upon the order of their fight,
So betye: either to the vtermost,
Or els a breach: the Combantists being kin,
Halfe flites their strife, before their strokes begin.
Wilt. They are oppo'd already.

Aga. What Troian is that same that looks so henn?
Wilt. The yongest Sonne of Priamus;
A true Knight: they call him Troylus;
Not yet mature, yet matchlesse,firene of word,
Speaking in deedes, and deciderell in his tongue;
Not for alone prouke's, nor being prouke's, foule calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free:
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he sterves;
Yet gues he not till ingemen guideline his bounny,
Not dignifies an impaire thought with breath:
Mansly as Helier, but more dangerous;
For Helier in his blaze of wrath subverbes
To tender object; but he, in hate of action,
Is more vindicative then jealous love,
They call him Troylus: and on him erect;
A second hope, as fairely built as Helier,
Thus Eneas, one that knows the youth,
Burnt to his inches: and with private xeast,
Ago. My well-fam’d Lord of Troy, no lefse to you.  
Men. Let me confirme my Princely brothers greeting,  
You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.  
Hell. Who muft we anfwer?  
Men. The Noble Menelaus.  
Hell. O, you my Lord, by Mars his gauntlet thanks,  
Your guardian wife sweares still by Venus Glouce.  
She’s well, but bad me no commend her to you.  
Men. Name her not now fir, she’s a deadly Thcalme.  
Hell. O pardon, I offend.  
Nef. I haue (thou gallant Troyan) feene thee oft  
Labouring for deftiny, make cruel! way  
Through ranks of Greckil youth: and I have feen thee  
As hot as Labouring for deftiny, make cruel! way  
Here I affeft that we trad’ed Oath,  
She well, but bad me not commend her to you.  
You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.  
When thou haft hung thy advanced lword i th’ayre.  
Putre thy Phrygian Steed.  
As hot as Labouring for deftiny, make cruel! way  
But this thy countenance (ft ill loekt in fteele)  
And I haue feene thee paufe, and take thy breath.  
Like an Olympian wreftling. This haue I feene,  
When that a ring of Greekes haue hem’d thee in.  
That haft fo long walk’d hand in hand with time;  
And (worthy Warriour) welcome to our Tents,  
But by great Mars, the Captaine of vs all,  
When we haue heerc her Bafe and pillar by vs.  
Morrow. Well, welcome, welcome: I haue feen the time.  
Heft. I am glad to clafspe thee  
Moft teuerend  
I neuer faw till now. I knew thy Grandfirc,  
Ah fir, there’s many a Grecke and Troyan dead.  
Will one day end it  
In Ilion, on your Greckilh Embaftie.  
There they ftand yet:  
and modestly I thinke.  
For yonder wals that pertly front yout Towne,  
Muft kifle their owne feet.  
Heft. Moft gentle, and moft valiant Hellor, welcome;  
After the Generall, I befeeche you next  
To fee me with, and fee me at my Tent.  
Achil. Behold thy fill.  
Heft. Nay, I haue done already.  
Achil. Thou art to breefe, I will the second time,  
As I would buy thee, view thee, limbe by limbe,  
Heft. O like a Bookie of sport thou’lt reade me ore:  
But there’s more in me then thou vnderfand’lt.  
Why doest thou foprefle me with thine eye?  
Achil. Tell me you Heauens, in which part of his body  
Shall I defroy him? Whether there, or there, or there, That I may gue the local wound a name,  
And make diftinct the very breach, where-out  
Hellors great spirit flow. Answer me heauens,  
Heft. It would difcredit the bleft Gods, pude man,  
To anfwer such a queftion: Stand again;  
Thank’t thou to catch my life fo pleasantly,  
As to prenominate in nice confiure  
Where thou wilt hit me dead?  
Achil. I tell thee yea.  
Heft. West thou the Oracle to tell me fo,  
I’d not beleue thee: henceforth guard thee well,  
For lie not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,  
But by the forge that flythied Mars his helm,  
He kill thee cvery where, yea, cye and ore.  
You wiffet Grecians, pardon me this bragge,  
His infolencc drawes folly from my lips,  
But Ie endeavour deed to match these words,  
Or May I never—  
Ajax. Do not chafe thee Cofins:  
And you Achil, let these threats alone  
Till accident, or purpose bring you too’s.  
You may cvery day enough of Hellor  
If you have flamacke. The generall flace I fcare,  
Can fcare intreat you to be odde with him.  
Heft. I pray you let vs fey you in the field,  
We haue had pelting Warres since you refus’d  
The Grecians caufe.  
Achil. Doft thou intreat me Hellor?  
To morrow do I mette thee fell as death,  
To night, all Friends,  
Hell. Thy hand upon that match.  
Ajax. Firft, all you Perres of Greece go to my Tent,  
There, in the full confuare you: Afterwards,  
As Hellors levyture, and your bounties fhall  
Concuere together, fervarely intreat him,  
Befide loud the Taborins, let the Trumpets blow,  
That this great Souldier may his welcome know.  
Exeunt  
Troy, My Lord Ulyfles, tell me I befeeche you,  
In what place of the Field doth Calchas keepe?  
Ulyf. At Menelaus Tent, moft Princely Troylus,  
There Diam’d doth feath with him to night,  
Who neither lookes on heauen, nor on earth,  
But glues all gaze and bent of amorous view  
On the faire Greffid.  
Troy. Shall I (sweet Lord)be bound to thee fo much,  
After we part from Agamemnon Tent,  
To bring me thither?  
Ulyf. You fhall command me if:  
As gentle tell me, of what Honour was  
This Greffida in Troy, had the no Louer there  
That waltles her abfence?  
Troy. O fir, to fuch a boaffing shew their scarres,  
A macke is due: will you walke on my Lord?  
She was belou’d, she loud; she is, and dooth;  
But till sweet Loue is foon for Fortunes tooth.  
Exeunt  
Enter Achilus, and Parthulas.  
Achil. He feast his blood with Greckilh wine to night.
Troylus and Cressida.

Which with my Cemiter Ile coole to morrow:

Patroclus, let vs Feast him to the height.

Pat. Here comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites.

Achil. How now, thou cote of Envy?

Thou cruelly batch of Nature, what's the newest?


Achil. From whence, Fragment?

Thers. Why thou full dith of Foole, from Troy.

Pat. Who keeps the Tent now?

Thers. The Surgeons box, or the Patients wound.

Pars. Well paid aduertisement, and what need these tricks?

Thers. Prythee be silent boy, I profi not by thy talk, thou art thought to be Achilles male Varlot.

Pars. Male Varlot you rogue: What's that?

Thers. Why his masculine Whore. Now the rotten diseases of the South, guts-gripping Ruptures, Catarres, Loades a great Filth. Herring without a Roe, a Puttocke, or I would not care: but to be a dogge, a mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toade, a Lithium, an Owle, a Herring without a Roe; and the like, take and take againe, such preposterous discoueries.

Pat. Why thou damnable box of enuy thou, what mean's thou to abuse this?

Thers. Do I abuse thee?

Pat. Why no, you riuious But, you whorson indiningfable Cure.

Thers. No: why art thou then exasperate, thou idle, immaterial skene of Sleydfilke, thou green Sarcenet stuff'd with such water-fies, their like, take and take againe, such preposterous discoueries.

Pat. Why thou dannable box of enuy thou, what mean's thou to abuse this?

Thers. Do I abuse thee?

Pat. Why no, you riuious But, you whorson indiningfable Cure.

Thers. No: why art thou then exasperate, thou idle, immaterial skene of Sleydfilke, thou green Sarcenet stuff'd with such water-fies, their like, take and take againe, such preposterous discoueries.

Ach. My sweet Patroclus, I am thorowly quite

From my great purpose in to morrowes battle:

Here is a Letter from Queene Hecuba,

A tax, Agamemnon, yiyjsef, Ne-

Bid me doe nor any thing but that sweere Greeke.

Exeunt.

Ach. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Vifh. Here comes himselfe to guide you?

Achil. Welcome brace Hellor welcome Princes all.

Agam. So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight,

Achil commands the guard to tend on you.

Hell. Thanks, and goodnight to the Greeks general.

Men. Goodnight my Lord.

Hell. Goodnight sweet Lord Menelaus.

Thers. Sweet draught: sweet quoata? (sweet fince, sweet fure.

Achil. Goodnight and welcom both at once, to those that go, or stay.

Achil. Goodnight.

Achil. Old Nefor carries, and you too Diomed.

Keep Hellor company an house, or two,

Do. I cannot Lord, I have important business,

The ride whereof is now, goodnight great Hellor.

Fili. Give me your hand.

Vifh. Follow his Torch, he goes to Chalceus Tent.

He keeps you company.

Thers. Sweet fit, you honour me.

Hell. And so good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my Tent.

Exam.

Thers. That fame Diomed a false-hearted Rogue,

Achoe I would not trust him when hee leeres, then I will a Serpent when hee hiffes: he will spend his mouth & promise, like Brabler the Hound; but when he performes, Altronomers foretell it, that it is prodigious, there will come some change: the Sunne borrows the Moone when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hellor, then to dogge him shey say, he keeps a Troyan Drab, and vies the Tintour Chalceus his Tent. Ile after—Nothing but Loterie! All incontinent Varlets.

Enter Diomed.

Dio. What are you vp here ho? speake?

Chat. Who calls?

Dio. Diomed, Chalceus I thinke when you Daughter?

Chat. She comes to you.

Vifh. Stand where the Torch may not discover vs,

Enter Cressid.

Thers. Cressid comes forth to him.

Dio. How now my charge?

Cressid. Now my sweet gudian: take a word with you. 

Tres. Yeas, for familiaritie?

Vifh. She will fing any man at first sight.

Thers. And any man may finde her if he can take her life: she is noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cressid. Remember I yes.

Dio. Nay, but doe then; and let your minde be coupled with your words.

Thers. What should the remember?

Vifh. Lift?

Cressid. Sweate hony Greek, tempt me no more to sally.

Thers. Roguery.

Dio. Nay then.

Cressid. Ile tell you what?

Dio. Fo, fo, come tell a pin you are a forsworne.

Cressid. In faith I cannot: what would you have me doe?

Thers. A jugling tricke, to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you sweare you would beflow on me?

Cressid. I prether do not hold me to mine oath, Bid me do not any thing but that I were Greekke.

Dio. Good
Troylus and Cressida.

Dio. Good night.

Vuf. Hold patience.

Vuf. How now Troyll?

Cref. Diomed.

Dio. No, no, good night: I befeech you goe.

Troy. Thy better mutt.

Cref. Harke one word in your ear.

Troy. O plague and madness! Why you arc now.

Vuf. You arc now Pryched Prince, let vs depart I pray you.

Cref. Diomed.

Troy. Here's one word in your ear.

Dio. Doth that grieue thee? O Troy.

Cref. Nay, but you part in anger.

Dio. Nay, do not swart patience.

Troy. Nay, do not snatch it from me.

Cref. He that takes that, takes my heart withall.
If voules guide vowes; if vowes are swetimonious;
If swetimonious be the gods delight;
If there be time in vntie it selfe,
This is not she: O madnesse of diffoule !
That saufc sets vp, with, and against thy selfe.
By foules authoritative: where reason can receuil
Without perdition, and loute assumne all reason
Within ouercoults. This is, and is not Crefidia:
Of her ore-eaten faith, are bound to
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greacie reliques,
And with another knot fiue finger tied.
The bonds of heauen are flipt, diffolu*d end loos'd.
His heart
Mars
In charactes, as red as
With that which here his paffion doth expreffe.
Crefidia is mine, tied with the bonds of heauen;
Pint act
gates:
That seeue is mine, that heele beare in his Helme:
Harke greeke: much of luite doCre^y^ loue;
Venue
Inflam'd with
And yet the to胖子 breadth of this diuifion.
Dithdes more wider then the skie and eari
Within my foule, there doth conduce a sight
Without revolc. Thi* is, and is not
Crefidia
Without perdition, and louse affume all reafoni,
Conftring'd in maffe by the almighty Fenne,
So much by weight, hate I her
Doom'd,
With fo eternal, and fo fixt a soule.
Of this strange nature, that a thing infeperate,
My Sword fhould bite it: Not the dreadfuil fpout,
Yulcam
Were it a Caske compos'd by
Artachnet
As
Admits no Orifex for a point as fobtle,
When many times the capciue Gteeaco fats,
For we would count giue much to as violent thefts,
Holds honor farre more precious, deere, then life.
My honour keepes the wejtherofmy fate:
Heller.
Vnarme fweete
Where is my brother
Caffard,
? The gods are deafe to hot and peeuifh vowes:
Vname sweete Heller.
Heller. Hold you full fhy;
Mar
honour keeps the weather of my faye:
Life every man holds deere, but the deere man
Holds honor farte more precious, deere, then life.
How now yong man? mean'thou to fight to day?
And, Caffandrea, call my father to periwade.
Heller. No faith yong Troylus; deffe thy harteffe youth;
I am to day the Vaine of Chusie:
Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be ftrong;
And tempt not yet the brufhes of the wbre.
Vname thee, goe; and doubt thou not brave boy,
Be hand to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.
Troy. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a Lyon, then a man.
Heller. What vice is that? good Troylus chide me for it.
Troy. When many times the captain Gresceo fals,
Euen in the fanne and winde of your faire Swoud:
You bid them rife, and live.
Heller. O'tis faire play.
Troy. Poolees play, by heauen Heller.
Heller. How now? how now?
Troy. For th' loue of all the gods
Leaves the Hermit Pitty with our Mothers;
And when we have our Armors buckled on.
The venom'd vengeance ride vpoun our swords.
Spur them to ruthless worke, enue them from ruths.
Heller. Fie fawge, fie.
Troy. Heller, then 'ts warres.
Heller. Troylus, I would not have you fight to day.
Troy. Who shou'd with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars,
Beckning with fteric trunchion my retiere;
Not Pruntus and Hesia on kensees
Their eyes ore-galled with reuche of tears;
Nor you my brother, with your true sword drawne
Opposed to hinder me, fhalp my way:
But by my runes
Enter Pruntus and Caffandra,
Caff. Lay hold upon him Prunt, hold him falt:
He is thy crutch; now if thou looke thy fty,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Therefore come baeke.

Thus morning to them.

Euen in the faith of valour, to appeare to tell thee that this day is ominous.

Thy Wife hath dreampt: thy mother hath had visions; and I do (land engag'd to many Greeks, doth tote Ice; and l

Prtam.

You know me duttfull, therefore deare fir.

Let me not flame refpefl s but giue roe leaue Andromache

To take that courfe by your consent and voice. Thou doll thy felfe, and all ourTtoy deceiuc.

Exit.

Hectb*

Harke how Troy roares; how cues out; Look how thy wounds doth bleede at many vents.

Goein and cheere the Towne. weele forth and fight!

And all cry

Hedor

Behold diStra£fion, scrnz.ie, and amazement. Like wuleffe Antickes one another meece.

Alarum.

Hence brother lackie; ignomleand (bame Troy.

Troy. Whatow?

Pond.

Doe you heate my Lord? doe you heare?

Here's a Letter come from yond poore girle.

A Larum. Esecvort.

Enter PatuLtr.

has goc that fame fcuruie, doting, foolifh yong knaues there in his Helmc. I would fame see them meet; that, that yong Troyian afie. that loues the whore there, might fend that Greekh whom mal}-

villtly willame, with the Slecue, bace to the delumbing luxurious drabbe, of a freuifefl extrme. O'!!! other fide, the pollicie of that puffcript (wearing trifel); that idle old Moufe-cenry, that dogge of as bad a kinde, Achilles. And now is the cure Achilles prouter then the cure Achilles, and will not pric to day. Whereupon, the Greekins began to proclaim barbarisme; and pollicie grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Dismod and Troyius.

Softheere comes Slecue, and thovhe.

Troy. Flye now: for should c you take the River Stix, I would swim after.

Dism. Thou do'nt miftell return: I do not flye; but adventagious care

Withdrew me from the odes of multitude:

Have at thee?

Tuer. Hold thy whore Greekan. now for thy whore Troy; now the Slecue, now the Slecue.

Enter Helen.

Held. What art thou? a Greekhast thou for Hellers much

Art thou of blood, and honour?

Tuer. No, no: I am a rafsac: a feareuie railing knaue: I would laugh at that mira-

Thee, and will not arrric

Aiax

prouder then the cur-

fterly villaine, with the Sletue, backs to the di}semblmg barbartfme; and pollicie giowes into an ill opinion.

Soft.hcre comes

Dondor. Troy.

Dio*

goe looke on; that di{semblmg ebhommablcvarlet

Two hurt and bruifed; the dreadfull Sagittary

To re-enforcement, or we perifis all.

Doomed

Appauls our numbers, haft we

Poirot! tu lane or flaine, and

Thom and deadly hurt;

And ftsndsCaloffus-wife wauing his bcame,

Atenon bartrrd

Hath

Am her Knight by proofe

Epiflropue is slaifte j

Cedxs, Polixines

Vpon the pafhed courfes of the Kings;

And fets

is slaifte f

Achilles, and

Vpon the pafhed courfes of the Kings;

Vpon the pafhed courfes of the Kings:

Achilles

Pollicier is flaine;

Amphimache, and Thow deadly hurt;

Patroclus came or flame, and Palomedes

Sore hurt and bruifed; the dreadfull Sagittary

Appauls our numbers, haft we Diommed

To re-enforcement, or we perifis all.

Enter Nefi or

—Ser. I goe my Lord

Enter Agamemnon.

Aga. Renew, renew, the fierce

Hath bare the downe Minon baffled Magnoton

Hath Dares, pertioner.

And fands Califonius—wife wauing his beame,

Vpon the passed courfes of the Kings:

Epicópo ouos, Policier is flaine;

Amphimache, and Thow deadly hurt;

Patroclus came or flame, and Palomedes

Sore hurt and bruifed; the dreadfull Sagittary

Appauls our numbers, haft we Diommed

To re-enforcement, or we perifis all.

Enter Nefi or

Nefi. Goe beace Patroclus body to Achilles,

And bid the finale pai d a-Ariue name for thame;

There is a thousand Hellers in the field:

Now here he fights on Galatke ins Horfe, And there lacks worker and he's there a foors,

And there they flye or dye, like scald feuels,
Tumethy falfe face thou Taytor,
He (hall not carry him: He betanetoo.
And pay thy life thou oweft me for my horse.
Had I expelide thee I how now my Brothei
I would haue borne much more a fresh'rn min.
Or bring him off: Fare heare me what I say;

Enter Willet.

Uls. Oh, courage, courage Princes: great Achilles Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance; Paris's wounde haue rove'd his drowzie blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That poffelesse, handleffe, backs and chipt, come to him;
Crying on Hector. Asia hath left a friend,
And foames at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it:
Roaring for Troylus; who hath done to day,
In felleft manner execute your armes.
Follow me first, and my proceeding eye;
It is decreed, Hector the great must dye.
Exit.

Ther. The Cuckold and the Cuckold maker are at it:
Now bull, now dogge, lowe; Parus lowe; now my dou¬
ble hen'd sparrow; lowe Parus, lowe; the bull has the game: ware horns ha?

Exit Paris and Myrmidons.

Enter Bailford.

Baft. Turne flace and fight.
Ther. What art thou?
Baft. A Bailford Sonne of Priam.
Ther. I am a Bailford too, I loue Baftards, I am a Ba¬
Ird begot, Baftard outfide, Baftard in mande, Baftard in valour, in evry thing Illegitimate: one Beare will not bite another, and wherefore should one Baftard? take heed, the quarrel's moft ominou* to vs: if the Sonne of a thence fight for a whore, he tempts judgement: farewell Baftard.

Baft. The duell take thee coward.

Enter Hector.

Helt. Monk putrified core so faire without:
Thy goody armoure thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my daies work done: I take good breath:
Reft Sword, thou haft thy fill of blond and death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Ach. Looke Hector how the Sunne begins to set;
How vncheard night comes breathing at this heales,
Even with the vaile and darkynge of the Sunne.
To clofe the day vp, Hercules life is done.
Helt. I am vnarm'd; forget I vntake wholesome.
Ach. Strike fellowes, strike, this is the man I seek.
So vllion fall thou: now Tracy fighe downe;
Here lyes thy heart, thy finewe, and thy bone.

On Myrmidons, cry you all a mane,
Achilles harb the mighty Hector thaine.

Hark, a retreat upon our Greetan part.

Gree. The Trojan Trumpeter sounds the like my Lord.
Ach. The dragon wing of night ore-fredts the earth
And thistle-like the armes epateus.
My halfe suff Sword, that frantly would have fed,
Pless'd with this dainty bed; thus goes to bed.
Come, eye his body to my horses tayle;
Along the field, I will the Trojan trion.

Sound Retreat. Shout.

Enter Ajax, Aias, Menelaws, Nestroy
Dismayed, and the rest marching.

Agia. Hark, hark, what shout is that?

Nestroy. Peace Drums.

Thus proudly sight upon our Phrygian plaines: Let Titus rise as early as he dare, Ile through, and through you; & thou great fird's coward: No space of Earth shall funder our two hates, Ilc haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still, That mould eth goblins swift as frenfis thoughts. Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort goe: Hope of revenge, shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarini.

Stay ye: you vile abominable Tents, Thus proudly sight upon our Phrygian plaines: Let Titus rise as early as he dare, Ile through, and through you; & thou great fird's coward: No space of Earth shall funder our two hates, Ilc haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still, That mould eth goblins swift as frenfis thoughts. Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort goe: Hope of revenge, shall hide our inward woe.

Stay ye: you vile abominable Tents, Thus proudly sight upon our Phrygian plaines: Let Titus rise as early as he dare, Ile through, and through you; & thou great fird's coward: No space of Earth shall funder our two hates, Ilc haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still, That mould eth goblins swift as frenfis thoughts. Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort goe: Hope of revenge, shall hide our inward woe.

FINIS.
Enter a Company of Martinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other weapons.

1. Citizen. Before we proceed any further, hear me speake.

All. Speak, speak.

1. Cit. You are all resolu'd rather to dy then to famish?

All. Resolu'd, resolu'd.

1. Cit. First you know, Martius is chiefe enemy to the people.

All. We know, we know.

1. Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have Corne at our own price. Is't a Verdift?

All. No more talking on't; Let it be done.

1. Cit. One word, good Citizens.

All. We are accounted poore Citizens, the Patri-arians good: what Authority furfets one, would receive if they would yield us but the superfluous while it was wholesome, we might guesse they releueed vs humanely: But they thinke we are too deere, the leanesse that afflicts vs, the obie& of our misery, is as an incen-tery to particularize their abundance, our sufferance is a gaine to them. Let vs revenge this with our Pikes ere we become Rakes. For the Gods know, I speake this in meere for Bread, not in thirst for Reuenge.

1. Cit. Would you proceed especially against Martius?

All. Against him first: He's a very dog to the Com.

1. Cit. Consider you what Service he has done for his Country?

1. Cit. Very well, and could bee content to give him good report for, but that hee payes himselfe with be-ewing proud.

All. Nay, but speake not maliciously.

1. Cit. I say vnto you, what he hath done Famoulshe, he did it to that end: though soft confcienc'd men can be content to say it was for his Country, he did it to pleasa his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, eu'n 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 say he is co-uteous.

1. Cit. If I must not, I neede not be barren of Accus-a- tions he hath faults (with surplus) to tyre in repetition.

Shews within. What flowers are these? The other side the City is still: why stay we prating here? To th Capitol.

All. Come, come.

1. Cit. Soft, who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2. Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa, one that hath al- ways lou'd the people.

1. Cit. He's one honest enough, would at the ref't were so. Men. What work's my Countreymen in hand? Where go you with Bats and Clubs? The matter Speake I pray you.

2. Cit. Our busines is not unkown to th Senat, they have had inking this fortnight what we intend to do, & now we'll shew em in deeds: they say poore Sutters have strong breaths, they that know we have strong arms too.

Menen. Why Maffets, my good Friends, mine honest Neighbours, will you vndoe your felues?

2. Cit. We cannot Sir, we are vndone already.

Men. I tell you Friends, most charitable care Have the Patrians of you for your wants.

You suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the Heaven with your slaves, as lift them Against the Roman State, whole course will on The way it takes: cracking ten thousand Curbes Of more strong linkes affunder, then can euer Appear in your impediment. For the Dearth, The Gods, not the Patrians make it, and Your knees to them (not arms) must helpe. Alacke, You are transported by Calamity Theher, where more attends you, and you flander The Helmes of th State; who care for you like Fathers, When you curse them, as Enemies.

2. Cit. Cate for vs! True indeed, they were car'd for vs yet. Suffer vs to famish, and their Store-houses cram'd with Grainne: Make Edicts for Vtue, to support Vf- ters; repeale daily any wholesome Act establisht against the rich, and provide more piercing Statutes daily, to chaine vp and restraine the poore. If the Warres ease vs not vpee, they will, and thers all the loute they bear vs.

Menen. Either you must Confeffe your felues wondrous Malicious, Or be accus'd of Folly. I shall tell you A pretty Tale, it may be you have heard it.

But since it serues my purpofe, I will venture To tale a little more.

2. Citizen. Well, Ile heare it Sir: yet you must not thinke To fobbe offour difgrace with a tale: But and't pleasa 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.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Enter Caius Martius.

Haylie, Noble C. Martius.

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter you differencious rogue's That rubbing the poore Ith of your Opinion, Make your felues Scabs.

2. Cit. We have euer your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thoe, wil flatter Beneath abhorring. What would you haue, you Cures, That like not Peace, nor Warre? The one affrights you, The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you, Where he should finde you Lyons, findes you Hares: Where Foxes, Geese you are: No furer, no. Then is the coale of fire vpon the ice, Or Hailstone in the Sun. Your Virtue is, To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him, And curfe that Influte did it. Who defeures Graces, Defeures your Hate: and your Affections are A fickman Appetite; who defers moft that Which would encrease his euill. He that dependes Vpon your favours, swimmes with finnes of Leade, And beues downe Oakes, with ruthles. Hang ye stubf ye? With euerie 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 feuell places of the Citie, You cry againft the Noble Senate, who (Vnder the Gods) keepes you in awe, which elle Would feede on one another? What's their feeking? Men. For Corne at thoe owne rates, whereof they fay The Citie is well fto'red.

Mar. Hang em: They fay? They'll fit by th fire, and presume to know What's done in the Capitol: Who's like to rife, Who thriues, Sc who declines: Side facfions, & give out What's done in th Capitol: Who's like to rife, And make bold power looke pale, they throw theit caps Off th eir heads, and make bold to take a Minde: As I could pickemy Lance.

Men. Nay thoe are almost thoroughly prefwaded: For though abundantly they lacke discretion Yet are they passing Cowardly. But I beleev, That what fayes the other Troope? Mar. They are disfouled: Hang em; They fay they were an hungry, fig'd forth Proverbes That Hunger broke thoe wits: that dogges must eate That meate was made for mouths. That the gods fent not Corn for the Richmen onely: With thoe ftreets They vented their Complainings, which being anfwert A petition granted them, a strange one. And a petetion granted them, a strange one, To breake the heart of generofity, And make bold power looke pale, they throw'd their caps As they would hang them on the horns at th Moone, Shooting their Emulation.

Men. What's granted them?

Mar. Five Tribunes to defend their vape: Wifdoms Of thoe owne choice, One's Titus Brucis, Sicinius Velutus, and I know not. Sdeath,
The rabble should have first vnoo'ft the City
Ere fo preuous'd with me; it will in time
Wiv upon power, and throw forth greater Themes
For Instructiouns argunng.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go get you home you Fragments, 
    Enter a Mistifer baftly.

Meff. Where's Calin Martiniu ?

Mar. Here. Here is what the matter.

Meff. The newnes is, the Volcies are in Armes.

Mar. I am glad on't, then we shall ha means to vnto
Our multive supelusity. See our best Elders.

Enter Sicinius Velinius, Armin Bratsch Commissariu, Titus
Larinius, with other Senators.

1. Sen. Martiniu is true, that you have lately told us,
The Volcies are in Armes.

Mar. They have a Leader,

Talnu Auffiduus that will put you too'ts:

I saine in enuying his Nobility :
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would with me onely he.

Com. You have fought together ?

Mar. We are halfe to halfe the world by theears, & he
upon my partie, I de resolute to make
Onely my warres with him. He is a Lion
That I am proud to hunt.

Attend vpon these Warres
Shall see me once more (Ink* at

M. 

Com. Thous hast not done.

Mar. Sir is it,

Sen. Then worthy Martiniu,
Attend upon Comminu to these Warres.

Com. Its you former promise.

Mar. Sir it is,
And I am constant : Titus Luciniu, thou
Shall fee me once more strike at Talnu face
What art thou fliffe? Stand it out?

Tit. No Calvi Martiniu,
Ille leave upon one Crutch, and fight with toother,
Ere stay behinds his Burefledes.

Men. Oh true-bred.

Sen. Your Company to'rh Capitoll, where I know
Our greatest Friends attend vs.

Tit. Lead you on: Follow Comminu, we must followe
you, right worthy you Prominy

Com. Noble Martiniu.

Sen. Hence to your homes, be gone.

Mar. Nay let them follow, the Volcies have much Conae : take these Rats thither,
To gnaw their Garnets. Worfhipfull Munsters,
Your valour puts well forth: Pray follow. Exeunt.

Citesstr Sepia away. Mortu Siciniu & Bruniu.

Sen. Was ever man so proud as is this Martyus ?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sen. When we were chosen Tribunes for the people.

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes.

Sen. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being moud, he will not spare to gird the Gods.

Sen. Bemocke the moddl Moone.

Bru. The present Warres detruue him, he is growne
Too proud to be fo valiant.

Sen. Such a Nature, tickled with good fucceffe, dis-
dains the shadow which he treads on at nonne, but I do
wonder his infolence can brooke to be commended un-
der Commissaries?

Bru. Fame, at the which he symes,
In whom already he's well graced, cannot
Better be held, not more attain'd then by

A place below the first: for what mificaries
Shall be the Generals fault, though he performe
To the vmost of a man, and gudly cneure
Will then cry out of Martiniu. Oh, ifhe
Had borne the bofisle.

Sen. Besides, the things go well,
Opinion that do fuckers on Martiniu, shall
Of his demers rob Comminu.

Bru. Come: halfe all Commissaries Honor are to Martiniu
Though Martiniu earn'd them not: and all his faults
To Martiniu shall be Honors, though indeed
In ought he merit not.

Sen. Let's hence, and hence,
How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion
More then his singularitie, he goes
Vpon this present Action.

Bru. Let's along.

Enter Talnu Auffiduus with Senators of Coriolum.

1. Sen. So, your opinion is Auffiduus,
That they of Rome are entered in our Counciules,
And know how we procede,

Anf. Is not yours?

Whatever have bin thought one in this State
That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome
Had circumstancion: 'tis not fourte dayes gone
Since I heard thence, these are the words, I thinke
I haue the Letter here: yes, here it is;
They haue preft a Power, but it is not nowne
Whether for East or West: the Death is great,
The people Mutinous: And it is rumour'd,
Commissaries, Martiniu your old Enemy
(Who is of Rome worst hated then of you)
And Titius Larinius, a moft valiant Roman,
These three leadle on this Preparation
Whether 'tis bear: 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 answer vs.

Anf. Nor did you thinke it folly,
To keepe your great pretences vayl'd, till when
They needs mult shew themselfes, which in the hunting
It seem'd appeard to Rome. By the difcouver,
We shalbe forfenned in our syme, which was
To take in many Townes, ere (almoft) Rome
Should know we were a-foot.

1. Sen. Noble Auffiduus,
Take your Committion, hye you to your Bands,
Let vs alone to guard Coriolum
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 us.

Anf. O doubt not that,
I speake from Certainiues. Nay more,
Some parcels of their Power are forth already,
And onely bitherward. I leave your Honors,
If we, and Calvi Martiniu chance to meete,
Tis sooner betwenee vs, we shall ever stiffe
Till one can do no more.

All. The Gods assist you.

Anf. And keep your Honors safe.


All. Farewell.
Enter Volunias and Virgilia, mother and wife to Martius: They set them down on two low stools and flans.

Volun. I pray you daughter sing, or express your selfe in a more comfortable sort: If my Sonne were my Husband, I should feele tetecey in that absence wherein he wonne Honor, then in the embracements of his Bed, where he would shew most love. When yet hee was but tender-bodied, and the only Sonne of my wombe, when youth with comeliness pluck'd all his way; when for a day of Kings tratteates, a Mother should not fel him an houre from her beholding; I confidering how Honour would become such a person, that it was no better then picture-like to song by th'wall, if renowne made it not thire, was pleas'd to let him fecke danger, where he was like to finde fame: To a cruelle Warre I temt him, from whence he return'd, his browses bound with Osse. I tell thee Daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a Man-child, then now in first seeing he had prof'd himfelfe a man.

Virg. But had he died in the Buffettle Madame, how then?

Volun. Then had his report should have bene my Sonne, I therein would have found fitte. Hears me profelfe, I never, had a dozen fans each in my loue side, and none left deep then thine, and my good Martius, I had rather had eleven dye Nobly for their Countrey, then one voluptuously turfer out of Action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Virg. Befeech you giue me leave to retire my felfe.

Volun. Indeed you shall not: Me thinke, I hearre hither your Husbands Drumme: See him plucke Auffidius downe by th'haire, (As children from a Beare) the Voices thumping him: Me thinke I fee him Hampe thus, and call thus, Come on you Cowards, you were got in feare. Though you were born in Rome: his bloody brow, Wish his mail'd hand, then wipping, forth he goes like to a Harrett man, that task'd to move Or all, or loofe his hyre.


Volun. Away you Poole; it more becomes a mao.

Then giue him Triophe. The breaths of Heruba
When the did fuckle Heller, look'd not loouer
Then Heller's forbead, when it was fipt forth Warre
At Grecean sword. Confinning, tell Valeria
We are fit to bid her welcome. 

Exit Gent.

Virg. Heavens bifie my Lord from fell Auffidius.

Val. Heel beaft Auffidius head below his knee,
And crede upon his necke.

Enter Valeria with an Vpher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both good day to you.

Virg. Thanks to your Ladyship.

Val. How do you both? You are manifest house-keepers. What are you sowing here? A fine spotte in good feare. How does your little Sonne ?

Virg. I thank you your Ladyship: Well good Madam.

Val. He had rather fee the swords, and hearre a Drum, then looke upon his Schoolmaster.

Val. A word the Fathers Sonne is Ile sweare 'tis a very pretty boy. A my troth, I look'd upon him a Wensdy halle an house together: he's such a confirm'd cou-

Vol. One on's Fathers moods.

Virg. Indeed he is a Noble child.

Virg. A Cracke Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your fitchery, I must have you play the idle Hufwife with me this afternoone.

Virg. No (good Madam)

I will not out of doores.

Val. Not out of doores?

Virg. She flall, the tall.

Virg. Indeed no, by your patience; Ile not over the threshold, till my Lord returne from the Warrs.

Val. Fye, you confine your felle most voreasonably:

Come, you must go vifit the good Lady that lies in.

Virg. I will with her speedly strenth, and vifite her with my prayers: but I cannot go thither.

Volun. Why I pray you,

Virg. 'Tis not to face labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penetripe: yet they say, all the yeares the spin in Vesiga abience, did but fill Asia full of Mothes Come, I would your Cambriack were fensible as your finger, that you might leave prickinge it for pr contract. Come you fall go with vs.

Virg. No good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not goth.

Val. In truth I go with me, and Ile tell you excellent newes of your Husband.

Virg. Oh good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not felf with you: there came newes from him last night.

Virg. Indeed Madam.

Val. In earnest it's true; I heard a Senatour speake it. Thus it is: the Volciyes haue an Army forth, against whb the General! is gone, with one part of our Ro-

Commoner. 

Verily the Volciyes haue an Army forth, against whb the General! is gone, with one part of our Ro-

Commoner.

Val. Come! go you fhall go with vs.

Virg. Give me excuse good Madame, I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Val. Let her alone Ladie, as she is now: She will but difeafe our better mirth.

Valeria. In troth I thinke the would

Fare you well then. Come good sweet Ladite, Prythee Virginia turne thy solemnite out a doore, And go along with vs.

Virg. No At a word Madam; Indeed I must not, I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell.

Enter Martius, Titus Lartius, with Drumme and Co-

loures, with Captaines and Souldiers; as before the City Coriaces: to them a Messenger.

Martius. Yonder comes News:

A Wager they have met.

Lar. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. Tis done.

Lar. Agreed.
For halfe ahundred yeares: Summon theiowne. 

Now Mars, I pry thee make vs qui eke in works, 
That we with Tmoaking fwords may march from hence 
To helpe our fielded Friends. Come, blow thy blalh.

is he within your Walles?

Tullus Aufidius, 

Rather then they (hail pound vs vp our Gates, 
They'le open of themselucs. Harke you, farre off 

Hearkc, oor Drumroes 

Which yet feeme (hut, we haue out pin'd with Rusties, 

Lift what worke he makes 

Aujfidious. 

There is 

Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight 

With hearts more proofe then Shields. 

He that retires, lie take him for a 

Voice, 

which makes me fweat with wrath. Come on my fellows 

And he (ball feele mine edge.

Aducnce brsue 

Titus, 

You Shames of Rome: you Heard of Eyles and Plagues 

Plaifier you o're.that you may be abhorr'd 

That beare theibapes of men, bowhaue you run 

From Slaues, chat Apes would beare; 

and Hdl^ 

Pluto 

Farther then feene, and one infeft another 

With flight and agued feare, mend and chai gehome, 

A gain ft the Windea mile: you soules of Geefe, 

All hurt behinde, backes red, and faces pale 

And make my Watres cn you: Looketoot: Come on, 

Or by the fires of heaisen, He Icaue the Foe, 

'Tis fot the followers Fortune, widens them. 

So, now the gates are ope: now proue good Seconds, 

Not for the flyers: Marke me, and do the like. 

As they veto our T renches foliowes. 

If you'I ftand faft, v/e'l beate them to their V/iues, 

Enter two Senator/ with other/ on 

the Wallis of Certalus, 

Taluw Auffidius, is he within your Walles? 

1 Senat. No, nor a man that feares you leiTe then he, 

That's lefser then a little: 

Drum a serra off. 

Heate, our Drummes 

Are bringing forth our youth 

We'e'l breake our Walks 

Hearkc, oor Drumroes 

Which yet feeme (hut, we haue out pin'd with Rusties, 

Lift what worke he makes 

Aujfidious. 

There is 

Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight 

With hearts more proofe then Shields. 

He that retires, lie take him for a 

Voice, 

which makes me fweat with wrath. Come on my fellows 

And he (ball feele mine edge.

Aducnce brsue 

Titus, 

You Shames of Rome: you Heard of Eyles and Plagues 

Plaifier you o're.that you may be abhorr'd 

That beare theibapes of men, bowhaue you run 

From Slaues, chat Apes would beare; 

and Hdl^ 

Pluto 

Farther then feene, and one infeft another 

With flight and agued feare, mend and chai gehome, 

A gain ft the Windea mile: you soules of Geefe, 

All hurt behinde, backes red, and faces pale 

And make my Watres cn you: Looketoot: Come on, 

Or by the fires of heaisen, He Icaue the Foe, 

'Tis fot the followers Fortune, widens them. 

So, now the gates are ope: now proue good Seconds, 

Not for the flyers: Marke me, and do the like. 

As they veto our T renches foliowes.
I saw our party to their Trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speakest truth,
Me thinks thou speakest not well. How long is't since?

Mef. About an hour, my Lord.

Com. This is not a mile: briefly we heard their drums.
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy Newes so late?

Msf. Spies of theDrivers
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wherse
Three or four miles about, else had I fir
Haffe an hour since brought my report.

Enter Martius.

Com. Whose yonder,
That doth appear as he were Fled? O Gods,
He has the flampe of Martius, and I have
Before time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The Shepherd knowes not Thunder or a Taber,
More then I know the sound of martius Tongue
From every meaner man.

Martius. Come I too late?

Com. 1, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your owne.

Mar. Oh'let me clip ye
In Armes as found, as when I wou'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 Martius?

Mar. As with a man busied about Decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
Ransom them, or pitying, threatening th'o ther;
Holding Corides in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning Grey-hound in the Lush,
To let him flipp at will.

Com. Where is that Slaue
Which told me they had beat thee 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)
He did informe the truth: but for our Gentlemen,
Where is he? Call him hither.

Com. Let him alone,
Mar. If you comenot in the blood of others,

Mar. Where is that Slaue?

Com. Who is he that calleth thee?

Mar. Where is he? Call him hither.

Com. Let him alone,
He did informe the truth: but for our Gentleman,
The common file,(a plague Tribunes for them)
He did informe the truth: but for our Gentlemen,
Where is he? Call him hither.

Com. Let him alone,
Mar. If you comenot in the blood of others,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but He report it,  
Where great Procrustes (hall attend, sod (hrug,
Whete Senators (hall mingle teares with (miles,
We thank the Gods
Shall fay againft their
That with the sustie Plebians hate thine Honors,
I'th end admire: where Ladies (hall be sighted,
Out Rome hath such a Souldier.
And gladly quak'd.heare more: where the dull Tribune*
Yet earn'd thou to a Morfell of this Feat,
Hauing fully din'd before.

Enter Titus with his Poes, from the Pursuit.

Tito Lavinia. Oh General:
Here is the Steed, wec the Capparifon:
Hadst thou beheld—
Martius. Pray now, no more?
My Mother, who's a Charter to her RIoud,
Extoll a Charter to
My Face, who's fair, you (hall perceiue
ToRome of our succefe : you

When Steele grow'd as the Parasites Silke,
As often as we see By th'Elements.
If ere again I meet him here, to bedward,
He's mine, or I am his: Mine Emulation
Hath not that Honor in't had: For where I thought to crush him in an equal Force,
True Sword to Sword: Ile pochte at him some way,
Or Wrath, or Craft may get him.  

Sal. He's the duwel.

Ausp. Bolder, though not so subtle my valors poion'd,
With onely suff'ring blame by him: for him shall flye out of it selue, nor sleepe, nor sanctuary,
Being nacked, sick; nor Phane, nor Capitoll,
The Prayers of Prifts; nor times of Sacrifice: Embarrassments all of Fery, shall lift vp
Their rotten Puileidge, and Cocome against my hate to Martius. Where I finde him, were it At home, upon my Brothers Guard, even there Against the hospitable Canon, would I Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th'Citie,

Men. Whate is tis held, and what they are that must Be Hoftages for Rome.  

Soul. Will not you go?

Ausp. I am attended at the Cyprus grove. I pray you

(Tis South the City Miles) bring me word thither How the world goes: that to the pace of it I may spare on my journey.  

Soul. I shall fir.

Aeitus Secundus.

Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the people; Scinm & Brutus

Men. The Agurer tells me, wee shall have Newes to night.  

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Martius.

Scin. Nature teaches Beads to know their Friends.  

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolfe love?

Scin. The Lambe.

Men. I doe discurse him, as the hungry Plebeians would the Noble Martius.

Bru. He's a Lambe indeed, that basse like a Beare.  

Men. He's a Beare indeed, that liues like a Lambe. You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Bru. Well fir.

Men. In what enormity is Martius poore in, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. His poore in one fault, but florid withal.  

Scin. Especially in Pride.  

Bru. And toping all others in bosting.

Men. This strange now: Do you two know, how you are cenfur'd here in the City, I mean of vs at right hand File, do you?

Bru. Why? how were we cenfur'd?

Men. Because you talke of Pride now, will you not be angry.

Bru. Well, well fir, well.

Men. Why 'tis no great matter: for a very little theft of Occasion, will rob you of a great deal 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,

Bru. 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 single: your abilities are so 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 Interior furnye of your good felues. Oh that you could.

Bru. What then sir?

Men. Why then you should discover a brace of vn-measuring, proud, violent, teftile Magistrates (alias Foolest) as any in Rome.

Scin. Menenius, you are knowne well enough too.

Men. I am knowne to be a humorous Parthian, and one that looses a cup of hot Wray, with not a drop of alaying Tiber int's: Said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint, halfly and Tinder-like uppon, to enstall motion: One, that counterfeits more with the Buttone of the night, then with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter, and spend my notice in my breath. Meeting two such Weales men as you are (I cannot call you literary) if the drinkye you give me, touch my Pa- lat aduercely, I make a crooked face at it, I can say, your Worthiepse have deliver'd the matter well, when I finde the Aisle in compound, with the Major part of your syllables. And though I must be content to bear with those, that say you are reuerend grsuc men, yet they lie deadly, that tell you have good faces, if you see this in the Map of my Microscope, followes it that I am knowne well e- nough too? What harme can your befoome Conspicuities gleane out of this Charracter, if I be knowne well e- nough too.

Bru. Come fir come, we know you well enough.

Menen. You know neither mee, your felues, nor any thing: you are ambitious, for poore knowes eppes and legges: you were out a good wholesome Forenoon, in hearing a caufe betweene an Orendge wife, and a Forfeter, and then reasure the Controversyes of three-pence to a second day of Audience. When you are hearing a matter betwenee party and party, if you chance to bee pinch'd with the Collicke, you make faces like Mummers, fet vp the bloody Flaggge against all Patience, and in roaring for a Chamber-pot, dismisse the Controversyes bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: All the peace you make in their Caufe, is calling both the partes Knowes. You are a payre strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well undervoid to bee a perpecter cyber for the Table, then a necessary Bencher in the Capitoll.

Men. Our very Prifftes must become Mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous Subiects as you are, when you speake best vnto the purpose. It is not woorth the waggings of your Beards, and your Beards deferve not so honourable a grace, as touffle Borchers Cushion, or to be intomb'd in an Ailes Packe-saddle; yet you must bee saying, Martius is proud: who in a cheapse estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion, though per- adventure some of the best of them were hereditarie hang- men. Goddnes to your Worlds, more of your conversa- tion would infet my Braine, being the Heardimen of the Brashly Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Bru. and Scin.  

Aside. Enter
Enter Volanins, Virgin, and Valeria.

How now (my al faire as Noble) Ladies, and he Moone were free Earthly, no Noble; whither doe you follow your Eyes to seest?

Volanins. Noble Memenius, my Boy Martius approches for the love of June let's go.

Memenus. Ha! Martius comming home?

Volanins. Take my Cappe, I thank thee heo, Martius comming home?

Ladies, Nay, 'tis true.

Volanins. Look, here's a Letter from him, the State hath another, his Wife another, and (I think) there's one at home for you.

Memenus. I will make my very house relig to night:

A Letter for me?

Virgil. Yes certaine, there's a Letter for you, I saw't.

Memenus. A Letter for me? it gives me an Estate of seven yeares health; in which time, I will make a Lippe at better report then a Borfe-drench. Is he not wounded?

Volanins. Why no, no, no.

Memenus. Oh, he is wounded, I thank the Gods for't.

Memenus. So do I too, if be not too much: brings a Victoria in his Pocket: the wounds become him.

Volanins. Oh, my Browes: AArrow he comes the third time home with the Oaken Garland.

Memenus. Has he discern't Auffidioud foundly?

Volanins. True. We wrote, they fought together, but Auffidioud got off.

Memenus. And 'twas time for him too, Iie warrant him that: and he had stay'd by him, I would not have been so fiddiduss'd, for all the Chefs in Carioles, and the Gold that. And he had Pay'd by him, I would not have been so.

Volanins. The State hath the Letters from the Generall, wherein he gives my Sonne the whole Name of the Warre: he hath in this action out-done his former deeds doubly.

Pater, In truth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Memenus. Wondrous! I, I warrant you, and not with out his true purchasing,

Virgil. The Gods grant us them true.

Virgil. True? Ilie be fawne they are true: where is he wounded, God faue your good Worships? Martius is comming home: hee has more cause to be proud: where is he wounded?

Volanins. Ith's Shoulder, and ith's left Arme: there will be large Ciacattes to shew the People, when he saill stand for his place: he receiv'd in the repulse of Tarsquen seven hues ith' Body.

Memenus. One ith' Neck, and two ith' Thigh, there's nine that I know.

Volanins. Hee had, before this last Expedition, twenty five Wounds upon him.

Memenus. Now it's twenty seven: every gash was at Enemies Grave. Hearke, the Trumpets.

Volanins. There are the Vithers of Martius:

Before him hee carries Noyle; And behind him, hee leaves Teares:

Death, that doute Spirit, in his nervice Arme doth lyke, Which being adoin'd, declines, and then men dye.

A Sommet. Trumpets sound.

Enter Commadins the General, and Tanya Latius: between them Martius, crowned with an Oaken Garland, with Captivised Souls, etc, and a Herald.

Herald. Know Rome, that all alone Martius did fight Within Carioles Gates: where he hath wonne,

With Fame, a Name to Martius Cais:


All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Cariolesenses. Carioles. Now of more of this, it does offend my hearts pray now no more.

Comm. Look, Sir, your Mother.

Carioles. Oh! you have, I know, petition'd all the Gods for my prosperitie.

Kneels.

Volanins. Nay, my good Souldier, vp:

My gentle Martius, worthy Cais,

And by deed-as achieving Honor newly nam'd,

What is it (Cariolesens) must I call thee?

But oh, thy Wife.

Carioles. My gracious silence, hayle:

Wouldst thou have laught, had I come Coftord home,

That weep'th to see me triumph? Ah my time,

That weep'st, to see me triumph? I understand

And y'arc welcome all.

Oh welcome home and welcome General,

And y'arc welcome all.

Memenus. A hundred thousand Welcomes:

I could weep, and I could laugh,

I am light, and heauie; welcome:

A Curse begin at very root on's heart,

That is not glad to see thee.

You are three, that Rome should dote on:

Yet by the faith of men, we have

Some old Crab-trees here at home,

That will not be grafted to your Rallifh.

Yet welcome Warriors:

Woe call a Nettle, but a Nettle;

And the faults of footes, but folly.

Cair. Ever right.

Car. Memenius, ever, ever.

Herald. Guie way there, and go on.

Car. Your Hand, and yours?

Ere in our owne houfe I doe shade my Head,

The good Patricians must be visit'd.

From whom I have receiv'd not only tongues,

But with them, change of Honors,

Volanins. I have lived,

To see inherited my very Wilkes,

And the Buildings of my Fancie;

Onely there's one thing wanting,

Which (I doubt not) but our Rome

Will call upon thee.

Car. Know, good Mother,

I had rather be their seru't in my way,

Then stay with them in theirs.

Enter Brutus and Scenius.

**Brutus.** All tongues speake of him, and the bleared sights Are speakeed to see him. Your prating Nurse Into a rapture lets her Baby trie.

While she chaunts him: the Kitchin Makers pinnes Her richest Lockram 'bout her reecche necke, Clambring the Wall to eye him: Stalls, Bolks, Windows, are smother'd vp, Leads fill'd, and Ridges hors'd

With variable Complessions; all agreeing In earneffnesse to see him: fled-longe Flamius Doe presse among the popular Thronges, and puffe To winne a vulgar flario: our yeild Dames Commit the Warre of White and Damske

In their nice gallowed Checkers, to'th wanton spoyle Of Phæbus burning Ktes, While she chats him: the Kitchin

Lose those he hath wonne. Commit the Warre of Whire and Damaske: Out very Dames To winne a vulgar Ration

Leades fill'd, and Ridges hors'd

In eameffneffe to see him: scold-sowne Hansius With variable Complessions; all agreeing To the People. begge their linking Breaths.

Brutus. In that there's comfort. Doubt not.

The Commoners, for whom we stand, but they Upon their ancient mallice. will forget With the least cause, these his new Honors, Which that he will give them, make is as little question, As he is proud to doo't. Brutus. It was his word: Oh he would mifie it, rather then carry it, But by the use of the Gentry to him, And the desire of the Nobles.

Brutus. In that there's comfort. Doubt not.

Scenius. It shall be to him then, as our good wills; a sure deffraction. Brutus. So it must fall out.

To him, or our Authoritie, for an end. We must supplicate the People, in what hatred He still hath held them: that so's power be would Have made them Mules, silent'd their Pleaders, And disproportionate their Freedomes; holding them, In humane Aion, and Capacite, Of no more Soule, nor firentesse for the World, Then Camels in their Waste, who have their Prouand Oney for bearing Burthens and face blowes For linking under them Scenius. This as you say suggested, At some time, when his forcing Iolence Shall reach the People, which time shall not want, If he be put upon, and that as easy, As to set Dogges on Sheepe, will be his fire

To kindle their dry Stubble: and their Blaze Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

**Brutus.** What's the matter? 

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol: 

Tis thought, that Corioli shall be Consull. 

I have seene the dumbe men throng to see him, And the blind to heare him speak: Matrons fliog Gloues, Ladies and Maidens their Scarfes, and Handkerches, Upon him as he pass'd: the Nobles bended As to Ierue Statue, and the Commons made A Shower, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Shows: I never saw the like.

**Brutus.** Let's to the Capitol, And carry with vs Eares and Eyes for this time, But Hearts for the event.

Scenius. Have with you. 

Enter two Officers, to lay Clamins, as a note, in the Capitol.

1. Off. Come, come, they are almos here: how many stand for Consullships?

2. Off. There, they say: but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

3. Off. That's a braue fellow: but he's vengeance proud, and loues not the common people.

4. Off. Faith, there hath beene many great men that have flatter'd the people, who're loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore so that if they love they know not why, they hate vpon no better a ground. Therefore, for Corioli neuer to care whether they love, or hate him, manifetsthe true knowledge he has in their disposition, and out of his Noblie carenteshe less plainly see't.

5. Off. If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, hee waued indifferently, twice doing them neyther good, nor harme: but hee seekes their hate with greater devotion, then they can render him; and leases nothing vndone, that may fully discourse them his oppose. Now to ceme to affect the mallice and displeasure of the People, is as bad, as that which he disliketh, to flatter them for their loue.

6. Off. Hee hath deferred worthyly of his Country, and his affent is not by such easye degrees as those, who haue beene supple and courteous to the People, Bonnetted, without any further deed, to haue them at all into their estimation, and report: but hee haath so planted his Honors in their Eyes, and his actions in their Hearts, that for their Tongues to be silent, and not confesse too much, were a kinde of ingrACEfull Inuiron to report otherwise, were a Malice, that giving it selfe the Eye, would plucke reproofoe and rebuke from every Eare that heard it.

7. Off. No more of him, he's a worthy man: make way, they are comming.

A Senet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Etoirs before them: Corioli, Memmius, Commones the Consul: Sicervius, and Brutus take their places by themselves Corioli stands. 

Memmius. Having determined of the Voices, and to send for Titus Lartius it remains, As the maine Point of this our after-meeting.
To grathe, but Noble, erence, that hath
Thus stood for his Country. Therefore please you,
Most reuerend and grave Elders, to defcor
The present Conful, and laft Generals,
In our well-found Successes, to report
A little of that worthy Worke, perform'd
By Martina Cama Coriolanus: whom
We met here, both to thanke, and to remember,
With Honors like himselfe.

1. Sen. Speak, good Coriolanus:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our flares defcruie for requital,
Then we to stretch it out. Masters and People,
We doe request your kindlest eares: and after
Your loving motion toward the common Body,
To yield what paffes here.

Senat. We are contented upon a pleasing Treaty,
And haue hearts inclinable to honor and advance the Theame
Of our Assembley.

Exit Coriolanus.

To heare my Nothings monfter'd.
When blowes haue made me flay, I fled from word.
Nay, keepe your place.
He had rather venture all his Limbes for Honor,
Your multiplying Spawne, how can he flatter?
When he might aft the Woman in the Scene,
O're-pressed Roman, and the Confuls view
His Sword, Deaths Stampe, Where it did marke, it tooke from face to foot.
He was a thing of Blood, whose every motion
Canote like a Planet, now all's his,
When by and by the dinne of Warre gan pierce
His tender fence, and take to you, as your Predecessors haue,
Canote like a Planet, now all's his,
When by and by the dinne of Warre gan pierce
His tender fence, and take to you, as your Predecessors haue.

Senat. Hee 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 Conful
Cort. I doe owe them all my Life, and Service.
Menen. It then remains, that you doe speake to the People.
Cort. I doe beleeue you,
Let me o're-leape that custome: for I cannot
Put on the Gowne, and entreat them
For my Wounds fake, to give their suffrage.

Senat. Sir, the People must have their Voyces,
Neyther will they bate one jot of Ceremonie.

Menen. Put them not too:
Pray you goe fit you to the Custom,
And take to you, as your Predecessors have,
Your Honor with your forme.
Cort. It is a part that I shall blush in acting,
And might well be taken from the People.

Cort. Marke you that.
Cort. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus
Shew them th' unaking Skarres, which I should hide,
As if I had receu'd them for the hyre
Of their breath only.
Menen. Doe not stand vpon't:
We recommend to you Tribunes of the People
Our purpose to them, and to our Noble Conful
With all joy, and Honor.

Senat. To
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Enter three of the Citizens.

Coriol. Bid them wash their faces, and keep their teeth clean: so, here comes a breeze, you know the cause (Sir) of my standing here.

3 Cit. We do Sir, tell vs what hath brought you too's.

Coriol. Mine owne defect.

2 Cit. Your owne defect.

Coriol. I, but mine owne desire.

3 Cit. How not your owne desire?

Coriol. No Sir, I was never my desire yet to trouble the poore with begging.

3 Cit. You must think if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Coriol. Well then I pray, your price at the Consulship.

2 Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Coriol. Kindly Sir, I pray let me ha' I have wounds to shew you, which shall bee yours in private: your good voice Sir, what say you?

3 Cit. You shall ha' worthy Sir.

Coriol. A match Sir, there's in all two worthie voyces begg'd: I have your Almes, Adieu.

3 Cit. But this is something oddie.

2 Cit. And 'tis to give againe but 'tis no matter.

Exeunt. Enter two other Citizens.

Coriol. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tone of your voices, that I may bee Consul, I have here the Cautomatie Gowne.

1. You have deferred Nobly of your Countrey, and you have not deferred Nobly.

Coriol. Your Enigma.

1. You have bin a courser to her enemies, you have bin a Rod to her Friends, you have not indeede loosed the Common people.

Coriol. You should account mee the more Verruous, that I have kept your Common in my Loue, I will fir flatter my owne Brother the people to earne a dearer estimation of them, tis a condition they account gentle: & since the wisedome of their choice, is rather to have my Hat, then my Heart, I will practice the infiniting nod, and be to them most counterfetly, that is fir, I will counterfet the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountiful to the defirers. Therefore beleeche you, I may bee Consul.

2. Wee hope to finde you our friend: and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1. You have recuyed many wounds for your Countrey.

Coriol. I will not Seale your knowledge with shewing them, I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Enigm. The Gods give you joy Sir heartily.

Coriol. Most sweet Voices.

2 Cit. How not your owne desire?

Coriol. Bid them wash their faces, and keep their teeth clean: so, here comes a breeze, you know the cause (Sir) of my standing here.

3 Cit. We do Sir, tell vs what hath brought you too's.

Coriol. Mine owne defect.

2 Cit. Your owne defect.

Coriol. I, but mine owne desire.

3 Cit. How not your owne desire?

Coriol. No Sir, I was never my desire yet to trouble the poore with begging.

3 Cit. You must think if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Coriol. Well then I pray, your price at the Consulship.

2 Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Coriol. Kindly Sir, I pray let me ha' I have wounds to shew you, which shall bee yours in private: your good voice Sir, what say you?

3 Cit. You shall ha' worthy Sir.

Coriol. A match Sir, there's in all two worthie voyces begg'd: I have your Almes, Adieu.

3 Cit. But this is something oddie.

2 Cit. And 'tis to give againe but 'tis no matter.

Exeunt. Enter two other Citizens.

Coriol. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tone of your voices, that I may bee Consul, I have here the Cautomatie Gowne.

1. You have deferred Nobly of your Countrey, and you have not deferred Nobly.

Coriol. Your Enigma.

1. You have bin a courser to her enemies, you have bin a Rod to her Friends, you have not indeede loosed the Common people.

Coriol. You should account mee the more Verruous, that I have kept your Common in my Loue, I will fir flatter my owne Brother the people to earne a dearer estimation of them, tis a condition they account gentle: & since the wisedome of their choice, is rather to have my Hat, then my Heart, I will practice the infiniting nod, and be to them most counterfetly, that is fir, I will counterfet the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountiful to the defirers. Therefore beleeche you, I may bee Consul.

2. Wee hope to finde you our friend: and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1. You have recuyed many wounds for your Countrey.

Coriol. I will not Seale your knowledge with shewing them, I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.
Rappe to the Senate house. 
He has it now; and by his looks, I think, the Duke on antique Time would lie unwept. 
Tis warm at his heart. 
The People do admit you and are summon'd.
Will you disappoint the People?
For truth to your peers. Rather than soot it so.
What custom will in all things should we not? 
And the tribunes endue you with the People's voice.
Here come more voices.
The one part suffered, the other will I do. 
To one that would do thus, I am half through.
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd.
You anon do meet the Senate.
Hemock'd us, when begg'd out voices.
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for your country.
Scio. Why do you hate him, who is your associate?
Or seeing it, of such childish friendliness,
To yield your voices?
Brut. Could you not hate told him, as you were left for? When he had no power, but was a petty servant to the State, he was your enemy, ever spoke against your liberties, and the charters that you bear;
Ith't body of the weak: and now arriving a place of potentise, and faw of the State, if he should still malignantly remain:
Fast to the place: Pity, your voices might be curfes to your felvses. You should have said, that as his worthy deeds did clamor no leffe, then what he stood for: so his gracious spirit would think upon you, for your voices, and translate his malice towards you, into love, standing your friendly lord.
Scio. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit, and try'd his inclination: from him plucks eye'r his gracious promise, which you might as sure have call'd you vp, have held him to; or else it would have gall'd his sullen nature, which easily endures not article, tiring him to ought, so putting him to rage, you should have ta'ne the advantage of his choluer, and pe'd him unfeel'd.
Brut. Did you perceive, he did solicit you in free contemps? 
When he did need your lovers: and do you think, that his contemps shall not be bruisings to you, when he has power to crush? Why, had your bodies no heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry against the rectorship of judgement?
Scio. Have you, ere now, deny'd the asker: and now againe, of him that did not ask, but mock, below your guard, for tongues?
3. Cit. Hee's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.
2. Cit. And will deny him:
Ile have five hundred voices of that found.
1. Cit. I twice five hundred, & their friends, to piece 'em.
Brut. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends, they have chose a consull, that will from them take their liberties, make them of no more voice then dogges, that are as often beat for barking, as therefore kept to do so.
Scio. Let them assemble on a safer lodgement, all revoke your ignominious election: enforce his pride, and his old hate you. Besides, forget not with what contempt he wore the humble weed, how in his suit he scorn'd you. but your loyces, thinking upon his service,ook'e from you his apprehension of his present posture, which most gibing, vaunterly, he did publish after the inconstant hate he bears you.
Brut. Lay a fault on us, your tribunes, that we labour'd (no impediment betweene) but that you must catt your election on him.
Scio. Say 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 must do, then what you should, made you against the graine to voice him consull. Lay the fault on vs.
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Behold, these are the Tribunes of the People.
The Tongues o'th' Common Mouth. I do despise them:

For they do pranke them in Authoritie,
Against all Noble sufferance,
Secur. Paffe no further.
Cor. Hah! what is that?
Brut. It will be dangerous to goe on— No further.
Corio. What makes this change?
Mens. The matter?
Com. Hath he not pass'd the Noble, and the Common?
Brut. Commons, no.
Corio. Have I had Choldren's Voyces?
Senas. Tribunes gave way, he flall to th' Market place.
Brut. The People are incensed against him.
Secur. Stop, or all will fall in broyle.
Corio. Are these your Heards?
Must these have Voyces, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues? what are your Offices?
You being their Mouther, why rule you not their Teeth?
Have you not set them on?
Mens. Be calm, be calm.
Corio. It is a purpose d thing, and grows by Plot,
To curbe the will of the Nobilitie:
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor euer will be ruled.
Brut. Call't not a Plot:
The People cry you mock't them: and of late,
When Corne was given them grate, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flattering, foes to Noblenesse.
Corio. Why this was knowne before.
Brut. Not to them all.
Corio. Have you inform'd them sithence t
Brut. How I informe them?
Com. You are like to doe such businesse.
Brut. Not unlike each way to better yours.
Corio. Why then should I be Conful? by yond Clouds
Let me defense so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow Tribune.
Secur. You shew too much of that,
For which the People flirte: if you will passe
To where you are bound, you must enquire your way,
Or neuer be so Noble as a Conful,
And sh茴t disclaim their tongues? what are your Offices?
Mens. Be calm, be calm.
Corio. The People are abus'd: set on, this patring
Becomes not Rome: nor ha's \\
Coriolanus
Deferu'd this so dishonor'd Rub, layd falsely
I'th' plaine Way of his Merit.
Corio. Tell me of Corne: this was my speech,
And I will speak't again.
Mens. Not now, not now.
Senas. Not in this heat, Sir, now.
Corio. Now as I liue, I will.

My Nobler friends, I crave their pardons:
For the mutable ranke-sent Meynie,
To which you are bound, you must enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirir.

Hath he not pass'd the Noble, and the Common?
That of all things upon the Earth, he hated
Your perfon most: That he would paven his fortunes
To hope for restitution. So he might
That sinew Trier tins, Numaet
To hope for restitution. So he might
That hath beside well in his perfon wrought.

Atius Tertius.

Comets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Genery,
Comenius, Titus Latius, and other Senators.
Corio. Tullius Auffidius then had made new head.
Latius. He had, my Lord, and that it was which caus'd our swifter Composition.
Corio. So then the Voyces fland but as at first,
Readie when time flall prompt them, to make roade
Upon againe.
Com. They are worse (Lord Conful) so.
That we flall hardly in our ages fee
Their Banners waue againe.
Corio. Saw you Auffidius?
Latius. On safegard he came to me, and did curse
Against the Voyces, for they had so wildly
Yelded the Towne: he is return'd to Antium.
Corio. Spoke he of me?
Latius. He did, my Lord.
Corio. How? what?
Latius. How often he had met you Sword to Sword:
That of all things upon the Earth, he hated
Your perfon most: That he would paven his fortunes
To hope for restitution, so he might
Be call'd your Vanquisher.
Corio. At Antium liues he?
Latius. At Aturnium.
Com. I wish I had a caufe to flerce him there,
To oppofe his hatred fully. Welcome home.
Enter Scenurus and Brutus.

For they doe pranke them in Authoritie,
Against all Noble sufferance,
Secur. Paffe no further.
Cor. Hah! what is that?
Brut. It will be dangerous to goe on— No further.
Corio. What makes this change?
Mens. The matter?
Com. Hath he not pass'd the Noble, and the Common?
Brut. Commons, no.
Corio. Have I had Choldren's Voyces?
Senas. Tribunes gave way, he flall to th' Market place.
Brut. The People are incensed against him.
Secur. Stop, or all will fall in broyle.
Corio. Are these your Heards?
Must these have Voyces, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues? what are your Offices?
You being their Mouther, why rule you not their Teeth?
Have you not set them on?
Mens. Be calm, be calm.
Corio. It is a purpose d thing, and grows by Plot,
To curbe the will of the Nobilitie:
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor euer will be ruled.
Brut. Call't not a Plot:
The People cry you mock't them: and of late,
When Corne was given them grate, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flattering, foes to Noblenesse.
Corio. Why this was knowne before.
Brut. Not to them all.
Corio. Have you inform'd them sithence t
Brut. How I informe them?
Com. You are like to doe such businesse.
Brut. Not unlike each way to better yours.
Corio. Why then should I be Conful? by yond Clouds
Let me defense so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow Tribune.
Secur. You shew too much of that,
For which the People flirte: if you will passe
To where you are bound, you must enquire your way,
Or neuer be so Noble as a Conful,
And sh茴t disclaim their tongues? what are your Offices?
Mens. Be calm, be calm.
Corio. The People are abus'd: set on, this patring
Becomes not Rome: nor ha's \\
Coriolanus
Deferu'd this so dishonor'd Rub, layd falsely
I'th' plaine Way of his Merit.
Corio. Tell me of Corne: this was my speech,
And I will speak't again.
Mens. Not now, not now.
Senas. Not in this heat, Sir, now.
Corio. Now as I liue, I will.

My Nobler friends, I crave their pardons:
For the mutable ranke-sent Meynie,
To which you are bound, you must enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirir.

Hath he not pass'd the Noble, and the Common?
That of all things upon the Earth, he hated
Your perfon most: That he would paven his fortunes
To hope for restitution. So he might
That hath beside well in his perfon wrought.

As for my Country, I have shed my blood, Not fearing outward force: so shall my Lungs Come words till their Decay, against those Messels Which we disdain should Teeter vs, yet sought The very way to catch them

Brut. You speake as th'people, as if you were a God, To punish; Not a man of their Infirmitie. Sicius. 'Twere well we let the people know! Mene. What, what? His Choller? Cæs. Choller? Were I as patient as the midnight sleepe, By loue, I would be my minde. Sicius. It is a minde that shall remain a poison Where it is: not poyson for any further, Cæs. Shall remaine?

Heare you this Titon of the Messenians? Mark ye his absolute Shall?

Com. 'Twas from the Cannon. Cæs. Shall! O God! but most wise Patricians why You graue, but wreakelesse Senators, have you thus Given Hidra here to chuse an Officer, Where it is: not poyson any further. To know, when two Authorities are vp.

Be not as common Foolcs; if you are not, Heare you this Triton of the strife you, Then every one of Greece. By loue him selfe, Let them haue Cushions by you. You are Plebeians, Then vale your Ignorance: If none, awake You graue, but wreakelesse Senators, have you thus

The Corn a'ch'store-houfe gratis, as twas v'sd The one by thother. Neither Suprême: How soone Confusion May enter 'twntt the gap of Both, and take The one by thother.

Com. Well, on to'th'Market place. Cæs. Who euer gauie that Counfell, to gue forth The Corn e'ch'store-house gratis, as twas v'sd Sometime in Greece. Mene. Well, well, no more of that. Cor. Thou thou the people had more absoloute powre power they had not norisht disobediensce: fed, the ruin of the State. Brut. Why shall the people gue One that speaks thus, their voyce?

Cæs. He gie me my Resons.

More worther then their Voyces. They know the Corne Was not our responce, requesting well suff'd They ne'er did ferue for', being pref'to'th'Warre, Even when the Naueell of the State was touch'd, They would not thred the Gases: This kinda of Service Did not deferue Corne gratis. Being it's Warre, These Mutinyes and Renoutes, wherein they shew'd Mofl Valour, spoke not for them. Th'Accusatson Which they have often made against the Senate, All cause unborne, could neuer be the Nauee Of our fo franeke Donation. Well, what then? How shall this Bofome-multiplied, diggeft The Senators Courteuze? Let deeds expresse What's like to be their words, We did request it, We are the greater pole, and in true feare They gauie vs our demands. Thus we debate The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rubble

Call our Care, Perils; which will in time Breake open the Lockets a'th'Senate, and bring in The Crowes to pecke the Eagles.

Mene. Come enough.
Brut. Enough, with out mesure.
Cæs. No, take more.

What may be sowne by, both Diuine and Humane, Seale what I end withall. This double worship, Whereon part do's disadme with caufe, the other Inult without all reason: where Gentry, Title, wisdom Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no Of generall Ignorance, it munt omit Real Neccesities, and gue the while Townable Sichesinne. Purpoe to bar'd, it followes, Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore befeech you, You that will be leffe peacefull, then discree, That loue the Fundamental part of State More then you doubt the change on't. That pretend A Noble life, before a Long, and Wifh, To lumpe a Body with a dangerous Phyficke, That's sure of death without it, at once plucke out The Multitudinous Tongue, let them out ticke The sweet which is their poyson. Your disfonor Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the State Of that Integrity which shoud becom't:

Not taking the power to do the good it would For thil which dorth controul.

Brut. Has said enough.
Sicius. He's spoken like a Traitor, and shall answér As Traitors do.

Cæs. Thou wretch, despitous one: whelme thee: What should the people do with the bald Tribunes? On whom depending, the obedience fails To'th greater Bench, in a Rebellion; What's like to be their words, We did request it. And throw their power I'th'dust.

Then were they chosan: in a better houre.
Com. Hence to'th'Marker place. Brut. Thou Lye, defpight ore whelme thee: Cæs. Thou fals, o God! But most wise Patricians, why You graue, but wreakelesse Senators, have you thus

Cort. How shal I enter 'twntt the gap of Both, and take The one by thother.

Sicius. Has faid enough.
Brut. Manifest Treason.
Sicius. This a Confull? No. Enter an Aedile.

Brut. The Ediles hor: Let him be apprehended Sicius. Go call the people, in whose name my Selfe Attach thee as a Traitorous Innovator: A Foe to'th' publike Weale. Obey i charge thee, And follow to shine anfwér Cæs. Hence old Goat

Hence roetc/i thing, or I fhall shake thy bones Cæs. I wretch, defpight ore whelme thee: Cæs. Hance old Goat, I wretch, defpight ore whelme thee: Cæs. Hence roetc/i thing, or I fhall shake thy bones

Sicius. Hcere's her, that would take from you all your power.

Mene. Peace, peace, peace, stay, hold, peace.

Cæs. Hence roetc/i thing, or I fhall shake thy bones
That feeme like prudent helpes, are very poyfonoius,
Thus violently Crefte.

Beate hi m toth' Rock Tarpeian, and from thence
calved
Though there's fome among you haue beheld me fighting,
And beare him to the Rock.

Corio. drewei hu Steord.

Where the Difeafe is violent, Lay hands vpon him.
Into deftrufion cart him.

Though m Rome luter'di not Romans, as they are not,
heare me but a word.

Of picfent Death.

Vpon the part o'th' People, in whofc power
Prythee noble fnend, home to ihy Houfe,
Come trie vpon your felues, what you haue feene me.

Mote. Or let vs lofe it •• we doe here pronounce,
Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,
To make this refeue ?

Mene. You cannot Tent your felfe: be gone, befteech you
Corio. Come 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 calved '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 flands
Againft a falling Fabrick. Will you hence,
Before the Tagge returne, whose Rage doth rend
Like interrupted Waters, and o're-beare
What they are vs'd to beare.

Mene. Pray you be gone:
I thee whether my old Wit be in request.
With thefe that have but little: this must be patche
With Cloth of any Colour.

Nay, come away.

Exeunt Coriolanus and Comuni.

Pari. This man ha's marr'd his fortunate,
Mene. His nature is too noble for the World:
He would not flatter Neptune for his Trident,
Or fowr, for's power to Thunder: his Heart's this Mouth:
What his Brefl forget, that his Tongue muft vent,
And being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the Name of Death.
Here's goodly worke.

Pars. I would they were a bed.
Mene. I would they were in Tyber.

What the vengeance, could he not fpeake 'em faire ?
Enter Brutus and Stenius with the rabble againe.

Stein. Where is this Viper,
That would depopulate the city, & be euer man himself
Mene. You worthy Tribunes.

Stein. He fhall be drowned downe the Tarpeian rock
With rigourous hands: he hath refilled Law,
And therefore Law fhall fororne him further Triall
Then the feuerity of the publike Power,
Which he fo fets at naught.

Sir. He fhall well know the Noble Tribunes are
The peoples mouths, and we their hands.

All. He fhall fure ont.

Mene. Sir, fr.

Stein. Peace.

Mr. Do not cry haucoue, where you fhold but hune
With modell warrant.

Stein. Sir, how com'r that you have holpe
To make this refuce ?
Mene. Heere me fpeake? As I do know
The Consuls worthineffe, to can I name his Faults.

Stein. Confult? what Confult ?
Mene. The Confult Coriolanus,

Brut. He Confult.

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Mene. If by the Tribunes leaue,
And your good people,
I may be heard, I would craue a word or two,
The which fhall turne you to no further harme,
Then to much losse of time.

Sir. Speake breefely then,
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This Viporous Tribut, to elef him hence
Were but one danger, and to keepe him here
Our ecraine death: therefore it is decreeed,
He dye to night.

Mene. Now the good Gods forbide,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her defcended Children, is enroll'd
In fours owne Booke, like an unnaturall Dam
Should now care vp her owne.
To speak of Peace, or Warre. I talk of you,
Why did you with me milder? Would you have me
Falle to my Nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. Oh sir, sir, sir, I would have had you put your power well on
Before you had worse it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have beene enough the man you are,
With fuming letting to be so. Leffor had bin
The things of your disposions, if
You had not shew'd them how ye were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power toصرف you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. I, and burne too.

Enter Messia'n with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you haue bin too rough, somthing too rough: you must returne, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy,
Vnleffe by not doing, our good Cittie
Cleane in the midd'rt, and paffeth.

Vol. Pray be coufai'd;
I have a hear't as little apt as yours,
But yet a braine, that leads my vie of Anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well, said, Noble woman:
Before he should thus floope to'th'heart, but that
The violent fit a'th' time caues it as Physicke
For the whole State; I would put mine Armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Returne to th'Tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent, what you have spoke.

Cor. For them, I cannot do it to the Gods,
Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too abfolute,
Though therein you can never be too Noble,
But when extremities speake, I have heard you say,
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 looee,
That they combine not there?

Cor. Tuth, tuth.

Men. A demand.

Vol. If it be Honor in your Warres, to beome
The fame you are not, which for your belf ends
You adopt your policy: How is it leffe or worse
That it shall hold Companionship in Peace
With Honour, as in Warre; since that to both
It stands in like request.

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because, that
Now it lies you on to speake to th'people:
Not by your owne instruction, not by th'matter
Which your heart prompts you, butt with such words
That are but roaet in your Tongue;
Though but Bafards, and Syllables
Of no allowance, to your bofomes truth.
Now, this no more dishonors you all,
Then to take in a Towne with gentle words,
Which elle would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.
I would difsemble with my Nature, where
My Fortunes and my Friends at stake, requir'd
I should do so in Honor. I am in this

To buy and sell with Groats, to show bare heads
To call them Wollen VafTailes, things created
Do not approue me further, who was wont
To call them Wollen VafTailes, things created
To buy and sell with Groats, to show bare heads
In Congregations, so ywayne, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordiance good up

The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

And by my Bodies action, teach my Minde
A most inherent Balefull.

Volum. As thy choice then:
To begge of thee, it is my more dis-honor,
Then thou of them. Come all to ruine, let
Thy Mother rather feel thy Pride, then fear
Thy dangerous Stoutness: for I mocke at death
With as bigge hears as thou. Do as thou lift,
Thy Valiantness was mine, thou suck'ft it from me:
But owe thy Pride thy selfe.

Com. Pray be content:
Mother, I am going to the Market place
Chide meno more. Ie Mountebanke their Loues,
Cogg'd then Hearts from them, and come home beloud
Of all the Trades in Rome. Looke, I am going:
Command me to my Wife, Ie returne Confall,
Or neuer truft to what my Tongue can do
I'th way of Flattery further.

Volum. Do your will.

Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you warm your self.
To anwer mildly: for they are prepar'd
With Accusacons, as I hearre more strong
Then are vpon you yet.

Corio. The word is, Mildely. Pray you let vs go,
Let them accuse me by intention: I
Will anwer in mine Honor.

Menen. I, but mildly.

Corio. Well mildly be it then, Mildely. 

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bwu. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: If he ouade we therre,
Inforce him with the envy to the people,
And that the Spoile got on the Antiats
Was ne're distribut'd What, will he come?

Enter an Edile.

Edile. Hee's comming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Edile. With old Menenius, and those Senators
That alwayes fav'rd him.

Sicin. Have you a Catalogue
Of all the Voices that we haue procur'd, set downe by'th

Sicin. Have you collected them by Tribes?

Edile. I haue.

Sicin. Assemble presentely the people hither:
And when they hearre me say, it shall be so,
I'h right and strength a'th Commons be it either
For death, for fine, or Banishment, then let them
If I say Fines, press Fines if Death, cry Death,
Infifting on the olde prerogative
And power i'th Truth a'th Caue.

Edile. I shall informe them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease: but with a dinne confus'd
Inforce the present Execution
Of what we chance to Sentence

Edi. Very well.

Sicin. Make them be strong, and ready for this hine
When we shall hap to giue them.

Bru. Go about it.

Put him to Choller strait, he hath bene vs'd
Euer to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction. Being once chaft, he cannot
Be rein'd againe to Temperance, then he spake.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

What's in his heart, and that is there which looks With vs to break his necke.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.

Sicin. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmely, I do beseech you,

Corio. I, as an Hostler, that fourth poorest Peace Will beare the Knaue by th Volume.

Th' honord Goddes

Kepee Rome in safety, and the Chaites of Justice Supplied with worthy men, plant loue amongs Through our large Temples with thy seues of peace And not our freights with Warre.

1 Sen. Amen, Amen

Men. A Noble with.

Enter the Edite with the Plebeans.

Sicin. Draw near ye people.

Edite. Lift up your Tribunes. Audience:

Peace I say.

Corio. First hear me speake.

Both Tri. Well, say, Peace hoe.

Corio. Shall I be charg'd no further then this present? Must all determine here?

Sicin. I do demand,

If you submit you to the peoples voices, Allow them Officers, and are content
To suffer lawfull Censure for such faults As shall be pro'd upon you

Corio. I am Content.

Men. O Citizens, he says he is Content.

Thus thinke he since he ha's done, confider: Th' wounds his body beares, which (hew

Like Graves i'th holy Church-yard.

Corio. Scratches with Briars, feares to moue Laughter onely.

Men. Consider further:

That when he speakes not like a Citizen, You finde him like a Soldier: do not take His rougher Actions for malicious founds But as I say, such as become a Soldier, Rusher then enuy you,

Com. Well, well, no more

Corio. What is the matter,

That being pass for consult with full voyce, I am so dishonour'd, that the very houre You take it off againe.

Sicin. Answer to vs.

Corio. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so

Sicin. We charge you, that you have contribued to take From Rome all feaon'd Office, and to winde Your felfe into a power tyrannical,

For which you are a Traitor to the people.

Corio. How? Traitor?

Men. Nay temperately: your promise.

Corio. The fies i' th' lowest hell, Fouled in the people:

Call me their Traitor, thou injurious Tribune.

Within thine eyes face twenty thousand deaths In thy hands clutch as many Millions In thy lying tongue, both numbers. I would say Thou lyest without, with a voice as free, As I do pray the Gods.

Sicin. Marke you this people?

Ad. To th' Rocke, to th' Rocke with him.

Sicin. Peace:

We neede no put new matter to his charge:

What you have seen him do, and heard him speake:

Beating your Officers, cursing your felues,

Opposing Lawes with strokes, and here defyng Th' whole great power mult try him.

Even this for criminal, and in such capital kinde

Deferves th' extremest death.

Brut. But since he hath ther'd well for Rome,

Corio. What do you prate of Service.

Brut. I talk of that, that know it

Corio. You?

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother, Com. Know, I pray you.

Corio. He know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death, Vagabond exile, Fleeing, pent to linger

But with a graine a day, I would not buy Their mercie, at the price of one faire word, Nor checke my Courage for what they can gue,

To haute with faying, Good morrow.

Sicin. For that he ha's

(As much as in him lies) from time to time Enu'd against the people; seeking meanes To plucke away their power: as now a lift, Given Hostile strokes, and that not in the presence Of dreadfull justice, but on the Minifters That doth distribute it. In the name a' th' people, And in the power of vs the Tribunes, wee (Eu'n from this instant) banish him our Citie In perill of precipitation From off the Rocke Tarpeian, never more To enter our Rome gates. Th' Peoples name,

I say it shall bee fo.

All. It shall bee fo, it shall bee so: let him away:

Hec's banish'd, and it shall be so,

Com. Heare me my Masters, and my common friends.

Sicin. He's sentenced: No more hearing.

Com. Let me speake:

I have bene Confull, and can shew from Rome Her Enemies markes upon me, I do loue My Countries good, with a respect more tender, More holy, and profound, then mine owne life, My deere Wives estimate, her wombes encreafe, And treare of my Loyness: then if I would Speake that.

Sicin. We know your drift. Speake what?

Brut. There's no more to be said, 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 so.

Corio. You commery of Curs, whose breath I hate, As reeke a' th rotten Fennes: whose Loues I prize, As the dead Carcasses of unburied men, That do corrupt my Ayre: I banish you, And here remaine with your vextantaine.

Let every feeble Rumor shake your hearts:

As most abated Captives, to some Nation That wonne you without blowes, deplifying For you the City. Thus I turne my backe;

There is a world elsewhere.

Exit Coriolanus, Conminius, with Cumnalis.

They all shout, and brew up their Capt.

Edite.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Ed. The peoples Enemy is gone, is gone.

All. Our enemy is banish'd, he is gone: Hoo, oo.

Sec. Go lead him out at gates, and follow him
As he goth follow'd you, with all despeight
Give him defence' vocation. Let a guard
Attend vs through the City.

All. Come, come, less fee him out at gates, come.


Actus Quartus.

Enter Volatuis, Virginia, Menenetus, Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.

Corio. Come let your teares: a brief farewell: the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay Mother,
Where is your ancient Courage? You were vs'd
To say, Extreamities was the trier of spirits,
That common chances. Common men could breae,
That when the Sea was calm, all Boats alike
Should' s MasterShip in floating. Fortunes blowses,
When most thro' were home, being gentle wounded,erasse
A Noble cunning. You were vs'd to lead me
With Precepts that would make immoveable
The heart that conned them.

Virg. Oh heauens! Oh heauens!

Corio. Nay, I pray thee woman.

Volatuis. Now the Red Pefilence strike at Trades in Rome,
And Occupations perish.

Corio. What, what, what:
I shall be lou'd when I am lack'd. Nay Mother,
Resume that Spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had beene the Wife of Hercules,
Six of his Labours you'd have done, and faud
Your Husband to much sweeter.

Cominius. Droope not, Adieu: Farewell my Wife, my Mother,
Ile do well yet: Thou old and true
Thy teares are fairer then a younger mans,
And venomous to thine eyes. My (sometim)General,
I have seen the Sterne, and thou hall oft beheld
Thy teares are saltier then a yonger mans.

Farewell my Wife, my Mother,
Droopenot, Adieu.

And venomous to thine eyes. My (sometim)Genetall,
I'll do well yec. Thou old and true
Menemus.

Your Husband so much sweeter.

Six of his Labours you'd have done, and faud
If you had been the Wife of Hercules,
And Occupations perish.

Tis fond to waile inuttable strokes.

I (hall be lou'd when I am lack'd. Nay Mother,
To say, Extreamties was the trier of spirits.

Volum. The meanest house in Rome; so farre my Sonne
As farre as doth the Capitoll exceede:
Ere you go, heare this
Will not have earth to know.

As I can of those Mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Pray let's go.

Volum. What then? He'd make an end of thy pofterity

Stem. Peace, peace be not so loud.

Volum. If that I could for weeping, you should hear
Nay, and you shall hear some. Will you be gone?

Virg. You shal stay too. I would I had the power
To lay so to my Husband.

Sec. Are you mankinde?

Volum. I foole, is that a shame. Note but this Fools,
Was not a man my Father? Had't thou Fools
To banish him that strooke more blowses for Rome
Then thou haue spoken words.

Sec. Oh bleffed Heauens!

Volum. Moe Noble blowses, then euer wise words.

And for Romes good, Ile tell thee what: yet goe:
Nay but thou shal stay too: I would my Sonne
Were in Arabia, and thy Tribe before him,
His good Sword in his hand.

Sec. What then?

Virg. What then? He'd make an end of thy pofterity

Volum. Bathed, and all.

Good man, the Wondrous that he does beare for Rome!

Menemus. Come, come, peace.

Sec. I would he had continued to his Country
As he began, and not enknight himselfe
The Noble knot he made.

Brut. I would he had.

Volum. He would he had? 'Twas you inconstant the rable.
Cats, that can judge as fully of his worth,
As I can of those Mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Brut. Pray let's go.

Volum. Now pray for get you gone.

You have done a brasse deed: Ere you goe, hear this:
As faire as doth the Capitoll exceede
The meanest house in Rome; so faire my Sonne
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all. This Lady's Husband bere; this (do you fee)
But once a day, it would undermine my heart. Adrian. Of what lies too*t.
Exit Tribunus. Your favour is well appear'd by your tongue. What *

Juno, like
In anger,
And so shallruise with feeling; come, let's go,
And by my troth you have cause: you'll sup with me.

Upon them in the beat of their division
So, they are in a roof'd warlike preparation.6c hope to com

Nobles. The maine blaze of it is past, but a small thing
This enemy town; lie enter, if he gay me

Lies glowing I cannot tell you, and it almost mature for
Would make it flame againe. Fortbe Nobles receive so

Oos: The people, against the senators, patricians, and
to heart, the blemish of that worthy

Tin, and I will merrily accompany you home.
Sir. What would you have, friend? whence are you?
Here's no place for you: pray go to the door.

What are you?

A most fortual one: The Centurions, and their charges distinctly biltered already in the entertainem, and to be on foar at an hours warning.

I am joyfull to heare of their readiness, and am the man I think, that shall fet them in present action. So fr, beartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Voice. You take my part from me, fr, I have the most

caus to be glad of yours.
Rem. Well, let us go together.

Enter Coriolanus in scene Apparel, dism. glad, and muff'd.
Corio. A goodly man is this Antium. City,
Tis I that made thy Widows weep: many an eye
Of these faire edifices fore my warres.
Have I heard groane, and drop: Then know me not,
Least that thy Wives with Spiss, and Boys with stones
In puny Battell fly me. Say you fr.
Enter a Citizen.

Ct. And you. Corio. Direct me, if it be your will, where great Aus

ficia lies: Is he in Antium?
Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the State, at his house this night.
Corio. Which is his house, before you?
Cit. This-here before you.
Corio. Thank ye sir, farewell.

Enter a Man, name Corio. A mofl Royal! one: The centurions, and their

Fellows: Whoofe Plaion, and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some stick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends
And inter-joynt their yusses. So with me,
My birth-place have I, and my love upon
This Etruscan Towne: Ile enter, if she may me:
He does faire justice: if he give me way,
it do his country service.

Enter the first Servant.

Ser. Where's his amiable M.ca for him? Corio. Exit

Enter Coriolanus.

Corio. A goodly house.
The feast smels well: but I appear not like a guest.

Enter the second Servant.

Ser. What would you have? whence are you?
Here's no place for you: pray go to the door.

Enter another Servant.

Corio. A goodly man:
The feast smels well: but I appear not like a guest.

Enter the third Servant.

Ser. What would you have? whence are you?
Here's no place for you: pray go to the door.

Enter Corio. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, in being Corio.

Ser. Whence are you sir? Has he the Porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray you go out.

Corio. Away.

Corio. Now that's troublesome.

Ser. Are you so brave? I'll have you talk with anon.

Enter a Servant, the 1st meets him.

3. What fellowes this? a strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out of the house. Pray thee call my master to him.

3. What have you to do here fellow? Pray you avoid the house.

Corio. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your hart.

3. What are you?
Corio. A Gentleman.

3. A most considerable one.
Corio. True, so I am.

3. Pray you poore Gentleman, take up som other action.
tion: Heere's no place for you, pray you annoy no man. Come.
Corto. Follow your Functian, go, and banish on cold bits.
Sert. He is a piece, I will follow him from him.
3. What will you now? Pray thee tell my Master what a strange guest he is here.
Corto. And I shall.
7. I'th City of Kites and Crowes? What an Affe it is, thou dost dwell with Dawes too?
Corto. No, I strive not thy Master.

Enter Aufidius with the Sermingman.
Auf. Where is this fellow?
2. Here fir, I do have beaten him like a dogge, but for disturbing the Lords within.

Enter two of the Sermingmen.
Exeunt.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus. 23

can now to terme it.

Tis so, and as warres in some sort may be said to be a Ruifhiter, So it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of Cuckolds.

i, and it makes men hate one another.

Enter the third Serviing-man.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus.

Sicin. We are not of him; neither need we fear him, His remedies are tame, the present peace, And quietness of the people, which before Were in wile hurry. Hereo do we make his Friends Bluff, that the world goes well: who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by’t, behold Diffuse numbers pestling streets, then see Our Trademen singing in their shops, and going About their Functions friendly.

Enter Messines.

Brut. We flood too in good time. Is this Messines?

Sicin. ’Tis he, ’tis he: He is grown most kind of late: Halle Sir. Mene. Halle 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 been much better, if he could have temporiz’d.

Sicin. Where is he, heare you?

Mene. Nay I heare nothing:

His Mother and his wife, heare nothing from him, Enter three or foure Citizens.

All. The Gods preferre you both.

Sicin. Gooden our Neighbours.

Brut. Gooden to you all, gooden to you all. Our feloes, our wives, and children, on our knees, Are bound to pray for you both, Scen. Lius, and thrue.

Brut. Farewell kind Neighbours: We wish Coriolanus had leu’d you as we did. All. Now the Gods keepe you, Both Tri. Farewell, farewell, Exeunt Citizens. Sicin. This is a happier and more comely time, Then when these Fellowes ran about the streets, Crying Confusion.

Brut. Caus Martius was

A worthy Officer i’th’Warre, but Infolent, O’Treacte with Pride, Ambitious, past all thinking Self-eating. Sicin. And affending one sole Throne, without affiit Mene. I thinke not so.

Sicin. We should by this, to our Lamentation, If he had gone forth Conful/ound it so.

Brut. The Gods have well praetire it, and Rome Sits safe and still, without him.

Enter an Edithe.

Adel. Worthy Tribunes,

There is a Slave whom we have put in prison, Reports the Voices with two several Powers Are enterd in the Roman Territories, And with the deepest malice of the Warre, Destroy, what lies before ‘em.

Mene. ’Tis Ambition,

Who hearing of our Martius Banishment,芙houth forth his names againe into the world Which were In-Sisted, when Martius flood for Rome,
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

The breath of Garlicke-eaters.
Com. He'll shake your Rome about your ears.
Mene. As Hercules did shake downe Mellow Fruite:
You have made faire worke,
Brut. But is this true fir?
Com. 1, and you'll looke pale.
Before you finde it other. All the Regions
Do smilingly Reuolt, and who refists
Are mock'd for vaunting Ignorance,
And perfit constant Foolies: who is't can blame him?
Your Enemies and his, finde something in him.
Mene. We are all undone, vnlefe
The Noble man have mercy.
Com. Who shall ask it?
The Tribunes cannot do't for shame: the people
Deferue such pity of him, as the Wolfe
Doc's of the Shepheards: For his bell Friends, if they
Should say bo to good to Rome, they charg'd him, even
As thofe should do that had deferr'd his hate,
And therein fhou'd like Enemies.
Mene. 'Tis true, fhe were putting to my house, the brand
That should confume it, I have not the face
To fay, befeecn you ceafe. 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
Since loible of helpe.
Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Mene. How? Was't we? We lou'd him,
But like Beasts, and Cowardly Nobles,
Gave waie into your Cluf ters, who did hoote
Him out o' th City.
Com. But I feare
They're roare in againe, Tullia Auffidius,
The fecond name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his Officers: Desperation,
It is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence
That Rome can make againft them.
Enter a Troop of Citizens.
Mene. Here come the Cluf ters.
And is Auffidius with him? You are they
That made the Ayre vnwholfe, when you caft
Your flinking, grieafe Caps, in hooting
At Coriolanus Exile. Now he's comming,
And not a haire vpon a Souldiers head
Which will not proue a whip: As many Coxcombcs
That Rome can make againft them.
Com. You haue made faire worke
Three examples of theſeke, bath bee-ne.
We haue Record, that very well it can,
What lay before them.

Enter Comniaus.
Com. Oh you have made faire worke.
Mene. What newes? What newes!
Com. You have houe to raueft thy owne daughters,&
to melt the Citys Leaders vpon thy pates,
To see thy Wives dishonour'd to thy Notes.
Mene. What's the newes? What's the newes?
Com. Your Tempes burned in their Ciment, and
Your Franchifhes, whereon you ftood, confin'd
Into an Augors boare.
Mene. Pray now, your News:
You have made faire worke I feare me: pray your newes,
If Martinus shou'd be found with Volcenes.
Com. If he is their God, he leads them like a thing
Made by fome other Deity then Nature,
That fhpes man Better: and they follow him
Againt vs Brass, with no leffe Confidence,
Then Boyes purfuing Summer Batter-flies,
Or Butchers killing Flies.
Mene. You have made faire worke,
You and your Apron men; you, that ftood fo much
Upon the voyce of occupation, and
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Enter Mecenius, Caminius, Steinius, Brutus, the two Tribunes, with others. Mecen. No, Ile not goe you heare what he hath faid Which was sometime his General; who loued him In a moaste deere particular. He call'd me Father: But what o'that Go you that banished him A Mile before his Tent, fall down, and knee The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd To heare Caminius speake, I heeke at home Com. He would not feeme to know me. Mecen. Do you heare? Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name: I vrg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops That we have bled together. Coriolanus He would not answer too: Forbad all Names, He was a kinde of Nothing, Titlelefe, Till he had forg'd himselfe a name a' th'fire Of burning Rome. Mecen. Why so: you have made good works: A prite of Tribunes, that have wrack'd for Rome, To make Caesal thesape: A Noble memory. Com. I minded him, how Royall 'twas to pardon When it was least expected. He replied It was a bare petition of a State To one whom they had punish'd. Mecen. Very well, could he say lefe. Com. I offered to awaken his regard For's private Friends: His answer to me was He could not stay to picke them, in a pyle Of none so mustye Chaffe. He said, 'twas folly For one poore graine or two, to leave a vmbus And still to nofe th'offence. Mecen. For one poore graine or two? I am one of those: his Mother, Wife, his Childe, And this braue Fellow too: we are the Graines, You are the mussey Chaffe, and you are fome Aboute the Moone. We mufe be burnt for you. Steini. Nay, pray be patience: If you refuse your ayde In this so nover-needed helpe, yet do not Vpbraid's with our difficulty. But fure if you Would be your Countries Pleader, your good tongue More then the infante Armine we can make Might flap our Countryman. Com. Not: Ile not meddle. Steini. Pray you go to him. Mecen. What should I do? Brut. Only make trial what your Loue can do, For Rome, towards Marinus. Mecen. Well, and say that Marinus returne mee, As Cominius is return'd, vheards what then? But as a disoucntenied Friend, greese-shot With his vnkindnesse. Say's he is to? Steini. Yet your good will Must haué thee that thanks from Rome, after the measure As you intended well. Mecen. Ile vnderstand a I thinke he'll heare me. Yet to bite his lip, And humme at good Cominius, much vnhearts mee.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

He was not taken well, he had not din'd,
The Veines vnfild, our blood is cold, and then
Wepoe upon the Morning, were vnap.
To give eu't to forgive; but when we have stuff,
Thee Pipes, and thee Conveiues of our blood
With Wine and Feeding, we have fupper Soules
Then in our Priest-like Falls: therefore Ile watch him
Till he be dieted to my requell,
And then Ile fet upon him.

**Bo.** You know the very rode into his kindneffe,
And cannot lofe your way.

**Men.** Good faith Ile proe him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long, have knowledge
Of my successe. **Exit.**

**Com.** Hee neuer lesste him, 
**Siev.** Not. 
**Com.** I tell you, hee doc'st in Gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burne Rome: and his Inury
The Glaoler to his pitty. I knew'd before him,
I was very faintly he faid Rifer, difmiss me
Thus with his fpeechleffe hand. What he would do
He fent in writing after me: what he would not,
Bound with an Oath to yeeld to his conditions:
So that all hope is vaine, vnparaleli'd.liSppely amplified
His Fame vnparaleli'd.liSppely amplified
alwayes fa£lionary on the party ofyour Gencrail.

**Com.** I am an Officer of State, come to fpeak with

**Men.** I am as thy Generali is.

1. Then you should hate Rome, as he do's. 
Can you, when you have pufft out your gates, the very Defender
of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his reuenges with the ease groanes of old women, the Virginal Pims of your daughters, or with the paffed intersecition of such a dif-
cay'd Dotalas as you feeme to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire, your City is ready to flame in, with fuch weake breath as this? No, you are deceiu'd, therefore
backe to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condem'd: our General has swarene you out of repreufe and pardon.

2. *Sirra, if thy Captain knew I were here,
He would vie me with effimation.*

Come, my Captain knowes you not,
**Men.** I meant thy Generall.

1. My Generall cares not for you. Back I say, go: leaft
I let forth your halfe piece of blood. Backe, that's the vi-
more of your hauing, backe.

**Men.** Nay, but Fellow, Fellow.

**Enter Coriolanus with Ambitius.**

**Cor.** What's the matter?

**Men.** Now you Companion: I fay an arrant for you:
you shall know now that I am in effimation: you shall perceive, that a lacke gardant cannot office me from my Son Coriolan's face, but my entertainments with him: if thou haft not, in'thale of hanging, or of some death more long in Spectacleship, and crueler in suffering, behold now prefently, and Iwould for what's to come upon thee. The glorious Gods fit in heurely Synod about thy particular propriety, and loue thee no worse then thy old Father Menenius do's. O my Son, my Son! thou art pre-
paring fire for vs: looke thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly mooved to come to thee: but being aflu'd alone but my felfe could move thee, I have bene blowne out of your Gates with fighes: and comme thee to par-
don Rome, and thy petitionary Countnmen. The good Gods affwage thy wrath, and runne the dres of it, upon this Varlet here: this, who like a blocke hath denied my accelle to thee.

**Corin.** Away.

**Men.** How? Away?

**Corin.** Wife, Mother, Child I know not My affaires
Are Servuanted to others: though I love
My Reuenge properly, my remiflion lyes
In Volcan breas. That we have bene familier,
Ingrate forgottenfeelshall passion rather
Then pitty: Note how much, therefore be gone.
Mene cares against your suites, are stronger then
Your gates against my force. Yet for I loued thee,
Take this along, I writ it for thy fake.

**Men.** You keep a conftan: temper.

**Corin.** I am as thy Generalli is.

**Men.** 1. Thou should hate Rome, as he do's. 
Can you, when you have pufft out your gates, the very Defender
of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his reuenges with the ease groanes of old women, the Virginal Pims of your daughters, or with the paffed intersecition of such a dis-
cay'd Dotalas as you feeme to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire, your City is ready to flame in, with fuch weake breath as this? No, you are deceiu'd, therefore
backe to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condem'd: our General has swarene you out of repreufe and pardon.

2. *Sirra, if thy Captain knew I were here,
He would vie me with effimation.*

Come, my Captain knowes you not,
**Men.** I meant thy Generall.

1. My Generall cares not for you. Back I say, go: leaft
I let forth your halfe piece of blood. Backe, that's the vi-
more of your hauing, backe.

**Men.** Nay, but Fellow, Fellow.

**Enter Coriolanus with Ambitius.**

**Cor.** What's the matter?

**Men.** Now you Companion: I fay an arrant for you:
you shall know now that I am in effimation: you shall perceive, that a lacke gardant cannot office me from my Son Coriolan's face, but my entertainments with him: if thou haft not, in'thale of hanging, or of some death more long in Spectacleship, and crueler in suffering, behold now prefently, and Iwould for what's to come upon thee. The glorious Gods fit in heurely Synod about thy particular propriety, and loue thee no worse then thy old Father Menenius do's. O my Son, my Son! thou art pre-
paring fire for vs: looke thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly mooved to come to thee: but being aflu'd alone but my felfe could move thee, I have bene blowne out of your Gates with fighes: and comme thee to par-
don Rome, and thy petitionary Countnmen. The good Gods affwage thy wrath, and runne the dres of it, upon this Varlet here: this, who like a blocke hath denied my accelle to thee.

**Corin.** Away.

**Men.** How? Away?

**Corin.** Wife, Mother, Child I know not My affaires
Are Servuanted to others: though I love
My Reuenge properly, my remiflion lyes
In Volcan breas. That we have bene familier,
Ingrate forgottenfeelshall passion rather
Then pitty: Note how much, therefore be gone.
Mene cares against your suites, are stronger then
Your gates against my force. Yet for I loued thee,
Take this along, I writ it for thy fake.
not from another. Let your General do his work. For you, bee that you are, long; and your misery encrease with your age. I aye to you, as I was said to, Away. Exit 1. A Noble Fellow I warrant him.

2. The worthy Fellow is our General. Let the Rock, The Oak not to be wunde-shaken. Exit 2. Watch.

Enter Coriolanus and Ausdido.

Corio. We will before the walls of Rome to morrow. Set downe our Hoist. My partner in this Action, you, must report to th'Volcian Lords, how plainly you thought them sure of you. 1. This left old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I gave sent to Rome, 2. Low'd me, about the measure of a Father, Nay godded me indeed. Their last refuge Was to send him: for whose old Lout I have (Though I shew'd sorrowly to him,) once more the first Conditions which they did refuse. And cannot now accept, to grace him onely, That thought them sure of you. Nerve admitted a privacie, no not with such friends This thought them sure of you.

Corio. That's curdied by the Frost, from pure Snow, Which can make Gods forsworne? I melt, and am not like Olympus to a Mole-hill shoul'd. Threat the noble Sifter of Publicola;

Corio. The Moone of Rome: Chaste as the Icle. That's curdied by the Frost, from pure Snow, And hangs on Dion's Temple: Deere Vatera. This is a poor Epicome of yours, Which by th'interpretation of full time, May flew like all your felts.

Corio. The God of Soldiers:

With the content of supreme Ioue, informe Thy thoughts with Noblesse, that thou mayst prove To frame unvulnerable, and sickle th'Waters Like a great Sea-marke standing every flaw, And fauing those that eye thee.

Volum. Your knee, Sirrah.

Corio. That's my brave Boy,

Volum. Even he, your wife, this Lady, and myself, Are success to you.

Corio. I beseech you peace:

Or if you'll ask, remember this before;
The thing I have forsworne to grant, may never Be held by you denials. Do not bid me Dismiſſe my Soldiers, or capitulate Againe, with Rome Mechanickes. Tell me not Wherein I ferne vnnatural? Desire not allay My Rages and Reuenges, with your colder reasons.

Volum. Oh no more, no more:

You have said you will not grant vs any thing; For we have nothing else to ask, but that Which you deny already: yet we will ask, That if you fail in our requell, the blame May hang upon your hardnesse, therefore heare vs.

Corio. Ausdito, and you Voices mark, for wee'll Hear nought from Rome in priuice. Your requell?

Volum. Should we be silent & not speake, our Raiment And state of Bodies would bewray what life We have led since thy Exile. Thinkke with thy felle, How more vnfortunate then all living women Are we come hither; since that thy right, which fhould Make our eies flow with ioy, harts dance with comforts, Constraines 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 cur deere Nurfe, or else thy perform. Should we be silent & not speake, our Raiment And state of Bodies would bewray what life We have led since thy Exile. Thinkke with thy felle, How more vnfortunate then all living women Are we come hither; since that thy right, which fhould Make our eies flow with ioy, harts dance with comforts, Constraines 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 cur deere Nurfe, or else thy perform. Should we be silent & not speake, our Raiment And state of Bodies would bewray what life We have led since thy Exile. Thinkke with thy felle, How more vnfortunate then all living women Are we come hither; since that thy right, which fhould Make our eies flow with ioy, harts dance with comforts, Constraines 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 cur deere Nurfe, or else thy perform.
And beare the Palme, for having bravely shed
Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my felle, Sonne,
I purpose not to wait on Fortune, till
The warres determine: If I cannot perfwade thee,
Rather to shew a Noble grace to both parts,
Then seek the end of one; thou shalt no sooner
March to affault thy Country, than to treade
(Truft too, thou shalt not) on thy Mothers wombe
That brought thee to this world.

Then seek the end of one; thou shalt no sooner
(Come, come, thou shalt not, and tread on me:)
I will bigger, but then will fight.

Requires nor Childe.nor womans face to see:
To save the Romanes thereby to destroy
I have too long.

This we receem'd, and each in every side
The Voices whom you serve, you might condemne vs
If, it were so: that our request did tend
Giue the All-haile to thee', and cry be Klefl
May say, this mercy we have shew'd: the Romanes,
As poylonous of your Honour. No, our suite
The end of Wanes unertaine: but this certaine.
Making up this peace. Thou know'st (a great Sonne)
For
Then can our Reasons. There's no man in the world
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou Roy,
Still to remember wrongs
Daughter, speak you
That thou reftrain'ft from me the Duty, which
That thou referr'd to the Warres, and safely home.
When she (poore Hen)

Enter a Messenger.

Holds her by the hand stilly.

I am hung vntill our City be at fire, & then he speak a little
Holds her by the hand stilly.

Corio. O Mother, Mother!
What have you done? Behold, the Heauens do ope,
The Gods looke downe, and this unnatural Scene
They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother: Oh!
You have wonne a happy Victory to Rome.
But for your Sonne, believe it: Oh believe it,
Moft dangerous you have with him preuaile.
If you moft mortall to him. But let it come:
Auffidius, though I cannot make true Warres,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A Mother letfe? or granted letfe. Auffidius?
Auf. I was moud withall.
Corio. I date be swore you were:
And it, is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to fweat compallion. But (good fir)
What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part,
Ile not to Rome, Ile backe with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this caufe. Oh Mother! Wife!
Auf. I am glad thou hast let thy mercy, & thy Honor
At difference in thee: Out of that Ile workes
My felle a former Fortune.
Corio. I by and by; But we will drink togerther:
And you shall beare
A better witness backe then words, which we
On like conditions, will have Counter-feal'd.
Come enter with vs: Ladies you defere
To have a Temple built you: All the Swords
In Italy, and her Confederate Armes.
Could not have made this peace,

Enter Messenues and Sicinius.

Mene. See you now'd Coin's 2'th Capitol, you'll content
Sicin. Why what of that?
Mene. If it be possible for you to displace it with your
little finger, there is some hope, the Ladies of Rome, especialy his Mother, may preuail with him. But I say, there is no hope in't, our throats are sentence, and this vapour execution.
Sicin. It's possible, that so short a time can alter
the condition of a man.
Mene. There is difference between a Grub & a
BUTTERFLY, yet your BUTTERFLY was a Grub: this MARIS, is
grown from Man to Dragon: He has wings, he's more than a creeping thing.'

Sicin. He lou'd his Mother dearly.
Mene. So did he mee: and he no more remembers his
Mother now, then an eighte yeare old horfe. The terrasse
of his face, frowes ripe Grapes, When he walks, he moves
like an Engine, and the ground shrikes before his Treading.
He is able to pierce a Corfle with his eye: Talkes
like a knell, and his hum is a Battery. He fits in his State,
like an Engine, and the ground shrinks before his Treading.

Sicin. The Gods be good unto vs.
Mene. No, in such a case the Gods will not bee good
unto vs. When we banished him, we respected not them:
and he returning to break our necks, they respe & not vs.

Enter a Messenger.
Where have you lurked that you make doubt of it:
They'll give him death by inches.
The Roman Ladies bring not comfort home.
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
Tar quins
No, not the expulsion of the
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
The Volcians are dislodged, and
Martins gone:
The Plebeians have got your fellow Tribune.
H't mod certaine.
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blowne tide,
Tabor and Symboles and the shouting Romans
The Trumpets, Sack-berns, Pfalteries and Fifes,
Make the Sunne dance. Hearke you.
AJbotu within the recomforted through the gates. Why harke you:
As
Rid them repayre to th'market place, where I
deuer them this paper: having read it,
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats,
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
I will meete the Ladies. This
Voluntary, I'd not have given a doit. Hearke, how they joy.
A city full of tribunes such as you
A sea and land full: you have pray'd well to day:
A city full of tribunes such as you,
And make triumphant fires, strew flowers before them:
Cry welcome Ladies, welcome.

Repulse him, with the welcome of his mother:
Then accept my thankfulness.

Where have you lurked that you make doubt of it:
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blowne tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why harke you:
As
Mephistopheles, with drummers and trumpets.

Enter two Senators, with ladies, passing over the stage, with other lords.

Behold our Patronesse, the life of Rome:
Call all your Tribes together, praise the Gods,
And make triumphant fires, drew flowers before them:
Vnoo the noise that Banidid 
Repeale him, with the welcome of his mother:
Cry welcome Ladies, welcome.

All welcome Ladies, welcome.
A flourish with drummers & trumpets.

Enter Titius Ausidius, with attendants.
Ausp. Go tell the lords a' th' city, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repaire to th'market place, where I
Even in theirs, and in the commons ears
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse:
The city pores by this hath entered, and
Intends to appease before the people, hoping
To purge himselle with words, difpatch.

Enter 3d or 4th consp. of ausidius fallion.
Most welcome.

1. Can. Have it with our general?
Ausp. Even so, as with a man by his owne almes impaylon'd, and with his charity flaine.
2. Can. Most noble Sir, if you do hold the fame intent
Wherein you wish't at parties: we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.
Ausp. Sir, I cannot tell,
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Flatter'd your Volcians in Coriolis.
Alone I did it, Boy.

"All. Why Noble Lords,
Will you be put in minde of his blinde Fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy Braggart?
'Tore your owne eyes, and ears?

All. Let him dye for't.

All People. 'Tis to peace, do it pretently:
He kill'd my Sonne, my daughter, he kill'd my Cofine
Marcus, he kill'd my Father.

2 Lord. Peace beke: no outrage, peace:
The man is Noble, and his Fame helds in
This Orbe o'the west: His last offences to vs
Shall have Judicious hearing, Stand Antidotes,
And trouble not the peace.

Corio. O that I had him, with his Antidotes, or more:
His Tribe, to vse my lawfull Swords.

All. Infolent Villaine.

All. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

Dram both the Conspirators, and pile a hart of snows.
Anf. Exeunt bearing the Body of Marcus. A dead March Sounded.
The Lamentable Tragedy of
Titus Andronicus.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft. And then enter Saturnine and his Followers at one door, and Bassianus and his Followers at the other, with Drum & Colours.

Saturnine, Obie Patricians, Patrons of my right, Defend the office of my Cause with Armes. And Country-men, my loving Followers, Please my successfull 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, Not wrong mine Age with this indignity. Bassianus. Romanes, Friends, Followers, Favourers of my Right. If ever Bassianus, Cesar Sonne, Were gracious in the eyes of Rovall Rome, Keep then this passage to the Capitol, And suffer not Dishonour to approach Th'Imperiall Seat to Vertue : confecrate To justice, Continence, and Nobility. But let Defert in pure Eleaction (bine. And Romanes, fight for Freedome in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crown.

Princes, that strive by Factions, and by Friends, Ambition for Rule and Empery : Know, that the people of Rome for whom we stand A speciall Party, hauing by Common voyce In Election for the Romane Emperie, Chosen Andronicus, Sun-named Prince, For many good and great defeants to Rome. A Nobler man, a braver Warrour, Lives not this day within the City Walls. He by the Senate is actuated home From weary Wares against the barbarous Gothes, That with his Sonnes (a terror to our Foes) Hath yoked a Nation strong, train'd vp in Armes. Ten years are spent, since first he undertooke This Caufe of Rome, and chastis'd with Armes Our Enemies pride. Four times he hath return'd Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes In Coffins from the Field, And now at last, laden with Honours Spoyles, Returns the good Andronicus to Rome, Renowned Titus, crowning in Armes.

Let vs intrest, by Honour of his Name, Whom (worthily) you would have now succeede, And in the Capitol and Senate right, Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore, That you withdraw you, and shew your Strength, Dismiss your Followers, and as Suers should, Please your Deferts in Peace and Humblenesse. Saturnine. How saye the Tribune speaks, To calme my thoughts.

Bassia. Marcus Andronicus, so I do sifie In thy worthynesse and Integrity: And so I Love and Honor thee, and thing, Thy Noble Brother Titus, and his Sonnes, And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all) Gracious Lucrece, Rome rich Ornament, That I will here dismiss my loving Friends: And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Favour, Commit my Cause in balance to be weigh d.

Exit Soulshears.

Saturnine. Friends, that have beene Thus forward in my Rights, I thank you all, and here DiGnifie you all, And to the Love and Favour of my Countrie, Commit my Selfe, my Perfon, and the Cause. Rome, be as just and gracious unto thee, As I am confident and kind to thee. Open the Gates, and let me in.

Bassia. Tribunes, and me, a poore Competitor. Flourish. They go up into the Senats house.

Enter a Captaine.

Cep. Romanes make way: the good Andronicus, Patron of Vertue, Rome's bell Champion, Succeedfull is the Battailes that he fights, With Honour and with Fortune is return'd, From whence he circumspected with his Sword, And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome.

Sound Drums and Trumpeters. And then enter two of Titus Sonnes; After them two men bearing a Coffin covered with blacke, then two other Sonnes. After them Titus Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queene of Gothes, & her two Sonnes: Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, and others, as many as can bee. They set downe the Coffin, and Titus speaks.

The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Enter Sennacherib with Alarbus.

Alarbus goes to rest, and we suruive,
To tremble under Titus threatening looks,
Then Madam stand resolu'd, but hope withall,
The felled fame Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy
With opportunitie of sharpe revenge
Upon the Thracic Tyrant in his Tent,
May favour Tamora the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and Tamora was Queene)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter the Sons of Andronicus again.

Luc. See Lord and Father, how we have perform'd
Our Romaine rightes, Alarbus limbs are loft,
And intrals feed the sacrificifing fire.
Whole fmoke like incenfe doth perfume the skie.
Remaineth nought but to interre our Brethren,
And with low'd Luturne welcome them to Rome.
Tit. Let it be fo, and let Andronicus
Make this his left farewell to their foules.
Flourish.

Then sound Trumpets, and let the Coffins in the Tombe,
In peace and Honour tell ye here my Sonnes,
Rome readie Champions, repose you here in reft,
Secure from worldly chaunce and mis hap:
Here heark no Teasion, heere no ennie swells,
Here grow no damned grudges, here are no no stricts,
No noyse, but silence and Eternall sleepe,
In peace and Honour reft you here ye my Sonnes.

Enter Lavinia.

Lavi. In peace and Honour, live Lord Titus long,
My Noble Lord and Father, live in fame:
Loe at this Tombe my tributaries teares,
I render for my Bredhers Obsequies;
Bless'd be ye-heere with thy vittorioz hand,
Whole Fornune Rome beloves Citizens applau'd.
Tit. Kind Rome,
That faith thou longingly refered
The Cordall of mine age to glad my hart,
As yee Romes befl Citizens applau'd.
And Triumphs ouer chaunce in honours bed.
Lavinia live, our live thy Fathers diez:
And Famez eternall date for vertues praise.
Merc. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother.
Gracious Triumph her in the eyes of Rome.
Tit. Thanks Gentle Tribune,
Noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome Nephews from faccefull wars,
You that furuive and you that sleepe in fame:
Fare Lords your Fortunes are all like in all,
That in your Countries fereuce drew your Swords.
But later Triumph is this funneral Pompe,
That hath a fight'd to Salus Happiness,
And Triumphs ouer chaunce in honours bed.
Titus Andronicus, the copolitan Rome,
Whole friend in fufience hath reft here bed,
Send thee by me their Tribunee and their trufz.
This Palliament of white and fattiifHue,
With there we late deceafed Emperours Sonses:
Be Candatus then and put it on,
And helps to fer a head on headlee Rome.
Tit. A better head her Glorious body fits,
Then his that flacks for age and fecbeneffe.
The Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

What should I do now that Robe and trouble you, Be chosen with proclamations to day, To morrow yield up rule, resign my life, And fit abroad new business for you all. Rome I have bene thy Soulder forty yeares, And led my Countreys strenght successfully, And buried one and twenty Valiant Sons, Knighted in Field, shine manfully in Armes, In right and Service of their Noble Countreys : Give me a figure 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 Emperorie. Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune canst thou tell? Tit. Patience Prince Saturnus. Sar. Romains do me right. Parrians draw your Swords, and heath them not. Till Saturnins be Rome Emperour: Andromet would thou were then to hell, Rather then rob me of the people harts. Luc. Proud Saturnus, interrupter of the good That Noble minded Titus means to thee. Tit. Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee The people harts, and weane them from themselves. Basf. Andromet, I do not flatter thee But Honour thee, and will doe till I die: My Fation if thou strengthen with thy Friend? I will most thankfull be, and thanksto men Of Noble minds, is Honourable Meede. Tit. People of Rome, and Noble Tribunes here, I ask your voyces and your Suffrages, Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus? Tribunes. To grant the good Andronicus, And Gratulate his safe returne to Rome, The people will accept whom headmize. Tit. Tribunes I thank you, and this I make, That you Create your Emperours eldest sonne, Lord Saturnus, whose Vertues will I hope, Refle&oa Romes Times Rays on earth And ripen Justice in this Common- weale : Then if you will elect by my advise, Crowne him, and say: Long live our Emperour. Luc. Thus doth Andronicus, for thy Favouris done, To vs in our Election this day, I give these thanks in part of thy Defferts, And will with Deeds requite thy gentlemess ; And for an Of&oa Tiues to advance Thy Name, and Honorable Famillie, Lucius will I make my Empreffe, Rome Royall Myfirs, Myfirs of my hart And in the Sacred Pathas her espoufe: Tell me Andronicus deth this motion please thee? Tit. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match, I hold thee Highly Honoured of your Grace, And here in light of Rome, to Saturnus, King and Commander, of our Common-weale, The WIdeworlds Emperour, do I Confercate, My Sword, my Chariot, and my Prisioners, Prefents well Worthy Romes Imperial 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 lest of thee vnspreakable Deferts, Romans forget your Feallite to me. Tit. Now Madam are your prisoner an Emperour, To him that for you Honour and your State, Will vie you Nobly and your followers. Sat. A goodly Lady, trust me of the Hue That I would choose, were I to chose a new: Cleere vp Faire Queene that cloudy countenance, Though chance of ware Hath wrought this change of cheere, Thou commt not to be made a feme in Rome: Princely shall this thy visage every way. Refl on my word, and let not discontent Daunt all your hopes: Madam he comforts you, Can make your Greater then the Queene of Gothes? Louissio you are not displease'd with this? Lou. Not I my Lord, fith true Nobilitie, Warrants these words in Princely curtefie. Sat. Thankes sweete Lanina Romans let vs goe: Ranfomifie heere we fet our Prisioners free, Proclaim our Honors Lords with Trumpes and Drum. Bafi. Lord Titus by your leave, this Maid is mine. Tit. How fit? Are you in earnest then my Lord? Bafi. I Noble Titus, and resold withall, To doc my felle this reason, and this right, Mar. Swam cuiusquam, is our Roman Justice, This Prince in Justice aeazeith but his owne. Luc. And that he will and shall, if Lucius live. Tit. Traytors arnt, where is the Emperoures Guarde? Treaft my Lord, Laninia is surpris'd. Sar. Surpris'd, by whom? Bafi. By him that influxly may Bear his Betrouth'd, from all the world away. Mus. Brothers helpe to convey her hence away, And with my Sword Ile keep he this dooresafe. Tit. Follow my Lord, and ile foone bring her backe. Mus. My Lord you passe not here. Tit. What villain Boy, bar'ft me my way in Rome ? Mus. What is this, that I doe not honor. Lou. You are not displease'd with this? Mus. Help Lucina help. He kills him. Luc. My Lord you are vniniu, and more then so, In wrongfull quarrell, you have flaine your son. Tit. Nor thou, nor he are any sonnes of mine, My fones would never so dishonne me. Traytor refore Laninia to the Emperour. Lou. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife, That is anothers lawfull promitt Louui. Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two fones, and Aaron the Moore. Empe. No Titus, no, the Emperour needs her not, Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy ftones, He truft by Leisure him that mocks me once, Thee never: nor thy Traytoures haughty fones, Confedrates all, thus to dishonour me. Was none in Rome to make a fale But Saturnius? Full well Andronicus Agree these Deeds, with that proud bragge of thine. That saidst, I beg'd the Empire at thy hands: Tit. O monfrous, what reproachfull woids are thefe Tit. By him that iustiy may Bafs. Fhers helpe to conuey her hence away, Rome fhall record, and when I do forget The lest of thee vnspreakable Deferts, Romans forget your Feallite to me. Sat. Go by thy ways, goe give that changing peace, To him that flourifh for her with his Sword: A Viliant fonee In law thou shalt enioy : One,fit to bandy with thy lawlifce Sonnes, To
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

34

To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are Razors to my wounded hart.

Sat. And therefore loudly Tamora Queen of Gothes,
That like the barely Thebfe mony'd her Nimps
Doft over-chime the Gallant's Damnes of Rome,
If thou be plead' with this my fondane chyse,
Behold I choose thee Tamora for my Bride,
And will Create thee Emperesse of Rome.

Speak Queen of Gothes doft thou applaud' my chyse?
And heere I sweare by all the Romaine Gods,
Sith Priest and Holy-water are fo neere,
And Tapers burne fo bright, and euery thing
In readiness for Hymeneus feand,
I will not reflate the streets of Rome,
Or clime my Palace, till from forth this place,
I leade efpou'd she my Bride along with me.

Tit. And heere in sight of heauen to Rome I sweare,
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Gothes,
Shee will a Hand-maid be to his desires,
A loving Nurfe, a Mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend Fair Queene,
Panthean Lords, accompany
Your Noble Emperor and his lovely Bride
Sent by the heauens for Prince Saturnine,
Whole wisdom and her Fortune Conquered,
There shall we Consummate our Spoufal rites.

Tit. I am not bid to wite upon this Bride:
Titus when wer's thou wont to walke alone,
Dishonoured thus and Challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus and Titus Sons.

Mar. O Titus fee! O see what thou haft done!
In a bad quarrell, slaine a Vertuous Tonne.

Tit. No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor these Confederates in the deed,
That hath dishonoured all our Family,
Worthy brother, and worthy Sonnes.

Lore. But let vs proue him burlall as becometh:
Give Marcus burlall with our Bretheren.

Tit. Travers away, he electr's not in this Tomb:
This Monument fute hundred yeares hath flood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edifi'd:
Here none but Souldiers, and Rome Servitors,
Repofe in Fame: None but a gentle flame in bruiles,
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My Lord this is impriery in you,
My Nephew Marcus deeds do plead for him,
He must be burlall with his bretheren.

Titus two Sonses speakes.

And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And till! What villaine was it spake that word?
Titus Sonne speakes.

He that would vouch'd it in any place but heere,
Tit. What would you bury him in my defpite?

Mar. No Noble Titus, but interst of thee,
To pardon Marcus, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, Euen thou haft shooke upon my Creft,
And with these Boyes mine Honour thou haft wounded,
My foes doe repute you every one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

1. Sonne. He is not himfelfe, let vs withdraw.

2. Sonne. No I tell Marcus be buried.

The Brotber and the Sonnes kneale.

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature pleade.

2. Sonne. Father, and in that name doth nature speake.

Tit. Speake thou no more if all the rest will speede.

Mar. Renowned Titus more then halfe my soules.

Luc. Dear Father, soule and substance of vs all.

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to interr

His Noble Nephew heere in vertues neff,
That died in Honour and Saturnine's caufe.
That thou art a Romaine, be not barbarous:
The Greeks upon aduife did bury Ajax
That flew himfelfe: And Laconet fonne,
Did graciously plead for his Funerals:

Titus. I know not Marcus: but I know itis,
(Whether by deuice or no) the heauens can tell,
If the then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne to farre?
Yes, and will Nobly him remunrate.

Flourish.

Enter the Emperor, Tamora, and her two sons, with the Moore
at one end, Enter the other Moore Bafianus and Lantina with others.

Sat. So Bafianus, you have plaid your prize,
God give you joy of your Gallant Bride.

Bafs. And you of yours my Lord: I say no more,
Nor wifh no lesse, and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy Fuchion shall repent this Rape.

Bafs. Rape call you it my Lord, to deceif my owne,
My true bereothed Loue, and now my wife?
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while I am poffeft of that is mine.

Sat. This good fit: you are very short with vs,
But if we lue, wee be as sharpe with you.

Bafs. My Lord, what I have done as beft I may,
Anwere I must, and shall do with my life,
Onely thus much I give 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 that recuef of Lantina,
With his owne hand did flaye his youngeft Son,
In zealc to you, and highly mou'd to wrath.
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave:
Retieue him then to fauour Saturnine,
That hath expreff'd himfelfe in all his deeds,
A Father and a friend to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bafianus to pleade my Deeds,
'Tis thou, and thoye, that have defhonoured me.
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,

Tam. My worthy Lord if ever Tamora,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all:
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
I would not part a batchellous from the Priest.
Come, if the Empereours Court can feast two Brides,
You are my guest Lavinia, and your friends:
This day shall be a loose-day Tamora,
To morrow and it please your Maieftie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with mee,
With horese and Hound,
Weeke give your Grace Ben war,
Seint. Be it to Titus, and Gramercy to.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Aarón alone.

Aarón. Now clibmeth Tamora Olympus toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flash.
Advanc'd about pale eies threatening reach:
As when the golden Sunne salutest the morne,
And haung gifts the Ocean with his beams,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistering Coach,
And over-lookes the highest piecing hills:
So Tamora
Upon her wit doth earthly honour waire,
And venture iposes and trembles at her browne.
Then Aarón draw thy harre, and list thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Empereall Miftis,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hath prisons held, fetted in amoreus chaines,
And faster bound to Aarons charming eyes,
Then is Franterious side to Cares.
Away with florish weedes, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and shin in Pearle and Gold,
To waite upon this new made Empresse,
To waite said I? To wanton with this Queene,
To wane upon this new made Empresse
This Goddesse, this Semerinus, this Queene,
This Syren that will charm Rome's Satinnes,
And see his shipwracke, and his Common weales.
Hollo, what Rome is this?

Enter Chron and Demetrius braving.

Dem. Why how now Lords?
Aarón. Why Boy, though our mother (unadvised)
Grow ye so brave,
Deme. Demetrius, thou dost ouer-weene in all,
And so in this, to bear me down with braves,
'Tis not the difference of a yeere or two
Makes me left gracius, or thee more fortunate.
I am as able, and as fit as thou,
To ferue, and to defend my Miftis grace,
And that my word upon thee shall approue,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.
Aarón. Clubs, clubs, these lovers will not keep the peace.
Dem. Why Boy, although our mother (unadvised)
Gave you a daunfing Rapier by your side,
Are you so deterre graven to threat your friends?
Goe too. have your Lath plaid within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Methinks I see some bar'l, with the little skille I have,
Full well shall thou perceive how much I dare.
Aarón. I grow ye to brave?
Dem. They draw.
Aarón. Why how now Lords?
So are the Emperours Pallace dare you draw,
The Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot, the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a million of Gold.
The cause was known to them in most concerns.
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be to dishonored in the Court of Rome:
For shame put vp.

Dem. Not I, till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and withall
Thrust these reproachfull speeches downe his throat,
That be hath breath'd in my diſhonerhe.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolu'd,
That thusdrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'fl performe.

Dem. A way I say.
Now by the Gods that wakthe Gothes adore,
This pretty brabes will vndoo as all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to fet upon a Princes right?

What is Lavinia then become fo loose,
Or Bajfiano fo degenerate,
That for her loue such quarrels may be broach
Without coutroulment, luitece, or reuenge?
Young Lords beware, and should the Emprefse know,
This difford ground, the musicke would not pleaare.

Chi. I care not, yet shee and all the world,
I loue Lavinia more then all the world.

Dem. Youngling,
Learned thou to make some manner choyce,
Lavinia is thine elder brothers hope.

Aron. Why are ye mad? Or knowye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke Competitors in loue?

It is to set vpon a Princes right?
What is then become fo loofe.
This pretty brabble will vndoo vs all:
Why Lords, and thinkeyounothow dangerous
Now by the Gods that warke Gothes adore.

Tit, I haue dogge my Lord,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'fl performe.

Chi. Why mak'ft thou it fo Grange?

Ann. To atcheiuc her.

Chi. Arvon thousand deaths would I proppse,
To achieve her whom I do loue.

Aron. To achieve her, how?

Dem. Why, mak'ft thou it fo strange?

Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
Shee is a woman, therefore may be wonne.
Shee is Lavinia therefore must be lou'd.

What man, more water glideth by the Mill
Then wots the Miller of, and easie it is
What haft not thou full often strucke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nofe?

Aron. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch or so
That you cannot as you would achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me. Lavinia was not more chaf.
That this Lavinia, Bajiano loue,
A speeder course this lingring languishment
Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:
My Lords, a folome hunting is in hand,
There will the louely Roman Ladies troope:
The Forrest walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by Kine for rape and villaine:
Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way or not at all, fland you in hope.

Come, come, our Emprefse with her fared wit
To villainie and vengeance confecrate,
Will we acquittance with all that we intend,
And the fmall file our engines with aduise,
That will not suffre you to square your felues,
But to your wifes higher advance you both.

The Emperours Court is like the house of Fame,
The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, ofears.
The Woods are ruthless, dreadfull,deafe, and dull:
These speake, and strike braue Boys, & take your tunes.
There flue your lufts, shadow'd from heaunts eyes,
And teuell in Lavinia's Treafur le.

Chi. Thy counfell Ladfmells of no cowardife.

Dem. Say not we foufl, till I finde the fireame,
To Cooke this heat, a Charme to calmes their firs,
For Syre per my marke Zebor.

Exeunt.

Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sons, making a noyfe
with bounds and horns, and Marcus.

Tit. The hunt is vp, the morn is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the Woods are green,
Vesuoppe here, and let vs make a day,
And wake the Empreffe, and his louely Bride,
And rouze the Emperour, and his loucly Bride,
Uncoupled heeie, and let vs make a bay,
And reuell in Lautnia's Treafur le.

Dem. Chiracs.

Laudvnia. Come on then, horse and Chariots letvs haue,
And many unfrequented plots there are.
The Forreft walkes ate wide and spacious,
There will the loucly Roman Ladies troope,
To atcheiuc her.

Sutter. Lastinia

Chi. Arvon thousand deaths would I proppse,
To achieve her whom I do loue.

Aron. To achieve her, how?

Dem. Why, mak'ft thou it so strange?

Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
Shee is a woman, therefore may be wonne.
Shee is Lavinia therefore must be lou'd.

What man, more water glideth by the Mill
Then wots the Miller of, and easie it is
What haft not thou full often strucke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nofe?

Aron. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch or so
That you cannot as you would achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me. Lavinia was not more chaf.
That this Lavinia, Bajiano loue,
A speeder course this lingring languishment
Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:
My Lords, a folome hunting is in hand,
There will the louely Roman Ladies troope:
The Forrest walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by Kine for rape and villaine:
Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way or not at all, fland you in hope.

Come, come, our Emprefse with her fared wit
To villainie and vengeance confecrate,
Will we acquittance with all that we intend,
And the fmall file our engines with aduise,
That will not suffre you to square your felues,
But to your wifes higher advance you both.

The Emperours Court is like the house of Fame,
The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, ofears.
The Woods are ruthless, dreadfull,deafe, and dull:
These speake, and strike braue Boys, & take your tunes.
There flue your lufts, shadow'd from heaunts eyes,
And teuell in Lavinia's Treafur le.

Chi. Thy counfell Ladfmells of no cowardife.

Dem. Say not we foufl, till I finde the fireame,
To Cooke this heat, a Charme to calmes their firs,
For Syre per my marke Zebor.

Exeunt.

Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sons, making a noyfe
with bounds and horns, and Marcus.

Tit. The hunt is vp, the morn is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the Woods are green,
Vesuoppe here, and let vs make a day,
And wake the Empreffe, and his louely Bride,
And rouze the Emperour, and his loucly Bride,
Uncoupled heeie, and let vs make a bay,
And revell in Lautnia's Treafur le.

Dem. Chiracs.

Laudvnia. Come on then, horse and Chariots letvs haue,
The Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

Dem. Chiron we hear not we, with Horse nor Hound
But hope to place a dainty Doe to ground.  

Enter Aaron alone.

Aaron. Hec that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury so much Gold under a Tree,
And never after to inherit it.

But hope to pluck a destiny Doe to ground.

Of those that have their aims out the Enpreffe Chrift.

Which cunningly effected will beget
A very excellent peace of villany:

Very excellent piece of villany:

That hath their aims out the Enpreffe Chrift.  

And so repose sweet Gold for their unrest.

Very excellent piece of villany:

When every thing doth make a gready boost?

The Birds chant melody on every bush,

The Snake lies rolled in the echearful Sunne,

When Erey thing doth make a gready boost?

Dido once enjoyed.

(Out pastimes done) possele a Golden Humber,

We may each wreathed-in the others arms,

When with an happy store they were surpris'd.

And whil's the babbling Eccho mock's the Hounds,

Saturne is Dominoator ou tr mine:

My fleece of Woolly hair, that now unshirs,

What signifies my deadly hand ing eye.

To do some fatal execution?

Euen as an Adder when he doth unwrake

No Madame, these are no Venerial signs,

A thoufand Fiends, a thoufand Whirring Snakes,

And after considering, such as was supposed.

Dismounted from your Snow-white goodly Steed,

And after considering, such as was supposed.

This valley fits the purpose padding well.

Atleon, and the Hounds

And then they call'd me foule Adofterelfe,

Dum habited like her.

Or is it that some say Dian had,

Or is it Dian habited like her,

This vengeance on me had they executed:

That ever care did hear to such effects.

And I, for these slips have made him noted long.

That ever care did hear to such effects.

Thus three haue sie'd me hither to this place,

The Trees though Somraer, yet forlorne and leane.

The Trees though Somraer, yet forlorne and leane.

And wandred hither to an obscure plot,

And let her joy her Raucn coloured Iue.

For Saturne, I pray you let vs hence.

This valley fits the purpose padding well.

A thoufand Snakes, a thoufand Uirting Snakes,

And our gracious Mother,

And let her joy her Raucn coloured Iue.

Why doth your Highnes look so pale and wan?

And our gracious Mother,

And let her joy her Raucn coloured Iue.

And let her joy her Raucn coloured Iue.

Good King, to be so mightily abused.

My louely Tamo.

That had abandoned her holy Groues,

To see the general Hunting in this Forrest?

Which doth make your Honour of his bodies hue,

To make your Honour of his bodies hue,

To see the general Hunting in this Forrest?

Distinguish your fame when you are dead.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale.

Wherefore lookst thou sad.

Dido once enjoyed.

But Haft they told me they would bind thee.

As any mortal body hearing it.

And let her joy her Raucn coloured Iue.

In the night.

And let her joy her Raucn coloured Iue.

And let her joy her Raucn coloured Iue.

That some say Dian had.

The Birds chant melody on every bush,

The Trees though Somraer, yet forlorne and leane.

As any mortal body hearing it.

For Saturne, I pray you let vs hence.

This vengeance on me had they executed:

That haue their aims out the Enpreffe Chrift.

And let her joy her Raucn coloured Iue.

Good King, to be so mightily abused.

My louely Tamo.

That haue their aims out the Enpreffe Chrift.

A thoufand Fiends, a thoufand Uirting Snakes,

And let her joy her Raucn coloured Iue.

Atleon, and the Hounds

And then they call'd me foule Adofterelfe,

Dum habited like her.

Or is it that some say Dian had,

This vengeance on me had they executed:

That ever care did hear to such effects.

And I, for these slips have made him noted long.

That ever care did hear to such effects.

Thus three haue sie'd me hither to this place,

The Trees though Somraer, yet forlorne and leane.

And let her joy her Raucn coloured Iue.

For Saturne, I pray you let vs hence.

This valley fits the purpose padding well.

A thoufand Snakes, a thoufand Uirting Snakes,

And our gracious Mother,

Good King, to be so mightily abused.

My louely Tamo.

That haue their aims out the Enpreffe Chrift.

A thoufand Snakes, a thoufand Uirting Snakes,

And our gracious Mother,
The Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.

Tam. Give me thy poyniard, thou shalt know my boyes
Your Mothers hand shall right your Mothers wrong.

Deme. Stay Madam heere is more belongs to her,
Firft thrash the Corne, then after burne the braue:
This Minon stood upon her chaffity,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaliye,
And with that painted hope doth your Mightiness,
And shall the carrie this unto her graue?

Chi. And if the doe,
I would'nt be an Eunuch,

Deme. But when ye have the hony we defire,

Chi. I warrant you Madam we will make that sure:

Law. O Tamar, thou haft a woman face.

Deme. I will not hear her speake, swee by with her.

Law. Sweet Lords intereat her aree but a word

Deme. Liften faire Madam, let it be your glory
To see her tears, but be your harts to them,
As vreatelment flint to drops of raine.

Law. When did the Tigers young-ones teach the dam
0 doe not leame her wrath, she taught it thee.

Deme. The milke thou sucke flt from her did turne to Marble,

Law. However Mother breeds not Sonnes alike.

Deme. And if she doe,

Law. Stay Madam heere is more belongs to her,

Deme. And let my spleenie Sonnes this Trull debloue.

Enter Aaron with two of Titus Sons.

Aron. I am come on my Lords, the better foot before,

Quint. I am surprised with a violent hire,
A chilling sweat ore-runs my trembling icynts.

Aron. Heere is the Hole where Aaron bid vs hide him,

Tam. Farewell my Sonnes, see that you make her see,
Now let I heart know merry cheere indeed,
Till all the Androniues be made away:
Now will I hence to seek me my lovely More,
And let my spleenie Sonnes this Trull debloue.

Out.
Enter the Emperor, Aaron the Moor.  

Enter the Emperour, Aaron the Moor.  

Enter Tamara, Andronicus, and Lucius.  

Tamara. Where is my Lord the King?  

King. Here, Tamara, though grieved with killing grief.  

Tam. Where is thy brother Andronicus?  

King. Now to the bottom doth thou search my wound,  

Poore Andronicus here lies murdered.  

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,  

The compleat of this timelesse Tragedie,  

And wonder greatly that mans face can fold.  

She giveth Saturnine a Letter.  

Saturninus reads the Letter,  

And if we miss to meete him baselessly,  

Sweet huntfurn, Andronicus tis we meane,  

Doe thou so much as dig the grave for him,  

Then know if our meaning looks for thy reward  

Among the Nestles at the Elder tree.  

Whichower-finds the mouth of that same pit:  

We here decreed to bury Baffianus.  

Doe this and persuade thy best friends.  

King. Oh Tamara, was ever heard the like?  

This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,  

Looke first, if you can finde the huntsman out,  

That should have murdered Andronicus here.  

Ares. My gracious Lord here is the bag of Gold.  

King. Two of thy whelps, fell Curs of bloody kind  

Have here bereft my brother of his life;  

Thrice dran them from the pit unto the prison,  

There let them abide till we have dee'd  

Some neuer heard-of torturing paine for them,  

Tam. What are they in this pit,  

Oh wondrouses thing!  

How easily murder is discovered?  

Tit. High Emperour, upon my feeble knee,  

I beg this boon, with tears, not lightly shed,  

That this foul fault of my accursed Sonnes,  

Accus'd, if the faults be proud in them.  

King. If it be proud? I see it is apparant,  

Who found this Letter, Tamara was it you?  

Tamara. Andronicus himselfe did take it vp.  

Tit. I did my Lord,  

Yet let me be their bale,  

For by my Fathers reverent Tombe I vow  

They shall be ready at your Highness will,  

To affwre their dissolution with their lives.  

King. Thou shalt not bate them, see thou follow me.  

Some bring the murdered body, some the murderers,  

Let them not speake a word, the guilt is plaine,  

For by my soule, were there worse end then death,  

That end upon them should be executed.  

Tam. Andronicus I will entreat the King,  

Fear not thy Sonnes, they shall do well enough.  

Tit. Come Lucius come,  

Stay not to talk with them,  

Enter the Empeorde Sonnes, with Launius, her handes out of and here tongue cut eas, and rawfisht.  

Deme. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake,  

Who t was that cut thy tongue and rauished thee.  

Chi. Write downe thy mind, bewray thy meaning no,  

And if thy stumpes will let thee play the Scribe,  

Dem. See how with figures and tokens she can scowre.  

Chi. Go home,  

Call for sweet water, washy thy hands.  

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash.  

And so let her to her fits and wander.  

Chi. And I were my cufle, I should goe hang my felfe.  

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.  

Wilde Horses.  

Enter Marcus from hunting to Launius.  

Who is this, my Neece that flies away so fast?  

Cosen a word, where is your husband?  

If I do dreame, would all my wealth would make me;  

If I doe wake, some Plane Arike me downe,  

That I may slumber in eternall sleepe.  

Speake gentle Neece, what feme vgentle hands  

Hath lopt, and he'v'd, and made thy body bare  

Of her two branches, those sweet Ornaments  

Whose circling shadowes, Kings have sought to deep is  

And might not gaine so great a happiness  

As halfe thy Loe: Why doubt thou speake to me?  

Als, a Crimson river of warme blood,  

Like to a bubbling fountaine fille with winde,  

Doth rise and fall betweene thy Rosed lips,  

Comming and going with thy hony breath,  

But lose some Terrors hath defoured thee,  

And leaft thou shouldst deteste them, cut thy tongue.  

Ah, now thou can'ft away thy face for shame:  

And now with finding all this losse of blood,  

As from a Conduit with their influing Spouts,  

Yet doth thy cheeks looke red as Tintani face,  

Blisthing to be encountered with a Cloud,  

Shall I speake for thee? Shall I say 'tis so?  

Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast  

That I might taile at him to ease my mind,  

Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen sloop,  

Doth burne the hart to Cinders where it is.  

Faire Philosophes the but loth her tongue,  

And in a tedious Sampler sowed her minde.  

But lovelye Neece, that meanes is cut from thee,  

A crafier Terrors hath thou met withall,  

And he hath cut those pretti flingers off;  

That
Enter the Judges and Senators with Titus two sons bound, passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before pleading.

Tit. Heare me gracious fathers, noble Tribunes stay, For pitty of mine age, whose youth was spent In dangerous wars, whilest you securely slept: For all my blood in Rome great quarrell shed, For all the frosty nights that I have watcht, And for these bitter tears, which now you see, Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks, Be pittifull to my condemned Sons, Whole foules is not corrupted as tis thought: For two and twenty sons I never wept, Because they died in honours lofty bed: And Iet me say that neuer wept before: For which attempt the Judges haue pronounc'd A ftone is as fofc waxe. But wherefore ftandst thou with thy weapon drawne? My euerlaftmg doome of blamiffament. Ti. O happy man, they haue befriended thee: Why foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceiue That Rome is but a wildernes of Tigers? Tigers muft pray, and Rome affords no prey: But me and mine: how happy art thou, From these devouerers to be banifhed? But who comes with our brother Marcus heere.

Enter Marcus and Lucretia.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep: Or: if not so, thy noble heart to breake: I bring consuming sorrow to thine age. Ti. Will it consume me? Let me fee it then. Mar. This was thy daughter. Ti. Why Marcus so late is. Luc. Ay me this obie&3d kil me. Ti. Faint-hearted boy, arise and looke upon her, Speake Lucretia, what accursed hand Hath made thee handleffe in thy Fathers sight? What foole hath added water to the Sea? Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy: My griece was at the height before thou camt, And now like Nysa it did sinkt bounds: Give me a sword, Ile chop off my hands too, For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine: And they have nurft this woe, In feeding life: In booteellc prayer: haue they bene held vp, And they haue feru'd me to effecllce me. Now all the fertuie I require of them, Is that the one will helpe to cut the other: It well Lucretia, that thou haft no hands, For hands to do Rome fertuie, is but vaine. Luc. Speake gentle filler, who hath marty'd thee? Mar. O that delightful engine of her thoughts, That blab'd them with such pleasing elocuence, Is torne from forth that prettie hollow cage, Where like a sweet mellodious bird it sung, Sweet varied notes enchanting every ear. Luc. Oh say thou for her, Who hath done this deed? Mar. Oh thus I found her flaying in the Parke, Seeking to hide herelfe as doth the Deare That hath receiued some venereing wound. Ti. It was my Deare, And he that wounded her, Hath hurt me more, then had he kild me dead: For now I stand as one upon a Rocke, Inworn'd with a wildernes of Sea: Who marks the wawing tide, Grow waue by waue,
The Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.
Then be my passion bottomless with them.

Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I binde my woes:
When heaven doth wepe, doth not the earth or flow?
If the wunders rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big-fwolne face
And wilt thou have a reason for this coile?
I am the Sea. Harke how her fighes doe flow:
Shee is the weeping earth, is her welkin,
When heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth orcflow
That woe is me to chinkevpon thy woes,
And wilt thou have a reason for this code
Thy warlike bands, thy mangled daughter here
Thy griefs,ibeir fports: Thy refolutionmockt,
To eafe their ftomackes with their bitter tongues,
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this difmail sight
Euen tike a dony Image, cold and numme.
Strucke pale and bloodleffe, and thy brother I,-
Thou dofi not flumber, fee thy two fons heads,
And heeres thy hand in fcorne to thee fent backe;
Rent off thy filuer hairc, thy other hand
Where life hath no more incereft but to breath.

Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, lines thou repaid,
For thy good hand thou lenth the Emperor:
Here are the heads of thy two noble fones.
And heeres thy hand in fcorne to thee fent backe:
Thy griefes,ibeir fports: Thy refolutionmockt,
That woe is me to chinkevpon thy woes,
More then remembrance of my fathers death.
Exit.

More. Now let hot Aemus roale in Crete,
And be my heart an euer-burning hell:
These miseries are more then may be borne
To wepe with them that wepe, doth cffe some deale,
But sorrow blouded at, is double deale.
Luc. Ah that this figh should make doo deep a wound,
And yet detefted life not thinke thereof:
That our death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more incereft but to breath.

More. Alas poore hart that kifleis comfortlefTe,
As frozen water to a darted fnake.

Titus. When will this fearfull fumerb have an end?

More. Now farwell Batterie, die Andronicus,
Thou doft not flumber, fee thy two fons heads,
Thy warlike hands, thy mingled daughter here.
Thy other benefit fones with this deere fight
Strackle pale and bloodleffe, and thy brother I,
Euen like a forge Image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more wil I controule my gnefes,
Rent off thy filuer hairc, thy other hand
G nawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall fight
The closing up of our moft wretched eyes:
Now is a time to dorme, why art thou still?

Titus. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Why doft thou laugh? it fitts not with this house,
Thy warlike hands, thy mingled daughter here.
Thy other benefit fones with this deere fight
Strackle pale and bloodleffe, and thy brother I,
Euen like a forge Image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more wil I controule my gnefes,
Rent off thy filuer hairc, thy other hand
G nawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall fight
The closing up of our moft wretched eyes:
Now is a time to dorme, why art thou still?

Titus. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Why doft thou laugh? it fitts not with this house,
Thy warlike hands, thy mingled daughter here.
Thy other benefit fones with this deere sight
Strackle pale and bloodleffe, and thy brother I,
Euen like a forge Image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more wil I controule my gnefes,
Rent off thy filuer hairc, thy other hand
G nawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight
The closing up of our moft wretched eyes:
Now is a time to dorme, why art thou still?

Titus. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Why doft thou laugh? it fitts not with this house,
Thy warlike hands, thy mingled daughter here.
Thy other benefit fones with this deere sight
Strackle pale and bloodleffe, and thy brother I,
Euen like a forge Image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more wil I controule my gnefes,
Rent off thy filuer hairc, thy other hand
G nawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight
The closing up of our moft wretched eyes:
Now is a time to dorme, why art thou still?

Titus. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Why doft thou laugh? it fitts not with this house,
Thy warlike hands, thy mingled daughter here.
Thy other benefit fones with this deere sight
Strackle pale and bloodleffe, and thy brother I,
Euen like a forge Image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more wil I controule my gnefes,
Rent off thy filuer hairc, thy other hand
G nawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight
The closing up of our moft wretched eyes:
Now is a time to dorme, why art thou still?

Titus. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Why doft thou laugh? it fitts not with this house,
Thy warlike hands, thy mingled daughter here.
Thy other benefit fones with this deere sight
Strackle pale and bloodleffe, and thy brother I,
Euen like a forge Image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more wil I controule my gnefes,
Rent off thy filuer hairc, thy other hand
G nawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight
The closing up of our moft wretched eyes:
Now is a time to dorme, why art thou still?

Titus. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Why doft thou laugh? it fitts not with this house,
Thy warlike hands, thy mingled daughter here.
Thy other benefit fones with this deere sight
Strackle pale and bloodleffe, and thy brother I,
Euen like a forge Image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more wil I controule my gnefes,
Rent off thy filuer hairc, thy other hand
G nawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight
The closing up of our moft wretched eyes:
Now is a time to dorme, why art thou still?

Titus. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Why doft thou laugh? it fitts not with this house,
Thy warlike hands, thy mingled daughter here.
Thy other benefit fones with this deere sight
Strackle pale and bloodleffe, and thy brother I,
Euen like a forge Image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more wil I controule my gnefes,
Rent off thy filuer hairc, thy other hand
G nawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight
The closing up of our moft wretched eyes:
Now is a time to dorme, why art thou still?

Titus. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Why doft thou laugh? it fitts not with this house,
Thy warlike hands, thy mingled daughter here.
Thy other benefit fones with this deere sight
Strackle pale and bloodleffe, and thy brother I,
Euen like a forge Image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more wil I controule my gnefes,
Rent off thy filuer hairc, thy other hand
G nawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight
The closing up of our moft wretched eyes:
Now is a time to dorme, why art thou still?

Titus. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Why doft thou laugh? it fitts not with this house,
Thy warlike hands, thy mingled daughter here.
Thy other benefit fones with this deere sight
Strackle pale and bloodleffe, and thy brother I,
Euen like a forge Image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more wil I controule my gnefes,
Rent off thy filuer hairc, thy other hand
G nawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to dorme, why art thou still?

Titus. Ha, ha, ha.
Enter young Lucius and Lavinia running after him, and the Boy flies from his with his books under his arms.

Enter Tiunt and Marcus.

Boy. Help Gracian help my Aunt Lavinia, follows me every where I know not why.

Good Uncle Marcus see how this flies comes, alas sweet Aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marcus. Stand by me Lucius, does not fear thy Aunt, Tiunt. She loves thee too well to do thee harm.

Boy. When my father was in Rome the did.

---

Marcus. What means my Niece Lavinia by these flies?

Titus. Fear not Lucius, some what doth the mean?

See Lucius see, how much the makes of thee?

Some whatever would she have thee goe with her.

Ah boy, Cornelia never with more care.

Read to her sonnes, then the hath read to thee.

Sweet Poetry, and Tullius Orator.

Canst thou not goe wherfor the plies thee thus?

Boy. My Lord I know not I, nor can I goe,

Vnlees some fit or frenzie do posse the her.

For I have heard my Grandfiet say full oft,

Extremity of griefes would make men mad. And I have read that Hecuba of Troy,

Ran mad through sorrow, that made me to freare,

Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,

Loves me as dearly as ere my mother did,

And would not but in fury fright my youth,

Which made me downe to throw my books, and fly.

Caules perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,

And Madam, if my Uncle Marcus goe,

I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.

Marcus. Lucius I will.

Titus. How now Lavinia, Marcus what means this?

Some booke there is that she desires to see,

Which is it girl? Some fit of theft? Open them boy,

But thou art deeper read and better skild,

Some booke there is that she desires to see.

Or else to heauen the heave them to reuenge.

Confederate in the sad, more there was:

Why lifts she vp her armes in sequence thus?

Marcus. I thinke she means that ther was more then one

Confederate in the sad, I more there was:

Or else to heauen the heave them to reuenge.

Titus. Lucius what booke is that she doth desire to see?

Marcus. Gracian 'tis Ovids Metamorphosis,

My mother gave it me.

Marcus. For love of her that's gone,

Perhaps she culd it from among the rest.

Titus. Soft, so busily she tarries the leaves,

Help her, what would the finde? Lavinia shall I read?

This is the tragick tale of Philomen?

And treates of Tereus treason and his rape.

And rape I fear was roote of thine annoy.

Marcus. See brother bee, note how she quotes the leaves.

Titus. Lavinia, went she thus surpriz'd sweet gility,

Raisfit and wrong'd as Philomena was?

Fore'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?

See, see, such a place there is where we did hunt,

(Oh did we never, never hunted there)

Patern'd by that the Poet here describ'd,

By nature made for mothers and for rapes.

Marcus. O why should nature build to foule a den,

Vnlees the Gods delight in tragedies?

Titus. Give signes sweet gility, for here are none but friend.

What Romaine Lord it was durft do the deed?

Or flanke not Saturnine, as Tarquin writs,

That left the Canape to sinne in bed.

Marcus. Sit downe sweet Niece, brother sit downe by me.

Appolo, Pallas, Juno, or Jupiter,

Inspire me that I may this treason finde.

My Lord looke heere, looke heere Lavinia.

He writes his Name with his Staffe, and guides it with feete and mouths.

This fandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canst.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

This after me, I haue writ my name,
Without the helpe of any hand at all,
Curst be that hart that fore't vs to that shift:
Write thou good Neece, and heere display at laft,
What God will have disoucted for revenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy fotrowes plaine,
That we may know the Traytors and the truth.

She takes the safe in her mouth, and guides it with her
stumps and writes.

Tit. Oh doe ye read my Lord what the hath writs?

Serv. Sir, what, the lufffull sonnes of Tamora,
Performes of this hainous bloody deed?

Tit. Magis Dominator polis,
Tamieus andis fectera, tam lentus uides

Marc. 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 mindes of infants to exdaimcs.
There is enough written vpon this earth,
To stirre a mutiny in thcnnldcst thoughts.

Marc. Thou wilt not fpeak to me?

Tit. No, Sir, I am too busie.

Marc. Well said, Sir: but let me fpeak.

Tit. You may be armed and appointed well,
For our beloucd mother in her paincs.
She shall carry from me to the EmprefTc sonnes,
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.

Marc. It is not too much for the sake of Rome,
And not relent, or not compallion him?

Marc. Heere, boy, take this and goe before me,
And come, I will goe get a leafe of braflc,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
To graffie your honourable youth.

Marc. Heere, boy, take this and goe before me,
And come, I will goe get a leafe of braflc,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
To gratifie your honourable youth.

Marc. Heere, boy, take this and goe before me,
And come, I will goe get a leafe of braflc,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
To gratifie your honourable youth.

Marc. Heere, boy, take this and goe before me,
And come, I will goe get a leafe of braflc,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
To gratifie your honourable youth.

Marc. Heere, boy, take this and goe before me,
And come, I will goe get a leafe of braflc,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
To gratifie your honourable youth.

Marc. Heere, boy, take this and goe before me,
And come, I will goe get a leafe of braflc,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
To gratifie your honourable youth.

Marc. Heere, boy, take this and goe before me,
And come, I will goe get a leafe of braflc,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
To gratifie your honourable youth.

Marc. Heere, boy, take this and goe before me,
And come, I will goe get a leafe of braflc,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
To gratifie your honourable youth.

Marc. Heere, boy, take this and goe before me,
And come, I will goe get a leafe of braflc,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
To gratifie your honourable youth.

Marc. Heere, boy, take this and goe before me,
And come, I will goe get a leafe of braflc,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
To gratifie your honourable youth.

Marc. Heere, boy, take this and goe before me,
And come, I will goe get a leafe of braflc,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
To gratifie your honourable youth.

Marc. Heere, boy, take this and goe before me,
And come, I will goe get a leafe of braflc,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
To gratifie your honourable youth.

Marc. Heere, boy, take this and goe before me,
And come, I will goe get a leafe of braflc,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
To gratifie your honourable youth.

Marc. Heere, boy, take this and goe before me,
And come, I will goe get a leafe of braflc,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
To gratifie your honourable youth.

Marc. Heere, boy, take this and goe before me,
And come, I will goe get a leafe of braflc,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
To gratifie your honourable youth.

Marc. Heere, boy, take this and goe before me,
And come, I will goe get a leafe of braflc,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
To gratifie your honourable youth.

Marc. Heere, boy, take this and goe before me,
And come, I will goe get a leafe of braflc,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
To gratifie your honourable youth.

Marc. Heere, boy, take this and goe before me,
And come, I will goe get a leafe of braflc,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
To gratifie your honourable youth.

Marc. Heere, boy, take this and goe before me,
And come, I will goe get a leafe of braflc,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
To gratifie your honourable youth.

Marc. Heere, boy, take this and goe before me,
And come, I will goe get a leafe of braflc,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
To gratifie your honourable youth.

Marc. Heere, boy, take this and goe before me,
And come, I will goe get a leafe of braflc,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
To gratifie your honourable youth.

Marc. Heere, boy, take this and goe before me,
And come, I will goe get a leafe of braflc,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
To gratifie your honourable youth.

Marc. Heere, boy, take this and goe before me,
And come, I will goe get a leafe of braflc,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
To gratifie your honourable youth.

Marc. Heere, boy, take this and goe before me,
And come, I will goe get a leafe of braflc,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
To gratifie your honourable youth.

Marc. Heere, boy, take this and goe before me,
And come, I will goe get a leafe of braflc,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
To gratifie your honourable youth.

Marc. Heere, boy, take this and goe before me,
And come, I will goe get a leafe of braflc,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
To gratifie your honourable youth.

Marc. Heere, boy, take this and goe before me,
And come, I will goe get a leafe of braflc,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
To gratifie your honourable youth.
To keep my own, excuse it how she can. This may under all the world with safety. Although my seal be stamped in his face. Tell the Empress from me, I am of age. The vigour, and the posture of my youth. For all the water in the Ocean, That shall one so brightly when this boy was got. Nay he it your brother by the swifter side. Fie treacherous hue. Can nay turne the swans blacke legs to white. Cole-blacke is better then another hue. He is manchiled and come to light: He is your brother, lords, enviously said. Looke how the blacke skue smiles vpon the father. As who should say, old Lad I am thine owne. He is your brother, lords, intently led. Of that false blood that first gave life to you, And from that womb where you imprisoned were. Nay he is your brother by the swifter side. Although my face be hemmed in his face. Nurf. Aaron, what shall I say unto the Empress? Dem. Advise the Aaron, what is to be done.

And we will all subscribe to thy devise: Some thou the child, so we may all be safe. Aaron. Then sir we downe and let us all consult. My sonne and I will have the wind of you: Keep there, now take at pleasure of your safety. Dem. How many women saw this child of ours? Aaron. Why to braise Lords, when we toyyne in league. I am a Lambe: but if you braise the More, The chaster Bore, the mountain Lyonelle: The Ocean swells not so at Aaron Thames: But say againe, how many saw the childr. Nurf. Corinna, the midwife, and my wife, And none else but the deliverd Empresse. Aaron. The Empresse the Midwife, and your selfe, Two may keepe counsel, when the third is away: Go to the Empress, tell her this I said, He kills her Weeke, weeke, fo cries a Pidge prepared to this lip: Dem. What mans this shou shall this? Wherefore didst thou this? Aaron. O Lord, Sir, this deed of politicke? Shall the lieu to braise this guide of ours: A long tongued babbling Goffip! No Lords no: And now be it knowne to you my full intent. Not faire, one: Malcom my Country-man His wife but yesternight was brought to bed, His child is like to her, faste as you are: Go packe with him, and give the mother gold, And tell them both the circumstance of all, And how by this their Child shall be adnourvd, And be received for the Emperours heyre, And substitituted in the place of mine, To calme this tempell whirling in the Court, And let the Empresse dandle him for his owne. Harke ye Lords, ye see I haue giuen her physicke, And you must needs beflow her funerall, The fields are near, and you are gallant Grooms: This done, see you take no longer dates. But fend the Midwife presently to me. The Midwife and the Nurse well made away, Then let the Ladies rattle what they please, Cbi. Aaron I see thou wilt not trust the syre with fe Dem. for this care of Tamora. (crows, Her selfe, and hers are highly bound to thee. Exeunt. Aaron. Now to the goth, as swift as Swallow Bies, There to dispole this treasure in mine anes, And secretly to greet the Empresse friends: Come on you thick-lipd, blace, I bear you hence, For it is you that purs vs to our shifts Ile make you feed on berries, and as rootes, And feed on curds and whey, and sucke the goat, And cabbins in a Cave, and bring you vp To be a warrour, and command a Campe. Exeunt. Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius and other gentlemen with brains and Titus bears the arrows with Letters on the end of them.

Tit. Come Marcus, come, Kinldmen this is the way: Sir Boy let me see your Archer, Look ye well draw home enough, and 'tis there straight, Titus after reliquit, be you remembered Marcus. She's gone, she's fled, first take you to your tooles, You Colens shall goe found the Ocean: And cast your nets, haply you may find her in the Sea, Yet shes as little secure as Land. No Publius and Symnu; you must doe it,
Enter the Clowne with a basket and two Pigeons in it.

Titus. News, newes, from heaven, Marcus the poft is come.

Sirrah, what tidings have you any letters ?

Shall I have Justice, what fays Jupiter ?

Clowne. Ho ! the Libbemaker, he fays that he hath ta-
ken them downe againe, for the man might not be hang'd till the next week.

Tit. But what fays Jupiter I take thee ?

Clowne. Alas sir I know not Jupiter:

I never dranke with him in all my life.

Tit. Why villain are not thou the Carrier ?

Clowne. I of my Pigious fir, nothing else.

Tit. Why, did it thou not come from heaven ?

Clowne. From heaven ? Alas sir, I never came there,

God forbid I should be so bold, to presume to heaven in my young days. Why I am going with my pigeons to the
Tribunall Plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle, betwixt
my Vncle, and one of the Emperialls men.

Why sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your
Oration, and let him deliver the Pigeons to the Emperor
from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an Oration to the
Emperor 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 give your Pigeons to the Empourr,
By me thou shalt have Justice at his hands.
Hold, hold, mean while her's money for thy charges.
Give me pen and inke.
Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliver a Supplication ?

Clowne. I fir.

Titus. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when
you come to him, at the first approach you must kneele,
then fhee his foote, then deliver vp your Pigeons ,
and then looke for your reward. He be at hand sir, fee you do
it brauely.

Clowne. I warrant you sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah haft 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 given it the Empourer,
Knocke at my dore, and tell me what he fayes.
Clowne. God be with you sir, I will

Exit. 

Tit. Come Marcus let us goe, Publius follow we.

Exeunt.

Enter Emperor and Emprefle, and her two femes, the
Emperor brings the Arrows in his hand
that Titus shot at him.

Sane. Why Lords,
What wrongs are these ? was ever feene
An Empourer in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egall justice, yf'd in fuch contempt?
My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods,
(How euer these disturbers of our peace
But in the peoples ears) there nought hath past,
But even with law against the wilfull Sonnes
Of old Andronicus. And whereat if
His forrowes haue so ouerwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wretches,
His fies, his frenzie, and his bizarrelle?
And now he writes to heaven for his red efe.
See,heere to Iou, and this to Mercury,
This to Apollo, this to the God of war:

Sweet scroyles to flye about the streets of Rome:
What's this but Libelling against the Senate,
And blaizing our Injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is't not my Lords?

As who would say, in Rome no Injustice were.
But if I live, his fainted exacts
Shall be no better to these outrages:
As who would say, in Rome no Justice were.

Shall be no better to these outrages:
As who would say, in Rome no Justice were.

But he and his, hall know, that Justice liues

Sweet scroyles to flye about the streets of Rome:

Heel so awake, at he in fury shall

what's this but Libelling against the Senate,

Th'effecls of sorrow for his valiant Sonnes,
Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,

Thus, haue touch'd thee to the quicke.

To pursue the meaneft or the bed:
Whose love hath pier'd him deep, and fear'd his heart;

They hither march atmaine, vnder condufl

As flowers with frost, or grass beat downe with storms:

The other rotted with delicious foode.

To gaz upon a ruinous Monasfrtie,

To gaz upon a ruinous Monasfrtie,

And they haue wifht that

Loom'd in Rome, from our croups I draid.

May thisbeborne? As if his tre祷rous Sonnes,
I know from whence this same deuife proceedes:

Tis he the common people loue so much.

My felfe hath often heard them fay,

Tis he, God & Saint Stephen giue you good den;

In hope thy felfe should gouetne Rome and me.

And as he faith, so fay we all with him.

But who comes heere, led by a fuddy

And as he faith, so fay we all with him.

And now fweet Emperour be blithe againe,

Let him make treble satisfaction,

And me, and I hang the head

Th'effects of sorrow for his valiant Sonnes,
Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,

How much money muff I haue?

Clo. Tis he; God & Saint Stephen giue you good den;
I haue brought you a Letter; & a couple of Pigeons here.

If I haue brought you a Letter, & a couple of Pigeons heere.

Then profecute the meaneft or the bed:
Whose love hath pier'd him deep, and fear'd his heart;

Aimed Impregnable, his old eares deafe,
Yet (hall both eare and heart obey my tongue.

Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

Emirates do this meflage Honourably,
And if he stand in Hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Say, that the Emperour request a parly
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

And to plucke proud Lucius from the warlike Gothes.
And now fweet Emperour be blithe againe,

And bury all thy fear in my deuifes.

And now be wise,

Thy life blood out: If I haue brought you a Letter, & a couple of Pigeons heere.

Then profecute the meaneft or the bed:
Whose love hath pier'd him deep, and fear'd his heart;

I haue receiued Letters from great Rome,

For this proud mocke, I le be thy laughter man:

Haue by my meanes been butcher'd wrongfully?

That dy'd by law for murther of our Brother,

And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe.

Therefore great Lords, be as your Titles witneffe.

And how desirous of our fight they are.

Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,

Let him make treble satisfaction,

And if he stand in Hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Emirates your bidding fhall I do efeflually.

Lucius.

Then goe fucceffamly and plead for him. Exit.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes
with Drum and Souldiers.

Luci. Approved warriours, and my faithful Friends,
I haue receiued Letters from great Rome,
Which commend what they beare their Emperour,
And how defirous of our sight they are.

Thankful warriours, and my faithful Friends,
I haue receiued Letters from great Rome,
Which commend what they beare their Emperour,
And how defirous of our sight they are.

As warlike Lucius General of the Gothes?
Th'effects of sorrow for his valiant Sonnes,
Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,

But who comes heere, led by a fuddy

Enter a Goth leading of Aaron with his child
in his arms.

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I strayd,
To gaze upon a ruinous Monasfrtie,
And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye
Upon the wafted building, suddainely
I heard a childie cry underneath a wall:
I made into the noyse, when soone I heard,
The crying babe controlled with this discouer:
Peace Tawny slave, halfe me, and halfe thy Dam,
Did not the Hue bewray who the brat thou art?

Peace, Tawny slave, halfe me, and halfe thy Dam,
For I must bestre trye to a strait Goyth,
Whom when he knowes thou art the Emprefle babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy Mothers sake.

With this, my weapon drawer, I rufht upon him,
Surpriz'd him suddainely, and brought him hither.

To eie, as you thynke neede of the man.
That rob'd, that Andronicus of his good hand:
This is the Peale, that pleaf'd thy Emprefle eye,
And here's the Bale Fruit of his burning lafte,
Say wall-eyed Vlaine, whether wouldst thou conuay
This growing Image of thy fiend-like face?


Luci. Even by my God I swera to thee I will.
Aron. Fyrst know thou, I be got him on the Emprefle.
Luci. Oh most infatiate luxurieous woman!
Aron. Tut Luciues, this was but a deed of Charitie,
To eie, as you thynke neede of the man.

To eie, as you thynke neede of the man.
That rob'd, that Andronicus of his good hand:
This is the Peale, that pleaf'd thy Emprefle eye,
And here's the Bale Fruit of his burning lafte,
Say wall-eyed Vlaine, whether wouldst thou conuay
This growing Image of thy fiend-like face?


Luci. Even by my God I swera to thee I will.
Aron. Fyrst know thou, I be got him on the Emprefle.
Luci. Oh most infatiate luxurieous woman!
Aron. Tut Luciues, this was but a deed of Charitie,
To eie, as you thynke neede of the man.

To eie, as you thynke neede of the man.
That rob'd, that Andronicus of his good hand:
This is the Peale, that pleaf'd thy Emprefle eye,
And here's the Bale Fruit of his burning lafte,
Say wall-eyed Vlaine, whether wouldst thou conuay
This growing Image of thy fiend-like face?


Luci. Even by my God I swera to thee I will.
Aron. Fyrst know thou, I be got him on the Emprefle.
Luci. Oh most infatiate luxurieous woman!
Aron. Tut Luciues, this was but a deed of Charitie,
To eie, as you thynke neede of the man.

To eie, as you thynke neede of the man.
That rob'd, that Andronicus of his good hand:
This is the Peale, that pleaf'd thy Emprefle eye,
And here's the Bale Fruit of his burning lafte,
Say wall-eyed Vlaine, whether wouldst thou conuay
This growing Image of thy fiend-like face?


Luci. Even by my God I swera to thee I will.
Aron. Fyrst know thou, I be got him on the Emprefle.
Luci. Oh most infatiate luxurieous woman!
Aron. Tut Luciues, this was but a deed of Charitie,
To eie, as you thynke neede of the man.

To eie, as you thynke neede of the man.
That rob'd, that Andronicus of his good hand:
This is the Peale, that pleaf'd thy Emprefle eye,
And here's the Bale Fruit of his burning lafte,
Say wall-eyed Vlaine, whether wouldst thou conuay
This growing Image of thy fiend-like face?
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

But to torment you with my bitter tongue.
Lash, Sirs, stop his mouth, & let him speak no more.

Enter Emilia.

Goth. My Lord, there is a Messenger from Rome

Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come nearer.

Welcome Emilia, what the news from Rome?

Emi. Lord Lucius, and you Princes of the Goths,
The Roman Emperour greets you all by me,
And for he understands you are in Armes,
He craves a parly at your Fathers house

Willing you to demand your Hostages,

And we will come; march away.

Exeunt.

And they (all be immediately deliverd.

Willing you to demand your Hostages,

Marcia, Tullius,

Unto my

The Roman Emperour greets you all by me.

And for he understands you are in Armes,

Tell him Revenge is come to join with him.

That by my sad decrees may lies away,

To join with him and right his horrid wrongs:

Andronicus,

Wanting a hand to give it action,

And what is written shall be executed.

See here in bloody lines I have set down;

To ruminate strange plots of dire Revenge,

Knock at his study where they say he keepes,

You are deceived, for what I mean to do,

And all my study beton-offered?

Is it your tricke to make me open the door.

And work confusion on his Enemies.

Thou wouldst talk with me.

Thou hast the odds of me. Therefore no more.

Witnese these crimson lines,

Tamora.

For our proud Empresse, Mighty

Witnese these letters made by grief and care,

Witnese this wretched day, and heavy night,

Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Come down and welcome me to this worlds light,

And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,

Where bloody Murder or defecled Rape,

Could not all hell afford you such a devil?

To scatter and disperse the giddy Gothes,

And being Credulous in this mad thought,

I will imbibe thee by and by.

Oh sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,

And if one armes imbracement will content thee,

I will embrace thee: it by and by.

Tam. Good Lord how like the Empresse Sons they are.

And you the Empresse: But we worldly men,

Have miserables mad mistaking eyes:

Oh sweetest Revenge, now do I come to thee,

And if one armes imbracement will content thee,

I will embrace thee: it by and by.

Tam. This cloathing with him, fits his Lunacy.

What ere I forge to feed his braine-fick fits,

Do you uphold, and maintain in your speeches,

For now he firmly takes me for Revenge,

And being Credulous in this mad thought,

I'll make him fend for Lucius his Sonne,

And whilst I at a Banquet hold him sure,

lie make him send for Lucius his Sonne,

And would you represent our Queene aright

But in her company there is a Moore,

Well must you know her by your owne proportion.

Shew me a villain that hath done a Rape,

And when thou find'st a man that's like thy selfe.

What wouldst thou have vs do?

Dem. Shew me a Murderer, Ile deale with him.

Chi. Shew me a Villaine that hath done a Rape,

And I am sent to be revenge'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand that have done thee wrong,

And Ile be revenge'd on them all.

Tit. Long have I bene forlorne, and all for thee.

Welcome dread Fury to my woefull house.

Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too.

Good Rapine stab him, he is a Roaver.

Could not all hell afford you such a devil?

For well I wote the Empresse and her Sonses you are.

Well are you suited, had you but a Moore.

But welcome as you are, what shall we doe?

Tam. What wouldst thou have vs do?

Titus. Do me some service ere I come to thee:

Luc by thy side where Rape and Murder stand,

Now give some succour that thou art Revenge,

Grab them, cut off their heads, set them on thy Chariot wheels,

And then Ie come and be thy Waggoneer,

And whilst along with thee about the Globes,

Prouide thee to have proper Palliers, as blacke as Jet.

To hale thy very full, Waggone swift away,

And finde our Murder in their guilty cares.

And when thy Car is loaded with their heads,

I will dismount, and by the Waggone wheele,

Trot like a Serule footeeman all day long,

Euen from Epom rising in the East,

Until his very downfall in the Sea.

And day by day Ie do this heauy task,

So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my Ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy Ministers, what are they call'd?

Tam. Rape and Murder, therefore call'd so,

Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tam. Good Lord how like the Empresse Sons they are.

And you the Empresse: But we worldly men,

Have miserable mad mistaking eyes:

Oh sweetest Revenge, now do I come to thee,

And if one armes imbracement will content thee,

I will embrace thee: it by and by.

Tam. This cloathing with him, fits his Lunacy.

What ere I forge to feed his braine-fick fits,

Do you uphold, and maintain in your speeches,

For now he firmly takes me for Revenge,

And being Credulous in this mad thought,

I'll make him send for Lucius his Sonne,

And whilst I at a Banquet hold him sure,

lie make him send for Lucius his Sonne,

And would you represent our Queene aright

But in her company there is a Moore,

Well must you know her by your owne proportion.

Shew me a villain that hath done a Rape,

And when thou find'st a man that's like thy selfe.

What wouldst thou have vs do?

Dem. Shew me a Murderer, Ile deale with him.

Chi. Shew me a Villaine that hath done a Rape,

And I am sent to be revenge'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand that have done thee wrong,

And Ile be revenge'd on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,

And when thou find'st a man that's like thy selfe,

Good Murder stab him, he's a Murderer.

Goe thou with him, and when it be thy hap

To finde another that is like to thee,

Good Rapine stab him, he's a Roaver.

Go thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,

There is a Queene attended by a Moore,

Well must thou know her by thy owne proportion.

For vs and downe she doth rememb're thee,

I pray thee doe on them some violent death,

They have bene violent to me and mine.

Tam. Marcius, send for Titus, I will make him understand.

Thee and the Lady are welcome to our Court.

Shew me those that have done thee wrong.

Chall the Judges, and shew them thy demand;

Warrant them to do as thou wilt bid them.

Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too.

Do you uphold, and mainline in your speeches.

Shew me a villain that hath done a Rape,

And when thou find'st a man that's like thy selfe.

What wouldst thou have vs do?

Dem. Shew me a Murderer, Ile deale with him.

Chi. Shew me a Villaine that hath done a Rape,

And I am sent to be revenge'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand that have done thee wrong,

And Ile be revenge'd on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,

And when thou find'st a man that's like thy selfe,

Good Murder stab him, he's a Murderer.

Goe thou with him, and when it be thy hap

To finde another that is like to thee,

Good Rapine stab him, he's a Roaver.

Go thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,

There is a Queene attended by a Moore,

Well must thou know her by thy owne proportion.

For vs and downe she doth rememb're thee,

I pray thee doe on them some violent death,

They have bene violent to me and mine.

Tam.
Lucius. Well hast thou lefton'd vs, this shall we do.
But would it please thee good Andronics,
To send for Lucius thy thrice Valiant Sonne,
Who leads towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothis,
And bid him come and Banquet at thy house.
When he is here, even at thy Solemn Feast,
I will bring in the Emperour and her Sonnes,
The Emperour himsef, and all thy Foes,
And at thy mercy shall they flock, and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease, thy angry heart:
What faves Andronicus to this devise?

Enter Marcus.

Tit. Marcus, my Brother, 'tis sad Titus calls,
Go gentle Marcus to thy Nephew Lucius,
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothis,
Bid them repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest Princes of the Gothis,
Tell them the Emperour, and the Emperess too,
Feasts at my house, and he shall Feast with them,
This do thou for my love, and so let him.

As he regards his aged Father's life.

Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothis.
How I have governed our determined self
And will over-reach them in their owne devises,
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him faire,
And take my Ministers along with me.

And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.
Some of the chiefest Princes of the Gothis,
This do thou for my love, and so let him.

What says Andronicus to this devilish
As he regards his aged Father's life.

Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothis.
How I have governed our determined self
And will over-reach them in their owne devises,
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him faire,
And take my Ministers along with me.
And tarry with him till I turne againe.
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.
Some of the chiefest Princes of the Gothis,
This do thou for my love, and so let him.

Enter Marcus.

Tit. Lucius, this is my Brother, 'tis sad Titus calls,
Go gentle Marcus to thy Nephew Lucius,
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothis,
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest Princes of the Gothis,
Tell them the Emperour, and the Emperess too,
Feasts at my house, and he shall Feast with them,
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged Father's life.

Marcus. This will I do, and soon return again.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
Or else I call my Brother backe againe,
And close to no revenge but Lucius.

Marcus. What say you Boys, will you bide with him,
While I goe tell my Lord the Emperour.
How I have govern'd our determined self
And will over-reach them in their owne devises,
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe.

Marcus. I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will ore-reach them in their owne devises,
A payre of cursed hell-hounds and their Dam.

Marcus. Madam depart at pleasure, leave vs here.

Marcus. Farewell Andronicus, revenge now goes
To lay a compot to betray thy foes.

Tit. I know thou dost it, and sweet revenge farewell.

Tit. Tell vs old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Publius come hither, Caesar and Palentiane.

Publius. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Publius. The Emperour and his Sonnes.

Marcus. I take them, Caesar and Palentiane.

Titus. Pease Publius, thou art too much deceard,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore bind them gentle Publius,
Caesar and Palentiane, lay hands on them,
Oft have you heard me with such an hour,
And now I find it, therefore bind them sure,
Caesar. Villaines forbear, we are the Emperour Sonnes.
Publius. And therefore do we, what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouths, let them not speake a word,
Is he tare bound, looke that you binde them fast, Exeunt.

Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Launia
with a Bason.

Tit. Come, come Launia, looke, thy foes are bound,
Stirs stop their mouths, let them not speake to me,
But let them hear what fearfull words I utter.

Oh Villaines, Caesar and Palentiane,
Here stands the spring whom you have slain'd with mud,
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault,
Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry ieff,
Then Hands or tongue, her spotleffe Chastity,
Inhumaine Traitors, you constrain'd and for it.
What would you say, if I should let you speake?
Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace.
Harke Wretch's, how I mean to martyr you,
This one Hand yet is left, to cut your throats,
Whil'st that Launia with her fumps doth hold,
The Bason that receiveth your guilty blood.

You know your Mother meanes to feast with me,
And calls her selfe Revenge, and thinks me mad.
Harke Villaines, I will grin'd your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, I make Paffe,
And of the Paffe a Coffin I will make,
And make two Parties of your shamefull Heads,
And bid that Trumpet your unhallowed Dam,
Like to the earth swallow her increafe.
This is the Feast, that I issue bid her to,
And this the Banquet the shall surfeet on,
For warse then Philomet you of my Daughter,
And warse then Passe, I will be reueng'd,
And now prepare your threats; Launia come,
Receive the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grin'd their Bones to powder small,
And with this hateful Liquor temper it,
And in that Paffe let their Heads be bakte,
Come, come, be every one officious,
To make this Bonket, which I with might prove,
More fierce and bloody than the Centaures Feaft.

He eats their throats.

So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
And iest them ready, against their Mother comes; Exeunt.

Enter Lucius, Caesar, and the Gothis.

Luc. Vnckle Marcus, since 'tis my Fathers minde,
That repair to Rome, I am content.
Goth. And ours with thine befall, what Fortune will.
Luc. Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous Moar,
This Rauous Tiger, this accursed devil,
Let him receiue no fulffance, let him fall,
Till he be brought vnto the Emperour face,
For testimonie of her foule proceedings.
And see the Ambush of our Friends be strong,
I see the Emperour meanes no good to vs.
Aron. Some devil whispers in my ear,
And prommises that my tongue may vss
The Vemnos Mallice of my swelling heart.
Luc. Away Inhumaine Dogge, Vnhallowed Slaue,
Sirs, help out Vnckle, to conuoy him in,
Flourish.
The Trumpets show the Emperour is at hand.

Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperour and Emme, with
Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hast the Fireament more Sunes then one?
Luc. What boostes is thee to call thy felfe a Sunne?
Mar. Rome's Emperour & Nephew breaks the parole,
These quarrels must be quietly debated,
The Feast is ready which the careful Titus,
To entertain your Highness, and your Empresse.
For Peace, for Love, for League, and good to Rome:
all though the check be poor, welcome Lucius,
Please you therefore draw near and take your places.

To Gay his daughter with his owne right hand,
My Lord the Emperour refolue me this.
Becaule (he was enforft, stain'd, and deflow'd.
Welcome Dread Queene,
A pattern, president, and lively warrant.
For me (most wretched) to performe the like:
VirgMus,
Was it well done of rate
And with thy shame by Fathers sorrow die.
And thy shame with thee.
Die, die, Lucius.

Sat. Hebojes.
Satundricut.
Why art thou thus attir'd?
wlndremem I
We are beholding to you good Tam.

Sat. Titus liken Cooke, placing the meat on
able brought in.

The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus,
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Luc. Thankes gentle Romanes, may I gouertne fo,
To heale Romes harms, and wipe away her wo.
But gentle people, giue me syme a-while,
For Nature puts me to a heauy taske :
Stand all aloofe, but Vnokle draw you neere,
To shed obsequious teares upon this Trunke :
Oh take this warme kiffe on thy pale cold lips,
The last true Duties of thy Noble Sonne.

Mar. Teare for teare, and loving kiffe for kiffe,
Thy Brother Marcus tenders on thy Lipse :
O were the summe of these that I should pay
Countelle, and infinit, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither Boy, come, come, and learne of vs
To melt in showres: thy Grandfire loued thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee:
Sung thee asleepe, his Louing Breth, thy Pillow
Meete, and agreeing with thine Infancie :
But yet some small drops from thy tender Spring,
Because kindle Nature doth require it so:
Friends, shou'd associate Friends, in Greefe and Wo.
Bid him farwell, committ him to the Graue,
Do him that kindnefe, and take leaue of hym.

Boy. O Grandfire, Grandfire: even with all my heart
Would I were Deaf, so you did Live againe.
O Lord, I cannot speake to him for weeping,
My teares will choake me, if I ope my mouth.

Romans. You sad Andromine, have done with woes,
Give sentence on this execrable Wretch,
That hath beene breeder of these dire euents.

Luc. Set him breft deepes in earth, and famish hym:
There let him stand, and rue, and cry for foode :
If any one releues, or pittis hym,
For the offence, he dyes. This is our doome :
Some stay, to see him fall ned in the earth.

Aron. O why should wrath be mute, & Fury dumb?
I am no Baby 1, that with base Prayers
I shou'd repent the Evils I haue done.
Ten thousand worse, 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 loving Friends convey the Emp, hence,
And giue him bursall in his Fathers graue,
My Father, and Luimia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our Houshold Monuments :
As for that heynous Tyger Tamora,
No Funerall Rite, nor man in mournfull Weeds :
No mournfull Bell shall ring her Bursall :
But throw her sorrow to Beads and Birds of prey :
Her life was Bead-like, and deuoid of pitty,
And being so, shal have like want of pitty.

FINIS.
THE TRAGEDIE OF
ROMEO and JULIET.

Aulis Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Sampfon and Gregory, with Swords and Bucklers, of the House of Capulet.

Sampfon.

Greg. A my word wee'II not carry coales.

Samp. No, for then we should be Collars.

Greg. A dog of the house of Capulet, rooves me.

Samp. If thee art not quickly mou'd, I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of Montagues.

Greg. That sclews thee a vreake hue, for the weakest goes to the wall.

Samp. True, and therefore women being the weaker Vesss, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will path Mountague's men from the wall, and thrust his Maidens to the wall.

Greg. The quarrell is between our Matters, and vs. I will throw my selfe a tyrant: when I have fought with the Men, I will bee civill with the Maid, and cut off their heads.

Samp. The heads of the Maidens, I will take in what fence thou wilt.

Greg. They will take it fence, that feel it.

Samp. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand:

Greg. Thus will thou art not Fith: If thou hadst, thou hadst become poor John. Draw thy Toole, here comes of the House of Montague's.

Samp. No sir, I do not bite my Thumbe at vs sir: but I bite my Thumbe sir.

Greg. Do you quarrell sir?

Samp. If you do sir, I am for you, I serve as good a man.

Greg. No better?

Samp. Well sir.

Greg. Do you quarrell sir?

Samp. Draw if you be men in a good strait, with wounding blowes. They Fight.

Ben. Part Fools, put vp your Swords, you know not what you do.

Enter Talhau.

Tyl. What art thou drawne, amongst these heartless Hinder? Turn thee Benathme, look up thy death.

Ben. I do but kepe the peace, put vp thy Sword, or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyl. What draw, and talk of peace? I hate the word As I hate hell, all Montague's and thee.

Hast at thee Caward. Fight.

Enter three or four Citizens with Clubs.

Off. Clubs, Bills, and Partitions, strike them downe with the Capulets, downe with the Montague's. Enter old Capulet in his Gowne, and his wife.

Cap. What noife is this? Give me my long Sword ho.

First. A crutch, a crutch: why call you for a Sword?

Cap. My Sword I say: Old Montague is come, and stounes his Blade in spighe of me.

Enter old Capulet, & his wife.

Cap. Thou villain Capulet. Hold me not, let me go.

Wife. Thou shalt not stir a foote to secke a Foe.

Enter Prince Edgare, with his Train.

Prince. Rebellious Subiects, Enemies to peace, Prophane of this Neighbor-stained Steele, Will they not heare? What be you Men, you Beasts, That quench the fire of your pernicious Rage, With purple Fountains Iising from your Veins: On paine of Torture, from those bloody hands Throw your mistempe'd Weapons to the ground, And hear the Sentence of your moond Prince, Three civil Broyles, bred of an Ayery word, By thee old Capulet and Montague, Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets, And made Verona's ancient Citizens Cast by their Grave be Foiling Ornaments, To wield old Partizans, in hands as old,

Grald.
The Tragedie of Rome and Juliet.

Cankred with peace, for part your Cankred hate,
If ever you did disturb our streets againe,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away.
You Capulets shall goe along with mee,
And Macbeth come you this afternoon,
To know our Fathers pleasure in this case:
To old Free-towne, our common judgement place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart. Exeunt.

Ben. Good morrow Cousin.
Rom. Is the day so young?
Ben. But new stroke nine.
Rem. Aye me, six hours were soon.
Was that my Father that went hence so fast?
Ben. It was: what sadnes lengths Rome's hours?
Rom. Not having that, which having makes them short.
Ben. In love.
Rom. Out.
Ben. Of course.
Rom. Out of her favour where I am in love.
Ben. Alas that love so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proofe.
Rom. Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes, see path-ways to his will.
Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.
Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate?
O any thing, of nothing first create.
O he-sue lightnesse, serious vanity,
Mishapen Chaos of disordered forms,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sickle health,
Still waking sleep, that is not what it is.
This love feele I, that feele no love in this.
Doest thou not laugh?
Ben. No Coze, I rather wepe.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good hearts oppression.
Rom. Why such is loves transient griefes.
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate to have it preat.
With more of thine, this love that hath haft bowne,
Doth add more griefe, too much of mine owne.
Loue, is a smoke made with the flame of flightes,
Being puer, a fire sparkling in Louers eyes,
Being vest, a Scamorizit with loving teare,
What is it else? a madness, most discrete,
A choking gall, and a preferring sweet.
Farewell my Coze.
Ben. Soft I will goe along.
And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tis I have lost my selfe; I am not here.
This is not Rome, he's some other where.
Ben. Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you love?
Rom. What shall I groane and tell thee?
Ben. Groane, why no: but falsely tell me who.
Rom. A sickle man in sadnesse makes his will.
A word ill urg'd to one that is so ill:
In sadnesse Cozin, do I love a woman.
Ben. I zym'd so near, when I suppos'd you loud.
Rom. A right good marke man, and faire's faire I love.
Ben. A right faire marke, faire Coze, is foonest hit.
Rom. Well in that hit you miffe; heel not be hit.
With Cupids arrow, the bough Dionis wise:
And in strong proofe of chalybeit well arm'd.

...
She is too faire, too wise, too fair.

To make me daire, to maide me faire;

She hath forsworne to love, and in that vow

Do I live dead, that liue to tell it now.

Ben. Be ould, by me, forget to thinke our.

Rom. O teach me how I should forsworne to thinke.

Ben. By guing liberty with thine eyes,

Examine other beauties.

To meric his life by making me desire:

She hath forsorne to love, and in that vow

Too faire, too wise, felie too faire.

Do I liue dead, that Ie tell it now.

He that is strooken blind, can no forget

The happy maskes that kisse faire Ladies browes.

Shew me a MistrelTe that is parting faire.

The precious treasure of his eye-light lost:

But now my Lord, what say you to my suit?

Where I may read who part that parting faire.

Examine other beauties,

She hath not seen the change of fourteen years.

For men so old as we, to keepe the peace.

In penalty alike: and it is not hard to think,

Ere we may think her ripe to be a Bride.

Let two more Summers wither in their pride.

This night I hold an old custom'd Deaft,

Such comfort as do lofty young men feel.

At my poor house, loo ke to behold this night.

Of limping Winter treads, even such delight

When well mparrel'd Apollo on the heele

Verona,

Find thofe perfons out, through faire

And like her roft, whose meit it moft shall be:

Inherit at my house: hear all and see:

Come, goe with me. goe firrah trudge about.

Which one more view, of many, mine being one.

Compare her face with some that I will show.

And I will make thee think thy Swan a Crow.

Tranfparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.

One fairer then my loue the all-seeing Sun

And thefe who often drown'd could neuer die,

Herfclfepoyfd with herfelfe in either eye:

Nere faw her match, none ftrict the world begun.

Your Ladie loue againft some other Maid

But in chac Chriftall fcales, let there be waid,

Your Plantain leafe is excellent for that

Rom. Your Plantain leafe is excellent for that

Ben. For what I pray thee?

Rom. For you broken thin.

Ben. Why Romeo art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man.

Shut vp in prifon, kept without my foodes,

Whipt and tomteoned: and Godden good fellow.

Ser. Goddiggido, I pray fin can you read?

Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

Ser. Perhaps you have learned it without booke;

But I pray can you read any thing you fee

Rom. If I know the Letters and the Langua:

Ser. Ye lay bonetly, reff you merry.

Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

He reads the Letter.

Eignor Marno, and his wife and daughter: County Ao.

Seline and his brothers3 fitters: the Lady widow of Czur.

Signor Propetmio and his bony Nieces.

And his brother Valentine: mine owne Captains by wives and daghters.

my faire Nerio Reffale, Lucy Signor Valentio, and this

Cusen Tybalt: Lucre and the bony Helena.

A faire assemby, whethor should they come?

Shee hath not seen the change of fourteen years,

Let two more Summers wither in their pride.

Ere we may think her ripe to be a Bride.

Younger then she, are happy mothers made.

And too soon mar'd are thofe fo early made:

Younger then she, are happy mothers made.

Incpenally alike, and this not hard to think,

For men so old as we, to keepe the peace.

In penalty alike: and it is not hard to think,

Ere we may think her ripe to be a Bride.

Let two more Summers wither in their pride.

This night I hold an old custom'd Deaft,

Such comfort as do lofty young men feel.

At my poor house, loo ke to behold this night.

Of limping Winter treads, even such delight

When well mparrel'd Apollo on the heele

Verona,

Find thofe perfons out, through faire

And like her roft, whose meit it moft shall be:

Inherit at my house: hear all and see:

Come, goe with me. goe firrah trudge about.

Which one more view, of many, mine being one.

Compare her face with some that I will show.

And I will make thee think thy Swan a Crow.

Tranfparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.

One fairer then my loue the all-seeing Sun

And thefe who often drown'd could neuer die,

Herfclfepoyfd with herfelfe in either eye:

But in chac Chriftall fcales, let there be waid,

Your Plantain leafe is excellent for that

Rom. Your Plantain leafe is excellent for that

Ben. For what I pray thee?

Rom. For you broken thin.

Ben. Why Romeo art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man.

Shut vp in prifon, kept without my foodes,

Whipt and tomteoned: and Godden good fellow.

Ser. Goddiggido, I pray fin can you read?

Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

Ser. Perhaps you have learned it without booke;

But I pray can you read any thing you fee

Rom. If I know the Letters and the Langua:

Ser. Ye lay bonetly, reff you merry.

Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

He reads the Letter.

Eignor Marno, and his wife and daughter: County Ao.

Seline and his brothers3 fitters: the Lady widow of Czur.

Signor Propetmio and his bony Nieces.

And his brother Valentine: mine owne Captains by wives and daghters.

my faire Nerio Reffale, Lucy Signor Valentio, and this

Cusen Tybalt: Lucre and the bony Helena.

A faire assemby, whethor should they come?

Shee hath not seen the change of fourteen years,

Let two more Summers wither in their pride.

Ere we may think her ripe to be a Bride.

Younger then she, are happy mothers made.

And too soon mar'd are thofe fo early made:

Younger then she, are happy mothers made.

Incpenally alike, and this not hard to think,

For men so old as we, to keepe the peace.

In penalty alike: and it is not hard to think,

Ere we may think her ripe to be a Bride.

Let two more Summers wither in their pride.

This night I hold an old custom'd Deaft,

Such comfort as do lofty young men feel.

At my poor house, loo ke to behold this night.

Of limping Winter treads, even such delight

When well mparrel'd Apollo on the heele

Verona,
Shall bitterly begin his fearfull date
With this nights revells, and expire the tume
Of a deplited life clo'd in my brest:
By some vile forset of vnname death
But he that hath the flarlig of my course,
Dierct my fate: on Juffie Gentlemen.

Strike Drum.

They march about the Stage, and Servaung men come forth
with their napkins.

Enter Servants.

Ser. Where's Petran, that he helps not to take away?
He shift a Trencher the scrape a Trencher?

When good men suffer, shall lie in one or two mens hands,
and they know not too, 'tis a foule thing.

Ser. Away with the loyntoole, remove the Courtruberd, looke to the Plate: good thou, same mee a piece of Marchpane, and do thou loue me, let the Porter let in Swan Grindstone and Nell, Anthisome and Petran.

Ser. I boy ready.

Ser. You are lookt for, and call'd for, ask for, & fought for, in the great Chamber.

I cannot be here and there too, chearly Boyes,
Be brisk while, and the longer linger take all.

Enter all the Gentl and Gentlemen to the Markets.

Cup. Welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that have their toses

Vnplagued with Comes, will walke about with you:
Ah my Misstres, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes divinity,
She ll ease hath Comes: am I come near ye now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I have see me the day
That I have worn a Vitor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare :
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gene,
You are welcome Gentlemen: come Muffsians play:
Musick play: and the dance.

A Hill, Hall, give room, and foote it Gildes,
More light you kneave, and tume the Table up:
And quench the fire, the Room is growne too hot,
Ah sirrah, this vnlookt for fport comes well:
Nay fir, nay fit, good Cozin Capulet,
For you and I are past our dauncing dates:
How long 'iff now fince laflt yeare and 1
Were in a Maske ?

Cup. Berlady thirty yeare.

Cup. What man: 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much,
'Tis since the Nuptial of Luconio,
Come Percycoft as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty yeares, and then we Mask.
2. Cup. 'Tis more, 'tis more, his Sonne is elder fir:
His Sonne is thirty.
3. Cup. 'Will you tell me that ?
His Sonne was but a Ward two years agoe.
Rom. What Ladse is that which doth inrich the hand
Of your noble Knights.

Ser. I know not fir.

Rom. O she doth teach the Torches to burne bright:
It semes the henge upon the cheeke of night,
As a rich level in the Ethiopians ears:
Beauty too rich for vfe, for earth too desire,
So sheues a Snowy Doue too troping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady or her fellows thrown.

The mesure done, Ise watch her place of hand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart loue till now,for swaere is light:
For I neuer, far true Beauty till this night.

Tib. This by his voice, should be a Montague.

Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what dares the Rake
Come hither couer'd with an antique face,
To flee, and feare at our Solemnitie?
Now by the ftocke and Honour of my kin,
To strike him dead, I hold it not a fin.

Cap. Why how now kinman,
Where are you go so?

Tib. 'Tis he, that Villaine Romeo,
A Villaine that is hither come in light,
To fcorne at our Solemnitie this night.

Cap. Young Romeo is it?

Tib. 'Tis he, that Villaine Romeo,
Content thee gentle Coz, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to fay truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a veruous and well gouern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the towne,
Here in my howfe do him difparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou reffpect,
Shew a faire prefence, and put off these frowns,
An ill befoming refemblance for a Feft.

Tib. It firs when fuch a Villaine is a guest,
Ile not endure him.

Cap. He fhall be endur'd.
What goodman boy, I fay he shall, go too,
Am I little Mifer here or you? go too,
You're not endure him, God fhall mend my foule,
Youre make a Mutinie among the Guefts:
You make a foother touch, with a tender kifle.

This holy lhrine, the gentle fin is this.
You are a favwy Boy, 'ift fo indeed?
You will fee cocke a hoope, youie be the man.
Youle not endure him, God fhall mend my foule
And to fay truth,

This by his voice, (hould be a sain, and holy Palmers kifTe,

I would not for the wealth of all the towne,
Though grant for prayers fake.

Romeo, I know not.

Romeo. Can I goe forward when my heart is here?

Enter Romeo alone.

Romeo. Can I goe forward when my heart is here?
Torne backe dull earth, and find thy Center out.

Enter Berwolfe, with Mercutius.

Ben. Romeo, my Cozen Romeo, Romeo.

Merc. Heis wife,

And on my life hath Rolne him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way and leapd this Orchard wall.

Nur. Madam your Mother caues a word with you.

Romeo. What is her Mother?

Nur. Matrice Batcheler,

Her Mother is the Lady of the howfe,
And a good Lady, and a wife, and Verrouus,
I Nur'll her Daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall haue the chinks.

Romeo. Is fie a Cuplet e,

O deace account! My life is my foes debt.

Rom. Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.

Romeo. To fcorne at our Solemnitie?

Enter Romeo, and the others.

One calls within,Juliet.

Nur. Anon, anon:

Come let's away, the strangers all are gone.

Chorus.

Now old defire doth in his death bed lie,
And song affection 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 Romeos is beloued, and Loues againe,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looke;
But to his foes suppos'd he muft complaine,
And the faire Loues sweet bait from feearefull hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not haue accefc
To breath fuch vowes as Louers vie to waer,
And fie as much in Loue, her means much lefle,
To meere her new Beloued any where:
But passion lends them Power, time, means to meete,
Temp'ring extremeties with extreme sweete.

Enter Romeo alone.

Romeo. Can I goe forward when my heart is here?

Torne backe dull earth, and find thy Center out.

Enter Berwolfe, with Mercutius.

Ben. Romeo, my Cozen Romeo, Romeo.

Merc. Heis wife,

And on my life hath Rolne him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way and leapd this Orchard wall.

Call good Mercutius:

Nay, Ile coniure too.
Spoke but one time, and I am (imbed:  
Appear thou in thy likeness of aught.  

Speak me my good sir, one faire word.  
He that was true, 
Young By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip.  
The Ape is dead must construe him,  
One Nickname for her purblind Sonne and best,  
He know not, he straiten, he know not,  
The time is past, thy likeness thou appearst to va.  
I comure thee by Cephtu*  
When King Torafted a spirit in his Midriff circle*  
By her fine soore, straight leg, and quieting thigh,  
Till she had laid it, and consumed it downe.

This Field-bed is too cold for me to sleepe.  
That were some spight.  
To be covered with the humerous night:  
I comure onely but to raise vp him.  
My occasion is faire and honed, and in his misrife name,  
is the Sunne, 
Wrist.  

That thou her Maid art far more faire then she.  
Atise faire Sun and kill the envious Moon,  
And with his midriff were that kind of flame,  
Goodnight, I to my Trastebed.  
That are some spight.  

She speaks, yet he sayes nothing, what of that?  
Would through the airy Region streame so bright,  
That Birds would sing, and thinke it were not night.  
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eye in heauen.  
Would through the airy Region streame so bright,  
That Birds would sing, and thinke it were not night:  
See how she leaves her cheeke upon her hand.  
O that I were a Gloue upon that hand,  
Thar I might touch that cheeke.  

O Thou art, and that thus before me in night.  
So fumblest on my counsell?  
Rom. By a name,  
I know not how to tell thee who I am:  
My name dearer Saint, is hateful to my selfe,  
Because it is an Enemy to thee,  
Had it been writen, I would have eraseth the word.  

My name is untering, yet I know the found.  
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?  
Rom. Neither faire Maid, if either thee dislike.  
How canst thou hit,  
Tellest me, and wherefore?  
The Orchard walls are high, and hard to clime,  
And the place death, considering who thou art,  
If any of my kinsmen find thee here,  
Rom. With Loues light wings  
Did I ore, perch these Walls,  
For many limits cannot hold Loue out,  
And what Loue can do, that dares Loue attempt:  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.  

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.  
Rom. Alacke there lies more peril in thine eye,  
That twenty of their Swords, jodge thou but sweete,  
And I am proofe against their enmity.  

I would not for the world they saw thee here.  
Rom. I hate nights cloase to hide me from their eyes  
And thou loue me, let them finde me here,  
My life were better ended by their hate.  
Then death proanged wanting of thy Loue.  

By whose direction foundst thou out this place?  
Rom. By Loue that first did prome me to enquire,  
He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes,  
I am no Pylos, yet wert thou as far  
As that vaft-shore-walkeft with the fairest Sea,  
I should adventure for such Marchandise.  

Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,  
Elfe would a Maiden blush bepassant my cheeke,  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to night,  
Faine would I dwell on forme, false, faine, false, false.  
What have spoke, but farewell Complement,  
Doest thou Loue? I know thou wilt say I,
To cease thy strife, and leave me to my grief.
To morrow will I tend.
Rom. So thrife my foule.
Exe. Rome. A thousand times the worst to want thy light.
Love goes toward Loue as school-boyes eyre: their books
But Loue is Lo, towards schoole with heantie lookes.  

Enter Juliet again.

Jul. Hidt Romeo hid: O for a Folkers voice,
To ltere this Tafell gentle backe againe,
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud:
Else would I teare the Caue where Echo lies,
And make her syne tongue more hoarse, then
With repetition of my Romeo.
Rom. It is my foule that calls upon my name,
How fliuer fweet, found Louers tongues by night,
Like fofteft Musicke to attending eares.
Jul. Romeo.
Rom. My Niece.
Jul. What a clock to morrow
Shall I fende to thee?
Rom. By the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not faile, tis twenty years till then,
I have forgot why I did call thee backe.
Rom. Let me fand here till thou remember it.
Jul. I shall forget, to have thee full fand there,
Remembering how I Loue thy company.
Rom. And ife full fay, to have thee full forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'Tis now myng morning, I would have thee gone,
And yet no further then a wantons Bird,
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poorer prisoner in his twitted Gyues,
And with a filken thred plucks it backe againe,
So loving jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy Bird.
Jul. Sweet fo would I.
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:
Good night, good night.
Rom. Parting is fuch sweete forrow,
That I fhall fay goodnight, till it be morrow.
Jul. Sleepe dwell vpontine eyes, peace in thy bret.
Rom. Would I were sleepe and peace to sweete to tell,
The gray ey'd moone smiles on the frowning night,
Checking the Eartume Cloudes with freakes of light,
And darkneffe ftek'd like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes paifeway, made by Titian whiskes.
Hence well I to my gheefly Fries clofe Cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.  

Enter Friar alone with a basket.

Fri. The gray ey'd moone smiles on the frowning night,
Checking the Eartume Cloudes with freakes of light,
And fieked darkneffe like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes paifeway, made by Titian whiskes.
Hence well I to my gheefly Fries clofe Cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.  

Enter Friar alone with a basket.
Enter Romeo.

Within the infant sin'd of this weak flower,
Pay'st for bath retreat, and medicine power:
For this being fruit, with that part eases each part,
Being saled layes all fences with the heart.
Two stiff oppos'd Kings encamp them still,
In man as well as Heads grace and rude will:
And where the worse is predominant,
Full soone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.

Romeo. Good morrow Father.
Fri. Benedicte.

What early tongue so sweet gluteth me?
Young Sonne it argues a distempered head,
So none to bid good morrow to thy bed;
Care keeps his watch in every man's eye,
And where Care lodges, sleepe will never yeve:
But where unfruited youth with vnsift braine
Doth couch his lust, there, golden sleepe doth reign;
Therefore thy carthesie doth me affure,
Thou art yet with some distempers cutt.
Or if not so, then here I hit it right.
Our Rome hath not beene in bed to night.

Romeo. That left is true, the sweeter rest was mine.
Fri. God pardon (inward thou with Relainse?"
Romeo. With Relainse, 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?

Romeo. I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.
I haue beene, teasting with mine enimie,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phisick lies:
I beseech no hatred, blessed man for loe
My intercourse like wise leads my foe.
Fri. Re-glaine good Son, sett homely in thy drift,
Ridding confusion, findes but riding drift.

Romeo. Then plainly know my hearts desire Loue is set
On the faire daughter of rich Capulet;
As mine on hers, so hers is set on me,
And all combind, faue what thou must enombine
By holy marriage: when and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:
He tell thee as we passe, but this I prays,
That thou consent to marrie us to day.
Fri. Holy S. Francis, what's change is here?
Is Relainse that thou diest Loue doo desire
So soone for taken? young mens Loue then lies
Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Loue is to morrow, what's a deasle of spine?
Hath wash't thy fellow cheekes for Relainse?
How much salt water throwne away in wast,
To sease Loue that of it doth not sall.
The Sun not yet thy higher, from heaven receares,
Thy old cronies yet ringer in my sancient eares.
So here upon thy cheeke the raine doth fit,
Of an old teare that is not wash'd off yet.
If e'er thou wash thy selfe, and these worst chine,
Thou and these woes, were all for Relainse,
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Romeo. Thou child it me oft for loving Relainse.
Fri. For doing, not for loving pupil mine.
Romeo. And baft me bury Loue.
Fri. Not in a grave.

To lay one in, another out to haue.

Romeo. I pray thee chide me nor, yet I love now
Both grace for grace, and Loue for Loue allow.
The other did not do.

Fri. O she knew well,
Thy Loue did read by rote, that could not spell:
But come young wauerer, come goe wtth mee.
In one respect, ite thy assisant be:
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turne your household rancors to pure Loue.

Romeo. O let vs hence, I stand on sudden halfe.
Fri. Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Merc. Where the deuile should this Romeo but come he home to night?

Benv. Not to his Fathers, I spake with his man.

Merc. Why that same pale hared, hatted wench, that Relainse tormentes him so, that he will scarce run.

Benv. Tybalt, the kinman to old Capulet, hath sent a Letter to his Fathers house,

Merc. A challenge on my life.

Romeo. Then answere it.

Merc. Any man that can write, may answere a Letter.

Benv. Nay, he will answere the Letters Master how he dares, being dared.

Benv. Alas poore Romeo, he is already dead stab'd with a white wenchs blacke eye, runne through the ears with a loue song, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the immemorial Paffado the Punt*icuerseithcd,thy.

Romeo. Why what is Tybalt?

Merc. More then Prince of Cats. Oh here's the Couraglous Captain of Complements: b: fight as you pricking long, keeps time, distance, and proportion, here's his minum, one, two, and the third in your bonos: the very butcher of a silk bonnet: a Duplati, a Duplati: a Gentlemen of the very first house of the first and second causers: ah immortal Paffado to the Punt*icuerseithcd. Hays.

Benv. What the what?

Merc. The Pox off such antique lipping the thorn phantaces, the newe tuners of accent: leua a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good where. Why is not this immortal thing in Grondel, let us our heades be thus affidued with these strange flies: thes fashion Mongers, thes: parson mee's, whom hand to much on the newe formes, that they cannot fis at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Romeo. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Merc. Without his Roe, like a dryed Haring a slesh, how art thou shalifed? now is he for the numbers that Poarow bowed in: loue: to his Lady, was a kisens weigh, marry he has a better Loue to betray him: did a False, Cleastro a Gipsie, Helen and Eric: idolizing and Harry: Thinks a gray cie or so, but not to the puttepo, Signor Romeo, Bon soir, there's a French salutation to your ff French
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

French flop: you gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Romeo. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I give you?

Merc. The flip, the flip, can you not conceive?

Romeo. Pardon Mercutio, my business was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

Merc. That’s as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Romeo. Meaning to curse.

Merc. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Romeo. A most curteous exposition.

Merc. Nay, I am the very pinck of curtesie.

Romeo. Pink for flower.

Merc. Right.

Romeo. Why then is my Pump well flow’d?

Merc. Sure wit, follow me this iest, now till thou hast worn out thy Pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the iest may remaine after the wearing, sole-singular.

Romeo. O single sole’d iest.

Selles singular for the single sole.

Merc. Come betweene vs good Benwicks, my wits faints.

Romeo. Swits and spurs, or I cleie a match.

Merc. Nay, if our wits run the Wild-Goose chase, I am done: For thou hast more of the Wild-Goose in one of thy wits, then I am sure I have in my whole fue. Was I with you there for the Goose?

Romeo. Thou wast never with mee for any thing, when thou woul not there for the Goose.

Merc. I will bite thee by the ear for that iest.

Romeo. Nay, good Goose bite not.

Merc. Thy wit is a very Bitter-fweeting,

Romeo. It is a most (harpe saw.

Merc. That’s as much as to say, such a case as mine, a man may strain curteisie.

Romeo. I will follow you.

Merc. Farewell ancient Lady:

Romeo. Farewell, Lady, Lady.

Enter Nurse and her man.

Romeo and Juliet.

Nur. Our upon you, what a man are you?

Romeo. One Gentlewoman,

That God hath made, himselfe to mar.

Nur. By my truth, I am his, for himselfe to, marquise Gentleman; can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Romeo. I can tell you: but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, then he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worce.

Nur. You say well.

Merc. Yea is the word well,

Very well tooke: I feith, wife, wisely.

Nur. If you be he fis,

I desire some confidence with you?

Ben. She will endite him to some supper.

Merc. A baud, a baud, a baud.

Romeo. What haft thou found?

Merc. No Harre fis, voules a Harre fis in a Lenten pie, that is something faire and hoarse ere it be spent.

An old Harre hoarse, and an old Harre hoarse is very good meat in Lent.

But a Harre that is hoarse is too much for a score, when it hoares ere it be spent,

Romeo will you come to your Fathers? Weel to dinner thither.

Romeo. I will follow you.

Merc. Farewell ancient Lady:

Romeo. Farewell, Lady, Lady.

Exeunt Mercutio, Benwick.

Nur. I pray you fis, what fauoir Merchant was this that was so full of his riperie?

Romeo. A Gentleman Nurse, this, loues to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in a minute, then he will stand to a Moneth.

Nur. And speake any thing against mee, I teake him downe, & he were lifier then he is, and twenty such lacks: and if I cannot, I finde those that shall: furrie knaye, I am none of his flurt-gils, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou must stand by too and suffer every knaye to ve me at his pleasure.

Pet. I saw no man vs me at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly haue bene out, I warrant you, I dare draw affoone as another man, if I see ocasion in a good quarrell, and the law on my side.

Nur. Now afore God, I am fo vext, that every part about me quites, skurvy knaye: pray you fis a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what the bid me say, I will keepe to my selle: but first let me tell ye, if you should leade her in a fooles paradize, as they say, it were very groffe kind of behauiors, as they say: for the Gentlewoman is yong: & therefore, if you should deale double with her, truely it were an ill thing to be offerd to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Nur. Nurse commend me to thy Lady and Millesse, I proteste into thee.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much:

Lord, Lord she will be a joyfull woman.

Romeo. What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou doest not mark me?

Nur. I will tell her fis, that you do protest, which as I take it, is a Gentleman-like offer.

(afternoon,

Romeo. Bid her deuide some meanes to come to thrist this And there she shall at Friar Laurence Cell,

Being married: here is forth by paines.

Nur. Not truly in not a penny,

Rome. Go too, I say you shall.

Nurse
Enter Nurse and Peter.

Nur. This afternoone sit well she shall be there.
Re. And may thou good Nurse behind the Abbey wall, Wth in this house my man shall be with thee, And bring thee cord made like a tackled faire.

Which to the high top gallant of my toy,
Farewell, be trulie and lie quite thy patnes
Muft be my coooy in the secret night.

May keepe counseH putting one away.

ble man Towne. one /  tru,ihat would taine lay knife a-

board ; but (he good soule had as leeue a fee Toadc.a very

And when I did send the Nurse,
In halfe an houre she promis to return, Percehance the cannot meeet him: that's not so:
Oh the is lame, Loves Hereuld be thoughtons, Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnesbeames,

Driving backe (badowrs ouctlownng hi Is.

Therefore do mumble Pinion'd Dores draw Loue, And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings ;
Now is the Sun upon the highoff hill
This date journey, and from nine till twelve,
3 long hours, yet she is not come.
Had the affections and warme youtheall blood,
She would be a swifts in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my sweet Loue, And his to me, but old folkes,
Many times as they were dead,

Vawidelberg, low, heavy, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.

O God she comes, howeny Nurse what newes?
Haist thou met with him? fend thy man away.

Nur. Peter play at the gate.

Iul. Now good sweet Nurse: O Lord, why lookest thou sad? Though newses be bad, yet tell them merrily,
If good thou tell'li the musick of sweet newes,
By playing it to me, with a lowe a face.

Nur. I am a weary, give me leas awhile

Fie how my horns ake, what a hunts ake I had !
Iul. I would thou had it my bones, and I thy newes:

Nay come I pray thee speake, good our Nurse speake, Iul. Tell me, what hast thou at heart? Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Nur. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?
The exile that thou dost make in this delay,
A Louer may bestride the Goffamours,
That ydles in the wanton Summer ayre,
And yet not fall, for light is vanitie.

Iul. Good even to my ghostly Confessor.
Fri. Romeo shall thank thee Daugther for vs both.
Iul. As much to himselfe in his thanks too much,
Fri. Ah Julia, if the mesure of thy joy
Be heape of mine, and that thy skill be more
Tubalpen it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neigbour ayre, and let rich musicke tongue,
Vnfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receiv in either, by this deere encounter.
Iul. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his substance,not of Osmament:
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true Loue is growne to such excele,
I cannot sum vp fome of halfe my wealth.
But my true Lone is growne to such excele,
Take in either, by this deere encounter,
the Table,snd fayes,God fend me no need ofihee. and by

The day is hot, the Capulcts abroad:
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Mer. What is the cause of this noiw,
I think all for the beft.

Rom. Come,come,thou art as hot a Tacke in thy mood,
And if we meet, we shal not scape a brawle, for now the

Mer. Am I like such a Fellow?
Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Tacke in thy mood,
as any in Italie: and afioone mowed to be mooide, and as
afioone mooide to be mo'ud.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two such, we should have
none more,for one would kill the other; thou, why thou
wilts quarrel with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire
left in his head, then thou haft; thou wilt quarrel with a
man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reaason, but be-
cause thou haft haifel eyes: what eye, but fuch an eye,
would spie out fuch a quarrel? thy head is as full of quar-
rels, as an egg is full of mea, and yet thy head hath bin
beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling; thou haft quar-
rel'd with a man for coxing in the ftreets, because he hath
wakened thy Dog that hath lainne sleepe in the Sun Did't
thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doub-
er, and yet thou wilt Tutot me from quarrelling?

Ben. And I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man
should buy the Fee-simple of my life, for an hour and a
quarter.

Mer. The Fee-simple? O simple,
Enter Tybalt, Petrucho, and others.

Ben. By my head here comes the Capulet's.

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tyb. Follow me clofe,for I will speake to them.

Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of vs? couple it with
something, make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that for, and you
will give me occasion.

Gent. Could you not take some occasion without
gruing?

Tyb. Mercwięo thou confort'lt with Romeo.
I have it, and foundly to your Houses.

[Exit.] My very Friend hath got his mortal hurt In my behalfe, my reputation stain'd, Then I must give my selfe to my Cozen Sweet Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate, With Tybalt's flame. That Gallant spirit hath aspired the Cloudes, And in my temper softned Valours steale. soule Tybalt, Now And fire and Fury, be my conduft now. Away to heaven respect Leneitie, Which too untimely here did scorn the earth. Staying for thine to keep him companie: Is but a little way above our heads. Shalt with him hence. Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him. that Murtheter, which way ran he? Tybalt, There lies the man slaine by young The unluckie Manage of this faithfull braille: Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will Dooms thee death Of thy kinfman brave Prince asthou art true, For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague. Of the worldly peace, but that he Tilt his fate. It back to Tybalt, whose detestity

Retorts in Romeo be cries aloud, Hold Friends, Friends part, and swifter then his tongue, How aged ame, beats downe their fatal points, And twist them ruthes, and crenarch whose ame, An enious threat from Tybalt, hit the life Of wrath Mercutio, and then Tybalt Red. But by and by comes backe to Romeo, Who had but newly entertained Revenus, And too's they goe like lightning, for ere I Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slaine: And as he fell, did Romeo turne and die: This is the truth, let Belenello die.

Cap. Why. He is a kinman to the Montague, Affection makes him false, he speaks not true: Some twenty of them fought in this blacke strife, And all those twenty could but kill one life. I beg for Luffice, which thou Prince must giue: Romeo flew Tybalt, Romeo must not die. Prim. Romeo flew him, he flew Mercutio, Who now the price of his desire blood doth owe. Cap. Not Romeo Prince, he was Mercutio Friend, His fault concludes, but what the law should end, The life of Tybalt, Prince. And for that offence, Immediately we do exile him hence: I have an intell in your hearts proceeding: My blood for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding, But let America you with so strong a fine, That you shall all repent the loffe of mine. It will be desife to pleading and excuses, Not teares, nor prayers shall purchase our absoues. Therefore vse none, let Romeo hence in haste, Else when he is found, that houre is his last. Bear hence this body, and attend our will: Mercy not Murders, pardoning those that kill.

Enter Juliet alone.

Int. Gallop space, you fiery footed steedes, Towards Phæbus lodging, such a Wagoner, As Phaeton would whip you to the weft, And bring in Cloudie night immediately, Spred thy close Cature Loue-performing night, That run-aways eyes may winke, and Romeo Leapt to these armes, vnsalked of and vnseene, Louers can see to doe their Amorous rights, And by their owne Beauties, or if Loue he blind, It best agrees with nighttimee, where is the day, Thou fooler futed Macrot all in blackes, And leatne me how to loose a winning match, Plaid for a pare of rainlie Maidenhoods, Hood my womans blood baying in my Cheeks, With thy blacke mantle, till Its arrange Loue grow bold, Think true Loue a Redd simple modell: Come night, come Romeo, come thou day in night, For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night Whiter then new Snow upon a Raunces 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 starres, And he will make the Face of heaven so fine, That all the world will be in Loue with night, And pay no worship to the Garish Sun, O I have bought the Mansions of a Loue, But not posses it, and though I am soild, Not yet enjoy'd, so tedious is this day, As in the night before some Fethuall,
Ah where's my man? give me some Aqua-vite? These griefes, these woes, these sorrowes make me old: Shame come to Romeo.

Iul. Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wife, he was not borne to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to fit;
For 'tis a throne where Honour may be Crown'd,
Sole Monarch of the universe full earth:
What a beast was I to chide him?

Nur. Will you speake well of him,
That kild 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 shy three hours wife have mangled it.
But wherefore Villaine didst thou kill my Cozin?
That Villaine Cozin would have kild my husband:
Eache foolish tears, backe to your native spring,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,
Which you misliking offer vp to toy:
My husband liues that Tybalt would have slaine,
And Tybalt dead that would have slaine my husband:
All this is comfort, wherefore weep I then?
Some words there was worse then Tybalt's death
That murdered me, I would forget it feene,
But oh, it prefies to my memory,
Like damned guilty deedes to faners minds,
Tybalt is dead and Romeo banished:
That banished, that one word banished,
Hath slaine ten thousand Tybalt's death
Was woe enough if it had ended there,
Or if lower woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rankt with other griefes,
Why followed not when the said Tybalt dead,
Thy Father or thy Mother, nay or both,
Which moderne lamentations might have mou'd,
But which a mere-ward following Tybalt's death
Romeo is banished to speake that word,
Is Father, Mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slaine, all dead. Romeo 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 Nurse?

Nur. Weeping and waiting over Tybalt's Coarse,
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
In Wath they his wounds with teares: mine shall be spent
When theris are drie for Romeo's banishment.
Take vp those Cordes, poor ropes you are beguil'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 Nurse, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death not Romeo, take my Maiden head.

Nur. Hie to your Chamber, Ile find Romeo
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:
Hark ye your Romeo will be here at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at Lawrence Cell.

Iul. O find him, give this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his left farewell.

Enter Friar and Romeo.
What is the Prince's Doom?
What sorrow creases acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familar
Is my deare Sonne with such lowe Company
I bring thee tydings of the Prince's Doom.
Rom. What wolt then Doomesday?
Is the Prince's Doom?
Fri. A gentler judgement vasteth from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.
Rom. His banishment! be mercifull, say death:
For exile hath more terror in his bite,
Much more then death. do not say banishment.
Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But Purgatorio, Torture, helly selle:
Hence banished, is banished from the world,
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
Is death, mistostend, calling death banished,
Thou cou'lt my head off with a golden Axe,
And smite upon the Broke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin, O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fear our Law calleth death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath vasted all the Law,
This is desire mercy, and thou keft it not.
And turn'd that blacke word death, to banishment.
Thy faith our Law calleth death, but the kind Prince
And smite upon the Broke that murders me.

Rom. Take me not for a fool, my friend,
Juliet is even in my Mistresse cafe,
She being a Diuine, a Ghoffly Confessor,
Doting like me, and like me banished.
Wert thou as young as Loue;
Juliet my Lady?
Rom. Thou canst not speak of that,
Upon the white wonder of deare
More Honourable state, more Courtship liues
In carrtbn Flies, then swnee, they may feaze
And little Moufe, et every vnworth cry thing
This may Flies doe, when I from this muffle
Still blufh, as thinking their owne kinles sin.
But may not. More Validitie,
Who euen in pure and vschll modestie
Had'st thou no poyson mixt, no sharpe ground knife.
Romeo
And faist thou yet, that exile is not death?

Fri. It helpcs not, it preuailes not, talke no more.
Displam a Towne, teuerie a Prince's Doom,
Who euen in pure and vschll modestie.

Rom. Dry tears, dear friend, dry tears,
Juliet, my deare Lady?
And you fhall know my end:
Where it flic? and how doth she? and what (s ye:
Why shall I put my fingers in mine owne nose?

Fri. Enter Nurse.
Nur. Let me come in,
And you fhall know my end:
Where Juliet liues, and every Cat and Dog,
And little Moufe, et every vnworth cry thing
Who euen in pure and vschll modestie
Had'st thou no poyson mixt, no sharpe ground knife.

Fri. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Where's my Ladies Lord? where's Romeo?
Rom. There on the ground,
With his owne hands made dunke.

Fri. Enter Nurse.
Nur. Ah sir, ah sir, deaths the end of all.
Rom. Speak'lt thou of Juliet? is it with her?
Dost not the thine me an old Murthers.
Now I have fain't the Childhood of our joy,
With blood removed, but little from her owne
Where is fhe? and how doth the? and what (s ye:
My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Loue?

Nur. Oh, she's nothing fit, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then flariz vp,
And Tybalt calls, and then on Romeo cries,
And then downe falls againe.
Re. As if that name fliot from the dead leuell of a Gown
Did murder her, as that names curfed hand
Murderd her kinman. Oh tell me Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Dost my name lodge? Tell me, that I may facke
The heartfull Manion.
Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Arrou a man? thy formes criues out thou art:
Thy exces are womanish, thy wild afts denote
The unreasonable Fury of a beast.
Vnoeemly woman in a ferming man,
And ill becominge beast in forming both,
Thou haft smazed me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd,
Haft thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou flay thy felte?
And flay thy Lady, that in thy life lives,
By doing damned hate upon thy felfe?
Why raylt thou on thy bith? the heaven and earth?
The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.

Since birth, and heaven and earth, all three do meete
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst laugh to.
Fie, fie, thou hast nought the shape, thy loute, thy wit,
Which like a Wiser abounds in all:
And so in one that true vie indeed,
Which should bedecke thy shape, thy loute, thy wit:
Thy Noble shape, is but a forme of waxe,
Diggling from the Valour of a man.
Thy deare Louse (sworne but hollow perjurie,
Killing that Lonne which thou hast vowed to cherish.
Thy wit, that Ornament, to shape and Loue,
Misahtap in the condu't of them both
Like powder in a skilleffe Souldiers flaske,
Is set a fire by thine owne ignorance,
And thou dismembered with thine owne defence.
What, rowse thee man, thy lout is alone,
For whose deare sake thou waft but lately dead.
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'ft Tybalt, there art thou happy.
The law that threatned death became thy Friend,
And turn'd it to exile, there art thou happy.
A packe or beasling light upon thy backe,
Happeinesse Courts thee in her beft array.
Go get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Prepare her wife against this wedding day.
But that a joy past joy, calls out on me,
Some say, the Lark and loathed Toad change eyes,
Some say the Lark makes sweete Driuifion;
Straining harsh Discord, and unpleasing Sharpes.
This doth not so: for she diuideth vs.
Some say the Lark to her beautie gives life,
Some say, the Lark to her beautie gives life,
Some say, the Lark to her beautie gives life,
Some say, the Lark to her beautie gives life,
Which like a Vnurer abound ft in all:
Thou puttest vp thy Fortune and thy Loue:
Which heavy forrow makes them apt unto,
To heare good counfel,
To blaze you; marriage, reconcile your Friends,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on your way to heaven;
That piet'ft the searefull hollow of thine care.
Believe me Loue, it was the Nightingale.
Goodnight.

I would have bin in bed at hours ago.
For, these times of wo, afford no times to woo.
Goodnight, command me to your Daughter.

Cap. Sir, I will make a desperate tender
Of my Childe's loue: I think she will be bold
And in all respects by me: may more, I doubt not;
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here, of my Some Parce Loue,
And bid her marke you me, on Wendesday next,
But how, what day is this?

Par. Monday my Lord.

Cap. Monday, he well Wendesday is too soon.
A Thursday let it be: a Thursday tell her,
She shall be married to this Noble Earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this half?
Weeke keepe no great aude, a Friend or two,
For harke you, Tybalt being flame to late,
It may be thought we held him carefully,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. 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 so late, that we may call it early by and by.

Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.

Romeo. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neere day;
It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
That prent'f the fearefull hollow of thine ear,
Nightly she sings on yond Pomgranet tree.
Believe me Loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Lark the Herauld of the Morn:
No Nightingale dooke Loue what envious steakes
Do lace the feuering Cloudes in yonder East:
That piet'ft the searefull hollow of thine care.
Believe me Loue, it was the Nightingale.
Goodnight.

Enter old Capulet, his Wifhe and Paris.

Cap. Things haue fallen out for so unlucky,
That we have had no time to move our Daughter:
Looke you, the Loue's her kinman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I. Well, we were borne to die.
The Lark that singes so out of tune,
Straining harsh Discord, and unpleasing Sharpes.
Some say the Lark makes sweete Diuision;
This doth not so, for the diuident vs.
Some say, the Lark and leached Tead change eyes,
Now I would they had chang'd voyces too;

Enter old Capulet, his Wifhe and Paris.

Cap. Things haue fallen out for so unlucky,
That we have had no time to move our Daughter:
Looke you, the Loue's her kinman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I. Well, we were borne to die.
This doth not so, for the diuident vs.
Some say, the Lark and leached Tead change eyes,
Now I would they had chang'd voyces too;
Since arms from arms that voyce doth vs stirry,
Hunting thee hence, with Hunt f-vp to the day,
O now be gone, more light and its light grows.
Rome More light & light, more darker & darker doth our woes.

Enter Madam and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.

Nur. Your Lady Mother is comming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, look about.

Jul. Then window let day in, and let life cut.

Rome. Farewell, farewell, one kiffe and Ile descend,
Att thou gone for Loue, Lord, as Husband, Friend,
I must heare from thee every day in the shoure,
For in a minute there are many dayes,
O by this count I shall be much in yearn.

And if thou could'ft thou couid'ft not make him live:
But much of griefe shewes fill! some want of wit.

Rome. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling I offe,
Lad. Which you weepe for.

Rome. And truft me Loue, in my eye so do you t

Lad. Yet more weeping for your Cozins death

Rome. Shall happily make thee a joyfull Bride.

Lad. Here comes your Father, tell him to your selfe,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the Sun fers, the earth doth drizzle dsew
But for the Sunet of my Brothers Sonne,
It rains downright.

How now? A Conduit Gyrolte, what still in teares?
Euer more showring in one little body?
Thou counterfaits a Barke, a Sea, a wind:
But for the Sunet of my Brothers Sonne.

Ho Daughter, are you vp?

Lady Do you know I hate
It ballbe

Lad. Who lift that calls? Is it my Lady Mother.

Is the not downe so late, or vp so early?
What vnaccustomed caufe procures her hither?

Lady Why how now Luette?

Lad. Madam I am not well.

Lad. Euermore weeping for your Cozins death?
What wilt thou washe him from his grace with teares?
And if thou couidst, thou couidst not make him live:
Therefore have done, some griefe shewes much of Loue,
But much of griefe, shewes still some want of wit.

Lad. Yet let me wepepe, for such a feeling I offe.

Lad. So shall you feel the lofe, but not the Friend
Which you wepe for.

Lad. Feeling to the lofe,
I cannot chue but euer wepe the Friend.

Lad. Well Girle, thou wepe it not so much for his death,
As that the Villaine lies which slaughter'd him.

Lad. What Villaine, Madam?

Lad. That same Villaine Rome.

Lad. Villaine and he, be many Miles asunder:
God pardon, I doe with all my heart.

And yet no man like be, doth griece my heart.

Lad. That is because the Traitor lies.

Lad. I Madam from the reach of thefe my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.

Lad. We will have vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then wepe not more, Ile tend to one in Mantua,
Where that feme banish Runngate doth lie,
Shall give him such an vnaccustomed dram,
That he shall foone keepe two but company:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed I never shall be satisfied
With Rome, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poor heart so for a kinman next.
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a proyfion, I would temper it;
That Rome should vpon receit thereof,
Soone fleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him nam'd and cannot come to him,
To wakke the Loue I bore my Cozin,
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him.

Mrs. Find thou the meaneas, and he find such a man.
But now Ile tell thee of a joyfull tidings Gyrolte.

Jul. And joy comes well, in such a needy time,
What are they, befeech your Ladyship?

Mrs. Well, well, thou hast a carefull Father Child?
One who to put thee from thy heauinenelle,
Hath forced out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expectst not, nor I lookst not for,
Jul. Madam in happy time, what day is this?

Mrs. Marry my Child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Counte Paris at Saint Peters Church,
Shall happily make thee a joyfull Bride.

Jul. Now by Saint Peters Church, and Peters too,
He shall not make me there a joyfull Bride.
I wonder at this haff, that I must wed
Here that should be Husband comes to woe?
I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,
I will not marry yet, and when I doe, I freare
It shallbe Rome, whom I know I hate
Rather then Paris. Thefe are newes indeed.

Mrs. Here comes your Father, tell him to your selfe,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the Sun fers, the earth doth drizzle dsew
But for the Sunet of my Brothers Sonne,
It rains downright.

How now? A Conduit Gyrolte, what still in teares?
Euer more showring in one little body?
Thou counterfaits a Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,
Do ebebe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is
Sayling in this flait floud, the windes thy fighes,
Who raging with the teares and they with them,
Without a sudden calmne will ever fet.
Thy tempett tossed body. How now wife?
Have you delivered to her our decree?

Lady I fre.

But the will none, she gies you thankes,
I would the foole were married to her grace.

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you wife,
How, will the none doth she not gue vs thankes?
Is the not proud doth she not count her bliss,
Voworthy as thier, that we have wrought
So worthy a Gentleman, to be her Bridegroome

Jul. Not proud you have,
But thankfull that you have:

Proud can I never be of what I have,
But thankful even for hase, that is meant Loue.

Cap. How now?

How now t Choop! Logickie? what is this?
Proud, and I thank you; and I thank you not,
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainf Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church:  
Or I will drag thee, on a hurdle thither, 
Our you greenick fellow or none, out you bagpuss, 
You callow face.  
Lady, fie, fie, what are you mad?  
Iul. Good Father, I beseech you on my knees 
Hear me with patience, but to speak a word.  
Fe. Hang thee, young bagpuss, disobedient wretch, 
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday, 
Or never stir, look on me in the face. 
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me. 
My fingers itch, wife: we scarce thought vs blest, 
That God had lent vs but this one Child, 
But now I see this one is one too much, 
And this we have a curse in having her: 
Out on her Hiding.  
Nur. God in heaven bless her, 
You are too blame my Lord to race her fo, 
Fa. And why my Lady wisdome? hold your tongue, 
Good Prudence. master with your golli, go, 
Nur. I speak no treason, 
Fa. Pease you mumbling fool, 
Vtter your gravitate o're a Gossip bulletes, 
For here we need it not.  
La. You are too hot.  
Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad: 
Day, night, house, ride, time, workes, play, 
Alone in companie, still my care hath bin 
To hau her matcht, and hauing now provided 
A Gentleman of Noble Parentage, 
Offaire Deanees, Youthfull, and Nobly Allied, 
Swift as they fly with Honourable parts, 
Proportion'd as ones thought would wish a man, 
And then to have a wretched puling fool, 
A whining manner, in her Fortune's tender, 
To answer, Ile not wed, I cannot Loue: 
I am too young, I pray you pardon me. 
But, a yd you will not, Ile pardon you, 
Graze where you will, you shall not heaufe with me: 
Leake't, think out, I do not vie to left, 
Thursday is neere, lay hand on heart, aduife, 
And you be mine, Ile give you to my Friend: 
And you be not, hang, beg, strafe, die in the streets, 
For by my foule, Ile here acknowledge thee, 
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good: 
Trus't not, threnchke you, Ile not be fawme: 
Exit.  
Ile. Is there no pittie fitting in the Cloudes, 
That fees into the bottomes of my griefe?  
O sweer my Mother call me not away, 
Delay this marreage, for a month, a weeke, 
Or you do not, make the Bridal bed 
In that dim Monument where Tybalt lies.  
Mr. Tale not too me, for Ile not speake a word, 
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.  
Exit.  
Iul. O God!  
O Nurse, how shall this be prevented? 
My Husband is on earth, my faith in heauen, 
How shall that faith returne againe to earth, 
Vnlees that Husband send it me from heauen, 
By leaving earth? Comfort me, countenace me: 
Hacce, a lacke, that heauen shoule practive stratagens 
Vpon fo fast a jubite as my felfe. 
What faith thou hast thou not a word of joy? 
Some comfort Nurse.  
Nur. Faith here it is, 
Romeo is banished, and all the world to nothing, 
That he dares not come backe to challenge you: 
Or if he do, it needs must be by health, 
Then since the cafe so stands as now it doth, 
I think it best you married with the Countrie, 
O here's a Loutely Gentleman: 
Romeo a dish-clout to him: an Eagle Madam 
Hath not so Greene, so quicke, so faire an eye 
As Paris hath, belowe my very heart, 
I think you are happy in this second match. 
For it excels your first: if it did not, 
Your first is dead, or twere as good he were, 
As lying here and you no vice of him.  
Iul. Speakest thou from thy heart?  
Nur. And from my foule too.  
Or else befREW them both.  
Iul. Amen.  
Nur. What?  
Iul. Well, thou hast comforted me maruerous much, 
Goin, and tell my Lady I am gone, 
Housing disposed my Father, to Lawrence Cell, 
To make confession, and to be absolu'd. 
Nur. Matrue I will, and this is wisely done.  
Iul. Auncient damnation, O most wicked fiend! 
It is more fit to wish me thus forsworne. 
Hauing dispaied my Father, to 
Goji, and tell my Lady I am gone, 
To make confeflion, and to be abfolu'd. 
Or to dispersed my Lord with that same tongue 
Which the hath prai'd him with above compare, 
So many thousand times? Go Counseller, 
Thou and my bosome herefore shall be twaine: 
Ile to the Friar to know his remedie, 
If all else faile, my felfe haues power to die.  
Exit.  
Enter Friar and Countrie Paris.  
Fri. On Thursday the time is very short.  
Par. My Father Capulet will haue it so, 
And I am nothing low to flack his halfe.  
Fri. You say you do not know the Ladies mind. 
Vencen is the courei, I like it not.  
Pa. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt death, 
And therefore haue I little tale of Loue, 
For Venus familys not in a houie of tears, 
Now fit her Father counts it dangerous 
That she doth gue her sorrow so much wway, 
And in his weddeome, haue our marriage, 
To stop the inundation of her tears, 
Which too much minded by her fille alone, 
May be put from her by jocundie, 
Now doe you know the reaion of this halfe?  
Fri. I would I knew not why it should be flow'd. 
Looke here, comes the Lady towards my Cell. 
Enter Nurse.  
Par. Happily met, my Lady and my wife. 
Iul. That may be fit, when I may be a wife. 
Par. That may be, must be Loue, on Thursday next. 
Iul. What must be shall be, 
Fri. That's a certaine text.  
Par. Come you to make confession to this Father? 
Iul. To answere that, I should confeff to you.  
Par. Do not deny to him, that you Loue me. 
Iul. I will confesse to you that I Loue him. 
Par. So will ye, I am sure that you Loue me. 
Iul. If I do so, it will be of more price. 
Benign spoke behind your backe, then to your face, 
Par. Poore foule, thy face is much abused with tears.
Fri. It was bid among before their flight.

0. And what I spake, I spake it to thy face.
Are you at picture. Holy Father now.

Or shall I come to you at evening Maffe?

My Lord you must intreat the time alone.

Come weep with me, past hope, past care, past help.

On Thurfday next be married to this Countie.

And ere this hand bythee to Romeo stsl d;

Thou shalt and nothing may prorogue it.

It freanica me past the compass of my wits:

Da thou but call my resolution wise,

Vntelie thou sell me how I may preuent it:

Which the commiion of thy yeares and art.

Or my true heart with ttccherous teuoit,

God toyn'd my heart, and Fortune, thou our hand*.

And with his kntfe, Me helpe it ptefently.

Therefore out of thy long rxpectien'll time,

Ifin thy v
vedome, thou canft giue no helpe.

Shall play the vnpeere, arbitrating that.

If what thou fpeak ft, fpeake not of remedy.

Be not fo long to fpeak. I long to die.

Could to ooifiue of true honout bring:

Giue me forne prefent eounfeil. otl behold

Thou haft the stregnK of will to ftay thy feife.

As that is desperate which we would preuent.

Then is it likely thou wilt undertake

If rather then ro marrie Countie

Parts

Or walke in thceuifh waies, or bid me lurke

A thinghke death to chide away this shame.

Or hide me nightly in a Chamcll houfe,

And if thou dar'ftjolle giue thee remedie.

Where Serpents are . chaine me with roaring Bearcs

When presently through ill thy veincs fha.lt run,

The tcares haue got fsmall viiforie by that:

And chisdtftilling liquor dnnkethou off.

Take thou this Viol! being then in bed.

Orecoucred quite with dead mens ratling bones.

Things that toheare them told. haue made me tremble.

And chide thy Nurfie to die, and fay not a thing.

Shall thee hence to Romeobeste Mantua.

Thou (halt continue two and fortyhoures,

And in this borrowed likenefle of shrunk death

By my Letters know our drift,

Shall Romeo beare thee hence to Mantua.

And this shall free thee from this present shame,

If no inconstant toy nor womanifh feare,

Abate thy valour in the a&ing ir.

To AAa«f<i4 with my Letters to thy Lord.

Farewell deare fletter.

Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurfe, and Servant men, two or three.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cookes.

Ser. You shall have none ill fir , for Ie trie if they can

licke their fingers

Cap. How canft thou trie them so?

Ser. Marrie fir, 'tis an ill Croke 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 vnfurniftu for this time .

What is my Daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nur. I tarlooth

Cap. Well he may chance to do some good on her,

A peculiish selfe-wild harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nur. See where she comes from this lift

With merrie looke.

Cap. How now my headstrong,

Where haue you bin gadding?

Int. Where I haue learnt me to tempt the sin

C. Sifobident opposition ?

To you and your benefits, and am enioyn'd

By holy Laurence, to fall prostrate here,

To beg your pardon, pardon I befeech you.

Henceforward I am euer taid by you.

Cap. Send for the Countie, goe tell him of this,

He haue this knot knitt vp to morrow morning.

Int. I met the youthfull Lord at Laurence Cell.

And gave him what became Loue I might.

Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.

Cap. Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand vp,
This is as't should be, let me see the County:
I marry go I say, and fetch him hither.
Now afore God, this return'd holy Friar,
I marry go I say, and fetch him hither.
This is as't should be, let me see the County:

The horrible conceit of death and night.
Together with the care of the place.

To help me for such needful ornaments.
Which well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin,
To move the heavens to smile upon my hate,
To whose soul it should be dishonour'd,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his throat.
And so early waking, what with heathenish fumes,
And Thanatos Torothe place.

To Countie Paris, to Countie Paris,
To Countie Paris, to Countie Paris,
To Countie Paris, to Countie Paris,

Romeo comes.

And there die argall ereroy

Nurse will you goe with me into my Clofet,
Nurse will you goe with me into my Clofet,

Exeunt Juliets and Nurse.

Enter Juliets and Nurse.

Nurse. What are you doing here?
Nurse. What are you doing here?

What are you doing here?

Exeunt Father and Mother.

Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.

Lady. Hold,

Take these teares, and fetch more spices, Nurse.

Nurse. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pasture.

Enter old Capulets.

Cap. Come, sir, sir, sir,
The second Cocke hath Crow'd,
The Cuphew Bell hath rung, 'ts three a clock.

Look to the baker's measure, good Angelica,
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go you Cat-queueue, go,
Get you to bed, faith you be sicke to morrow.

For this nights watching.

Cap. No not a whit; what I have watcht ere now
All night for lefTte cause, and nere beene sicke.

La. I have bin a Moufe-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exeunt Lady and Nurse.

Cap. A jealous hood, a jealous hood,
Now fellow, what there?

Enter three or fourr with flits, and logs, and baskets.

Flet. Things for the Cooke sit, but I know not what.

Cap. Make haft, make haft, sirrah, fetch drier logs.

Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are.

Flet. I have a head sit, that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble Peter for the matter.

Cap. Maffe and well said, a merrie huson, ha,
Thou shalt be loggerhead; good Father, 's day.

Play Muffec

The Countie will be here with Mufike straight,
For so he said he would, I hear he were there,
Nurse, wife, what is't? what Nurse I say?

Enter Nurse.

Go waken Juliets, go and trim her vp,
Ile go and chat with Parfhew, make haft,
Make haft, the Bridegome, he is come already.
Make haft I say.

Nurse. Mithris, what Mithris? is Juliets Fall I warrant her fire.

Why Lambe, why Lady, fie you fuggled a bad,

Why Loue I say? Madam, sweet heart, why Bride?

What not a word? You take your penworths now.
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie Paris hath fet vp his reel,
That you shall rell but little, God forgive me:
Masse and Amen: how found is the aleeper?


The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

But heaven keeps his part in eternall life:
The moody he fought was her promotion,
For 'twas you he sought, she should'nt be a dam'd soul,
And weper are pow'r, seeing she is in sin.
Above the Cloudes, as high as Heaven is elate
O in this love, you love your Child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well.
She's not well married, that lives married long,
But she's best married, that dies married young.
Drie vp your teares, and blickhe your Rosmarne
On this faire Cowarfe, and as the custome is,
And in her beft array bear her to Church.
For though some Nature bids all vs laiment,
Yet Nature's teares are Reson's menture.

All things that we ordainsd Festivall,
Turnes from their office to blacke Funerall:
Our instruments to melancholy Bells,
Our wedding sheare, to a sad Burnell Peale.
Our folome Hymnes to solen Dygrge change:
Our Bridall flowers ferue for a burst Cerse:
And all things change them to the contrare.

Sir. Sit you go m, and Madam, go with him,
And go for you, every one prepare.
To follow this faire Cowarfe with her grace:
The heauens do lowre vpou you, for some ill:
None more no more, by crosing their high will.

Fa. Faith we may put vp our Pipes and be gone.

Pet. Why hearts eafe, why hearts eafe,
For well you know, this is a pitifull case.

Pet. And you Re vs, and Pa vs, you Note vs.

Pet. Then will I giue you the Daisy cresnbt.
Then, will I giue you the Seruing cresnbt.

Pet. Then will I giue you the Singer creature.

Pet. Then will I say siluer found, becaufe Musitons found for sil-

Pet. M. And you Re vs, and Pa vs, you Note vs.

Pet. And you Re vs, and Pa vs, you Note vs.

Pet. And put up my yron Dagger.

Pet. And put vp my yron Dagger.

Pet. And you Re vs, and Pa vs, you Note vs.

Pet. And you Re vs, and Pa vs, you Note vs.

Pet. And put up my yron Dagger.

Pet. And you Re vs, and Pa vs, you Note vs.

Pet. And put up my yron Dagger.

Pet. And you Re vs, and Pa vs, you Note vs.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Iulet.

Because Musfrions have no gold for feauding;
Then Musicke with her flueround with speedy helpe
doth lend redresse.

   Mu. What a pellatent knave is this fane ?

   M.2. Hang him lacke, come wezie in here, tattle for
   the Mourneres, and fay dinner.

   Exit Romeo.

   Rem. If I may truft the flattering truth of sleepe,
   My dreames predäge some joyful newes at hand :
   My boffames flits lightly in his throne ;
   And all this day an vccustomd spirit,
   Lifts me above the ground with cheerefull thoughts.
   I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
   (Strange dreames that giues a dead man leaue to thinke,) And breath'd such life with kifTes in my lips,
   That I teuiu'd and was an Emperour.
   Ah me, how sweet is loue it felfe poffeft,
   When but loues theadowes are fo rich in joy.

   Enter Romeo's man.

   Newes from Verona, how now Bulhaccer ?
   Doth thou not bring me Letters from the Frier ?
   How doth my Lady ? Is my Father well ?
   And how doth my Lady Iulet ? that I take againe,
   For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

   Man. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
   Her body sleeptes in Capet's Monument,
   And her immortal part with Angels live,
   I law her laid low in her kindreds Vault,
   And verynly broke Poife to tell it you :
   O pardon me for bringing thefeill newes,
   Since you did leaue it for my office Sir.

   Rem. Is it euen fo :
   Then I denie you Starres.
   Thou knoweft my lodging, get me inke and paper.
   And hire thofe Hotfes,lle be with thee ftraight.
   I do remember an Appothecarie,
   Who bare my Letter then to Verona.

   Man. No my good Lord.

   Rem. Mo matter : Get thee gene,
   And hyre thofe Horfes, I le be with thee straight.
   Well Iulet, I will lie with thee to night :
   Let fee for meanest O mischief thou art swift,
   To enter in the thoughts of desperate men :
   I do remember an Appothecarie,
   And here abouts dwells, which late I noted
   In tattred weeds, with overarching bowers,
   Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,
   Sharpe miferie had worn him to thebones :
   And in his neede flhap a Tortoys hung,
   An Allegater flue, and other skins
   Of ill fhed difies, and about his Shelues,
   A begggerly account of empytie boxes,
   Greene earthen pots, Bladders, and muftie seedes,
   Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roffes
   Were thinly fatterted, to make vp a fliew.
   Noting this penury, to my felfe I faid,
   An if a man did need a poyfon now,
   Whose faie is perfent death in Moutausa,
   Here lies a Catiffe wretch would fell it him,
   O this fame thought did but fore-run my need,
   And this fame needie man must fel it itn'e.

As I remember, this fould be the house,
Being holy day, the beggers fhop is fliut.
What ho? Appothecarie?

   Enter Appothecarie.

   App. Who call's fo low'd?
   Rem. Come hither man, I fee that thou art poore,
   Hold, there is fortie Duckets, let me haue
   A dram of poyfon, such soon speeding geare,
   As will difficere it felle through all the veins,
   That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
   And that the Trunk may be discharge'd of breath,
   As violently, as haftie powder fier'd
   Doth hurry from the fun dial Canons wombe.

   App. Such mortall drugs I haue, but Muntas law
   Is death to any be, that vete them.
   Rem. Art thou fo bare and full of wretchedneffe,
   And fear it to die ? Famine is in thy cheakes,
   Need and ofperationファraeth in thy eyes,
   Contemp and beggary hangs vpon thy backe .
   The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law:
   The world affords no law to make thee rich.
   Then be not poore, but breaks it, and take this,
   My pouerty, but not thy will confents.
   Rem. I pray thy pouerty, and not thy will.
   App. Put this in any liquid thing you will
   And drink it off, and if you had the strength
   Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

   Rem. There's thy Gold,
   Worle poyfon to mens foules,
   Doing more murthe in this loathfome world,
   Then thefe poure compounds that thou maieft not fell.
   I fell thee poyfon, thou haft fold me none.
   Farewell, buy food, and get thy felfe in fleth.
   Come Cordiall, and not poyfon, go with me
   To Inlets graue, for there muft I vfe thee.

   Enter Frier John to Frier Laurence.

   John. Holy Franciscan Frier, Brother, ho ?
   Enter Frier Laurence.

   Law. This fame fhould be the voice of Frier John.
   Welcome from Moutaus, what goes Romeo ?
   Or if his mind be write, give me his Letter.
   John. Going to find a bare-foote Brothe out,
   One of our order to aacociate me,
   Here in this Citie vifiting the fick,
   And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
   Suspecting that we both were in a houfe
   Where the infecious pellilence did raigne,
   Seal'd vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
   So that my feed to Muntas there was fliut,
   Law. Who bare my Letter then to Romeo ?
   John. I could not fend it, here it is againe,
   Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
   So fearefull were they of infeccion.

   Law. Vnhappie Fortune: by my Brotherhood
   The Letter was not nice, but full of charge,
   Of deare import, and the negle&ing it
   May do much danger : Frier John go hence,
   Get mean Iron Crow, and bring it straight
   Into my Cell.

   John. Brother Ile go and bring it thee.

   Law. Now muft I to the Monument alone,
   Within this three hours will faire Iulet wake,
   She will be breath'd me much that Romeo
   Hath had no notice of these accidents :
   But I will write againe to Muntas.
And keep her at my Cell till Romeo come,
Poor Luining Coarse, clo'd in a dead mans Tombe.

Exeunt Paris and his Page.

Par. Give me thy Torch Boy, hence and stand aloof,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.

Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all alone,
Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot upon the Churchyard tread,
Being loofe, or with digging vp of graves,
But thou shalt hear it while thine eye.

As signall that thou hearest some thing approach,
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee go.
Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the Churchyard, yet I will aventure.

Page. Sweet Water with flowers thy Bindall bed strewn;
O woe, thy Canopie is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that, with tears distil'd by mones.

The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave, and weep.

The Boy giues warning, something doth approach,
What curst foot wanders this waye to night,
To croffe my oblique, and true lovers right?
What with a Torch? Must men night a while
While I enforce thy rotten lawes to open,
And tost thou beare, and this hungry Churchyard
In defpite, and all my intents are saucie wilde:
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
What is this once to ingroffe death:

Romeo. Give me that Mattocke, & the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my Lord and Father,
Give me the light; upon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou heare, or see, stand all aloofe,
In what I further shal intend to do.

Romeo. My Loue, hence, looke not so sad,
Why srt thou yet so faire? I will beleue.
To hinder his that was thy enimie?
Forsake me Cozzen, Ah there were we.
Why srt thou yet so faire? I will beleue.
Shall I beleue, that unsubstantial death is amorous?
That in the leane shoddor Monfort keeps
Ther here in decke to be his Paramour?
For of thee, that I will allwayes sleepe,
And neuer from this Palace of night
Depart againe: come lie thou in my arms,
Where to the health, where euer thou tumberst in.
O true Apothecaries!
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 set up my everlasting rest.

Romeo. The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

And therefore came I hither:
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Fie hence and leave me, thinkes upon those gone,
Let them affright thee. I beleue thee Youth,
Put not an other sin upon my head,
By urging me to furie. O be gone,
By heauen I love thee better then my self,
For I come hither status against my selfe;
Stay not, be gone, live, and let excercit stay,
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away.

Romeo. I do desire thy commisification,
And apprehend thee for a Felcon here.

Rom. Wilt thou prouoke me? Then have at thee Boy.
Pet. O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.

Rom. I am flaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with Inlet.

Romeo. In faith I will, let me perfue this face:

Mercutio kinman, Noble Countie Paru,
What said my man, when my betoofed foulo
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me Paru should have marrie Inlet.
Said he not so? Or did I dreamt it to?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Inlet?
To think it was so? O give me thy hand,
One, with might in lesser misfortunes bade.
He bare thee in a triumphant gauze,
A Grave; O no, a Lanthorne; I clad thee Youth:
For here lies Inlet, and her beautie makes
This Vault a feathing presence full of light.

Death lie thou there, by a dead man inter'd.
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Have they beene merne? Which their Keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my Wife,
Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy Beautie
Thou art not conquer'd. Beauties en-signes yet
Is Crymson in thy lips, and in thy chcekes,
And Deaths pale flags not advanced here.

Tybalt, lyft thou there in thy bloudy sheet?
O what more straung can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in eane.
Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleue.
Shall I beleue, that unsubstantial death is amorous?
That in the leane shoddor Monfort keeps
Ther here in decke to be his Paramour?
For of thee, that I will allwayes sleepe,
And neuer from this Palace of night
Depart againe: come lie thou in my arms,
Where to the health, where euer thou tumberst in.
O true Apothecaries!
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 set up my everlasting rest.

And therefore came I hither:
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.

Thy drugs are quickte. Thus with a knife I die.

Enter Frier with Lantarme, Crow, and Spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed, how oft to night
! Haue my old feet stumbled at gravees? Who's there?

Man. Here's one, a Friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. Blind be vpon you. Tell me good my Friend
What Torch is yond that vainely lends his light
To grubs, and cyclops Sculls? As I discerned,
It burneth in the Capels Monument.

Man. I doth so holy fr.

And there's my Master, one that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Man. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he bin there?

Man. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dare not Sir;

My Master knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to looke on his enterits.

Fri. Stay, then let me alone, feares comes vpon me,
O much I feare some ill vnluckie thing.

Man. As I did sleepe vnder this young tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my Master slew him.

Fri. Romeo.

Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which flames
Upon the faces of these two dayes buried.

O my dear daughter, my dear daughter,
Here is a Frier that trembles, sighs, and weeps,
And质量安全了 the Counte Pariss slaine.
And Romeo dead, and Juliet dead before,
Warne and new kill'd,

Fri. Search.

Seek, and know how, this foule murder comes.

Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaught'rd Romeo man,
With Instruments vpon them fit to open
These dead mens Tombs.

Fri. O heauen!

O wife looke how our Daughter bleedeth!
This Daggere hath misstaine, foe let his house
Is empty on the backe of Montague,
And is misheathened in my Daughters bosom.

Fri. Come Montague, for thou art early vp
To see thy Sonne and Heire, now early downe.

Mont. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night;
Griefe of my Sonnes exile hath stopp'd her breath.
What further woe conspires against my age?

Fri. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mont. O thou unthought, what manners in is this,
To preffe before thy Father to a grave?

Fri. Seal vp the mouth of outre ge for a while,
Till we can clearse these ambiguities.
And if our脖 be, this thought of our cruel decent
And then will I be generall of your woes,
And lead you euen to death; meanes time for death,
And let mischance be false to patience,
Bring forth the parties of suftion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to doe least,
Yet most suspected as the time and place
Doth make against me of this direfull murder:
And here I stand both to impeach and purge
My selfe condemned, and my selfe excus'd.

Fri. Then say at once, what thou dost know in this?

Fri. I will be briefe, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as a sodious tale.
Romeo there dead, was husband to that Juliet,
And the there dead, that's Romeo faithfull wife.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

I married them; and their stolne marriage day
Was Tybalt Doomedday: whose untimely death
Banish’d the new-made Bridegroom from this City:
For whom (and not for Tybalt) I married her perforce.
You, to remove that siege of Greeks from her,
Betroth’d, and would have married her perforce.
To Countie Paris Then came she to me,
And (with wilde looks) bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second Marriage,
Or in my Cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her (so Tutor’d by my Art)
A sleeping potion, which so tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death. Meantime, I writ to
Borneo To help to take her from her borrowed grave,
Being the time the Poison’s force should cease.
But he which bore my Letter, Friar John,
Was slay’d by accident; and yesternight
Return’d my Letter back. Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her Kindred’s vault.
Meaning to keep her closely at my Cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo.
But when I came (some minute ere the time
Of her awaking) she time lay
The Noble Paris, and true Romeo dead.
She wakes, and I intreat her come forth,
And bear this work of Heaven, with patience:
But then, a noyse did scare me from the Tomb,
And the (too desperate) would not go with me;
But (as it seems) did violence on her selfe.
All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurse is privy:
And if sought in this miscarried by my fault,
Let my old life be sacrificed, some hour before the time,
Vna the rigours of treacher Law.

Friar. You shall have knowledge for a Holy man.
Where’s Romeo’s man? What can he say to this?
Boy. I brought my Master newes of Iuliet’s death,
And then in posse he came from Aitance.
To this same place, to this same Monument.
This Letter he easily bid me give his Father,
And threaten’d me with death, going to the Vault.
If I departed not, and left him there.

Friar. Give me the Letter, I will look on it
Where is the Countes Page that ran’st the Watch?
Sister, what made your Master in this place?
Page. He came with flowers to strew his Ladies grave,
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tomb,
And by and by my Master drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Friar. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their course of Love, the tydings of her death.
And here he writes, that he did buy a poison
Of a Poor Pothesis, and therewithall
Came to this Vault to dye, and lie with Iuliet.
Where be these Enemies? Capulet, Montague,
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That Heaven finds means to kill your loves with Love;
And I, for winking at your discord too,
Have lost a brace of Kindredmen. All are punish’d.

Cap. O Brother Montague, give me thy hand,
This is my Daughters lying grave, let no more
Can I demand.

Heare. But I can give 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 Iuliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his Lady ly,
Poore sacrifices of our enmity.

Friar. A glooming peace this morning with it brings.
The Sun for sorrow will not show his head.
Go hence, to have more talke of these sad things.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.
THE LIFE OF TYMON
OF ATHENS.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer, at several doors.

Poet. Good day Sir.

Pain. I am glad you're well.

Poet. I hope you have not seen me long, how goes the World?

Pain. It wears Sir, as it grows.

Poet. That's well known.

Pain. But what particular Career? What Orange, Which manifold record not matches: see Magicke of Bounty, all these spirits thy power Hath cont'd to attend.

Poet. I know the Merchant.

Pain. I know them both: the others a Jeweller.

Jewel. O tis a worthy Lord.

Poet. I have a letter here.

Mer. O pray let's see it. For the Lord Timon? 1st.

Jewel. If he will catch the spirit. But for that—

Poet. When we for recompense have praised the wild, Which aptly sings the good.

Jewel. And rich: here is a Water inky ye.

Tam. You are right Sir, in some works, some Dedication to the great Lord.

Poet. A thing flipp'd idly from me. Our Poesie is as a Gowne, which vies With whence 'tis nourish'd: the sire it's Flint Shows not, till the stove be brooke: our gentle flame Brouk'd is selfe, and like the current flies Each bound it chases. What have you there?

Pain. A Picture Sir: when comes your Booke forth?

Pain. Upon the heels of my pretension Sir,

Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good Piece.

Poet. So'tis, this comes off well, and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admira ble: how this grace Speaks of his owne standing: what a mental power This eye shews forth! How bigge imagination Moves in this lip, to th'dumbesse of the gesture,
With one man becket'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy Mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express
In our Condition.

Per. Nay Sir, but hear me on:
All those which were his Fellowes but of late,
Some better then his servile; on the moment
Follow his strides, his Lobbies fill with tendance;
Raine Sacrificial whisperings in his ears,
Make Sacred even his Asylom, and through him
All those which were his Fellowes but of place.

In our Condition.

Raine Sacrificial whisperings iohis eare.
With one man beckn'd from the rest below,
Spumes downe her late beloued; all his Dependants
Some better then his valew; on the moment
A thousand moral! Paantings I can shew,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Drinke the free Ayte.
Which labour'd alter him to the Moumaines top,
That fhall demonftntc thefe quicke blowes of Fortunes,
The foot aboue the head.
To shew Lord Timon, that roane eyes haue seen
His meanee mott shot, his Creditors mod straitc:
...do know him
My Friend when he muft neede me.

To thofe haue (but him vp, which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Your Honourable Letter he deftres
I am not of that Feather, to shake off
A Gentleman, that well deserues a helpe.
But to fupporthim after. Fareyou well.
Which he (hall have. lie pay the debt, and free him.

By night frequents my houfe. I am a man
'Tis not enough to helpe the Feeblc vp,
And my eftatc deserues an Heyre mote rais'd,
Then one which holds a Trencher.
That from my firft haue beene inclin'd to thrift.
And my eftate deserues an Heyre mote rais'd,
Then one which holds a Trencher.

'Tis onely Daughter have I, no Kintels,
On whom I may conferre what I have got:
The Maid is faire, a ub'youngeft for a Bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest coft
In Qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I prythee (Noble Lord)
Joyne with me to forbid him her refort,
My felfe have (pake in vaine.

Tim. The man is honef.

Oldm. Therefore he will be Timon,
His honofly rewards him in it felfe,
It muft not beare my Daughter.

Tim. Does he love him?

Oldm. She is yong and apt:
Our owne precedent passions do instructs us
What levities in youth.

Tim. Loue you the Maid?

Luc. I my good Lord, and the accept of it.

Oldm. Him her Marriage my content be miffing,
I call the Gods to witneffe, I will choose
Mine heyre from forth the Beggers of the world,
And diopolfe her all.

Tim. How shall the be endow'd,
If he be mated with an eqoall Husband?

Oldm. Three Talents on the preffent; in future, all.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine
Hath stru'd me long:
To build his Fortune, I will ftraine a little,
For'tis a Bond in men. Giv e him thy Daughter,
What you bellow, in him lie counterpoize,
And make him weigh with her.

Oldm. Most Noble Lord,
Pawne me to this your Honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee,
Mine Honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank ye your Lordfhip, never may
That State or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you.

Per. Vouchsafe my Labour,
And long luc ye your Lordfhip.

Tim. I thank you, you shall here from me soon:
Go not away. What have you there, my Friend?

Per. A piece of Painting, which I do beftrach
Your Lordfhip to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The Painting is almoft the Naturall man:
For since Dif honor Traffickers with mans Nature,
He is but out-side: Thofe Penfil'd Figures are
Even fuch as they give out. I like your worke,
And you fhall finde I like it; Waite attendance
Till you hearc further from me.


Tim. Well fare you Gentleman; give me your hand.
We muft needs dine together; fir your Jewell
Hath suffered under prafie.

Jewel. What my Lord, difpraise?

Tim. A mettce feacyt of Commendations,
If I should pay you not as 'tu extold.

Jewel. My Lord, 5t rated
As thofe which fell would give: but you well know,
Things of like valew differing in the Owners,
Are prized by their Masters. Befee your Master,
You rend the Jewell by the wearin g it,

Tim. Well mockd.

Mrs. No my good Lord, he speedes f common tonng
Which all men speake with him.

Tim. Look who comes here, will you be chid?

Jewel. We'll bear with your Lordship.

Mrs. Heell'魂 e none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee,

Gente Aemrianius.
When thou art dogge, and these hounds honest, Pray entertain them, give them guide to vs. You must needs dine with me; go not you hence. Till I have thank you when dinners done. Show me this piece; I am joyfull of your thefts. Enter Althaidus with the rest.

Must welcome Sir.

Ape. So do; their Aches contract, and terme your supple joints, that there should see small loue amongst these fewers Knaves, and all this Courtie. The straine of mans bred exit into Baboon and Monkey.

Ape. Sir, you have fled my longing, and I feed Me hungrely on your fight.

Tim. Right welcome Sir; Ere we deposite, we'll share a bounteous time. In different pleasures.

Pray you let us in.

Enter two Lords.

1 Lord What time a day is't Apemantus? Time to be honest.

2 Lord that time stays still.

Ape. The most accursed thou that still omitte it. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

Ape. Thou art a dogge. A man a dogg.

Ape. Thy Mothers of my generation what's thee, If I be a dogge?

Tim. What dost with me Apemantus? Ape. No: I see not Lords.


So they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension. Ape. So, thou apprehend'st it.

Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this Jewell, Apemantus? Ape. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doa.


Ape. Then thou lyest:

Look in thy selfe works, where thou hast sinn'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Ape. Yes he is worthy of thee, and to pry thee for thy labour. He that loves to be flattered, is worthy of flatterer. Heaven, that I were a Lord.

Tim. What wouldst do then Apemantus? Ape. Een as Apemantus does now, hate a Lord with my heart.


Tim. Wherefore? Ape. That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.

Art not thou a Merchant? Ape. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.

Mer. 1. Apemantus.

Ape. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.

Mer. If traffick doth, the Gods do it.


Tim. What Trumpets that? Mess. 'Tis Althaidus, and some twenty Horse.

All of companionship.

Tim. Pray entertain them, give them guide to vs. You must needs dine with me; go not you hence. Till I have thank you when dinners done. Show me this piece; I am joyfull of your fights.

Enter Althaidus with the rest.

Must welcome Sir.

Ape. So do; their Aches contract, and terme your supple joints, that there should see small loue amongst these fewers Knaves, and all this Courtie. The straine of mans bred exit into Baboon and Monkey.

Ape. Sir, you have fled my longing, and I feed Me hungrely on your fight.

Tim. Right welcome Sir; Ere we deposite, we'll share a bounteous time. In different pleasures.

Pray you let us in.

Enter two Lords.

1 Lord What time a day is't Apemantus? Ape. Time to be honest.

2 Lord That time stays still.

Ape. The most accursed thou that still omitte it. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

Ape. Thou art a dogge. A man a dogg.

Lcov. What dost with me Apemantus? Ape. No: I see not Lords.


So they come by great bellies.

Lcov. That's a lascivious apprehension. Ape. So, thou apprehend'st it.

Take it for thy labour.

Lcov. How dost thou like this Jewell, Apemantus? Ape. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doa.


Ape. Then thou lyest:

Look in thy selfe works, where thou hast sinn'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Ape. Yes he is worthy of thee, and to pry thee for thy labour. He that loves to be flattered, is worthy of flatterer. Heaven, that I were a Lord.

Tim. What wouldst do then Apemantus? Ape. Een as Apemantus does now, hate a Lord with my heart.


Tim. Wherefore? Ape. That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.

Art not thou a Merchant? Ape. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.

Mer. 1. Apemantus.

Ape. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.

Mer. If traffick doth, the Gods do it.


Tim. What Trumpets that? Mess. 'Tis Althaidus, and some twenty Horse.

All of companionship.

Tim. Pray entertain them, give them guide to vs. You must needs dine with me; go not you hence. Till I have thank you when dinners done. Show me this piece; I am joyfull of your fights.

Enter Althaidus with the rest.

Must welcome Sir.

Ape. So do; their Aches contract, and terme your supple joints, that there should see small loue amongst these fewers Knaves, and all this Courtie. The straine of mans creds exit into Baboon and Monkey.

Ape. Sir, you have fled my longing, and I feed Me hungrely on your fight.

Tim. Right welcome Sir; Ere we deposite, we'll share a bounteous time. In different pleasures.

Pray you let us in.

Enter two Lords.
Athenian.

Enter Cupid with

Enter Servant.

Enter Cepid with the Mask of Ladies.

Cep. Esile to thee worthy Timon and to all that of his Bounties takesthe bille Seveus knowledge thes their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentiful beneficence.

There taft, touch all pleas'd from thy Table rise; this is the bounties of the Gods, which are welcome. I promis thee my Lord thou moid me much.

Said Soke. Enter then the Maskers of Amazon with Luces in their hands, dancing and playing.

Tim. What means that Trumpet? How now?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Plesse you my Lord, there are certaine Ladies oft desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wills?

Ser. [That is the offices of the Gods, to make their welcome.

Tim. And so let the Chriftmas tree be planted at thy Table.

Enter Cetim with the Mask of Ladies.

Cep. Esile to thee worthy Timon and to all that of his Bounties takesthe bille Seveus knowledge thes their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentiful beneficence.

There taft, touch all pleas'd from thy Table rise; this is the bounties of the Gods, which are welcome. I promis thee my Lord thou moid me much.

Said Soke. Enter then the Maskers of Amazon with Luces in their hands, dancing and playing.

Tim. What means that Trumpet? How now?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Plesse you my Lord, there are certaine Ladies oft desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wills?

Ser. [That is the offices of the Gods, to make their welcome.

Tim. And so let the Chriftmas tree be planted at thy Table.

Enter Cetim with the Mask of Ladies.

Cep. Esile to thee worthy Timon and to all that of his Bounties takesthe bille Seveus knowledge thes their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentiful beneficence.

There taft, touch all pleas'd from thy Table rise; this is the bounties of the Gods, which are welcome. I promis thee my Lord thou moid me much.

Said Soke. Enter then the Maskers of Amazon with Luces in their hands, dancing and playing.

Tim. What means that Trumpet? How now?
Enter a third Servant.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace (faire Ladies)
Set a faire fashion on our entertainment, Which was not halfe so beautifull, and kinde:
You have added worth vntoo't, and luftcr,
And entertain'd me with mine owne deuice.
I am to thanke you for't.

Tm. You haue one word to fay to you: Look you, my good L.

Ser. My Lord, there is an idle banquet attends you,
Please you to difpofe your felucs.
All La. Most thankfully, my Lord. Exeunt.

Fla. My Lord.

Fla. The little Casket bring me hither.

Fla. Yet, my Lord. More Jewels yet?

There is no croffing him in humor,
Elfa I should tell him well, yfaith I fhould;
When all's spent, 'he'd be croft then, and he could.
'Tis pity Bounty had not eyes behinde,
That man might ne're be wretcher'd for his kindness.
Exit. 1 Lord. Where be our men?
Ser. Heere my Lord, in readineffe.

2 Lord. Our Horfes.

Tim. O my Friends:
I haue one word to fay to you: Look you, my good L.
I mutt inthar you honour me fo much,
As to advancr this felucll, accept it, and wear it,
And entertain'd me with mine owne deuice.
I am so farre already iayour guifts.

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord, there are certaine Nobles of the Senate newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairely welcome.

Enter Flaminia.

Fla. I beeche you: Honor, vouchefafe me a word, it does concerne you neere.

Tim. Neece? why then another time Ile heare thee.
I prithee let's be prouided to fhew them entertainment.

Fla. I feeke now how.

Enter another Servant.

Ser. May it please your Honor, Lord Lucius (Out of his free loue) hath preferred to you Four MIlk-white Horfes, trapt in Silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairely: let the Prefents be worthily entertain'd.

Timon of Athens.
Timon. Nay, and you begin to sail on Socie\-tie once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell, & come with better Musick.

Exit

Apir. So: Thou wilt not heare mee now, thou shalt not then: He locke thy hearson from thee: Oh that mens cares should be To Counsell dese, but not to Platterie. Exit

Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late five thousand: to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand, besides my former summe, Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion Of raging waste: It cannot hold, it will not.

If I want Gold, steal but a beggers Dogge, Why the Dogge coines Gold

If I would sell my Horfe, and buy twenty moe
And give it to me, why would he not giue Regard to you.

Farewell,* come Aske nothing, giue it him, it Foies me strait

Sen. FTm. If he owes nineteen: he is a poor dainty. Sen.

Sen. And the detention of his due debts

Ca. to me next morning, I prptbe but repaire to me

Sen. Get on your cloake Sc haft you to Lord

Sen. Heere fir. what is your pleaure.

Ca. to me, what is your will?

Ca. To call vpon his owne, and humbly prayes you, In giuing Sism his right.

Ca. Am fent expreffely to your Lordfhip.

Far. There's the Foole hangs on your backe already.

Stew. Stay, stay, here comes the Foole with Apemant.

Stew. Do fo my Fittends/see them well entertain'd.

Tim. Do fo to my Friends, fee them well entertain'd.

Stew. Pray draw neere. Exi'

Enter Aperimanus and Foole.

Aper. He left ask'd the question. Poore Rogues, and Vlurers men, Bauds betweene Gold and want.

Al. What are we Aperimanus?

Aper. Affes.

Al. Why?

Aper. 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 Misdfes?
Enter Page.

As good a stroke as ever Hangman serv'd Thee.

What is a Whoremaister Foole?

Var. I could render one.

Foole. A Whoremaister Foole.

As a Fool to un-runst Grace, 

You three serv't three Vuseri men?

All. I Foole.

Foole. A Fool in good doathes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit, some'time it appears like a Lord, sometime like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with two stones more'than's artificial one. Hee is very often like a Knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes time like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with

Exit Page.

Ape. Come with me (Foole come.

Ape. I do not always follow Louer, elder Brother, and Woman, sometime the Philosopher.

Stew. Pray you walken eere,

Tom. You make me meruell wherefore ere this time

Had you not folly hide my face before me,

That I might so have rated my expence

As I had issue of meanes.

Stew. You would not heare me:

At many yeatures I propose.

Tim. Go too:

Perchance some single vantages you tooke,

When my indisposition put you backe,

And that vnaughtiness made your minister

Thus to excuse 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 prentes you haue bid me

Return so much, I haue fooke my head, and wept:

Yes 'gainst th' Authoritie of manners, pray'd you

To hold your hand more clofe: I did indure

Not fildome, nor no flight checkes, when I haue

Prompted you in the ebe of your estate,

And your great flow of debts; my lou'd Lord,

Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time,

The greatest of your having, lacks a halfe,

To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my Land be fold.

Stew. Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone,

And what remains will hardly flop the mouth

Of present dues; the future comes space:

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 giue it in a breath,

How quickly were it gone.

Tim. You tell me true.

Stew. If you fulpct my Husbandry or Fallhood,

Call me before th'eaxd Auditors,

And let me on the profe, So the Gods bleffe me,

When all our Offices have been oppreft

With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults have wept

With drunken fpilith of Wine; when every roome

Hath blaze'd with Lights, and brand with Minftrelie,

I have return'd me to a washefull cocke,

And melt mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prythee no more.

Stew. Heaunts haue I said, the bounty of this Lord:

How many prodigall bits haue Slaves and Peasants

This night enplainted: who is not Timon;

What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is L. Timon?

Great Timon, Noble, Worthy, Royall Timon:

Ah, when the mens are gone, that buy this praise,

The breath is gone, whereof this praise is made:

Frest won, fast loft; one cloud of Winter snowes,

These fyes are coucht.

Tim. Come sermon me no further.

No villainous bounty yet hath past my heart:

Unwilily, not ignobly have I gien.

Why doft thou weep, canft thou the conscience lacke,

To thinke I shall lacke friends: secure thy heart,

If I would broach the vessels 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.

Tim. Affurance bleffe your thoughts.

Stew. Come, and in some fort these want of mine are crown'd:

That I account them blessings. For these shall I trie Friends. You shall perceive

How you mistake my Fortunes:

I am wealthiest in my Friends.

Within there, Flumus Serulius?
Enter three Servants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Tren. I will dispatch you severally. 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 vs 'em toward a supply of many: let the request be fifty Talents.

Flam. As you have said, my Lord.

Ser. Lord Lucius and Lucullus! Humph.

Tren. Go you stir to the Senates; of whom, even to the States best health; I have Deferved this Haring; bid 'em lend o' th' instant A thousand Talents to me.

Ser. I have beene bold (For that I knew it the most general way) To them, to use your Signet, and thoufand Talents to rue.

A. Do what they would, are forrie -• you are Honourable, Tt now they are at fall, want Treatute cannot But they do (bake their heads, and 1 am hecre

Something bath beene amifle; a Noble Nature
And fointendingotber (erious matters. May catch a wrench; would all were well jtl5 pitty, With certaint halfe-caps, and cold moaingnods.

After diftafteful! lookes; and thefehard Fradlions They frose me into Silence.

Why this hits right: 1 dreampt of a Silucr Bafors & Ewrt

Haue iheit ingratitude in them Hereditary r

Thefe old Fellowes

Tis lacke ofkindcly warmth, they are not kinds j

(prythee benoc fad.

Uncutddsui

Go to

Their blood is cak'd, tis cold, it fildome Bowes,

Touches his Friend, which cranes to beremembred

Thou art true,and honeft ; 1 ngeniotsfly I fpeake.

And Nature,as it growesagaine toward earth.

That thought is Bounties Foe;

Buried his Fathei, by whofe death hee s ftepp'd

To whom 'tis inftant due. Neu'r

or tbsnkc.

With chofe fiue Talents; that had, glue't thefe Fcllovses

Into a great eftace; When he was poore,

Extent

Being free itfelfe, it thinkes all others fo.

I elect'd hmi with fiue Talents '.Greet iuro from me.

Imprifon'd, and in scarficie of Friends,

Sojourn'd us, who bauing great and inftanr oesafion to vfefifuc

FUmmiusl

My Lords behalfe, I come to mtreatyour Honor to fup-

Eater three Sertutnts.

Entry L. Enter Lucius, with three strangers.

Luc. Who the Lord Timon? He is my very good friend and an Honoursble Gentleman.

1 We know him for no lefle, thogh we are bat stren-

his rys are done and paft, and his efface thrinkes

him. But I can tell you one thing my Lord, and

Which my Lord payd for, be of any power

To expell fickneffe, but prolong his bower.

O may Difeafes onely worke vpon't:

But when he's fike to death, let not that part of Nature

Exit L.
what necessity belong’d too’t, and yet was deny’d.
Luc. How?

1. I tell you, deny’d my Lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? Now before the Gods I am shamm’d not. Denied that honourable man? There was very little Honour shew’d in’t. For my owne part, I must needs confes, I have received some small kindness from him, as Money, Plate, Jewels, and such like Trifles; nothing comparing to his; yet had hee mis-tooke him, and sent to me, I should not have denied his Occasion so many Talents.

Enter Seruillus.

Seru. See, by good hap yonders my Lord, I have lert to see his Honor. My Honore’d Lord.

Luc. Seruillus? You are kindly met: for Fairthewell, commend me to thy Honourable vertuous Lord, my very exquiste Friend.

Seru. May it please your Honour, my Lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha’ what’s he sent? I am so much enetered to that Lord; he’s ever sending; how shall I thank him think’t thou? And what has he sent now?

Seru. Has onely sent his present Occasion now my Lord, requiring your Lordship to supply his instant vfe with so many Talents.

Luc. I know his Lordship is but merry with me, He cannot want fifty five hundred Talents. If his occasion were not vertuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Doft thou speake seriously Seruillus?

Seru. Upon my foule, I do.

Luc. What a wicked Beast was I to disfigure my self againft such a good time, when I might ha let my self Honourable? How vnlikey it happened, that I should Purchase the day before for a little past, and vndo a great deal of Honour? Seruillus, now before the Gods I am not able to do (the more beast I say) I was sending to vse Lord Timon my selfe, these Gentlemen can witnesse but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordship, and I hope his Honor will conceat the fault of me, because I have no power to be kinde. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest affiduities say, that I cannot pleasure such an Honourable Gentleman. Good Seruillus, will you briend mee so farre, as to vve mine owne words to him?

Ser. Yes fir, I shall. 

Luc. He lookes out you a good turns Seruillus.

True as you said, Timon is thrumkeinde, and he that’s once deny’d, will hardly speeke. Exit.

1. Do you obserue this Hoflius?

2. I, to well.

3. Why this is the worlds soule, and profit of the same peace.

Is every Flatterer’s sport; who can call him his Friend? That dips in the same ditch? For in my knowing Timon has bin this Lords Father, and kept his credit with his purse:

Supported his eftate, say Timon money Has paid his men their wages. He’re drinkes, but Timon siluer treads upon his Lip, And yet, oh see the monfrouafnes of man, When he lookes out in an vngratefull shape; he does deny him (in respence of his)

What charitable men afford to Beggers.

1. Religion grones at it.

For mine owne part, I never rafled Timon in my life. Nor came any of his bountie over me, To marke me for his Friend. Yet I profeet, For his right Noble minde, illudious Vertue, And Honourable Carriage, Had his necessity made vse of me, I would haue put my wealth into Donation, And the best halfe should have returned to him, So much I love his heart; But I perceive, Men must leerne now with pitty to dispence, For Policy fits about Conscience.

Enter a third Steward with Scarpio and another of Timons Friends.

Scap. Must he needs trouble mee in’t? Hum? ’Bout all others? He might have tried Lord Lucius, or Lucullus, And now Ventidius is wealthy too, Wthough he redeemed from prison. All these Owe their eftates vmo him. 

Ser. My Lord, They have all bin touch’d, and found Base-Mettle, For they have all denied him.

Semp. How? Have they deny’d him? Has Ventidius and Lucullus deny’d him, And does he send to me? There? Hum? It shews but little love, or judgement in him. Must I be his last Refuge? His Friend (like Physicains) Threw, gve him ouer: Must I take the Cure upon me? Has much disfacted me in’t, I me angry at him, That might have knowne my place. I see no eafe for’t, But his Occasions might have woad me first: For in my conscience, I was the first man That receiv’d guilt from him. And does he think to backwardly of me now, That Ie requite it laft? No: So it may prove an Argument of Laugheht To th’esref, and ‘mong’r Lords be thought a Foole: I de receath then the worth of thrice the summe, Had sent to mee first, but for my minde fake: I doe such a courage to do him good. But now returne, And with their faint reply, this answer soyne: Who bates mine Honor, shall not know my Coyne. Exit. 

Ser. Excellent: Your Lordships a goodly Villain: the diuell knew not what he did, when hee made man Politicke; he crossed himselfe by’t: and I cannot thinke, but in the end, the Villaines of man will fet him crie. How fairely this Lord strives to appeare foole? Takes Vertuous Copies to be wicked: like thofe, that unter hotte ardant zeale, would fet whole Realms on fire, of such a nature is his politike loue. This was my Lords beft hope, now all are fled Sace onely the Gods. Now his Friends are dead, Doores that were ne’re acquainted with their Wards Many a bounteous yccre, must be impoy’d Now to guard fore their Masters. And this is all a liberal course allows, Who cannot keepe his wealth, must keep his house. Exit.

Enter Varro’s man, meeting others. All Timons Creditors to wait for his comming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortensius

Var. man. Well mee, goodmorow Timo & Hortensius Timo
Timon of Athens

Tim. The like to you kinde, Varro.

Hor. Lucius, what do we meet together?

Luc. I, and I think one businesse do's command vs all.

For mine is money.

Tim. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luc. And sir Philotus too.

Philo. Good day at once.

Luc. Welcome good Brother.

What do you think the hour?

Phil. Labouring for Nine.

Luc. So much?

Philo. Is not my Lordscene yet?

Luc. Not yet.

Philo. I wonder on't, he was wont to shine at sunset.

Luc. But the days are wax short with him,

You must consider, that a Prodigall course

Is like the Sunnes, but not like his reasonable, I feare:

You must consider, that a Prodigall course

May reach deep enough, and yet finde little.

Tis decell Winter in Lord Purse, that is: One

For which I waite for money.

Luci. If my Lord shou'd pay more than he owes to

And e'n as it your Lord should wear rich Lewels.

And tend for money for 'em.

Wealth, I know my Lord hath spent.

Your Matters confidence was above mine,

What is yours? and yours?

Luc. Mine's three thousand Crownes.

Tim. Flue thousand mine.

Varro. 'Tis much deeper, and it should seem by the sum

Your Masters confidence was above mine,

Elle surely his had equal'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tim. One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc. Flaminius, Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord readie
to come thither?

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

Tim. We attend his Lordship: pray signifie so much.

Flam. I need not tell you that, he knows you are too

Enter Steward in a Cloke, muffled.

Luc. Has it not that his Steward muffled so?

He goes away in a Cloud: Call him, call him.

Tim. Do you hear, sir?

Varro. By your leave, sir.

Stew. What do ye ask of me, my Friend.

Tim. We waite for certain Money here, sir.

Stew. I, if Money were as certaine as your waiting,

There were sure enough.

Why then prefer'd you not your summes and Bills

When your noble Masters eare of my Lords meat?

Then they could smile, and faune upon his debts.

And take downe this impotent in their glutinous Maws.

You do your felues but wrong, to flire me vp,

Let me passe quietly:

Beleev't, my Lord and I have made an end,

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. I, but this answer will not serve.
Enter three, Senators at one door. Alcibiades meeting them, with Attendants.

1. Sen. My Lord, you have my voice, too't.
The faults Bloody
'Tis necessary he should dye:
Nothing unboldens finne so much, as Mercy.
2. Moft true; the Law shall bruite 'em.
Alc. Honor, health, and compassion to the Senate.
Alc. I am an humble Suror to your Vertues.
For pitty is the vertue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants vse it cruelly.
It pleases time and Fortune to lye beaue
Upon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath kept into the Law; which is past depth
To those that (without heed) do plunde into't.
He is a Man (setting his Fate aside) of comely Vertues,
(And Honour in him, which buys out his faults)
But with a Noble Fury, and faire spirit,
Setting his Reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his Foe:
And with such sober and vnoxed passion
He did behoue his anger ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but proud an Argument
1. Sen. You vndergo too strik a Paradox, Striving to make an ugly deed looke faire:
Your words have tooke such paines, as if they labour'd
To bring Man-Slaughter into forme, and fet Quarrelling
Upon the head of Valour; which indeede
Is Valour missett, and came into the world,
Upon the head of Valour; which indeed
To bring Man-flaughter into forme, and fet Quarrelling
Your words have tooke such pames, as if they labour'd
To see and be deny ed such common Grace.
My wounds ake at you.
Do you dare our anger?
Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:
We banifh thee for ever.
Alc. Banifh me?
Banifh your dotage, banifh usurp,
That makes the Senate vgl.
1. If after two daies shone, Athens containe thee,
Attend our weightier Judgement,
And not to swell our Spirit,
He shall be executed prefently.
Alc. Now the Gods keepe you old enough,
That you may lye
Onely in bone, that none may looke on you.
I'm worse then mad: I haue kept backe their Foes
While they haued told their Money, and let out
Their Coine vpon large Interet. I my selfe,
Rich onely in large hurts. All those, for this?
Is this the Ballome, that the subverting Senat
Powres into Captaine wounds? Banifhment,
It comes not ill: I hate not to be banifht.
It is a cause worthy my Spleene and Furie,
That I may strike at Athens. Ie cheere vp
My discontented Troopes, and lay for hearts;
'Tis Honour with moft Lords to be at odds,
Souldiers should brooke as little wrongs as Gods.
Enter several 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 owing, when we encountered. I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several Friends.
4. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new Feasting.
5. I should think so. He hath sent mee an earnest inticing, which many my near occasions did urge mee to partake: but he hath comeor'd mee beyond them, and I must needs appear.
6. I am sick of that greece too, as I understand how all things go.
7. Every man hears so: what shall he have borrowed of you?
8. 1 a thousand Pieces.
9. 2 a thousand Pieces?
10. What of you?
11. He sent to me sir: heere he comes.

Enter Timon & Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart Gentlemon both; and how fare you?
1. Enter at the left, hearing well of your Lordship.
2. The Swallow follows not Summer more willing, then we your Lordship.
3. Not more willingly shall I returne you an empty Messenger.
5. Ah my good Friend, what cheer?

The Banquet brought in.

Tim. Thon great Benefactors, furnish our Society with Thanksgivings. For your own graces, make your free offers: but referre still to me, leave your Desires be defign'd. Let to each man enough, that one need not tender to another. For were your Gods to barrow on men, men would forsake the Gods. Make the Meate he most beloved, more then the Man that gives it. Let no Assembly of Twenty be without a score of Villaines. If there shew but twelve Women at the Table, let a dozen of them bee as they are. The rest of your Foes, O Gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common legge of People, what so anxius to them, you Gods, make faireable for destruction. For these my present Friends, as they are to mee nothing, so am nothing better to them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Vyncou Doggers, and lap.

Some speak. What do's his Lordship meane?
Some other. I know not.

Timon. May you a better Feast never behold
You know of Mouth-Friends; Smoke, & lukewarm Water
Is your perfection. This is Timons baf.
Who flucke and sprangule with Flatteries,
Washes it off and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany. Liveloch'd, and long
Most smiling, smooth, deceitful Parfites,
Curteous Destroyers, affable Wolves, meeke Beares:
You Fooles of Fortune, Trencher-sheares, Times Flyes,
Caue & knee-Slaues, vapours, and Minute Iacks.
Of Man and Beast, the infinite Maladie
Cruf't ye quite o're. Whose do'ft thou go?
YouTooles of Fortune, Trencher-shears, Times Flyes,

Enter the senators, with other Lords.

1. How now, my Lords?
2. Know you the quality of Lord Timons fury?
3. Push, did you see my Cap?
4. I have lost my Gowne.
5. He's but a mad Lord, & nought but humors sways him. He gave me a Jewell the other day, and now he has beare it out of my har.
6. Did you see my Jewell?
7. Did you see my Cap.
8. Heere'tis.
10. Let's make no stay.
11. Lord Timon, mad.
12. I feel't upon my bones.
13. One day he gives vs Diamonds, next day Stones.

Exeunt the Senators.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me looke backe upon thee. O then Wall
That girdles in those Wolues, due in the earth.
And hence not Athens. Matrons, turne incontinent.
Obedience fayle in Children: Slaues and Fooles
Plucke the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,  
And minifter in their steads, to generall Fitnes.  
Conuerse with Infant green Erieigni.  
Doo't in your Parents eyes. Bankrupts, pale and sad  
Rather then render backe; out with your Knights,  
And cut your Trullers throates. Bound Scourants, steal,  
Large-handed Robbers your grave Masters are,  
And pill by Law. Made to thy Masters bed,  
Thy Miftress is o'th'Brothell. Some of sixteen,  
Plucke the lyn'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,  
With it, beate out his Brains, Priety, and Feare,  
Religion to the Gods, Peace, Juflice, Truth,  
Dometickke awe, Night-red, and Neighbourhood,  
Instruction, Manners, Mysteries, and Trades,  
Degrees, Obsequencies, Costumes, and Laws,  
Decline to your confounding contaries.  
And yet Confution true: Plagues incident to men,  
Your parent and infecius Fauours, heape  
On Athens ripe for stroke. Thou cold Scatia,  
Cripple our Senators, that their limbs may halt  
Aslame as their Manners Luft, and Libertie  
Creep in the Minds and Marrowes of our youth,  
That gannit the frame of Vertue they may brue,  
And drowe themselves in Riot. Itches, Blaines,  
Sowe all th'Athenian bofoms, and their crop  
Be general Lepracie: Breath, infec breath,  
That their Society (as their Frindship) may  
Be merocly poynon. Nothing lie beare from thee  
Bur nakedneffe, thou detestable Towne,  
Take thou that roo, with multiplying Bannes:  
Timon will ro the Woods, where he shall finde  
Th'indifpensable Beat, more knder then Manskind.  
The Gods confound (hereat you good Gods all)  
Th'Athenians both within and out that Wail:  
The Gods confound (hereat you good Gods all)  
Th'Athenians both within and out that Wail:  
So are they all: for euerie grize of Fortuae  
Is smooth'd by that below. The Learned pace  
And fay. this mans a Flatterer. If one be.  
The want that makes him leave: who dares? who dares  
In puritie of Manhood ftand vpright  
It is the Pattour Lords, the Brothers Tides,  
The Begger Native Honor.  
The Senators ftall bear contempt Hereditary,  
But by contempt of Nature.  
Who would be mock'd with Glory, or to live  
But in a Dreame of friendship,  
To have his pompe, and all what faire compounds,  
But onely painted like his yarmifi Friends:  
Poore honest Lord, brought love by his owne heart,  
Vedone by Goodneffe. Strange vniueall blood,  
When mans workes feme es, He do's too much Good.  
Whom then dares to be halfe to halfe agen?  
For Bounty that makes Gods, do's till mart Men.  
My deareft Lord, bleft to be moft accurt,  
Rich onely to be wretched; thy great Fortune  
Are made thy cheefe. Affiliations alas (hinde Lord)  
Jee's ftung in Rage from this ingrataft full Seafe  
Of monftrous Friends:  
Nor ha's he with him to supply his life,  
Or that which can command it:  
He follow and enquire him our,  
Ile euer fee his minde, with my beft will,  
Whilft I haue Gold, tie he his Steward full.  

Enter Timon in the woods.

Tim. O bleffe breeding Sun, draw from the earth  
Rotten humidiry: below thy Sifters Orbe  
Infet the ayre. Twin'd Brothers of one wombe,  
Whose proportion, refidence, and birth,  
Scafe is diuidant: touch them with feuerall fortunes,  
The greater fcorne the lefter. Nor Nature  
(To whom all fortes lay free) can beare great Fortune  
But by contempt of Nature.  
Raffe me this Begger, and deny't that Lord,  
The Senators shall haer contempt, Hereditary,  
The Begger Native Honor.  
It is the Pafhour Lords, the Brothers fides,  
The want that makes him leave: who dares? who dares  
In puritie of Manskind ftand 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 pace  
Duckes to the Golden Foole. All's oblique;  
There's nothing leuell in our cursed Natures  
All Fortunes, Societies, and Throngs of men.  
His ftembable, yea himselfe Timon diddaints,  
Deftuction phang manskind; Earth yeeld me Roots,  
Who fikes for better of thee, fawce his pallate  
With thy meft operant Poyfon. What is here?  
God? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?  
No Gods, I am no idle Vefarifi,  
Roots you cleare Heavens. Thus much of this will make  
Blakke, white Bowles, faire; wrong, right;  
Bafe, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valiant.  
Ha you Gods? why this? what this? you Gods? why this  
Will lugge your Prifts and Scourants from your fides:  
Plucke flout mens pillowes from below their heads.
This yellow Slave,
Will knit and break Religions, blest th' accruft,
Make the loose Leprosy sod, place Theeues,
And give them Title, knee, and approbation
With Senators on the Bench: This is it
That makes the wappned Widow wed againe;
And give them Title, knee, and approbation
To th' Apnll day againe. Come damn'd Batch,
Make the hoare Leprofe ador'd, place Thecues,
Thou yellow Slave,
When God w'th keepers of thee cannot hud:
Five & th'metier mettner
Enter and Alcibiades with Drumme and Fife in warlike manner,
And Pheus and Timandra.

Alc. What art thou there? speake.
Tim. A Beasl as thou art. The Canker gnaw th' heart
For sifting me against the eyes of Man.
Alc. What is thy name? Is can so bathe full to thee,
That art thou felfe a Man?
Tim. I am Mifantrepos, and hate Mankinde.
Alc. For thy part, I do with thou were a dogge,
That I might love thee. SomeFortune.
Alc. I know thee well:
But in thy Fortunes am unlearnd, and strange.
Tim. I will not kifte thee, then the roe returns
To thine owne lipses against.
Alc. How came the Noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the Moone do's, by wanting light to give:
But then newe I could not like the Moone,
There were no Sunnes to borrow of.
Alc. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to maintain 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 do'ft performe, confound thee, for thou art a man.
Alc. I have heard in some of thy Miferles.
Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperitie.
Alc. I see them now, then was a blesed time.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of Harlots.
Timon. Is this the Athenian Minion, whom the world
Voie'd do regardfully?
Tim. Art thou Timandra?
Timon. Yes. Tim.
Be a whore full, they love thee not that vie thee,
give them diseases, leaving with their Luft.
Make vie of thy lust hours, fearon the flaves for Tubbes and Bathes,
bring downe Rofe-cheeks youth to the Fubfalt,
and the Diet.
Timon. Hang thee Monster.
Alc. Pardon him sweet Timandra, for his wives
Are drown'd and lost in his Calamities.

I haue but little Gold of late, brune Timon.
The want whereof, doth dayly make resolute
In my purious Band. I haue heard and greue'd
How curfed Athens, mindelesse of thy worth,
Forgettyng thy great deeds, when Neighbour flates
But for this good Fortune read upon them.
Timon. I prythe thee beaute thy Drum, and get thee gone.
Alc. I am thy Friend, and pity thee deere Timon.
Timon. How doest thou pity him whom I doft trouble,
I had rather be alone.
Alc. Why fare thee well?
Here is some Gold for thee.
Timon. Kepee it, I cannow cate it.
Alc. When I haue laid proud Athens on a heape.
Timon. Warr'nt thou gaitift Athens.
Alc. I Timon, and have caufe,
Timon. The Gods confound them all in thy Conquest,
And thee after, when thou hast Conquerd.
Alc. Why me, Timon?
Timon. That by killing of Villains
Thou was't borne to conquer my Country.
Put vp thy Gold. Go on, heeres Gold, go on;
Be as a Planetary plague, when lone
Will o'thefoe high-Vic'd City, hang his poiyon
In the fake eye: let not thy sword slip ones
Pitty not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He is an Villain, strike me the counterfet Matron,
It is her habe only, that is honeft.
Her fells a Bawd. Let not the Virgins cheeke
Make soft ry tranchent Sword: for those Milke poppers
That through the window Barne bore at mens eyes,
Are not within the Lease of pitty writ.
But set them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the Babe
When Go w'th keepers of thee cannot hud:

This Athenian Minion, whom the world
Vowe'd do regardfully?
Tim. Art thou Timandra?
Timon. Yes. Tim.
Be a whore full, they love thee not that vie thee,
give them diseases, leaving with their Luft.
Make vie of thy lust hours, fearon the flaves for Tubbes and Bathes,
bring downe Rofe-cheeks youth to the Fubfalt,
and the Diet.
Timon. Hang thee Monster.
Alc. Pardon him sweet Timandra, for his wives
Are drown'd and lost in his Calamities.

Barb. Well, more Gold, what then?

Beleev't
Be the flatterer now, and feeke to thrive
By putting on the cunning of a Carpe.
That ever was. Shame not these Woods,
Hugge their diseas'd Perfumes, and have forgot
Thy flatterers yet wear Silke, drinke Wine, ly'e foft,
Thou doft affeft my Manners, and doe them.
From change of future. Why this Spade? this place?
This Slaue ftke Habit, and these lookes of Care?
That from it all Consideration flipt.
Mote man? Plague, plague.
A poore vnmanly Melancholly fprung
Whom I woul'd imitate. Consumption catch thee-
Dry vp thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Leas,
Never prefumed. O a Root.deare thankes •
And Morfe Vndoub'd greafes his pure minde.
Whereof ingratefull man with Licourifh draughts
Teeme with new Monften, whom thy up warded face
Enfeare thy Fertile and Conceptious wombe,
From footth thy plenteous bofome, one poore roote •
Engenders the blacke Toad, and Adder blew,
Yeeld him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou
Whose wombe vnmeafureable, and infinite breft
And take thy Beagles with thee.
if I thriue well, lie vifu thee againe.
By that the bleake aye, thy boyferous Chamberlaine
Will put thy fluts on warme? Will thee moyft Trees,
That have out-lid the Eagle, page thy heels
And skip when thou point'lt out? Will the cold brooke
Candied with Ice, Cawdle thy Morning taffe
To cure thy o're-nightes fuffer? Call the Creatures,
Whofe naked Natures lye in all the fpight
Of wreakfull Heauen, whose bare unhoufed Trunks.
To the conflitting Elements expos'd
Answer meere Nature: but them flatter thee.
O thou shalt finde.
Tim. A Foole of thee: depart.
Ape. I loue thee better now, then ere I did.
Tim. I hate thee worse.
Ape. Why?
Tim. Thou flatter'rft myfery,
Ape. I flatter not, but fay thou art a Cayriffe.
Tim. Why do'ft thou feke me out?
Ape. To vex thee.
Tim. Always a Villaines Office, or a Foole.
Doft pleafe thy felfe in't?
Ape. 1.
Tim. What, a Knaue too?
Ape. It thou did'ft put this fowre cold habit on
To callgate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Doft it enforedly: Thou'dft Courtier be againe
Wert thou not Beggar: willing misery
Out, hues: incettaine pompe, is crown'd before:
To cftigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
I loue thee better now, then ere I did.
Ape. I was directed hithe. Men report,
Thou doft affect my Manners, and doeft vfe them.
Tim. 'Tis then, becaufe thou doft not keepe a dogge
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee.
Ape. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poore vnmanly Melancholly sprung
From change of future. Why this Spade? this place?
This Slave-like Habit, and these lookes of Care?
Thy flatterers yet wear Silke, drink Wine, ly'e foft,
Hugge their diseas'd Perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not thefe Woods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carpe.
Be thou a flatterer now, and fecke to thrive
If thou wilt curse; thy Father (that poorergage)
Must be thy subject; who in sight put thine
To some thee-Begger, and compounded thee
Poor Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone,
If thou didst not borne the worst of men,
Thou hadst borne a Knave and Patterner.

Ape. Art thou proud yet?
Tim. 1, that I am not thee.
Ape. 1, that I was no Prodigall.
Tim. 1, that I am one now.
Were all the wealth I have but vp in thee,
I'd give thee issue to hang it. Get thee gone:
That the whole life of Athens were in this,
Thus would I count it.

Ape. Here, I will mend thy Feast.
Tim. First mend thy company, take away thy selfe.
Ape. So I shall mend mine owne, by'th'Vacke of thee.
Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but bozchf;
If not, I would it were.

Ape. What wouldst thou have to Athens?
Tim. Thee thither in a whilwind: if thou wilt,
Tell them thare I have Gold, looke,so I have.
Ape. Heree is no vie for Gold.
Tim. Thee, and trust:
For here he sleeps, and do's no hyred harme.
Ape. Where liest a nights Timon?
Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feedst thou x-days Apemantus?
Ape. Where my stomache findes meate, or rather
where I eat it.
Tim. Would poyson were obedient, & knew my mind
Ape. Where wouldst thou send it?
Tim. To a wee thy dillies.
Ape. The middle of Humanity thou never knewest,
but the extremity of both ends. When thou waft in thy
Gift, and thy Perfume, they mock thee for too much
Curiosity: in thy Ragges thou knowst none, but are de-
spis'd for the contrary. There's a medler for thee, ease it.
Ape. Do'ft hate a Medler?
Tim. I, though it looke like thee.
Ape. And th'hadst hated Medlers sooner, & shouldst
have loved thy selfe better now. What man didn't thou
ever know vnthrift, that was beloved after his meanes?
Tim. Who without thofe meanes thou talkst of, didst
thou ever know belou'd?

Tim. My selfe.
Ape. I understond thee: thou hadst some meanes to
keepe a Dogge.

Ape. What things in the world canst thou neereet
compare to thy Patterner?
Tim. Women neereft, but men: men are the things
themselues. What wouldst thou do with the world Ap-
emantus, if it lay in thy power?
Ape. Give it the Beasts, to be rid of the men.
Tim. Wouldst thou have thy selfe fell in the confu-
ision of men, and remaine a Beast with the Beasts.
Ape. 1 Timon.

Ape. And beaftily Ambition, which the Gods grant
thee t'attaineto. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox
would make thee a Beast; if thou wert the Lambe, the Foxe
would make thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would sup-
pest thee, when peraduenture thee were accuss'd by the Afe:
If thou wert the Afe, thy dunnefe would torment thee;
and still thou liest but as a Breakesfle to the Wolfes. If
thou wert the Wolf, thy greedinesse would affliq thee,
He hath a mass of treasure.

him into this melancholy.

want of gold, and the falling from of his friends. drove

want of gold, and the falling from of his friends. drove

his heart, and abhorre then.

Thou wile be throng'd too shortly.

Bat not till I am dead, lie (say chtiad Gold :

Set them into confounding oddes, that beads

Thinke thy (hue-man rebels, and by thy vertue

May have the world in empire.

Oppressing and betraying me.

I fell with Curies.

And thou redeemed thy selfe. But all save thee,

How since would I have hated all rankiude.

For, by oppressing and betraying me.

I keep were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

I have forgot thee.

O, thou touch of hearts, think of thy base-born rebels, and by thy virtue

Set them into confounding oddes, that beasts

May have the world in empire.

Ape. Would t'were so,

But not till I am dead. I say th'haft gold:

That will be throng'd too shortly.

Tim. Throng'd too?

Ape. 1.

Tim. Th' backe I prysthe.

Ape. Live, and loue thy misery.

Tim. Long live foo, and so dye. I am quit.

Ape. Mo' things like men,

Eat, Timon, and abhorre then.

Enter the Banditti.

1 Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender part of his remainder: the more want of gold, and the falling from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 It is nois'd He hath a nest of treasure.

3 Let us make the affay upon him, if he care not for't, he will supply us easily: if he courtously refuse it, how shall's get it?

4 True: for he bears it not about him:

'Tis hid.

1 Is not this hee?

2 All. Where?

3 'Tis his description.

3 He? I know him.

All. Save thee Timon.

Tim. Now theues.

All. Soldiers, not theues.

Tim. Both too, and women sons.

All. We are not theues, but men.

That much do want.

The bounteous husband nature, on each bush,

The oaks bare corn, the brayrs scarlet heps,

Lay's her full mess before you. Want? why want?

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots:

Within this mile breach forth a hundred springs:

But through labor and laughter: pity's sleeping:

Strange times weep with laughing, not with weeping.

I accept my grace, and whilst this poor wealth lasts.

But through labor and laughter: pity's sleeping:

Strange times weep with laughing, not with weeping.

I beg of you to know me, good my lord,

When man was fit to serve his enemies:

Whence betide you? the gods of this world:

Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends*

None did poor steward care a truer grace

I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

I have forgot thee.

An honest poor peasant of yours.

Then I know thee not:

I never had honest man about me, I all

I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

The gods are wittif.

Ne'er did poor steward care a truer grace

For his vandone lord, then mine eyes for you.

What, dost thou weep?

Come nearer, then I love thee

Because thou art a woman, and disdain'st

Plenty mankind: whose eyes do never give,

But through labor and laughter: pity's sleeping:

Strange times weep with laughing, not with weeping.

I beg of you to know me, good my lord,

To accept my grace, and whilst this poor wealth lasts.

Tim. Had I a steward

So true, so faithful, and now so comfortable?

It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.

Let me behold thy face: surely, this man

Was born of woman.

Forgive my general, and except thee rash and

You perpetually favor gods. I do proclaim

One honest man: mistake me not, but one:

No more I pray, and here's a steward.

How can I show you have hated all mankind,

And thou redeemest thy selfe. But all save thee,

I fell with curfes,

Me thinks thou art more honest now, then wife:

For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'ft have sooner got another Service: For many so arrive as second Masters, Upon their first Lords necke. But tell me true, (For I must ever doubt, though he's so faire) Is not thy kindnesse subtle, couseus, But a Vizing kindnesse, and as rich men deal Guifs, Expecting in returne twenty for one? 

Sendee. No my most worthy Master, in whose brief Doubt, and sufpeet (alas) are plac'd too late. You should have fear'd false tunes, when you did Feast. Sufpeet still comes, where an estate is least. Expefting in returne twenty for one? Feast. You shoud have fear'd false tunes, when you did Feast. 

Debts wither 'em to nothing, be men like blasted woods. But let the famish'd flesh Aide from che Bone, And is very likely, to loade our purpofes With what they trauaile for, It will (bew heeftly in vs, That makes it.


Nay let's feeke him, Then do we finne against our owne estate, When we may profit meete, and come tooe 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. He meeete you at the tume: What a Gods Gold, that he is worfnipt In a baser Temple, then where Swine feede? 'Tis thou that rigg'd the Barke, and plow'd the Forne, Setleft admired reverence in a Slave, To thee be worfhipt, and thy Saints for aye: Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obey. Fit I meet them. 

Poet. Haile worthy Timon. 

Paint. Our late Noble Mader, Timon. Have I once lin'd To fee two honeft men? 

Poet. Sir: 

Hearing often of your open Bounty tast'd, Hearing you were retyr'd, your Friends faine off, Whole thankefide Natures (O abhorded Spirits) Not all the Whippes of Heauen,are large enough. 

What, to you, Whose Starre-like Nobleneffe gaue life and influence To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot couer The monftrous bulke of this Ingratitude With any fize of words. 

Timon. Let it go, Naked men may fee't the better. You that are honeft, by being what you ere. Make them bed feene, and knowne. Paint. He, and my felle Haue cruaulti'd in the great fhower of your guifts, And sweeetly felt it. 

Timon. I, you are honeft man. Painter. We are lacking come To offer you our feruice 

Why
Fot he is fet for oncly to himfelfe. Men are not (bll the fame: 'rwas Time and Gree/ee That nothing but himfelfe, which looker like man. To fppeare with It is our part and promife to th'Atheriians Is friendly with him.  

Exeunt Out Ralcalldogges, You haue worke for me; there's payment, thence. Yet an arch Villain® keeper him company: Hence, packe, there's Gold, you came for Gold ye flaues. But where one Villaine is, then him abandon. Come neare him. If thou would'ftot recide But two in Company: Each man apart. all single. and alone. Confound them by fome courfe, and come to me. If where thou art, two Villaines fhall not be. He giue you Gold enough. Red me thefe Villaines from your companies; 1 loue you well, He giue you Gold That he's amade up, VIUtne, That mightily deceiues you. Keepe in your bofome, yet remainc affur'd You take much pames to mend. Know his groffe patchery, loue him, feehehim, See him diffemble. To make it knowne to v*.

Marry 'tisnot monftrous in you, neither wifh I That thou art euen Naturall in thine Art. Imuft needs fay you haue a little fault. But for all this (my honeft Natur d friends Why thy Verfe fwels whh ftuffe fo fine and fmoother. Thou eountcrfet'ft mod liuely. Bed in all Athens, th'art indeed the beft. Can you eate Roues, and drlnke cold water, no? 1 am fure you haue, fppeare truth, y'are honeft men, Wee'l do to do you feruice. Why how fhall I requite you? Stew. Timon:

"It is vame that you would fppeare with...

6"
In pity of our aged, and our youth, I cannot choose but tell him that I care not, and let him tak'c at worst; for their Knives care not. While you have threads to answer. For my selfe, there's not a whittle, in th'urely Camps, but I do prize it as my love, before the retreats Threat in Athens. So I leave you to the protection of the prosperous Gods; as Thev are to Keepers. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why I was writing of my Epitaph, it will be fome to mortow. My long sicknere Of Health, and Lving, now begins to mend, and nothing brings me all things. Go, live still, Be Alcibiades your plague; you his, and left to long enough.

We speak in vain. Tim. But yet I love my Country, and sm not one that rejoices in the common wracke. As common brute doth put it.

1 That's well spoke. Tim. Commend me to my loving Countrymen. These words become your lippes as they pass throw them.

2 And enter in our cares, like great Triumphers. In their applauding gates. Tim. Commend me to them, and tell them, that to ease them of their griefes, Their fears of Hostile Brokes, their Aches lostes, Their pangs of Lown, with other incident throwes That Nature's fragile Vci Tell doth sustain. In lifes uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them, I teach them to prevent wile Alcibiades wrath.

1 I like this well, he will return again.

2 Tim. I have a Tree which grows here in my Clofe, That mine owne with mee invites me to cut downe, and shortly muft I fell it. Tell my Friends, Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree. From high to low throughout, that who so please To stop Affildion, let him take his haffe; Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe, and hang himselfe. I pray you do my greeting.

Tim. But yet I love my Country, and sm not one that rejoices in the common wracke. As common brute doth put it.

1 That's well spoke. Tim. Commend me to my loving Countrymen. These words become your lippes as they pass throw them.

2 And enter in our cares, like great Triumphers. In their applauding gates. Tim. Commend me to them, and tell them, that to ease them of their griefes, Their fears of Hostile Brokes, their Aches lostes, Their pangs of Lown, with other incident throwes That Nature's fragile Vci Tell doth sustain. In lifes uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them, I teach them to prevent wile Alcibiades wrath.

1 I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a Tree which grows here in my Clofe, That mine owne with mee invites me to cut downe, and shortly muft I fell it. Tell my Friends, Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree. From high to low throughout, that who so please To stop Affildion, let him take his haffe; Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe, and hang himselfe. I pray you do my greeting.

Tim. But yet I love my Country, and sm not one that rejoices in the common wracke. As common brute doth put it.

1 That's well spoke. Tim. Commend me to my loving Countrymen. These words become your lippes as they pass throw them.

2 And enter in our cares, like great Triumphers. In their applauding gates. Tim. Commend me to them, and tell them, that to ease them of their griefes, Their fears of Hostile Brokes, their Aches lostes, Their pangs of Lown, with other incident throwes That Nature's fragile Vci Tell doth sustain. In lifes uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them, I teach them to prevent wile Alcibiades wrath.
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 tythed death;
If thy Revienges hunger for that Food
Which Nature loathes, take thou the destin'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, Revenge Crimes, like Lands
Are not inherited, then deem 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 call the infected forth,
But kill not altogether.
1 What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Then hee too't, with thy Sword.
1 Set but thy foot
Against our rampyr'd gates, and they shall ope:
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou enter friendly.
2 Throw thy Glove,
Or any Token of thine Honour else,
That thou wilt use the warrors as thy redresse,
And not as our Confusion: All thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our Towne, till wee
Have seal'd thy full desire.
Ali. Then there's my Glove,
Defend and open your uncharged Porta.

Thoue Enemies of Timon, and mine own
Whom you your selves shall set out for reproofs,
Fall and no more; and to atone your feares
With my more Noble meaning, not a man
Shall passe his quarters, or offend the Stremes
Of Regular Justice in your Cities bounds,
But shall be remedied to your publique Laws
At heauen's averter.

Both. 'Tis most Nobly spoken.
Ali. Defend, and keep your words.
Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Noble General, Timon is dead,
Entomb'd upon the very hemme of th' Seas,
And on his Grauestone, this Inscription which
With was I brought away: whose soft Imression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcibiades reads the Epitaph.
Here lies a wretched Caeze, of wretched Soul hereby.
Seek not my name: A Plague consume you wicked Caeze's left.
Here lies Timon, the same, all living men did bate,
Passe by, and curse thy selfe, but passe and stay not here thy gate.
These well express in thee thy latter spirits.
Though thou abhorrest in vs our humane griefes,
Scorn'd in our Brains 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 forgiven. Dead
In Noble Timon, of whose Memorie
Henceafter more. Bring me into your Citie,
And I will use the Glove, with my Sword:
Make war breed peace, make peace still war, make each
Prescribe to other, as each others Leach.
Let our Drummes strike.

FINIS.
THE ACTORS NAMES.

TYMON 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 Theenes.

Flaminius, one of Tymons Servants.
Servilius, another.
Caphus.
Varro.
Philo.
Titus.
Lucius.
Hortensias.
Ventigius, one of Tymons false Friends.
Cupid.
Sempronius.
With divers other Servants,
And Attendants.
THE TRAGEDIE OF
IVLIVS CAESAR.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Flaminio, Marcellus, and certaine Commons

Flaminio.

Hence home ye 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? Scepe, what Trade art thou?
Car. Why sir, a Carpenter.
Mar. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule? What dost thou with thy best Apparrell on?
Fla. What Trade thou knowe? Thou wasthy knowe, what Trade?
Car. Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me yet if you be our Sir, I can mend you.
Mar. What meanes thou by that? Mend mee, thou swamy fellow?
Car. Why sir, Cobble you.
Fla. Thou art a Cobbler, art thou?
Tell. Truly, all that I live by, is with the Anle: I meddle with no Trademans matters, nor womens matter; but withal I am indeed, a Surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon Nests Leather, have gone up on my handy-work.
Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day?
Why do you these men about the streets?
Tell. Truly, to weare out their shoes, to get my felie into more worke. But in stead of, we make Holyday to see Cæsar, and to rejoyce in his Triumph.
Mar. Wherefore rejoyce?
What Conquest brings he home?
What Tribunaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in Captive bonds his Chariot Wheels?
You Blockes, you Homos, you worke then sordid things:
If you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Tell not you not Pompey many a time and often,
Have you euer left him up to Walls and Excults,
To Towers and Windowes? Yes, to Chunnery tops,
Your Infant in your Armes, and there have face
The hue-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey passe the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his Chariot but appear,
Have you not made an Universal shout, That Tyber trembled underneath her bankes
To heare the replication of your founds,
Made in her Contine Shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now call out a Holyday?
And do you now throw Flowers in his way,
That comes in Triumph over Pompeys blood?
Be gone,
Runne to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this Ingratitude.
Ela. 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 Channel, till the lowest streame
Do kisse the most exalted Shores of all.
Exeunt all the Commons.

See where their base molete be not mou'd,
They vanish tongue-eyed in their gaitinesse:
Go you downe that way towards the Capitol,
This way will I: Difrobe the Images,
If you do finde them deckt with Ceremonies.
Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the Feast of Lupercall.
Fla. It is no matter, let no Images
Be hung with Cæsars Typhoes: Lie about,
And drive away the Vulgar from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceve them thick.
These growing Feathers, pluckt from Cæsars wing,
Will make him flye an ordinary pitch.
Who else would soare about the view of men,
And keepe vs all in feruile fearefulness.
Exeunt.

Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Course, Calpurnia, Persia, Dicte, Cicero, Brauna, Caffius, Cæcilia, Scabbayrers after them Marcellus and Flaminio.

Cæsar. Calpurnia, Cæsar.
Caec. Peace ho, Cæsar speaks.
Cæsar. Calpurnia.
Caec. Here my Lord.
Caes. Stand you directly in Antonios way,
When he doth run his course, Antonia, 
Ant. Cæsar, my Lord.
Caes. Forget not in your speed Antonia,
To touch Calpurnia: for our Elders say,
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

The Barren touched in this holy chace,
Shake off their territe curse.

And, I shall remember,
When Caesar satest, Do this; it is perform'd.

Caesar. Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.

Sooth. Caesar.

Caesar. Ha! Who calleth?

Sooth. Bid every noisy be still: peace yet againes.

Caesar. Who is it in the preface, that calleth on me?

I heare a tongue thrilling then all the Musick.

Caesar. Speak. Caesar is turn'd to heart.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.

Caesar. What man is that?

Brutus. A Soothsayer bids you beware the Ides of March.

Set him before me, let me see his face.

Caesar. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon Caesar.

Caesar. What sayst thou to me now? Speak once again?

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.

Caesar. He is a Dreamer, let us leave him: Passe.

Sooth. 

Caesar. Will you go fee the order of the course?

Brutus. Not I.

Caesar. I pray you do.

Brutus. I am not Cæsar: I do lacke some part

Of that quick Spirit that is in Antony:

Let me not hinder Caesar you define;

He leave you.

Caesar. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:

I have not from your eyes, that gentleness

And demo of Love: as I was wont to have:

You bear too stubborn, and too strong a hand

Ouer your Friends, that loves you.

Brutus. Caesar.

Be not deceiv'd: If I have voy'd my looks,

I turne the trouble of my Countenance

Mereely upon my selfe. Vexed I am

Of late, with passions of some different

Conceptions onely proper to my selfe,

Which gave some soyle (perhaps) to my Behaviours:

But let not therefore my good Friends be grieved

(Among which number Caesar be you one)

Nor construe any further my neglect,

Then that poore Brutus with himselfe at warre,

Forgetsthe flowes of Love to other men

Caesar. Then Brutus, I have much mistook your passion,

By meanes whereof, this Bred of mine hath buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Nor conftruc any further my neglect,

Brutus. Then that poor Brutus with himselfe at warre,

Forgetsthe flowes of Love to other men

Caesar. Then Brutus, I have much mistook your passion,

By meanes whereof, this Bred of mine hath buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me good Brutus, can you see your face?

Brutus. No Caesar:

For the eye sees not itselfe but by reflexion,

Tell me good Brutus, can you see your face?

Brutus. No Caesar:

For the eye sees not itselfe but by reflexion,

Tell me good Brutus, can you see your face?

Brutus. No Caesar:

For the eye sees not itselfe but by reflexion,

Tell me good Brutus, can you see your face?

Brutus. No Caesar:

For the eye sees not itselfe but by reflexion,

Tell me good Brutus, can you see your face?

Brutus. No Caesar:

For the eye sees not itselfe but by reflexion,
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

As a sickle Girl: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the first of the Master's world,
And bear the Palm alone.

Shouts.   Flourish.

Bru. Another general Inout?
I do beleue, that these applause are
For some new Honors, that are heap'd on Cæsar.
Caf. Why man, he doth behinde the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legges, and peep about
To finde our selues dishonourable Graues.
Men at sometyme, are Matters of their Fazes.
The fault (deere Brutus) is not in our Starres,
But in our Selves, that we are vnderlings.

Brutus and Cæsar. What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more then yours
Write them together: Yours, as faire a Name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth a-swelling.
Weigh them, it is as heavy: Coniure with 'em,
Brutus will start a Spirit as soon as
That he is growne so great? Aye, thou art fham'd.

Bru. Another general! (not Cæsar?
Rome, thou haft lost the breed of Noble Bloods.
That her wide Walkes incompaft but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and Rome enough
Once, that would haue brook'd
O! you and I, haue heard our Fathers fay,
When could they fay (till now)that talk'd of Rome,
Th'etemal Diuell to keep hit State in Rome,
When there is in it but one onely man.

Caf. I would not so (with loue 1 might intreat you)
I will confideriwhat yon haue to fay
What you would worke me too.l haue some ay me:
Be any further mov'd: What you haue faid,
1 shall recount thereafter. Forthwith
Both meete to heare, and anfwer fuch high things.
I will with patience heare, and finde a time
Vnder these hard Conditions, at this time
Till then, roy Noble Friend, chew upon this-

Enter Cæsar and his Train.

Bru. The Games are done,
And Cæsar is returning.
Caf. As they paffe by,
Plucke Cæsar by the Sleeue,
And he will (after his somwe fashion) tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.

Bru. I will do so; but looke you Cæsar,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar brow,
And all the reft, looke like a chidden Train;
Calpurnia's Cheeks are pale, and Cicero
Lookes with fuch Ferret, and fuch fiery eyes
As we have feen him in the Capitol.
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humor me. I will this Night,
In several Hands, in his Windows throw,
As if they came from several Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his Name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar Ambition shall be glanced at.
And after this, let Cassar fear him sure,
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

Enter Cassar, and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, Cassar: brought you Caesar home?
Why do you breath heavily, and why stare you so?
Cass. Are not you mused, when all the sway of Earth
Shakes, like a thing vnfirm? O Cicer, I
have some Tempelows, when the feeding Winds
Have tuned the knorricky Oakes, and I have feene
Thambitious Ocean swallow, and rage, and foame,
To be exalted with the threatening Clouds:
But never till to Night, never till now,
Did I go through a Tempet-dropping-fire.
Eyther there is a Cuiuil strife in Husian,
Or else the World, too faire with the Gods,
Inceseth them to fend destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you anything more wonderful?
Cass. A common flue, you know him well by light,
Held up his left Hand, which did flame and burne
Like twentie Torches suez'd; and yet his Hand,
Not fensible of fire, remain'd vnscorch'd.
Besides, I ha'nt finde put vp my Sword;
Against the Capitoll I met a Lyon,
Who glaz'd upon me, and went sudely by,
Without annoying me. And there were dranwe
Upon a beaue, a hundred gaily Women,
Transformed with their feare, who saw they saw
Men in fire, walk vp and downe the Streeters.
And yet you know the Bird of Night did fit,
Even at Noone-day, upon the Market place,
Howling, and threiking. When these Prodigies
Doe so conjointly meet, let not men stay.
These are their Reasons, they are Naturall:
For I beleue, they are porstens things
Unto the Clymats, they are points vpou:
Cic. Indeed, it is a strange disposted time.
But men may construe things after their fashion.
Cleanse from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Caesar to the Capitol to morrow?
Cass. He doth: for he did bid Antonia
Send word to you, he were to be there to morrow.
Cic. Good-night then, Cassar:
This disturbed Skie is not to walke in.
Cass. Farewell Cicero.

Enter Cassar.

Cass. Who's there?
Cic. A Roman.
Cass. Cassar by your Voyce.
Cic. Your Eares u good.
Cass. What Night is this?

Enter Cassar.

Cass. Who's there?
Cic. A Roman.
Cass. Cassar by your Voyce.
Cic. Your Eares u good.
Cass. What Night is this?
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me into the perilous Night;
And thus embraced, Caius, as you see,
Have bard't my Business to the Thunder-stone:
And when the crows blew Lightning seem'd to open
The Breath of Heaven: I did present my selfe
Even in the same, and very flash of it. (ends)

Caius. But wherefore did you so much tempt the Hea-
It is the part of men, to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty Gods, by tokens lend
Such dreadful Herald's, to astonish us.

Caius. You are dull, Caius.
And those sparks of Life, that should be in a Roman,
You doe want, or else you wie not.
You look pale, and gase, and put on fear,
And call your selfe in wonder,
To see the strange impietie of the Heauen:
But if you would consider the true cause.
Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,
Why Birds and Beasts from quallity and kind,
That brands my footome to the Thunder-stone:
And therein, you fee,
For my part, I have walk'd about the street,
The Breast of Heauen, I did present my selfe
name to thee a man.

(Cask, You are dull, Caius.
When the mightie Gods, by tokens send
And those sparks of Life, that should be in a Roman,
You doe want, or else you vie not.
You lose Ite pleae, and gase, and put on care.
Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,
Why all these things change from their Ordinance,
Why Old men Jowles, and Children calculate.
To monstrous quality; wiry you shall finde,
To make them Instruments of fear, and warning,
That Heauen hath infused them with these Spirit:
Unto some monstrous State.

Rooar.
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graves, and
Like this dreadful Night,
As doth the Lyon in the Capitoll:
Haus Thieves, and Limbes, like to their Ancefor:
Iheg it with weake Staves. Wharraf is Rome?

Caius. Indeed, they say, the Senators ro morrow
Know where I will wear this Dagger then,
I am not, you know not who it is: for Romans nos*
Caius. It is that you mean.

Enter Cinna.

Caius. Stand close a while, for heere comes one in haste.
Caius. Tis Cinna, I doe know him by his Gate,
He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you go?
Caius. To finde out you: Who's that, Metellus Cumber?
Caius. No, it is Caius, one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not flay'd for, Cinna?
Caius. I am glad on't.
What a fearefull Night is this?
There's two or three of vs have seen strange lights.
Caius. Am I not slay'd for? tell me,
Caius. Yes, you are. O Caius,
If you could but winne the Noble Brutus
To our party—
Caius. Do you content. Good Cinna, take this Paper,
And looke you lay it in the Pretors Chayre,
And the Complexion of the Element
Pompous,
And this we haue in hand,

What I have seene:
Caius. Come Cinna, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours alreadie, and the man entire
Vpon old Brutus Statue: all this done,
Repulse to Pompey Porch: where you shall finde vs.
Is Caius Brutus and Caius there?
Caius. All, but Metellus Cumber, and hee's gone
To fecke you at your house. Well, I will bee,
And so bellow these Papers as you bad me.
Caius. That done, repair to Pompey Theater.
Exit Cinna.
The Tragedie of Julius Cesar.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brutus. What Lucrece, ho? I cannot, by the progress of the Stars, Gueesse how a clock to day. - Lucrece, I say? I would it were my fault to sleepe so fondly. When Lucrece, when she wake, I say: what Lucrece? - Enter Lucrece.

Luc. Call'you my Lord?

Brutus. Get me a Taper in my Study, Lucrece.

When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord. Exit.

Brutus. It must be by his death: and for my part, I know no personall cause, to fume 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 crazes waste walking: Crowne him that, And then I grant we put a Sting in him, That at his will he may doe danger with. Th'abuse of Greatneffe, is, when it dis-joynes Remorse from Power: And to speake truth of Caesar, I have not knowne, when his Affections swayed More then his Reason. But'tis a common proofe, That Lowestynne is young Ambition's Ladder, Whereunto the Climber upward turns his Face, But when he once attains the vmpost Round, He then vnto the Ladder turns his Backe, Looks in the Clouds, forming the safe degrees, By watch he did ascended: so Caesar may; Then least he may prevent. And since the Quarell Will bear no colour, for the thing he is, Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented, Would runne to these, and these extremities: And therefore thinke him as a Serpents egg: Which hatch'd, would as his kinde grow mischievous; And kill him in the Shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Closer, Sir: Searching the Window for a Fint, I found This Paper, thus seal'd vp, and I am sure It did not ly there when I went to Bed. Gives him the Letter.

Brutus. Get you to Bed againe, it is not day: Is not to morrow (Boy) the first of March?

Luc. I know not. Sir. Look in the Calendar, and bring me word.

Brutus. I will, Sir. Exit.

Brutus. The Exhalations, whizzing in the air, Gie so much light, that I may yeade by them. - Opens the Letter, and reads. -

Drumcs thow sleepe? awake, and see thy selfe: Shall Rome, &c. such stirs, redresse.

Brutus, then sleepe? awake. Such infligation have beene often dropt, Where I have tooke them vp: Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out: Shall Rome stand vnder one mans aw? What Rome! My Ancellors did from the streets of Rome The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a King. Such stirs, stirs, redresse. Am I entreated To speake, and stirs? O Rome, I make thee promise, If the redresse will follow, thou receiv'st Thy full Petition at the hand of Brutus. -

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wast'd fifteen dayes.

Brutus. Tit good. Go to the Gate, some body knockes: Since Caesar first did write me against Cesar, I have not slept. Betweene the act of a dreadful thing, And the first motion, all the Interim is Like a Phantaisie, or a hideous Dreame: The Genius, and the mortall Instruments Are then in counsell; and the face of a man, Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then The nature of an Insurrection. -

Enter Lucrece.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother Caesar at the Doore, Who doth defire to see you.

Brutus. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him. Brutus. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Eares, And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakes, That by no means I may discover them, By any markes of fauour.

Brutus. Let'em enter:

They are the Faction. O Conspiracie, Shalt thou to shew thy dangerous Brow by Night. When euills are most free? O then, by day Where wilt thou finde a Chamber darke enough, To make thy monstrous Visage? Seek none Conspiracie, Hide it in Smiles, and Affabilitie: For if thou path thy nature temblance on, Nor Erebus is felfe were dimme enough, To hide thee from preuation.

Enter the Conspirators, Caesar, Cales, Decius, Cimber, Maccus, and Trebonius.

Caesar. I think we are too bold upon your Rest: Good morrow, Senators, do we trouble you? Brutus. I haue beene vp this howre, awake all Night: Know I thefe men, that come along with you? Caesar. Yes, every man of them; and no man here But honors you: and every one doth wish, You had but that opinion of your felfe, Which enuer Noble Roman beares of you. This is Trebonius.

Brutus. He is welcome hither. Caesar. This, Decius Brutus. Brutus. He is welcome too. Caesar. This, Cales; this, Cimber; and this, Maccus.

Cimber. Brutus. They are all welcome. What watchfull Cares doe interpose themselues Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?

Caesar. Shall I entreat a word? They whisper. Decius. Here lyes the East: doth not the Day brake here?

Cales, No.

Cimber. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and you grey Lines, That fret the Clouds, are Messengiers of Day. Caesar. You shall confesse, that you are both deceiv'd: Here, as I point my Sword, the Sunne ariseth, Which is a great way growing on the South.
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Weighing the youthfull Scapen of the yeares,
Some twoneths hence, vp higher toward the North
He first presents his fire, and the high East
Stands as the Capitoll: the Face of men,
The woffensour Soules, the times Abuse;
If these be Morales weak, breake oft times,
And many man hence, to his idle bed:
The melting Spirits of women. Then Countrymen,
They fit prefects his fire, and the high East
Nor, not an Oath: if not the Facecfmen,
"Brut."

Old feeble Carrions, and fuch fuffering Soules
Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not ftaine
Some two moneths hence, vp higher toward the North
Hence, to his idle bed:
The fuflfeaoce of our Soules, the times Abufe;
If thefe be Motiue* weake, breake off betimes,
If she do breake the fmalleft Particle .
Then Honefty to Hontfty ingag'd.

Then ferret Romans, that haue fpoke the word.
And will not palter ? And whar other Oath,
Sweare Priefts and Cowards, and men Cautelous
That this (hall be, or we will fail for it.
That welcome wrongs: Unto bad cau(et,fWeare
Nor th'infupprefliue Mettle of cur Spirits,
To thinke, that or out Caufe,ot our Performance
That euery Roman besres, and Nobly beares
For he will neuer follow any thing
Of any promifetliat hath paft from him.

I thinke lie will ftand very ftrong with us.
As to annoy vs all: which to preuent.
Of any promifetliat hath paft from him.
Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully:
Let's carue him, as a Drift fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a Caraffe fit for Hounds:
And let our Heads, as fulble Masters do,
Stire vp their Servants to an acte of Rage,
And after feeme to chide 'em. This fhall make
Our purpose Necessary, and not Enuius.
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We fhall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
And for Mark Antony,think not of him:
For he can do no more then Caesar Atme,
When Caesar head is off.

Caf. Yet I fear him,
For in the ingredt loue he beares to Caesar.

Bru. Alas, good Caesar, do not thynke of him:
If he love Caesar, all that he can do
Is to himselfe take thought, and dye for Caesar,
And that were much he should: for he is given
To sports, to wildneffe, and much company.

Trib. There is no fear in him; let him not dye,
For he will lute, and laugh at this hereafter.

Clocke strikes.

Bru. Peace, count the Clocke.
Caf. The Clocke hath stricken three.

Trib. 'Tis time to part.
Caf. But it is doubtfull yet,
Whether Caesar will come forth to day, or no:
For he is Superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the maine Opinion he held once,
Of Fantasie, of Dreams, and Ceremonies:
It may be, these apparant Prodigies,
The vnaccustom'd Terror of this night,
And the perfuafion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitoll to day.

Trib. Never fear that: if he be so resolvd,
I can othere-way him: for he lothes to herte,
That Vnicoroes may be betray'd with Trees,
And Beares with Glaffes, Elephants with Holes,
Lyons with Toyles, and men with Flatterers.
But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He fayes, he does; being then molt flattered.
Let me worke:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitoll.

Caf. Nay, we will all of vs, be there to letch him.
Bru. By the eighth home, is that the vermor?
Cin. Be that the vermor, and false not then.
Mett. Caesar is so well beld of Caesar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Caf. Now good Metellus go along by him:
He lothes me well, and I haue given him Reasons,
Send him but hither, and Ile fashion him.

Caf. The morning comes vpon's:
We'll leave you Brutus,
And friends dispere your felues; but all remember
What you have faid, and fwee your felues true Roman.

Bru. Good Gentlemen, looke fresh and merrily,
Let not our lookes put on our purpoates,
But bear it as our Roman Actors do,
With very'd Spirit, and formall Conftanoe,
And to good morrow to you every one.

Mett. Brutus.

Boy : Lucius: Fall asleepe? It is no matter,
Enjoy the hony-hey Dew of Slumber.
Thou haft no Figures, nor no Fantasies,

Which
Some fixed or fayen, who did bide their faces
By all your oaths of Love, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make us one.

A Woman well reposed: Cæs's Daughter.

Would you, I am no stronger then my Sex
Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded?
Tell me your Counsel, I will not dissemble'em:
I have made strong proofs of my Constancy,
Giving my selfe a voluntary wound
Here, in the Thigh: Can I beseath that patience,
And not my Husbands Secrets?

O ye Gods!

Rendre me worthy of this Noble Wife.

Knockes.

Harke, harke, one knockes: Portia go in a while,
And by and by thou boaste shall parake
The secrets of my Heart.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Ligarius, who's that knockes.

Lucius, Here is a sickke man that would speake with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.

Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius, how?

Cai. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O what a time haue you chose out brave Caius

Thou readiness to a Kerchief? Would you were not sick.

Cai. I am not sickke, if you haue in hand

Any exploit worthy the name of Honor.

Bru. Such an exploit haue I in hand Ligarius,

Had you a healthfull care to here of it.

By all the Gods that Romans bow before,

I heere diacard my sickneffe. Soule of Rome,

Brave Sonne, denu'd from Honourable Loine*

of Rome, * heere distand my sickneffe. Soule

And not my Husbands Secrets?

Of yont good pleasure? If it be no more,

That appeuainc to you? Am I your Selfe,

And talke to you fometimes? Dwell I but in the

Suburbs

Tokcepe with you at Meales, comfort your Bed,

But as it were in fort, or limitation?

Is it excepted, I fhould know no Secrets

Within tho Bond of Marriage, tell roe

Euen from darkneffe.

That you vnfold to me.yourfelfe; your halfe

I ebarme you, by my once commended Beauty,

Which by the Right and Vertue of my place

You haue some sickke Offence within vour minde.

To dare the vile contagion of the Night?

To adde unto it sickke Offence.

And will he Stealthoucofhis wholsome bed

Xruttie

Of the danke Morning ? What, is

And tempt the Rheumy, and unpurged Ayre,

He would embrace the meanes to come by it.

I dtould not know you

Deare my Lord,

But with an angry wafter ofyour hand

As it hath much preuayl'd on your Condition,

And could it wotke fo much vpon your fhape.

It will not let you eatc,nontaikc,nor fleepe;

To dare the vile contagion of the Night?

To adde unto it sickke Offence.

Which feern'd too much inkindJcd; and withall,

Fearing to fttengthen that impatience

Yeti infifted.yetyou anfwct'd not,

And too impatiently flamb with your

And 1 wilt fhiue with things impoffible.

Had you a healthful! care ro hearc of it.

My mortified Spirit. Now bid me

Braue Sonne, denu'd from Honourable Loine*

Of Rome, * heere distand my sickneffe. Soule

It is nor for yourheaith, thus to commit

Your weak condition, to the raw cold morning.

I fliould not neede, ifyoo were gentle

For. Emm. is wife, and were he not in health,

Nor for yours neither. Vhaue ungentle

For. OycGodsJ

I haue made strong proofe of my Conftancie

But as it were in fort, or limitation?

Is it excepted, I fhould know no Secrets

Within tho Bond of Marriage, tell roe

Euen from darkneffe.

That you vnfold to me.yourfelfe; your halfe

I ebarme you, by my once commended Beauty,

Which by the Right and Vertue of my place

You haue some sickke Offence within vour minde.

To dare the vile contagion of the Night?

To adde unto it sickke Offence.

And will he Stealthoucofhis wholsome bed

Xruttie

Of the danke Morning ? What, is

And tempt the Rheumy, and unpurged Ayre,

He would embrace the meanes to come by it.

I dtould not know you

Deare my Lord,

But with an angry wafter ofyour hand

As it hath much preuayl'd on your Condition,

And could it wotke fo much vpon your fhape.

It will not let you eatc,nontaikc,nor fleepe;

To dare the vile contagion of the Night?

To adde unto it sickke Offence.

Which feern'd too much inkindJcd; and withall,

Fearing to fttengthen that impatience

Yeti infifted.yetyou anfwct'd not,

And too impatiently flamb with your

And 1 wilt fhiue with things impoffible.

Had you a healthful! care ro hearc of it.

My mortified Spirit. Now bid me

Braue Sonne, denu'd from Honourable Loine*

Of Rome, * heere distand my sickneffe. Soule

It is nor for yourheaith, thus to commit

Your weak condition, to the raw cold morning.

I fliould not neede, ifyoo were gentle

For. Emm. is wife, and were he not in health,

Nor for yours neither. Vhaue ungentle

For. OycGodsJ

I haue made strong proofe of my Conftancie

But as it were in fort, or limitation?

Is it excepted, I fhould know no Secrets

Within tho Bond of Marriage, tell roe

Euen from darkneffe.

That you vnfold to me.yourfelfe; your halfe

I ebarme you, by my once commended Beauty,

Which by the Right and Vertue of my place

You haue some sickke Offence within vour minde.

To dare the vile contagion of the Night?

To adde unto it sickke Offence.

And will he Stealthoucofhis wholsome bed

Xruttie

Of the danke Morning ? What, is

And tempt the Rheumy, and unpurged Ayre,

He would embrace the meanes to come by it.

I dtould not know you

Deare my Lord,

But with an angry wafter ofyour hand

As it hath much preuayl'd on your Condition,

And could it wotke fo much vpon your fhape.

It will not let you eatc,nontaikc,nor fleepe;

To dare the vile contagion of the Night?

To adde unto it sickke Offence.

Which feern'd too much inkindJcd; and withall,

Fearing to fttengthen that impatience

Yeti infifted.yetyou anfwct'd not,

And too impatiently flamb with your

And 1 wilt fhiue with things impoffible.

Had you a healthful! care ro hearc of it.

My mortified Spirit. Now bid me

Braue Sonne, denu'd from Honourable Loine*

Of Rome, * heere distand my sickneffe. Soule

It is nor for yourheaith, thus to commit

Your weak condition, to the raw cold morning.

I fliould not neede, ifyoo were gentle

For. Emm. is wife, and were he not in health,

Nor for yours neither. Vhaue ungentle

For. OycGodsJ

I haue made strong proofe of my Conftancie

But as it were in fort, or limitation?

Is it excepted, I fhould know no Secrets

Within tho Bond of Marriage, tell roe

Euen from darkneffe.

That you vnfold to me.yourfelfe; your halfe

I ebarme you, by my once commended Beauty,

Which by the Right and Vertue of my place

You haue some sickke Offence within vour minde.

To dare the vile contagion of the Night?

To adde unto it sickke Offence.

And will he Stealthoucofhis wholsome bed

Xruttie

Of the danke Morning ? What, is

And tempt the Rheumy, and unpurged Ayre,

He would embrace the meanes to come by it.

I dtould not know you

Deare my Lord,

But with an angry wafter ofyour hand

As it hath much preuayl'd on your Condition,

And could it wotke fo much vpon your fhape.

It will not let you eatc,nontaikc,nor fleepe;

To dare the vile contagion of the Night?

To adde unto it sickke Offence.

Which feern'd too much inkindJcd; and withall,

Fearing to fttengthen that impatience

Yeti infifted.yetyou anfwct'd not,

And too impatiently flamb with your

And 1 wilt fhiue with things impoffible.

Had you a healthful! care ro hearc of it.

My mortified Spirit. Now bid me

Braue Sonne, denu'd from Honourable Loine*

Of Rome, * heere distand my sickneffe. Soule

It is nor for yourheaith, thus to commit

Your weak condition, to the raw cold morning.

I fliould not neede, ifyoo were gentle

For. Emm. is wife, and were he not in health,

Nor for yours neither. Vhaue ungentle

For. OycGodsJ

I haue made strong proofe of my Conftancie

But as it were in fort, or limitation?

Is it excepted, I fhould know no Secrets

Within tho Bond of Marriage, tell roe

Euen from darkneffe.

That you vnfold to me.yourfelfe; your halfe

I ebarme you, by my once commended Beauty,

Which by the Right and Vertue of my place

You haue some sickke Offence within vour minde.

To dare the vile contagion of the Night?

To adde unto it sickke Offence.

And will he Stealthoucofhis wholsome bed

Xruttie

Of the danke Morning ? What, is

And tempt the Rheumy, and unpurged Ayre,

He would embrace the meanes to come by it.

I dtould not know you

Deare my Lord,
The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.

Cap. Cæsar: I never flold on Ceremonies. Yet now they fright me: There is one within, Befides the things that we have heard and seen. Recount me most horrid things by the Watch. A Lionnelfe hath whelp'd in the streets, And Graues have yawn'd, and yealded vp their dead; Fierce fiery Watnotrs fight vpon the Clouds In Rankes and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre Which drov'd blood vpon the Capitol:

Str. They would not have you to stirre forth today. They could not find a heart within the beaR. Plucking the intrades of an Offering forth,

Cæsar. I am ashamed I did yeeld to them. Cæs. Bid them prepare within.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Menenius, Cæcina, Trebonius, Cymne and Publius. And looks where Publius is come to fetch me. Good morrow Cæsar.

Cæsar. Welcome Publius.

What Brutus, are you flart'd so earely too? Good morrow Cæcina. Cymne Ligarius.

Cæsar was not so much your enemy, As that same Ague which hath made you leane. What is't a Clocke? Brut. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight. Cæsar. I thank you for your paines and curtefe. Enter Antony.

Sec. Antony that Reuels long a-nights Is notwithstanding vp. Good morrow Antony.

Ant. So to moft Noble Cæsar. Cæs. Bid them prepare within. I am too blame to be thus waited for. Now Cymne, now Menenius: what Trebonius, I have an hours take in face for you. Remember that you call on me to day? Be near me, that I may remember you. Treb. Cæsar I will: and so near will I be, That your best Friends shall wish I had beene further. Cæsar Good Friends go in, and taffe some wine with me And we (like Friends) will firft way go together. Brut. That every like in the name of Cæsar, The heart of Brutus earnes to think you pons. Enter Artemidorus. Cæsar, beware of Brutus, take heed of Cæsius come not
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

Jay I am sorry; Come to me againe
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. Exit

Adus Tertius.

Flourish.

Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Cæcina, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cyma, Antony, Lepidus, Artimodorus, Publius, and the Soothsayer

Cæsar. The Ides of March are come.

South. 1 Cæsar, but not gone.

Art. Haile Cæsar. Read this Schedule.

Deci. Trebonious doth desire you to ore-read

(At your best leasure) this his humble suite.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine is a suite

That touches Cæsar neerer. Read it great Cæsar.

Cæsar. What touches vs our selfe, shall be last se'd.

Art. Delay not Cæsar, read it instandy.

Cæsar. What is the fellow read?

Publ. Sire, give place.

Cæsar. What, yeke you your Petitions in the street?

Come to the Capitoll.

Pope. I wish your enterprise to day may thrive.

Cæsar. What enterprise Popilium?

Pope. Fear you well.

Brut. What said Popilium Lena?

Cæsar. He wishes to day our enterprise might thrive;

I feare our purpose is discover'd.

Brut. Look how he makes to Cæsar: make him

Cæsar. Cæsars be sodaine, for we feare prevention.

Brut. What shall be done? If this be knowne,

Cæsar of Cæsar never shall turne backe,

For I will play my selfe.

Brut. Cassius be constant:

Popilium Lena speaks not of our purposes,

For looke he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cæs. Trebonius knowes his time: for looke you Brut.

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

Deci. Where is Metellus Cimber, let him go,

And presently preferre his suite to Cæsar.

Brut. He is addrest: greet serene, and second him.

Cæs. Cæs, you are the feate that reares your band.

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amisse,

That Cæsar and his Senacie mutt redresse?

Metell. Moot high, moot mighty, and moot puissant Cæsar.

Metellus Cimber throwes before thy Sear.

An humble heart.

Cæs. I must prevent thee Cymbal:

These coustings and these lowly courteis

Might firke the blood of ordinary men,

And turne pre-Ordinance, and first Decree

Into the lane of Children. Be not fond.

To thinke that Cæsar beares such Rebel blood.

That will be thowe'd from the true equality.

With that which melleth Eoole, I mean sweete words,

Low crooked-curtsies, and base Spaniell swainings:

Thy Brother by decree is banished

If thou dost bend, and pray, and faue none for him,

I spume thee like a Curre out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cruft.

Will he be satisfied

Metell. I have no voice more worthy then my owne
To found more sweetly in great Caesar's case,
For the repealing of my banish'd Brother?
Brut: I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery Caesar.
Defiring thee, that Publicius Cymber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeale.
Cafar: What Brutus?
Cafar. Pardon Caesar: Caesar pardon!
As low as to thy loote doth Caesar fall,
To begge infranchisement for Publicius Cymber.
Cafar. 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 Northerne Starre,
Of whose true fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the Firmament.
The Skies are painted with vnnumbred sparkes,
Of whose true fixt, and resting quality,
But I am constant as the Northen Starre,
A lowe as to thy foote doth fall.
There is no fellow in the Firmament.
They are all fire, and euery one doth fhine:
Should chance——

So, in the World; Tis furoifh'd well with Men,
There is no harme mtended to your perfon.

Vnhak'd of Motion: and that I am he,
Let a little fhew it, euen in this:
Cafar. That I was constant fhould be banish'd.

Rufmg on vs, fhould do your Age feme mifehiefe.
Nor tonoRomanelfe: fo tell them.

That we shall dye we know, 'tis but the time
As it were Doomesday.
And drawing dayes out, that men ftand vpon.
His time of fearing death. Stoope Romans,ftoope,
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar: blood
Up to the Elbowes, and bemeare our Swords:

Then waft we forth, even to the Market place,
And wafting our red Weapons o're our heads,
Let's all cry Peace, Freedom, and Liberty.

Cafar. Stoop then, and waft. How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted over,
In State unborne, and Accents yet unknowne?

Bru. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompeys Bafis lye along,
No wortherer then the doft?
Cafar. So oft, as that fhall be,
So often fhall the knot of us be call'd,
The Men that gave their Country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?
Cafar. Leucy man away.
Brutus fhall leade, and we will grace his heelees
With the most bolde, and beft hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Thus Brutus did my Mafter bid me kneale;
Thus did Mark Anthony bid me fall downe,
And being prostrate, thus he bad me say.

Bru. Is Noble Wife, Valiant, and Honest?
Cafar was mighty, Bold, Royall, and Louing: —
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him.
Say, I fear not Cesar, honou'rd him, and lou'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cesar hath deferu'd to lye in death,
Mark Anthony, shall not loue Cesar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The Fortunes and Affayres of Noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this vntried State,
With all true Faith. So fayes my Mafter Antony.

Bru. Thy Mafter is a Wife and Valiant Roman, I
I never thought him worfe:
Tell him, fo pleafe him come vnto this place
He shall be satisfied: and by my Honor
Depart vnlook'd:

Ser. He fetch him presently.

Enter Antony.

Ant. O mighty Caesar! Doft thou lye so lowe?
Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphes, Spoiles,
Shrunke to this little Measure? Fare thee well.
I know not Gentlemen what you intend,
Who elfe muft be let blood, who elfe is ranke
As heere by Caesar, and by you cut off,
You see we do Yet fee you but our hands,
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

And thus, the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are plentiful.
And pity to the general wrong of Rome,
As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity,
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you, our Swords have leand points Mark Antony:
Our Arms in Strength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receive you in,
With all kindle loue, good thought, and reverence.
Cæsar. Your voice shall be as strong as any mans,
In the disposing of new Dignities.
Bru. Ouly be patient, till we have appeas’d
The Multitude, beside themselves with feare,
And then, we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I stroke him,
Hast thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your Wifedom.
Let eachman render me his bloody hand.
First Marcus Bruttus will I shake with you; Next Cassius Cæna do I take your hand;
Now Decius Brutus yours; now yours Metellus,
Yours Camas; and my valiant Cassius yours.
Though last, not least in loue, yours good Tristram,
Gentlemens all: Alas, what shall I say,
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me.
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.
That I did love thee Cæsar O’tis true—
If then thy Spirit looke upon vs now,
Shall it not greene thee dever then thy death,
To fee thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes?
Most Noble, in the poffeeion of thy Cæfars,
Had I as many eyes, as thou haft wounds,
Weeping as tall as they Ariston forth thy blood,
It would become me better, then to close
In teares of Friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me Brutus, here was thy boy’d brave Hart,
Here didst thou fall, and here thy Hunters stand
Sign’d in thy Spoyle, and Confront’d in thy Leeth,
O World! thou wait the Forrest to this Hart,
And this indeed, O World, the hart of thee.
How like a Deere, broken by many Princes,
Dost thou have grey eie?

Cæs. Mark Antony.

Ant. Pardon me Cassius Cæfars.
The Enemies of Cæsar, shall say this:
Then, in a Friend, it is cold Mottet.
Cæs. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so,
But what compact means you to haue with vs,
Will you be prickt in number of our Friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend upon you?
Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway’d from the point, by looking downe on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me Reasons,
Why and whereon, Cæsar was dangerous.

O’er else were this a loose Spectacle:
Our Reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you Antony, the Sonne of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That’s all I seeke,
And am moreover sutor, that I may
Produce his body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,
Speake in the Order of his Funeral.

Bru. You shall Mark Antony.

Cæs. Brutus, a word with you:
You know not what you do; Do not content
That Antony speaks in his Funeral.
Know you how much the people may be mov’d
By that which he will utter.

Bru. By your pardon:
I will my selfe into the Pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our Cæsars death.
What Antony shall speake, I will protest
He speakes by leaue, and by permission:
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true Rites, and lawfull Ceremonies,
It shall advantage more, then do vs wrong.

Cæs. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Ant. Mark Antony, here take you Cæsars body:
You shall not in your Funeral speech blame vs,
But speake all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you don’t by your permission:
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his Funerall. And you shall speake
In the same Pulpit where I am going,
After my speech extended.

Ant. Be it so:
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow vs. Exeunt.

Mark Antony.

O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of Earth;
That I am mecke and gentle with these Butchers.
Thou art the Ruines of the Noblest man
That ever lived in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly Blood.
Ouer thy wounds, now do I Prophesie,
(Whose like dumbe mouths do ope their Ruby lips,
To begge the voyce and utterance of my Tongue)
A Corte shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domeslick the Fury, and fierce Giuliett
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and defolation shall be so in ufe.
Shall cumber all the hands of Warre:
All pitty choake with cutome of fell deeds,
And Cæsar Spirit ranging for Revenge,
With Ant. by his side, come hot from Hell,
Shall in these Confines, with a Monarkes voyce,
Cry haucكوك, and let flip the Dogges of Warre,
That this foule deede, shall filmble about the earth
With Carrion men, groaning for Buriall.

Enter Octaviu’s Servant.

You ferue Octavius Cæsar, do you not?
Ser. I do Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.
Ser. He did receiue his Letters, and is comming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O Cesar?

Ant. Thy heart is bigge: get thee a-part and weep:
Passion I see is catching from mine eies,
Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy Master comming?

Ser. He lies to night within seven Leagues of Rome.

Ant. Poff backe with speede,
And tell him what hath chanc’d:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Refuge of safety for Octavius yet,
Hoe hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while,
The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.

Thou shalt notblockquote, till thou have borne this course
Into the Market place: there shall I try
My Oration, now the People take
The evil issue of the bloody men,
According to the which, thou shalt discern
To young Octavius, of the state of things.
Lend me thy hand.  

Enter Brutus and goes into the Pulpit, and Caesar, with the Plebeians.

Ple. We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.
Brutus. Then follow me, and give me Audience of friends.
Caesar go you into the other streete, and part the Numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Caesar, go with him,
And publick Reasons shall be rendered
Of Caesar's death:
1. He will hear Caesar speak.
2. He will hear Caesar, and compare their Reasons,
When severally we hear them rendred.
3. The Noble Caesar is ascended: Silence.
Brutus. Be patient till the last.
Romans, Country-men, and Lovers, heare mee for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear Believe me in your Wifdom, and awake your Senes, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this Assembly, any deere Friend of Caesar, to him I say, that Caesar loue to Caesar, was no lefe then his. If then, that Friend demand, why Caesar rote against Caesar, this is my answer: Not that I lou'd Caesar lesse, but that I lou'd Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and dye all Slaves; then that Caesar were dead, to live all Free-men? As Caesar cou'd mee, I weep for him; as he was Fortune, I rejoice at it; as he was Valiant, I rejoiced at it; as he was Fortunate, I rejoynce at it; as he was Valiant, I rejoynce at it; as he was Fortunate, I rejoynce at it: For Caesar was an Honourable man.

Enter Mark Antony, with Caesar's body.

Here comes his Body, mou'd by Mark Antony, who though he had no hand in his death, stille receiveth the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth, as which of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I smewr my belt Lover for the good of Rome, I have the fame Daggger for my life, when it shall please my Country to need my death.

And to the best of my power.
1. Let him be Czar.
2. Give him a Statue with his Ancestors.
3. Let him be Czar.
4. Caesar better parts,

Shall be Crown'd in Brasse,
We'll bring him to his House
With Showes and Clamours.

1. Peace, silence, Caesar speak.
Brutus. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And (for my sake) let ye hear with Antony:
Do grace to Caeos Corpses, and grace his Speech
Tending to Caesar Glories, which Mark Antony
(By our permission) is allow'd to make.
I do intend you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

1. Stay ho, and let vs hear Mark Antony.
2. Let him go vp into the publicke Chair.
We'll hear him: Noble Antony go vp.
Antony. For Brutus sake, I am beholding to you.

1. What does he say of Brutus?
2. He says, for Brutus sake
He finds himself beholding to vs all.
3. Were there he spake no harme of Brutus here?
4. This Caesar was a Tyrant.
5. Nay that's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.
6. Peace, let vs hear what Antony can say.
Antony. You gentle Romans.
All. Peace ho, let vs hear him.
Antony. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears.
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him:
The evil that men do, lives after them,
The good is oft enterred with their bones,
Caesar was Ambitious
Hath told you Caesar was Ambitious
Hath told you Caesar was Ambitious
Fut were so, it was a grievous Fault,
And groundiously hath Caesar answer'd it.
Here he, under issue of Brutus, and the rest
(For Brutus is an Honourable man,
So are they all; all Honourable men)
Come I to speake in Caesar's Funeral,
He was my Friend faithfull, and trust me to;
But Brutus, he was Ambitious,
And Brutus is an Honourable man.
He hath brought many Captures home to Rome,
Whole Ransomes, did the generall Coffets fill
Did this in Cæsar (come Ambitions?
When that the poore haue cry'd, Caesar hath wept
Ambition should be made of sternet stuffe,
Yet Brutus, he was Ambitious:
And Brutus is an Honourable man.
You all did feel that on the Luppertall,
I thrice presented him a Kingly Crown
Which he did refuse.
Was this Ambition?
Yet Brutus, he was Ambitious:
And fure he is an Honourable man.
I speake not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am, to speake what I do know
You all did love him once, not without cause,
What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him?
O Indigemt! thou art fied to brunt Bells,
And Men have loft their Reason.
Here with me, my heart is in the Coffin there with Caesar,
And I must be special, till it come backe to me.
1. Me thinks there is much reason in his sayings.
2. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar's had great wrong.

4 Mark

his place.

He is hee Masters? I fear there will a worse come in 11
And as he pluck'd his cursed Steele away:
Through the well-beloved Brutus's stab'd,
Made, Cook, what a rent the envious remember.
You all do know this Mantle, wherein was found it in his Coffin, 'tis his Will:
But heere's a Parchment, with the Seal of Caesar,
Then make a Ring about the Corpes of Caesar.

I haue ore-shot my self to tell you of it,
You shall read us the Will,
For if you should, O what would come of it?
Dagger through his, look here this place ran Coffins Will.

You have no right to speake of him:
Shew you, sweet Comfort,
Whose Daggers haue stabb'd Caesar: I do feare it,
Whose Daggers haue stabb'd Caesar? I do feare it,
Then tell us all the Will, the Testament.

They were Villaines, Murderers: the Will, read the Will.

You will compell me then to read the Will:
Then make a Ring about the Corpes of Caesar,
And let me shew you him that made the Will:
Shall I defend? And will you giue me leave to defend?
You will compell me then to read the Will:

Let not a Traitor hue.

And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,
Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his Mighty heart,
And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,

The dint of piety: Thele are gracious droppet
Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold Our Caesar: Vefure wounded? looke you heere,

To euery seuell man, seue my five Drachmaes.

To euery Roman Citizen hegiues,
In euery Wound of Rome, to rise and Mutiny.

That gave me publicke leave to speake of him:
For I haue neither writ nor words, nor worth,
Aston, nor Vtterance, nor the power of Speech,
And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,

To such a sondaine Flood of Mutiny:
That they haue done this Deede, are honourable,
What private griefes they have, alas I know not,
To shew him ftab, for when the Noble
And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,

Then I, and you, and all of vs fell downe,
Whil's bloody Treason flourisht ouer vs.
O now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pitty: These are gracious droppet

I told you of.

The Rones of Rome, to rise and Mutiny.
This was the most vnkind cut of all.

Therefore I am no Orator, as
That love my Friend, and that they know full well,

My Countrymen, my Countrymen: But were I
And bid them speake for me: But were I

To euery person, and euery Wound of Caesar.
To euery person, and euery Wound of Caesar.
And none so poore to do him reverence.
If it be found so, some will decree abt it.

I will not do them wrong: I rather chooae
To wrong the dead, to wrong my selfe and you.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose

Shall I defend? And will you give me leave to defend?
You will compell me then to read the Will:

To luke at this place in Caiphus Daggers through:

Get you to work, and do it, and then

As suiting out of doores, to be resolu'd
If Brutus so vnkindely knock'd do not:
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's Angel.
Judge, O you Gods, how dearly Caesar loud him:
This was the most vnkindoet cut of all.
Enter Sextus.  

Sext. Sir, Othulius is already come to Rome.  

Ant. Where is he?  

Sext. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar house.  

Ant. And thither will I straight, to visit him:  

He comes upon a fortune. Fortune is merry,  

And in this mood will glue us any thing.  

Sext. I heard him say, Bruntus and Cassius  

Aterid like Madmen through the Gates of Rome.  

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people  

How I had noted them. Bring me to Othulius: Exeunt  

Enter Cæsar the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.  

Cæs. I dreamt to night, that I did feast with Cæsar;  

And thence a powerfully charge my Fantasie:  

I have no will to wander forth of doors,  

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?  
5. Answer every man directly.  
   1. I, and briefly,  
   2. I, and wisely,  
   3. I, and truly, were best.  

Cæsa. What is your name? Whether am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a Batchelor? Then to answer every man, directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a Batchelor.  

That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you 'll bear me a bane for that I fear: proceed directly.  

Cæsa. Directly I am going to Cæsar's Funeral,  

1. As a Friend, or an Enemy?  

Cæsa. As a Friend.  

That matter is answered directly.  

4. For your dwelling: briefly.  

Cæsa. Briefly. I dwell by the Capitol.  

5. Your name for truly.  

Cæsa. Truly, my name is Cæsa.  

1. Tear him to pieces, he's a Conspirator.  

Cæsa. I am Cæsa the Poet, I am Cæsa the Poet.  

4. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad Versets.  

Cæsa. I am not Cæsa the Conspirator.  

4. It is no matter, his name's Cæsa, plucke but his name out of his heart, and turne him going.  

3. Tear him, tear him; Come Brands hoe, Firebrands: to Bruntus, to Cassius, burne all. Some to Dictius House, and some to Carke's; some to Ligurio: Away, go.  

Exit all the Plebeians.
And bayed about with many Enemies,
And some that smile have in their hearts I fear
Millions of mischief.

Exeunt

Drums. Enter Brutus, Lucullus, and the Army. Trinmus and Pindarus meet them.

Brut. Stand ho.
Lucull. Give the word ho, and Stand.
Brut. What now Lucullus, is Cassius near?
Lucull. He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
To do you justice from his Master.

Brut. 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, undone: But if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied.

Pind. I do not doubt
But that my Noble Master will appeare
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.

Brut. He is not doubted. A word Lucullus
How he receiued you: let me be resolv'd.

Lucull. With eourtesy, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar iniances
Nor with such free and friendly Conference
As he hath us'd of old.

Brut. Thou haft describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Ever note Lucullus,
When Loue begins to sinken and deacy
In wealth and enforced Ceremony
There are no trikcs, in plain and simple Faith:
But hollow men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle:

Low March within,
But when they should endure the bloody Spurre,
They fall their Cretts, and like deceitful lades
Sink in the Triall. Comes his Army on
Lucull. They meane this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the Horse in generall
Are come with Cassius.

Enter Cassius and his Povvers

Brut. Hearke, he is arraied:
March gently on to meete him.

Cassius. Stand ho.

Brut. Stand ho, speake the word along.

Stand.

Cassius. Stand.

Cassius. You must Noble Brother, you have done me wrong.
Brut. Judge me you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother
Cassius. This sober forme of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them—

Brut. Cassius, have content.
Speake your greeves softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our Armies heare
(Which should perceive nothing but Loue from vs)
Let vs not wrangle. Bid them move away:
Then in my Tent Cassius enlarg'e your greeves,
And I will give you Audience.

Cassius. Pindarus,
Bid our Commanders lead their Charges off
A little from this ground.

Brut. Lucullus, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we have done our Conference.
Let Lucius and Trinmus guard our doore

Muset Brutus and Cassius.
For 1 can raise no money by vile means:
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me.
By heaven, I had rather coine my heart,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
From the hard hands of peasants, their vile trash
That they pass by me as the idle wind.
Indirection, I did send
By any casms?
Which you deny'd me
And drop my blood for drachmae, then to wring
There is no terror in your threats.
Is a-weary of the world:
For when you grow so covetous,
Marcus Brutus
To you for gold to pay my legions,
To lock such rascall counters from his friends,
So?
A friendly eye could never see such faults.
You love me not.
1 do not, till you practise them on me
Caffius. You meane not.
I do not, your faults.
A friendly eye could never see such faults.
A flatterer would not, though they appear
A heart as high Olympus.
Cassius. I deny'd you not.
Brutus. No.
Cassius. What did you mean't him?
Brutus. For your life you durst not.
Cassius. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
There is no terror in your threats:
For I am Ann'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me,
By heaven, I had rather coine my heart,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
From the hard hands of peasants, their vile trash
That they pass by me as the idle wind.
Indirection. I did send
By any casms?
Which you deny'd me
And drop my blood for drachmae, then to wring
There is no terror in your threats.
Is a-weary of the world:
For when you grow so covetous,
Marcus Brutus
To you for gold to pay my legions,
To lock such rascall counters from his friends,
So?
A friendly eye could never see such faults.
You love me not.
1 do not, till you practise them on me
Cassius. You meane not.
I do not, your faults.
A friendly eye could never see such faults.
A flatterer would not, though they appear
A heart as high Olympus.
Cassius. I deny'd you not.
Brutus. No.
Cassius. What did you mean't him?
Brutus. For your life you durst not.
Cassius. This is some grudge betwixt them, 'tis not meete
They be alone.
Lucullus. You shall not come to them,
Poet. Nothing but death shall stay me,
Cassius. How now? What's the matter?
Poet. For shame you generals; what do you mean?
Love and be friends, as two such men should be,
For I have seen more yeeres I me re then yeer.
Cassius. Ha, ha, how wildly doth this cynicke rave?
Brutus. Get you hence fir; saucy fellow, hence.
Cassius. Bear with him Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
Brutus. He knows his humor, when he knows his time;
What should the warre do with these lodging foole?
Companion, hence.
Cassius. Away, away be gone.
Brutus, Lucullus, and Titinius bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.
Cassius. And come your selves, & bring meffala with you
Immediately to us.
Brutus. Lucullus a bowl of wine.
Cassius. I did not think you could have bin so angry.
Brutus. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefes.
Cassius. Of your Philosophy you make no use,
If you please place to accidental evils.
Brutus. No man beares sorrow better.
Portia is dead.
Cassius. Has? Portia?
Brutus. She is dead.
Cassius. How scape'd I killing, when I cross you so?
O unsupported, and touching loffe!
Upon what sicknesse?
Brutus. Impatient of my absence,
And griefe, that you Cassius with Mark Antony
Hau'e made themselves so strong:
For with her death
That tyrants came.
With this they fell disfrat
And her attendants absent.
I will Lucius till the wine ere'wells the cup:
I cannot drink too much of Brutus juice.
Enter Titinius and Meffala.
Brutus. Come in Titinius:
Welcome good Meffala:
Now set we close about this tape here,
And call in question our necessities.
Cassius. Portia, art thou gone?
Brutus. No more I pray you.
Meffala, I have here receiv'd letters,
That yong Cassius, and Mark Antony
Come downe vpon vs with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition towards Philippus.
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. Lucius, my Gowne; farewell good Messala,
Good night Titinius; Noble, Noble Cæsar,
Good night, and good repose.

Cæs. O my deere Brother:
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never came such diuision twixt our foules
Let it not be mine.

Enter Lucius with the Gowne

Bru. Every thing is well.
Cæs. Good night my Lord.
Bru. Good night good Brother Tit. Messa. Good night Lord Brutus.
Bru. Farewell every one.

Gave me the Gowne. Where is thy Instrumenc ?
Luc. Here in the Tent.

Bru. What, thou speakest drily thus?
Poor knave I blame the not, thou art ore-watch'd.
Call Claudio, and some other of my men, 111111111111111
He have them sleepe on Cuhions in my Tent.
Luc. Varrus, and Claudio.

Enter Varrus and Claudio.

Var. Calls my Lord ?

Bru. I pray you, lyce in my Tente and sleepe,
It may be I shall rase you by and by
On businesse to my Brother Cæsars.
Var. So pleace you, we will stand,
And watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will it not have it so : Lyce downe good Sirs,
It may be I shall otherwise bere thinke it.
Looke Lucius, here's the bookc I sought for so
I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.
Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not giue it me.
Bru. Beare with me good Boy, I am much forgerfull.
Canst thou hold vp thy heauie eyes a while.
And touch thy Instrumenc a strame or two
Luc. I my Lord, an't pleace you.

Bru. It doth my Boy : I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing,
Luc. It is my duty Sir

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might,
I know yong bloods looke for a time of rest,
Beare with me good Boy, l am muen forgetful.

Luc. Farrus, and Claudio.

Enter Varrus and Claudio.

Exeunt

Bru. Lucius

My Lord? Why com'ft thou ?
Bru. It is the good Sir

Luc. Let it not

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might,
I know yong bloods looke for a time of rest,

Luc. I haue slept my Lord already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou hast sleepe againe;
I will not hold thee long. If I do hue,
I will be good to thee.

Mufick, and a Song.

This is a sleepe Tune : O Murdrous Plumber !
Layest thou thy leaden Mace upon my Boy,
That playes thee Mufick ? Gentle knave good night : I
Will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee :
If thou do't not, thou break'st it thy Instrumenc,
I will not hold thee long. If I do hue,
I will be good to thee.

Ghost. Thy cull Spirit Brutes ?

Bru. Why com'ft thou ?
Now I haue taken heart, thou vaol/heft.
Ill Spirit, j would hold more ta!ke with thee.

Thou: Awake
Lucim,

It proues not fo : their battailes are at hand.
And we will follow.

You faid the Enemy would not come downe,
But keep the Hills and vppet Regions:
They meanetowameusat
Philippi
Anfwering before we do demand of them.

To visit other placets, and come downe
To fallen in our thoughts that they haue Courage j
Wherefore they do it. They could be content
Tut 1 am in their bofomet.and 1 know
Ant.

With fearefull brauery: thinking by thit face
To tell thee thou /halt fee me at
Philippi.

I,at
Philippi.

/lhall fee thee again?

My Lord.

Vur.

Fellow,
Claudio,

"Bnt.
Vur.

No my Lord, 1 fawnothing.
My Lord,

My Lord.

Vur.

I • faw anything?

My Lord, T donor know that 1 did cry.
My Lord.

Did we my Lord ?
cry
Why did you so
Nor 1 my Lord,
CUu.
Bru.

I • faw you any thing?

Go, and commend me to my Brother Caffiun : 
Bid him set on hit Powres berimes before,
And we will follow.

Exeunt

Aetius Quintus.

Enter Olausius, Antony, and their Army.
Ola. Now Antony, our hopes are answere,
You said the Enemy would not come downe,
But keep the Hills and vppet Regions:
It proues not fo : their battailes are at hand,
They meanto warne us as Philippi here:
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tt I am in their bosomet, and 1 know
Wherefore they do it : They could be content
To visit other places, and come downe
With fearfull brauery: thinking by this face
To fanen in our thoughts that they haue Courage ;
But’tis not so.

Enter a Messanger.

Mes. Prepare you Generals:
The Enemy comes on in gallant shew:
Their bloody signe of Battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Olausius, leade your Battaile foily on
Vpon the left hand of the even Field.

Ola. Vpon the right hand I.keepe thou the left.
Ant. Why do you crosse me in this exigent.
Ola. I do not crosse you ; but I will do so. 

Exeunt Olausius, Antony, and Army

Caff. Why now blow winde, dwell Billows,
And swimme Bathes:
The Storme is vp, and all is on the hazard.

Br. Ho Lucullus, heare, a word with you.

Luc My Lord.

Caff. Medida.
Medida. What saies my General ?
Cass. Medida, this I my Birth-day: as this very day
Was Caffius borne. Gue me thy hand Medida:
Be thou my wittnesse, that against my will
(As Pompey was) am I compell’d to set
Upon one Battle all our Liberties
You know, that I held Epervin strong,
And his Opinion. Now I change my minde,
And partly credit things that do preface.
Comming from Sard, on our former Ensigne
Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they peacht’d,
Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers hands,
Who to Philiippi here comforted: vs.
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their steads, do Rauens, Crowes, and Kites
Fly o'er our heads, and downwourds looke on vs
As we were sickely prey; their shadowes from
A Canopy most fall, under which
Our Army lies, ready to give vp the Ghost.
Coffins. Becaute not so.
Caff. But belewe it partly.
For I am freesp of spirit, and resolue'd
To meete all perils, very constantly.
But since the affayes of men refts still uncertain.
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we doe lose this Battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speake together:
What are you then determined to do?
By which I did blame Cais, for the death
Which he did give himselfe, I know not how.
But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile,
Which he did giue himselfe, I know not how.
For feare of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life, arming my selfe with patience,
To try the prouidence of some high Powers.
The Gods to day did grant us friendship:
And the end I breathed, this day did come.
But it sufseth, that the day will end.
As in thy red Runci thou smake to night;
Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword
Thou shou'dst attempt it. Come now keepe thy oath
And then I sware thee, sauing of thy life,
If we do lose this Battle, here, take this Hilt.
And when my face is couer'd, as'tis now.
That gouerns vs below.
Cass. Then, if we loose this Battle,
You are contented to be led in Triumph.
To Tyre, and giue these Bills.
But it sufseth, that the day will end.
No, no: Coffins.
But since the assurance of men refts.
We do meete againe, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.
The law is faire enough. Look, look Titinius.
Are these my Tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my Lord.
Cass. Titinius, if thou loue me well,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy face in him,
Till he have brought thee vp to yonder Troopes
And heere againe, that I may rest assu'd
Whether yond Troopes, are friend or Enemy.
Tit. I will be here againe, even with a thought.
Cass. Go Pindarus, get higher on that hill,
My light was euer thicker:
And tell me what thou not't about the Field.
This day I breathed first, Time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end,
My life is run his compleat. Sirra, what newes?
Find. About, Orny Lord.
Cass. What newes?
Pind. Titinius is enclosed round about
With Horsemen, that make to him on the Spurre,
Yet he perusers on him:
Now Titinius, now some light: Oh lights too.
Hec's tan, Show.
And hekke, they shou't for joy.
Cass. Come downe, behold no more:
O coward that I am, to live so long.
To see my best Friend tanke before my face.
Enter Pindarus.
Come hither forsooth: In Parthia did I take the Prisoner,
And then I swore the, saung of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now keep thee oaths,
Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword
That ran through Cassars bowels, search this bosome,
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the Hills,
And when my face is couer'd, as'tis now.
Guide thou the Sword —— Cassar, thou art receving'd
Even with the Sword that kill'd thee.
Pin. So, I am free,
Yet would not to have beene
Durst I have done my will. O Cassar,
Farre from this Country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

Enter Titinius and Messala.
Cass. Enter Cassius and Titinius.
Mess. It is but change, Titinius: for Ollavius
Is overthrown by Noble Brutus power,
As Cassius Legions are by Antony.
Tit. These sayings will well comfort Cassius.
Mess. Where did you leave him?
Tit. Cassius. All disconfort, with Pindarus his Bondman, on this Hill.
Mess. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
Mess. Is not that hee?
Tit. No, this was he Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting Sunne,
As in thy red Runci thou dost sink to night;
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

So in his red blood Caesar's day is set,  
The Sunne of Rome is set. Our day is gone,  
Clows, Deves, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:  
Misfortune of my success hath done this deed.  
Meaf. Misfortune of good success hath done this deed.  
Oakestall Error, Melancholies Cluide:  
Why do you shew to the apt thoughts of men  
The things that are not? O Error, looke concey'd,  
Thou never com'st into a happy byrth,  
But kill the Mother that engendered thee.  
Tit. What Pindarus? Where art thou Pindarus?  
Meaf. Seeke him Titinius, whilfe I go to meet  
The Noble Brutus, threfhing this report  
Into his ears; I may say threfhing it:  
For piercing Steele, and Darts pummelled.  
Brutus, Shall be  
As tydings of this fight.  

And bid me giue it thee: Did'st thou not heare their voice?  
Why did'st thou send me forth soo early?  
But heddthee, take this Garland on thy Brow,  
Sword, and finde nextly.  

Cæsarens.  
And comeyong Caro, let vs to the Field,  
We shall try Fortune in a second fight.  

Exeunt.  

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clytus, Strato,  
and Tetimannus.  

Brut. Come poorre remains of friends, rest on this rocke.  
Clyt. Statius how shore the Torch-light, but my Lord  
He came not backe: he is or tane, or slaine.  
Brut. Ste thee downe, Clytus: playling is the word,  
It is a deed in fashion. Hearke thee, Clytus.  
Cly. What, my Lord? No, not for all the World.  
Brut. Peace them, no words.  
Clyt. He rather kill my selfe.  
Brut. Hercke thee, Dardanius.  
Dard. Shall I doe such a deed?  
Clyt. O Dardanius.  
Dard. O Clytus.  
Clyt. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?  
Dard. To kill him Clytus: looke he meditates.  
Clyt. Now is that Noble Vessel full of griefe,  
That it runnes over even at his eyes.  
Brut. Come hither, good Volumnius, lift a word.  
Volum. What fayes my Lord?  
Brut. Why this, Volumnius;  
The Ghost of Cesar hath appeard to me  
Two feueral times by Night: at Sardis, once;  
And this laft Night, here in Philippi fields:  
I know my houre is come  
Volum. Not fo, my Lord.  
Brut. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.  
Thou feest the World, Volumnius, how it goeth,  
Our Enemies have beat vs to the Fit: Low Alarums.  
It is more worthy, to leap in our felues,  
Then tarry till they puth vs. Good Volumnius,  
Thou knowst, that we two went to Schools togethers:  
Even for that out loue of old, I prethee  
Hold thou my Sword Hills, while I runne on it.  
Volum. That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord.  

Alarums.  

Brutus, Marcus Brutus: Know me for Brutus.  
Luc. O young and Noble Cæsar, art thou downe?  
Why now thou dyest, as bravely as Titinius,  
And may it be honour'd, being Cæsars Sonne.  
Sold. Yeeld, or thou dyest.  
Luc. Ouly 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 Prisoner,  

Enter Antony.  

Sold. Roome hoe: tell Antony, Brutus is tane.  
Sold. He tell thee nowes. Hee now the Generall,  
Brutus is tane, Brutus is tane my Lord.  
Ant. Where is hee?  
Luc. Safe Antony, Brutus is safe enough.  
I dare affure thee, that no Enemy  
Shall ever take alive the Noble Brutus:  
The Gods defend him from so great a slaine,  
When you do finde him, or alive, or dead,  
He will be found like Brutus, like himselfe.  
Ant. This is not Brutus friend, but I assure you,  
A prime no leffe in worth; keepes this man safe,  
Gives him all kindnesse. I had rather have  
Such men my Friends, them Enemies. Go on,  
And fee where Brutus be alive or dead,  
And bring vs word, enote OBANUS Tent:  
How every thing is chanc'd.  

Exeunt.  

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clytus, Strato,  
and Tetimannus.
Fly, fly, my Lord, there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you, and you, and you,

Strat. Thou hast bin all this while asleep.

Farewell to thee, to Strat., 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 then Otho's, and Mark. Antony,

By this vile Conquest shall attain unto
So fare you well at once, for Brus. tongue

Hath almost ended his luscious History.

Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest.

That hate but labour'd, to attain this hour.

Alarum. Cry within, flye, flye, flye.

Cly. Fly my Lord, flye.

Bru. Hence: I will follow.

I prythee Strat., fly thou by thy Lord.

Thou art a Fellow of a good respect.

Thy life hath had some Inmatch of Honor in it,

Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou Strat.?

Strat. Give me your hand first. Fare you well my Lord.

Bru. Farewell good Strat., Cesar, now be still.

I kill'd not thee with halfe so good a will.

Dyes.

Alarum. Retreat Enter Antony, Otho's, Measala, Lucillius, and the Army

Otho. What man is that?

Otho. My Masters man, Strat., where is thy Master?

Strat. Free from the Bondage you are in Measala.

The Conquerors can but make a fire of him.

For Brus. only overcame himselfe,

And no man else hath Honor by his death.

Lucill. So Brus. should be found. I thank thee Brus.

That thou hast proud Lucillius saying true.

Otho. All that serv'd Brus. I will entertain them.

Fellow, wilt thou blow thy time with me?

Strat. I, if Measala will preferre me to you.

Otho. Do so, good Measala.

Measala. How did my Master Strat.?

Strat. I held the Sword, and he did run on it

Measala. Otho's, then take him to follow thee,

That did the latest service to my Master.

Ant. This was the Nobler Roman of them all.

All the Conspirators faue only he,

Did that they did, in enuy of great Cesar.

He, onely in a generall honest thought,

And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle, and the Elements

So mixt in him, that Nature might stand vp,

And say to all the world; This was a man.

Otho. According to his Vertue, let vs vse him

Withall Respect, and Rates of Burse.

Within my tent his bones to night shall ly,

Most like a Soldier ordered Honourably,

So call the Field to rest, and let's away,

To part the glories of this happy day.

Excurs. sumus

FINIS.
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three witches.

1. When shall we three meet againe?
2. When the Hurlie-burlie's done, When the Battale's loft, and wonne.
3. That will be ere the set of Sunne.

Where the place?

Upon the Heath.

All Paddock calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire,
Houer through the fogge and fihhie ayre.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter King Malcome, Donalbain, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
As seene by his plight, of the Reuolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the Serjeant,
Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought
Gainst my Captivitie: Haile braue friend;
Say to the King, the knowledge of the Battaile,
As thou didst leaue it.

Cap. Doubtfull it Rood,
As two fpent Swimmers, that doe dingle together,
And choake their Art,
The mosteffe Cawdor (Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that
The multiplying Villanies of Nature
Doe swarme upon him) from the Westerne Isles
Of Kernes and Gallowgrofles is fupply'd,
And Fortune on his damned Quarry finking.
Shew'd he a Rebels Whore? but all's too weake:
For brave Macketh (well hee defends that Name)
Diflaying Fortune, with his brandish'd Steele,
Which fmock'd with bloody execution
(Like Vlours Minion) car'd out his paffage,
Till her face the Slave:
Which neer shouketh hand, nor bad farewell to him,
Till he vnfeaml'd him from the Naue to the Chopps,
And fix'd his Head upon our Battelments.

King. O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman.
Cap. As whence the Sunne gins his reflection,
Shipsracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders
So from that Spring, whence comfort tern'd to come,
Dismember twelfe: Macke King of Scotland, mache,
No sooner Jullhe was, with Valour arm'd
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to stuff their heeles
But the Norweyan Lord, serving vantage,
With furthbar Armes, and new supplyes of men,
Began a fefh sallute.

King. Dismay'd not this our Captaines, Macbeth and Banquo?

Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles,
Or the Hare, the Lyon:
If I say tooth, I muft report they were
As Cannons over-charg'd with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in recking Wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell: but I am faint,
My Gashes cry for helpe.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds
They fack of Honor both: Go get him Surgeons.

Enter Ross and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Ross.
Lenox. What a sable looke thro' his eyes?
So shou'd he looke, that fectors to speake things strange.
Ross. God fauour the King.
King. Whence com'ft thou, worthy Thane?
Ross. From Fife, great King,
Where the Norweyan Banners flowt the Skie,
And fanne our people cold.
Norway himfelfe, with terrible numbers,
Assil'd by that moft defoyall Traytor,
The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal Confhuf,
Till that Bellona's Bridegroome, lap't in proofe,
Confronted him with felfe-companions,
Point against Point, rebellious Arme'gainft Arme,
Curbing his luiftu spirit - and to conclude.
The Victorie fell on vs

King. Great happynesse.
Ross. That now Swene, the Norweyan King,
Crauc composition
Nor would we designe him barrall of his men,
Till he disbanded at Saint Almes ych,
Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall vfe.
Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where haft thou beene, Sister?
2. Killing Swine.
3. Sister, where thou?
1. A Saylors Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe, And mounch, & mounch, and mounch: Give me, quot 1. Atroyn thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cries. Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th' Tiger: But in a Syre Ille thither fayle, And like a Rat without a tayle, By do, Il do, and Ille do.
2. Il give thee a Winde.
3. Th'art kinde.
4. And I another.
1. My felle have all the other, And the very Ports they blow, All the Quarters that they know, Ith' Ship-mans Card, Il dreynce him dite as Hay: Sleepe thall neythert Night nor Day Hang vpon his Pent-houfe Lid : He shall luse a man forbid: Wearie Seu'nings, nine times nine, Shall he dwindle, pecke, and pine: Though his Barke cannot be loft, Yet it shall be Temper-toft, Looke what I have, 
2. Shew me, shew me.
1. Here I have a Pilots Thumbe, Wrackt, as homeward he did come. Drum within.
3. A Drumme, a Drumme: Macbeth doth come. All. The weyward Sifters, band in band, Potters of the Sea and Land, Thus doe goe, abour, about, Thrice to thine, and thrice to thine, And thrice againe, ro make vp nine. Peace, the Charnes wound vp.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Banq. Have haft thou beene, Sister? What are these? So wither'd, and so wide in th'airre, That look not like th'Inhabitants of th'Earth, And yet are on'. Lise you, or are you aught That man may question? you seeme to understand me, By each at once her choppie finger laying Upon her chinne Lins: you should be Women, And yet your Beards forbid me to interpret That you are so.

Macb. Speak to me what you can: what are you?
1. All haile Macbeth, hail to thee Thane of Glamis.
2. All haile Macbeth, hail to thee Thane of Cawdor.
3. All haile Macbeth, that shal be King hereafter
Banq. Good Sir, why do you start, and seeme to fear Things that doe found to faire? Is't name of truth Are ye fantastical, or that indeed Which outwardly ye shew? My Noble Partner
You greet with present Grace, and great prediction Of Noble being, and of Royall hope, That he seemes wrapt withall, to me you speake not, If you can look into the Seeds of Time,
And Giff, which Graine will grow, and which will not, Speake then to me, who neyther Begge, nor feare Your favor's, nor your hate.
1. Hayle.
2. Hayle.
3. Hayle.
4. Nor so happy, yre much happier.
3. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:
So all haile Macbeth, and Banquo.
1. Banquo, and Macbeth, all hailie.

Macb. Stay you imperfec Speaker, tell me more By Smells death, I know I am Thane of Glamis, But how, of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor liues A prosperous Gentleman: And ro be King, Stands not within the prospeft of beleefe, No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence You owe this strange Intelligence, or why Upon this blasted Heath you stop our way With such Propheticke getting? Speake, I charge you.

Banq. Were such things here, as we doe speake about? Or haue we eaten on the ml'ane root, Which outwardly ye shew, Toth'felfe-fame tune and word. Haile to thee Thane of Glamis.

Macb. All haile to thee, Thane of Glamis.

Banq. Good Sir, why doe you start, and seeme to f 
Speak if you can •

Mac. The King hath happily receiued, Macbeth, The newes of thy success, and when he reads Thy personall Venture in the Rebels fight, His Wonders and his Prizes do contend, Which should be thine, or his; silenc'd with that, In viewing o're the rest of th'felle-same day, He findes thee in the four Norwyan Ranks, Nothing afraid of what th'felle didst make Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale Can poft with poll, and every one did beare Thy prizes in his Kingdomes great defence, And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent, To give thee from our Royal Master thanks, Onely to harrelde thee into his fight, Not pay thee.

Roie. And for an earnest of a greater Honor, He bad mee, from him, all thee Thane of Cawdor.
In which addition, haste must worthy Thane,  
For it is thine.

**Banq.** What can the Deuil speak true?  
**Macb.** The Thane of Cawdor lives:  
Why do you drefle me in borrowed Robes?  
**Ang.** Who was the Thane, lust yet,  
But under heauie lodgement beares that Life,  
Which he dehers to loose  
Whether he was comb’d with those of Norway,  
Or did lyne the Rebel! with hidden heipe,  
And vantage: or that with both he labour’d  
In his Counrckes wacke,  
I know not  
foric is thine.  
**Macb.** I haue overthrowne him.  
**Banq.** The greaceft is behind.  
**Macb.** Thankes for your paines.  
**Banq.** Doe you not hope your Children fhall be Kings,  
When thofe that gaue the j  
**Macb.** Promis’d no IcfTc to them.  
**Ang.** Why doe you drefl’e me in borrowed Robes ?  
**Banq.** I might yet enkindle you vnto the Crowne,  
Or did lyne the Rebel! with hidden heipe,  
Betides the **Thane** of Cawdor.  
**Macb.** And oftentimes to winne vs to our harme,  
But Treafons Capitall conte’d and prou’d,  
And vantage: or that with Noth he labour’d  
In deepeft confequence.  
Thane of Cawdor.  
**Banq.** Two Truths are toM,  
As happy Prologues to the fwelling AS  
I Cannot be ill; cannot be good  
If ill, why hatn it giuen me earnefl of fuccefe,  
Of Cawdor.  
**Banq.** Commencing in a Ttjuh ? I am  
Whole hor’d Image doth vnfixe my Heite,  
The Infltuments of Datkncffe tell us Truths,  
And make mv feated Heart knock at my Ribbes,  
Againft the vfe of Nature, Prefent Fcares  
Thai FunSion is smotlici’d in futmtfe.  
And nothing is, but what is not  
**Ang.** That trufted home,  
**Banq.** Might yet enkindle you vnto the Crowne,  
Besides the **Thane** of Cawdor.  
**Banq.** But’tis Orange:  
I And oftentimes to winne vs to our harme,  
But Treafons Capitall conte’d and prou’d,  
And vantage: or that with Noth he labour’d  
In deepeft confequence.  
**Banq.** This fupcrnaturall folliciling  
If good, why doe I yc^ld to that fuggeftion,  
My Thought, whofe Munhcr yet is burfantaflicall,  
Shakes fo my finole (late of Man,  
Are lefle then horrible Imaginings  
Thai FunSion is smotlici’d in futmtfe.  
And nothing is, but what is not  
**Ang.** Let vs fpeake  
Of Cawdor.  
**Banq.** That trufted home,  
**Banq.** Who was the **Thane** of Cawdor?  
**Banq.** Commencing in a Ttjuh ? I am  
**Banq.** All which time we are in our owne home,  
**Banq.** The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor muft  
**Banq.** You there, where I grow,  
The Harvest is your owne  
**Banq.** My plenteous Jovcs,  
Wanton in fulnefle, feek to hide themfelues  
In drops of forrow  
**Banq.** And you whose places are the neareft, know,  
**Banq.** The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor muft  
**Macb.** The Reft is Labor, which is not ye’d for you:  
**Macb.** The Reft is Labor, which is not ye’d for you:  
Ille be my felfe the Herbenger, and make iyfull  
The hearing of my Wife, with your approch:  
So hambly take my leaue.  
**Macb.** The Prince of Cumberland: that is a step,  
On which I muft fall downe, or elc o’re-leape,
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth's Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of successe: and I have learned 'by the perfect report, they have more in them, then mortal knowledge. When I burne in desire to question them further, they made themselves Ayre, not where they vanisht. While I stood rapte in the wonder of it, came Missiles from the King, who all-said 'me Thane of Cawdor, by which Title before, these wayward Sifters joined me, and refer'd me to the comming on of time, with haile King that shall be. This haste I thought good to declare the (my dearst Partner of Greatnesse;) that thou mightst not loose the dews of rejoicing by being ignorant of what Greatnesse is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamous thou art, and Cawdor, and shall be What thou art promis'd: yet doe I feare thy Nature, It is too full o' th' Milie of humane kindneffe. To catch the neerest way. Thou wouldst be great, Art not without Ambition, but without The illneffe should attend it. What thou wouldst highly. Art not without Ambition, but without

Exit Messinger.

To haue thee crown'd with all. Enter Messinger.

What is your tidings?

Mess. The King comes here to Night. Lady. Thou art mad to say so.

Is not thy Master with him? who, wer'st so, Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So pleafe you, it is true: our Thane is comming: One of my fellows had the speed of him; Who almost dead for breath, had fearely more Then would make vp his Messisge.

Lady. Grue me tending, He bringis great news. The Rauen himselfe is hoarse, That crashes the fatal entrance of Duncan Vnder my Battlements. Come you Spirits, That tend on mortall thoughts, vnsce me here, And fill me from the Crown to the Toe, top-full Of direft Crueltie: make thick my blood, Stop vp th'asceffe, and passe to Remorse, That no compounding visittings of Nature 

Shake roy fell purpose, nor keepe peace betwixt Thee and hit. Come to my Womans Brests, And take my Milke for Gall, you murch't Minifters, Where-ewer, in your fightilese substances, You write on Natures Mischief. Come thick Night, And pall thee in the dunnefl smeake of Hell, That my keene Knife feet not the Wound it makes. Nor Heaven people through the Blanket of the darke, To cry, hold, hold. Enter Macbeth. Great Glamy's, worthy Cawdor, Greater then both, by the all-haile hereafter, Thy Letters have transported me beyond This ignorant present, and I see now The future in the inflant. 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, it is a Booke, where men May teade strange matters, to beguile the time. Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye, Your Hand, your Tongue; looke like innocent flowers, But he the Serpent vnder't. He that's comming, Must be prouded for: and you shall put This Nights great Businesse into my dispatch, Which shall to all our Nights, and Dayses to come, Give toley toureaigne fway, and Mafterdome. Macb. We will speake further. Lady. Onely looke vp cleare: To alter fauer, ever is to feare: Leave all the ref to me.

= Exeunt. =

Scena Sexta.

Hoboyes, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This Castle hath a pleasant seat, The ayre nimblly and sweetly recommends it selfe Unto our gentle fencies. Banq. This Guelfe of Summer, The Temple-haunting Barlet does approve, By his louted Manfionry, that the Heavenes breath Smells woolling here: no flutty frieze, Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird Hath made his pendant Bed, and preerant Cradle, Where they muft breed, and haunt: I haue obferv'd Which (hall to all our Nights, and Daves to come, This Nights great Businesse intomy difpatch, Muft be prouided for: and you (hall put

Enter Lady. The Loue that followes vs, fomeciroe is our trouble. Give folely soueraigne fway, and Mafterdome. This Castle hath a pleasant seat, The ayre nimblly and sweetly recommends it selfe Unto our gentle fencies. Banq. This Guelfe of Summer, The Temple-haunting Barlet does approve, By his louted Manfionry, that the Heavenes breath Smells woolling here: no flutty frieze, Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird Hath made his pendant Bed, and preerant Cradle, Where they muft breed, and haunt: I haue obferv'd Which (hall to all our Nights, and Daves to come, This Nights great Businesse intomy difpatch, Muft be prouided for: and you (hall put

Enter Lady. The Loue that followes vs, fomeciroe is our trouble. Give folely soueraigne fway, and Mafterdome.

Lord. What's the weather now? is the Drowne all gone? Is not the Breefe to morrow to helpe us? The Sunne, and the Sea, and the Mountains, doe all concur to help vs.

Enter Hoboyes, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This Castle hath a pleasant seat, The ayre nimblly and sweetly recommends it selfe Unto our gentle fencies. Banq. This Guelfe of Summer, The Temple-haunting Barlet does approve, By his louted Manfionry, that the Heavenes breath Smells woolling here: no flutty frieze, Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird Hath made his pendant Bed, and preerant Cradle, Where they muft breed, and haunt: I haue obferv'd Which (hall to all our Nights, and Daves to come, This Nights great Businesse intomy difpatch, Muft be prouided for: and you (hall put

Enter Lady. The Loue that followes vs, fomeciroe is our trouble. Give folely soueraigne fway, and Mafterdome.

Lord. What's the weather now? is the Drowne all gone? Is not the Breefe to morrow to helpe us? The Sunne, and the Sea, and the Mountains, doe all concur to help vs.
Enter a Servant, and divers Servants with Dishes and Serviettes over the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Mach. If it were done, when'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: Fals Affabitation
Could strangle up the Consequence, and catch
With his surest, Sudden: that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all. Here,
But heere, upon this Banke and Schoole of time,
We'd impute the life to come. But in these Cares,
We still have judgement here, that we but teach
Bloody Instructs, which being taught, return
To plaide th'mwinter. This even-handed Justice
Conducts th'Ingentude of our power'd Challie
To our owne lips. Here's heere in double trut:
First, as I am his Kindman, and his Subiect,
Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Hoft,
Who should against his Murderer flint the doore,
Not bear the knife my selfe. Besides, this Dogcane
Hath borne his Faculties so mceke; hath bin
So eleete in his great Officer, that his Vertues
Will please like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd against
The deepc damnation of his taking off:
And Pity, like a naked New-born Babe,
Striding the blast, or Heauens Cherebin, hors'd
Upon the fithcliffe Curriers of the Aire,
Shall blow the horrid deed in euery eye,
And wakes it now to looke so gvecne, and pale,
As you have done to this.

Exeunt

The Tragedie of Macbeth.

I To his home before vs: Fairc and Noble Hofteffe
I To be his Purucyor: But he tides well.

To give your hand:

Still to retume your owne.

Conduift me to mine Hofl we loue him highly,

By your leave Hofteffe.

Enter Banque, and Fleance, with a Torch

Enter Banque and Fleance, with a Torch

before him.

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy ?

Fleance. The Moone is downe: I have not heard the

Clock.

Banq. And she goes downe at Twelve.

Fleance. It taketh it's later, Sir.

Banq. Hold, take my Sward:

There's Husbandry in Heauen,

Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.

m m 2
Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a Torch.

Give me my Sword: who's there?

Macb. A Friend.

Bang. What Sir, not yet at rest? the King's bed?

He hath been in vnufalse Pleasure, And sent forth great Largeiie to your Offices.

This Diamond he greats your Wife withall, By the name of moit kind Hooft. And thus up in mesufireuff content.

Macb. Being vp prepar'd,

Our will became the servant to defeat,
Which else should freely have wrought.

Bang. All's well.

I dreamt last Night of the three waverd Sisters To you they haue fhow'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them.

Yet when we can entertain an hour to serue, We would spend it in some words upon that Businesse.

If you would grant the time.

Bang. At your kind'st leflure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my confent,

When'tis, it shall make Honor for you.

Bang. So I lose none,

In seeking to augment it, but still to keep
My Bofome fruith's, and Allegiance cleare, I shall be counfal'd.

Macb. Good repose the while.

Bang. Thanks Sir: the like to you. Exit Bangue.

Macb. Goed bid thy Misfortune, when my drink is read.

She strikes upon the Bell. Get thee to bed. Exit.

Bang. As your kind'st leflure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my confent, When'tis, it shall make Honor for you.

Bang. So I lose none,

In seeking to augment it, but still to keep
My Bofome fruith's, and Allegiance cleare, I shall be counfal'd.

Macb. Good repose the while.

Bang. Thanks Sir: the like to you. Exit Banque.

Macb. Goed bid thy Misfortune, when my drink is read.

She strikes upon the Bell. Get thee to bed. Exit.

Bang. As your kind'st leflure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my confent, When'tis, it shall make Honor for you.

Bang. So I lose none,

In seeking to augment it, but still to keep
My Bofome fruith's, and Allegiance cleare, I shall be counfal'd.

Macb. Good repose the while.

Bang. Thanks Sir: the like to you. Exit Banque.

Macb. Goed bid thy Misfortune, when my drink is read.

She strikes upon the Bell. Get thee to bed. Exit.

Bang. As your kind'st leflure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my confent, When'tis, it shall make Honor for you.

Bang. So I lose none,

In seeking to augment it, but still to keep
My Bofome fruith's, and Allegiance cleare, I shall be counfal'd.

Macb. Good repose the while.

Bang. Thanks Sir: the like to you. Exit Banque.

Macb. Goed bid thy Misfortune, when my drink is read.

She strikes upon the Bell. Get thee to bed. Exit.

Bang. As your kind'st leflure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my confent, When'tis, it shall make Honor for you.

Bang. So I lose none,

In seeking to augment it, but still to keep
My Bofome fruith's, and Allegiance cleare, I shall be counfal'd.

Macb. Good repose the while.

Bang. Thanks Sir: the like to you. Exit Banque.

Macb. Goed bid thy Misfortune, when my drink is read.

She strikes upon the Bell. Get thee to bed. Exit.

Bang. As your kind'st leflure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my confent, When'tis, it shall make Honor for you.

Bang. So I lose none,

In seeking to augment it, but still to keep
My Bofome fruith's, and Allegiance cleare, I shall be counfal'd.

Macb. Good repose the while.

Bang. Thanks Sir: the like to you. Exit Banque.

Macb. Goed bid thy Misfortune, when my drink is read.

She strikes upon the Bell. Get thee to bed. Exit.

Bang. As your kind'st leflure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my confent, When'tis, it shall make Honor for you.

Bang. So I lose none,

In seeking to augment it, but still to keep
My Bofome fruith's, and Allegiance cleare, I shall be counfal'd.

Macb. Good repose the while.

Bang. Thanks Sir: the like to you. Exit Banque.

Macb. Goed bid thy Misfortune, when my drink is read.

She strikes upon the Bell. Get thee to bed. Exit.

Bang. As your kind'st leflure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my confent, When'tis, it shall make Honor for you.

Bang. So I lose none,

In seeking to augment it, but still to keep
My Bofome fruith's, and Allegiance cleare, I shall be counfal'd.

Macb. Good repose the while.

Bang. Thanks Sir: the like to you. Exit Banque.

Macb. Goed bid thy Misfortune, when my drink is read.

She strikes upon the Bell. Get thee to bed. Exit.

Bang. As your kind'st leflure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my confent, When'tis, it shall make Honor for you.

Bang. So I lose none,

In seeking to augment it, but still to keep
My Bofome fruith's, and Allegiance cleare, I shall be counfal'd.

Macb. Good repose the while.

Bang. Thanks Sir: the like to you. Exit Banque.

Macb. Goed bid thy Misfortune, when my drink is read.

She strikes upon the Bell. Get thee to bed. Exit.

Bang. As your kind'st leflure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my confent, When'tis, it shall make Honor for you.

Bang. So I lose none,

In seeking to augment it, but still to keep
My Bofome fruith's, and Allegiance cleare, I shall be counfal'd.

Macb. Good repose the while.

Bang. Thanks Sir: the like to you. Exit Banque.

Macb. Goed bid thy Misfortune, when my drink is read.

She strikes upon the Bell. Get thee to bed. Exit.

Bang. As your kind'st leflure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my confent, When'tis, it shall make Honor for you.

Bang. So I lose none,

In seeking to augment it, but still to keep
My Bofome fruith's, and Allegiance cleare, I shall be counfal'd.

Macb. Good repose the while.

Bang. Thanks Sir: the like to you. Exit Banque.

Macb. Goed bid thy Misfortune, when my drink is read.

She strikes upon the Bell. Get thee to bed. Exit.

Bang. As your kind'st leflure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my confent, When'tis, it shall make Honor for you.

Bang. So I lose none,

In seeking to augment it, but still to keep
My Bofome fruith's, and Allegiance cleare, I shall be counfal'd.

Macb. Good repose the while.

Bang. Thanks Sir: the like to you. Exit Banque.

Macb. Goed bid thy Misfortune, when my drink is read.

She strikes upon the Bell. Get thee to bed. Exit.

Bang. As your kind'st leflure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my confent, When'tis, it shall make Honor for you.

Bang. So I lose none,

In seeking to augment it, but still to keep
My Bofome fruith's, and Allegiance cleare, I shall be counfal'd.

Macb. Good repose the while.

Bang. Thanks Sir: the like to you. Exit Banque.

Macb. Goed bid thy Misfortune, when my drink is read.

She strikes upon the Bell. Get thee to bed. Exit.

Bang. As your kind'st leflure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my confent, When'tis, it shall make Honor for you.

Bang. So I lose none,

In seeking to augment it, but still to keep
My Bofome fruith's, and Allegiance cleare, I shall be counfal'd.
Enter Macduff and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, were you gone to Bed, That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith Sir, we were carousing till the second Cock: And Drinke, Sir, are a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does Drinke especially provoke?

Lecherie, Sir, it provokes, and unprouokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much Drinke may be said to be an Equivoocator with Lecherie: it makes him, and it mantes him: it lets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and dis-haers him: makes him stand too, and not stand too: in conclusion, equivoicates him in a sleepe, and giving him the Eye, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, Drinke gave thee the Lye last Night.

Port. That it did, Sir, 'tis the very Threats on me: but I required him for his Lye, and (I think) being too strong for him, though he tooke up my Legges sometime, yet I made a Shift to eschit him.

Enter Mactbesh.

Macd. Is thy Matter fliitting?

Our knocking he's awak'd him: here he comes.

Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir.

Macd. Good morrow both.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him, I have almoft flipt the hour.

Macd. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyfull trouble to you: But yet 'tis one.

Macd. The labour we delight in, Physicks paine:
This is the Doore,

Macd. Ile make to bold to call, for 'tis my limited fervice.

Exit Macduff.

Lenox. Goes the King hence to day?

Macd. He does: he did appoint so.

Lenox. The Night he's been vnworthy,
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe,
And (as they say) lamentings heard in the Ayre;
Strange Schreemes of Death, and Prophecying, with Accents terrible,
Of dyre Combustion, and confus'd Events,
New hatch'd toth' wofull time.

The obfcur Bird clamor'd the liue-long Night.
Some fay, the Earth was furious,
And did shake.

Macd. 'Twas a rough Night.

Lenox. My young remembrance cannot paralell
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror,
Tongue nor Heart cannot conceive, nor name thee.

Mactb. And Lenox. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath had his Mafter-peece:
Most sacrilegious Murther hath broke ope
The Lords anointed Temple, and Rope therin.

Macd. What is't you fay, the Life?

Lenox. Meane you his Majeftie?

Macd. Approch the Chamber, and destroy your fight
With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speake:

Sec.
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Ross.

Macb. Had I butserver'd an hour before this chance, I had liv'd a blest time: for from this instant, There's nothing furious in Mortality: All is but Tenses, Renowne and Grace is dead. The Wine of Life is drawne, and the meere Lees Within the Volume of which Time, I have seen A thing most strange, and certaine; Which dealer it selfe, when there's no mercie left.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Mal. What's the amisse?

Macb. You are, and do not know:
The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood Is stopp'd, the very Source of it is Rupt.

Mal. Your Royall Father's murder'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Len. They of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had not; Their Hands and Faces were all badd'd with blood, So were their Daggers, which vnwip'd, we found Upon their Pillowes; they flai'd, and were distracted, No mans Life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. Oyer, I doe repent me of my furie, That I did kill them.

Mal. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, & furious, Loyal, and Neutrall, in a moment? No man: The expedition of my violent Loue Cont'd the pawfer, Reason: Here lay Duncan, His Silver skynne, Jack'd with his Golden Bale, And his gilted Staps, look'd like a Breach in Nature, For Rutnes wastfull entrance: there the Murthcrers, Steep'd in the Colours of th'ir Trade; their Daggers Vanmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain, That had a heart to loue; and in that heart, Courage, to make the loue knowne?

Len. Help me hence, hoa.

Macb. Looke to the Lady.

Mal. Why doe we hold our tongues, That cou'd not lay downe this argument for ours?

Donal. What should be spoken here.

Where our Fate hid in an augment hole, My ruth, and feizes? Let's away, Our Teares are not yet brewd.

Mal. Nor our strong Sorrow
Upon the foot of Motion.

}.

Mal. Look to the Lady:
And when we have our naked Prailties hid, That funder in exposure; let vs meet, And question this most bloody piece of workes, To know it further. Feares and furneries flacke vs: To the great Hand of God I fland, and thence, Against the vnkind'd pretence, I fight

Of Trestouson Mathes.

Macb. And so doe I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readineffe, And meet it, and Halle together.

All. Well contented.

Mal. What will you doe?

Let's not confort with them:
To throw an vnfei Sorrow, is an Office
Which the falle man do's cafe.
Ile to England.

Don. To Ireland, I:
Our seperated fortune shall keepe vs both the facher:
Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles;
The neere in Blood, the nearer bloody.

Mal. This muterous Shaft that's shot,
Hath trifled former knowings.

Threatens his bloody Stage: byth' Clock 'tis Day,
Is't Night's predominance, or the Day's shame.
And yet darke Night strangles the trauailing Lampe:
Thee see the Heauens, as troubled with mans Ad, Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles; -
Within the Volume of which Time, I have seen A thing most strange, and certaine.

Enter the Bell rings. Enter Lady.

Lady. What's the amisse?

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Mal. What will you doe?

Macb. You are, and do not know:
The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood Is stopp'd, the very Source of it is Rupt.

Mal. Your Royall Father's murder'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Len. They of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had not; Their Hands and Faces were all badd'd with blood, So were their Daggers, which vnwip'd, we found Upon their Pillowes; they flai'd, and were distractt, No mans Life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. Oyer, I doe repent me of my furie, That I did kill them.

Mal. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, & furious, Loyal, and Neutrall, in a moment? No man: The expedition of my violent Loue Cont'd the pawfer, Reason: Here lay Duncan, His Silver skynne, Jack'd with his Golden Bale, And his gilted Staps, look'd like a Breach in Nature, For Rutnes wastfull entrance: there the Murthcrers, Steep'd in the Colours of th'ir Trade; their Daggers Vanmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain, That had a heart to loue; and in that heart, Courage, to make the loue knowne?

Len. Help me hence, hoa.

Mal. Looke to the Lady.

Mal. Why doe we hold our tongues, That cou'd not lay downe this argument for ours?

Donal. What should be spoken here.

Enter Ross with an Old man.

Old man. Thrice core and ten I can remember well, Within the Volume of which Time, I have seen Hourses dreadfull, and things stranger; but this fere Night Hath trifled former knowings.

Roffe. Ha, good Father, Thou seft the Heauens, as troubled with mans AE, Threatens his bloody Stage: byth' Clock 'tis Day, And yet darke Night frangles the trauailing Lampe: Is't Night's predominance, or the Dayes shame, That Darknese does the face of Earth imobre, When liuing Light should kisse it?

Old man. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done: On Tuesday laft, A Faucon towning in her pride of place, Was by a Mowfing Owle hawkt at, and kill'd.

Roffe. And Dintast Horfes,
(All thinges most strange, and certaine)
Beauceus, and swift, the Minions of their Race, Turn'd wild in nature, broke their flalls, flong out, Contending gainst Obedience, as they would Make Warre with Mankinde.

Old man. 'Tis fald, they eat each other.

Roffe. They did so:
Enter Banquo.
Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weyard Women promised, and I fear
Thou play'st it most foewly for's, yet it was faid
It should not fand in thy Pofteffion,
But that my felfe fhould be the Roote, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As vpon thee Macbeth, their Speeches fhine,
Why by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And fhew me right and wroth, and fhew me when
I fhall fit the feates of my owne crown?

Enter Lenox, Ross, and Lordes, with Officers.

Len. Here's our chiefe Gueft.

Macb. Heere's out Chief Gueft.
La. If he had bee forgotten,
He had bene a gap in our great Feaft,
And all things vnbecoming.

Macb. Tonight we hold a folemne Supper fir.

Ban. Let your Highneffe
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a moft indiffoluble yoke
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoone?
Ban. I, my good Lord.

Macb. We should have all defir'd your good advice
(Which fill hath been both grave, and prosperous.)
In this dayes Counsell: but were we to take to morrow.
Is't fare you ride?
Ban. As fare, 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. Faile not our Feaft.
Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We hearse our bloody Cozenes are bellow'd
In England, and in Ireland, not confefing
Their cruell Patricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that to morrow,
When therewithal, we fhall haue caufe of State,
Crauing vs royally. Hye you to Horfe:
Adieu, till you returne at Night.

Ban. So you have your precees...

Macb. Bring them before vs.
Macb. To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus:
Our feares in Banquo lice deep,
And in his Royaltie of Nature reignes that
Which would be feared. 'Tis much he dares,
Whofe being I doe feare, and under him,
He hath a Wifdom, that doth guide his Vloour,
To act in fafety. There is none but he,
Whole being I doe feare: and under him,
My Genius is rebuk'd, as it is faid
Mark Anthony was by Caesar. He chid the Sifters,
When first they put the Name of King vpon me,
And bad them feake to him. Then Prophet-like,
They haid him Father to a Line of Kings
Vpon my Head they plac'd a fuiitble Crowne,
And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,
No Sonne of mine succeeding: if t be fo.

Ban. As fare, my Lord, as will fill vp the time

Ban. Faile not our Feaft.

Macb. For euer knit me to the utteredance.

Whofe there?
Enter Macbeth, Lady, and a Servant.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from Court?
Servant. I, Madam, but returns again to Night.
Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leisure,
For a few words.
Servant. Madame, I will.

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
To preserve him, to destroy,
Then by destruction dwell in double joy.

Enter Macbeth.

Macbeth. If it finde Heauen, might finde it out to Night.

Enter Scena Secunda.

Lady. Come on
Genle my Lord, sleepe o're your rugged Looks,
Be bright and louiall among your Companys,
In double joy. After Life's fi|full Feuer, he|sleepes well,
Treason his done his worst: nor Steele, nor Poyson,
Malice domestique, fortune Leue, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on
Genle my Lord, sleepe o're your rugged Looks,
Be bright and louiall among your Companys,
In double joy. After Life's fi|full Feuer, he|sleepes well,
Treason his done his worst: nor Steele, nor Poyson,
Malice domestique, fortune Leue, nothing,
Can touch him further.
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Scene Quarta.

Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Ross, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your owne degrees, fit downe.
At first and last, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thankes to your Maiestie.
Macb. Our felfe will mingle with Society,
And play the humble Hoft.
Our Hoaffe keeps her State, but the best time
We will require her welcome.
La. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends,
For my heart spake 'tis, they are welcome.

Enter first Attorney.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their heart thanks
Both sides are even. here lie (it i'th'mid'ft,.
To favoy doubts, and fears. But Banquo's sake?

Fleance is scape'd.

Macb. Then comes my Fit againe
I had elle beene perfect;
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,
As broad, and generall, as the caffing Ayrei
But now I am cabio d, crib'd, confin'd, bound in
To sawey doubts, and fears. But Banquo's sake?

Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeths place.

Macb. Sweet Remembrances:
Now good digestion wait on Appetite,
And health on both.
Lenox. May't please your Highness.
Macb. Here had we now our Countries Honor,roofd,
Wore the grace'd person of our Banquo present-
Who, may I rather challenge for vnkindnesse,
Then pity for Mischance.
Roff. His absence (Sir)
Layes blame upon his promise. Plesa't your Highness,
To grace vs with your Royall Company.

Macb.
Approach thou like the rugged Ruined Beare,
The armed Rhinoceros, or Th'Hyrcan Tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firmne Nerves
Shall never tremble. Or be slate againe,
And dare me to the Desart with thy Sword:
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The Baby's a Girl. Hence horrible shadow,
Vncure mock'try hence. Why so, being gone
I am a man againe: pray you fit still.

La. You have displac'd the mirth,
Broke the good meeting, with most admittance disorder.

Macb. Can such things be?
And overcome us like a Summer's Cloud,
Without our speciall wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such fights,
And keep the nature Rubie of your Checkers,
When mine is blanch'd with feare.

Reif. What sighs, my Lord?

La. I pray you speak not: he growes worse & worse
Quotation engages him: at once, goodnight,
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Majesty.

Macb. A kind good night roall.

Exit Lords.

Macb. It will have blood they say:
Blood will have Blood;
Stones have beene knowne to move, & Trees to speake
Auguries, and understand Relaticons.

By Magogue Pyes, & Chourses & Rookes brought forth
The secret man of Blood. What is the night?

La. Almost at oddes with morning which this is which.

Macb. How say'st thou that Blood that Macauff denies his person
At our great bidding,

La. Did you fend to him Sir?

Macb. I heare it by the way: But I will send:
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 weyard Shifters.

More shall they speake: for now I am bent to know
By the worst mens, the worst, for mine ownne good,
All caufer shall give way. I am in blood
Sept in so farre, that Should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go ore:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which must be said, ere they may be feen.

La. You lacke the feaon of all Names, Sleepe.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleepe: My strange & self-abuse
Is the innate feare, that wants hard vte:
We are yet but yong indeed.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting
Hec.

1 Why how now Hec? you looke angrily?
Hec. Haste I not restone (Beldams) as you are?
Sawcy, and ouer-bold, how did you dare
To Tread, and Treffike with Macbeth,
In Riddles, and Affaires of death;
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

And I the Mussites of your Charms,
The close contriver of all harmes,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or 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 at Morning; rither he
Will come, to know his Defin'tie,
Your Vessels, and your Spels prouide,
Your Charms, and every thing beside;
I am for th'Airre: This night lie fpend
Vnto a difmall' and a Fatall end.

Charmes, and euery thing beside,
Your Vessels, and your Spels prouide.
Great bufinesse muft be wrought ere Noone.
Vpon the Corner of the Moone
There hangs a vap'tous drop, profound,
Shall raife fuch Artificiall Spriglus,
lie catch it ere it come to ground;
And that diftill'dby Magiekt flights,
Shall draw him on to his Confufion.

As by the Arength of their illufion,
Hishopes 'bone Wifedome,Grace, and Feafe:
And you all know, Security
Heshall fporne Fate, fcorne Death, and beare
Is Mortals c'nceft Enemie.

Cearke, I am call'd • my little Spirit fee
Sits in a Foggy cloud, sod stayes forme.
Backe againe.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.
Lenox. My former Speeches,
Haue but hit your Thoughts
Which can interpret father: Ooeily I say
Things have bin strang'd; borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pittied of Macbeth: marry he was dead:
And the right valiant walk'd too late,
Whom you may faie (if it please you) Flews kill'd,
All which we pine for now. And this report
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Seyward
Is gone, to pray the Holy King, vpon his ayd
To ratifie the Workes) we may again.

Dane acts
Sonnes vnder his Key,
That had he borne all things well, and I do thinke.
What were to kill a Father: So Should Flews,
His presence at the Tyrants Feast, I lerne.
Macdufje lives in difgrace. Sir, can you tell

Where he bestowes himselfe?

Lord. The Sonnes of Duncan
(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
Lines in the English Court, and is recey'd
Of the most Pious Edward, with fuch grace,
That the malcuvlencc of Fortune, nothing
Takes from his high refpe'ct. Thither Macdufje
Is gone, to pray the Holy King, vpon his ayd
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Seyward,
That by the helpe of thefe (with him about)
To ratifie the Workes) we may again.

Gire to our Tables mesto, sleepe to our Nights:
Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody knifes;
Do fathfull Homage, and receive free Honors,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath to exasperate their King, that hee
Prepares for some attempt of Warre
Len. Send he to Macdufje?

Lord. He did: and wish an absolute Sir,not I
The cloudy Messenger turns me his backe,
And hurns; as who should faie, you'll reue the time
That clogges me with this Anwer.

Lenox. And that well might
Aduife him to a Caution: hold what distance
His wifedome can prouide, Some holy Angell
Flye to the Court of England, and unfold
His Message ere he come, that a twist bleffing
May foone returne to this our suffering Country.
Vnder a hand accur'd.

Lord. He lende my Prayers with him.
The Tragedy of Macbeth.

Laugh to scorn,
The power of man: For none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

Mac. Then the Grevell thickes, and flib,
Addthereto a Tiger's Chawdron,
For th'ingredience of our Cawdron.
All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
2 Coole it with a Baboones blood,
Then the Charme is firme and good.

Enter Hecate, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O well done: I commend your pains,
And every one shall share i'h'gaines:
And now about the Cauldron dung
Like Bees and Fairies in a King,
Incanting all that you put in.

Mufikes and a Song. Blacks Spirits, &c.

2 By the pricking of my Thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open Lockes, who euer knoeks.

Enter Macbeth.

Mac. How now you secret, black, & midnight Hag?
What is it you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Mac. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Though you nyme the Windeis, and let them fight
Against the Churches: Though the yefty Waves
Confound and Swole Navigation vp:
Though bladed Come be lodg'd, & Trees blown downe,
Confound and swallow Navigation vp:
Euen till destruction ficken: Answer me
Though halves, and Pyramids do slope
Though Caftles topple on their Warders heads
Into the Flame.

Leaven the thane of Fife: & I will me. Enough.

Again ft the Churches: Though the yefty Waves
Though you untye the Winder, and let them fight
(How ere you come to know it) answer me:

1 Speake.
2 Speake.

All. Shew his Eyes, and greeue his Hart,
Come like shadowes, so depart.

A scene of eight Kings, and Banque left with a glasse
in his hand.

Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of Banque Down:
Thy Crowne do's fare mine Eye-bals: And thy hair
Thou other Gold-bound brow, is like the first:
A third, is like the former. Filthy Hagers,
Why do you shew me this? — A fourth? Start eyes!
What will the Line stretch out to the cracke of Dooome?
Another yet? A fuenite? Ile see no more:
And yet the eight appeares, who beares a glasse,
Which shewes me many more: and some I see,
That two-fold Bailer, and treble Scepters carry.
Horrible fight: Now I see in true,
For the Blood-bolter'd Banque 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 Sifters, cheere we vp his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights.
Ile Charme the Ayre to give a sound,
While you performe your Antique round:
That this great King may kindly say,
Our duties, did his welcome pay,

Mufikes.

The Witches Dance, and vanitie.

Macb. Where are they? Gone t
Let this pernicious houre,
Stand eye accurst in the Kalender.
Come in, without there.

Lenox. What's your Grace will.

Macb.
Scena Secunda.

Enter Macduff, Wife, her Son, and Ross.

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?  
Ross. You must have patience, Madam.  
Wife. He had none:  
His flight was madneffe: when our Actions do not,  
Our feares do make us Traitors.  
But how wilt thou do for a Father?  
Wife. Every one that do's so, is a Traitor,  
And must be hang'd.  
Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and ly?  
Wife. Every one.  
Son. Who must hang them?  
Wife. Why, the honest men.  
Ross. Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools: for there are Liars and Swearers now, to beate the honest men, and hang vp them.  
Wife. How wilt thou do for a Father?  
Ross. Nay how will you do for a Husband?  
Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.  
Wife. Thou'dft never Fear the Net, nor Lie,  
To fright you thus. Me thinkes I am too savage:  
If you will take a homely mans aduice.  
Exit Messinger.

My Bleffe you faire Dame: I am not to you known,  
Though in your face of Honor I am perfect;  
I doubt some day, get do's approach you nercely.  
If you will take a homely mans advice,  
Be not found here; fence with your little ones  
To fright you thus. Me thinkes, I am too fingo:  
To do worse to you were fell Cruelty,  
Which is too nie your perfon. Heaven preferve you,  
I dare abide no longer.  

Enter Murtherers.

Mrs. Where is your Husband?  
Wife. I hope in no place so vnfanctified,  
Where such as thou may't finde him.  
Mrs. He's a Traitor.  
Son. Thou ly'ft thou flagg-eard Villaine.  
Mrs. What you Egg?  
Ross. Why froy of Treachery?  
Son. He ha's kill'd me Mother,  
Run away I pray you.  

Exit crying Murtherer.
That which you ate, my thoughts cannot transform;  
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace.
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.

All the particulars of Vice so grafted,

Yet Grace must still look so.

In an Imperial charge, But shall crave your pardon:  
A good and vertuous Nature may recoil
To appease an angry God.

You rosy difference of him through me, and wisdom
More suffer, and more fundry ways then ever,
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out like syllable of Doulour.

What I believe, I believe;
What you spoke, it may be so perchance.
What I thought honest: you have lost him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but something
What you spoke. It may be so perchance.

All the particulars of Vice so grafted,

That when they shall be open'd, blacke Macbeth
Will seeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State
Efficem him as a Lambe, being compar'd
With my confinelesse harms.

Not in the Legions
Of obstrud Hell, can come a Diuell more damn'd
In calls, to top Macbeth.

I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, Avaricious, False, Deceitfull,
Sodaine, Malicious, smacking of every sinne
That ha's name. But there's no bottom, none
In my Voluptuousnesse: Your Wives, your Daughters,
Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill vp
The Cellerne of my Luft, and my Desire
All continent Impediments would ore-beare:
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,
Then such an one to reign.

Boundless intemperance
In Nature is a Tyranny: it hath beene
Throngingly enjoying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty, and
Yet seeme cold. The time you may to hoodwink:
We have willing Dames enough there cannot be
That Vulture in you, to occoure so many
As will to Grenstheffe dedicate themselves,
Finding it to incline.

With this, there growes
In my most ill-compos'd Affection, such
A rancillous Avarice, that were I King,
I should curr off the Nobles for their Lands,
Desire his Jewels, and this other Houfe,
And my more-having, would be as a Sausce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels vniust against the Good and Loyall,
Defraying them for wealth.

This Avarice
flickes deeper: growes with more pernicious roots
Then Summer-ferming Luft: and is hath bin
The Sword of our native Kings: yet do not feare,
Scotland hath Foes soos, to fill up your will
Of your mere Owne. All these are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd.

But I have none. The King-becoming Graces,
As Iustice, Verity, Tempeance, Stableness,
Bounty, Perseuerance, Mercy, Lowliness,
Devotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude,
I have no relieff of them, but abound
In the division of each seuerall Crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet Mike of Concord, into Hell,
Vprore the wondrous peace, confound
All vniety on earth.

Macb. O Scotland, Scotland.

But if such one be fit to gouerne, speake:
I am as I have spoken.

Macb. Fit to gouerne? No not to live. O Nation miserable!
With an unbridled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,
When shall thou fee thy wholesome days again?
Since the truest Issue of thy Throne
By his owne Interdiction stands ascutt,
And do's blaspheme his breed? Thy Royall Father
Was a most Sainted: he: the Queene that bore thee,
Offered upon her knees, then on her feet,
Dye's every day the liuetd. Fare thee well,
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

These Evils thou repeat’st upon thy selve, Hath banish’d me from Scotland. O my Breff, Thy hope ends here.

Macd. Macduff, this Noble passion Childe of integrity, hath from my soule Wip’d the blacke scruples, reconcile’d my thoughts To thy good Truth, and Honor. Duellish Macbeth, By many of these trains, hath fought to win me Into his power: and modest Wleldome pleckes me From ouer-credulous haft: but God aboue No left in truth then life. My firft felfe speaking The Deuill to his Fellow, and delight By many of these traines, hath fought to win me Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Dollar

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth I pray you?

Doll. Sir: there are a crew of wretched Soules That play his Cure: their malady conuences The great affay of Arts. But at his couch, Such fuchieth hath Heaven given his hand, They pretently amend.

Mal. I thank you Doctor.

Macd. What’s the Difeafe he meanes?

Mal. ’Tis call’d the Euill.

Enter Roffe.

Roffe. My gentle Cozen.welcome hither.


Macd. Heroes age, doth iliffe the fpeaker, But what fhall poftle them with the heauieft found That ever yet they heard.

Roffe. Your Castle is furpriz’d: your Wife, and Babes Were on the Quarry of these murther’d Deere To adde the death of you.

Macd. How do’s my Wife?

Mal. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Roffe. As poor Courtrys, Almost affrid to know it selve. It cannot Be call’d our Mother, but our Greave; where nothing: But who knows nothing, is once feene to smile: Where fights, and groans, and thricks that rent the eye,

There’s no mark’d: Where violent forrow stirs:

A Moderne excape: The Deevans knell,

Is there afeek’d for who, and good men’s blues

Are made, not mark’d:

A. Oh Relation; too nice, and yet too true.

Mal. What’s the newef griefe?

Roffe. That of an hour’s age, doth iliffe 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 he’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 fpcech: How go’s it?

Roffe. No minde that’s honest.

But in it shares some woe, though the maine part Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine

Kepte it not from me, quickly let me haue it.

Roffe. Let not your ears disprize your tongue for ever, That which shall poftle them with the heauieft found That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum: I gueffe at it.

Roffe. Your Castle is surpriz’d: your Wife, and Babes Saugely slaughter’d: To relate the manner

Macd. And I must be from thence? My wife kill’d too?

Roffe. I have fald.

Macd. Be committed.

Let’s make vs Medecines of our great Reuenge, To cure this deadly greefe.

Macd. He’s had no Children. All my pretty ones?

Doll. Did you fay All? Oh Hell-Kite! All?

Mal. What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damne At one fell swoope?

Macd. Dispute it like a man.

Roffe. I shall do to:
But I must also feel it as a man; I cannot but remember such things were that were most precious to me: Did heaven locke on, and would not take their part? Sinfull Macduff, they were all strooke for thee: Naught that I am, nor for my owne demerits, but for mine fell slaughter on their soules: Heaven left them now.

M. Be this the Whetstone of your sword, let griefe Consent to anger: blunt not your heart, enrage it. 

M. 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 fentby for him, if he scape. Heauens forgive him too.

M. This time goes manely: Come goe we to the King, our Power is ready, Our lacke is nothing but our leaue. 

M. Is ripe for shaking, and the Powres above Put on their inftruments: Receiue what eheereyou may, and do the ceiirs of watching. 

M. Perceiue no truth in your report. When was it shee last perceived? 

M. Tis an accuatorial action with her, to seeme thus washing her hands: I have knowne those which haue waite in their sleepe. 

M. Oh, oh, oh. 

M. What is it she doth now? Looke how she rubbes her hands. 

M. It is an occasion'd action with her, to seeme thus washing her hands: I have knowne her continue in this a quarter of an houre. 

M. Yet here's a spot. 

M. Hearke, she speaks, I will set downe what comes from her, to fastifie my remembrance the more strongly. 

M. Out damned spot: out I say. One: Two: Why then 'tis time to doo: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fie, a Souldier, and affay'd? What need we fear? who knows it, when none can call our powre to accompt: yet who would have thought the olde man to have had so much blood in him. 

M. Do you marke that? 

L. The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is she now? 

M. What will these hands be cleeene'd? No more o'that my Lord, no more o'that: you marke all with this fingating. 

M. Go too, goe too: You have knowne what you should not. 

G. She has spoke what fhee should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knowes what shee has knowes. 

L. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh.

M. What a sight is there? The heart is sorely charg'd, 

G. I would not have such a heart in my bosome, 

M. for the dignity of the whole body. 

L. Well, well, well. 

G. Pray God it be fit. 

M. This diffable is beyond my prelife: yet I have knowne those which haue wakke in their sleepe, who haue dyed holily in their beds. 

L. Wift your hands, put on your Night-Gowne, looke not to pale: I tell you yet againe Banque's buried; he cannot compound on's grave. 

M. Even so? 

L. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate: Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: What's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. 

Exit Lad.

M. Will she go now to bed? 

G. Directly. 

M. No more whisperings are abroad; unnatural deeds Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds To their deafe pillow will discharge their Secrets: More needs for the Dunce, then the Physitian: God, God forgive vs all. Looke after her, Remove from her the weanes of all annoyance, And fillkeeps eyes vpon her: So goodnight, 

M. My minde the ha's mated, and amaz'd my light. I thunke, but dare not speake. 

G. Good night good Doctor. Exeunt.
The Tragedy of Macbeth.

He cannot buckle his distemper'd caple
Within the belt of Rule.

Ang. Now do's he feel his secret Murthers ficking on his hands,
Now minutely Rcuoltt vpbraid his Faith-brcach:
Those he commands, moue only in command,
Nothing in love: Now do's he feel his Title
Hang loose about him, like a Giants Robe
Upon a dwarfish Theefc.

Men. Who then shall blame His petter'd Senes to recolle, and start,
When all that is within him, do's condemns
Make we our March towards Birnan.  Exeunt marching.

To dev/ the Sooeraignc Flower,and drowne the Weeds:
And with him poure we ia cur Countries purge,
Meet we the Med'cine of the fickly W eale.

Vpon a dwarfilh Theefc.

Hang loofe about him, like a Giants Robe
TUI Bymane wood remoue to Dunfinane,
The miode I fway by, and the heart I beare.

Shall neuer fagge with doobt, nor (hake with feare.
Shall ere have power vpon thee. Then fly falfe Thanes,
All mortalCoofequeoces haue pronounc'd roe thus:

To giue Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd:
Nothing in loue: Now do's he feele hts Title
-its fecret Muithers ftickmg on his hands.

Was he not borne of woman ?The Spirits that know
That they which Ihould accompany Old-Age,
I mad not looke to haue: but in their Peed,
Will chere me euer, or difeate roe now.

Seyton l
As Honor, Loue,Obedience, Troopes of Friends,
When I behold: Seyraa.Ifay.this p(h
Which thcpoorehrsrt would fame deny .and dare not.

What Newesmore?

Macb. Go pricketby face, and ouer-ted thy feare
As he is troubled with thick-coming Fancies
That keepe her from her reft.

Macb. Give me my Armor.

Sey. Tis not needed yet.

Macb. Ile put it on:
Send out those Harfes, skirtre the Country round,
Hang those that talk of Peace.  Give me mine Armor:
How do's your Patient, Doctor?

Doct. Not to ficke my Lord,
As he is troubled with thick-coming Fancies
That keepe her from her reft.

Macb. Care of that:
Can't thou not Minifter to a mirfde disesaf'd,
Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
RAze out the written troubles of the Braine,
And with some newe Oblivious Antidote
Cleane the flufft bosome, of that perillous flaffe
Which weighe upon the heart?

Doct. Therien the Patient
Must minifter to himselfe.

Macb. Bring it after me:
I will not be afraid of Death and Bane,
Would scour thefc Eoglilb hence : bear'd ^ of them?

Most, Go pricketby face, and ouer-ted thy feare
Thee is troubled with thick-coming Fancies
That keepe her from her reft.

Seyt. Tis not needed yet.

Seyt. All is confirm'd my Lord,which was reported.

Seyt. Whose hearts are abienctoo.

Seyt. Let every Souldier hew him down? a Bough,

Seyt. Enter Seyton.

Mach. Take thy face hence.

Seyt. Tis his roaine hope:

Seyt. Whose hearts are abienctoo.

Seyt. Let every Souldier hew him down? a Bough,

Seyt. Enter Seyton.

Se. What's the Boy that's borne of woman

Se. What News more?

Se. All is confirm'd my Lord,which was reported.

Se. Ile fight, till from my bones, my flefih be hackt.

Enter Seyton.

Se. What's your gracious pleasure?

Se. What News more?

Se. All is confirm'd my Lord,which was reported.

Se. Ile fight, till from my bones, my flefih be hackt.

Enter Seyton.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports,let them flye all:
Till Byramse wood remoue to Dunfinane,
I cannot taint with Fearc. What's the Boy
Macb. What Soldiers, Pasch?
Death of thy Soule, those Linnen claeekes of thine
Are CounfaUers to feare. What Soldiers Whay-face?

Scena Quarta.

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,

Scena Quarta. Enter Malcolme,Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward,Syne,
Industrious Souldiership.

_Sy._ The time approaches, That will with due decision make vs know What we shall say we have, and what we owe: Thoughts speculative, their vntrue hopes relate, But certaine issue, ftoakes much arbitrarie, Towards which, advance the waie.  

_Exit Marching._

Scena Quinta.

_Enter Macbeth, Seyton, & Soldiers, with, Drum and Colours._

_Macb._ Hang out our Banners on the outward wall, The Cry is sill, they come: our Castle strength Will laugh a Siedge to scorn: Here let them lye, Till Famine and the Ague ease them vp: Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours, We might have met them darefull, beard to beard, And beat them backward home. What is that noyfe? _A Cry within._

_Sey._ It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

_Macth._ I haue almost forgot the caste of Feares: The time ha's beene, my fences would haue cool'd To heare a Night-stmcke, and my Fell of hair Would at a di'mall Treatife rowze, and strete As life were in't. I haue fupt full with horrors, Direnefte familiar to my slaughierous thoughts Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry ?

_Sey._ The Queene (my Lord) is dead.

_Mack._ She shold haue dw'd heereafter; There would haue beene a time for such a word: To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow, Creepes in this petty pace from day today, To the laft Syllable of Recorded time: And all our yesterdays, have lighted Fools The way to dufty death. Out, out, breefe Candle, Life's but a walking Shadow.a poorc Player, That struts and frets hi* houie vpon the Stage, And thenis heard no more. It is a Tale Told by an ldeot, full of sound and fury Signifying nothing. **Enter a Messenger.**

_Thou com't to vfe thy Tongue :thy Story quickly._

_Mef._ Gracious my Lord, I should report that which I say I saw, But know not how to doo it.

_Macth._ Well, say fit.

_Mef._ As I did stand my watch vpon the Hill I look'd toward Byrnan, and anno me thought The Wood began to move.

_Macth._ Lyar, and Slauve.

_Mef._ Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so: Within this three Mile may you fee it coming. I say, a mowing Groan.  

_Macb._ If thou speakeft fhiле, Upon the next Tree shall thou hang alioe Till Famine cling thee: Thy speech be ftooth, I care not if thou doft for me as much. I pull in Resolution, and begin To doubt th'Equivocation of the Fiend, That lies like truth. Fear not, till Byrnan Wood Do come to Dunfinane, and now a Wood.

Comes toward Dunfinane. Arme,Arme, and oue, If this which he auouches, do's appearc, There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here, I 'ginne to be a-weary of the Sun, And with th'efcape o'th world were now vndon. Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Winde, come wracke, Atleaff we'd dye with Harneffe on our backe.  

_Exeunt Marching._

Scena Sexta.

_Drumes and Colours._

_Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macdufe, and their Army, with Boughet._

_Mal._ Now neere enough: Your leauy Skreenes throw downe, And shew like those you are: You (worthy Vnkle) Shall with my Cofin your right Noble Sonne Leade our hift Battell. Worthy Macdufe, and wee Shall take vp'n what else remains to do. According to our ordr.

_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 speake, give the all breath Those clamorous Harbingets of Blood, & Death Exeunt

_Alarums continued._

Scena Septima.

_Enter Macketh._

_Macbeth._ They haue tied me to a ftake. I cannot flye. But Bearc like I muft fight the courfe. What's he That was not born cof Woman? Such a one Am I to feare, or none. **Enter young Seyward.**

_T.Sey._ What is thy name?

_Macb._ Thou'lt be afraid to heare it.

_T.Sey._ No: thou call'ft thy felfe ahoter name Than any is in hell.  

_Macb._ My name's Macbeth.

_T.Sey._ The diucll himfelfe could not pronounce a Title More hatefull to mine care.

_Macb._ No: nor more featefull.  

_T.Sey._ Thou lyeft abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword lie proue the lye thou fpeak ft.  

**Fights.**

_Macth._ Thou wert borne of woman; But Swords 1 smilcor, Weapons laugh to scorn, Brandish'd by man that's of a W oman borne._

_Exit._

_Alarums.**

_Macd._ That way the noife is: Tyrant (hew thy face. If thou beeft flame, and with no ftroake of mine. My Wife and Childrens Ghofts will haunt me ftill: I cannot strike at wetebed Kernes, whofe armes Are hyr'd to beare their Staues; either thou Macbeth, Or else my Sword with an unbattered edge I sheath a game vndeeded. There thou shold'lt be, By this gteat clatter, one of greateft note._

_Seesmes._
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 brauely in the Warte. The day almost it felfe profefles yours, And little is to do. 

Mal. We have met with Foes That strike before vs.

Sey. Enter Sir, the Castle. Exeunt. Alarum

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman Foole, and dye On mine owne fword? whiles I fee liues. the gaffes Do better upon them.

Enter Macduffe.

Macd. Trome Hell-hound, turne. 

Mack. Of all men elfe I haue auoyded thee: But get thee backe, my fou'e is too much charg'd With blood of thine already. 

Macd. I haue no word*, My voice bin my Sword, thou bloodier Vdlaine Then termes can giue thee out. 

Macd. Dispaire thy Charme, And let the Angel whom thou (Lit haft feru'd Tell thee, Macduffe was from his Mothers womb Unimely pnt.

Mack. Accursedbethattcnguethattelsmecso; For it hath Cow'd my better part of man: And be thelelugling Fiends no more beleeu'd, That palter with vs in a double fence, That keepe the word of promife to our earc, And breake it to our hope. lie not fight with cheA

Macd. Then yeeld thee Cowart), And Tue to be the (hew, and gaze o'ch'timc. We'l haue thee, as our rarer Monfters are painted vpon a pole, and vn Jcr-wnt, Heere may you fee the Tyrant.

Mack. I will not yecld To kifle the ground before young Malcolmes feet, And to be baited with the Rabbles curse. Though Byrmane wood be come to Dunfinane, And thou opp'rd, being of no woman borne, Yet I will try the laf. Before my body, I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on Macduffe, And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough. 

Exeunt fighting. Alarum.

Retreat, and Flourish. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Malcom, Seyward, Reffe, Thanes, & Soldiers.

Mal. I would the Friends we miffe, were safe arrond:

Sey. Some must go off: and yet by these I fe, So great a day as this is cheapely bought.

Mal. Macduffe is missing, and your Noble Sonne. Reffe Your fon my Lord, he's paid a fouldiers debr, He onely li'd but till he was a man, 
The which no sooner had his Proveffe confirm'd In the vanishing fation where he fought, But like a man he dy'd de.

Sey. Then he is dead? 

Reffe. I, on the Front, 

Sey. Why then, Gods Soldier be he : Had I as many Sonnes, as I haue haircs, I would not wifla them to a fairer death: And io his Knell is knoll'd.

Mal. Hes's worth more sorrow, And that Ile spend for him. 

Sey. He's worth no more, They fay he parted well, and paid his score, And So God be with him. Here comes newer comfort. 

Enter Macduffe;with Macbeths head.

Macd. Hile King, for tho thou art. Behold where lands. Th Vurpers curved head : the time is free: I fee thee compait with thy Kingdomes Pratle, That speake my fultration in their minds: Whole vcyces I defire alowd withmine. Hail King of Scotland. All. Hail King of Scotland. Flourish. 

Mal. We fhall not fpenti a large expence of time, Before we reckon with your felfeall loues, And make vs even with you. My Thanes and Kinfmen Henceforth be Earles, the firft that ever Scotland Infuch 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 Snaies of watohfull Tyranny, Producing forth the cruel! Minifters Of this deed Butchery nd bis Fiend-like Queece; Who(as 'tisthought) by felfe and violent hands, Tooke offher life. This. and what needfull elfe That cill'i vpon vs, by the Grace of Grace, We will performe in meafure,cicno,aad place: So thankes to all at once, and to each one, Whom we inuice, to fee vs Crown'd at Scone. Flourish. Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.
Enter Barnado and Francisce two Centnuf.

Barnado.

—he's there?

Fran. Nay anfwer me: Stand & unfold your felfe.

Barn. Long live the King.

Fran. For this releafe much ch3nkes: 'Tis bitter cold. And I am sick of heart.

Barn. His you had quieft Guard?

Fran. Not a Moufe ftirring

Barn. Well, goodnight. If you do meet f/eraw and Morse due, the Riuais of ray Watch, bid them make haft.

Enter Herat fo and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinkc I heare them. Stand: who's there ?

Her. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.

Tran. Give you good night.

Mar. O {fswe! honeft Soldier, who hath relieu'd you?

Fran. 'Barnards has my place: giue you goodnight.

Exit Fran.

Mar. Holla Barnard*.

Barn. Say, what is H\o\at\* there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Barn. Welcome Horat\e, welcome good Marcellus.

Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.

Barn. I haue feene nothing.

Mar. Horat\o\es: 'tis but our Fantafie,
And will not beleeve take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice feene of vs,
Therefore he increas’d him along
With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,
That if againe this Apparition come.
He may approue out eyes, and fpeake true.

Her. 'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before yind iustat this dead houre.

Barn. In what particular thought to work, I know not;

But in the grofTe and fcope of my Opinion,

This bea'cos feme ftrange erruption to our Sttce.

Mar. Good now fit downe, & tell me het that knowes
Why this fueef Brift & moft obftruant Watch,
So nightly toyes the fubiecft of the Land,

And why fuch dayly Caf of Brion Cannon
And Fortai/ee Mars for Implements of ware;

Why fuch imprefe of Ship-wights,whole for T aske

Do’s not diuidc the Sundsy from the weeke,

What might be toward, that this feavvy haft

Doch make the Night toyn = Laborvev with the day:

Who fe a man cannot informe m

Her. That can I,
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time. 

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it. But look, the Morne in Rufter mantle clad, Walkes o're the dew of young Eleosine Hill, Breakes we our Watch vp, and by my advice Let us impart what we have seene to night Into young Hamlet. For upon my life, This Spirit dumbe to vs, will speake to him: Do you content we shall acquaint him with it, As needfull in our Loues, fitting our Duty? 

Mar. Let us doe't I pray, and this morning know Where we shall finde him most conveniently. 

Scena Secunda.

Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Sister Ophelia, Lords, Attendant.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dese Brotheres death The memory be greene: and that it vs befited To beare our hearts in gresse, and our whole Kingdome To be conracted in one brow of woe: Yet to fare hath Discretion fought with Nature, That vs with wifef forrow think on him, Together with remembrance of our felues. Therefore our sometymes Sifer, now our Queen, Th' imperiall Loy treffe of this warlike State, Have we, as twere, with a defeatred toy, With one Auspicious, and one Dropping eye, With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage, In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole: Or thinking by our late dese Brothers death, Our State to be disloyit, and out of Frame, Colleagued with the dteame of bis Advantage, 

Importing the vsurped of thofe Lands To our moft valiant Brother, So much for him. 

Lost by his Father: with all Bonds of Law, Thus much the buzineffe is. We haue it written To Norway, Unckle of young Fortinbras, Now for our felfe, and for this time of meeting Thus much the buzineffe is. We haue it written To Norway, Unckle of young Fortinbras, Who Impotent and Bedrid, fcarfely heare! Out of bis subie&: and we heere difpatch And then it fteared, like a guilty thing Of thefe dilated Articles allow it To busineffe with the King, more then the feepe Colleagued with the dteame of bis Advantage. 

This present Obstace made probation. 

Pol. It fided on the crowing of the Cocke. Some fayes, that euere Gaht the Seazon comes Wherein our Souldiers, or the Birth is celebrated, The Bird of Dawning fingeeth all night long: And then (they fay) no Spirit can walk abroad, The nights are wholesome, then no Planets strike, No Fiery tikes, nor Witch hath power to Charme: 

Enter Polonius and Cornelius, For beaing of this gretting to old Norway; Guing to you no further perfonall power To buzineffe with the King, more then the feepe Of thefe dilated Articles allow. Farewell and let your haft commend your Duty. 

Vol. In that and all things, will we shew our duty, King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell. 

Enter Polonius and Cornelius, And now Laertes, what's the news with you?
To Rcifonmofttabfurd, whofe common Thiefshe
From the fkerft Cosrfe,till he that dyed to day,
Take itroheart?Fve,risa fault to Heauco,
In filial! Obligation, for fome terme
A fault againft the Dead, a fault to Nature,
For.what wc know muft be, and is as common
A Heatt vnfortified, a Minde impatient.
Is death of Fathers, and who ftiil hath cried.
Why (hould we in our pceuifh Oppofition
Of impious ft ubliornnt fie. 'Tis vnmarfly greefe.
That can denote me truly. Thefe indeed Sceme,
It (hewes a will moft incorreff to Headers,
To doobfeqtrious Sorrow. But toperfeuej:
To giue thefe mourning duties to your Father:
Hamlet,
Thefe, but the Trappingt, and the Suites of woe
That Father loft, loft his, and the Suruiucr bound
But you muft know, your Father loft a Father,
Together with all Formes, Moods, fitewes of Griefe,
But I haue that Within, which paffeth Ihow;
For they are a&ions that a man might play :
Nor Cuftomary fuites of folemne Blacke,
Ti* not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)
Thou know' 'tis common,ali that hues muft dye,
Why feemes it fo particular with thee.
Palling through Nature, to Eternity.
Seeke for thy Noble Father in the duft;
And let (hint eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.
But now my Cofin,and my Sonne ?
Hamlet.
And tby beft graces fpend it at thy will:
Whatlayes
?Pollomu*
And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.
From whence, though willingly 1 came to Denmarke
My thoughts and wtfcs bend againe towards France,
Yet now I mufl confeffc,that duty done.
To fttew my duty in your Coronation,
The Heed is not more Natiue to the Hcarr,
The Hand more loftritmentall to the Mouth,
Yocr leaoe and fauour to retume to France,
What would'ft thou haue
Lames
Thin is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father,
That fhaJl not be my Offer, not thy Asking ?
LrteSf
And loofe your voyce.What would'ft thou beg
You cannot fpeakeofReafon cothe Dane,
Faet that name
You :
'Tis fweet and commendable
King.
Madam,it is common.
1
Ham.
Queen.
If it be;
They are actions that a man might play :
By what it fed on; andyet within a month ?
As ifencrcafc of Appetite had growne
Muft I remember: why flic would hang on him.
Or that the Eiiexlafting had not fiat
But two months dead :Nay,not fo much; not two.
Hiper
to a Satyre ; so louing to my Mother,
:on
A little more then kin, and lefle then kinde.
Not fo my Lord, I am too much i'lh'Sun.
King.
Laertes,
time be thine,
Takethy fai re hourc
King.
Haue you your Fathers leaue ?
Laer.
Dread my Lord,
Eeead of the world take note,
You are the moft immediate to our Throne,
And with no leffe Nobility of Love,
Then that which deeres Father bears his Sonne,
Do I imparts to you. For your inrent
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
It is moft retrograde to our desire:
And we befeech you, bend to you remaine
Here in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
Our cheeefult Courtier Cofin, and our Sonne.
Qu. Let not thy Mother lefe her Prayers Hamlet : I prythee fay with vs, go no to Wittenberg
Ham. I thall in all my bef
Obey you Madam.
King.
Why 'tis a loving, and a faire Reply,
Be as ourfelle in Denmarke. Madam come,
This gentle and vnforfe'd accord of Hamlet
Sits fmalling to my heart in grace whereof,
No incond Health that Denmarke drinks to day,
But the great Cannon to the Clouds dilltell,
And the Kings Rouse, the Heavenes fhall brue againe,
Refpaking earthy Thunder, Come away.
Exeunt
Murst Hamlet.
Ham. Oh that this too folti Flesh, would melt,
Thaw, and refolute it felfe into a Dew:
Or that the Euerlafting had not first
His Cannon 'gainft Selfe-flaughter. O God, O God !
How weary, fiale,fit, and vnprofitable
Seemes to me all the vifes of this world ?
Fic on't? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden
That growes to Seed: Things rank, and grofte in Nature
Poffefit me mercilly. That it ftiould come to this:
But two months dead : Nay, not fo much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Eiperion to a Satyre : fo louing to my Mother,
That he might not beteene the windes of heauen
With her face too roughly. Heaven and Earth
Muft I remeber: why flic would hang on him,
As if encreafe of Appetite had growne
By what it fed on; and yet within a month ?
Let me not thinke on't : Fraelity, thy name is woman.
A little Month, or eft those fhoes were old,
With which she followed my poore Fathers body
Like Nole, all teares. Why the, even fie.
(0 Heaven ! A bead that wants discourse of Reafon
Would have mournd longer) married with mine Vnkie,
My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
And what make you from Wittenberg
Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Martellus,
Hor. Haile to your Lordship,
Ham. I am glad to fee you well :
Horatio,or I do forget my felfe,
For the fame my Lord,
And your poore Servant euer.
Ham. Sir my good friend,
Ile change this name with you :
And what make you from Wittenberg Horatio ?
The Tragedy 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 Wittenberg?

Mar. A truant disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not have your Enemy say for

Nor shall you do me ease that violence,

To make it truer of your owne report

Against your selfe. I know you are no Trust:

Nor what in Faith make you from

Indeed my Lord, it followed hard upon.

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your Father's Funeral. I pray thee do not mock me (fellow Student). I think it was to see my Mother's Wedding.

Hor. Indeed my Lord, it followed hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift; Horatio: the Funeral But-meat;

Did coltely furnish forth the Marriage Tables;

Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,

Ere I had euer feene that day Horatio,

My father, who 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;

Nor shall you doe mine eare chat violence.

He was a man, take him for all in all;

1 Ham. Nor shall you doe mine eare chat violence.

Ham. To make it truester of your owne report?

Hor. What is your affaire in

Against your selfe. I know you are no Truium?

Hor. Upon the witneffe of th[e]e Gentlemen,

Hor. Whereas they had delivered both in time.

Ham. Two nights together, had these Gentlemen

Ham. To make it truester of your owne report?

Hor. What is your affaire in

Hor. He vpon the witneffe of th[e]e Gentlemen,

Hor. But where was this?

Hor. My Lord, upon the platfrome where we watch.

Ham. Did you not speake to

Hor. My Lord, I did;

But anwere made it none: yet once me thought

Hor. My Lord, I did;

It lifed vp it head, and did addresse

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,

And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Ham. As I doe live by my honord Lord 'tis true

And we did think it went downe in our duty

To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me

Hold you the watch to Nignt?

Both. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Both. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Both. My Lord, from head to foote.

Ham. Then say you not his face?

Hor. O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beaueer vp.

Ham. What, lookt he browningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like, very like: stand it long? (dread.

Hor. While one with moderate heart might tell a hom.

Ham. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His Beard was grifly: no.

Ham. It was, as I have feene it in his life,

A Sable Siluer'd.

Ham. Tis watch to Night: perchance 'twill wake a

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble Fathers perfon,

He speake to it, though Hell it selfe Should ipe

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,

If you have hitherto concealed this fight;

Let it bee treble in your silence still:

I will require your loue, so faire ye well;

Upon the Platfrome twixt eleven and twelve,

Ile visit you.

All. Our duty to your Honour. 

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;

Then till it full my Soule; foule deeds will rise,

Though all the earth were whelm 'hem to mias eies. Exit.

Scene Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Lae. My necessaries are imbarke't; Farewell:

And Sister, the Winds give Benefit.

And Consouy is stfiffian't; doe not sleepe,

But let me heare from you.

Ophel. Doe you doubt that?

Lae. For Hamlet, and the trisfing of his honour,

Hold it a fashion and a toy in Blood;

A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature;

Froward, not permanent: I we'er not halting

The suppliance of a minute? No more.

Ophel. No more but so.

Lae. Thinke it no more.

For nature creffant does not grow alone,

In thewes and Bulke: but as his Temple waxes;

The inward service of the Minde and Soul

Grows wade withall. Perhaps he louses you now;

And now no foyle nor cattle doth befamr

The vertue of his face: but you must fare.
And it mull dow, as the Night be Day,  
For lone oft life both itself and friend:  
And borrowing dulls the edge of Husbandry.  

I The friends thou hast, and their adoptionuide.  
This above all; to thine own self be true  
And you are laid for there; my blessing with you;  
I The wind gets in the boolder of your life,  
I And these few Precepts in thy memory,  
I Come; but here my Father  

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;  
Are of a most select and generous choice in that.  
For the Apparel of proclamies the man.  
But not exprest in fancy; rich not gawdite:  
For the Apparel off proclaims the man.  
And they in France of the best rack and finson,  
Are of a most feleft and generous cheek in that.  
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;  
For lone oft life both itself and friends;  
And borrowing dulls the edge of Husbandry.  
This above all, to thine own self be true;  
And it mull follow, as the Night the Day,  
Thou cant not then be false to any man.  

Polon. Most humbly doe I take my leave, my Lord.  
Polon. The time invites you, goe, your servantes send  
Laert. Farewell Ophelia, and remember well  
What I have said to you.  
Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt.  
And you your selfe shall keep the keye of.  
Laert. Farewell.  

Ophe. What is Ophelia he hath said to you?  
Ophe. So please you, somthing touching the L. Hamlet.  
Polon. Marry, well betheought.  
Tis told me he hath very off late  
Given private time to you, and you your selfe  
Haue of your audience beene most free and boastous.  
If it be so, as so sit put on me;  
And that in way of caution: I must tell you,  
You doe not understand your selfe so cleerely,  
As it behoves my Daughter, and your Honour.  
What is betweene you, giue me yt the truth?  
Ophe He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders  
Of this affection to me.

Polon. Affection, you. You speake like a greene girl,  
Unfitted in such perilous Circumstances.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?  
Ophe. I do not know, my Lord, what I should thinke.

Polon. Marry lie teach you; thinke your selfe a Baby,  
That you have rane his tenders for true pay,

Which are not flattering. Tender your selfe more dearly;

Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phrase,

Roaming it thus, you'll tender me a foole.

Ophe. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love,

In honourable fashion.

Polon. I, thinke you may call it, go to, go to,

Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his speech,  
My Lord, with all the owne of Heaven.

Laert. What is betweene you, giue me up the truth?

As it behoves my Daughter, and your Honour.

You doe not understand your selfe so dearely,

As to giue words or talke with the Lord

Have you so slander any moment leisure,

Then to giue a command to parley. For Lord

Befomewhat canter of your Maiden presence;

You must not take for sicke. For this time Daughter,

Gluing more light then heat; put out both,

Euen in their promisse, as it is a making;

You mull not take for fire. For this time Daughter,

Be some what fancier of your Maids pance,

Set your enrreatmenu at a higher rate,

Then may be giuen you. In few,

Ophelia, he hath importun'd me with love,

In honourable fashion.

Polon. I, thinke you may call it, go to, go to,

Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his speech,

My Lord, with all the owne of Heaven.

Laert. What is betweene you, giue me up the truth?

Ophe. What is betweene you, giue me up the truth?

As it behoves my Daughter, and your Honour.

You doe not understand your selfe so dearely,

As to giue words or talke with the Lord

Have you so slander any moment leisure,

Then to giue a command to parley. For Lord

Befomewhat canter of your Maiden presence;

You must not take for fire. For this time Daughter,

Be some what fancier of your Maids pance,

Set your enrreatmenu at a higher rate,

Then may be giuen you. In few,

Ophelia, he hath importun'd me with love,

In honourable fashion.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

What does this mean my Lord? (roufe, Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his Keepes wassails and the swaggering vspring recles, And as he declares his draughts of Renish downe, The kettledrum and Trumpet thus bray out The triumph of his Pledge. Hor. Is it a cufome? Ham. I marry it is, And to my mind, though I am native here, And to the manner borne: It is a Cufome More honour'd in the breach then the observance. Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes. Ham. Angells and Ministers of Grace defend us! Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damned, Bring with thee eyres from Heaven, or blasts from Hell By thy events wicked or charitable, Thou canst in such a questionable shape That I wil speak to thee. Ile call thee Hamlet, King, Father, Royall Dane: Oh, oh, answer me, Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearded in death, Wherein we saw thee quietly earn'd. Why thy Canoniz'd bones Heardon in death, And for the day confin'd to fast in Fiers, Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell. Enter Ghost.

Hor. It beckons you to goe away with it, As if it were some impartment doth desire To you alone. Mar. Looke with what courteous action It washs you to a more removed ground: But doe not goe with it. Hor. No, by no manner. Ham. It will not speake: then will I follow it. Hor. Does not my Lord. Ham. Why, what should be the fear? I do not see my life at a pins fee; And for my soule, what can it doe to that? Being a thing immortal as it selfe, It wafts me still: goe on, Ile follow it. Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Fould my Lord? Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the hiffe, That beast's eies to his base into the Sea, And there assumes some other horrible forme, Which might deprive your Souverainity of Reason, And draw you into madneffe Thinks 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 nul'd, you shall not goe. Ham. My fate cries out, And makes each petty Aritre in this body, As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerue: Still am I call? Vhand me Gentlemen: By Heaven, Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me: I fly away, goe on, Ile follow thee.

Exeunt Ghost & Hamlet.

Hor. He waies desperate with imagination. Mar. Let's follow it, its not fit thus to obey him.
Vpon my Icciirc nowr thy Vncle ftole 
Briefs lee me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard, 
But.
foftjde tbinkes I lent the Mornings Ay re;
Nf/ cuftome alwayes in the afternoonc;
The natural Gates and Allies of the Body;

With iuy ee ofeurfed Hcbenort in a Violi, 
No reckoning made,bur fent to my account 
And in the Porches ofmine eares did pourc
Taint not thy mind ;nor let thy Soule contrhie
And curd, like Aygre droppings into MiHce, 
Holds fuch an enmity with bloud of Man,
kei
with a sodairic vigour it doth poffet
Ihat fwift as Quick-filuer.it courfes through
Adue,adue,Wuw/fr.* remember me.

Toprickeand Ring ber. Fare thee well at once;
Againft thy Mother ought; leaus her to heauen , 
A Coach for Luxury and damned [neeft.
Oh horrible,Oh horrible, most horrible:
Of Life,of Crowne, and Quccnc at oncedispatcbt
;
And {hall I couple Hell ? Oh fie: bold mv heart;
And gins to pale his vneffcdhall Fire:
And to thofe Thornes that in her bofotne lodge,
Unchuzed, disappointed, unancld,
Mcifl Lazar-like, with vile and loathfomc cruft.
The thin and wholfome biood: fo did it mine;

But beare me ftiffely vp: Remember thee
And you my sinnewes,grow not inftant Old;
That youth and obferuation coppied there;
Y ca,from the T able of my Memory,
LthoupooreGhoft .whilememory holds a fcarc

Remember thee

But fors,me thinkes I lent the Mornings Ayre;
Brie£ ten me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard, 
My outome always in the afternoone; 
Vpon my locere howe rhy Vnkle ftole
With joyce of curfed Hebenon in a Violi, 
And in the Porches ofmine eares did poure 
The leperous Diffizing whose effect
Holds fuch an vanity with bloud of Man,
That swift as Quick-filuer,it courfes through 
And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke, 
The thin and whoffome blood: fo did it mine; 
And a molt infant Tetter bak’d about, 
Mol Lazars-like, with vile and loathfomc cruft,
All my smooth Body.
Thus was I, feeping, by a Brothers hand, 
Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once dispatcht; 

Oh all you hoft of Heauen : Oh Earth what els? 
Oh ha,boy,sayef thou fo. Art thou there true¬peny ? Gone one you here this fellow in the fellertige 
Content to sweare.

Her. Propole the Oath my Lord. 

Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue feene.
Sweare by my fword.
Gho. Sweare.

Ham. His & whiget Then we'll lift for ground, 
Come hither Gentleman, 
And lay your hands againe vpon my fword, 
Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard:
Sweare by my Sword.
Gho. Sweare.

Ham. Well faid old Molc,can'ft worke t'th' ground fo 
A worthy Piofer,once more rempe good friends.

Her. Oh day and mght;but this is wondrous ftrange.
Hor. Ah ha boy,sayef thou fo. Art thou there true¬peny ? Gone one you here this fellow in the fellertige 
Content to sweare.

Ham. Propole the Oath my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue feene.
Sweare by my fword.
Gho. Sweare.

Ham. Were, & whiget Then we'll lift for ground, 
Come hither Gentleman, 
And lay your hands againe vpon my fword, 
Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard:
Sweare by my Sword.
Gho. Sweare.

(iaf? 

Ham. Well faid old Mole,cant worke t'i' round fo 
A worthy Piofer, once more rempe good friends.

Her. Oh day and mght;but this is wondrous ftrange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome.
There are morthing in Heauen and Earth, Howare, 
Then are dreamt of in our Philosophy Butcome, 
Here as before, neuer to help you mercy, 
How strange or odde ere I beare my felfs; 
(As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet 
To put an Antickie dijpoftion on:) 
That you at fuch time feeing me, neuer shall 
With Armes encombed thus, or thus, head shake; 
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull Phrase; 
As well,we know,or we could and if we would, 
Or if we lift to speake ; or there be & if there might, 
Or fuch ambiguous giuing out to noe,


**Actus Secundus.**

**Polon.** Give him his money, and these notes Reynold.

**Reynol.** I will my Lord.

**Polon.** You shall doe much wisely; good Reynold.

Before you withe him you make inquiry

Of his behauiour.

**Reynol.** My Lord, I did intend it.

**Polon.** Marty, well said; very well said. Look ye Sir,

Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;

And how, and who; what means; and where they keep:

What company, at what expense: and finding

By this encompassement and drift of question,

That they doe know my fonne. Come you more neeter

Then your particular demands will touch it,

Take you as were some distant knowledge of him,

And thus I know his father and his friends,

And in part him. Doe you make this Reynold?

**Reynol.** I, very well my Lord

**Polon.** And in part him, but you may say not well;

But if it be hee I mean, hee very well;

Added to, and for, and there put on him

What forgeries you please: vastly, none so tanke,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern Casually.

King. Welcome dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Moreover, that we much did long to see you,
The neede we have to vfe you, did provoke
Our haste sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation: so I call it, since
Not the exeterior, nor the inward man
Remembred what it was. What it should bee
More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himselfe,
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
That being of so young dayes brought vp with him
So much stome the understanding of himselfe,
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
That being of so young dayes brought vp with him
So much stome the understanding of himselfe,
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
That being of so young dayes brought vp with him
So much stome the understanding of himselfe,
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
That being of so young dayes brought vp with him
So much stome the understanding of himselfe,
Enter Hamlet reading upon a Book.

Ham. But looke where that madly the poore wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away doth heere you both away, I'll bodel him presently.

Ham. Oh give me leave. How doth my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God's mercy. Pol. Do you know me, my Lord? Ham. Excellent, excellent well: you are a Fishmonger. Pol. Not I my Lord. Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man. Pol. Honeste, my Lord? Ham. I first 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 breed Magots in a dead dogge, being a good kifing Carring— Have you a daughter? Pol. I have my Lord. Ham. Let her not walke in the Sunne: Conceiption is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceiue. Friend looke too.

Pol. How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a Fishmonger; he is farre gone; and truly in my youth, I suffred much extremeity for loue: very nreate this. He spake to him againe. What do you read my Lord? Pol. What is the matter, my Lord? Ham. Excellent, excellent well: you are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Take you leave of you.

Ham. How pregnant sometimes his Replies are. How pregnant sometimes his Replies are. A happyneffe, that often Madneffe hits one, their eyes purging thick Amber, or Plum-trees, and most powerfully, I doo believe; yet I holde it not Honeste to have it thus set downe: For you tell Sir, should be old as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward. Pol. Though this be madness, yet there is Method in't: will you walke Out of the ayre my Lord? Ham. Into my Grasse.

Pol. Indeed there is out of the Ayre:

How pregnant (sometime) his Replies are. A happyneffe, that often Madneffe hits one, their eyes purging thick Amber, or Plum-trees. Ham. Into my Grave.

Pol. Indeed there is out of the Ayre: How pregnant (sometime) his Replies are. A happyneffe, that often Madneffe hits one, their eyes purging thick Amber, or Plum-trees. Ham. Into my Grave.

Pol. Indeed there is out of the Ayre: How pregnant (sometime) his Replies are. A happyneffe, that often Madneffe hits one, their eyes purging thick Amber, or Plum-trees. Ham. Into my Grave.

Pol. Indeed there is out of the Ayre: How pregnant (sometime) his Replies are. A happyneffe, that often Madneffe hits one, their eyes purging thick Amber, or Plum-trees. Ham. Into my Grave.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Ham. You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withall, except my life, my life.

Polon. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. Thee tedious old foolies.

Polon. You goe to fecke my Lord Hamlet; there bee is.

Enter Rosencranz and Guildensterns:

Ros. God save you Sir.

Gild. Minglehonour'd Lord?

Ros. My most desire Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends? How doth thou Guildenstern? Oh, Rosencrantz; good Lads: How doe ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Gild. Happy, in that we are not over-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Burton.

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Sho?e

Ros. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you lye about her waife, or in the middle of her favour?

Gild. Faith, her privates, we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? Oh, most true! she is a Strumpet. What's the newer?

Ros. None my Lord; but that the World's growne honeft.

Ham. Then is Doomsday neere: But your newer is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you my good friends, deferred at the hands of Fortune, that she lends you to Prison hither?

Gild. Prison, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Prison.

Ros. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confinés, Wards, and Dungeons; Denmark being one of their worth.

Ros. We think 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 Prison.

Ros. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count my felfe a King of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

Gild. Which dreams indeed are Ambition; for the very substance of the Ambitious, is mercurly the shadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame it felfe is but a shadow.

Ros. Truely, and I hold Ambition of so ayrly and light a quality, that it is but a Shadowes shadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggers bodies; and our Monarch and our freetcht Heroes the Beggers Shadowes: half we to th' Cour? for, by my Icy I cannot reason?

Bosb. We I wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not lest you with the rest of my lemmes: for to speake to you like an honest man: I am most dreadfully attendid; but in the beaten way of friendship, What make you at Effmerew?

Ros. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am even poore in thankes; but I thank you: and true deare friends my thanks are too deare a halpepeny; were you not fent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free vification? Come,
Goofe-quoils, and dare scarce come thither. For they are esteemed eminently high in the common stages of the nation, and so be rated the common stages of the age. How are they esteemed? Will they preserve the quality no longer than they can? Will they not say afterwards if they should grow fumes to common players? As it is like most of their moves are not better. Their writers do them wrong, to make them esteem against their own succession. Refus, faith there's been much to do on both sides: and the nation holds it no sine, to taking them to common players, as the Querist. Is't possible? Guild. Is there been such a thing about of Brines. Ham. Do the boys carry it away? Refus, that they do by my Lord, Hereules & his lord too. Ham. It is not strange for mine Vackie is king of Denmarke, and that's to make moves against him while my father lived; give twenty, forty, an hundred Ducats a piece, for his picture in Little. There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

Flowers for the Players.

Gull. There are the players. Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsewhere: your hands, come: The appearance of Welcome, is Passion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garden, left my extent to the players, which I tell you must (though outwardly should more appear like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my Vackie Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiv'd. Gull. In what, my dear Lord? Ham. Is but mad North, North-West: when the Wind is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handfaw. The Players. Mark it, you say right Sir: for a Monday meeting 'twas so indeed. Pol. The Actors are come hither my Lord. Ham. Buzz, buzz. Pol. Upon mine honor. Ham. Then can each actor on his Aise.

So as a painted Tyrant Pyrrhus stood,
And like a Newt all in his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often see against some forme,
A silence in the Heavens, the Rack and wind still,
The bold windes speechlesse, and the Orbe below
As hush as death: Anon the dreadfull Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after Pyrrhus pause,
A ro wled Vengeance fets him new a-workes;
And neet did the Cyclops hammeres fall
On Mars his Armous, forg'd for proofs Eternite,
With lefte termore then Pyrrhus bleeding sword
Now falleth on Pram.
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,
In generall Syndial take away her power:
Break all the Spokes and Falties from her wheelie,
And boole the round Naue downe the hill of Heaven,
As low as to the Friends.

Ham. It shall to'th Barbaris, with your beard. Pyrrhe sly on: He's not a Jag, or a tale of Baudry, or hee Sleepe; Say on; come to Pyrrhus.
1. Plays. But who, O who, had seen the inobled Queen, Ham. The inobled Queene?
Pol. That's goo: Inobled Queene is good.
2. Plays. Run bare-foot vp and downe,
Threatning the flame
With Biffon Rheume: A clout about that head,
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe
About her Lanke and all ore-temed Loines,
A blanket in 'th Alarum of fearc catchd vp.
Who this had feene, with tongue in Venome sleepd.
Gainft Fortunes State, would Trelson have pronounced?
But if the Gods themfelves did fee her then,
When the faw Pyrrhus make malicious s市场经济
In mincing with his Sword her Husbandes limbs,
The infant Burif of Clamour that fhe made
(Vulfe the things mortall move them not at all)
Would have made melte the Buming eyes of Heaven,
And passion in the Gods.

Ham. 'Tis well, I haue thofe speake out the left, foon. Good my Lord, will you fee the Players well be-flow'd. Do ye hear, let them be well vs'd: for they are the Abilcraft and breefe Chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better have a bad Epitaph, then them ill report while you liued.

Pol. My Lord, I will vfe them according to their de-fart.

Ham. Gods bodykins man, better. Vf e courtian after his de-fart, and who fhould fcape whippinge: vfe after your own Honor and Dignity. The leffe they deferue, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them in.

Pol. Come firs.

Ham. Follow him Friends: wee'le hear a play to morrow. Doft thou hear me old Friends, can you play the murder of Gonorago?

Plays. I my Lord.

Ham. Wee'le he't to morrow night. You could for a need fluide a speech of fome dozen of sixteen lines, which I would let downe, and infert in't. Could ye not?

Plays. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you mock him not. My good Friends, Ile leaue you till night you are welcome to Esfemover.

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Re- finance, Guildenfcreen, and Lords.

King. And can you by no drift of circumstance Get from him why he puts on this Confusion: Greeting fo barbly all his dayes of quiet.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.

Refr. He does confess he feels himself distracted,
But from what cause he will by no means speake.

Goid. Not do we finde him forward to be founded,
But with a crafty Madneffe keepes slooife:
When we would bring him on to some Confession
Of his true state.

Q. Did he receive you well?
Refr. Moft like a German.

Guld. But with much forcing of his disposition.
Refr. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Moift free in his reply.

Q. Did you stay him to any paletime?
Refr. Madam, it to fell out, that certaine Players
We owre-wrought or the way: of these we told him,
And there did leem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it. They are about the Court,
And (as I thinke) they have already order
That your good Beauties be the happy caufe
To heare and see the matter.

Give him a further edge, and driue his purpofe on
That he, as euer by accident, may there
The diuell himfelfe.

Hamlets Of
I do wifh Ophelia,
And for your part
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To hear his tale.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Question:
Whether its Nobler in the minde to suffer
The Slinges and Arrowes of outrageous Fortune,
Or to take Arms against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them: to dye, or sleepe
No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end
The Heart-ake, and the thousand Natural shocks
That Flesh is heir to? 'Tis a consummation
Deplouly to be wish'd. To dye to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to Dreame: I, there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must giue vs paste. There's the respect
That makes Calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppreiores wrong, the poore mans Comtumely,
The paung of displeiz'd Love, the Lawes delay,
The insolence of Office, and the Surnes
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himfelfe might his Quittance make
With a base Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare
To grunts and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered Country, from whose Born
No Traveller returns, Pudels the will,
And makes vs rather bear choife illes we have,
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Confiance does make Cowards of vs all,
And thus the Nature hue of Resolution
Is flickled o're, with the pale cast of Thought:
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Curtsanes turne away,
And loafe the name of Action. Soft you now,
The faire Ophelia, in thy Orisons
Be all my fienes remembered.

Q. Good my Lord,

How does your Honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you, well, well, well.

Oph. My Lord, I haue Remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-dehuer.
I pray you now, receive them.

Ham. No, no, I never gave you ought.

Oph. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd:
As made the things more rich, then perfume left:
Take thefe againe, for to the Noble minde
Rich gifts wax poocc, when giuer proue vnkinde.

Ham. There my Lord

Rich gifts wax poocc, when giuer proue vnkinde.

Ham. Ha, ha. Are you honest?
Oph. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Oph. What means your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and faire, your Honofly
Should admit no discourse to your Beautie.

Oph. Could Beautie my Lord, have better Certime
Then your Honestie?

Ham. I trulie: for the power of Beautie, will noother
Transforme Honofly from what it is, to a Bawd: then the
force of Honofly can tranferfe Beautie into his likenesse.
This was sometyme a Paradox, but now the time giues it
prooue: I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed my Lord, you made me belieue fo.

Ham. You should not have beleued me. For virtue
cannot so innoculate our old stocke, but we shall relish of
it. I loued you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnerie. Why shoul'd thou
be a breeder of Sinners? I am my felf indifferent honfet,
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¬
tungefull. Ambitious, with more offences at my beck,
then I have thoughts to put them in imagination, to give
them shape, or time to acte them in. What should fuch
Enter, Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounced it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do, I had as lieve the Town-Cryer had spoke my Lines. Nor do not faw: the Ayre too much your hand thus, but vie all gently: for in the vertne Tor- rent, Tempet, and (as I may say) the Whirlie-wind of Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that may give it Smoothnesse. It ofends mee to the Soule, to see a robustious Pery-wigged Fellow, teare a Passi- on to tatters, to vertne ragz to, to split the ears of the Groundlings: who (for the mof part) are capabell of nothing, but inexplicable dumbe shewes: & noife: I could have such a Fellow whips for o're-doing Termagant: it out. Herd's Herd. Pray you avoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honore.

Ham. Be not too tame neither: but let your owne Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this speciall obseruation: That you one-stop not the modeffe of Nature; for any thing o're-done, is fro the purpose of Playing, whose end both at the fift and now, was and is, to hold out the Mirror up to Nature; to show Vertue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the vertne Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and prettynesse. Now, this o're-done, or corme rarifie o'ft, though it make the vertne full laugh, cannot but make the Judicious grieue: The cenfur of the which One, mift in your allowance o're-way a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I have fene Play, and heard others prate, and that highly (not to speake it prophane) that neyer having the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, or Norman, have fo fluted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Natures lowne-men had madmen, and not made them well, they imitated Humane by abominably.

Play. I hope we have reformd that indifferentely with vs, Sir.

Ham. O reform them altogether. And let thofe that play your Clowns, prake no more then is set downe for them. For there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to fett on quantitie of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the mean mean, some necessary Quelion of the Play be then to be considered: that's Villainous, & fhewes a most pitifull Ambition in the Foonth that vies it. Go make you readie.

Exit Players.

Enter, Polonius, Reffonance, and Gildedenfere.

How now my Lord, Will the King hear this peace of Workes? Pol. And the Queene too: and that prefently. 

Ham. Did the Players make haft. 

Will you two haft to halte them? 

Bath. We will not my Lord. 

Enter Harata.

Ham. What hoa. Harata? 

Hor. Peace sweet Lord, at your Service. 

Ham. Harata, thou art came as uft a man. 

As cey Confeuation co'd wuthall. 

Hor. O ny deere Lord. 

Ham. Nay do not thake I fatter: 

For what adwancement may I hope from thee, 

That no Rvennewhaft, but thy good SPIRITs
To feed & cloath thee. Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candid tongue, like ambrosial pome,
And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fasting? Doth thou hearse,
Since my deere Soule was Wifdom of my croyse,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath sent thee for thee. For thou hast bene
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing.
A man that Fortunes burke, and Rewards
Hath tane with equal Thanks. And bleft are those,
Whose Blood and lodgment are so well co-mingled,
Whose Blood and lodging are so well co-mingled,
In my hearts Core: I, in my Heart of heart.

There is a Play to night before the King,
As the Ayre promiss'd, you cannot feed Capons so.
Words are not mine. In the Vmer's eye, you say?
Aisot. Call se there. Be the Players ready?

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrance,
Gauldenferne, and other Lords attendant, with
his Guard carrying Torches. Danilo.

Ham. They are comming to the Play: I must be idle
Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cosin Hamlet?
Ham. Excellent fiaft, of the Cemelions diwh: I teate
the Ayre promiss-cram'd, you cannot feed Capons so.
King. I have nothing with this answer Hamlet, these
words are not mine.
Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once
With Univerfity, you fay?
Polon. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good
Actor.

Ham. And what did you enaft?
Pol. I did enaft Iulius Cesar. I was kill'd ith't Capitol:
Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brutte part of him, to kill fo Capital a
Caffe there, Be the Players ready?

Ros. I may Lord, they flay upon your patience.

Ham. Come hithe your good Hamlet, hit by me.

Ha. No good Mother, heres Mettle more attractive.

Pol. Oh ho, do you marke that?

Ham, Lady, shall I lye in your Lap?

Oph. No my Lord.

Ham. I mean, my Head upon your Lap?

Oph. I may Lord.

Ham. Do you thinke I mean Country matters?

Oph. I thinke nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to ly between Maws legs
What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merrie, my Lord?

Ham. Who I?

Oph. I may Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your onely ligge-maker: what should
a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheerfully
my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two
Hours.

Oph. Nay, tis twice two months, my Lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then let the Diefel were blacke,
for Ile have a suite of Sabines. Oh Haunts our due two
months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a
great mans Memorie, may out-live his life hafe a yere-
But bylady he must bide Churches then: or else shall
he suffer not thinking on, with the Hoby-horse, whose
Euphrais, For o, For o, the Hoby-horse is forgot.

Ham. What means this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is Mishing Malche, that means
Mitcheefe.

Oph. Belike this f thunder imports the Argument of the
Play?

Ham. We shall know by these Fellowes: the Players
cannot keep counsell, they 'll tell all.

Oph. Will they tell us what this fhew means?

Ham. I, or any shew that you'll fhow him. Bee not
you ashamed to fhow, he'lt blame to fay what it
means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile mark the

Enter Prologue. For us, and for our Tragedie,
Here's fhowing to your Clemence:

We beg your hearing Patience.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poëtie of a Ring?

Oph. Tis briefe my Lord.

Ham. As Woman's love.

Enter King and his Queens.

King. Full thirtie times hath Phoebus Carth good tound,
Neptunes falt, Waith, and Tellus Orbide ground;
And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed thee,
About the World have times twenty thirtie beege,
Since looke our hearts, and Hymen did our hands
Vnite comusall, in most sacred Bands.

Bap. So many jourents may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs vagnie count oare, cre looke be done.
But woes is me, you are fo ficker of late,
So fasure from thee, and frrom thy forme fads,
That I diftruit you: yet though I diſtruit,
Discomfit you (my Lord) it nothing muft:
For women Fere and Louts, holds quantitie,
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

In neither ought, or in extremity:
Now what my love is, prove hath made you know,
And as my love is fixed, my fear is so.

King. Faith I must leave thee Loue, and shortly too:
My present Powers my functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this faire world behinde,
Honour'd, belou'd, and happy, one as kinde.

For Husband that thou—

Bap. Oh confound the rest:
Such Loue, must needs be Trespass in my brest:
In second Husband, let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.

Bap. The infancies that second Marriage moue,
Are base respects of Thieft, but none of Loue.
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,
When second Husband kisses me in Bed.

King. I do beleve you. Think what now you speak:
But what we do determine, oft we break:
Purpose is but the stage of Memory,
Of violent Birth, but poor validity:
Which now like Fruitst vnpick stikes on the Tree,
But fall vnshaken, when they tellow bee.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay our felues, what to our felues is debt:
What to our selues in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of other Greeke or tyr
Their owne connectors with themselves destroy:
Where joy first Reuels, Greeke doth most lament:
Greeke joyes, joy greueth on slender accident.
This world is not for eye, nor is't not strange
That even out Loues should with our Fortune change.
For 'tis a question left yet to prove,
Whethre Loue lead Fortune, or else Fortune Loue.
The great man downe, you make his favorites first,
The poor aduanc'd, makes Friends of Enemyes:
And hither doth Loue on Fortune tend.
For who not needs, shall ever lacke a Friend:
And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,
Directely feasons him his Enemye,
But orderely to end, where I begin,
Our Willes and Fates do so contrary run,
That our Devices still are overthrown.
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
So thinke thou wilt no second Husband wed
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

Bap. Nor Earth to give me food, nor Heaven light,
Sport and repose locke from me day and night.
Each opposite that blankes the face of joy,
Meet what I would haue well, and it defroy;
Both here, and hence, pursueth me alwayes,
If once a Widdow, ever I be Wife.

Ham. If she should break it now

King. 'Tis deepest frowne:

Sleep, leave mee here a while,
My spirit grow dull, and fain I would beguile
Sweet, leave me here a while. a

Ham. Come fome Muficke.

Bap. Oh, fome Muficke. Come fome Recorders!

King. Upon the table of the posyfoun?

Ham. But I did very well note him

Enter Rosencranz and Guildenstern.

Ham. Oh, ha! Come fome Muficke. Come fome Recorders!

King. As the King like not the Comedie.

Why then be like he likes it not perdie.

Come fome Muficke.

Guild. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you

Ham. What do you call the Play?

Ham. The Moue-trap. Marty how? Tropically:
This Play is the Image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the Dukes name, his wife Beatiffa: you shall see anon; 'tis a knauish piece of worke: But what of that your Majestie, and see that have free foules, it touches not: let the gall'd side winehous widders are vntrong.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus nephew to the King.

Opb. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your Loue:
If I could see the Puppets dallying.

Opb. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would coft you a giong to take off my edge.

Opb. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake Husbandes.

Begin Murderers. Iox, leave thy damnable Faces, and begin. Come, the croaking Raven doth bellow for Revenge.

Lucian. Thoughts blacke, hands apt,

Drugges fit, and Time agreeing
Confederate season, elfe no Creature feeling:
Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,
With Hecat Ban, thrice blashed, thrice infected,
Thy natural Magicks, and true propertie,
On whomelife, vphare immedeately.

Powe the porfion in hys care.

Ham. He poysonh im it Garden for's efface: His name's Gonzago: the Story is extant and writ in choytic Italian. You shall see anon how the Murtherers get the loue of Gonzago's wife.

Opb. The King rifes.

Ham. What, frighted with falso fire.

Qu. How fares my Lord?

Pel. Give o're the Play.

King. Give me some Light. Away.

All. Lights, Lights, Lights.

Ham. He poysongs him it Garden for's efface:
His name's Gonzago: the Story is extant and writ in choytic Italian. You shall see anon how the Murtherers get the loue of Gonzago's wife.

Opb. The King rifes.

Ham. What, frighted with falso fire.

Qu. How fares my Lord?

Pel. Give o're the Play.

King. Give me some Light. Away.

All. Lights, Lights, Lights.

Ham. He poysongs him it Garden for's efface:
His name's Gonzago: the Story is extant and writ in choytic Italian. You shall see anon how the Murtherers get the loue of Gonzago's wife.

Opb. The King rises.

Ham. What, frighted with falso fire.

Qu. How fares my Lord?

Pel. Give o're the Play.

King. Give me some Light. Away.

All. Lights, Lights, Lights.

Ham. He poysongs him it Garden for's efface:
His name's Gonzago: the Story is extant and writ in choytic Italian. You shall see anon how the Murtherers get the loue of Gonzago's wife.

Opb. The King rises.

Ham. What, frighted with falso fire.

Qu. How fares my Lord?

Pel. Give o're the Play.

King. Give me some Light. Away.

All. Lights, Lights, Lights.

Ham. He poysongs him it Garden for's efface:
His name's Gonzago: the Story is extant and writ in choytic Italian. You shall see anon how the Murtherers get the loue of Gonzago's wife.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Guild. The King, Sir.

Ham. Sir, what of him?

Guild. Is it in his retirememt, marvells distemper'd.

Ham. With a drink Sir?

Guild. No my Lord, rather with cholier.

Ham. Your wifedom should shew it else more righl, to signifie this to his Doctor. Sir for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plundge him into farre more Choller.

Guild. Good my Lord, put your discourse into some frame, and let it not so wildly from my affayre.

Ham. I am tame Sir, pronounce.

Guild. The Queene your Mother, in most great affliation, of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. Who are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courtefie is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will doe your Mothers commandement: if not, your pardon, and my returne shall bee the end of my Buisenelle.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guild. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer: my wits disordered. But first such answers as I can make, you shall command: or rather you lave, my Mother therefore no more but to the matter. My Mother you lave.

Rofin. Then thus the fayres: your behavior hath stroke her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can so astonish a Mother. But there no fequall at the hecules of this Mothers admiration?

Rofin. She defires to speake with you in her Cloffet, etc you go to bed.

Ham. We fhall obey them. shew the ten times our Mother.

Ham. Have you any further Trade with vs?

Rofin. By your Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and fleasers.

Rofin. Good my Lord, what is your caufc of distempere? You do freely bare the doore of your owne Libertie, if you deny your greefes to your Friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke Advancement.

Rofin. How can that be, when you have the voyce of the King himfelfe, for your Succeffion in Denmark?

Ham. I, but while the graffegrowes, the Proverbe is something muttif.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me fee, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recouer the winds of me, as if you would drive me into a royle?

Guild. O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my love is too vanamet.

Ham. I do not well vnderftand that. Will you play upon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do believe you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. "Tis as easie as lying: gouerne thefe Venitives with your flinge and thumbe, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discouer most excellent Muficke.

Looke you, the flinge arc the flippres.

Guild. But this cannot I command to any veneration of harmony, I issue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now, how vnworthy a thing you make of me; you would play vpon me, you would seeme to know my hops; you would pluck out the heart of my Mysteries; you would found mee from my lowest Note, to the top of my Compane; and there is much Muficke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot you make use of it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to bee paid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me. God bleffe you Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord, the Queene would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you fee that Cloud? that's almost in shape like a Camell.

Polon. By 'h' Mifte, and it's likee a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinks it is like a Veezell.

Polon. It is back'd like a Veezell.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Polon. Vee like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by:

They folee me to the top of my bent.

I will come by and by.

Polon. I will fay fo.

Ham. By and by, is easily said. Leanteme Friends: This now the verie witching time of night, When Churchyards yaws, and Hell it breathe out Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot blood, And do such bitter buisnells as the day Would quake to looke on. Sott now, to my Mother: Oh Hear, leafe not thy Nature; let not ever The Soule of Nero, enter this fume bozome:

Let me be cruel, not vnnaturall, I will speake Daggers to her, but vfe none.

My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrisies, How in my words sometime hel the fience, To gue them Scales, newe my Soule confine.

Enter King, Rofiuinc, and Guildenfterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs, to let his madnesse range. Therefore prepare you, I your Cominiion will forthwith dispatch, and he to England shall along with you: The ternes of our estate, may not endure Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our felues prooue: Mort hollie and Religious feare it is To keepe those many many bodies fafe That live and feede vpon your Maieflie. To whofe huge Spoakes, ten thoufand letfer things Are mortiz'd and 3dioyn'd: which when it falles, The liues of many, the ceafe of Maieflie.

Rofin. The fingle And peculiar life is bound With all the strength and Armour of the minds, To keepe it felle from noyance: but much more, That Spirit, upon whose spirit depends and rolls The liues of many, the caufe of Maieflie: Dies not alone; but like a Guile doth drawe What's neere it, with it. It is a maffe wheelie Fixt on the Somnet of the higbeft Mount, To whofe huge Spokes, ten thoufand letfer things Are mortiz'd and 3dioyn'd: which when it falles, Each fmall annexement, petty confluence Attend the boyflous Ruine. Neuer alone Did the King figh, but with a general groane.

King. Arme you, I pray you to this fpecifie Voyage; For we will Fetters put vpon this feare,
When he is drunk as a mouse: or in his rage,
Or in th'incens'd pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, swearing, or about some affe
That's no relish of salvation in's,
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and blacke
As hell, or else it goes. My mother stays,
This physicke but prolongs thy sickly days. 
Exit. 
King. My words fly vp, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts, neuer to heaven go. 
Exit.

Enter Queen and Polonius. 

Pol. He will come straight: 
Looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to beare with,
And that your grace hath seene and roode betweene 
Much heat, and him. He silence me &e here:
Pray you be round with him. 

Ham. mother. mother, mother. 

Qs. He warrant you, feare men not. 
Withdraw, I heare him comming. 

Enter Hamlet. 

Ham. Now mother, what's the matter? 

Qs. Hamlet, thou haft thy father much offended. 

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended. 

Qs. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue. 

Ham. Go, go, you question with an idle tongue. 

Qs. Why how now Hamlet? 

Ham. What the matter now? 

Qs. Have you forogt me? 

Ham. No by the rood, no: fo. 

You are the Queene, your Husbandes Brothers wife, 
But would you were not fo. You are my mother. 

Qs. Nay, then I lef thote to you that can speake. 

Ham. Come, come, and fit you downe, you shall not 
boude: 

You go not till I let you vp a glasse. 

Where you may fee the immofT part of you? 

Helpe, helpe, hoa. 

Pol. What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe, 

Ham. How now, a Rat dead for a Duke dead. 

Pol. Oh I am lame. 

Qs. Oh me, what haft thou done? 

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King? 

Qs. Oh what a rash, and bloody deed is this? 

Ham. A bloody deed, aimer as bad good mother, 
As kill a King, and marry with his Brother. 

Qs. As kill a King? 

Ham. 1 Lady, 'twas my word. 

Thou wretchd, rash, intruding foole farewell, 
I took thee ther for thy betters, take thy fortune, 
Thou find'st it to be too burre, is some danger. 
Lease wringing of thy hands, peace, fit you downe, 
And let me wring thy heart, for so I shall 
If it be made of penetrable ftuffe; 
If damned Cufflinge have not bazed it fo, 
That it is prove and bulwarke against Sense. 
Qs. What haue I done, that thou darst wag thy tongue, 
In noffe so rude against me? 

Ham. Such an AR 
That blurs the grace and bluffs of Modelte, 
Cals Verue Hypocrize, takes off the Rose 
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue, 
And makes a bliffer there. Makes marriage vowes 
As false as Dicers Oather. 
Oh such a deed,
From the body of Contrary passions
The very soul, and sweet Religion makes
A repugnance of words. Heensus late doth glow,
Yet this folly and compound mass,
With trifling village as against the dooms.
Is thought-fece at the 3d.

Qs. Ay me; what ait, that roasts so loud, & thunder in the Index.

Ham. Look here upon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeft pretense of two Brothers:
See what a grace was seated on his Brow.
Hyperion cares, the front of love himself,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command.
A station, like the Herald Mercurid
New lighted on a heaven kishill:
A Combination, and a forme indeed,
Where every God did seeme to set his Scale,
To give us the world assurance of a man.
This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes.
Here is your Husband, like a Mildew'd care
Blasting his wholesome breath. Have you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountain leave to feed,
When the compulsive Ardure giues the charge,
To give us world assurance of a man.
This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes.
Have you eyes?

Qs. To whom do you speake this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Qs. Nothing at all, yet all thats I see

Ham. Nor did you nothing heart?

Qs. No, nothing but our felues.

Ham. Why look you there: look how it steels away:
My Father in his habite, as he lived.
Looke where he goes even now out at the Portall. Exit.

Qs. This is the very toynage of your Braine,
This Bodilie Creation exstas is very cunning in.

Ham. Exault

My Puls as you doth temperately keepe time,
And makes as healthfull Monfike. It is not madneffe
That I have vtered; bring me to the Teft
And I the matter will re-word which madneffe
Lay not a flattering Vmftion to your soule.
To make them ranke. Forgive me this my Vertue,
And do not pred the Compos or che Weedes,
As will not have their TindL

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of threads and patches,
Save me; and hoover o:me with your wings
You heavenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?

Qs. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,
That he's in Time and Passion, let go by
Thampions acting of your errand command? Oh Say.

Ghost. Do not forget; this Vistation
Is but to whet your almost blunted purpose.
But looke, Amusement on thy Mother sits;
O frep between her, and her fighting Soule,
Content in weakest bodies, strongst workes.

Qs. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do;
Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch yon Womans on her cheeks, call you his Moufe,
And let him for a pair of reewe kiffes,
Or paddling in your necke with his dam'ned Fingers,
Make to you ravel all this matter out,
That I espessially am not in mauchesse,
But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
For who's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a Paddocke, from a Bst, a Gibbe,
Such deare concerning hide, Who would do So,
No in despite of Senfe and Secrecie,
Vnpegee the Basket on the haues top:
Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape
To try Conclusions in the Basket, crepe
And breake your owne necke downe.

Qu. Be thou affurd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life : I haue no life to breath
What thou haft saide to me.
Ham. I muft to England, you know that?
Qu. Alaske I had forgot: 'Tis fo concluded on.
Ham. This man shal let me packe me,
Ile lugge the Gours into the Neighbor roome,
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
Who was in life, a foolish prating Knowe.
Come fit, 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 must tranlate: 'Tis fit we understand them.
Where is your Sonne?
Ham. Ah my good Lord, what have I sorne to night?
King. What Gertrude? How do's Hamlet?
Ham. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
Which is the Mightier, in his Uwelef
Behinde the Arras, hearing something firre,
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his brainish apprehension killers
The saeme a good old man.
King. Oh heavy death!
It had bin so with vs had we bene there:
His Liberty is full of threats to all
To you your felse, to vs, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answerd?
It will be laide to vs, whole prouidence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad yong man. But so much was our lose.
Shall not we understand what was most fit,
But like the Owner of a foule diseasse,
To keep it from divulging, let's it fea
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?
Qu. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
You must translate: 'Tis fit we understand them.
Where is the dead body is beftow'd my Lord.
Ham. I haue fent to seeke him, and to find the bodie:
I haue fent to seeke him, and to find the bodie:
That I can keepe your counsell, and not mine owne.
Befides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what repicication should be made by the Sonne of a King.

Rofa. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?
Ham. I fir, that vokes vp the Kings Countenance, his Rewards, his Authoritie (but such Officers do the King belte service in the end). He keeps them like an Ape in the corner of his law, first mouth'd to be left swallowed, when he heares what you have glean'd, it is but quessing you, and Spundge you shall be dry againe.

Qu. I understand you not my Lord.
Ham. I am glad of it : a knauiish speech sleepe in a foolish ear.
Rofa. My Lord, you must 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 —

Guld. A thing my Lord?
Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all after.

Enter King.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the bodie:
How dangorous is it that this man goes loose:
Yet musnot we put the strong Law on him:
He is loued of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes:
And where 'tis, to Offender, scoure is weigh'd
But nearer the offence: to beare all smooth and euen.
This fodaine fending him away, must feemt
But neerer the offence: to beare all smooth and euen.
But where 'tis, to the Offender, scoure is weigh'd:
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes:

Ham. Where the dead body is beftow'd my Lord,

Ham. Where the dead body is beftow'd my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

Rofa. Where is your Sonne?
Ham. Where the dead body is beftow'd my Lord.

Rofa. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the bodie:
How dangorous is it that this man goes loose:
Yet musnot we put the strong Law on him:
He is loued of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes:
And where 'tis, to Offender, scoure is weigh'd:
But nearer the offence, to bear all smooth and euen,
This fodaine fending him away, must seemt
But nearer the offence: to beare all smooth and euen.
But where 'tis, to the Offender, scoure is weigh'd:
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes:

Ham. Where the dead body is beftow'd my Lord.

Ham. Where the dead body is beftow'd my Lord.

King. Bring him before vs.
Rofa. Ho, Guldernstein! Bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guldernstein.

King. Where the dead body is beftow'd my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. Bring him before vs.
Rofa. Ho, Guldernstein! Bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guldernstein.

King. Bring him before vs.
Rofa. Where is the dead body is beftow'd my Lord

King. Bring him before vs.
Rofa. What doft thou mean by this?
Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a Progress through the guts of a Begger.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven, send this to see. If your Messenger finde him not there, seeke him i'th other place your feife: but Indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you shall note him as you go up the staires into the Lobby.

King. Go seeke him there.

Ham. He will fly till ye come.

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety Which we do tender, as we deereely greese.

For that which thou haft done, muft lend thee hence The Barke is tend, and the waideat helpe, Every thing at bent For England.

King. Follow him at foote, Delay it not, lie have him hence to night.

Ham. For England?

King. Good.

Ham. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherube that see's him: but come, for England, Farewell deere Mother.

Hamlet. Thy loving Father Hamlet.

Hamlet. My Mother: Father and Mother is man and wife: man & wife is one flebb, and so my mother. Come, let in the Maid, that out a Maid issuer departed mare.

King. Follow him at foote.

Tempt him with speedaboord: Away, for every thing is Scal'd and done. Since thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red, And England, if my loue thou holdst at ought, I Ouer his Kngdome. You know the Renouncu: Clames the conueyance of a promis'd March to vs; thou maist not coldly set After the Danifti Sword, and thy free awe, which imports at death, By Letters conuring to that efpeeial fafety of death Hamlet.

Do it England.

Ham. Nay but Ophelia.

Ophe. Pray you marke.

King. Sweet Ophelia: what importstlns Song?


King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Ophe. Well, God did 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.

Ophe. Pray you let's haue no words of this, but when they ask you what it means, say you thus: To morrow is S. Valentine's day, all in the morning betwixt, And I a Maid at your window to be your Valentine. Then up before, & doth this clothes & dothes the chamber doors, Let in the Maid, that out a Maid never departe more.

King. Pretty Ophelia.

Ophe. Indeed! without an oath I make an end ont.

By gi, and by S. Churisy, Alack, and fie for shame: Yong men wil doo't, if they come too't, By Cocke they are too blamne Quoth he before you tumbled me. Ten promis'd me to Wed So would I ka done by yonder Same, And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath the bin this?

Ophe. I hope all will be well. We must bee patient, but I cannot chooze but wepe, to thinke they shou'd say him it's cold ground: My brother shall knowe of it, and I thanke you for your good counsell. Come, my Coach: Goodnight Ladies; Goodnight sweet Ladies: Goodnight, goodnight.

King. Follow her Clare.

Givne her good watch I pray you: Oh this is the paysyon of deep greete, it spring All from her Fathers death. Oh Gertrude. Gertrude.

When borrows comes, they come not fringe spies, But in Battallions. First, her father flaine, Next your Sonr gone, and he most violent Author Of his owne lust remoue: the people muddled, Thuce and unwholsome in their thoughts, and whifpers For good Paloues death, and we have done but greenly In hugger mugger to interr him. Poor Ophelia, Duided from her felfe, and her faire judgemen.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Without the which we are Pictures, or mere Deserts.
Lately, and as much containing as all thee.
Her Brother is in secret come from France.
Keeps on his wonder, keeps himselfe in clouds.
And wants not Buzzers to infect his care.
With pellent Speeches of his Fathers death.
Where in nectibilitie of matter Beggard.
Will nothing fliece our persons to Arraigne.
In care and care. O my deere Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering Peace in many places.
Gives me superfluous death.

Enter a Messenger.

Qu. Alacke, what noyfe is this?

Kng. Where are my Switters?

Letchem guard the doore. What is the matter?

Mess. Save your selfe, my Lord.
The Ocean (over-peering of His Lift)
Estes not the Fliss with more impetuous base.
Then young Laertes, in a Rioutous head,
Oe-bears your Officers, the rabble call him Lord.
And as the world were now but to begin.
Antiquity forgot, Custom not knowne.
The Rainsters and props of every word,
They cry choose we? Laertes shall be King.
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud to it the clouds.

Laertes shall be King, Laertes King.

Qu. How cheerfully on the falsse Trade they cry?
Oh this is Counter you false Danifh Dogges.

Nostwbeth. Enter Laertes.

Kng. The doores are broke.

Lear. Where is the King, Sirs? Stand you all without.
All. No, let’s come in.

Lear. I pray you give me leave.

Afi. We will, we will.

Lear. I thanke you: Keep the doore.

Oh thou wilde King, give me my Father.

Qu. Calmly good Laertes.

Lear. That drop of blood, that calmes
Proclames me Bastard:
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot.
Euen heere betwixt the chafe unsmirched brow
Of my true Mother.

Kng. What is the cause Laertes,
That thy Rebellion lookes so Gyant-like?

Let him go Gertrude: Do not feare our person:
There’s rich Divination doth hedge a King,
That Treason can but pepe to what it would,
Ahs little of his will. Tell me Laertes,
Why thou art thus Incenn? Let him go Gertrude.

Skepe man.

Lear. Where’s my Father?

Kng. Dead.

Qu. But not by him.

Kng. Let him his demond his fill.

Lear. How came he dead? Hie not be Iaggeld with.
To hell Allsage: Vowes, to the blacke diuell.
Confidence and Grace, to the profoundest Pitt.
I dace Damnation: to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I gie our negligence,
Let come what comes: solely Ie be rewung’d
Molt throughly for my Father.

Kng. Who shall fay you?

Lear. My Will, not all the world,
And for my mesnes, Ie husband them so well,
They shall go farre with little.
You mainly were emit'd vp?

King. O for two special Reasons,
Which may to you (perhaps) seem much surprized,
And yet to me they are plain. The Queen his Mother,
Lives alioth by his lookers and for my selfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's so continual to my life and foule,
That as the Starre means not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Moree,
Why to a publicke count I might not go,
Is the great love the generall gender bear him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Convert his Guies to Graces. So that my Arrows
Too slightly timbred for so loud a Wind,
Would have reueted to my Bow againe,
And not where I had arm'd them.

Laer. And so haste I a Noble Father lost,
A Sifter driven into desperate tearmes,
Who was(if praires may goe back againe)
Stood Chalenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfecctions. But my revenge will come.
King. Breake not your sleepe for that,
You must not thinke
That we are made of stuffe, so flat, and dull.
That we can let our Beard be yook with danger.
And thinke it passe. You shortly shall hear more,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.——

Enter a Messanger.

How now? What News?

Mess. Letters my Lord from Hamlet. This to you.
King. From Hamlet? Who brought them?
Mess. Saylors my Lord they say, I saw them not:
They were giuen me by Claudio, he receiued them.
King. Laertes you shall here them:

Enter Horatio.

Horatio, when thos halfe haue overlook'd this, giue these
Fellowes some meane to the King: They haue Letters
for him. See we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very
Wastick appointment gaue vs Chase. Finding our failes too
flow of Saile, we put on a compell'd Paoilur. In the Grapple, I
boorded them. On the inflant they got clear of our Shops, so
I alone became their Prisoner. They haue dealt with men, like
Thieves of Mercy, but they know what they did. I am to doe
a good turn for them.

Let the King haue the Letters: I have sent, and
prepare them to receive with as much haile as they wouldst,
for death. I have words to speake in your ear, will make the
smoke, yet are they much too light for the bare of the Matter,
These good Fellowes will bring thee where I am.
Rofinace and Gueldenftene, hold their course for England! Of these
I haue much to tell thee. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thing.

Hamlet.

Come, I will giue you way for these your Letters,
And doe the spedenet, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

Exit.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience toy acquaintance feal,
And you must put me in your heart for Friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your Noble Father slaine,
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against the Raters,
So crimnefull, and so Capital in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wiledome, all things else,
As you being now so usefull, to the King,

King. \( \text{O for two special Reasons,} \)

Which may to you (perhaps) seem much surprized,
And yet to me they are plain. The Queen his Mother,
Lives alioth by his lookers and for my selfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's so continual to my life and soule,
That as the Starre means not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Moree,
Why to a publicke count I might not go,
Is the great love the generall gender bear him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Convert his Guies to Graces. So that my Arrows
Too slightly timbred for so loud a Wind,
Would have reueted to my Bow againe,
And not where I had arm'd them.

Laer. And so haste I a Noble Father lost,
A Sifter driven into desperate tearmes,
Who was(if praires may goe back againe)
Stood Chalenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfecctions. But my revenge will come.
King. Breake not your sleepe for that,
You must not thinke
That we are made of stuffe, so flat, and dull.
That we can let our Beard be yook with danger.
And thinke it passe. You shortly shall hear more,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.——

Enter a Messanger.

How now? What News?

Mess. Letters my Lord from Hamlet. This to you.
King. From Hamlet? Who brought them?
Mess. Saylors my Lord they say, I saw them not:
They were giuen me by Claudio, he receiued them.
King. Laertes you shall here them:

Enter Horatio.

Horatio, when thos halfe haue overlook'd this, giue these
Fellowes some meane to the King: They haue Letters
for him. See we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very
Wastick appointment gaue vs Chase. Finding our failes too
flow of Saile, we put on a compell'd Paoilur. In the Grapple, I
boorded them. On the inflant they got clear of our Shops, so
I alone became their Prisoner. They haue dealt with men, like
Thieves of Mercy, but they know what they did. I am to doe
a good turn for them.

Let the King haue the Letters: I have sent, and
prepare them to receive with as much haile as they wouldst,
for death. I have words to speake in your ear, will make the
smoke, yet are they much too light for the bare of the Matter,
These good Fellowes will bring thee where I am.
Rofinace and Gueldenftene, hold their course for England! Of these
I haue much to tell thee. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thing.

Hamlet.

Come, I will giue you way for these your Letters,
And doe the spedenet, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

Exit.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience toy acquaintance feal,
And you must put me in your heart for Friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your Noble Father slaine,
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against the Raters,
So crimnefull, and so Capital in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wiledome, all things else,


Had witchcraft int'c he grew into his Seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,
As had he beene encorps'd and demy-Natur'd
With the brave Beast, so farre he past my thoughts,
That in forgery of shapes and trickes,
Come short of what he did.

Laert. A Norman wass't?

Kim. A Norman.

Laert. Vpon my life Lamound.

Kim. The very same.

Laert. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
And lemme of all our Nation.

Kim. He had confession of you,
And gat you such a Mafterly report,
For Art and exercife in your defence;
And for your Rapier moft especiall,
That he cried out, would be a fight indeed.
If one could match you Sir. This report of his
Did Hamlet so enconys with his Enuy,
That he could nothing doe but wi(h and begge,
For Art and exercife in your defence;
That he could nothing doe but with and begge,
Your fodalie comning ore to play with him;
Now out of this.

Laert. Why out of this, my Lord?

Kim. Laertes was your Father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laert. Why ask you this?

Kim. Not that I think you did not loue your Father,
But that I know Loue is begun by Time:
That is but scratcht withall: lie touch my point.

Laertes. So fall they'l follow: your Sifter's drown'd
More then in words?

Hamlet. A face without a heart?

Kim. Peruenge should have no bounds: but good
Laertes return'd, know you are come home:
Will you doe this, keepe dofe within your Chamber,
But that this folly doubts ir.

Kim. Ours may be death.

Laert. With this contagion, that if I gall him sliightly,
Heere lies the man; good ter and drowne him tele
If he by chance escape your venom'd fluck,
Our purpose may hold there; how sweet Queene,

Enter Queens.

Queens. One woe doth tread upon another heele.
So faft they'll follow; your Sifter's drown'd Laertes.

Laert. Drown'd! O where?

Queens. There is a Willow growes aftar Brooke,
That threats his hone leaues in the glaffe streame.
There with fantalticke Garlands did she come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Dayflies, and long Purplees,
That liberall Shepheards giue a groffer name;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Men's Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs, her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang; an enuious fluer broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her felfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne distreffe,
Or like a creature Natiue, and indued
That liberall Shepheards giue a groffer name;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Men's Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs, her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang; an enuious fluer broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her felfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne distreffe,
Or like a creature Natiue, and indued
That liberall Shepheards giue a groffer name;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Men's Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs, her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang; an enuious fluer broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her felfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne distreffe,
Or like a creature Natiue, and indued
That liberall Shepheards giue a groffer name;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Men's Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs, her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang; an enuious fluer broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her felfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne distreffe,
Or like a creature Natiue, and indued
That liberall Shepheards giue a groffer name;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Men's Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs, her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang; an enuious fluer broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her felfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne distreffe,
Or like a creature Natiue, and indued
That liberall Shepheards giue a groffer name;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Men's Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs, her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang; an enuious fluer broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her felfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne distreffe,
Or like a creature Natiue, and indued
That liberall Shepheards giue a groffer name;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Men's Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs, her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang; an enuious fluer broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her felfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne distreffe,
Or like a creature Natiue, and indued
That liberall Shepheards giue a groffer name;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Men's Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs, her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang; an enuious fluer broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her felfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne distreffe,
Other. Will you haste the truth on't? if this had not beene a Gentlewoman, she should have beene buried out of Christian Burial.

Clo. Why, thou say'st it. And the more pity that great folke should have countenance in this world to drowne, or hang themselves, more than their own Christi¬
an. Come, my Spade: there is no ancient Gentle¬men, but Gardiners, Ditches and Grave-makers; they hold out of Christian Burial.

I could heed no more &ames? lie put another que¬stion in, thou answerst me not to the purpose. confeffe thy selfe.

Other. Was he a Gentleman?

Clo. He was the fift that cett bore Armes.

Other. Why he had none.

Clo. What, witt a Heathen? how dost thou under¬stand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes Adam dig'd; could hee digge without Armes? He put another que¬stion to thee, if thou answered me not to the purpose, con¬feffe thy selfe.

Other. Go too.

Clo. What is he that builds stronger then either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Other. The Gallowes maker, for that Frame outlives a thousand Yeares.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that doe ill: now, thou doft ill to say the Gallowes is does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that doe ill: now, thou doft ill to say the Gallowes is does well. Too't a game, Come.

Other. The Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Clo. Not a lot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not that Gentleman, which this AlTe o're Of¬

Other. Clo. It is for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore choa this Sir?

Ham. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine:

Other. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine: it might be the Patef a Polititian which this AlTe o're Of¬

Clo. Thou doft lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine: it might be the Patef a Polititian which this AlTe o're Of

Ham. Thy fit's a dead.

Other. Clo. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine: it might be the Patef a Polititian which this AlTe o're Of

Ham. Thy sit's a dead.

Other. Clo. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine: it might be the Patef a Polititian which this AlTe o're Of

Ham. Thy sit's a dead.

Other. Clo. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine: it might be the Patef a Polititian which this AlTe o're Of

Ham. Thy sit's a dead.

Other. Clo. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine: it might be the Patef a Polititian which this AlTe o're Of

Ham. Thy sit's a dead.
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, he was not rotten before he die (as we have many pocky Coarces now adays, that will scarce hold yeare, A Tanner will lift you nine year e.  

NowithisScull.hashineintheearth chrce & twenty years. He will keepe out water a great while. And your water, is a fore Decayer of your horfon dead borly. HereaScull! the Hymg in)he will lift you some eight yeare, or nine  

FHggon of Renifh on my head once. This fame Scull fauour ftiie muftcome. Make her laugh a: that; pry-Chamber, and tell ber. let her paint an inch thicke, to this  

set the Tabic on a RoreJNo one now to mock your own hungthofe lipps, that I haue kift I know not how oft. Whofe doe you thinke it was?  

tell me one thing.  

Where be your libes now? Your Gambals  

Your rasto,*  

But fofi,buc foft, afide; heere comes the King.  

Might stopp a Beere-barrcil?  

Imperial! Cospr, dead and turn'd to day.  

Was buried:  

ted. might they not stopp a Beere-barrcil?  

But fofi,buc foft, afide; heere comes the King.  

Now heere in Denmarke; I have bin but one day.  

Why may net Imagination trace the Noble duft of  

Tedr into duft; the duft is earth; of earth we make  

And finch fo > Puh. Horatio.  

E'ene fo,my Lord.  

Let me fee. Alas poore Torickjl knew him ffo-  

A pcftlence on him for a mad Rogue,a pou'rd a  

Clo. A philent on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'd a  

Flaggon of Renifh on my head once. This fame Scull Sir, this fame Scull fit, was Torick Scull, the Kings Iletter.  

Ham. This?  

E'theatre.  

Ham. Let me fee. Alas poore Torickjl knew him Ha-  

roar a fellow of infinite Ieft; of most excellent fancy, he  

ham borne me on his backe a thousand times: And how abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge rifes at it. Heere  

of Bell and Buriall.  

May Violets fpring. I tell thee (churilh Priet)  

A Mniftring Angell shall my Sifter be.  

When thou left bowing?  

Ham. What, the faire Ophelia?  

Ophelia. Sweets, to the sweet farewell. I hop'd thou fhould'ft haue bin my  

Ham. This?  

Her. What's that my Lord?  

Ham. Daff thou thinke Alexander lookt o'this fa-  


Her. E'en fo, my Lord.  

Ham. To what bafe viles we may returne Horatio. Why may not Imagination trace the Noble duft of Alex-  

ander, till he find it flomping a bunghole.  

Her. 'Twere to confider: to curiously to consider fo.  

Ham. No fairith, nor aiot. But to follow him thether with meditath enough, & likelihood to lead it; as thus.  

Alexander died: Alexander was buried: Alexander re-  

Haued the dead.  

Bring the wandring Starres,and makes them fland  

Ham. His hide is so tan'd with his Trade, that  

Why may net Imagination trace the Noble duft of  

Of bell and Buriall.  

May Violets fpring. I tell thee (churilh Priet)  

A Mniftring Angell shall my Sifter be.  

When thou left bowing?  

Ham. What, the faire Ophelia?  

Ophelia. Sweets, to the sweet farewell. I hop'd thou fhould'ft haue bin my  

Ham. This?  

Her. What's that my Lord?  

Ham. Daff thou thinke Alexander lookt o'this fa-
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Ham. An earnest Comitiation from the King, As England was his faithful Subject, As lowe between them, as the Palm should flourish, As Peace should fill her wheaten Garland weare, And flaud a Comma tweeken their amities, And manly such as this of great charge, That on the view and know of these Contents, Without debate further, more or leffe, He should the bearers put to odium death, Not shivering time allowed.

Ham. How was this feall'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was Heaven ordinate; I had my fathers Signet in my Purses, Which was the Modell of the Danish Scale: Folded the Writ in forme of the other, Subscribe'd it, gave'th impression, plase'th safely, The changelling never knowne; Now, the next day, Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was fermen, Thou knowst already.

Ham. So Guidenforme and Reparison, go too.

Ham. Why man, they did make love to this employment They are not neere my Conscience; their debate Doth by their owne infinition grow: 'Tis dangerous, when the base nature comes 'twixt the gratte, and our nature come. Bletweene the pale, and fell incensed points Of mighty opposites.

Ham. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it nor, think it thicke, stand me now upon He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my Mother, Pops in between the elecction and my hopes, Thrown out his Angle for my proper life, And with such coozenage; is't not perfedl conscience, To quit him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd To let this Canker of our nature come.

Ham. It must 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 fayone: but I am very sorry good Heros, That to Lorter I forgot my life. For by the image of my Caufe, I see The Portraiture of his: Ie count his favours: But sure the bravery of his grief did put me Into a Towring passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes here?

Enter young Ofricke. (marke.

Ofr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Den.

Ham, I humbly thank you Sir, doth know this waterside?

Hor. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Best be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the Kings Meffe; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I saw spacious in the polfession of dirt.

Ofr. Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leasure, I should import a thing to you from his Misyfel. Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit put your Bonet to his right vfe, 'tis for the head.

Hor. I thank 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. Mee thinks it is very fowdly, and hot for my Complexion.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Of. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very foutry, as 'twere I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Majesty bad me sig
nifie to you, that he's laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Of. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith: Sir, you are ignorant of what excellencie Laertes is to his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Of. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Of. The Sir King ha's wag'd with him fix Barbary Hor

ses, against the which he impound as I take it, six French Rapiers and Poniards, with their affignes, as Girdle; Hangers or fo: three of the Carriages infaith are very deare to fancy, very refponfiue to the hilts, moft delicate carries to their tryalls, and of very liberal conceit.

Of. Exceedingly, ny Lord. it is very foultry, as 'twcr*

Ham. Sir, this is the matter. If it be not now; yer it will come; the readinesse is all, since no man he's ought of what he leaves. What is't to leave be	imes?

Enter King, Queens, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foiles, and Gownlets, a Table and Flogans of Wine on it.

King. Come Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon Sir, I've done you wrong.

But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.

This presence knowes,
And you must needs have heard how I am penitifs
With fore distraction? What I have done
That might your nature honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madneffe:
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet.

If Hamlet from himselfe be rane away:
And when he's not himselfe, do's wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it:
Who does it then? His Madneffe? If he do be so, Hamlet is of the Fashion that is wrong'd,
His madneffe is poore Hamlets Enemy,
Sir, in this Audience,
Let me disclaiming from a purpose'as will,
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine Arrow o're the house,
And hurt my Mother.

Lao. I am satisfied in Nature,
Whose mote in this case should stirre me most
To my Revenge. But in my termes of Honor
I stand aloofe, and will no reconciliation,
Till by some elder Masters of knowne Honor,
I have a voyce, and prefiend of peace
To keepe my name vngrong'd. But till that time,
I do receve your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely,
And will this Brothers wager frankly play,
Give vs the Foiles: Come on.

Lao. Come one for me.

Ham. Hee be your foile Laertes, in mine ignorance,
Your Skill shall like a Starre in' thdarkest night,
Sticke fierly off.indeede.

Lao. You mocke me Sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Give them the Foiles yong O'stick.

Confen Hamlet, you know the wager.

Ham. Verie well my Lord,
Your Grace hath aside the oddes a'th'wanker side.

King. I do not fear it,
I have seene you both
But since he is better'd, we have therefore odder.

Lao. This is too heavy,
Let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well,
These Foiles haveaul length.

Of'sticky. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stopes of wine upon that Table.

If Hamlet gue the first, or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the Bostelmers their Ordinance fire,
The King shal drinkes to Hamlets better breath,
And in the Cup an wond shal he throw
Richer then that, which fourre successeful Kings,
In Denmarkes Crownes hate wonne.
Give me the Cups, 
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake, 
The Trumpets to the Cannonner without, 
The Cannons to the Heauens, the Heauen to Earth, 
Now the King drinks to Hamlet. Come, begin, 
And you the Judges bear a wary eye. 

Ham. Come on frist. 
Laur. Come on sir. 

Ham. One. 
Laur. No. 

Ham. Judgement. 

Ofr. A hit, a very palpable hit. 
Laur. Well: againe. 
King. Stay, give me drinke. 

Hamlet, this Pearle is thine. 

Ham. Heere's to thy health. Given him the cup. 

This Pearle is thine. 

Ham. I will my Lord; 
Qu. Go, go on fir. 

Laer. No. 

Come on fir. 

Laer. They play. 

Ham. They play. 

Qu. I do not thinke't. 
Laer. My Lord, He hit him now. 
Ofr. A touch, a touch! do confesse. 
Laer. He is iustly ferved. 

Ham. He is iustly ferved. 

Ofr. Why do's the Drumme come hither? 

Enter Ofrick, 
Ofr. Yong Fortinbras, with conquest come fro Poland 
To th'Ambassadors of England gives this wakile volly. 

Ham. O1 dye Harries: 
The parent poysion quite o'ere-crowes my spirit, 
I cannot lye to hearre the Neves from England, 
But I do prophesie telefion lights 
On Fortinbras, he ha's my dyng voyce, 
So tell him with the ocurrants more and leffe, 
Which houe folicite. The refte is silence. O,o,o,o, Dyers 

Ham. Dyes. 

Now cracke a Noble hearts 
Horn. 

Ham. Heere thou incettuous, murdrous. 

Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the door be lock'd. 
Treacherie, feake it out. 

Laur. It is heere Hamlet. 

Hamlet, thou art flame, 
No Medicine in the world can doe thee good. 
In thee, there is not halfe an hour of life; 
The Treacherous Instrument is in thy hand, 
Vnbatte and envenom'd: the foule prefide 
Hath turn'd it felle on me. Loe, heere I dye, 
Neuer to rife againe: Thy Mothers poysion'd: 

I can no more, the King, the King's too blame. 

Ham. The point envenom'd too, 
Then venome to thy warke. 

Hurt the King. 

All. Treason, Treason. 
King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt. 
Ham. Here thou incettuous, murdrous, 
Damned Dane, 

Drinke of this Potion: Is thy Union here? 
Follow my Mother. 

Laur. He is iuftly ferved. 

Ham. It is a poysion tempered by himselfe: 
Exchange forgenueffe with me, Noble Hamlet; 
Mine and my Fathers death come not upon thee, 
Nor thine on me. 

Dyer. 

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee. 

I am dead Harries, wretched Queene adieu, 
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance, 
That are but Muses or audience to this acte: 
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death 

Heire's yet for'e Liquor left. 

Ham. Come for the third. 


Laur. Is Laertes? 
How 

Ofr. There hoa. 

the Queene Looke to 

Ham. 

Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the door be lock'd. 

Enter drains and England Ambassadors, with Drumme, 

Colours, and Attendants, 

Fortins. Where is this fight? 

Har. What is it eyewould fee; 

If sought of wore, or wonder, ceafe your search. 

For. His quarty cries on haucoc. Oh proud death, 
What fearis it toward in nine eternal Cell, 
That thou so many Princes, at a shoote, 
So bloodily haft drooke. 

Amb. The fight is fixmall, 

And our affaires from England come too late, 
The eares are fensellefe that should glue vs hearing, 
To tell him his commandement is fullfylld, 

Q9 That
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

This Reference and Guardenpure are dead:
Where should we have our thankes?

For. Not from his mouth,
Had it the abilitie of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since to jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polaik warres, and you from England
Are here arrived. Give order that these bodies
High on a flagge be placed to the view,
And let me speake to th'yet unknowing world,
Now these things came about. So shall you heare
Of carnall, bloudie, and unnatural acts,
Of accidentall judgements, casuall slaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And in this vphot purpos'd miftooke,
Faine on the Invenours heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

For. Let vs haile to heare it,
And call the Noblest to the Audience.
For me, with forrow, I embrace my Fortune,
These some Rites of memory in this Kingdome,
Which are so claine, my vantage doth
Invite me.

For. Of that I shall have aways cause to speake,
And from his mouth
Whose voyce will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Euen whiles mens minde are wilde,
Left more mishance
On plots, and errors happen.

For. Let four Captaines
Bear Hamlet like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he bene put on
To have proud'd most royally:
And for his passage,
The Souldious Musicke, and the rites of Warre
Speake lowdly for him.
Take vp the body; Such a sight as this
Becomes the Field, but heere shewes much arms.
Go, bid the Souldiers shooe.

Extern Marching after the which, a Peale of
Ordinances are shot off.

FINIS.
Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmund.

Kent.

Thought the King had more affected the Duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seeme so to vs: But now in the division of the Kingdom, it appeareth not which of the Dukes hee valueth most, for qualities are so weighd, that curiosity in neither, can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your Son, my Lord?

Glo. His breeding Sir, hath bin at my charge. I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd too.

Kent. I cannot conceiue you.

Glo. Sir, this yong Fellowes mother could; whereupon shee grow'd round, and had indeede (Sir) a Sonne for her Cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault vndone, the iffue first, being so proper.

Glo. But I haue a Sonne, Sir, by order of Law, some yeere elder then this; who, yet is no dearer in my account, though this Knave came something twicely to the world before he was sent for: yet was his Mother faire, there was good sport at his making, and the horfon must be acknowledged. Do you know this Noble Gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Kent. My Lord of Kent:

Remember him hereafter, as my Honourable Friend.

Edm. My seruices to your Lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall studie deserving.

Kent. He hath bin out nine yeares, and away he shall againe. The King is comming.

Scene 1 Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, and attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France & Burgundy, Gloucester, and Cordelia, and attendants.

Exit. Lear. Meanes meane: we shall expresse our darker purpose.

Give me the Map thereof. Know, that we haue divided

In three our Kingdom, and its our faire intents,

To shake all Care, and BUTINSELL from our Age,

Conferring them on yonger strengths, while we

Vanished'nd drawe toward death. Our son of Cornwall,

And you our no lesse loving Sonne of Albany,

We haue this hour a constant will to publish

Our daughters severall Dowers, that future strife

May be prevented now: The Princes, France & Burgundy,

Great Rivals in our yongest daughters love,

Long in our Court, have made their amorous sojourns,

And here we are to answer'd. Tell me my daughters

(Since now we will divide vs both of Rule,

Interest of Territory, Cares of State)

Which of you shal we say clothe love vs most,

That we, our largest bounty may extend

Where Nature doth with merit challenge. Generall,

Our eldest borne, speake first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more then word can weild to matter,

Deerer then eye-light, space, and libertia,

Beyond when can be valued, rich or rare,

No lesse then life, with grace, health, beauty, honor:

As much as Child ere lou'd, or Father found.

A love that makes breath poore, and speech vnable,

Beyond all manner of so much I loue you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia speake? Love, and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds even from this Line, to this,

With shadowy Forrefts, and with Champains rich'd

With plenteous Riuers, and wide-skirted Meadows

We make thee Lady. To ther, and Albany's issues

Be this perpetuall. What sayes our second Daughter?

Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall?

Reg. I am made of that self mettle as my Sifter,

And prize me at her worth. In my true heart,

I finde the name my very deced of love:

Or else the comes too short, that I profess.

My selfe an enemy to all other joyses,

Which the most precious ofre of sense professes,

And finde I am alone felicitate

In your deere Huguelefue loue.

Cor. Then poore Cordelia,

And yet not so; since I am sure my love's

More pondsious then my rongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine hereditarie ever,

Remuse this ample third of our faire Kingdom,

No lesse in space, validity, and pleasure

Then that confer'd on Gonerill. Now our Joy,

Although our laft and leaft to whose yong love,

The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundie,

Strive to be interest. What can you say, to draw

A third, more opilent then your Sisters? speake.

Cor. Nothing my Lord.

Lear. Nothing?
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say Obey you, love you, and most honour you.

I think I should have done to spare to plain my own honour is bound.

When Lear in thy best considerate checks When power to flattery bowes?

As my great Patron thought on in my prayers.

Reuenue, execution of the rest, Louse'd as my father, as my master follow'd.

By you to be sustaine, and relieved As thou my sometime daughter.

Flourish. Enter Ghost with France, and Burgundy, their attendants.

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot see.

My heart into my mouth; I love your majesty.

According to my bond, no more nor less.

Lear. How, how? Cordelia? Mourn your speech a little, Least you may marre your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord, you have begot me, bred me, taught me. I returne those duties back as are right fit.

Obey you, love you, and most honour you. Why have my sisters husbands, if they say they love you all? Happily when I shall wed.

That lord whose hand must take my plight, shall carry half my love with him, half my care and duty.

Sure I shall never marry like my sisters.

Lear. But do you love him with this?

Cor. I am your good lord.

Lear. So young, and do you render?

Cor. So young my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so, by truth then be thy downe: For my sacred reverence of the sunne, The mistresses of Hecate and the night:

By all the operation of the orbes, From whom we do exit, and cease to be, Here I disclaim all my paternal care, Propinquity and property of blood,

And as a stranger to my heart and me, Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous Sibylla, Or he that makes his generation meet

To gorge his appetite, shall to his bosome

Be as well neighbor'd, pitied, relieved, As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege.

Peace, Kent.

Come not betweene the Dragon and his wrath, I love her most, and thought to set my rest.

On her kind nursey. Hence and anon, my sight;

Come not betweene the Dragon and his wrath,

Let it fall rather, though the fork invade our oath.

He tell thee thou doit fault.

Her fathers heart from her; call France, and Burgundy.

Burgundy, Right Noble Lord.

Burgundy bids you all adieu.

The moment is thy death, away.

By Jupiter, the power of the world.

This shall not be revoked.

Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions.

Vpon our kingdom; if on the tenth day following.

And on the first to turne thy hatred backe.

Vpon our kingdom; if on the tenth day following,

The moment is thy death, away. By Jupiter, this shall not be revoked.

Kent. Fare thee well, King, but thou wilt appear.

Freedome hues hence, and banishment is here;

The gods to their dear shelter take thee, Maid,

That justly thinkest, and best most rightly said:

And your large speeches, may your deeds approve,

That good effects may spring from words of love.

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu,

Heret shape his old course, in a country new.

Exit.

The Tragedie of King Lear.

This hideous rashness, answere my life, my judgement;

Thy yonger daughter doth not love thee least,

Nor are they empty hearted, whose low sounds

Never be no hollownesse.

Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn.

To wage against thine enemies, here leave to loose it,

Thy safety being mortue.

Lear. Out of my fight.

Kent. See better Lear, and let me still remaine.

The true blanke of thine eye.

Lear. Now by Apollo, Kent. Now by Apollo, King.

Thou swearst, thy Gods in vain.

Lear. O Vassall! Miserrant.

Kent. Dear Sir forbear.

Lear. Kill thy Physitian, and thy wife below.

Kent. This shall not be revoked.

Lear. Hear me, I recreant, on thine allegiance hear me;

That thou hast fought to make us break our vows,

Which we durst no more, and with friends pride,

To come between our sentence, and our power,

Which, our nature, nor our place can beare;

Our potentate made good, take thy reward,

Five days we do allot thee for provision,

To shield thee from the disasters of the world.

And on the first to turne thy hatred backe.

Vpon our kingdom; if on the tenth day following,

The moment is thy death, away. By Jupiter,

This shall not be revoked.

Kent. Fare thee well, King, but thou wilt appear.

Freedome hues hence, and banishment is here;

The gods to their dear shelter take thee, Maid,

That justly thinkest, and best most rightly said:

And your large speeches, may your deeds approve,

That good effects may spring from words of love.

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu,

Heret shape his old course, in a country new.

Exit.

Flourish. Enter Ghost with France, and Burgundy, their attendants.

Cor. Here's the price of King Lear.

We set the price of our daughter; what in the least.

Will you require in present Dower with her,

Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. I must my lord,

Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy.

We set the price of our daughter; what in the least.

Will you require in present Dower with her,

Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. I must my lord,

Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. This crown is no more than hath your highness offer'd.

Not will you tender less?

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,

When she was set to "s, we did hold her so,

But now her price is fallen: Sir, therefore the lands,

If owt of our small seeming substance,

Of all of us our dillspare prec'd,

And nothing of my heart may filly love your grace,

Shall there, and the is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you with those insinuates the owes,

Vnfriendly new adopt to our base.

Dow'd with our curse, and strang'd with our oath,

Take her out of her.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Bar. Pardon me Royall Sir,
Activities makes not vp in such conditions.

Le. Then leave her fur, 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 march you where I hate, therefore be sheeect you
Taint your liking a more worthier way,
Then on a wretch whom Nature is sftar'd
Y'aucr your liking a more worthier way.

Tc match you where I hate, therefore befeech you
I would not frtfm your loue make fuch a firay,
Almoft t'acknowledge hers.

Commit a thing so monftrous, to dismantl
The best, the deereft, (bould in this trice of time
The argument of your praife, balme of your age,
Thar (he whom euen but now, was your obieft,
Should neuer plant in me.

So many folds of sauounfure her offence
Muff be a faith that reafon without attract'* i
• 'nil into taint, whichto belecue of her
Mud be of such unnaturall degree,
To fpeake and purpofe not, since what I will intend,
If for I want that glib and oylie Art,
That monfters it: Or your fore-vouchc affe£M?r
lie do't before I fpeake, that you make knowne
It is no vicious blot, mother, or soueneffe,
That hath depriu'd me of your Grace and sauour,
No vnchafle a&ion or disnonoured ftep
That I am glad 1 haue not, though not to haue it.
A ftill foliciting eye, and fuch a tongue.
Hath loft me in your liking.

Not beene borne.then not t haue pleas'd me better*
Which often leaues the hiftory vnspoke
Then leaue her fir/or by the powre that made me,
Burgundy.

Burgundy, that it intends to do : my Lord of
What fay you to the Lady ? Loue's not loue
Aloofefrom th'intire pointjwill you haue her ?
When it is mingled with regards, that ftands
Give but that portion which your felfe propos'd,
She is herfelfe a Dowrie.

Dutcheffe

Dutcheffe ofBurgundie.
And here 1 take

Bur. RoyalKing,
Come Noble Burgundie.
Flourish. Exeunt.
Fra. Bid farwell to your Sifters.
Cer. The Jewels of our Father, with washe'd die$ 
Cordelia lesse 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 Fathers
To your profefled bosome I commit him,
But yet alas, flood I within his Grace,
I would prefer him to a better place,
So farwell to you both.

Regn. Preferbe not vs our dutie.

Gen. Let your fludy
Be to content your Lord,who hath receiu'd you
At Fortunes almes, you have obedience framed,
And well are worth the want that you have wasted.
Cer. Time shall unfold what delighted cunning hides,
Who counts faults, at last with blame decides.

We'll may you prosper.

Fra. Come my faire Cordelia. Exit France and Cor.
Gen. Sifter, it is not little I have to fay,
Of what most neereely appertaines to vs both,
I think our Father will hence to night.
(with vs.

Reg. That's most certaine, and with you: next moneth
Gen. You fee how full of changes his age is, the obser-
vation we have made of it hath beene little the alaways
lou'd our Sifter monof, and with what poore judgement he
hath how call her off, appears too groffely.

Reg. 'Tis the inftinity of his age,yet he hath euer but
flenderly knowne himfelle.

Gen. The beft and foundeft of his time hath bin but
rath,then muft we looke from his age, to receiue one-
lone the imperfections of long ingrained condition, but
therewithall the vnroyly way-waworthneffe,that infrine and
cholerick yeastes bring with them.

Reg. Such vnconftant stars are we like to haue from
him,as this of Kent's banishment.

Gen. There is further complemen of leave-taking be¬
tweene France and him, pray you let vs fit together, if our
Father carry authority with fuch disposition as he beares,
this last surrender of his will but offend vs.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gen. We muft do something, and ith' heate. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Baftard.

Baft. Thou Nature art my Goddeffe, to thy Law
My furvices are bound, wherefore thouould
Stand in the plague of culomne, and permis
The curiofity of Nations, to depriue me?
For that I am some twelue, or fourzene Moonshines
Narrate of a Brother ? Why Baftard ? Wherefore base ?
When my Dimenfions are as well compa-
As the leettleme: fine word : Legetimate.
Our Fathers loue, to the Baftard

Legitimate

Legitimate

Edgar,

Who in the luftie ftealth of Nature, take
Milke our fathers, and to the Baftard Edmone,
As to th'legitimate: finde word : Legitimate.
his obedience. I dare pawn downe my life for him, that he hath writ this to feele my affection to your Honor, & to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you to?

Baft. If your Honor judge it meete, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an Ausculiar assurance have your satisfaction, and that without any further delay, then this very evening.

Glo. He cannot bee such a Monster, Edmund seeks him out: winde me into it, I pray you: frame the Business after your owne wifdomes. I would vifitate my selle, to begin a due resolution.

Baft. I will seeke him Sir, presently: convey the Business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withall.

Glo. Thefe late Eclipces in the Sun and Moon pertain no good to vs: though the wifthome of Nature can reason it thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it selfe scornd by the Truant effects. Looke cooles, friendship falls off, Brothers enmity begins amonges, in Countries, discord; in Palaces, treason and the Bond crack'd, twice; Sonne and Father. This vilaine of mine comes under the pretension; there's Son against Father, the Kings fall from byas of Nature, there's Father against Child: We have feene the heft of our fortune. Machinations, hollownesse, treacherie, and all ruinous disorders follow vs disguis'd to our GRAVES. Find out this Villain, Edmund, it shall lofe them nothing, do it carefully: and the Noble & true-hearted Kent banished: his offence, honestly. This strange. Exit.

Baft. This is the ecellent opprobery of the world, that when we are sick in fortune, often the surfets of our own behaviour, we make guilty of our disasters, the Sun, the Moon, and Stars, as if we were villains on receit or, Fooleys by heavenly compulsion, Knaves, Thieves, and Teachers by Spherical predominance. Drunkards, Lyrics, and Aldrulcers by an importued obedience of Planetary influence, and all that we are evil in by accidental ruling on. An admirable easion of Whore-masters, to the greatish passion of the charge of Starre. My father concurred with my mother under the Dragon's tale, and my Nativity was under Fris's Manor, so that it followeth, I am rough and Lecherous. I should have bin that I am, had the maidenleft Starre in the Firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.

Enter Edgar.

Pat. he comes like the Catactrophe of the old Comedie: my Curs villainous Mischolgy, with a like fire Tomen Bedlam. O these Eclipces do portend these dispositions. Fa, Sol, La, Me.

Edg. How now Brother Edmund, what serious contemplation are you in?

Baft. I am thinking Brother of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these Eclipces.

Edg. Do you beleeve this selfe with that?

Baft. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeede unhappily.

When saw you my Father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Baft. Spake you with him?

Edg. I, two hours together.

Baft. Pardons you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, nor countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Baft. Beshine your selle where you may have offend'd him: and at my entrance forbears his presence, until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant is raging in him, that with the mildest
chicfe of your person, it would so fearcely stay.
Edg. Some Villain hath done me wrong.
Edm. That's my fear, I pray you have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes lower: and as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fully bring you to hear my Lord speak: pray ye goe, there's my key: if you do firre abroad, go arm'd.
Edg. Arm'd, Brother?
Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best, I am no honest man, if ther be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seene, and heard: But faintly. Nothing like the image, and horror of it, pray you away.

You what I have seene, and heard: But faintly. Nothing
Thn he fuppe's none: on whofefoohh liocostie
Whose nature i» so fane from doing hartnc*,
My praftifet ride casie I see the bufineffe.

Let me not by birth, bave lands by wit,

Shall I heare from you anon?

Shall I heare from you anon?

Scena Tertia

Enter Gower, and Sireward.

Gow. Did my Father strike my Gentleman for chiding of his Foole?
Str. I Madam.
Gow. By day and night, he wrongs me, every howre
He bathes into one grosse crime, or other,
That fes vs all at odes: Ie not endure it;
His Knights grow riotous, and himselfe upbraides us
On euery trifle. When he returnes from hunting,
I will not speake with him, say I am sicke.
If you come lacke of former seruices,
You shall do well, the fault of it Ie anfwer.
Str. He's comming Madam, I hear him.
Gow. Put on what weary negligence you plesse,
You and your Fellowes: I do haue it come to question;
If he diftaine it, let him to my Sister,
Whose minde and minde I know in that are one,
Remember what I haue faid, Sir.
Str. Well Madam.
Gow. And let his Knights have colder looks among you: what grooves of it no matter, aduise your fellowes fo, Ile write fraught to my Sister to hold my courfe prepare for dinner.

Scena Quarta

Enter Kent.

Kent. If but as will I other accents borrow,
That can my speech defufe, my good intent
May carry through it feld to that full life
For which I raiz'd my hkenelfe. Now banifh Kent,
If thou canft serue where thou doft (and condemnd',
So may it come, thy Master whom thou lou'lt,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Kent. Do you profefs to be no leffe then I seeme; profice
him truly that will put me in truft, to love him that is
honest. to converse with him that is wife and faies little, to
feare judgement, to fight when I cannot choose, and to
eate no fish.

Kent. What art thou?
Kent. A very honest hearted Fellow, and as poore as the King.

Kent. If thou be'ft as poore for a subiecl, as hee's for a
King; thou art poore enough. What wouldft thou?
Kent. Service.

Kent. Who wouldst thou serue?
Kent. You.

Kent. Do'ft thou know me fellow?
Kent. No Sir, but you have that in you countenance,
which I would faine call Mafter.

Kent. What's that?
Kent. Authority.

Kent. What seruices canst thou do?
Kent. I can keep honest counfaile, ride, run, mache a
curious tale in telling it, and deliuera plaine meffage
blundly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified.

Kent. How old art thou?
Kent. Not fo young Sir to loue a woman for singing,
for no old to dote on her for any thing. I haue years on
my backe forty eight.

Kent. Follow me, thou shalt serue me, if I like thee no

Kent. How came not the flave backe to me when I

Kent. What faies the Fellow there? Call the Coepole backes: wher's my Foole? Go you and call
my Foole hither. You you Sinah, where's my Daughter?

Kent. Sir, he answered me in the roundelf manner, he would not.

Kent. He would not?

Kent. My Lord, I know not what the matter is,
but to my judgement you Highneffe is not entertain'd
with that Ceremonious affection as you were wont,
theres a great abatement of kindneffe appears as well in
the general dependant, as in the Duke himfelfe also, and
your Daughter.

Kent. Ha! Saft thou so?

Kent. I befoe you pardon me your Lord, if I bee
mifthken, for my duty cannot be flient, when I thinke
your Highneffe wrong'd.

Kent. Thou but rememberest of mine owne Concep
tion, I have percieved a most faine neglect of late,
which I have rather blamed as mine owne jealous curiocs
fifie, then as a very presence and purpoe of wnkindneffe;
I will looke further into't: but where's my Foole? I haue not feene him this two daies.

Kent. Since my young Ladies going into France
Sir,
Sir, the Fools 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 bither my Fools, Ob you Sir, you, come you bither Sir, who am I Sir?

Enter Steward.

Ste. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies Father, my Lords knowe, you whom dog, you flan, you corre.

Ste. I am none of thee my Lord, I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy lookes with me, you Rascal? Sir, he not be trucken my Lord.

Kent. Not tripeth other, you base Foot-ball plier.

Lear. I thank thee fellow. Thou canst not me, and Ile loose thee.

Ste. Come Sir, arise a way. Ie teach you difference away, away, if you will measure your lubbers length again, terry, but away. Goe too. I hau more then thy knowest, and lend more then thou owest. Haue more then thou howest. Whit? out, when the Lady Brach may land by'vish fire end stake.

Lear. Daughters.

X had two Coxcombs and two Daughters.

Colde shortly, there take my Coxcombe, why this fellow hath mish'd two on's Daughters, and did the third a biffly?

Lear. Truth's a dog must to kenned, hec ofust bee. I thanke thee fellow. Why after I have cut the eggie in the middle, and cut vp the mate the two Crowes of the eggie when thou closest thy Crowes in the middle, and gauft away both parts, thou boar'llt thine Affe on thy backe o're the dust, thou had'ft little wit in thy bald Crowe, when thou gauft thy golden one away; if I speake like my selfe in this, let him be whipt that first finds it so.

Fools had never lesse grace in a yeece,

For wisemen are growne soffith,

And know not how their woes to weare,

Their manners are so spil.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of Songs Sirrah?

Fools. I have vied it Nunckle, ere since thou madest thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gauft them the rod, and put'ft downe thine owne breeces, then they For sodaine joy did wepte, and I for sorrow sung.

That fetch a King should play bo-peep,

And goe the Fools amang.

Prythy Nunckle keeps a Schoolemaister that can teach thy Fools to liue, I would faine learn to liue.

Lear. And you lie sirrah, we'll have you whipt.

Fools. I maruell what kin thou and thy daughters are, they've me whips for speaking true: thou'lt have me whips for lying, and sometimnes I am whips for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing then a Fools, and yet I would not be the Nunckle, thou hast spred thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing in'th'middle; Leeere comes one o'the parings.

Enter Cornell.

Lear. How now Daughter? what makes that Frundes out? You are too much of late Ith'mrown.

Fools. Thou wist a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her bowwing, now thou art an O wither a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a Fools, thou art nothing. Yes forsooth I will hold my torgoe, so your face bids me, though you say nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keeps not your gift, not crum, Weary of all, shall want some. That's a shield Pecofid.

Gou. Not only Sir this, your all-lycenc'd Fools,

But other of your insolent retinue

Do hourly Cappe and Quarrell, breaking forth

In rank, and (not to be endur'd)河道 Sirs.

I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you,

To have found a false redresse, but now grow feseluell

By what your selue too late have spoke and done,

That you protect this course and put it on

By your allowance, which if you should, the fault

Would not scape refulce nor the redresses sleep,

Which in the tender of a wholesome weale.

Might in their working do you that offence,

Which else were shame, that then necessifie

Will call direct proceeding.

Fools. For you know Nunckle, the Hedge Sparrow set the Cuckoo so long, that it's head bit off by its young; so out we went the Candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our Daughter?

Gou. I would you would make me of your good wife-(Whereof I know you are fraught), and put away

These dispositions, which of late transport you

From what you sightly are.

Fools. May
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Lear. Do's any heere know me?

Lear. Do's Lear walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his feet?

Lear. This is not Lear:

Lear. Do's any heere know me?

Lear. Do's Lear walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his feet?

Lear. This is not Lear:

Lear. Do's any heere know me?

Lear. Do's Lear walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his feet?

Lear. This is not Lear:

Lear. Do's any heere know me?

Lear. Do's Lear walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his feet?

Lear. This is not Lear:

Lear. Do's any heere know me?

Lear. Do's Lear walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his feet?

Lear. This is not Lear:

Lear. Do's any heere know me?

Lear. Do's Lear walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his feet?

Lear. This is not Lear:

Lear. Do's any heere know me?

Lear. Do's Lear walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his feet?

Lear. This is not Lear:

Lear. Do's any heere know me?

Lear. Do's Lear walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his feet?

Lear. This is not Lear:

Lear. Do's any heere know me?

Lear. Do's Lear walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his feet?

Lear. This is not Lear:

Lear. Do's any heere know me?

Lear. Do's Lear walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his feet?

Lear. This is not Lear:

Lear. Do's any heere know me?

Lear. Do's Lear walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his feet?

Lear. This is not Lear:

Lear. Do's any heere know me?

Lear. Do's Lear walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his feet?

Lear. This is not Lear:

Lear. Do's any heere know me?

Lear. Do's Lear walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his feet?

Lear. This is not Lear:

Lear. Do's any heere know me?

Lear. Do's Lear walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his feet?

Lear. This is not Lear:

Lear. Do's any heere know me?
And hasten your returne; no, no, my Lord,  
This milky gentilneffe, and course of yours  
Though I condemn thee, yet vnder pardon  
Your are much more at task for want of wisedome,  
Then prais'd for harmefull mithelffe.  
Alb. How fare your cies may pierce I cannot tell;  
Striving to better, of we marre what's well.  
Gen. Nay then—  
Alb. Well, well, the dute.  

**Scena Quinta.**

_Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Fools._

**Lear.** Go you before to Gloyster 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 delivered  
your Letter.  

**Exit.**  

**Exit.**  

**Fool.** If a mans bratnes were in his heele, wert not in  
danger of kybes?  

**Lear.** I Boy.  

**Fool.** Then I prythe thee be merry, thy wit shall not go  
flip-frod.  

**Lear.** Ha, ha, ha.  

**Fool.** Shalt fee thy other Daughter will use thee kindly,  
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 use as like this as, a Crabbe do's to a  
Crab: thou canst tell why ones nose 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 fpy into.  

**Lear.** I did her wrong.  

**Fool.** Can't tell how an Oyfter makes his shell?  

**Lear.** No.  

**Fool.** Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snaile ha's  
a houfe.  

**Lear.** Why?  

**Fool.** Why to put's head in, not to giue it away to his  
daughters, and leauue his hornes without a cafe.  

**Lear.** I will forget my Nature, fo kind a Father? Be  
my Horses ready?  

**Fool.** Thy Ailes are gone about 'em; the reason why  
the feuen Starres are no mo then feuen, is a pretty reason,  
**Lear.** Because they are not eight.  

**Fool.** Yes indeed, thou wouldst make a good Fools.  

**Lear.** To tak't againe perforce; Monfier Ingratitude!  

**Fool.** If how went my Fools Nuncke, I'd haue thee  
beare 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 Heauen:  
keepe me in temper, I would not be mad. How now are  
the Horses ready?  

**Gen.** Ready my Lord,  

**Lear.** Come Boy.
But that I told him the revenging Gods,
'Gainst Paricides did all the thunder bend,
And ftrong a Bond to the Father; Sir in fine,
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood.
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion
My vnprovid'd body, catch'd mine arms;
And when he saw my best armed spirits
Bold in the quarrels righ't, would to th' encounter.
And when he saw my best armed spirits
Full suddenly he fled.
Or whether gafted by the noise I made.
Not in this Land shall he remaine uncaught.
That he which finds him shall deserve our thankes.
By his authoritie I will proclaim it,
And found; dispatch he Noble Duke my Master,
Bringing the murderous Coward to the stake:
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night.
Ke that conceals him death.
Thou vnpoffessing Baftard, doft thou thinke,
And found him fit to doe it, with curst speech
If I would stand against thee, would the reflex
Of any trust, vrtue, or worth in thee
To thy suggeftion, plot, and damned pradisie:
My very Character I'd turn it all
Make thy words faith'd.
To thy suggeftion, plot, and damned pradisie:
And thou must make a dullard of the world.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now my Noble friend, since I came hither
(Which I can call but now,) I have heard strange nees.
Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue th'offender, how doft my Lord?
Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.
Reg. What, did my Fathers Godsonne feeke your life?
Glo. He whom my Father nam'd, your Lord's
For him I thanke your Grace.
Kent. Why then I care not for thee.
Kent. I loue thee not.
Ste. Why then I care not for thee.
Kent. If I had thee in Love, I would make thee care for me.
Ste. Why do'st thou vse me thus? I know thee not.
Kent. Fellow I know thee,
Ste. What do'st thou know me for?
Kent. A Knave, a Rascal, an eater of broken meates, a
beafe, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-fated-hundred
pound, filthy woofl'd-flock'ing knave, a Lilly-lover'd,
action-taking, wherofon glasse-gazing superfetious
finical Rogue, one Truine-inheriting flau'e, one that
would'ft be a Baud in way of good seruice, and art no-
thing but the composition of a Knave, Begger, Coward,
Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungill Bitch,
one that would'ft be a Baud in way of good seruice, and art no-
thing but the composition of a Knave, Begger, Coward,
Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungill Bitch,
one that would'ft be a Baud in way of good seruice, and art no-
thing but the composition of a Knave, Begger, Coward,
Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungill Bitch,
one that would'ft be a Baud in way of good seruice, and art no-
thing but the composition of a Knave, Begger, Coward,
Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungill Bitch,
one that would'ft be a Baud in way of good seruice, and art no-
thing but the composition of a Knave, Begger, Coward,
Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungill Bitch,
one that would'ft be a Baud in way of good seruice, and art no-
thing but the composition of a Knave, Begger, Coward,
Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungill Bitch,
one that would'ft be a Baud in way of good seruice, and art no-
thing but the composition of a Knave, Begger, Coward,
Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungill Bitch,
one that would'ft be a Baud in way of good seruice, and art no-
thing but the composition of a Knave, Begger, Coward,
Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungill Bitch,
one that would'ft be a Baud in way of good seruice, and art no-
thing but the composition of a Knave, Begger, Coward,
Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungill Bitch,
one that
for though it be night,yet the Moone shines,He make a
top oth 'Moonshine of you, you whoreson Cullively
Barber-monger,draw.
Stew. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.
Kent. Draw you Rafeell, you come with Letters a-
gainst the King,and take Vanity the phepperpart,a-
gainst the Royalde of her Father : draw you Rogue, or
He so carbonado your skull,you draw you Rafeall, 
come your waies.
Kent. Strike you have : stand rogue, stand you near
flame,strike.
Stew. Help hea,murther,murther.

Enter Battard, Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, Servants.

Baff. How now, what's the matter ? Part.
Kent. With you Goodman Boy, if you please, come,
He flies ye,comonya young Master.
Glo. Weapons ? Armes ? what's the matter here ?
Cor. Keep peace upon your lives, he dies that strikes
again,what is the matter ?
Reg. The Messengers from our Sifter, and the King
Cor. What is your difference, speak ?
Stew. I am fierce in breath my Lord.
Kent. No Manuell,you have so besit'd your value,
you cowardly Rafeall,mature dalianes in these Taylor
made thee.
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 so ill, though they had bin but two
years oth' trade.
Cor. Speake yet, how grew your quarrel ?
Sis. This ancient Russian Sir, whose life I have spied
at fute of his gray-beard.
Thou whoreson Zed, thou vnneceffary letter
my Lord, if you will give me leave, I will tride this un-
vouhted villaine into moner, and daube the wall of a
Takes with him. Spare my gray-beard,you wagtail ?
Peace firra'n.
You beastly knave, how know you no reverence ?
Kent. Yes Sir, but anger has a priviledge.
Cor. Why art thou angry ?
Kent. That such a flute as this should wreare a Sword,
Who werea no honeyly : such smiling rogues as theft,
Like Rest oft bite the holy cords: at awwaine,
Which are t'intrincc, t'unloose : smooth every passion
That in the natures of their Lords rebell,
Being oke to fire,how to the colder moedes,
Revenge,affurn, and turne their Halcion beakes
With every gall, and vertly of their Mafters,
Knowing naught (like dogges) but following:
A plague upon your Epileptick visage,
Smoofe your my speeches, as I were a Fool ?
Goose, if I had you upon Seruus Plaine,
I'd drue ye cackling home to Camalot.
Cor. What art thou mad old Fellow ?
Glo. How fell you out, say that ?
Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Then 1, and such a knave.
Cor. Why do't thou call him Knave ?
What is his fault ?
Kent. His countenance likes me not.
Cor. No more perchance do's mine, nor his, nor hers !
Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plains,
I have strewn better faces in my time,
Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard my selfe proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a Tree, Extact'd the hunt. No Port is free, no place That guard, and most vnufall vigilance Do's not attead cnytaking. Whiles I may fcape And by the happy hollow of a Tree, Brought occre to beaft; my face Ile grime with fhalt. I will preferruc myfelfe: and am bethought That cucr penury in contempt of mar., . Blanket my loines.clfeall my hairesio knots, To ukc the bafcft,and moftpocreft fhape Of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voices. The County giues nae proofc,and prefidenc The W wideband perfecutions of the skie; And with prefented nakednefleout-face Pins.Wodden-prickeSjNayles.Sprigs of Rofemanes. Poore, V'iUages.Sheeps-CoateSjandMmes* And with this horrible obieft.from low Farmes, Xe/w.Good King,that muft approne common law* qto. he Duke's coo blanuin T

1. • perufe this Letter. Nothing almoft fees miracles Serdelis, I Btttmiferie. I know'tis from Who hath mod fortunately becoe inform'd (Jiue you good morrow. Thou out of Heauens beacdltion com'ft That by thy comfortable Bcames 1 may To the w*rme Sun. A pproach thou Beacon to this vnderGlobe, From this enormous State,fecking to giue Ioffes their remedies .All weary and o're-vrarch d. This fharaetnll lodging. Fortune goodnight. Smile once more.tume thy whecle. vantage hcauie cyes.not to behold

2. Efcap'd the hunt. No Port is free,no place That guard, and mo ft vnufall vigilance Do's not attead cnytaking. Whiles I may fcape And by the happy hollow of a Tree, Brought occre to beaft; my face Ile grime with fhalt. I will preferruc myfelfe: and am bethought That cucr penury in contempt of mar., . Blanket my loines.clfeall my hairesio knots, To ukc the bafcft,and mostpocreft fhape Of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voices. The County giues nae proofc,and prefidenc The W wideband perfecutions of the skie; And with prefented nakednefleout-face Pins.Wodden-prickeSjNayles.Sprigs of Rofemanes. Poore, V'iUages.Sheeps-CoateSjandMmes* And with this horrible obieft.from low Farmes, Xe/w.Good King,that muft approne common law* qto. he Duke's coo blanuin T

3. 1 nothing am. Exit. Th*t'» fomcthLng y et:

Edgar,goote Tom
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Lear. Deny to speake with me?
They are fcke, they are weary,
They have travail'd all the night; meere fetches,
The images of doubtful and flying off.
Feth me a better answer.
Glo. My dear Lord,
You know the fere quality of the Duke,
How unworakeable and falt he is.

Lear. Vengeance, Plague, Death, Confution:
Fiery? What quality? Why Glofher, Glofher,
I'd speake with the Duke of Cornwall, and his wife.
Glo. Well my good Lord, I haue inform'd them to.
Lear. Inform'd them? Do'th thou understand me man.
Glo. I my good Lord.
Lear. The King would speake with Cornwall,
The deere Father.
Would with his Daughter speake, commands, tend, ser-
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood: (use, Fiery? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that,
No, but not yet, may he be not well,
Infirmitie doth fill all ages, all office,
Where to our health is bound, we are not our felues,
When Nature being oppreft, commands the mind
To suffer with the body; lie forbeare;
And am fallen out with my more headier will
To take the indifpos'd and fickly fir.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Glofher, Servants.
Lear. Good morrow to you both.
Corn. Haile to your Grace. Here are free at liberty.
Reg. I am glad to see your Highnesse.
Lear Regan, I thinkke you are: I know what reason
I have to thinke so, if thou shou'dt not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy Mother Tomb, Selpulching an Adultrefe. O are you free?
Some other time for that. Belowe Regan,
Thy Siffin's bough: oh Regan, the hath tiedy
Sharpe-toothd wickendiffe, like a vulture here,
I can scarce speake to thee; thou'tt nor beleeve
With how depra'd a quality. Oh Regan.
Reg. I pray you Sir, take patience, I have hope
You left know how to value her defects,
Then fte to fcam her dutie.
Lear. Say? How is that?
Reg. I cannot thinke my Siffin in the leat
Would fail her Obligation. If Sir perchance
She have restrain'd the Rrots of your Followres,
Tis on fuch ground, end to fuch wholesome end,
As elecrs her from all blame.
Lear. My curies on her.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Defcru'd much leffe advancement.
Lear. You? Did you?
Reg. I pray you Father being weake, see me so.
I'll fill the exparation of your Monere.
You will returne and leiron with my Sister,
Dismuffil halle your traine, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that profussion
Which shall be needfull for your entertainment.
Lear. Returne to her? and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roodees, and shoue
To lasse against the enemy oth ayte,
To be a Comrade with the Wolfe, and Owle,
To keepe base life & fooce; returne with her?
Our yongest borne, I could as well be brought
To kneel his Throne, and Squirc-like pension beg.
I will not trouble thee my Child: farewell:
To this detested groome.

France
Why the hot'ed bloodied that dowerlese tecke
Which I muft needs call mine. Thou art a Byle,
Or rather a diseas that's in my fleish.
Wee'l no more meete, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my fleish, my blood, my Daughter,
In my corrupted bloode. But lie not chide thee,
A plague fore, or imboffered Carbuncle
Not tell talcs of thee to high-iudging Lee.
Shame come when it will, I do not call it,
I do not bid the Thunder, bearer of thee.
Regan, when thou canst, better at thyelle.
1 can be patient, I can stay with
1 and my hundred Knights.
1 look throt for you yet, not am prouided
Your fit welcome. giue eare Sir to my Sifter,
For but shcknowtes what she doe's.
For those that mingle reason with your passion;
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Hold amity? 'Tishard, almost impoffible.
Should many people, wonder two commands
Yea, or so many? Sith that both charge and danger,
From those that see serve Servants, or from mine?

Lear. 'Tis true Sir, I have my Guardians, my Depositors,
But kept a register to be followed
With such a number? What, muft I come to you
With five and twenty? Regan, did you fo?
Lear. And speak'g mine Lord, no more with me, Les.
Those wicked Creatures yet do look well favor'd
When others are more wicked, not being the wors.
Stands in some ranke of praise, I go with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty.
Scene Secunda.

Enter Lear, good Fool.

Lear. Blow windes, & crack your cheeks; Rage, blow You Cataracts, and Hylecanos's spout, Till you have drench'd our Steeples, drown the Cocks, You Sulphurous and Thought-executing Fires, Vast-curaturs of Oats, cleansing Thunder-bolts, Sindgamy white head. And thou all-shaking Thunder, Strike first the chice Rotundity of the world, Crack Natures moulds, all germinates spill at once That makes ingratiating Man.

Fool. O Nunkle, Corne holy-water in a dry house, is better then this Rain-water out o'door. Good Nunkle, In, asketh Daughters blessing, here's a night pitties neither Wifemen, nor Fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full; spit Fire, sproat Raise; Nor Raine, Wind, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters; I tax not you, you Elements with vainglrd: I never gave you Kindom, calld you Children; You owe me no subscribtion. Then let the Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand your Slave, A poor, infrime, weak, and dispil'd old man: But yet, I call you Senile Minifters, That will with two perrnicious Daughters joyn Your high-creender'd fantasies, against a head

Seena Secunda.

Enter Lear, good Fool.

Lear. Blow windes, & crack your cheeks; Rage, blow You Cataracts, and Hylecanos's spout, Till you have drench'd our Steeples, drown the Cocks, You Sulphurous and Thought-executing Fires, Vast-curaturs of Oats, cleansing Thunder-bolts, Sindgamy white head. And thou all-shaking Thunder, Strike first the chice Rotundity of the world, Crack Natures moulds, all germinates spill at once That makes ingratiating Man.

Fool. O Nunkle, Corne holy-water in a dry house, is better then this Rain-water out o'door. Good Nunkle, In, asketh Daughters blessing, here's a night pitties neither Wifemen, nor Fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full; spit Fire, sproat Raise; Nor Raine, Wind, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters; I tax not you, you Elements with vainglrd: I never gave you Kindom, calld you Children; You owe me no subscribtion. Then let the Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand your Slave, A poor, infrime, weak, and dispil'd old man: But yet, I call you Senile Minifters, That will with two perrnicious Daughters joyn Your high-creender'd fantasies, against a head

So old, and white as this, Oh, ho! 'ls foole.

Fool. He that has a house to put's head in, has a good Head-piece.

The Cockpiece that will house, before the head has any; The Head, and he shall Lowe: so Beggars marry many, The man y' makes his Toe, what he his Hart should make, Shall of a Corne cry wee, and turne his sleape to wake.

For there was never yet faire woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience. I will say no more.

Kent. Who's there?

Lear. Marry here's Grace, and a Cockpiece, that's a Wifeman, and a Fool.

Kent. Alas Sir are you here? Things that love light, Love not such lights as these: The wraithfull Shires Gallow the very wanderers of the darke And make them keep their Caves: Since I was man, Such sheets of Fire, such bursts of horrid Thunder, Such groanes of roaring Winds, and Raine, I never Remember to have heard. Man Natures cannot carry This sublimation, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great Gods that keepe this dreadfull pudder o'no heads, Find out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch, That haft within thee undivulged Crimes Vanvhip of Justice. Hide thee, thou Bloudy hand; Thou Perjur'd, and thou Simular of Verre That art Intellellous, Cystife, to pieces make That under cover, and conuent to fearing Hes's praif'd on mans life. Clofe pent-yt guiles, Rine you concealing Continents, and cry These dreadfull Summoners grace. I am a man, More finn'd against, then finning. Kent. As like, bare-headed? Gracious my Lord, hard by here's a Houlle, Some friendship will it lend you gainst the Tempeft: Repose you there, while I to this hard house, (More hard then the stones wereof'ts sand) Which even but now, demanding after you, Deny'd me to come in) return, and force Their scanted curtseyes.

Lear. My was begin to turne.

Come on my boy. How do my boy? Art cold? I am cold my solfe. Where is this straw, my Fellow? The Art of our Neccellities is strange, And can make vile things precious. Come, your House; Poor Fools, and Knaue, I have one part in my heart That's sorrow yet for thee.

Fool. He that has and a little-ryme wit, With high-wo, the Wind and the Raine, Must make content with his Fortunes fit, Though the Raine it raineth every day.

Lear. True Boy: Come bring vs to this Houlle. Exe. Fool. This is a brve night to cool a Currzan: He spake a Prophetise ere I go: When Priests are more in word, then matter; When Brewers marre their Malt with water; When Nobles are their Taylor: Tutors No Heretiques burn'd, but wenches Suitors; When every Cafe in Law, is right; No Squire in debt, nor no poore Knight; When Slanders do not liue in Tongues; Nor Curs-purps come not to thongs; When Vintars tell their Gold in Field,
To shut me out? Pour on, I will endure:
In such a night as this? O Regain, General,
Your old kind Father, whose frank heart gave all,
O that my madness lies, let me shun that;
No more of that.
Kent. Good my Lord enter here.
Lear. Prynthee go in thy selfe, seche thing come safe.
This tempest will not glue me least to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but lie go in,
In Boy, go fright. You houselefe pouerse,
Nay get thee in; Ile pray and then Ifeepse.
Poure naked wretches, where so cre are you
That hide the petting of this pittelefe storme,
How shall your House-lefe heads, and yfed sides,
Your lopd, and window'd raggedeely defend you
From seasons such as these? O I have tane
Too little care of this: Take Physickes, Pompe,
Expos ethy selfe to seche what wretches feel,
That thou maist make the superfis to them,
And shew the Heavens more lust.

Enter Edgar, and Fool.

Edg. Fathom, and halfe, Fathom and halfe,poore Tom.
Fool. Come not in here heere Nuncle, here's a spirit, helpe me, helpe me.
Kent. Give me thy hand, who's there?

Edg. Away, the soule Fiend follows me, through the sharpe Hawthorne blow the winde.
Home, go to thy bed and warme thee.
Lear. Didst thou give all to thy Daughters? And art thou come to this?

Edgar. Who giues anything to poore Tom? Whom the soule friend hath led through Fire, and through Flame, through Sword, and Whible Poole, o're Bog, and Quagmire, that hath laid Knives under his Pillow, and Halter in his Poy. He hath base-hated his Porridge, made him proud of heart, to take on a Bay trotting Horse, once saue Incht Bridges, to court his owne sham for a Traitor, blisshe thy flat Wits, Tom's cold. O do de, de do de de de
blisse thee from Whible Windes, Sarris-blabbing, and ta-
King, do poore Tom fame charite, whom the soule Fiend vexes. There coule I baus him now, and there, and there

Edg. Away, the soule Fiend follows me, through the sharpe Hawthorne blow the winde.
Home, go to thy bed and warme thee.

Lear. Who is his Daughters brought him to this paffe?
Could sthol his face nothing? Wouldst thou giue 'em all?
Fools. Nay, he refered a Blanke, else we had him all
sham'd.

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre
Hang fared o're mens faces, light on thy Daughters.
Kent. He hath no Daughters Sir.
Lear. Death Traitor, nothing could have subdudt
To such a Lowesse, but his wind daughters. (Nature
Is it the fathion, that disscarded Fathers,
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment, to this flesh begot.
Those Pelican Daughters.

Edg. Fullcocks fat on Fullcocks hill, slow or sloe, doo doo.
Fools. This cold night will turn us all to Pockes, and
Madmen.

Edger. Take heed of this fool, Fiend, obey thy Paws,
Jumps thy words fulty, susuror, commit not,

Scena Quarta.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter,
The temray of the open night's too rough
For Nature to endure.
Lear. Let me alone.

Lear. Good my Lord enter heere.
Wilt breake my heart?
Kent. I had rather breake mine owne.
Good my Lord enter.
Lear. Thou think'st it's too much, that this contenqu
Invades vs to the skinne: thus do thee,
(Home
But where the greater malady is first,
The leser is in my selfe. Thou art a Bear, But if they flyght lay toward the soaring Sea,
Thou distresse the Bear with mouth, when the minds
The bodys delicate: the tempest in my mind, free,
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beastes there. Full ill ingratitude,
Is it so much thou shouldst this hand
For lifting God tooo. But I will punish home,
Now I will wepe no more; in such a night,

Storms still.
Edg. Ah, that it doth hate what gets it. Beware my Folio wet. Peace Smulkin. Peace thou Fiend. Dost, punifti d, and impiifon’d: who hath three Suites Poole: who is whipt from Tyrhing to Tything, and deth Dogge; drinkes the green Mantle of the standing Cow-dung for Sailers jfwallowes the old Rat, and the What baft thou bin? I preu array. Tom’s a cold. Looke, heere comes a walking fire. Nimall as thou art. OS’, off you Lendings: Come vn-button heere.

Enter Gloucester, with a Torch.

Fool. Prythee Nunclle be contented, ’tis a noughtie night to swimme in. Now a little fire in a wild Field, were like an old Letchers heart, a small spark, all the relt on body cold: Looke, herse comes a walking fire. This is the foule Flibbertigibbet; hee begins at Curlew, and walkes at firft Cocke: Hee giues the Web and the Pin, squints the eye, and makes the Harc-lippe; Midlewes the white Wcare, and burts the poore Creature of earth.

Swinbold took thrice the old, He met the Night-Mare, and her nine-fold; Bid her a-light, and her troth-plight, And azoynt thee Witch, azoynt thee. Kent. Who fayes thy Grace? Edg. What’s he? Kent. What’s he? Edg. What are you there? What is’t you seek? Kent. What are you there? Your Names? Edg. Poor 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 Fride rages, cats Toad, the Tod-pole, the wall-Neut, and the water: that vroh raarn fvvorne Spoufe; see not thy Sweet-heart on contruiing of Luft, and wak’d to doe h. Wine lou*d I with thy unever’d body, this extremitie of the Skies. Is the Worrne no Silke, the Beast, no Hide; the Shcepe, no Stormestill. Thou wert hate in a Graoe, then to anfwere this extremitie of the Skies. Is the Worrne no Silke 5 the Beast, no Hide; the Shcepe, no Stormestill. Bey Sefej: let him trot by.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cornwall and Edmund. Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house. Baft. How my Lord, I may be enquired, that Nature does grace you to Loyalty, something fears mee to think of. Corn. I now perceive him, it was nor altogether your Brothers eill dispositions made him seek his death: but a provoking meit it set a-worke by a reprovable badneffe in himselfe. Baft. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be in? This is the Letter which hee spoke of; which approves him an intelligent partie to the advantages of France O Heauens! that this Treason was not, or not the dector. Corn. Go into the Dutchesse. Baft. If the matter of this Paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.
Enter Kent, and Gloucester.

Kent. True or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloucester: seeke out where thy Father is, that hee may be ready for our apprehension.

Glou. If I finde him comforting the King, it will suffice his Majesties more fully. I will peruerse in my course of Loyalty, though the conflict be fore betweene that, and my blood.

I will lay trust upon thee: and thou shalt finde a dear Father in my love.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Fool.

Edg. Fraterretos calls me, and tells me Nero is an Angler in the Lake of Darknesse: pray Innocent, and beware the foul Fiend.

Fool. Prythee Nunkle tell me, whether a madman be a Gentleman, or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King.

Fool. No, he's a Yeoman, that he's a Gentleman to his Sonne: for he's a mad Yeoman that fees his Sonne a Gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits come hizzing in upon 'em.

Edg. Bleffe thy fine wits.

Kent. O pitty, Sir, where is the patience now that you so oft haue boasted to retaine?

Edg. My teares begin to take his part so much. They marre my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogges, and all; Trey, Blanch, and Sweet-hearts: fee, they barke at me.

Edg. Tom, will thou throw his head at them? Assay you Currues, be thou mouth or blacke or white: Tooth that poysons if it bite:

Mistle, Grey-bound, Morrill, Grim, Hound or Spaniell, Brache, or Hym: Or Bobtail tight, or Troudle taile. Tom will make him wepe and waile, For with throwing thus my head; Dogs leap the batch, and all are freed. Do, de, de, de: see: Come, march to Wakes and Fayres, And Market Townes: poore Tom thy home is dry, May blame, but not comptroll.

Enter Gloucester.

Kent. Now good my Lord, I see heere, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise, draw the Curtaines: fo, fo, we'll go to Supper'th morning.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noone.

Glou. Come hither Friend:

Where is the King my Master?

Kent. Here Sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gon.

Glou. Good friend, I prythee take him in thy arms; I have ere heard a plot of death upon him:

There is a Litter ready, lay him in:

And drive toward Dover friend, where thou shalt meete Both welcome, and protection. Take vp thy Master, if thou should'st daily halfe in house, his life With thine, and all that offer to defend him, Stand in suffred lodge. Take vp, take vp. And follow you, that will to some provisjon Glue thee quicke conduct. Come, come, away. Exeunt.

Scena Septima.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Bastard, and Servants.

Corn. Postes speedily to my Lord your husband, shew him this Letter, the Army of France is landed: seeke out the Traitor Gloucester.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Plucke out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. Edmund, keepe you our Sitter 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 moist refruicie preparation: we are bound to the like. Our Poites will be swift, and intelligent betwixt vs. Farewell dear Sitter, farewel my Lord of Gloucester. Exeunt Steward.

How now? Where's the King?

Serv. My Lord of Gloucester hath conuey'd him hence some fume or fix and thirty of his Knights Hot Queerifts after him, met him at gate, Who, with some other of the Lords, dependants, Are gone with him toward Dover, where they boast To have well armed Friends.

Corn. Get horses for your Mistres.

Gon. Farewell sweet Lord, and Sifter. Exit. Edmund farewell: go seek the Traitor Gofter, Pinnion him like a Theefe, bring him before vs: Though well we may not pasfe vpou his life Without the forme of Justice: yet our power Shall do a curst'lie to our wrath, which men May blame, but not comptroll.

Enter Gloucester, and Servants.

Who's there? the Traitor?

Reg. Ingratefull Fox, 'tis he.

Corn. Binde fat's his curky arms.

Glou. What means your Grace?

Good my Friends consider you are my Ghosts:

Do me no foule play, friends.

Corn. Binde him I say.


Glou. Vnmercifull Lady, as you are, I'me none.

Corn. To this Chaise bind him.

Villaine, thou shalt finde.

Glou. By the kinde Gods, 'tis most ignobly done To plucke me by the Beard.

Reg. So white, and such a Traitor?

Glou. Naugthy Ladie, These hairs which thou doft raifith from my chin Will quicken and accuse thee. I am your Host, With Robbers hands, my hospitable sauours.
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 Trainers, late footed in the Kingdome?
Reg. To whole hands
You haue sent the Lunaticke King: Speake.
Glu. I have a Letter gueßingily set downe
Which came from one that's of a newtall heart,
And not from one oppos'd.
Corn. Gunning.
Reg. And still.
Corn. Where haft thou sent the King?
Glu. To Dover.
Reg. Wherefore to Dover?
Was't thou not charg'd at peril.
Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.
Glu. I am ey'd to th' Stroke,
And I must stand the Courfe,
Reg. Wherefore to Dover?
Glu. Because I would not see thy cruel Nails
Plucke out his poor old eye: nor thy fierce Sifter,
In his Annointed head, flicke boards, phangs.
The Sea, with such a Storme as his bare head.
And not from one oppos'd.
Which came from one that's of a newer all hear?.
Reg. One side will mocke another: Th'other too.
Corn. If you fee vengeance
Ser. Hold you hand, my Lord:
I haue lent you ever since I was a Childe
But better service bauel neoer done you,
Then now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dogge?
Ser. If you did ware a beard upon your chin,
I ld shake it on this quarrell. What do you mean?
Corn. My Villaine?
Ser. Nay then com'on, and take the chace of anger.
Reg. Give me thy Sword. An ayzant fland vp thus?
Sel. hem
Ser. Oh I am flame: my Lord, you haue one eye left
To fee some mischief on him. Oh
Corn. Left it see more, prevent it: Out vilde gelly:
Where is thy better now?
Glu. All dark and comfortlesse?
Edwards, enhance all the sparks of Nature
To quit this horrid aëte.
Reg. Out treacherous Villaine,
Thou celll on him, that hates thee. It was he
That made the ouerrue of thy Treason to vs:
Who is so good to pity thee.
Glu. O my Folles! then Edgar was abus'd,
Kinde Gods, forgive me that, and prosper him
Reg. Go thrull him out at gates, and let him finell
His way to Dover.
How it's my Lord? How looks you?
Corn. I haue receiued a hurt: Follow me Lady;
Turne out that eyeclefe: Villaine: throw this Slave
Vpon the Dunghill: Regaw. I bled space,
Umtimely comes this hurt. Givne me your arr. Exeunt.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Scena Secunda.

Enter General, Baflard, and Steward.

Gen. Welcome my Lord. I meruel our mild husband Not met vs on the way. Now, where's your Master?

Sec. Madam within, but never man so chang'd.

Gen. I told him of the Army that was Landed:

Sec. He smil'd at it. I told him you were coming.

Gen. His answer was, the worse. Of Glosters Treachery,

Sec. And of the loyal! Service of his Sonne

Gen. When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sot,

Sec. And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out.

Gen. What mofl he should displease, seemes pleasant to him;

Sec. What like, offensive

Gen. Then shull you go no further.

It is the Cowish terror of his spirit
That dares not undertake: He need not fee wrongs
Which eye him to an answer: our wits on the way
May prove effects. Backe Edmond to my Brother,

Bafl. Haften his Vi

Gen. Both, both, my Lord.

Bafl. A Seruant that he bred, thrill'd with remonre.

Stew. Where was he when I inform'd him against him?

Gen. I met him backe againe.

Stew. He is no there.

Sec. Gloufter, my good Lord, the Duke of Cornwall dead,

Gen. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of Cornwall dead,

Sec. Slaine by his Seruant, going to put out

Alb. The other eye of Gloster.

Gen. Oh vaunt Poole.

Sec. Enter a Messinger.

Mef. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of Cornwall dead,

Alb. Clowns eyes.

Mef. A Seruant that he bred, thril'd with remorse,

Sec. Oppos'd against the act: bending his Sword

Edg. To his great Master, who, threat-enag'd

Stew. Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead,

Sec. Not without that horriful stroke, which since

Gen. Hath pluckt him after.

Alb. This shews you are above

Sec. YouJuftices, that these our nearest crimes

Mef. So speedily can venge. But (O poors Gloster)

Sec. Lost he his other eye?

Mef. Both, both, my Lord.

Gen. This Letter Madam, craves a speedy answer:

Con. Tis from your Sister.

Gen. One way I like this well,

Sec. But being widdow, and my Gloster with her,

Mef. May all disbudging in my fancie plucite

Sec. When they did take his eyes?

Gen. The News is not so tart. I' read, and answer.

Alb. Where was his Sonne,

Gen. When they did take his eyes?

Mef. Come with my Lady bither.

Alb. He is not heere.

Mef. No my good Lord, I met him backe againe.

Sec. Knowes he the wickednesse?

Mef. My good Lord:twas he inform'd against him

Gen. And quitt the house on purpose, that their punishment

Alb. Gloufter, I live

Sec. To thanke thee for the love thou shewedst the King,

Mef. To make, 'tis he: why he was met even now

Sec. As mad as the next sea, singing slowd.

Con. Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen, and Soulsburt.

Gen. Macke, &c he: why he was met even now

Sec. As mad as the next sea, singing slowd.

Con. Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen, and Soulsburt.
To Notoe Edmund.
I know you are of her bosom.
She gave Orange Eliads, and most speaking looks.
I am sure of that: and at her late being here,
Take all my outward worth.

The strength of the Enemy
His nighted life.

Scena Quarta.

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 Sistre's is the better Souldier,
Reg. Lord Edmund speak not wish your Lord at home?
Stew. No Madam.
Reg. What might import my Sisters Letter to him?
Stew. I know not, Lady.
Reg. Faith the is pasted hence on fome matter:
It was great ignorance, Glosters eyes being out
To let him live.

The strength o'th'Enemy
Reg. I must needs after him, Madam, with my Letter.
Reg. Our troopers set forth to morrow, stay with vs.
The ways are dangerous.
Reg. I may not Madam:
My Lady charg'd my dutie in this busines.
Reg. Why shold the write to Edmund?
Might not you tranfport his purposes by word? Belike,
Sometimes, I know not what. Ic lose thee much
Let me vndeal the Letter.
Stew. Madam, I had rather—
Reg. I know your Lady do's not love her Husband,
I am sure of that: and at her late being here,
She gave strange Eliads, and most speaking looks.
To Noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosome.
Stew. 1, Madam?
To quarter with your great afflction, nay.
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The Treasury of life, when life itself
Could be arc'd it longer, and
Oft fall
Thou'dst shivert'd like an Egg.

And yet I know no how conceit may rob
The Treasury of life, when life itself
Could be arc'd it longer, and
Oft fall
Thou'dst shivert'd like an Egg. But thou do'st

Edg. Go, Sir, farewell

Edg. Hadst thou beene ought
But Gouzmore, Feathers, Ayre,

(Many fast home downe precipitating)
This'dst like an Egg, but thou do'st

Edg. From the dread Somnet of this Chalkie Bourne

Lear. Were all thy Letters Sunnes, I could not see.

Edg. As I stood here below, to thought his eyes
Were two full Moones: he had a thousand Nores,
Homes weak'd, and waved like the emerg'd Sea:
It was some Fiend: Therefore thou happy Father,
Think'st that the clearest Gods, who make them
Honors Of mens Improvabilities, have preferred thee.

Lear. Am I not the King? No, no, no, no, no, no, no,
Is't not the King? Is't not the King?

Lear. I, every inch a King.

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: dost thou,
That is mine eye at me? No, I doth not write blind Cupid,
I doth not love.

Lear. Oh ha, are you there with me? No cies in your
Head, not many in your purse? Your eyes are in a
Heave: your purse in a light, your eye see how this world

Lear. What, are mad? A man may see how this world
goes, with his eyes. Look'st with thine eares? See how
Thou'lt see. Thou hast seene a Farmers doge barke at a Beggar?

Lear. The Creature run from the Cur; there thou

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the
King himselfe.

Edg. O thou safe-piercing light! O thou safe-piercing light!

Lear. Nature's above Art, in that respect. There's your
Prete-money. That fellow handles his bow, like a
Crowkeeper: draw mee a Cloathsers yards. Look'st, a
Mouse; peace, peace, this piece of toasted Chees will

Edg. Sweet Matronum.
The Tragedy of King Lear.

The bounty, and the benison of Heaven To boot, and boot.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize: most happy That eyeless head of thine, was first fram'd flesh To raise my fortunes. Thou old, unhappy Traitor, Briefly thy selfe remember: the Sword is out That must destroy thee.

Glow. Now let thy friendly hand Put strength enough too't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold Pennant, Don't thou support a publish'd Traitor? Hence, Least that thy distinction of his fortune take Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go Ziz, Without vurtue's cation.

Stew. Let go Slace, or thou day'll.

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gare, and let pour volpe kesse, and 'chud ha bin.gzagged out of my life, 'twould not ha bin so long as 'tis, by a vostnight. Nay, come not near th'old man: keep out the yere, or else try whither your Coward, or my Ballow be the harder; chill be plaine with you.

Stew. Our Dunghill.

Edg. Chill picke your teeth Ziz: come, no matter vot your lownes.

Stew. Slaue thou haft slaine me: Villain, take my purfe; If eu't thou wilt throwe, bury my bodie, And giue the Letters which thou find'dt about me, To Edmund Earl of Gloucester: fecke him out Vpon the English party. Oh unlame death, death.

Edg. I know thee well. A servicable Villainse, As dureous to the vices of thy Misfits, As badnose would define.

Glow. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you downe Father: reft you, Let's see these Pockets; the Letters that he speaks of May be my Friends: bee's dead; I am onely free He had no other Deathman. Let vs see: Leave gentle waxe, and manners: blame vs not To know our enemies minde, we rip their hearts, Their Papers is more lawfull.

Read the Letters.

Let us receipce all vows be remembred. You know much opportunities to cut them off: if your will wont to strike and place will be frustrously after. There is nothing done, if he return the Conqueror, then am I the Persever, and has fed my Goats, from the beaten warmth whereof, deities me, and supply the place for your Labour.

Your (wife, so I would say) effefhio- nate servants. Gonetill.

Oh invading'd space of Womans will, A plot, upon her vertuous Husband's life, And the exchange my Brother: here in the hands Thee Iake up, the posle unfanchis'd Of innumerable Letters: and in the mature time. With this vngracious paper strike the fight Of the death-prash't Duke: for him as well, That of thy death, and busineffe, I can tell.

Glow. The King is mad:
How stiffe is my vilese sens
That I stand vp, and have ingenious feeling Of my huge Sorrows? Better I were distresse, So shoul'd my thoughts be fuent'd from my griefes,

Drum start off.

And woes, by wrong imaginations loud.
The knowledge of themselves.

Edg. Give me your hand.
Fare off methinks I hear the beaten Drumme.
Come Father, Ie before you with a Friend. Exeunt.

Scena Septima.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentlemen.

Car. O thou good Kent, How shall I live and worke To match thy good effect? My life will be too short. And euery measure fail to me. Kent. To be acknowledg'd Madam is over-pa'd, All my report go with the modest truth, Nor more, not clip't, but so.

Car. Be better Doured, These weedes are memories of those worser houres: I pray thee put them off. Kent. Pardon deere Madam, Yet to be knowne (brought my made intent. My booke I make it, that you know me not. Till time, and I thinkc meet.

Car. Then be't To thy good Lord: How do's the King?

Kent. Our Sifters man is certaine miscairied. Bust. Tis to be doubted Madam. Gent. Be comforted good Madam, the great rage You fee is kill'd in him:desire him to go in. Trouble him no more till further fething.

Car. Wilt please your Highness walke? Lear. You must bear with me: Pray you now forget, and forgive, 1 am old and foolish.

Enter Lear in a chair carried by Servants

Gen. 1 Madam: in the heavenless of sleepe, We put fresh garments on him. Be by good Madam when we do awake him, I doubt of his Temperance.

Car. 0 my deere Father, restauratian hang Thy medicine on my lippes, and let this kisse Repaire those violent harmses,that my two Sifters Have in thy Reuencenc made.

Kent. Kind and deere Princesse, Car. Had you not bin their Father, these white flakes Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face To be oppo'ed against the larryng windes? Mine Enemies dogge,though he had bin me. Should haue flood that night against my fire, And was't thou faine (poore Father) To houell thee with Swineand Rogues forlornes, In shott,and mutly fraw (Alacke, alacke, Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once Had not concluded all. He waketh, speake to him.

Gen. Madam do you, 'ts fiteef. Car. How does my Royall Lord? How fares your Maiesty? Lear. You do me wrong to take me out of this grave, Thou art a Soule in blisse, but I am bound Upon a whelle of fire, that mine owne teares Do foal'd,like molten Lead, Do fel'd,like molten Lead, Car. Sir,do you know me? Lear. You are a spirit I know,where did you dye? Car. Still,still,fare off wide. Gen. He's scarce awake, Let him alone a while.

Lear. Where have I bin? Where am I? Fare day light? I am mightily abus'd; I should eu'd dye with pity To see another thus. I know not what to say: I will not sweare these are my hands: let's fee, I fee this pin pricke, would I were affur'd Of my condition.

Car. O looke upon me Sir, And hold your hand in benediction o're me, You must not kneele.

Lear. Pray do not mocke me. I am a very foolish fond old man, Fortrefceore and upward, Not an houre more, nor lesse: 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 doubfull: For I am mainly ignorant What place this is:and all the skill I haue Remembers not thefe garments: nor I know not Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me, For (as I am a man) I think this Lady To be my childe Cordelia.

Car. And so I am: I am.

Lear. Be your tearres wet? Yes faith: I pray wepe not, If you have poynto for me, I will drinke it: I know you do not love me, for your Sifters Have (as I do remember) done me wrong. You have some caufe, they have not.


Gen. Be comforted good Madam, the great rage You fee is kill'd in him:desire him to go in. Trouble him no more till further fething.

Car. Wilt please your Highness walke? Lear. You must bear with me: Pray you now forget, and forgive, 1 am old and foolish.

Altus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter with Drunnms and Colours, Edmund, Regan, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Bast. Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold. Or whether since he is advis'd by ought To change the course, he's full of alteration, And selfereproving, bring his constant pleasure. Reg. Our Sifters man is certameley miscarried. Bast. Tis to be doubted Madam. Reg. New sweet Lord,
Are of the Adder. Which of them (hall I take?
The Battaile done, and they within out power.
His fpcedy taking of Asfor themercie
Let her who would be rid of him, devise
His countenance for the Battaile, which being done.
Her husband being alive. Now then. we'll vfe
Which he intends to and to Lear
Cordelia,
Exeprctcs, makes mad her Sifter
If both remaine alive: To take the Wiodow,
y dilligent discovery. but your haff
3 For chefe domedicke and pameudar broiles,
And hardly shell carry ouc my fide.
1 To the fore-fended place?
7 Neither can be enloy'd
Each icalous of the otheT. as the ftung
What is auouchd there. If you mi {carry,
Your bufinefTe of the world hath foan end,
For him that brought itiwmehed though fefemc,
1 Sit .this heard, the King is come to his Daughter
Alb. Our very loving Sifter, well be-me:
Sit, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter
With others, whom the rigout of our State
For'cd to cry out.
Reg. Why is this reafond ?
Cone. Combine, together's gainst the Enemy :
For thesee domesticke and particular broiles,
Are not the question here.
Alb. Let's then determine with th'ancient of warre
On our proceeding.
Reg. Sister you'll goe with vs?
Gen. No.
Reg. 'Tis most convenient. pray goe with vs.
Gen. Oh ho, I know the Riddle, I will goe.
Exeunt both the Armies.

Enter Edgar. Edgar. If ere your Grace had speech with man so poore,
Heare mine tane word.
Alb. He over-take you. speake.
Edg. Before you figh the Battaile, open this Letter: If you haue victory, let the Trumpet found
For him that brought itiwmehed though fefemc,
I can produce a Champion, that will proue
Before you fight the Battaile, open this Letter: If you haue victory, let the Trumpet found
In honour'd Loue.

Enter Edmund.

Enter with Drum and Colour, Albany, Gonerill, Soldiers.

Alb. Our very loving Sifter, well be-me:
Sit, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter
With others, whom the rigout of our State
For'cd to cry out.
Reg. Why is this reafond ?
Cone. Combine, together's gainst the Enemy :
For thesee domesticke and particular broiles,
Are not the question here.
Alb. Let's then determine with th'ancient of warre
On our proceeding.
Reg. Sister you'll goe with vs?
Gen. No.
Reg. 'Tis most convenient. pray goe with vs.
Gen. Oh ho, I know the Riddle, I will goe.
Exeunt both the Armies.

Enter Edgar. Edgar. If ere your Grace had speech with man so poore,
Heare mine tane word.
Alb. He over-take you. speake.
Edg. Before you figh the Battaile, open this Letter: If you haue victory, let the Trumpet found
For him that brought itiwmehed though fefemc,
I can produce a Champion, that will proue
Before you fight the Battaile, open this Letter: If you haue victory, let the Trumpet found
In honour'd Loue.

Enter Edmund.
Enter a Herald.


Trust to thy single ventured, for thy soldiers
All leaved in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Regan. My sickneale grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well, convey her to my tent.

Enter Edgar armed.

Alb. Ask him his purpose, why he appears
Upon this call o'th trumpet.

Her. What are you?

Your name, your quality, and why you answer.

This present summons?

Edg. Know my name is left

By treasons tooth: bare, gnawne, and canker-bit,
Yet am I noble as thee aduentur.

I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he that speaks for earle o'Glo.

Bash. Himselfe, what faith thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword.

That if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy armes may do thee justice, here is mine:
Behold it is my priviledge,
The priviledge of mine honours,
My oath and my profession.
I protest,
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword, and fire new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart at first a traitor
Fell to thy Gods thy brother, and thy father,
Conspirant, gainst this high illustrious Prince,
And from th'extremest vaward of thy head,
To the distent and dust below thy footes,

...
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Told him our pilgrimage. But his flau'd heart
(Alacke too weak a conflict to support)
Twist two extremes of passion, joy and grefse,
Burtthlimplying.

Batt. This speech of yours hath mou'd me,
And shall perhance do good, but speake you on,
You see as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woffull, hold it in,
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Enter a Gentleman.


Edg. What kindes of helpe?

Alb. Speake man.

Edg. What meaneas this bloody Knife?

Gen. 'Tis hot, it smokes, it came euern from the heart
of—O she's dead.


Gen. Your Lady Sir, your Lady; and her Sifter
By her is poyfon'd: she confesseas it.

Baff. I was contracted to them both, all three
Now marry in an infrant,

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead:

Gen. Kent and Regan's bodies brought 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 Kingland where's Cordelia?

Seest thou this obied Kent?

Kent. Alacke, why thus?

Baff. Yet Edmund was belou'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,

And after flew herself.

Alb. Even forsoever their faces.

Baff. I pant for life: some good I meant to do

Delight of mine owne Nature. Quickly fend,
(Believe in it) to' th Castle, 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 repreeue.

Baff. What thought on, take my Sword,

Glue is the Captaine.

Edg. Haft thee for thy life.

Baff. He hath Commision from thy Wife and me,

To hang Cordelia in the prison, and

To lay the blame vpom her owne dispaire,

That she for-did her selfe.

Alb. The Gods defend her, before him hence a while.

Enter Lear with Cordelia in his arms.

Lear. Howle, howle, howle: O your are men of stones,

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd wfe them for,

That Heauen's vault should crack: she's gone for ever.

I know when one is dead and when one liues,

She's dead as earth: Lend me a Looking-glasse.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

If that her breath will mist or staine the stone,
Why then the lines.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror.

Alb. Fall and cease.

Lear. This feather faire, the lives: if it be so,
It is a chance which do's redeeme all sorrow
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good Master.

Lear. Prythee swye.

Edg. Tis Noble Kent your Friend,

Lear. A plosage vpon you Murderers, Traitors all,
I might have fau'd her, now she's gone for ever:

Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha:

What is't thou saist? Her voice was euer soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.

I kill'd the Slave that was a hanging thee.

Kent. Tis true (my Lords) he did.

Lear. Did I not follow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting Faulchion
I would have made him skip: I am old now,
And these same crowes spoile me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' th' best. I tell you straight.

Kent. If Fortune brag of two, the lou'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight, are you not Kent?

Kent. The fame. your Seruant Kent.

Where is your Seruant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow. I can tell you that,
He'll flinke and quickly too, he's dead and rotten.

Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man.

Lear. He fee that straight.

Kent. That from your full of difference and decay,
Have follow'd you far steps.

Lear. Your are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else.

All's cheerefull, darke, and deadly,
Your eldest Daughters haue fore-done themselues,
And desperatly are dead.

Edg. He knowes not what he saith, and vaine is it

That we present vs to him.

Enter a Messenger.

Edg. Very bootlefe.

Meif. Edmund is dead my Lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here:

You Lords and Noble Friends, know our intent,
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be applie'd: For vs we will resigne,
During the life of this old Majesty
To him our absolute power, you to your rights,
With booke, and such addition as your Honours
Have more then merited. All Friends shall
Taste the wager of their vertue, and all Foes
The cup of their deserings. O see, see.

Lear. And my poore Foeole is hang'd: no, no, no life?
Why shoul'd a Dog, a Horse, a Rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer.

Pray you vs do this Button. Thank you Sir,

Do you see this! Looke oon her? Look her lips,

Looke there, looke there. He di.

Edg. He faints, my Lord, my Lord.

Kent. Break he heart, I prythee breake.

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 vurpt his life.

Alb. Beare them from hence, our present businesse
Is greater woe: Friends of my soule, you twaine,
Rule in that Realme, and the gout'd state sustaine.

Kent. I have a journey Sir, shortely to go.

My Master calls me, I must not stay no.

Edg. The wast of this sad time we must obey,
Speake what we feele, not what we ought to lay:
The eldest hath borne sense, we that are yong,
Shall not see so much, nor lye so long.

Exeunt with a dead March.

FINIS.
Enter Roderigo, and Iago.

Roderigo.

Yet, tell me, I take it much unkindly
That thou (Iago) who hast had my purse,
As if thine were thine, shouldst know of this.
I but you'd not hear me. If ever I did dream
Of such a matter, abhorre me.

Rada. Thou didst tell me,
Thou didst not hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me
If I do not. Three Greasers of the Citty;
(In personall suite to make me his Lieutenant)
Off-capt to him: and by the faith of man
I know my price, I am worth no wotsic a pistle.
But he (as loving his owne pride, and purposes)
Exudes them, with a bumbast Circumstance,
Hornily stufft with Epithites of warre,
Non-suits my Mediators. For certes, says he,
I have already chose my Officer. And what was he?
For sooth, a great Arithmatitian,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine;
(A Fellow almost damn'd in a faire Wife)
That never set a Squadron in the Field,
Nor the division of a Battaile knowes
More then a Spinster, Unless the Bookish Theories:
"Wherein the Tongued Coolums can propose
As Maffon as he." Meeere prattle (without profite)
Is all his soldership. But he (Sir) had th'election
And I (of whom his eyes had scene the proofe
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on others grounds
Christened, and Heasten) must be blesse, and calm'd
By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-caster,
He (in good time) must his Lieutenant be.
And I (blesse the man) his Moorships Appietent.

Rod. By heauen, his Master be, who hath bin his hangman.
Iago. Whys, there's no remedie.

'Tis the custayle of Service;
Preferment goes by Letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood Heere to th'first. Now Sir, be judge your selfe,
Whether I in any just terme am Affin'd
To love the Moor?

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. Sir, content you
I follow him to force my course vpon him,
We cannot all be Mastesrs, nor all Masters

Nor canst thou coldly follow'd. You shall make
Many a durtious and knee-crooking knave,
That (doting on his owne obelious bondage)
Wears out his time, much like his Master Afla,
For neightenth but Provender, & when he's old Casside'd.
Whip me such honest knaves. Othe there are
Who trym'd in Formes, and villages of Duste,
Kepe yet their heats attending on themselves,
And throwing but flowers of Service on their Lords
Doe well thryt by them.
And when they have lin'd their Costes
Doe themselves Homage.
These Fellows have some foule,
And such a one do I professs my selfe. For (Sir)
It is as sure as you see Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but my selfe.
Heaven is my Judge, not for loue and dutys,
But seeming to, for my peculiar end;
For when my outward Afton dart doth demonstrate
The native Aft, and figure of my heart
In Complement externe, as not long after
But I will wear my heart vpon my fleec
For Dawes to toppeke: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a fall Fortune doth the Thicks-lips own?
If he can carry't thus?

Iago. Call up her Father:
Rowse him, make after him, poyson his delight,
Proclame him in the Streets. Incense her kinsmen,
And though he in a fertile Citty dwell,
Plague him with Frest though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such chances of vexation on't,
As it may loose some colour.

Rod. Here is her Fathers house, he call aloud.

Iago. Doe, with that timorous accent, and diar yell.
As when (by night and Negligence) the Fire
Is spied in populous Citties.

Rod. What hoa: Brabantio, Brahamante, hoa.

Iago. Awake; what hoa: Brabantio, Thieves, Thieves.

Rod. Lookke to your house, your daughter, and your Bags,
Thieves, Thieves, Thieves.

Iago. Aboute. What is the reason of this terrible

Summons? What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your Familie within?

Iago. Are your Doorea lockt?

Iago. Why? Wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Sir, ye are obd, for shame put on your Gowne,
Enter Brabantio, 
with Servants and Torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil. Gone she is, And what's to come of my despaired time, Is naught but bitterness. Now Rodrigo, Where didst thou see her? (Oh vnhappie Girle) With the Moore fast thou? (Who would be a Father?) How didst thou know 'twas she? (Oh she deceuseth me) What said she to you? Get you more Tapers: Raise all my Kindred. Are they married thinkes you? Rodrigo. Truely I thinke they are. 
Bra. Oh Heaven: how got she the out? Oh trèfon of the blood.

Fathers, from hence truf't not your Daughters minds By what ye see them as. Is there not Charmes, By which the property of Youth, and Maidhood May be a bus' ? Have you not read Rodrigo's, Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes Sir: I have indeed. 
Bra. Call vp my Brother: oh would you had had her, Some one way, some another. Doe you know Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore? Rod. I thinke I can discerne him, if you please To get good Guard, and go along with me, 
Bra. Pray you lead on. At euery house Ie call, (I may command at moft) get Weapons (hoa) And raise some speciaall Officers of might: 
On good Rodrigo, I will deserve your paines. 

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, Attendants, with Torches.

Ia. Though in the trade of Warre I haue slaine men, Yet do I hold it very stiffe o' th' conscience, To do no tryed Murder: I lack Iniquitie. S sometime to do me seruice. Nine, or ten times I had thought she were yeeld'd him here vnder the Rubbes, Othello. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay but he prated, And spake such feurui, and prouoking terms Against your Honor, that with the little godlineffe I haue I did full hard forbeare him. But I pray you Sir, Are you fast married? Be assure'd of this, That the Magnifico is much belou'd, And hath in his effect a voice potentall As double as the Dukes: He will diuorce you, Or put upon you, what restraint or greuance,
The Tragedie of Othello

Enter Cassio, with Torches.

Iago. Those are the raised Father, and his Friends:
You were best go in.

Othello. Not I: I must be found.

My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Jove, I think no.

Othello. The Servants of the Dukes?
And my Lieutenant?

The goodneffe of the Night upon you (Friend)
What is the News?

Cassio. The Duke do'ts greet you (General)
And he requires your halfe, Post-hallfe appearance,
Even on the Inflante.

Othello. What is the matter, thinke you?

Cassio. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
It is a businesse of some heare.
The Gallies
Have sent a dozen frequent Messengers
This very night, at one another heele:
And many of the Confuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the Dukes already. You haue bin hotly call'd for,
And many of the Confuls rais'd and met.
It is abusive of some heare.
The Gallies
And goe with you.

Othello. He comes to bad intent.

This very night, at one another heele:
To search you out.

Othello. Tis well I am found by you:
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And goe with you.

Cassio. Auncient, what makes he here?

Iago. Faith, he to night hath board'd a land Carrack,
Ifit prove lawfull prize, he's made for ever.

Cassio. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cassio. To who?

Iago. Marry to —— Come Captaine, will you go?

Othello. Have with you.

Cassio. Here come another Troope to seeke for you.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, with Officers, and Torches.

Iago. It is Brabantio: Get all be advis'd,
He comes to bad intent.

Othello. Holla, stand there.

Roda. Signior, it is the Moore.

Bra. Downe with him, Theefe.


Othello. Keep vp your bright Swords, for the dew will
buff them. Good Signior, you shall mount command with
yeares, then with your Weapons.

Bra. Oh thou foule Theefe,
Where haue thou flow'd my Daughter?

Dann'd as thou art, thou haue enchanted her

For here referre me to all things of Teme,
(If he in Chauins of Magiek we're not bound)
Whether a Maid, to render, Fair, and Hapie,
So opposite to Marriage, that she fhow'd
The wealthy curled Pearling of our Nation,
Would ever haue (secure a generall mocke)
Run from her Guardage to the lookey bofome,
Of such a thing as thou: to feare, not to delight
Judge me the world, if'tis not groffe in Teme,
That thou haue practis'd on her with foule Charms,
Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,
That weakens Motion. He haue't dispursed on,
Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the World, a practifer
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;
Lay hold upon him, if he do resist
Subdue him, as his perill.

Othello. Hold your hands
Both you of my inclination, and the rest.
Were it my Cee to fight, I shoule haue knowne it
Without a Promter. Whither will you that I goe
To answere this your charge?

Bra. To Prifon, till fit time
Of La w, and confe of direc Sefion
Call the to answere.

Othello. What is it do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose Messengers are here about my fide,
Vpon some pretence businesse of the State,
To bring me to him.

Othello. Tis true most worthy Signior,
The Dukes in Counfel, and your Noblefelfe,
I am sure is fent for.

Bra. How? The Duke in Counfel?
In this time of the night? Bring him away
Mines 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 such Actions may haue paffeage free,
Bond-Iaues, and Pagans fhall all our Servemen be.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke, Senator, and Officers.

Duke. There's no composition in this News,
That gives them Credit.

1. Sen. Indeed, they are di(proportioned;
My Letters say, a Hundred and feuen Gallies
Duke. And mine a Hundred fortie.

2. Sen. And mine two Hundred:
But though they lompe not on a luft accompt,
(As in these Cases where the ayme reports,
Tis oft with difference) or do they all conforme
A Turkifh Fleece, and bearing vp to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgements;
I do not to secure me in the Error,
But the maine Article I do approve
In ftronger linen.

Saylor within. What hooa, what hooa, what hooa.

Enter Saylor.

Officer a.
Th'mportance of Cyprus to the Turk; Neglecting an attempt of cafe, and gaine.

"He was bid report here To keepe vi in fafe gaze, when we consider That Rhodes is drefs'd in. If we make thought of this, Haue there injoynted them with an after Flecte.

A Maiden, neuer bold: Of Spirits so still, and quiet, that her Motion Bluff'dd at her Selfe, and the, in spight of Nature, Of Yeares, of Countiy, Credite, euery thing That will confesse Perfection so could erre Against all rules of Nature, and muft be drowne To find out practises of running hell Why this should be. I therefore vouch saigne, That with some Mixtures, powrefull o're the blood, Or with some Drams (conuer'd to this effect)

And yee of hers the bloodie Booke of Law, You shall your felfe read, in the bitter letter, After your owne fenfe: yea, though our proper Son Stood in your Affaym.

Bra. Humbly I thank you Grace, Here is the man; this Moore, whom now it scenes Your special mandate, for the State affairs Hath hither brought.

A I. We are vereierry fort.

Duke. What in your owne part, can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most Porent, Grave, and Reuerent Signior, My very Noble, and appro'd good Malefics; That I have taken away this old mans Daughter, It is most true: true I have married her; The verie head, and front of my offending, Hath this extent; no more; Rude am I, in my speech, And little blefs'd with the soft phrafe of Peace; For since these Armes of mine, had feuen yeares pith, Till now, some nue Moones wafled, they haue vs'd Their decreft action, in the Tented Field: And little of this great world can I speake, More then pertains to Feasts of Broiles, and Battale, And therefore little shall I grace my caufe, In speaking for my felf. Yet, (by your gracious patience) I will a round warmath'd tilt the deuiler, Of my whole course of Love What Drugges, what Charmes, What Computation, and what mighty Magicke, (For such proceeding I am charg'd withall) I won his Daughter.

Bra. I, so I thought: how many, as you fay.

Duke. Write from vs, To him, Post, Post-haste, dispatch.

Duke. Ti'certaine then for Cyprus: Marcus Lucicr is not he in Towne?

Duke. His now in Florence. You beft know the place.

Bra. He*s now in Florence. To find our pra&ifes of running hell

Bra. I do befeeeh you.

Oth. Aas foule, to foule affordeth ?

Oth. A Maiden, bold and fair: To vouch this, is no Rovée.

Ot. And tell the come, as truly as to heaven, I do confesse the wifes of my blood, So willingly to your Grace ears, I lie present.
How I did throw in this faire Ladies love,
And thine in mine.

_Duke._ Say it Othello.

_Oth._ Her Father lou'd me, and did invite me:
Still question'd me the Story of my life,
From yeare to yeare: the Bastilla, Sieges, Fortune,
That I haue past.

I ran is through, even from my boyish days,
Toth'revery moment that he bad me tell it,
Wherein I spoke of meet disfavorous chances:
Of moving Accidents by Flood and Field,
Of hair breadth feares i th'immortal deadly breach,
Of being taken by the Insolent Foé,
And sold to Slavery. Of my redemption thence,
And portance in my Travellours historie.

Wherein of Antars war, and Desarts idle,
Rough Quarries, Rocks, Hills, whose head touch heaven,
It was my hint to speake. Such was my Proceffe,
And of the Canibals that each others eate.

But still the House Affurtes would draw her hence
When ever as she could with haste dispach,
She'd come againe, and with agreeable.

'Twas pitifull: 'twas wondrous pitifull.

Of moving Accidents by Flood and Field,
Wherein I spoke of mee disaftrous chances i
And (Vie in mine.

That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
But (still the House Affurtes would draw her hence
Rough Quarries, Rocks, Hills, whose head touch heaven,
Where most you owe obedience?

I am hitherto your Daughter. But here's my Husband*

And that would wooe her. Upon this him I spake,
She lou'd me for the dangers I had pall.

I fhou'd but teach him how to rell
My Story being done,
And often did beguile her of her teares,
And bad me, if I had a Friend that lou'd her,
And I lou'd her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witch-craft I have vs'd

Here comes the Ladle: Let her witneffe it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Attendants.

_Duke._ I think this tale would win my Daughter too,
Good Thrice to speake up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken Weapons rather vfe,
Then their bare hands.

_Bra._ I pray you hear her speake?
If she confesse that she was half the woosr,
Deception on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle Mistris,
Do you perceive in this Noble Companie,
Where mofl you owe obedience?

_Dif._ My Noble Father,
I do perceive here a dividit duty.
To you I am bound for life, and education:
My life and education both do learn me,
Honour to requite you. You are the Lord's duty,
I am hither to your Daughter. But here's, my Husband;
And for much duty, as my Mother shew'd

To you, preferring you before her Father:
So much I challenge, that my proue profite
Due to the Moore my Lord.

_Bra._ God be with you; I haue done.
Pleafe it your Grace, on to the State Affurtes,
I had rather to adopt a Child, then get it.

Come hither Moore;
I here do guie thee that with all my heart,
Which but thou haft already with all my heart
I would keepe from thee. For your fake (Jewell)
I am glad at soule, I have no other Child,
For thy escape would teach me Tirannie
To hang clogges on them. I haue done my Lord.

_Duke._ Let me speake like your selfe:
And lay a Sentence,
Which as a grese, or step may helpe thes Lowers.

When remedies are past, the griefes are ended
By seeing the worfe, which late on hopes depended.
To oune a Mischeife that is past and gon,
Is the next way to draw new mischiefe on.

But not instantaely! did consent.

That to pay gride.mul of poore Patience borrow.

_Thrice._ To meurne a Mischeife that is paft and gon.

Patience, her iniury a mock'ry makes.
What cannot be prefernd, when Fortune takes:

The Fortitude of the place is
Othello,
makes for Cyprus:

I here do giue thee chat with all my heart,
Come hither Moore;
I am glad at soule. I haue no other Child,

When but thou haft already with all my heart
I would keepe from thee. For your sake (Jewell)

I here do giue thee chat with all my heart,

We looke it not so long as we can speake:
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bearers,
But the free comfort which from thence he haers.

But he bears both the Sentence, and the sorrow.
That to pay gride.mul of poore Patience borrow.

Thrice._ To meurne a Mischeife that is paft and gon.

Patience, her iniury a mock'ry makes.
What cannot be prefernd, when Fortune takes:

The Fortitude of the place is
Othello,
makes for Cyprus:

I here do giue thee chat with all my heart,

We looke it not so long as we can speake:
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bearers,
But the free comfort which from thence he haers.

But he bears both the Sentence, and the sorrow.
That to pay gride.mul of poore Patience borrow.

Thrice._ To meurne a Mischeife that is paft and gon.

Patience, her iniury a mock'ry makes.
What cannot be prefernd, when Fortune takes:
My trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd
Even to the very quality of my Lord;
I saw Othello's village in his mind,
And to his Honours and his valiant parts,
Did I my soule and Fortunes consecrate,
So that (deere Lords) I'll be left behind
A Moth of Peace and he go to the Warre,
The Rites for whom 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 pour your voice.
Youtch with me Heauen, I therefore beg it not
To pleafe the palatte of your Appetite:
Nor to comply with the yong affects
In my defend, and proper satisfaction.
But to be free, and bounteous to her roinde:
Offcather'd Cyprius. I will your seruous and great busineffe scant
And Heauen defend your good foole, that you think
When (he is with me. No, when light wing'd To^es
Make head againft my Efhmauon.
And all indigne, and bafe aduerficies.
Let Houfe-wife make a Skillet of my Hclme,
Either for her stay, or going : th'Affaire cries haft:
And such things elfe of qualitie and refpeft
Othello,

Sen. You must away tonight.
With all my heart.
Oth. At morn i'th morning, here we'll meete againe.

Rod. What will I do. think'ft thou?

Ugo. Thou art sure of me. Go make Money: I have
told thee often, and I re-tell thee againe, and againe,
I hate the Moore. My caufe is hearted; thine hath no Itifa
re-tell thee againe, and againe,
I hate the Moore. My caufe is hearted; thine hath no Itifa

Dejdemona
Sen. Adieu brave Moor, use

Rod. Go, yours. thy hope. thy faith. thy trust:
For l, should continue her loue to the Moore. Put Money in thy purs.

Ugo. What shal I do? I contefle it is my (fiamc
For making my Hope, and all the Tribe of hell. thou
Wilt thou be list to my hope, iff depend on

Inga. Wilt thou be list to my hope, iff depend on

Rod. De, I'll see her at morrow. Adieu,

Ugo. Thou art sure of me. Go make Money: I have
told thee often, and I re-tell thee againe, and againe,
I hate the Moore. My caufe is hearted; thine hath no Itifa
re-tell thee againe, and againe,
I hate the Moore. My caufe is hearted; thine hath no Itifa

Dejdemona
Sen. Adieu brave Moor, use

Rod. Go, yours. thy hope. thy faith. thy trust:
For l, should continue her loue to the Moore. Put Money in thy purs.

Ugo. What shal I do? I contefle it is my (fiamc
For making my Hope, and all the Tribe of hell. thou
Wilt thou be list to my hope, iff depend on

Inga. Wilt thou be list to my hope, iff depend on

Rod. De, I'll see her at morrow. Adieu,

Ugo. Thou art sure of me. Go make Money: I have
told thee often, and I re-tell thee againe, and againe,
I hate the Moore. My caufe is hearted; thine hath no Itifa
re-tell thee againe, and againe,
I hate the Moore. My caufe is hearted; thine hath no Itifa

Dejdemona
Sen. Adieu brave Moor, use

Rod. Go, yours. thy hope. thy faith. thy trust:
For l, should continue her loue to the Moore. Put Money in thy purs.

Ugo. What shal I do? I contefle it is my (fiamc
For making my Hope, and all the Tribe of hell. thou
Wilt thou be list to my hope, iff depend on

Inga. Wilt thou be list to my hope, iff depend on

Rod. De, I'll see her at morrow. Adieu,
But for my Sport, and Profit: I hate the Moore, 
And it is thought abroad, that twixt my Heads 
She's done my Office. I know not if't be true, 
But I, for mere suspicion in that Sort, 
Will do, as if for Surety. He holds me well, 
The better shall my purpose work on him: 
Caffo's a proper man: Let me see now, 
To get his Place, and to place up my will 
In double Knavery. How? How! Let's see. 
After some time, to abuse Othello's states, 
That he is too familiar with his wife: 
He hath a person, and a smooth discourse 
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false. 
The Moore is of a free, and open Nature, 
That thinks men boose, that but seem to be so. 
The Moore is of a free, and open Nature, 
That thinks men boose, that but seem to be so, 
And will as tenderly be lead by th'Nose 
As Ape are: 
I have't: it ts eng end red r Hell, ant TNight, 
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore. 

Enter Secundus. Scena Prima.

Men. What from the Cape, can you discourse at Sea? 
1 Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood: 
I cannot twist the Heaven, and the Main. 
Defery a Saile. 
Men. Me thinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at Land, 
A fuller blast we're shooke our Battlements: 
If it hath ruffiand so upon the Sea, 
What ribbes of Oake, when Mouncaines melt on them. 
Men. If that the Turkifh Fleere 

Enter Gentleman.

3 Newes Laddes: our warrres are done: 
The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the Turkes, 
That their desigament hails. A Noble ship of Venice, 
Hath fene a greuous wrekke and suffrance 
On most part of their Fleets. 
Men. How! is this true? 
3 The Ship is here put in: a Fennessa, Michael Caffo, 
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore, Othello, 
Is come on Shore: the Moore himselfe at Sea, 
And is in full Commission heere for Cyprus, 
Men. I am glad on't: 
Tit a worthy Governour. 
3 But this fame Caffo, though he speak of comfort, 
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he lookes sadly, 
And pray the Moore be safe: for they were parted 
With fowlie and violent Tempest. 
Men. Pray Heavens he be.
This being a Friend.
But that he's well, will be forthwith here.
That I extend my manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold view of courtesy.
How lost you company?
Iago.
'Let it not grieve your patience (good Parted our fellowship. But hearke, a Sile.
Of the tongue she oft bestows on me,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You would have enough.
Iago.
I Madam.
Come on, assay.
Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle false Beere.
Iago. Oh most lame and importunate conclusion. Do not learn of him Emilia, though he be thy husband.
How say you (Cassio) is he not a most prophane, and liberal Counselor?
Cassio. He speaks home (Madam) you may rellish him more in the Soulender, then in the Schooler.
Iago. He takes her by the palm' I: well said, whifper. With as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. I smile on her, do: I will giue thee in thine owne Countship. You say true, 'tis so indeed.
If such tricks as these flrip you out of your Lieutenant, it had been better you had not kids't three fingers so off, which now again you are most apt to play the Sir.in. Very good: well kids'd, and excellent Courtship: tis so indeed. Yet again, your fingers to your lippes? Would they were cluster-pipes for your sake.
The Moore I know his trumpet,
Cassio. 'Tis truly so.
Iago. Let's meet him, and receive him.
Cassio. Lo, where he comes.

Enter Othello and Attendants.
Otho, my faire Warriour.
Iago. My deere Othello.
Otho. It gives me wonder great, as my content To see you heere before me.
Oh my Soules Toy: If after every Tempest, come such Calmes,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death: And let the labouring Barke climb hills of seas奥林匹us high: and duck againe as low, As hell's from Heauen. Ific were now to dye, 'Twere now to be most happy. For I fear, My Soule hath her content to absolute, That no other comfort like to this, Succeedes in unknowne Fate.
Iago. The Heavens forbid But that our Louts
And Comforts should encrase Even as our dayes do grow.
Otho. Amen to that (Sweet Powers)
I cannot speake enough of this content, It floppes me heere: it is too much of toy, And this and this the greatest discords be That ere our hearts shall make.
Iago. Oh you are well tun'd now: But I let downe the pegg that makes this Mufike, as honest as I am.

Otho.
The Tragedie of Othello

Oth. Come, let us to the Castle.

Newes (Friends) our Wars are done:
The Turks are drown'd.
How do's my old Acquaintance of this Life? (Hony) you shall be well defin'd in Cyprus, I have found great love amongst them. Oh my Sweets, I prattle out of fashion, and I doare In mine owne comfortes. I prythee, good Iago, Go to the Bay, and disbarke my Coffers. Bring thou the Maffet to the Cudtardell, He is a good one, and his worthy gentle Do's challenge much respect. Come Desdemona, Once more well met at Cyprus.

Exit Othello and Desdemona.

Iago. Do thou meet me prefently at the Harbour. Come, this is, than be fill Valiant, (as they say base men being in Lone, have then a Nobilitie in their Nature, more then is native to them) left me; the Lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard. First, I must tell thee this: Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? Why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus: and let thy foule be instrued. Markke with what violence the first loue the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantstical lies. To loue him fill for prating, let not thy difcreet heart think it. Her eye must be fide. And what delight shall she have to looke on the diuell? When the Blood is made dull with the Aet of Sport, there should be a view to enamel it, and to give Satisfaction a fide appearce. Loomeffe in favour, sympathy in years, Manners, and Beauties: all which the Moore is defefte in. Now for want of these requir'd Conveniences, her delicate tenderness will finde it false abus'd, begin to bezeue the, gorge,difatisfie, and aprove the Moore, very Nature will influence her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now Sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and enfor'd position) who stands to emminer in the dege of this Fortune, as Caffo do's: a knaue very volable. No further confidencible, then in putting on the meere forme of Cluill, and Humane feeming, for the better compasse of his fall, and moft hidden loose Affection? Why none, why none: A flipper, and rublie knaue, a finder of occafrion: that he's an eye can flanke, and counterfeit Advantages, though true Advantage never prefent it felfe. A diuellish knaue: besides, the knaue is handfome, young, and hath all those requir'd in him, that folly and gteenen minde looke after. A perfitt complexe knaue, and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot beleue, that in her, she's full of most blest's condition.

Iago. Blefs'd fages-end. The Wine the drinks is made of grapes. If there had been blefs'd, thee would never have lou'd the Moore:Blee's pudding. Didst thou not fee her paddie with the palme of his hand? Didst not marke that?

Rod. Yes, that I did: but that was but cursteftie.

Iago. Leachese by this hand, an index, and obscure prologue to the Hisory of Luft and foule Thoughts. They met to noce with their lippes, that their breathes embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts Rodarge, when thee mutabilities to martwell the way, hard at hand comes the Maffet, and maine exercise, the incorporate conclusion: Pith. But Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have Brought you from Venice. Watch you to night: for the Command, Ile lay't upon you. Caffio knowes you not. Ile not be farre from you. Do you finde some oc-

casion to anger Caffio, either by speaking too loud, or staining his discipline, or from what other cause you please, which the time shall more faulently min-

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sit, he's taft, and very foddaine in Choller: and happen may raffe at you, prouoke him that he may: for even out of that will I cause thee of Cyprus to Muny. Whole qualification thall come into no true fafe a game, but by the displasing of Caffio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then haue to prefervre them. And the impediment most profitability removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperite.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meete me by and by at the Cudtardell. I must fetch his Necesarities a Shore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

Iago. That Caffio loves her, I do well beleue't: That she loves him, till apr, and of great Credit. The Moore (how best that I endure him not) Is of a conftant, loving Noble Nature, And I dare thinke, he'll proue to Desdemona A moft deere husband. Now I do loue her too, Not out of absolute Lust, (though peradventure I stand accompanid for as great a fin) But parcellly led to detyme Reuenge, For that I do suspect the luftie Moore Hast leap'd into my Seate. The thought whereof, Doth (like a poysnon Mineral) gnaw my Inwardes: And nothing can, or shall content my Soule Till I am revenged with him, wife, for wife.

Rod. Or laying fo yet, that I put the Moore, Atleast into a fezure fo strong That judgemenct cannot cure. Which thing to do, If his poore Traft of Venice, whom I trace For his queike hunting, Rand the putting oo, Ile hauve our Michael Caffio on the hip, Abufe him to the Moore, in the right garbe (For I feare Caffio with my Night-Cape roo) Make the Moore thank me, loue me, and reward me, For making him egregiously an Aete, And praching upon his peace, and quiet, Even to madriffie. 'Tis heere: but yes confid'd, Knaueries plaine face, is never leene, till vs'd.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello's, Herald with a Proclamation.

Herald. It is Othello's pleasure, our Noble and Valiant General. This upon certaine tidings now attid, importing the meere perdition of the Turkifh Fleete: every man put himselfe into Triumph. Some to daunce, some to make Bonfires, each man, to what Sport and Revels his addition leads him. For besides the beneficall News, it is the Celebration of his Nuptials. So much was his pleasure should be proclaime, All officers are open, & there is full hystore of Pesting from this
Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Micael, look you to the guard to night.
Let's reach our felues that Honourable Flop.
Not to out-sport direction.

Cass. Iago, I have direction what to do.
But notwithstanding with my personall eye
I will look to't.

Oth. Iago, is most honest;
Michael, goodnight. To morrow with your carbett,
Will I looke to't.
The purchase made, the fruites are to ensue,
Goodnight, and you.

Iago. Some Wine hoa.
And let me the Cossipack clinke clinke:
And let me the Cossipack clinke;
A Souder's a man: Oh, men life's but a span,
Why then let a Souder drink.

Some Wine Boyes.

Cass. Fote Heaven: an excellent Song.
Iago. I learn'd it in England: where indeed they are
most potent in Potting. Your Dane, your Germanne,
and your (wag-belly'd Hollander) (drinke hoa) are nothing
to your English.

Cass. Is your Englishmen to exquiste in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facultie, your Dane
dead drunkne. He sweates not to overthow your Almane.
He gives your Hollander a vomit, etc the next
Pottle can be fill'd.

Cass. To the bealth of our General.

Mon. I am for it Lieutenant: and Ile do you Justice.

Iago Oh sweet England.

King Stephen was and a worthy Peere,
His Breaches cost him but a Croune,
He held them Six pence all to deere,
With that he cal'd the Tailor Lorne
He was a wight of high Renome,
And thou art but of low degree,
'Tis Pride that pulls the Country downe,
And take thy awFd Cloaks about thee.

Some Wine hoa.

Cass. Why is this a more exquiste Song than the o-ther.

Iago. Will you heare againe?

Cass. No: for I hold him to be unworthy of his Place,
that do's those things. Well: thou's art above all:
and there be foules must be saued, and there be foules must
not be saued.

Iago. 'Tis true, good Lieutenant.

Cass. For mine owne part, no offence to the General,
not any man of quality: I hope to be saued.

Iago. And so do I too Lieutenant.

Cass. I (but by your leave) not before me. The
Lieutenant is to be saued before the Ancient. Let's have
no more of this: let's to our Affairs. Forgive vs our
offences. Gentlemen let's looke to our busynesse. 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.

Cass. Why very well then: you must not thinke then,
that I am drunke.

Exit. Monta. To the Platforme (Mastsle) come, let's set the
Watch.

Iago. You see this Fellow, that's gone before,
He's a Souder, fitts hand by Cassar,
And gives direction. And do but see his vice,
'Tis to his vertue, a just Equinox,
The Tragedy of Othello

The one as long as his other. "Tis pitiful of him:
I fear the truth Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity
Will shake this Island.

Oth. But is he often thus?
Iago. 'Tis euermore his prologue to his sleepe,
He's watch the Horologe a double Set,
If Drink then he does not his Cradle.

Oth. It were well
The General were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Prices the vertue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his enuies: is not this true?

Enter Rodrigo.

Iago. How now Rodrigo?

Oth. I pray you after the Lieutenante, go.

Iago. And 'tis great pity, that the Noble Moore
Should hazard such a Place, as his owne Second
With one of an ingraff Infirmity,
It were an honeste Admonition, to say fo
To the Moore.

Iago. Not I, for this faire Island,
I do loose Cassio well: and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But heare, what noise?

Enter Cassio pursuayng Rodrigo.


Oth. What's the matter Lieutenant?

Cass. A Knave touch me my dutie? Ile beate the
Knife into a Twiggen-Bottle.

Oth. Beate me?

Cass. Dost thou prate, Rogue?

Oth. Nay, good Lieutenant:
I pray you Sir, hold your hand.

Cass. Come, come: you're drunk.

Oth. Away I say: go out and cry a Mutiny.

Cass. Thou art a Soldier.

Oth. Thou art a Soldier. This it is General; To execute upon him. Sir, this Gentleman, entreats his peace:
And to defend our selues by our Sword.
Thou art no Soldier.

Enter Othello, and Attendants

Oth. What's the matter here?

Mon. I bleed Hill, I am hurt to the death. He dies.

Oth. Hold for your lives.

Iago. Hold hoo: Lieutenant, Sir Montano, Gentleman:
Have you forgot all place of sense and dutie?
Hold. The General lappes to you: hold for shame.

Oth. Why now hoo? From whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turkes? and to our selues do that
Which Henen hath forbid the Ottonniter
For Christian shame, put by this barbous Brawl:
He that flis next, to carrie for his owne rage,
Hold his foule light: He dies upon his Motion. Silence that dreardfull Bell, it frights the Ile,
From her prosperity. What is the matter, Masters?
Honest Iago that looks dead with greening,
Speake; who began this? On thy loue I charge thee?

Iago. I do not know: Friends all, but now, sum now.
In Quarter, and in terms like Bride, and Groome
Deuelling them for Bed: and then, but now:
(As if some Planet had unwitsted men)
I know. But newe i more be QiTicerofmirie.
My felfe will be your Surgeon. Lead hiro off.
T'iy honftie and loue o'ath mince this matter.
Ceffi. Making it light to I loue thee, Caffio,
He make thee an example. Come away to bed. Sir for your hurts,
Come Detmna, 'tis the Soldiers life.
'looke with care about the Towne, To haue their Balmy (lumbers wak'd with strife.
Exit, And filence thofe whom thii vil'd brawle diſtra&cd.
lost my Reputation. I haue loft the immoitall part of myfelfe, and what remaines is beftiali. My Reputation,
impofuion; oft got without merit, audioft without ue-

It hath pleas'd the diuell drunkennede, to giue
more wayes to recouer the Generali againe. You ate
repute your kite fuch a loofer. What man, there are
cie.then in malice )euen to as one would beate his of.
sore good a Commander, with fo flight, fo drunken, and fo
fncelcffe dogge. ro affright an Imperious Lyon. Sue to
thee Diuell.
Wiae. if thou haft no name be knowne by, let vs call
Sword ? What had be done to you?
their Braines? that we fhould with ioy, pleafance,
way men fhould put an Enemie in their mouthes. to fea'.e a-
stjn&ly: a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that
reuell and spplaufe,transforms our felues into Beafts.
recooeted ?

Des. What is the matter (Deere?)
Otht. All's well, Sweecting:
Marry Heauen forbid.
Iago. I will rather fieve to be defpis d, then to acceiue
what was be that you follow'd with your
n
Iago. Thy honeste, and loue doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Caffio. I loue thee,
But neuer more be Officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona attended.

Lookif my gentle Loue be not rai'd vp:
la, take them an example.

Des. What is the master (Deere?)
Oth. Ally well. Sweeting:
Come away to bed. Sir for your hurts,
My felfe will be your Surgeon. Lead him off:
Iago. looke with care about the Towne, And silence thome whom this wil'd brawle diſtra&cd.
Co me Desdemona, 'tis the Soldiers life,
To haue their Balmy (lumbers wak'd with strife.
Exit,

Desdemona...

Repuiation, Repuiation, Reputation: Oh I haue
loft my Reputation. I have loft the immortall part of
myfelfe, and what remaines is beftiali. My Reputation,
same: I am defperate of my Fortunes if they check me.
If I go.

Iago. Come, come: good wine, is a good famill
creature, if it be well vs'd: eKclaimeno more againft it-

Iago. Come, come: Caffio, I haue well approvd it, Sir. I drunke?
Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunke at a
time man. I tell you what you shall do: Out General's
Wife, is nowthe Generall. May fay fo, in this refpect,
for that he hath devoted, and giuen vp himfelfe to the
Contemplation, marke: and devouement of her parts
and Graces. Confeyfe your felle freely to her: Important
her helpe to put you in your place againe. She is of
fo free, fo kinde, fo apt, fo fpt, fo blifled a diſpoſition.
She holds it a vice in her goodneffe, nor to do more
then she is requefted. This broken ioynt betweene you,
and her husband, entreat her to filencer. And my
Fortunes against any lay worth naming, this cracke of
your Loue, shall grow stronger, then it was before.

Caff. You advis me well.
Iago. I profess in the facrietie of Love, and honest
kindneffe.
Caffio. I think it freely; and betimes in the morn-
ing, I will beſeeth the vertuous Desdemona to vndertake
for me: I am desperate of my Fortunes if they check me.

Iago. You are in the right: good night Lieutenant, I
mull to the Watch.

Caffio. Good night, honest Iago.
Exit Caffio.

Iago. And what's he then.
That fifies I play the Villaine?
When this diuife is free I giue, and honeft,
Probabl to thinking, and indeed the courfe
To win the Moore againe.
For 'tis moft eftie
Thinclynyng Desdemona to fobuue
In any honett Suite. She's fram'd as quitefull
As the free Elements. And then for her
To win the Moore, were to renoume his Baptisme,
AII States, and Simbols of redecrntd fin:
His Soule is fo enfefted to her Loue,
That he may make, vnmake, do what he lift,
Even as her Appetite fhall play the God,
With his weake Function. How am I then a Villaine,
To Cousef! Caffio to this parallell courfe,
Directly to his good? Diuiniiie of bell,
But now caft in his tr.oode,(a punifhmcnt more inpoh-
indifereet an Officer. Drunke ? And fpeake parrat ? And
thee Diuell.
Wiae. if thou haft no name be knowne by, let vs call
Sword ? What had be done to you?
They do suggeſſ at firft with heauenly (hewes,
When diuels will the blackeft smnes put on.
Plies
As 1 do now. For whiles this honeft Foole
That (Te repeales him,for her bodies Luft'

Desdemona...

Rerdorigo. I do follow heere in the Chace, not
like a Hound that hunts, but one that filies vpp the
Crie. My Money is almoft fpent; I haue bin to mgnt
exceedingly well Cudgel'd: And I think the illu

Enter Cassio, Musitius, and Clowse.

Cassio. Masters, play here, I will content your pains, Something that's briefe: and bid, goodmorrow General. 
Mus. Why Masters, have your Instruments bin in Naples, that they speak it? Notc thus?
Cassio. How Sir? how?
Mus. I pray you, winde Instruments?
Mus. I marry are they fir?
Cassio. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.
Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, Sir?
Mus. Merry Sir, by many a winde Instrument that I know. But Masters, here's money for you: and the General do's like your Museck, that he defires you for loues sake to make no more noise with it.
Mus. Well Sir, we will not.
Cassio. If you have any Musicke that may not be heard, crie againe. But (as they fay) to heare Mufick, the General do's not greatly care.
Mus. We have none fuch, Sir.
Cassio. Then put vp your Pipes in your bagge, for Ile away. Go, vanith into aery, a way. 

Cassio. Deft thou hear thee, mine honest Friend? 
Cassio. No, I hear not your honest Friend: hear me you.
Cassio. Prythee keep vp thy Quillets, that's a poore piece of Gold for thee: if the Gentle woman that attendes the General be ftriring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little fauour of Speech. Withe thou do this? 
Cassio. She is ftriring, Sir: if the will ftrire bifer, I shall feme to notice unto her.

Enter Sago. 

In happy time, Sago. 
Sago. You have not bin a-bed then?
Cassio. Why no: the day had broke before we parted. I have made bold (sago) to fend in to your wife: My fuite to her, is this she will well to vertuous Desdemona.

Enter Cassio, Musitius, and Clowse.

Cassio. Masters, play here, I will content your pains, Something that's briefe: and bid, goodmorrow General. 
Mus. Why Masters, have your Instruments bin in Naples, that they speak it? Notc thus?
Cassio. How Sir? how?
Mus. I pray you, winde Instruments?
Mus. I marry are they fir?
Cassio. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.
Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, Sir?
Mus. Merry Sir, by many a winde Instrument that I know. But Masters, here's money for you: and the General do's like your Museck, that he defires you for loues sake to make no more noise with it.
Mus. Well Sir, we will not.
Cassio. If you have any Musicke that may not be heard, crie againe. But (as they fay) to heare Mufick, the General do's not greatly care.
Mus. We have none fuch, Sir.
Cassio. Then put vp your Pipes in your bagge, for Ile away. Go, vanith into aery, a way. 

Cassio. Deft thou hear thee, mine honest Friend? 
Cassio. No, I hear not your honest Friend: hear me you.
Cassio. Prythee keep vp thy Quillets, that's a poore piece of Gold for thee: if the Gentle woman that attendes the General be ftriring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little fauour of Speech. Withe thou do this? 
Cassio. She is ftriring, Sir: if the will ftrire bifer, I shall feme to notice unto her.

Enter Sago. 

In happy time, Sago. 
Sago. You have not bin a-bed then?
Cassio. Why no: the day had broke before we parted. I have made bold (sago) to fend in to your wife: My fuite to her, is this she will well to vertuous Desdemona.

ACUTS TERTIUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Cassio, Musitius, and Clowne.

Cassio. Masters, play here, I will content your pains, Something that's briefe: and bid, goodmorrow General. 
Mus. Why Masters, have your Instruments bin in Naples, that they speak it? Notc thus?
Cassio. How Sir? how?
Mus. I pray you, winde Instruments?
Mus. I marry are they fir?
Cassio. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.
Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, Sir?
Mus. Merry Sir, by many a winde Instrument that I know. But Masters, here's money for you: and the General do's like your Museck, that he defires you for loues sake to make no more noise with it.
Mus. Well Sir, we will not.
Cassio. If you have any Musicke that may not be heard, crie againe. But (as they fay) to heare Mufick, the General do's not greatly care.
Mus. We have none fuch, Sir.
Cassio. Then put vp your Pipes in your bagge, for Ile away. Go, vanith into aery, a way. 

Cassio. Deft thou hear thee, mine honest Friend? 
Cassio. No, I hear not your honest Friend: hear me you.
Cassio. Prythee keep vp thy Quillets, that's a poore piece of Gold for thee: if the Gentle woman that attendes the General be ftriring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little fauour of Speech. Withe thou do this? 
Cassio. She is ftriring, Sir: if the will ftrire bifer, I shall feme to notice unto her.

Enter Sago. 

In happy time, Sago. 
Sago. You have not bin a-bed then?
Cassio. Why no: the day had broke before we parted. I have made bold (sago) to fend in to your wife: My fuite to her, is this she will well to vertuous Desdemona.

ACUTS TERTIUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Cassio, Musitius, and Clowne.

Cassio. Masters, play here, I will content your pains, Something that's briefe: and bid, goodmorrow General. 
Mus. Why Masters, have your Instruments bin in Naples, that they speak it? Notc thus?
Cassio. How Sir? how?
Mus. I pray you, winde Instruments?
Mus. I marry are they fir?
Cassio. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.
Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, Sir?
Mus. Merry Sir, by many a winde Instrument that I know. But Masters, here's money for you: and the General do's like your Museck, that he defires you for loues sake to make no more noise with it.
Mus. Well Sir, we will not.
Cassio. If you have any Musicke that may not be heard, crie againe. But (as they fay) to heare Mufick, the General do's not greatly care.
Mus. We have none fuch, Sir.
Cassio. Then put vp your Pipes in your bagge, for Ile away. Go, vanith into aery, a way. 

Cassio. Deft thou hear thee, mine honest Friend? 
Cassio. No, I hear not your honest Friend: hear me you.
Cassio. Prythee keep vp thy Quillets, that's a poore piece of Gold for thee: if the Gentle woman that attendes the General be ftriring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little fauour of Speech. Withe thou do this? 
Cassio. She is ftriring, Sir: if the will ftrire bifer, I shall feme to notice unto her.

Enter Sago. 

In happy time, Sago. 
Sago. You have not bin a-bed then?
Cassio. Why no: the day had broke before we parted. I have made bold (sago) to fend in to your wife: My fuite to her, is this she will well to vertuous Desdemona.
I give thee warrant of thy place. Allure thee to talk him out of patience; and watch him, and take him out of patience; for I do vow a friendship, and do's lie sooner wronging every thing he do's. With Caffo's suit: Therefore be ready. For thy Solicitor shall rather dye, and then give thy cause away. For thy Solicitor shall rather dye. Therefore be roily. -

Unfil for mine owne purposes. That he would steal away so guilty-like. Seeing your coming. I have bin talking with a Suitor here. For if he be not one, that truly loves you, His present reconciliation take. If I have any grace, or power to move you. That err's to ignorance, and not in cunning, I have no judgement in an honest face. To suffer with him. Good love, call him back. -

Wenwday to bring him in? Trust me, I could do much. Exceed three days. In faith be s penitent: I meet the Captains at the Cidadel. As it as I should entreat you were your Glouces, or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warme, or not to you, to do a speculator profit. To your own person. Nay, when I have a suit. Wherein meane to touch your Loue indeed, It shall be full of paine, and difficult weight, And fearfull to be granted. Oth. I will deny thee nothing. Whereon, I do believe thee, grant me this, To leave me but a little to my selfe. Def. Shall I deny you? No: farewell my Lord. Oth. Farewell my Defdemona, I come to thee first. Def. Emilia come: be as your Fancies teach you: What er you be, I am obedient. Exit. Oth. Excellent wretch: Perdition catch my Soule. But I do love thee: and when I love thee not, Chaos is come againe. No further harme.


Iago. For Michael Caffo, I dare be sworn, I thinke that he is honest. Oth. I thinke so too. Iago. Men should be what they seeme, Or those that be not, would they might seeme none. Oth. Certaine, men should be what they seeme. Iago. Why then I thinke Caffo's an honest man. Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this? I pray thee speake to me, as to thy thoughts. As thou dost ruminate, and give thy word of thoughts...
Iago. Thou dost confpire against thy Friend (Iago)
Ishack but think'th im wrong'd, and make't his care
A Stranger to thy Thoughts.

Iago. I do believethou,
Though I perchance am vicious in my guesse
(As I confesse it is my Natures plague
To fly into Abuses, and of my jealousie
Shapes faults that are not) that your wifdome
From one, that so imperfectionly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your felfe a trouble
Out of his fattering, and vnfofe obferuance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my Manhood, Honesty, and Wildefome,
To let you know my thoughts.
Oth. What doth thou mean?
Iago. Good name in Man, & woman (deere my Lord)
Is the immediate Jewell of their Soules;
Who flexes my pufe, flexes my pofition:
'Tis something, nothing;
Twas mine, 'tis his, and has bin flue to thousands:
But he that flexes from me my good Name,
Robes me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.
Oth. I know thy Thoughts.
Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Not hall not, whil't it's in my custodie
Nor from mine owne wcake metites, will I draw
Robes me of that, which not enriches him,
To fpy into Abuses, and of my jealousie
As I confesse it is my Natures plague
Through my Thoughts aym'd not.
Iago. Why do you say so?
Oth. Thou dost confpire against thy Friend (Iago)
Isthat the point:
And yet how Nature erring from it Rife,
The boneffe Creature (doubtelese)
Set on thy wife to obferue.
Le3ue me
If more thou doeft perceiue, let me know more:
Whyle more you may fume, and fume to her
But a little may take a fome to her
So be it, then, I fum'me.

Iago. Oh, beware my Lord, of iealoufie,
It is the green-eye'd Monster, which doth mocke
And on the proofe, there is no more but this.

Iago. What is it that makes him iealoufe?
Iago. Oh, beware my Lord, of iealoufie,
And long liue you to think so.
But I do let, ye're mou'd:
I am not bound to that: All Shoes are free:

Iago. What is it that makes him iealoufe?
Iago. Oh, beware my Lord, of iealoufie,
I have my thoughts,
Iago. And makes me poore indeed.

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 from me. I speak not yet of proofe:
Looke to thy wife, obferue her well with Caffio,
We are your eyes, thus: not iealoufe, nor Secure:
I would not have thy frend, and Noble Nature,
Out of felfe-Bounty, be abus'd: Looke too:
I know our Country disposition well:
In Venice, they doe let Heauen see the pranks
They dare not shew their Husbands.
Their best Conference,
Is not to leave it vnknowne, but kept unknowne.
Oth. Do I thay say so?
Iago. She did deceiue her Father, marrying thee,
And when the seem'd to flake, and fear thy looks,
She lou'd them moft.
Oth. And to the did,
Iago. Why do goo too then:
Shee that so young could give out such a Seeming
To feele her Fathers eyes vp, close as Oakes,
He thought 'twas Witchcraft.
But I am much too blame:
I humbly doe 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 daft'd your Spirits:
Oth. Nor a jot, nor a ciet.
Iago. Truf'th me, I fear it has:
I hope you will confider, what is spoke
Comes from your Loue,
But I do let, ye're mou'd:
I am not bound to that: All Shoes are free:

Iago. What is it that makes him iealoufe?
Iago. Oh, beware my Lord, of iealoufie,
My speech should fall into such widle Suefces,
Which my Thoughts sym'd not.
Coffe is my worthy Friend:
My Lord, I fee y'are mou'd.
Oth. No, not much mou'd:
I do not thinke but Defdemona's honest.
Iago. Long live thee so:
And long live you to think so.
Oth. And yet how Nature erring from it Rife,
Iago. There's the point:
As (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many proposed Matches
Of her owne Clime, Complexion, and Degree,
Whereas we fee in all things, Nature tend's,
Foh, one may fume in fuch, it will molt rank,
Poole diuifions. Thoughts unnatural.
But (perchance) I do not in poifion
Difinclin'd to fpeak of her, though I may fear
Her will, recoyng to her better judgement,
May tal to match you with her Country forms,
And happily repents.
Oth. Farewell, farewell.
If more thou doft perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy wife to obferue.
Leave me Iago.
Iago. My Lord, I take my leave.
Oth. Why did I marry?
This honest Creature (doubtelese)
Sees, and knows more, much more then he vnsold.
Iago. My Lord, I would I might interest your Honor
To lean this thing no farther: Leave it to time,
Although 'tis fit that Caffio have his Place;
For sure he fills it up with great Ability:
Yet if you please, to him off a while:
You shall by that perceive him, and his means:
Note if your Lady straine his Entertainment
With any strong, or vehement importunity,
Much will be seen in that: In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
Though that her lesse were my dearest thing,
And kentowes all Quantities with a leato'd Spirit
To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am blacke.

Iago. Why is that so often you did bid me seek.

Defdemona, Why then that the Moor first gave to Defdemona,
That which so often did did me fleale.
Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Desdemona. No, but let it drop by negligence,
And to th'advantage, I being here, took't vp:
Look, heere 'tis.

Iago. A good wench, give it me.

Desdemona. What will you do with't, that you have so earnestly gave above me for it?

Iago. Why, what is that to you?

Desdemona. It if for some purpose of impoort,
Giu't me againe. Poor Lady, she'll run mad
When the shall lacke it.

Iago. Be not so closewone on't:
I have a wife for it. Go, leave me.

Iago. I have in Caffio's Lodging, loose this Napkin,
And let him finde it. Trifles light as air are,
Are to the jealous, confirmations strong,
As proofs of holy Writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poiason:
Dangerous conceites, are in their Natures poisons.
Which at the first are scarce found to disstaste.
But with a little aide upon the blood,
Burne like the Mines of Sulphure. I did say so.

Enter Othello.

Look where he comes: Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowsie Syrups of the world
Shall euer medicine theee to that sweete sleepe
Which thou ow'dst yeaterday.

Oth. Ha, ha, false to mee?

Iago. Why how now Generall? No more of that.

Oth. Away, be gone: Thou haft set me on the Racke;
I 'sue tis better to be much absud'd,
Then but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my Lord?

Oth. What sense had I, in her stolne hours of Luft?
I was not, thought it not: it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merry.
I found not Caffio's kisses on her Lippes:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what's stolne,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am forty to hear this?

Oth. I had beene happy, if the generall Campe,
Pyrones and all, had tasted her sweet Body,
So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for euer
Farewell the Tranquill minde; farewell Content;
The Spirit's stifring, the Ear-piercing Fire,
The Royall Banner, and all Quality,
The irnortall Tones dread Clamours, countetlet.
Occupation's gone.

Be sure of it: Giue me the Oceular proofs,

Iago. You have a thing for me?

It is a common thing —

Desdemona. Hah?

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Desdemona. Oh, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same Handkercheife.

Iago. What Handkercheife?

Desdemona. What Handkercheife?

Iago. Why that the Moor first gave to Desdemona,
That which so often did did me fleale.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Desdemona. No, but let it drop by negligence,
And to th'advantage, I being here, took't vp:
Looke, heere 'tis.

Iago. A good wench, give it me.

Desdemona. What will you do with't, that you have so earnestly gave above me for it?

Iago. Why, what is that to you?

Desdemona. It if for some purpose of impoort,
Giu't me againe. Poor Lady, she'll run mad
When the shall lacke it.

Iago. Be not so closewone on't:
I have a wife for it. Go, leave me.

Iago. I have in Caffio's Lodging, loose this Napkin,
And let him finde it. Trifles light as air are,
Are to the jealous, confirmations strong,
As proofs of holy Writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poiason:
Dangerous conceites, are in their Natures poisons.
Which at the first are scarce found to disstaste.
But with a little aide upon the blood,
Burne like the Mines of Sulphure. I did say so.

Enter Othello.

Look where he comes: Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowsie Syrups of the world
Shall euer medicine theee to that sweete sleepe
Which thou ow'dst yeaterday.

Oth. Ha, ha, false to mee?

Iago. Why how now Generall? No more of that.

Oth. Away, be gone: Thou haft set me on the Racke;
I 'sue tis better to be much absud'd,
Then but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my Lord?

Oth. What sense had I, in her stolne hours of Luft?
I was not, thought it not: it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merry.
I found not Caffio's kisses on her Lippes:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what's stolne,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am forty to hear this?

Oth. I had beene happy, if the generall Campe,
Pyrones and all, had tasted her sweet Body,
So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for euer
Farewell the Tranquill minde; farewell Content;
The Spirit's stifring, the Ear-piercing Fire,
The Royall Banner, and all Quality,
The irnortall Tones dread Clamours, countetlet.
Occupation's gone.

Be sure of it: Giue me the Oceular proofs,
I Cry, oh sweet creature: then kiss me hard.

I let us be wary, let us hide our loves,

I kneel I heard hymn fly, sweet Desdemona,

I could Dor (Icepe. There are a kind of men.

I will give you satisfaction, you might have it.

And being troubled with a raging tooth,

I see you are eaten up with passion:

Oh monstrous world! Takenote, takenote (O world)

God buy you; take mine office. Oh wretched fool,

Ne'er pray more: Abandon all remorse

Thou hadst bin better have bin born a dog

And then (Sir) would he gripe, and wring my hand:

For nothing canst thou to damnation add.

I am sure it was your wits did I today

She may be honest yet: Tell me but this,

To furnish me with some swift means of death

The probation bear no hindge, nor loop.

That the probation bear no Hindge, nor Loops.

To have her all to pieces,

I am true: I am true.

For'tis of spices tongues.

I am your own song ever.

Othello: I'll do it.
Scena Quarta.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia and Clown.

Des. Do you know Strash, where Lieutenant Caffio lies?
Strash. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why man?

Strash. He's a Soldier, and sent me to say a Souldier lies, this morning.

Des. Go to : where lodges he?

Strash. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lye.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Strash. I know not where he lodges, and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here, or he lies there, were to lye in mine owne throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by reports?

Strash. I will Catche the world for him, that is, make Questions and them answer.

Des. Seek him, bidde him come hither, tell him, I have mooved my Lord on his behalfe, and hope all will be well.

Strash. To do this, is within the compass of mans Wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it. Exe Cup.

Des. Where should I loose the Handkerchief, Emilia?

Emilia. I know not Madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of Cruzaeuses. And but my Noble Moore
Is true of minde, and made of no such base effe, As lealous Creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

Emilia. Is he not lealous?

Des. Who, he? I think the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all such Humors from him.

Emilia. Look where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Caffio be called to him. How is't with you, my Lord?

Oth. Well my good Lady. Oh hardnes to dissemble ! How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand.

This hand is mine my Lady.

Des. It hath felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart : Hot, hot, and moyst. This hand of yours requires A sequencer from Liberty : Fasting, and Prayer, Much Cuffigation, Excessive deuot,
For here's a yong, and sweating Dwell here That commonly rebels: 'Tis a good hand, A franken one.

Des. You may (indeed) cry fo:
For't twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand. The hearts of old, gave hands ; But our new Heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speake of this :
Come, now your promises.

Oth. What promise Chuckle?

Des. I have lent to bid Caffio come speake with you.

Oth. I have a falt and soory Hue which offends me: Lend me thy Handkerchief.
Nor no IcaliotuToy. concerning yen.

For my free speec'n. You rooft awhile be patient:

I f I doe finde him fit, lie rooue your fusee.

Begot vpon it felfe, b orne on it felfe.

But iealions, for tliey rt iealoui ItisaMonffer

Jwas (vnhandfome Warrior, as I am)

Pas?i his owne Brother

An d ishe angry ?

They are not ecer iealious for the caufe,

Something of moment then: I will go meet him.

Then for my felfe, I dare. Let that {office you.

And seeke tc

Suit

my Yttermoft.

State matters, as you thinke, and noConceptico,

And he's Indited falfely.

But now I fiode.I had fubonj'd,tsoe VYitneffe,

Hath pudied his cleate Spirit: and in fuch cafes.

There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Exit

And like the Dwell from bis very A row

What 1 can da, I will: and more I will

Were he in Fauour, as in Humour alter'd.

Arraigning bis vnkicdneffe with my foule:

Mar of them looke for fuch obferuanoe

Mens Natures wrangle with inferi our things.

Made demooftrable beere in Cyprus, to him,

Either from Venice, or fame vnhatch'd ps*<Sife

When it hath blowne his Pvankes Into the Ayte,

And certainly in Grange voquietneffc.

As 1 haue fpoken for you all my beft,

Of paine. Nay,we mat) ibinke men are not Gods,

Por let out finger ake, and it endues

Though great ones sre their obietft 'Ti* euen sa

From whence you haue them. You are iealious now,

This is feme Token from a newer Friend,

That this is from Come Miflris, fome remembrance j

Throw your vilde gefies in the Diuels teeth.

Is't come to this ? Weil,well.

Cafl. Go too, woman:

Throw your thile geffes in the Duels teeth,

From whence you have them. You are iealious now,

That this is from some Midhias, some remembrance ;

No, in good trufh Biana.

Bian. Why,who's it?

Cafl. I know not neither :

I found it in my Chamber,

To haue him fee toe woman'd.  

I like the worke well; Ere it be demanded

For our healthfull members,even to a fene

Of paise. Nay, we muft thinke men are not God,

Nor of them look for fuch abfence

It is hypocrifie againft the Djuell:

As its the Beldail. Befrew me much, Emlia,

I was (emhande Some Warrior, as I am)

Arraigning his vnkindneffe with my foule :

But now I finde, I had hubard't, the Wtnelle,

And he's indited fallely.

Eml. Pray heaven it bee

State matters, as you thinke, and no Conception,

Nor no jealous Toy, concerning you.

Alas the day, I never gave him cause.

But jealous foules will not be anwere'd so;

They are not ever iealious for the caufe;

But iealous, for they're iealous of a Monfter

Begun upon it felfe, borne on it felfe.

Def. Heaven keeps the Monfter from Othello's mind.

Eml. Lady, Amen.

Def. I will go feeke him. Caffi.walks hereabout:

If I doe finde him fit, Ile move your fuite,

And feeke to effeit it to my vtermost.

Caf'. I humbly thank you Lady Thip.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Saw you your Friend Caffi.)
Handkerchiefe.

Bui fwe the
They haue is trery ofi, that haue it not.

Thou faWft (oh, it comes ore my memonc,
Boading to a» he had my Handkerchiefe.

As doth the Raueri o're the infeftious houfe;
Or heard him fayf at Knaues be fuch abroad,

Convu

inced or fupply'd them, cannot chufc
Or
dotage of fome Miftris,
Voluntary

Who hailing by thetr ownt importunate lute,

But they muft lab.)

No more then thele vn-fweare.

Handkerchiefe : Confeflions: Handkerchiefe. To con-

fesTe, and be bang'd for his labour. Firft, to see bang'd,

Noses. Eares. and L-ppes its t pofsible. Confefle? Hand-

Inftmftion. Itisnot words that (hakes me thus, (p(n)

and then to confefle: I tremble at it. Nature would not

inueft her felfe in fuch fhadowing paflfoa, without forrve

Her honor is an Effence that's not feene.

lag*

ToOtmoTraunts.
kerchicfe? OdiueU.
My Medicine worker. Thus ercdulous Fooles are caught.

(All guiltlcffe)roeete reproachi what hoa ? My Lord?

And maoy worthy, and chart Dames eueo thus,
My Lord, I fay:
OtbeOo.

This is bis fecond Fit: he had one yester-

Day?

Cqjfut?

1: what of that?

Oth. By hauen. I would mofl gladly hsue forgot

it:*

Ar/. What Ifl had faid, I had feene him do you wrong?

If not, he soames at mouth : and by and by

Otbe. That now so.

Do you withdraw your felfe a little while.
He will recouer ftraight: when he is gone,
I would on great occa/ion. fpeake with you.

Thinke cuvty bearded fellow that's but yoak d

Would you would beare your Fortune like a Man.

Thar nightly lye inthofe voproper beds,
May draw with you. There's Millions now altue,
To lip a wanton in a [SecureCowcb]
Your
case is better.
Which they dare fwearc peculiar.

laco.

Itge.

Otb.

What hath he faid?
hi.
Of
What? What?
Otb.
Whuhet?
Lye.
logo.
Hath he
Oth.
Urn.
With her ? On her-.twha: you will
, Lye with her ?lye on her ? We fay lye on her,
Otb
Worke on.
logo.
Caf.
What's the mailer?
I ago:
My Lord?*fibie intojin Epilepfie,

There'smany a Beaft then in a populous Citty,
logo.
I Ago

1 mocke you not, by H?auen:
Doft thou mocke me ?
Otb*.
Did he confefTe it?

Cafio.

Enter Caffio.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad:
And his vnbookifh felfe must conferue
Pooe Caffio it fmites, guffures, and light behauiours
Quite in the wrong. How do you Lieutenant?
Caf. The worfer, that you give me the addition,
Whole want even kills me.

In1, if this Suit lay m Bianca's dowre,
How queckely should you speed;
Caf. Als poore Caffie.
Otb. looke how he laughs already.
Ine. I never knew woman loue man fo.
Caf. Als poore Rogue, I thinke indeed she loues me
Otb. Now he denies it faintly: and laughes it out.
Ine. Do you heare Caffio ?
Otb. Now he importunes him
To tell it o're: go to, well (aid, well faid.
Ine. She giues it out, that you shall marry her.

Do you intend it?
Caf. Ha, ha, ha.
Otb. Do ye triumph, Romaine? doyou triurph?
Caf. I marry. What ? A cuftomer vprytheebears
Some Charite to my wit, do not think it
So vnwholefome. Ha, ha, ha.
Otb. So, fo, fo, : they laugh,that winners
Ine. Why the cry goes, that you marry her.
Caf. Prythee fay true.
Ine. I am a very Villaine elfe.
Otb. Have you fear'd me ? Well.
Caf. This is the Monkeys owne giving out a
She is perswaved I will marry her.
Oth. Out her owne owne love & flatterie,not out of my promise.

v v
Oth.
Oth. Iago becomes me: now he begins the story.
Caffio. She was here even now: the haunt me evey place. I was the other day talking on the Seabanke with certain Venetians, and thither comes the Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck.
Oth. Crying oh deere Caffio, as it were: his seurte imorts it.
Caffio. So hangs, and lolls, and wepeps vpon me.
Oth. Now he tells how the plucks him to my Cham ber: oh, I see that nofe of yours, but not that dogge, I shall throw it to.
Caffio. Welly, I must leaue her companie.
Oth. Before me: looke where she comes.

Enter Bianca.
Caffio. 'Tis such anotherETCHET: marry a perfum'd one? What do you meane by this haunting of me?
Bian. Let the duell, and his dam haunt you: what did you meane by that same Handkerchiefe, you gave me even now? I was a fine Fool to take it: I must take out the worke? A likely piece of worke. that you Should finde it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there.
This is some Minxes token, & I must take out the worker. What do you meane by this haunting of me?
Oth. A fine woman. a faire woman, a sweete woman ?
Caffio. Is there deuiion 'twixt my Lord, and a Thief?
Bian. Did you perceiue how he laugh'd at his vice?
Oth. As it were: his teffure im—
Caffio. Oh deere

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.
Oth. Excellent good: What Trumpet is that same?
Iago. I warrant something from Venice, 'Tis Lodovico, this, comes from the Duke.
Lodo. See, your wife's with him.
Oth. With all my heart Sir.
Iago. And what's the newes, good cozen Lodovicos?
Oth. I am very glad to see you Signior.
Welcome to Cyprus.
Lodo. I thank you: how do's Lieutenant Caffio?
Iago. Lies Sir.
Def. Cozen, there's false betwixt him, & my Lord, An vnkind breach: but you shall make all well.
Oth. Are you sure of that?
Def. My Lord?
Oth. This faile you not to do, as you will——
Lodo. He did not call: he's bufe in the paper,
Is there deuiion 'twixt my Lord, and Caffio?
Def. A most unhappy one: I would do much
T'consume for the love I beare to Caffio.
Oth. Fire, and brimstone.
Def. My Lord.
Oth. Are you wise?
Def. What is he angrie ?
Lodo. May be this Letter mou'd him.
For as I thinke, they do command him home,
Deputing Caffio in his Government.
Def. Truff me, I am glad on't.
Oth. Indeed?
Def. My Lord?
Oth. I am glad to see you mad.
Def. Why, sweete Othello?
Oth. Diuell.
Def. I have not deferd this.
Lodo. My Lord, this would not be beleu'd in Venice,
Though I should sweare I saw't, 'Tis very much.
Make her amends: she wepeps.
Oth. Oh diuell, diuell: It that the Earth could teeme with womanes teares,
Each drop the falls, would prove a Crocodile:
Out of my sight.
Def. I will not stay to offend you
Lodo. Truly obedient Lady.
I do beseech your Lordship call her backes.
Oth. Misfri.  

Def. My Lord.  

Oth. What would you with her, Sir?  

Led. 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 weep, Sir, wepe.  

And she's obedient: as you say obedient  

Very obedient: proceed you in your busines.  

Concerning this Sir, (oh well-painted paffion)  

I am commanded home: get you away  

And turne againe. And she can weep, Sir, wepe.  

And will returne to Venice. Hence away  

Virtue obedient: proceed you in your tear.  

lie fend for you anon. Sir, I obey the Mandate,  

You are welcome, Sir, to Cyprus.  

Cajfto  

(hall have my Place. And Sir, to night  

Call all in all, (ufficienc ? Is this the Nature  

Exeunt.  

Graete, and Monkeys.  

Orble. Could neither grce, nor pierce?  

The hot of Accident, nor dart of Chinese  

To createthat we may (up together.  

Oth. What be nnght beside what he might, he is not,  

What I haoe feene, and knowne. You shall observe them,  

And marke how he continues.  

Lod. I am sorry that I am decern'd in him.  

Enter Othello and Aemilia.  

Oth. You have feene nothing then?  

Aem. Not ever heard; nor ever did suspeft.  

Oth. Yet, you have feene Caffia, and the together.  

Aem. But then I saw no harme: and then I heard,  

Each syllable that breath made vp beetween them.  

Oth. What? Did they never whisper?  

Aem. Neuer my Lord.  

Oth. Nor fend you out o' thway?  

Aem. Neuer.  

Oth. To fetch her Fan, her Gloues, her Mask, nor no.  

Aem. Neuer my Lord. (thing?  

Oth. That's strange.  

Aem. I durst (my Lord) to wagger, she is honest:  

Lay downe my Soule at stake: if you thinke other,  

Remoure your thought. It doth abuse your bosome:  

If any wretch have put this in your head,  

Let Heaven requite it with the Serpents curse,  

For if she be not honeft, chaste, and true,  

There's no man happy. The pureft of their Wives  

Is foule as Slander.  

Oth. Bid her come hither: go.  

Exit Aemilia.  

She fakes enough: yet she's a simple Baud  

That cannot fly as much. This is a subtile Whore:  

A Cloister Locke'd Key of Villanous Secrets,  

And yet the'ke kneele, and pray: I have fene her do's.  

Orbe. What was this faire Paper? This most goodly Bookke  

Made to write Whore vpon? What committed,  

Enter Desdemona and Aemilia.  

Def. My Lord, what is your will?  

Oth. Pray you Chucke come hither.  

Def. What is your pleasure?  

Oth. Let me fee your eyes: look in my face.  

Def. What horrid Fancie's this?  

Oth. Some of your Function Mistri.  

Leave Prerents alone, and that the doore;  

Cough, or ery hem; if any body come:  

Your Mery, your Mystery. May dispatch. Exit Aem.  

Def. Vpon my knee, what doth your speech import?  

I understand a Fury in your words.  

Oth. Why? What att thou?  

Def. Your wife my Lord: your true and loyal wife.  

Othello Come swear it: damme thy selfe, lefse  

being like one of Heauen, the diuell* themselfe* shoul'd  

fear to ceaze thee. Therefore be double dam'd, fweeney thou art honeft?  

Def. Heaven doth truly know it.  

Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art as false as hell.  

Def. To whom my Lord?  

With whom? How am I false?  

Oth. Ah Desdemona, away, away, away,  

Def. Alas the heavy day: why do you wepe?  

Am I the moxie of these teares my Lord?  

If happily your Father do sufpeet,  

An Instrument of this your calling backe,  

Lay not your blame on me: if you have lost him,  

I have loft him too.  

Oth. Had it pless'd Heauen,  

To try me with Affiiction, had they rain'd  

All kind of Sore, and Shames on my bare-head:  

Sreep'd me in pouenie to the very lippe*.  

To point his flow, and eouing finger at*  

A drop of patience. But alas, to make me  

To knot and gender in. Time thy completion there.  

To fetch her Fan, her Gloiiss, her Mask, nor no.  

Of he. That quickneuen with blowing. Oh thou weed:  

Patienee. thou young and Ro£it-lj> d Chruch,  

To knot and gender in. Time thy completion there.  

Or keepe it as a Cefterne, for foole Toades  

Or else dries vp: ro be difearded thence,  

Or he. That quickneuen with blowing. Oh thou weed:  

Scena Seconda.  

Orbe. You have feene nothing then?  

Aem. Not ever heard; nor ever did suspeft.  

Orbe. Yet, you have feene Caffia, and the together.  

Aem. But then I saw no harme: and then I heard,  

Each syllable that breath made vp beetween them.  

Orbe. What? Did they never whisper?  

Aem. Neuer my Lord.  

Orbe. Nor fend you out o' thway?  

Aem. Neuer.  

Orbe. To fetch her Fan, her Gloues, her Mask, nor no.  

Aem. Neuer my Lord. (thing?  

Orbe. That's strange.  

Aem. I durst (my Lord) to wagger, she is honest:  

Lay downe my Soule at stake: if you thinke other,  

Remoure your thought. It doth abuse your bosome:  

If any wretch have put this in your head,  

Let Heaven requite it with the Serpents curse,  

That quicken even with blowing. Oh thou weed:  

Who are so Souly fair, and smellit so sweete,  

That the Scenie shes at thee,  

Would thou hadft neuer bin borne.  

Def. Alas, what ignorant sin haue I committed?  

Orbe. Was this faire Paper? This most goodly Bookke  

Made to write Whore vpon? What committed,
Enter Iago and Amilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure Madam?

Amilia. Good Madam,

What is the matter with my Lord?

Iago. With who?

Amilia. Why, with my Lord, Madam?

Iago. Who is thy Lord?

Amilia. He that is yours, sweet Lady.

Iago. Have none: do not talk to me. Amilia, I cannot weep nor answer, but I have none, but what thou god by water, Prynthe to night, Lay on my bed my wedding sheet, and remember, and call thy husband hither.

Amilia. Here's a change indeed. Exit.

Iago. Tit's meete I should be us'd so: very meete.

How haue I bin behau'd, that he might fickle

The smallst opinion on my least misde.

To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one weep?

Iago. Bethrew him for't.

How comes this Tricke upon him?

Iago. Nay, Heaven doth know.

Amilia. I will be hang'd, if some eternal Villaine, some base and insinuating Rogue, some cogging, cozening Slave, to get some Office, Have not deceit'd this Slander: I will be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man: it is impossible. Def. If any such there be, Heaven pardon him.

Amilia. A halter pardon him:

And 'a hell gnaw his bones.

What should be call'd her Whore?

Who keepes her companie?

What Place? What Time?

What Fortune? What likelyhood?

The Moore's abus'd by some most villanous Knaue, Some base not onious Knaue, some feerly Fellow.

Oh Heaven, that such companions thou'dst visit, And put in every hand a whip

To lath the Rascals naked through the world, Even from the East to the West.

Iago. Speake within doore.

Amilia. Oh fie upon them: such Squire be war.

That turn'd your wit, the feamy-side without, And made you to suspect me with the Moore. Iago. You are a Fool: go too.

Def. Alas Iago,

What shall I do to win my Lord againe?

Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heaven, I know not how I left him. Here I kneel: If ere my will did trepasse against his Lord, Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed, Or that mine Eyes, mine Ears, or any Sense delighted them, or any other Fortune.

Or that I do not yet, and eat did, And ever will, (though he do make me off To beggerly duetoment) Love him dearly,

Comfort forswear me. Vnkindness may do much,

And his vnkindnesse may defeat my life,

But never tayt say Love. I cannot say Whore,

It do's abhorre me now I speak the word.

To do the Aift. that might the addition earne,

Or that mine Eyes, mine Ears, or any Sense delighted them, or any other Fortune. Iago. It is but so, Def. If't were no other.

Iago. It is but so; I warrant.

Hearke how these Instruments summon to supper:

The Messingers of Venice state the weare.

Go in, and weep not: all things shall be well.

Enter Desdemona and Amilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure Madam?

Amilia. God save you.

Iago. How is't with you?

Def. I cannot tell: those that do teach you Babes

Do it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes

He might have chid me so: for in good faith

I am a Child to chiding.

Iago. What is the matter Lady?

Amilia. Alas, I do not know, nor can I answer it.

Iago. What name, (fair Lady?)

Def. Such as the said my Lord did say I was.

Amilia. He call'd her where? A Beggar in his drinke

Could not have laid such terms upon his Colle.

Iago. Why did he so?

Def. I do not know: I am sure I am none such.

Iago. Do you weep, do you weep: alas the day.

Amilia. Hast thou so oft so many Noble Matches?

Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?

Desdemona. All is done, all is done.
I performances are no kin together.

If felt out of my measies. The icwels ycu hatie had from I Voltarist. You haue told me (he hath recou'd them, would hauie hauc corrupted a Dcfdcmona, I tnc co dclmer and return'd me expectations and comforts of fodaine ie(pcel>andacquaiotance, b«c 1 finde none.

Very well. / ago.

I hidc my felfe fopt in it.

If (ne will seturneroe my Defdentona, I felfeknowne co

You haoe faid now. ,

I fatisfa£lion of you.

I ? and faid nothing but what l proteft intend-

meot of doing. I eucn from this inftant do build on thee a better o-

pinion then eueT before: giue me thy hand I Assaire.

Tt hath not appeet'd. Red.

j your* fufpition is not without wit sr.d lodgement. 1J Haue greater reafon to beleeuc now then euer ( I (hew it. If thou the next night following enioy noc

lynezne purpofe. Courage, and Valour ) this night Defdemona

ric, and deuife Engines for my life.

Sir, there is efpeciall CommiiTien come from Iago. paffe ?

in Othello's Cassio

Othello znaDcfJewona

Is that true? Why then

Iago.

Ch no :he gees into Mauritania and taketh [returns agasoc to Venice.

{bode be lingred heere by fome accident. Wbere-

Cajfio.

and that you would haue ore to do.

Rod. ( place: knocking out h;s brsines. And that you would haue ore to do. Rod.

Avery handfomem ...

I know a Lady in Venice would hauewalk d

Her fait tear

11 fell from her .and foftmtd t hep 'met,

body blame him.hu fcortie l appro lie. Stag alia green* tVillough rnufl he njf GarLatd.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona Emilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do befeech you Sir, trouble your selle no further.

Oth. Oh pardon me: 'twill do me good to walke, Lodov. Madam, good night: I humbly thank your Ladyship.

Disf. Your Honour is most welcome.


Othello. Get you to bed on't inffant, I will be re-

turn'd forthwith: difninfe your Attendant there: look't be done.

Disf. I will my Lord.

Aem. How goes it now? He lookes gentler then he did.

Def. He faies he will returne incontinent,

And hath commanded me to go to bed, And bid me to difninfe you.

Aemt. Difninfe me?

Disf. It was his bidding: tharefore good Emille, Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.

We must not now difplefte him.

Aemt. I would you had neuer scene him.

Disf. So would not 1: my loue doth to approce That even his flubbborne, his checks, his frownes, (Prythee vn-pin me) have grace and favour.

Aemt. I have laide those Shetters you bad me on the be

Aemt. All's one: good Father, how foolifh are our minds. If I do die before, prythee throw 'me

In one of thefe fame Sheete.

Aemt. Come, come: you talke.

Disf. My Mother had a Maid call'd Barbicie, She was in love: and he the lou'd proud mad,

And did forfake her. She had a Song of Willough, An old thing twas; but it expres'd her Fortune, And the dy'd finging it. Thar Song to night.

But to go hang my head alt at ooe fide

Sing all a green e U-'iBough :

Her faies he will returne incontinent.

Dis. The poore Soule satJting ,bj a Sic.smear tree.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your fcJight-gowne?

Disf. No, vn-pin me here,

This Ladeuice is a proper man.

Aemt. A very handfome m ...

Disf. He fpakes well.

Aemt. I know a Lady in Venice would have walk'd barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his other lip.

Disf. The poor Souls fat finging by a Sicioum tree.

Sing all a greene Willough:

Her hand on her fome. her hand on her knee,

Sang Willough, Willough,pryhough.

The fresh yreem van by her, and murmur'd her meanes

SangWillough,cr.

Her fuit teares fall from her, and fround the fones,

Sang Willough,cr. (Lay by thes)

Willough, Willough. (Prythee high thes she's come soon)

Sang all a greene Willough melt to my Garland.

Let no body blame him: his fonne I approue.

(Not that's not next. Harke, who's it that's knocks?

Aemt. It's the wind.

Disf. I call my Loue fufe Loue: but what said he then? Sang Willough,cr.

If I court me woomen you'll couche with monm. 

Scena Inertia.

Ladyship.

And bid me to difiniffc you.

Giff me my nightly wearing, and adieu.

That etien his ftubborncffe hi* checks,hjs frownes,

And bid me to difiniffc you.

Difiniffc me?

Shall I go fetch your fcJight-gowne?

Speak of it, I will giue ouer my Suit, and remem my unlaw-

ks. Come, (land not amaz'd at it, but go along whh

to fecood your Attempt, and he (hall fall betweene

Fortune, if you will watch his going thence (which

to see of Vmice. m
Enter Iago, and Roderigo.

Iago. Here, stand behind this Bask; Straight will he come: Where they good Rapiers bare, and put it home; Quiet, quiet, fear nothing; I'll be at thy Elbow, It makes vs, or it makes vs, think on the, And five most fame thy Resolutions.

Enter Iago, and Lodovico.

Iago. Be near at hand, I may miscarry in't.
Lod. Here, at thy hand; Be bold, & take thy stand.
Iago. I have no great devotion to the deed,
And yet he hath given me satisfying Reasons:
'Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword; he dies.
Iago. I have rub'd this young Quas almost to the sense,
And he growes angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Lucio Roderigo,
He calleth me to a restitution large
Of Gold, and jewels, that I rob'd from him,
As Gifts to Desdemona.
It must not be: if Cassio do remaine,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly: and besides, the Moore
May unfold to him: there stand I muach perill:
No, herouf dye, But so, I heard him comming.

Enter Cassio.

Cass. I know his gate, 'tis he: Villaine thou dyeft.

Iago. That th' Moor doth, for my sake, and you might quickly make it right.

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voice of Cassio, Iago keeps his word.
Iago. O Villaine that I am.

Cass. Oh helpe here.

Iago. Oh helpe here: Light, a Surgeon.
Oth. It is even so.

Cass. Oh helpe here: Light, a Surgeon.
Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here: Light, a Surgeon.

Oth. The voice of Cassio, Iago keeps his word.
Iago. O Villaine that I am.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Oth. The voice of Cassio, Iago keeps his word.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Cass. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.

Iago. Oh helpe here, Light, a Surgeon.
the Moore of Venice.

And cannot make away.

1ago. Oh treacherous Villaines:
What are you there? Come in, and give some help.

Red. O help me here.

Caff. That's one of them.

1ago. O murdrous Slave! O Villaine!

Red. O damn'd 1ago! O Inhumane Dogge!

1ago. Kill men i'th'shade?

Where be these bloody Theevs?

How is't here? Ho, n'ther, n'ther.

Where be these bloody Thieves?

How may you be? Are you of good, or ill?

Light Gentlemen, lie bind it with my shirt.

Who they hold be, that bane thus mangled you?

My sweet Cage:

I haue beene to seeke you.

Tobesrebimeafily beoce.

Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no.

To be a party in this Imurie.

O treacherous ViSUioes:

Come, come; Cagto.

Patience awhile, good.

Alas my Friend, and my deere Countryman

Oh, help me there.

Red. O lag, O lags.

O inbutnsoe Dogge

Oh murd'rous Siaue! O Villaine!

Lag,.., Lag.

Kill men t*ib'darfce?

lege.


e. Cegai

Sigoior

As you Dial! proue n,praise,

ys.

My Leggeit cat in tv/o.

Cef

As you that thus abufe me.

Come Mislns, you mat! tel's another Tale.

Cage

Let, go see poore

dreft.

run yoo to the Cictadell,

This is the olght

Will you go on afore I This is the night

That either makes me, or foredoes me quight.


Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Desdemona in her bed.

Oth. It is the Caffe, it is the Caffe (my Soule)

Ler me now name it to you, you chaffe Starses,

It is the Caffe. Yet Ie not shed her blood,

Nar feare that whiter skin of hers, then Snow,

And smooth as Monumentall Alabaster;

Yet thee dye, else thee I'betray more men.

Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:

If I quench thee, thou flaming Minifer,

I can againe thy former light refotre,

Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,

Thou cunning Patterne of excelling Nature,

I know not where is that Promeraus heate

That can thy Light re-Lume.

When Ie have pluck'd thy Rosie,

I cannot give it vital growth againe,

It needs must wither. Ile smelt thee on the Tree.

Oh Balmy breath, that doft almofl perfwade

Thou can

I give it againe thy former light reftore,

Thou may.

Thou can

I am no Strumpet, hue of life os honeft.

I know

Promeibaaahezte

thy Light te-Lume.

Thu can

I know

Promeibaaahezte

thy Light te-Lume.

I am no Strumpet, hue of life os honest.

I know

Promeibaaahezte

thy Light te-Lume.

It needs must wither. Ile smelt thee on the Tree.

Oh Balmy breath, that doft almofl perfwade

I give it againe thy former light reftore,

Thou may.

Thou can

I am no Strumpet, hue of life os honest.

I know

Promeibaaahezte

thy Light te-Lume.

It needs must wither. Ile smelt thee on the Tree.

Oh Balmy breath, that doft almofl perfwade

I give it againe thy former light reftore,

Thou may.

Thou can

I am no Strumpet, hue of life os honest.

I know

Promeibaaahezte

thy Light te-Lume.
Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Def. If you say, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum.

Def. And yet I fear you: for you're faw all then

When your eyes rowle fo.

Why I should fear, I know not.

Since guiltiness I know not: But yet I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sinnes.

Def They are Lords I hearbe to you.

Oth. I and for that thou dy'ft.

Def. That death's unnaturall, that kills for loving.

Alas, why gnaw you so thy fetter-lip?

Some bloody passion makes your very Frame:

There are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

Def. I will fo: What's the matter?

Oth. That Handkerchief

Which I loud, and gave thee, thou gauft to Caffio.

Def. No by my Life, and Soule: fend for the man,

And ask he.

Oth. Sweet Soule, take heed, take heed of Periury,

Thou art on thy death-bed.

For to deny each Atticle with Oath,

And aske him.

Caffio.

They do not point on me.

Thefe are portents: but yet I open, I hope.

Some bloody passion shakes your very Frame:

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether-lip?

Nay, if you strite.

Oth. Downe Strumpet

Oth. My Lord, my Lord? What's that? 

Being done, there is no pawfe

Since guiltiness I know not: But yet I feel I fear.

Oth. Too late.

Smothers her,

Aemilia at the door.

Aem. My Lord, my Lord? What hoa?

My Lord, my Lord.

Oth. What noise is this? Not dead? Not yet quite dead?

I think am cruel, am yet mercefull,

I would not have thee linger in thy paine.

So, so.

Aem. What hoa? my Lord, my Lord?

Oth. Who's there?

Aem. Oh good my Lord, I would speake a word with you.

Oth. Yes: 'Tis Aemilia: by and by. She's dead.

'Tis like she comes to speake of Caffio's death:

The noise was high, Hah, no more mourning;

Still as the Graue. Shall she come in? Was't good?

I think she strites againe. No, what's best to do?

If she come in, thee I sure speake to my wife:

My wife, my wife: what wife? I have no wife.

Oh infupportable! Oh heavy house!

Methinks, it should benow a huge Eclipse

Of Sunne, and Moone; and that th'afaftight Globe

Did yayne at Alteration.

Aem. I do beseech you

That I may speake with you. Oh good my Lord,

Oth. I had forgot the: oh come in Aemilia.

Soft, by and by, let me the Curtaines draw,

Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

Enter Aemilia.

Aem. Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers done.

Oth. What? now?

Aem. But now my Lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,

She comes more neer: Earth then she was wont,

And makes men mad.

Aem. Caffio, my Lord, hath kill'd

A young Venetian, call'd Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd? and Caffio kill'd?

Aem. No, Caffio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Caffio kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune,

And sweet Reuenge growes harsh.

Def. O falsely, falsely murder'd.

Aem. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That? What?

Aem. Out, and alas, that was my Ladies voice.

Oth. You hears her fay her felfe, it was not I,

Def. A guiltjeffe death, I dye.

Aem. Oh who hath done this deed?

Def. No body: I my felfe, farewell:

Commend me to my kinde Lord: oh farewell.

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Aem. Alas: who knows?

Oth. You heare her fay her felfe, it was not I.

Aem. She said fo: I mufi needs report the truth.

Oth. She's like a Liar gone to burning hell,

Twas I that kill'd her.

Aem. Oh the more Angell she, and you the blacker Diuell.

Oth. She turn'd to folly: and the was a whore.

Aem. Thou do'ft bely her, and thou art a diuell.

Oth. She was falle as water.

Aem. Thou art rafis as fire, to fay

That she was falle. Oh she was heavenly true.

Oth. Caffio did top her: Ask thy husband elle.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell:

But that I did proceed upon safe grounds

To this extremity. Thys Husband knew it all.
Of one entyre and perfet Chryfolite,
If Heauen would make me fuch another world,
That fitkes on filthy deeds.
An honeft man he is, and hates the Aims
She did not have sold her for it.
Villany hath made mocke with loue:
I say, thy Husband.
My Husband say (be was false?
I say thy Husband. Do'ft understand the word?
Iago.
My Friend, thy Husband; honeft, honeft
Rot halfe a graine a day: he lies to'th' heart,
She was too fond of her most filthy Sargaine.
This deeteje of thine is no more worthy Heauen,
Then thou wast worthy her.
Though I lost twenty hues. Helpe, he!pe, hoa, helpe t
As I have to be hurt. Oh Gull, oh dolt,
(I care not for thy Sword) lie make thee known,
As ignorant asdurt: thou hast done a deed
The Moore hath kill'd my Miftris. Murder, murder.
That men must lay their Murthers on your necke.
He says, thou told'ft him that his wife was false:
I know thou didst not such a Villain.
Emil.
Men. What is the matter? How now Generall!
Emil. Oh, are you come, Iago: you have done well,
That men must lay their Murthers on your necke.
Men. What is the matter?
Emil. Disproove this Villaine, if thou bee't a man:
He says, thou told'ft him that his wife was false:
I know thou didst not: thou'rt not such a Villain.
Speake, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought,
And told no more
Then what he found himselfe was apt, and true,
Emil. But did you ever tell him,
She was false?
Iago. I did.
Emil. You told a Lye an odious damned Lye:
Vpon my Soule, a Lye; a wicked Lye,
Shew false with Caffia?
Did you say with Caffia?
Iago. With Caffia, Miftris?
Go too, charm your tongue.
Emil. I will not charm my Tongue:
I am bound to speake,
My Miftris heere lyes murdered in her bed,
All. Oh Heauens, forend.
Emil. And your reports have set the Murder on.
Othello. Nay Sare not Matters,
It is true indeed.
Men. 'Tis a strange Truth.
Mon. O monstrous Acte.
Emil. Villany, villany, villany:
I thinkne upon's, I think: I melf: O Villany:
I thought so then. He kill my selfe 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.
Oth. Oh, oh, oh.
Emil. Nay, lay thee downe, and roare:
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That ere did lift vp eye.
Oth. Oh she was foule!
I feare did know you Vunkle, there lies your Neece,
Whose breath (indeed) these hands have newly flopp'd:
I know this ait thiewes horrible and grim.
Gra. Poor Defdemon:
I am glad thy Father's dead,
Thy Match was mortaall to him: and pure greefe
Shore his old thred in twaine. Did he live now,
This fight would make him do a desperate tume:
Yea, curse his better Angell from his side,
And fall to Reprobance.
Oth. 'Tis pirstifull: but yet Iago knowes
That she with Caffia, hath the Act of shame,
A thousand times committed. Caffie confett it,
And she did gratifie his amorous workes
With that Recognizance and pledge of Loue
Which Iffit gave her: I saw it in his hand:
It was a Handkerchief, an Antique Token
My Father gave my Mother.
Emil. Oh Heauen! oh heavenly Powres
Iago. Come, hold your peace.
Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace?
No, I will speake as liberal as the North;
Let Heauen, and Men, and Diuels, let them all,
All, all, erie shame against me, yet lie speake.
Iago. Be wife, and get you home.
Emil. I will not.
Gra. Fye, your Sword upon a Woman.
Emil. Oh, thou dull Moore,
That Handkerchief thou speake't of
I found by Fortune, and did give my Husband:
For often, with a Solemn earneffe
(Which then indeed belong'd to such a Trifle)
He begg'd of me, to steale't.
Iago. Villanous Whore.
Emil. She gave it Caffio No, alas I found it,
And I did giue my Husband.
Iago. filth, thou lyest.
Emil. By Heauen I do not: I do not Gentlemen;
Oh mur'drous Coxcombe, what should such a Foole
Do with so good a wife?
Oth. Are there no fones in Heauen,
But what ferues for the Thunder?
Precious Villaine.
Gra. The woman fallus:
Sure he hath kill'd his Wife.
Emil. I, I. oh lay me by my Miftris side.
Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
Men. 'Tis a notorious Villain: take you this weapon
Which I have recover'd from the Moore:
Come guard the doore without, let him not paffe,
But kill him rather. He after that same villaine,
For 'tis a damned Slave.
Exit.
Oth.
Oth. I am not valiant neither:
But every Puny whistler gets my Sword,
But why should Honor out-live Honesty?
Let it go all.

Amis. What did thy Song boad Lady?
Hearte, canst thou heare me I will play the Swan,
And dye in Musick: Wilful, Wilful, Wilful.
Moore, she was chafe: She shook thee cruel Moore,
So come my Soule to blifie, as I speake true:
So speaking as I thinke, alas, alas, alas.
Oth. I did another weapon in this Chamber,
It was a Sword of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper:
Oh heere it is: Vnkle I must come forth.

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;
Thou haft no weapon, and perfecut must suffer.
Oth. Look in vpon me then, and speake with me,
Or asked as I am I will assault thee.

Gra. What is the matter?
Othel. Behold, I have a weapon:
A better neuer did be folde fultanine
Vpon a Soldiers Thigh, I haue scene the day,
That with this little Arme, and this good Sword,
I haue made my way through more impediments
Then twentie years your top. (But oh woe boaste)
Who can controul his Fate? Tis not fo now.
Be not affraid, though you do see me weapon'd:
Here is my iourniei end, here is my butt
Then twenty times your stop. But oh vainglory
A better neuer did it felfe sustaine
And verie Seamen of my utmoft Saile.
I haue made my way through more impediments
Vpon a Soldiers Thigh. I haue feene the day.
Or naked as I am I will assault thee.
Who can controul his Fate? Tis not fo now.
Thou haft no weapon, and perforce muft suffer.
It was a Sword of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper:
Oh heere it is: Vnkle I muft come forth.
So speaking as I thinke. alas, dye.
So come my Soule to blifie, as speake true;
Moor, Dye was chaste: She should thee, cruel Moor.
And dye in Musick:
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce muft suffer.
Othello. I am not forry neither, I'd haue thee live:
Oth. 1 am not forry neither, I'd haue thee live:
Oth. I am not forry neither, I'd haue thee live:
For in my fens, 'tis happinefle to dye.
Lod. Where is this rauch. moft vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. What is the matter?
Oth. That's he that was Once fo good,
Oh thou, oh thou, oh thou, oh thou,
Desdemom: Die was chaste: She should thee, cruel Moor.
And dye in Musick:

Lod. Where is this rauch. moft vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moft vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moft vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moft vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moft vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moft vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moft vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moft vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moft vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. most vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moft vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moft vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moft vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. most vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moft vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moft vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. most vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moft vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moft vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moft vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moft vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moft vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.

Lod. Where is this rauch. moost vnfortunate man?
Led. Othello, heere I am.
This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon:
For he was great of heart.

Oh, Spotted Dogge:
More fell than Anguish, Hunger, or the Sea:
Look on the Tragicke Loading of this bed:
This is thy work:
The Object pays some sight,

Let it be hid. Gravities keep the house,
And seize upon the Fortunes of the Moore,
For they succeede on you. To you, Lord Governor,
Remains the Censure of this hellish villain:
The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh enforce it:
My selfe will straight aboard, and to the State,
This heauie A&, with heauie heart relate.

FINIS.

The Names of the Actors.

Iago, the Moore.
Brabazon, Father to Desdemona.
Cassio, an Honourable Lieutenant.
Rodrigo, a gull'd Gentleman.

Duke of Venice.

Montano, Governor of Cyprus.
Gentlemen of Cyprus.
Lodouico and Gratiano, two Noble Venetians.
Sailors.
Clowne.

Desdemona, wife to Othello.
Emilia, wife to Iago.
Bianca, a Courtezan.
THE TRAGEDY OF
Anthonie, and Cleopatra.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Philo.

Aye, but this dotage of our Generals
One Rowes the measure : those his goodly eyes
That o're the Files and Masters of the Warre,
Have glow'd like plated Mars:
Now bend, now turne
The Office and Devotion of their view
Upon a Tawny Front. His Capitaines heart,
Which in the scuffles of great Fights hath burn'd
The Buckles on his breast, reneasges all temper,
And it become the Bellowes and the Fan
To cove a Graphes Lurt.

Flourish. Enter Anthony, Cleopatra her Ladies, the
Traine with Eunuchs fanning her
Looke where they come:
Take but good note, and you (hall fee in him
(The triple Pillar of the world) transform'd
Into a Strumpets Foole. Behold and see.
Cleo.

If it be Loue indeed, tell me how much.
Ant. There's beggery in tbe love that can be reckon'd
lie set a bourne bow far to be belou'd.
Ant. Then must thou needes finde out new Heaven,
new Earth,

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Newes (my good Lord) from Rome.
Ant. Grates me, the summe.

Fulutia perchance is angry: Or who knowes,
If the heart-bearded Cesar have not sent
His powerfull Mandate to you, Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchis that:
Perform't, or else we damne thee.
Ant. How, my Loue?
Cleo. Perchance? Nay, and most like:
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from Cesar, therefore heate it Anthony.
Where's Fulutia Procerof (Cesar I would say) both?
Call in the Meffengers: As I am Egyptes Queene,
Thou blushest Anthony, and that blood of thine
Is Cefars homager: else so thy cheeke pays shame.
When thrill-tongu'd Fulutia scolds. The Meffengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
Of the raigng'd Empire fall: Here is my space,
Kingdome are clay: Our dungie earth alike

Feeds Beast as Man; the Noblenesse of life
Is to do thus: when such a mutuall paire,
And such a swaine can doo't, in which I binde
One paine of punishment, the world to weate
We stand vp Petrifie.

Cleo. Excellent fallhood:
Why did he marry Fulutia, and not loue her?
He seeme the Foole I am not. Anthony will be himselfe.
Ant. But first'd by Cleopatra.

Now for the love of Loue, and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with Conference harsh,
There's not a minitve of oure lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to night?
Cleo. Hearre the Ambassadors.

Ant. Eye wrangling Queene:
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To wepe: who every passion fully fluxes
To make it selle (in Thee)safe, and admir'd.
No Meffenger but thine, and all alone, to night
We'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come my Queene,
Last night you did defire it. Speake not to vs.

Enter with the Tracte.

Dem. Is Cesar with Anthony priz'd to fly?
Philo. Sir sometimes when he is not Anthony,
He comes too short of that great Property
Which still should go with Anthony.
Dem. I am full forry, that he approaces the common
Lyar, who thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope
of better deeds to morrow. Rest you happy.

Enter Enobarbus, Lemptrius, a Soublysayer, Ranaius, Lucilius,
Charman, Iras, Asardian, and Alexas.

Char. L Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything Alexas,
almost most absolute Alexas, where's the Soublysayer
that you prais'd do so'th'Queene? Oh that I knew this
Husband, which you say, must change his Horces with
Garlands.

Alex. Soublysayer.

Sooth. Your will?
Char. Is this the Man? It's you sir that know things?

Sooth. In Natures infinite booke of Secrecie, a little I

Can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.


Cleo.
Enter Anthony, with a Messenger.

Meff. We shall not look upon him:

Go with us.

Meff. Fulvia's Wife, First came into the Field.

Ant. Against my Brother Lucius?

Meff. I see no loone that Ware had end,

And the times haste

Made friends of them, loning the "s force 'gainst Cesar,

Whose better issue in the warre from Italy,

Vpon the first encounter drawe them.

Ant. Well, what wort.

Meff. The Nature of bad newes infects the Teller.

Ant. When it concerns the Fool of Coward: On.

Things that are past, are done, with me. 'Tis thus,

Who tells me true, though in his Tale Iye death,

I hear him as he flatter'd.

Meff. Labienus  (this is fliife-newes)

Hath with his Paithian Force

Extended Asia: from Euphrates his conquering

Banner fwooke, from Syria to Lydia,

And to Ionia, whil't ---

Ant. Anthony thou would'st say.

Meff. Oh my Lord.

Ant. Speake to me home,

Mince not the general tongue, name

Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome:

Raille thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults

With such full licence, as both Truth and Malice

Have power to utter. Oh then we bring forth weeds.

There's a Palme ptefages Chastity, if nothing el.

Cleo. You (hail be more belouing, then beloued.

Vex not his preicicnce, be attentiue.

A Alex. Wee'l know all our Fortunes.

Hufh. There is a Palme ptefages Chastity, if nothing el.

Cleo. There's a Palme ptefages Chastity, if nothing el.

Meff. Our worfet thoughts Heauens mend.

Ant. Our Worfe.

Meff. At your Noble pleasure, Exit Messenger.

Enter another Meflingor.

Ant. From Sciscion how the newes? Speake there

1. Meff. The man from Sciscion,

Is there such an one?

2. Meff. He flayes upon your will.

Ant. Let him appease:

Thefe strong Egyptian Fetters I must breake,

Or loose mylef in dotage.

Enter another Meflingor with a Letter.

What are you?

3. Meff. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where dyed she?

Meff. In Sciscion, her length of sickneffe,

With what else more serious, importeth thee to know, this b cares.

And. Forbeare me

There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I desire it:

What our contemptes doth often hulte from vs,
We write to ours againe, The present please,  
By revolution, does become  
The opposite of life: the's good being gon,  
The hand could plucke her backe, that thou'd her on.  
I must from this enchanting Queene break off,  
Ten thousand names, more then the titles I know  
My idenitee doth hatch.  

Enter Enobarbus.  
How now Enobarbus.  
Eno. What's your pleasure, Sir?  
Ant. I must with haste from hence.  

How then we kill all our Women, We finde how  
most unkindness is to them, if they suffer our de-  
parture death's the word.  

Ant. I must be gone.  

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die,  
It were pity to cast them away for nothing, though  
tweneen them and a great cause, they should be esteemed  
nothing. Cleopatra catching but the least noyle of this,  
dies instantly: I have seen her dye twenty times vpon  
fare poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death,  
which commits some losing aye vpon her, she hath such  
a celerity in dying.  

Ant. She is cunning past mens thought.  

Eno. Acke Sir no, her passions are made of nothing  
but the finest part of pure Loue. We cannot call her winds  
and waters, niggles and teares: They are greater (formes  
and Tempers then Almanacks can report. This cannot  
be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shewre of Raine  
as well as Loue.  

Ant. Would had never seene her.  

Eno. Oh sir, you had then left vnseene a wonderful  
perfect of worke, which not to have beene blest withall,  
would have differruted your Troubles.  

Ant. Fulvia is dead.  

Eno. Sir.  

Ant. Fulvia is dead.  

Eno. Fulvia?  

Ant. Dead.  

Eno. Why sir, give the Gods a thankfull Sacrifice:  
when it pleach their Derties to take the wife of a man  
from him, Ghe way to man the Tailors of the earth:  
comforing therein, that when olde Robes are wornne out,  
there are members to make new. If there were no more  
Women but Fulvia, then had you인터t a cut, and the  
cafe to be lamented: This griefe is crowned with Con-  
fusion, your old Smooke brings forth a new Petticoate,  
and indeed the teares lute in an Onion, that should water  
this sorrow.  

Ant. The businesse the hath broached in the State,  
Cannot endure my absence.  

Eno. And the businesse you have broach'd heere cannot  
be without you, especially that of Cleopatra's, which  
wholely depends upon your abode.  

Ant. No more light Answeres.  
Let our Officers  
Have notice what we purpose. I shall breake  
The cause of our Expedition to the Queene,  
And get her loose to part. For nor alone  
The death of Fulvia, with more vrgent taches  
Do strongly speake to vs: but the Letters too  
Of many our continuin Friends in Rome,  
Petition vs at home. Susa a Pompeius  
Have given the dare to Caesar, and commends  
The Empire of the Sea. Our Nippery people,  
Whose Loue is never link d to the deliverer,
Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou should'ld know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me Queene; The strong necessity of Time commands
Our Seruicess a-while: but my full heart
Remains in yee with you. Our Italy,
Shines o're with ciuit Swords; Scared Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the Port of Rome,
Equal by two of Dometick powers,
Breed proporeal faction: The hated grawnon to strength
Are newly grawnon to Loue: The condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his Fathers Honor, creeps space
Into the hearts of such, as haue not thrived
Upon the present state, whose Numbers threaten,
And quietnesse grawnon pick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you shoulde safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom
It does from childishneffe. Can Fulvia dye?

Ant. She's dead my Queene.
Look heere, and at thy tory Sourtage trye read
The Garboroyles the awkd': as at the left, left,
See when, and where fiee died.
Cleo. O moff false love! Where be the Sacred Violes thou shoul'd fill
With Arrowfull water? Now I fee, I see.
In Fulvia's death, how mine recei'd shoulde be.

Ant. Quall no more, but be prepard to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall giew videuse. By the fire
That quickens Nyfus flifne. I go from hence
Then bid adiew to me, and say the team

Cleo. You can do better yet: but this is meetly.

Cleo. My precious Queene forbear,
Ant. Now by Sword.
Cleo. You'l heat my bipod no more?

Cleo. Cut my Lace, Charsion come,
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
So Anthony love's,

Ant. My precious Queene forbeare,
And giew true evidence to his Loue, which flonds
An honourable Triall.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me,
I pryshe turne aside, and wepee for her,
Then bid adiew to me, and fay the teares
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent diftempering, and let it looke
Like perfect Honor.

Ant. You'll heat my blood no more?

Cleo. You can do better yet: but this is meetly.

Ant. You may by Sword.

Cleo. And Targen. Still be mends.
But this is not the beff. Look pryshe Charsion,
How this Herculean Roman do's become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. He leave you Lady.
Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word:
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have loud, but there's not it:
What you know well, something it is I would:
Oh, my Obligation is a very Anthony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your Royalty
Holds Idenesse your subiect, I should take you
For Idenesse it selfe.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating Labour,
To beare such Idenesse to weare the heart
As Cleopatra this. But Sir, forgive me,

Since my bcomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your Honor calleth you hence,
Therefore be deafe to my wipitted folly,
And all the Gods go with you. Upon your Sword
Sir Lawrell victors, and smooth fucces
Be thrwed before your feetes.

Ant. Let vs go.

Enter Othellus reading a Letter, Lepidus,
And their Traine.

Caf. You may fee Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Caffar Natural vice, to hate
One great Competitor. From Alexandria
This is the newes: He fishe, drinks, and wastes
The Lampses of night in recueil: Is not more manlike
Then Cleopatra: nor the Queene of Poelony
More Womanly then he. Hardly gue audience
Or vouche safe to thonke he had Partners. You
Shall finde there a man, who is th'oabffracts of all faults,
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not thonke
There are, euils enow to darken all his goodnesse:
His faults in him, centre in the Spots of Hesuen,
More fcrie by night Blackneffe; Herediarie,
Rather then purchacie: what he cannot change,
Then what he chooseth.

Caf. You are too indugent. Let's granting it is not
Amiffe to tumble on the bed of Poelony,
To gue a Kingdome for a Mirth, to fit
And keep the turne of Tippling with a Slawe,
To reele the streets at noone, and fland the Buffer
With knaes that fumes of sweate:
Say this becometh him
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot bemish) yet must Anthony
No way exauce his foyleys, when we do beare
So great weight in his lightnesse. The fill'd
His vacancie with his Voluptuousnesse,
Full furfets, and the driflene of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound fuch time.
That drummes him from his fpoit, and fpeakes as lowd
As he owne State, and ours, 'tis to be chid:
As we rare Boys, who being mature in knowledge,
Pawne their experience to their preuent pleafure,
And for rebell to judgement.

Lep. Here's more newes.

Mes. Thy biddings have bene done, & cuerie house
Most Noble Caffar, first thou haue report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at Sea,
And it appeares, he is belo'd of those
That only haue feard Caffar: to the Ports
The discontentes repaire, and mens reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Caf. I shoulde haue knowne no leffe,
It hath bin taugh't vs from the primmall State
That he which is waift, vaill he were:
And the ebb'd man,
Ne'er loud, till ne'er worth lowe,
Comes fett'd, by being lack'd. This common bodie,
Like to a Vagabond Flagge upon the Streame,
Goes too, and backe, lacking the varrying tye
To rot it else with motion,


death: Caesar I bring thee word,

Men the Ocean and Men famous Pyrates
Makes the Sea fear them, which they care and wound
With weeds of every kind. Many hot intrudes
They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime
Lack blood to think of any thing, and youth rebel;
No Vellum can preye forth, but's as soon

ran as seen: for Pompey name strikes more

Then could his Wares resist.

Cesar. Anthony,

Leave thy infamous Vassals. When thou once

Was been from Medea, where thou fliewst
Herfou, and Paulina Coalt, at thy behalf
Did Famine follow, whom thou sought'st against,
(Though feemly produced wp) with patience more
Then Sauages could suffer. Thou didn't drink
The slate of Horfes, and the gilded Pudde
Which Beasts would caugh ar. Thy palls: the did daine
The roughest Berry, on the rudeft Hedge
Yes, like the Stagge, when Snow the Pature sheets,
The barks of Trees thou brows'd. On the Alpes,

Like to the rime o'th'yearc, between extremes

Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry,

Charmian. Oh well diuided disposition: Note him.

But what in deed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce Affections, and think

What vens did with Mars.

Cleo. Oh Chramion:

Or doth he walk? Or is he on his Horse?

Oh happy horse to bear the weight of Anthony

Do bravely Horse, for wor'h thou whom thou moue't,
The demy Atlas of this Earth, the Arme
And Bargates of men. Hee's speaking now,

Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nyle.

(For so he calls me.) now I feede my selfe
With bold delicious Pleasur. Thinks on me

That am with Thunders mortifiing pinches blacke,
And wrinkled deep in time. Broad-fronted Caesar,

When thou was here above the ground, I was
A morfell for a Monarke: and great Pompey

Would find and make his eyes grow in my brow,

There would he anchor his Vassals, and dye
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas from Caesar.

Alex. Soutairg of Egypt, halle.

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Anthony?

Yet comming from him, that great Med'cine hath

With his Tinet gilded thee,

How goes it with my brave Mark Anthony?

Alex. Last thing he did (deere Qu ene)

He kist the lad of many doubled kisses

This One the Peare. His speech flickes in my heare

Cleo. Mine ear may plucke it thence.

Alex. Good Friend, quoth he:

Say the same Roman to great Egypt sents
This treasur of an Oyster: at whose foote

To mend the petty present, I would prece
Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the East,

(Say thou) shall call her Mifiris. So he nodded,

And loftely did mount an Arme-gaunt Steede,

'Tis pitty of him.

ANTHONY IS AWAY.

CHAR. OR THEE THINK OF HIM TOO MUCH.

CLEO. O'TIS TREAT.

CHAR. MADAM, I TRUST NOT SO.

CLEO. BUT WHAT BY SEA AND LAND I CAN BE ABLE

THRIES IN OUR IDLENESS.

CHAR. MADAM.

CLEO. HAH, AH, GUEME TO DRINK MANDRAGORE.

CHAR. WHY MADAM?

CLEO. THAT I MIGHT SLEEPE OUT THIS GREAT GAP OF TIME:

A MEDIAN ARMS FELL.

ANTHONY IS AWAY

CHAR. YOU THINK OF HIM TOO MUCH.

CLEO. O'TIS TREAT.

CHAR. MADAM, I TRUST NOT SO.

CLEO. THOU, EUNUCH MARDIAN?

MAR. WHAT'S YOUR HIGHNESS PleASURE?

CLEO. NOT NOW TO HEAR THEE SING. I TOOK PLEASURE

THAT I MIGHT SLEEPE OUT THIS GREAT GAP OF TIME:

MY ANTHONY IS AWAY.

CHAR. OR THEE THINK OF HIM TOO MUCH.

CLEO. O'TIS TREAT.

CHAR. MADAM, I TRUST NOT SO.

MAR. WHAT'S YOUR HIGHNESS PleASURE?

CLEO. NOT NOW TO HEAR THEE SING. I TOOK PLEASURE

THAT I MIGHT SLEEPE OUT THIS GREAT GAP OF TIME:

A MEDIAN ARMS FELL.

ANTHONY IS AWAY.

CHAR. OR THEE THINK OF HIM TOO MUCH.

CLEO. O'TIS TREAT.

CHAR. MADAM, I TRUST NOT SO.

MAR. WHAT'S YOUR HIGHNESS PleASURE?

CLEO. NOT NOW TO HEAR THEE SING. I TOOK PLEASURE

THAT I MIGHT SLEEPE OUT THIS GREAT GAP OF TIME:

A MEDIAN ARMS FELL.

ANTHONY IS AWAY.

CHAR. OR THEE THINK OF HIM TOO MUCH. 
For they have entertained Caution enough.

Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands
To draw their swords: but how these rare of virtue
Breathe as our Gods will have it; it one day
May circume their divisions, and binds up
Flatters both,
He rejoices hearts:
How lesser Enmities may give way to greater,
For such a petty warre: his soul dictate
A space for farther travel.
E'en till a lethargic dulness—
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
But all the charms of love,
Looking for Anthony
Nor warres without doors.

Cesar. I do not know Mecenas, ask Agrippa.

Lep. Good Embarkus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to interest your Captains
To soft and gentle speech.

Emb. I shall interest him
To answer like himselfe: if Cesar mov'd him,
Let Anthony look out Cesar's head,
And I approach as low as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Anthony's beard,
I would not shew't to day.

Lep. Time not a time for private confabulating.

Emb. Every time stiles for the matter that is then
borne in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Emb. Nor if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion: but pray you sit
No enemies vp. Here comes the Noble Anthony.

Emb. And yond'r Cesar
Enter Cesar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Partibus:
Haste to Partibus!

Cesar. I do not know Mecenas, ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble Friends:
That which compos'd vp was most great, and let not
A lesser action rend vs. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our triall difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds. Then Noble Partners,
The rather for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the fence points with sweetest tears,
And curst kinds grow to'th'matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:
Were we before our Armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cesar. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cesar. Sit.

Ant. Sit sir.

Cesar. Nay then.

Ant. I hearne, you take things ill, which are not so:
Or being, concern you not.

Cesar. I must be taugh't, for no thing, or a little,
I should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly in'th'world. More taught, 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?

Cesar. No more then my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet if you there
Did practice on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cesar. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made warres upon me, and their contention
Was the name for you, you were the word of warre.

Ant. You do mistake your business, my brother never
Did wrong in his right: I did inquire it,
And have my learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you, did he not rather
Disdain my authority with yours,
And make the warres ake against my stomache,
Huming alike your cause. Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'rl pursue a quarrell,
As matter whole you have to make it with,
It must not be with this.

_Caef._ You praise your selfe, by laying defects of judgement to me; but you patch up your excuses.

_Ant._ Not go so, not so; I know you would not take, I am certaine on't; Very hearty of this thought, that I

_Yet your Partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought, Could not with gracefull eyes attend those Wars Which fronted mine owne peace. As for my wife, I would you had her spirit, in such another,
The third oth' world is yours which within you, You may peace ease, but not such a wife.

_Besides._ Would we had all such wishes, that the men might go to Wars with the women.

_Ant._ So much vnearlable, her Caroles (Caeser) Made out of her impatience: which not wanted Shredemasse of polite to: I greasing grant,

_Did you too much disquiet, for that you must, But lay I could not helpe it? Caeser._ I wrote to you, when rioting in Alexandria you Did pocket vp my Letters: and with taunts which you shall neuer have tongue to charge me with.

_Of our queffion were him._ As to haue askt him pardon. Let this Fellow Did you too much disquiet for that you must.

_Caeser._ I told him of my selfe, which wot as much From mine owne knowledge, as needy as I may, Did give my Missive out of audience.

_Softly._ Caeser. Sir, he fell upon me, ere admitted, then:

_Tis Noble spoken._ Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want

_For which my felfe, the ignorant motie, do

_Did not make poor my greatnesse, nor my power

_You have broken the Article of your oath, which you shall never haue tongue to charge me with._

_Ant. Soft Caeser._

_Ant._ No Lepadis, let him speake,
The Honour is Sacred which he took now, Supposing that I lackt it; but on Caeser,
The Article of my oath.

_Caeser._ To lend me Armes, and aide when I requir'd them, the which you both denied.

_Ant._ Neglected rather: And this when pensioned Hours had bound me vp From mine owne knowledge, as neerly as I may, He play the penitent to you. But mine honesty, Shall not make poore my greatnesse, nor my power Works without it. Truth is, that Fulins, To haue me out of Egypt, made Wars here, For which my felfe, the ignorant motie, do Sake me pardon, as befits mine Honour To floope in such a Cafe.

_Caesar._ This Noble spoken.

_Lep._ Tis Noble spoken.

_Mess._ If it might please you, to enforce no further To make this good.

_Caesar._ The power of Caeser.

_Caesar._ And his power, unto Olybusa.

_Besides._ May I never

(Go on further to make this good.)

_Ant._ I thought of ind蕃cutories, and great

_What is spake already._ For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great

_Since upon me. I must thanke him only.

_Lep._ Happy, Amen.

_Ant._ I did not think to draw my Sword against Pompey,

_For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great

_Of what I was in't nofing.-but next day

_The heart of Brothers gouerne in our Loues,

_Did you not love so dearely. Let her line

_Caesar._ To make you Brothers, and to knit your hearts.

_You may taste, beth nor such a wife

_The man net of his speech; for cannot be.

_Caesar._ Doth he think me, that he hath a Sifter by the mothers side, admitt'd

_Give me leave Caeser._

_Hath you too much disquiet; only mistake no more.

_Caesar._ I do not much dislike the matter, but

_The manner of his speech: for cannot be._

_What power is in Agrippa._

_Speak Agrippa._

_Agrippa._ Thou hast a Sifter by the Mothers side, admitt'd

_Olybusa's Great Mark Antony is now a widower. Caeser.

_Say not, say Agrippa._

_Agrippa._ You may when you hear no more words of

_Caesar._ I am not married Caeser: let me hear Agrippa further speake.

_Agrippa._ To hold you in perpetually amitie,

_To make you Brothers, and to knit your hearts.

_With an slippering knot, take Antony, Olybusa to his wife: whose beauty claims

_No worse a husband then the best of men: whose

_Virtue, and whose general graces, speake

_Which none else can viter. By this marriage,

_Let his judges which now feeme great,

_And all great fears, which now import their dangers,

_Should be nothing. Truths would be tales,

_Her long halfes tales be truth's: her love to both,

_Would each to other, and all loutes to both

_Draw after her. Pardon what I haue spoke,

_For 'tis a falsed not a present thought,

_By duty cunn'ded.

_Ant._ Will Caeser speake?

_Caesar._ Not till he hears how Anthony is toucht,

_With what is spoke already._

_Ant._ What power is in Agrippa,

_If I would speake Agrippa, be it so._

_Caesar._ The power of Caeser.

_Caesar._ And his power, unto Olybusa.

_Ant._ May I never

_(To this good purpose, that so falsely theyes)_

_Dream of impediments: let me have thy hand

_Further this act of Grace: and from this hour,

_The heart of Brothers govern in our Loues,

_Agreeing in good designs._

_Caesar._ There's my hand

_A Sister I bequeath you, whom no Brother

_Did ever love so dearly. Let her live

_To ioyne our kingdomes, and our hearts, and neuer

_Fly off our Loues again.

_Lep._ Happily, Amen.

_Ant._ I did not think to draw my Sword against Pompey,

_For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great

_Of late upon me. I must thanke him only.

_Lep._ Leave my remembrance, suffer ill report is

_At heare of that, defie him.

_Lep._ Time calls upon's.

_Of what I was in't nofing._

_Caesar._ About the Mount-Mefena.

_Ant._ What is his strength by land?

_Caesar._ Great, and encreas't.

_But by sea he is an absolute Mafter.

_Ant._ So is the Famine. Would we had spoke together. Haft we for it,

_Yet ere we put our selves in Arnes, dispatch we

_The businesse we have taken of._

_Caesar._ With most gladness,

_And do invite you to my Sisters view,
She made great Cæsar lay his Sword to bed,
He ploughed her, and she crept

Enter Cæsar, Oilavia betwixt them.

Anthony. The world, and my great office, will
Sometimes detaine me from your company.
Oilavia. All which time, before the Gods my knee shall
Have my prayers to them for you.

Cæsar. Goodnight Sir. My Ottavia
Read nor my blemishes in the world's report:
In our sports mv better cunning faints,
And in our amours, my great office, will
To none but thee more: when to thee,
Such a pair as you and me.

Cæsar. Say to me, who's Fortune shall rise higher
Cæsar or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar. Therefore (oh Anthony) say no: by his side
Thy daemon that thy spirit which keeps thee is
Noble, Couragious, and unystainable,
Where Cæsar is not. But neere thee, thy Angel
Becomes a leaue: as being o'er-power'd, therefore
Make space enough between thee.

Sooth. Cæsar. Say you can, thy reason?
Sooth. I see it in thy eye: 'tis not in thy tongue,
But yet I see thee to Egypt again.

Cæsar. Say to me, where Fortunes shall rise higher
Cæsars or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar. Therefore (oh Anthony) say no: by his side
Thy Daemon that thy spirit which keeps thee is
Noble, Couragious, and unwstainable,
Where Cæsar is not. But neere thee, thy Angel
Becomes a leaue: as being o'er-power'd, therefore
Make space enough between thee.

Anthony. Speake this no more.
Cæsar. To none but thee more: when to thee,
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art false to thee: and of that Naturel lucke,
He beats thee, gainst the oddes. Thy Lufter thickens,
When he finnes by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all aicide to goveine thee neere him:
But he alway'sis Noble.
Anthony. Get thee gone:
Cæsar. To none but thee more: when to thee,
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art false to thee: and of that Naturel lucke,
He beats thee, gainst the oddes. Thy Lufter thickens,
When he finnes by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all aicide to goveine thee neere him:
But he alway'sis Noble.
Anthony. Get thee gone:

Oilavia. See to Vantinius I would speak with him.

Cæsar. To none but thee more: when to thee,
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art false to thee: and of that Naturel lucke,
He beats thee, gainst the oddes. Thy Lufter thickens,
When he finnes by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all aicide to goveine thee neere him:
But he alway'sis Noble.
Anthony. Get thee gone:

Cæsar. To none but thee more: when to thee,
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art false to thee: and of that Naturel lucke,
He beats thee, gainst the oddes. Thy Lufter thickens,
When he sinnes by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all aicide to goveine thee neere him:
But he alway'sis Noble.

Anthony. Get thee gone:

Cæsar. To none but thee more: when to thee,
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art false to thee: and of that Naturel lucke,
He beats thee, gainst the oddes. Thy Lufter thickens,
When he sinnes by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all aicide to goveine thee neere him:
But he alway'sis Noble.

Anthony. Get thee gone:

Cæsar. To none but thee more: when to thee,
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art false to thee: and of that Naturel lucke,
He beats thee, gainst the oddes. Thy Lufter thickens,
When he sinnes by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all aicide to goveine thee neere him:
But he alway'sis Noble.

Anthony. Get thee gone:
The Tragedie of

And though I make this marriage for my peace, I'm east my plesure lies. Oh come my flour.

Enter Venus.

You must to Parthia, your Commissions ready; follow me, and recite.

Enter Lepidus, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Lepidus. Trouble your selves no farther: pray you handen your Generals after.

Mec. Sir, Mark Antony, will one but kiss Ophelia, and weele follow.

Lep. 'Till I shall see you in your Souldiers dress, which will become you both: Farewell.


Lep. Your way is short, my purposes do draw me much about, you're two days upon me.

Mec. Sir good success.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some Musick: Musick, moody soode of vs that trade in Loue.

Ophel. The Musick, hoa.

Enter Mecienian the Emuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to Bullards; come Charmian.

Mec. My arm is bare, bereft play with Mecienian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an Enuch, plaise, as with a woman. Come you'th' bed, with me Sir?

Mec. As well as I can Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is fowied, Thought came to short.

The Author please pardon. Ill none now, Give me mine Angles, weble to 'th River there. My Musick playing farre off. I will betray Those fine fishes, my bended hooke shall pierce Their flamy awer. and as I drew them vp, I'll thinke them every one an Anthony,

And say, ah hourly are caught.

Cleo. 'Twas merry when you wager'd on your Angling, when your dizer did hang a felt fish on his hooke which he with feruence drew vp.

Cleo. That time? Oh times! I taught him out of patience: and that night I taught him into patience, and next morn, Ere the ninth hour I drunke him to his bed: Then put my Tires and Mantles on him, whilst I wore my Sword Philippian. Oh from Italie, Enter a Messenger.

Ramme thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears, That long time have bin barren.

Cleo. Madam, Madam.

Cleo. Antony's dead.

Cleo. Thou say to Villaine, thou killst thy Miftris: But well and free, if thou so yield him. There is Gold, and here.
My blood wan to kiss a hand that Kings Have lipt, and tremble lending.

Cleo. If I did Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why there's more Gold,

Cleo. Sir, Madam, we live.

To say, the dead are well: bring it to that, The Gold I give thee, will I melt and pow'r Downe thy ill vering throats.

Cleo. Good Madam hear me.

Cleo. Well, go too I will:

But there's no goodness in thy face if Antony Be free and healthful: I see a favour To trumpeth such good ridings. I not well, Thou shouldst come like a fairie crown'd with Snakes, Not like a formal man.

Cleo. What please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speakst: Yet if thou say Antony lies, 'tis well, Or friends with Caesar, or not Capture to him, Ile set thee in a flower of Gold, and haile Rich Pearles upon thee.

Cleo. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Cleo. And Friends with Caesar.

Cleo. Th'are an honest man.

Cleo. Caesar, and he, are greater Friends then ever.

Cleo. Make thee a Fortune from me.

Cleo. But Madam.

Cleo. I do not like but yet, it does alay The good precedence, live upon but yet, But yet is as a laylor to bring forth Some monstrous Maleschaft. Prythe Friend, Powre out the packe of matter to mine eare, The good and bad together: he's friends with Caesar, In state of health thou ...
Afl oft oftongues, but let ill tydings tell
Them selves, when they be fea.

Msf. Have done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worse then I do.
If thou againe sey yes.

Msf. He's married Madam.
Cleo. The Gods confound thee,
Don't thou hold there still?

Msf. Should I be Madame?
Cleo. Oh, I would thou didst:
So half my Egypt were submerg'd
To punilh me for what you make me do.
I cannot hate thee worser then I do.
That art not what th'art sure of. Get thee hence.
A Ccftume for scsl'd Snakes. Go get thee hence,
The Marchahdize which thou haft brought from Rome
Bring me word, how call Ore is: pitty me
Alexas
The ocher wayes a Mars. Bid you
Though he be painted one way likes Gorgon,
Her inclination.let him not leaue out
: her ycares.
Report she feature of
Alexas
Go to the Fellow, good
bid him
Pharmian,
Are all coo deere for me:
That elfemoft peri Hr heere.

I am paid for't nowilead me from hence,
Cleo. In praying
Cesar.
To take this offer. But
Mark Anthony,
Put me to some impatience though I loofe
The praife of it by telling. Y ou muft know
Mark Anthony,
To make my heart her vaffaile.

You haue heard much.
That's the next to do.

If thou hast considered, let vs know.
I hope so well am like to do,soe I perceiue
For I haue heard it Pompey.

Our written ptnpofes before vs fens.
Our written ptnpofes before vs fens.

The Senators alone of this great world,
The Senators alone of this great world,
Chief Vectors for the Gods. I do not know, Wherefore my Father should reuengers want,
Having a Sonne and Friends, since Julia Cesar,
Who at Phillipphi the good Truus was hathéd,
That faw you labouring for him. What was,
That most did palse Caffius to confpire? And what
Made all-honour'd, honeft, Romaine Truus,
With the arm'd tclt, Courriers of beauteous freecomte,
To drench the Capiroll, but that they would
Have one man but a man, and that his is
Hath made me rigge my Nauie. At whose burthen,
The anger'd Ocean fomcs, which with I meant
To scourge rhine gratuity, that delightfull Rome
Caf on my Noble Father.

Cfar. Take your time.
Ant. Thou can't not feare vs Pompey with thy tales.
Weels speake with thee at Sea. At land thou know't
How much we do o're-count thee.

Pom. At Land indeed
Thou doft ore count me of my Fathers house;
But since the Cuckoo buildes not for himselfe,
Rennine in't as thou muft.
Lep. Be pleas'd to tell vs,
(For this is from the present how you take)
The offers we have lent you.

Cfar. There's the point.
Ant. Which do not be entertained too,
But waigh what it is worth embrac'd
Cfar. And what may follow to try a larget Fortune.
Pom. You have made me offer
Of Cicellie, Sardinia: and I muft
Rid all the Sea of Pirata. Then, to fend
Measures of Wheate to Rome: this greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bearre backe
Our Targets vndinted.

Omne. That's our offer.
Pom. Know then I came before you heere,
A man prepar'd
To take this offer. But Mark Anthony,
Put me to some impatience though I looofe
The praise of it by telling. You muft know
When Cesar and your Brother were at blows,
Your Mother came to Cicelie, and did finde
Her welcome Friendly.

Ant. I have heard it Pompey.
And am well fluided for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.
Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not thinke Sir. to have met you heere,
Ant. The beds Rib East are soft, and thanks to you,
That caull'd another then my purpose hither:
For I haue gained by it.

Cfar. Since I saw you left, there's a change upon you.
Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts hash Fortune call'd upon my face,
But in my bosome still the never come,
To make my heart her vassalle.

Lep. Well met heere.
Pom. I hope so Lupidus, thus we are agreed!
I craue our compoyn may be written
And feal'd betweene vs,
Cfar. That's the next to do.

Pom. Weeke feast each other, ere we part, and lett's
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. Thar will I Pompey.
Pompey. No Anthony, take the lot: but first or last,
your fine Egyptian cookerie shall haue the fame, I have heard that Julia Cesar, grew fat with feafling there.

Ant. You haue heard much.
Pom. I have faire meaning Sir.
Ant. And faire words to them.
Pom. Then so much haue I heard,
And I haue heard Apoldus carried.

Eno. No more that: she did so.
Pom. What I praue you.

Eno. A certaine Queene to Cesar in a Matris.
Pom. I know thee now, how farst thou Souldier?
Eno. Well, and well am like to do, for I perceiue
The Tragedie of

Four Feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me take thy hand, I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight.

When I have enuied thy behavoure.

Emob. Sir, I never lou'd thee much, but I ha'p't a' the ye, When you have well deserv'd ten times as much, As I ha'p't a' the ye.

Pom. Injoy thy plainness, It nothing ill becomes thee:

Aboard my Gally, I invite you all.

Will you leade Lords?

All. Shew the way, sir.


Men. Thy Father Pompey would ha'p't a' the ye made this treaty. You, and I have knowne Sir.

Enob. At sea, I thinke.

Men. We ha'p't a' the ye. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Enob. I will praise any man that will praise me, though It cannot be denied what I have done by land. Men. Not what I have done by water.

Enob. Yes some-thing you can deny for your owne safety: you have bin a great Theefe by Sea.

Men. And you by land. Enob. There I deny my land service: but glue mee your hand Menas, if your eyes had authority, here they might take two Theeues killing.

Men. All mens faces are true, what some-where their hands are.

Enob. But there is never a faire Woman, ha's a true face.

Men. No slander, they fialle hearts.

Enob. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a Drink-

ing. Pompey doth this day laugh away his Fortune.

Enob. He doth, sure he cannot weep't backe again.

Men. Y'have faid Sir, we look'd not for Mark Antony here, pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Enob. If he do, sure he cannot weep't backe again.

Men. Y'have faid Sir, we look'd not for Mark Antony here, pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Enob. Caius Sifer is call'd Octavia.

Men. True Sir, she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Enob. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray ye Sir.

Enob. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cesar and he, for ever knit together.

Enob. If I were bound to Diuine of this vnty, I wold not Prophesye fo.

Men. I thinke the policy of that purpose, made more in the Marriage, then the loue of the parties.

Enob. I thinke so too. But you shall finde the band that fames to eye their friendfhip together, will bee the very frangler of their Amyt: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife fo?

Enob. Not he that himfelfe is not fo; which is Mark Antony: he will to his Egyptian diff age againe: then shall the fighes of Octavia blow the fire vp in Cesar, and (as I faid before) that which is the strength of their Amyt, shall proue the immediate Author of their variance. Anthony will vfe his affedtion where it is. He married but this occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be, come Sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Enob. I thinke it Sir: we have va'd our Throats in Egypt.

Pom. I think’t’s mad: the matter?”
Men. Have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.
Pom. Thou hast serued me with much faith: what’s else to say? Be joyful Lords.
Amb. These Quicksands, Lepidus,
Keep off from thee, that for thou finkest.
Men. Will thou be Lord of all the world?
Pom. What fault thou?
Men. Will thou be Lord of the whole world?
That’s twice.
Pom. How should that be?
Men. But entertain’s it, and though thou thinkest I poor, I am the man will give thee all the world.
Pom. Haft thou drunk well.
Men. Poor, lam the man will give thee all the world.
Axe in thy rest else. Let me cut the Cable,
And when we are put off, all to their throats,
And not have poke on’t. In mine own villain,
In thee, that it had been good service: thou must know,
Mine Honour it. Repent that ere thy tongue,
True not my profit that does lead mine Honour;
Hath so betrayed thine agent. Being done unknown,
Should have found it afterwards well done,
Keep off, them for you sink.
Not ?
There’s a strong fellow Menas.
Men. These three World-sharers, these competitors
Are in thy千亿. Let me cut the Cable,
And when we are pur off, false to their thraotes
All there is thine.
Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spok’en oft. In ‘tis villian.
In thee, it had bin good service: thou must know,
This not my profit that does lead mine Honour:
Mine Honour it. Repent that ere thy tongue,
Hath to beeatch thee thine aide. Being done unknowne,
I should have found it afterwards well done,
But must condemn it now: defect, and drinke.
Men. For this, I sue never follow
Thy paul’d Fortunes more,
Who feekes and will not take, when once ‘is offer’d,
Shall never finde it more.
Pom. This health to Lepidus.
Ant. Bear him ashore,
I’le pledge it for him Pompey.
Men. Here’s to thee Menas.
Men. Eobaborbus, welcome.
Men. Fill till the cup be hid.
Men. There’s strong fellow Menas.
Men. Why?
Men. A bear’s the third part of the world man: seeth not?
Shall not ye have it too?
Men. This health to Lepidus.
Ant. Bear him ashore,
I’le pledge it for him Pompey.
Men. Here’s to thee Menas.
Men. Eobaborbus, welcome.
Men. Fill till the cup be hid.
Men. There’s strong fellow Menas.
Men. Why?
Men. A bear’s the third part of the world man: seeth not?
Shall not ye have it too?
Men. This health to Lepidus.
Ant. Bear him ashore,
I’le pledge it for him Pompey.
Men. Here’s to thee Menas.
Men. Eobaborbus, welcome.
Men. Fill till the cup be hid.
Men. There’s strong fellow Menas.
Men. Why?
Men. A bear’s the third part of the world man: seeth not?
Shall not ye have it too?
Men. This health to Lepidus.
Ant. Bear him ashore,
I’le pledge it for him Pompey.
Men. Here’s to thee Menas.
Men. Eobaborbus, welcome.
Men. Fill till the cup be hid.
Men. There’s strong fellow Menas.
Men. Why?
Men. A bear’s the third part of the world man: seeth not?
Shall not ye have it too?
Men. This health to Lepidus.
Ant. Bear him ashore,
I’le pledge it for him Pompey.
Men. Here’s to thee Menas.
Men. Eobaborbus, welcome.
Men. Fill till the cup be hid.
Men. There’s strong fellow Menas.
Men. Why?
Men. A bear’s the third part of the world man: seeth not?
Shall not ye have it too?
Men. This health to Lepidus.
Ant. Bear him ashore,
I’le pledge it for him Pompey.
Men. Here’s to thee Menas.
Men. Eobaborbus, welcome.
Men. Fill till the cup be hid.
Men. There’s strong fellow Menas.
Men. Why?
Men. A bear’s the third part of the world man: seeth not?
Shall not ye have it too?
Men. This health to Lepidus.
Ant. Bear him ashore,
I’le pledge it for him Pompey.
Men. Here’s to thee Menas.
Men. Eobaborbus, welcome.
Men. Fill till the cup be hid.
Men. There’s strong fellow Menas.
Men. Why?
Men. A bear’s the third part of the world man: seeth not?
Shall not ye have it too?
Men. This health to Lepidus.
Ant. Bear him ashore,
I’le pledge it for him Pompey.
Men. Here’s to thee Menas.
Men. Eobaborbus, welcome.
Men. Fill till the cup be hid.
Men. There’s strong fellow Menas.
Men. Why?
Men. A bear’s the third part of the world man: seeth not?
Shall not ye have it too?
Men. This health to Lepidus.
Ant. Bear him ashore,
I’le pledge it for him Pompey.
Men. Here’s to thee Menas.
Men. Eobaborbus, welcome.
Men. Fill till the cup be hid.
Men. There’s strong fellow Menas.
Men. Why?
Men. A bear’s the third part of the world man: seeth not?
Shall not ye have it too?
Men. This health to Lepidus.
Ant. Bear him ashore,
I’le pledge it for him Pompey.
Men. Here’s to thee Menas.
Men. Eobaborbus, welcome.
Men. Fill till the cup be hid.
Men. There’s strong fellow Menas.
Men. Why?
Men. A bear’s the third part of the world man: seeth not?
Shall not ye have it too?
Men. This health to Lepidus.
Ant. Bear him ashore,
I’le pledge it for him Pompey.
Men. Here’s to thee Menas.
Men. Eobaborbus, welcome.
Men. Fill till the cup be hid.
Men. There’s strong fellow Menas.
Men. Why?
Men. A bear’s the third part of the world man: seeth not?
Shall not ye have it too?
Men. This health to Lepidus.
Ant. Bear him ashore,
I’le pledge it for him Pompey.
Men. Here’s to thee Menas.
Men. Eobaborbus, welcome.
Men. Fill till the cup be hid.
Men. There’s strong fellow Menas.
Men. Why?
Men. A bear’s the third part of the world man: seeth not?
Shall not ye have it too?
Men. This health to Lepidus.
Ant. Bear him ashore,
I’le pledge it for him Pompey.
Men. Here’s to thee Menas.
Men. Eobaborbus, welcome.
Men. Fill till the cup be hid.
Men. There’s strong fellow Menas.
Men. Why?
Men. A bear’s the third part of the world man: seeth not?
Shall not ye have it too?
Men. This health to Lepidus.
Ant. Bear him ashore,
I’le pledge it for him Pompey.
Men. Here’s to thee Menas.
Men. Eobaborbus, welcome.
Men. Fill till the cup be hid.
Men. There’s strong fellow Menas.
Men. Why?
Men. A bear’s the third part of the world man: seeth not?
Shall not ye have it too?
Men. This health to Lepidus.
Ant. Bear him ashore,
I’le pledge it for him Pompey.
Thy spirits all of comfort: fare thee well.
The Elements be kind to thee, and make the hearts of Romans cure your ends.
For what you feeme to feare, so the Gods keepe you.
Though you be therein curious, the left caufe we will heare part.
This be not her hit.
Have low'd without this mean, if on both parts to keepe it builded, he the Ramroe to batter.
Betwixt us, ai the Cyme of our loue Shall pafle on thy approove: moft Nobit.
As my thoughts make this, and as my fartheft Band agrippa.
Adieu, Nobie.

Enter Agrippa at one door, Eusobarbus at another.
Agri. What art the Brothers parted?
Eus. They have dispatcht with Pompey he is gone.
The other three are Sealing. Oldius weepes.

To part from Rome: Caesar is sad, and Lepidus.
Since Pompey's fall, as Minus faine, is troubled.
With the Cruete-Sickneffe.
Agri. This be not her hit.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.
Cleo. Where is the Fellow?
Alex. Halfe afeard to come.

Enter the Messengers before.
Alex. Good Maiete: Herod of luy don't looke upon you, but when you are well pleased. Come thou here.
Meft. Most gracious Maiete.
Cleo. Didst thou behold Oldius?
Meft. I dread Queene.
Cleo. Where?
Meft. Madam in Rome, I lookd her in the face: and law her led betweene her Brother, and Mark Antony.
Cleo. Is the still as me?
Meft. She is not Madam,
Cleo. Didst hear her speake?
Is the thrall tongue or low?
Meft. Madam, I heard her speake she is low voice.
Cleo. That's not fo good: he cannot like her long.
Char. Like her? Oh, fai: tis impossible.
Cleo. I thinke to Charmian dull of tongue, & dwarfish.
What Maiete is in her gate remember. If here thou look for Maiete.
Meft. She creepes: her motion, & her fation are as one. She flies to a body, rather then a life.
A Statue, then a Breather.
Cleo. Is this eirraiene?
Meft. Or have no obseruance.
Cleo. Three in Egypt cannot make better nece.
Meft. He's very knowing, I do perceiue,
There's nothing in her yet.
The Folio's good judgement.
Cles. Excellent.
Cles. Guest at her years, I pray thee.
Mys. Madam, she was a widow.
Mys. And I do think fire's thirtie.
Cles. Beast! thou her face in mind? Is't long or round?
Mys. Round, even to faultiness.
Cles. For the most part too, they are foolish that are so. Her hair what colour?
Mys. Browne Madam: and her forehead
As low as she would with it.
Cles. There's Gold for thee,
Thou must not take my former (harpenefle ill,
As low as he would wish it.
Mys. Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready,
For her hair what colour?
Our Letters are prepar'd.
To publicke care, spoke candy of me.
New Warres'gainft Vwijvy. Made his will, and read it,
Serving you solong.
Char. I will employ thee backe againe: I node thee
I will not warre, but let it be: bring me to Anthony.
Char. That murdred Pompey.
Cles. Our great Nauiies rig'd,
Vris & Ceasar, more Dombintes,
My Lord desires you presently: my Newes
I might have told heareafter.
Cles. Twill be naught. But let it be: bring me to Anthony.
Cles. He's walking in the garden thus, and soone.
The rush that lies before him. Cries Fool, Lepidius,
As if the world should eleaue, and that (lain; men
Round, even to faultinesse.
And! do thit like she's thirtie.
Madam, he was a window.
Cles. He's walking in the garden thus, and soone.
The rush that lies before him. Cries Fool.
Cleopatra
Enter Anthony and Zambia.
Ant. Nay, my Zambia, not only that,
That were excuable, that and thousands more
Of temblish import, but he hath wag'd
New Warres'gainst Pompey. Made his will, and read it,
To publicke care, spoke candy of me.
When perforce he could not
But pay me a terms of Honour: cold and sickly
He vend he then most narrow measures entred me,
When the beast himsel was given him: he not lookt,
Or did it from his teeth.
But pay me a terms of Honour: cold and sickly
He vend he then most narrow measures entred me,
When the beast himsel was given him: he not lookt,
Or did it from his teeth.
Cles. I haue one thing more to ask him yet good
To persuade him to of me.
Char. I warrant you Madam.
Cles. The man hath feene some Maisely, and should know,
Char. Hath he seen Maisely? I sli elfe defend: and
Carving you so long.
Cles. I have one thing more to ask him yet good
To persuade him to of me.
Charman: but 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me
where I will write: all may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you Madam.
Enter Anthony and Zambia.
Ant. Nay, my Zambia, not only that,
That were excuable, that and thousands more
Of temblish import, but he hath wag'd
New Warres'gainst Pompey. Made his will, and read it,
To publicke care, spoke candy of me.
When perforce he could not
But pay me a terms of Honour: cold and sickly
He vend he then most narrow measures entred me,
When the beast himsel was given him: he not lookt,
Or did it from his teeth.
Cles. I haue one thing more to ask him yet good
To persuade him to of me.
Charman: but 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me
where I will write: all may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you Madam.
Enter Anthony and Zambia.
That he his high Authority abus'd,
And did descare 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.

Cesar. He'll never yield to that.

Ces. Not must not then be yielded to in this,
Enter Olyvia with her Train.

Oly. Hail Cesar, and my L. hail most deere Cesar.

Cesar. That euer I should call thee Caff-away.

Oly. You have not call'd me so, not have you caufe.

Cesar. Why have you (oin upon vs thus? you come not

Like Cesar Slicer. The wife of Anthony

Should have an Army for a Wber, and

The neighes of Rome to tell of her approach.

My greeued eate wiinall; whereon I begg'd

Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted

Anthony,

On my free-will. My Lord Ovr

By Sea:and Land, (applying cuery Stage *

Should haue a feeuded to the Roofe of Heauen,

Should haue an Army for an Ufher, and

Is often left vnlou'd

we fhould haue met you

Longing for what it had not. Nay, the duft

Should haue borne men, and expe&ation fainted,

Long ere she did appeare. The trees byth'way

His pardon for retume.

Clto. You have not call'd me so, nor haue you caufe.

That euer I fhould call thee Cad-away.

Why haue you done vpon vs thus? why do you not

Cesar. No my most wronged Sifer, Cleopatra

Hath nodded him to her. He hath giuen his Empire

Up to a Whore, who now are leuying

The Kings of Arabia, King_of Pont,

With a more larger Lid of Scepter.

Hath assembled, Whereof Lipbon, and Paphlagonia: the Thbraeun King

Ays me mod wretched.

Amsintat, and Pdeton

Of Cappadocia, Plutidorpe King

Of Paphlagonia: the Thracian King Adulas,

King, Macedon of Arabia, King of Pont,

Herod of Iewy, Arichedates King

Of Conuest, Polemen_and Aminat,

The Kings of Mede, and Licoain,

With a more larger Lid of Sceptet.

Oly. Aye me most wretched,

That hauve my heart past betwixt two Friends,

That does affilct each other. (breakinc forth

Ces. Welcome Slicer: your Letters did with-hold our

Till we perceiued both how you were wrong led,

And we negligent danger: chest your heart,

Be you not troubled with the time, which drawers

O't your content, these strong necessities,

But let determin'd things do confine

Hold vnbeway'd their way. Welcome to Rome,

Nothing more deere to me. You are abs'td

Beyond the marke of thought: and the high Gods

To do you Justice, makes his Miniflers

Oft, and those that love you. Best of comfort,

And euer welcome to vs, Agric. Welcome Lady.

Mees. Welcome deere Madam,

Each heart in Rome does love and pitty you,

Onely th adulterous Anthony, most large

In his abhominations, tames you off,

And giues his potent Regiment to a Trull

That noyfltes it against vs.

Cesar. Is it so sir?

Ces. Most confive Sifer welcome; pray you

Beuer knowne to patience. My deere Sifer. Extenu

Enter Cleopatra, and Eumenes.

Cle. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cles. Thou hast forespoke my being in these warres,

And say'ft it is not fit.

Cle. Well: is it, is it.

Cle. If not, denounc'd against vs, why should not

we be there in persoun.

Enob. Well, I could reply: if we should verse with

Hostie and Mares togethe, the Hostie were meere loft:

the Mares would bear a Soldiout and his Horfe.

Cles. What is't you say?

Enob. Your preence must must puzzle 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 Lecyus, and his fai'd in Rome,

That Planthus an Eunuch, and your Maides

Mannage this warre.

Ces. Sinke Rome, and their tongues roct

That speake against vs. A Charge we bear in'th' Warre,

And as the president of my Kingdome will

Appeare there for a man. Speake not against it,

I will not lay behinde.

Enter Anthony and Commacus.

Eno. Nay I have done, here comes the Empeor.

Ant. Is it not strange Camidus,

That is from Tarentum, and Brandulium,

He could fo quickly cut the Ionian Sea,

And take in Traine. You have heard on't (Sweet?)

Cle. Celerity is neuer more admir'd,

Then by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebole,

Which might have well becom'd the best of men

To taunt at Blackene. Camidus, wec

Will fight with him by Sea.

Cle. By Sea, what else?

Ces. Why will my Lord, do fo?

Cam. For that he dare not took,

Enob. So hath my Lord, dar'd him to single fight.

Ant. For that he dare not took,

Enob. If not, denounc'd againft vs, we should not

Shall fall you for refusinf him at Sea,

Being prepar'd for Land,

Ant. By Sea, by Sea.

Eno. Your Shippes are not well mann'd,

Your Martiners are Mutlers, Reapers,people

Ingred't by Swift Imprefs, In Cefar's Flete,

Are those, that often have 'gainst Pomp'y fough't,

Their Shippes are vare, yours heavy no difgrace

Will fight with him by Sea.

Cle. By Sea, what else?

Ces. Why will my Lord, do so?

Ant. For that he dare not took,

Enob. So hath my Lord, dar'd him to single fight.

Ces. And to wage this Bat telt at Pharlalia.

And in his abhominations, tames you off.

Cesar. He fight at Sea.

Ant. He fight at Sea.

Cesar. He fight at Sea.

Ant. He fight at Sea.

Cesar. He fight at Sea.

Ant. He fight at Sea.
Enter a Messenger.

Cæsar. How now worthy Soldier?

Souldier. Away my gente.

Cæsar. And the Phœnicians go a ducking: we
This Sword, and cleave my Wounds; let the Egyptians;
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you trust us;
And fighting foot to foot,
Not in the power on't; so our Leaders lead;
And we are Womans men.

Carries beyond beleeve.

Cæsar. Away my gente.

Cæsar. Cæsar. I know the man. (fain.)

They say, one man.

Souldier. Who's his Lieutenant, heare you?
Cam. With Newes the times with Labour,
And throws forth each minute, force.

Enter Cæsar with his Army, marching.

Cæs. Taurus's.

Taur. My Lord.

Cæs. Strike not by Land,
Keepe whole, proueke not Barbaire
Till we have done at Sea. Do not exceede;
The Preferent of this Scourle: Our fortune Iyes
Upon this impreffion. (exit.

Enter Anthony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our Squadrons on yond side o'th'Hill,
In eye of Cæsars barbaire, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly.

Camiddius Marcheth with his Land Army one way over the
stage, and Taurus the Lieutenant of Cæsar the other way:
After them go we, is heard the noise of a Sea fight.
Alarm. Enter Enobarbus and Scævola.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught, I can behold no longer:
The Amazons, the Egyptian Admirall,
With all their sixty hye, and turns the Rudder:

To see't, mine eyes are blufhed.

Enter Scævola.

Scæ. Gods, & Goddefes, all the whol synod of them?
Eno. What's thy passion.

Scæ. The greater Cattle of the world, is loft
With very ignorance, we have kift away

Kingdome, and Provinces.

Eno. How appears the Fight?

Scæ. On our side, like the Token'd Pellicence,
Where death is sure, You roubadred Nagge of Egypt,
(Whom Leprofe o're-take) I'm midst of both fights,
When vantage like a pyre of Twinnes appear'd
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder;
The Breeze upon her like a Cow in Nine,
Hooth Sailes, and flyet.

Eno. That I beheld
Minc eyes did sicken at the fight, and could not
Indure a further view.

Scæ. She once being loeft,
The Noble ruine of her Magicke, Anthony,
Clips on his Sea-wing, and (like a doting Mallard)
Leaving the Fight in height, flyes after her;
I never saw an Action of such frame;
Experience, Man-hood, Honor, ne're before,
Did violate so it felfe.

Eno. Alacke, alacke.

Enter Comidius.

Cam. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And finkes most lamentably. Had our General
Bin what he knew himfelfe, it had gone well:
Oh his ha's giuen example for our flight,
Moff grofely by his owne.

Eno. I, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight
indeede,

Cam. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scæ. 'Tis easie too,
And there I will attend what further comes.

Cam. To Cæsar will I render
My Legions and my Hope, five Kings alreadie
Shew me the way of yeelding;

Eno. lie yet follow
The wounded amazance of Anthony, though my reason
Sits in the winde againft me.

Enter Anthony with Attendants.

Ant. Hearke, the Land Sides me tread no more vpont,
It is aftoun'd to beeare me. Friends, come hither,
I am fo laced in the world, that I
Have loft my way for euer.

Ant. I have fled my felfe, and have inftru&ed cowards
To runne, and fliew their (holders. Friends be gone,
I have my felfe refolu'd vpon a courfe.
Which has no neede of you. Begone,
My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it: Oh,
I follow'd that I blufh to looke vpon,
My very haires do mutiny: for the white
Shew me the way for you.

Ant. I have flied my felfe, and have inftru&ed cowards
To runne, and fliew their (holders. Friends be gone,
I have my felfe refolu'd vpon a courfe,
Which has no neede of you. Be gone,
My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it:
I fo laced in the world, that I
Have loft my way for euer.

Ant. I haue fled my felfe, and haue inftru&ed cowards
To runne, and fliew their (holders. Friends be gone,
I haue my felfe refolu'd vpon a courfe,
Which has no neede of you. Begone,
My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it: Oh,
I follow'd that I blufh to looke vpon,
My very haires do mutiny: for the white
Shew me the way for you.


Ant. I have flied my felfe, and have inftru&ed cowards
To runne, and fliew their (holders. Friends be gone,
I have my felfe refolu'd vpon a course.
Which has no neede of you. Begone,
My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it: Oh,
I follow'd that I blufh to looke vpon,
My very haires do mutiny: for the white
Shew me the way for you.


Ant. I have flied my felfe, and have inftru&ed cowards
To runne, and fliew their (holders. Friends be gone,
I have my felfe refolu'd vpon a course.
Which has no neede of you. Begone,
My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it:
I fo laced in the world, that I
Have loft my way for euer.
The Tragedie of

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, and Dolabella, with others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Anthony.

Know you him.
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Enter a Messenger from Caesar.

Cle. What no more Ceremony? Set my Women, Against the blowne Rose may they hop their nose, That kneel’d upon the Buds. Admit him in.

Eno. Mine honestly, and I beginne to square,
The Loyalty we hold to Fools, doth make
Our Faith moree folly; yet he that can endure
To follow with Allegiance a faine Lord,
Does conquer him that did his Master conquer,
And earns a place in his Story.

Enter Thaddeus.

Cle. Caesar will.

Thad. Here is no more.

Cle. None but Friends: say boldly.

Thad. So haply are they Friends to Anthony.

Enb. He needs as many (Sir) as Caesar’s have.

Or nees is not. If Caesar please, our Master
Will leape to be his Friend: For you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that is Caesar.

Thad. So. Thus then thou must renown’d, Caesar intends,
Not to consider in what cafe thou stand’st.
Further then he so.

Cle. Go on right Royally.

Thad. He knows that you embrace not Anthony
As you did Sowre; as so you feared him.

Cle. Oh.

Thad. Caesars upon your Honor, therefore he
Does prey, as constrained lamenteth,
Not esteemed.

Cle. He is a God,
And knows what is most right. Mine Honour
Was not yeelded, but conquer’d merenely.

Enb. To be sure of that, I will ask Anthony.
Sir Sir, thou art so leakie
That we must leave thee to thy linking, for
Thy deereft quit thee.

Thad. Shall I say to Caesar,
What you require of him? for he partly begges
To be desired to give. It much would please him,
That of his Fortunes you should make a Raffe
To leaze upon. But it would warme his spirits
To hear from me you had left Anthony,
And put your felle under his flourled, the vausfear Land
Cle. What’s your name?

Thad. My name is Thidias.

Cle. Mod’st kind Messenger, say to great Caesar this in disputaion,

I kiss his conquering hand: Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my Crowne at his feete, and there to kneele.
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath, I hear
The doome of Egypt.

Thad. Tis your Noblesse courte,
Wifedome and Fortune combattting together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shak it. Glue me grace to say
My dutie on your hand.

Cle. Your Caesar Fader oft,
(When he hath mus’d of taking kingdoms in)
Bellow’d his lips on that unworthy place,
As it radd’d audiences.

Enter Anthony and Enobbius.

Ant. Favourit: By Iours that thunders, what art thou
Thad. One that but performs (Fellow)
The bidding of the fullest man, and wortheft
To have command obey’d.

Enb. You will be whipt.

Ant. Approach here: ah you Kite. Now God’s & discipline
Authority melts from me of late. When I cried how,
Like Boyes into a hoofe, Kings would stare forth,
And cry, your will. Have you no eares?
I am Anthony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Enter a Seruant.

Enb. Tis better playing with a Lions whelpes,
Then with an old one dying.

Ant. Moone and Starres,
Whip him: were twenty of the greatest Tributararies
That do acknowledge Caesar, should I finde them
So sauey with the hand of the heere, what’s his name
Since the was Cleopatra? Whip him Fellowes,
Till like a Boy you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thad. Morte Anthony.

Ant. Togge him away: being whipe
Bring him again, the lacke of Caesars shall
Beste vs an arrant to him.

Exeunt with Thaddeus.

You were halfe blasted erst I knew you: Ha?
Haue I my pillow left vacant in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful Race,
And by a term of women, to be abas’d
By one that looks on Ferverts?

Cle. Good my Lord.

Ant. You have beene a boggeler eather,
But when we in our viciousnefe grow hard
(Oh misery on’t) the wise Gods feele our eye’s
In our owne filth, drop our cleare iudgement,
Make us
Adore our euerth, laugh as’t while we fluit
To our confusion.

Cle. Oh, it’s come to this?

Ant. I found you as a Morfell, cold upon
Death Caesars Trenches: Nay, you were a Fragment
Of Gneiss Pompeys, beset with better hoares
Unregiftred in vulgar PECosa, you have
Lustily pluckt out. For I am sure,
Though you can guetle what Temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cle. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a Fellow that will take rewards,
And say, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this Kindly Smile
And plighter of high hearts. O that I were
Upon the hill of Balan to our-rose
The hound Heard, for I have sausag caufe,
And to proclaim it civilly, were like.
-

7^8 __cFbe7ravedie

£ h*,,cr'd "ec^e.which do’s ;hc Hangman chanke.
Foe being y*re about him. Ij he whip:?
Enter a Servant witbjbidus.
Ser. Soundly.my Lord.

JraUa 11 h]t
e Captalnes to wy Lord*
A*. Do fo, wee 1 (peake to them,
*
And to night lie force
1 he Whepeepe through their fcarres.
Come on (my Queene)

vint. Cncdhe?andbegg’daPardonf
Ser. He did aske feuour.
Aat. If that thy Father line, let him repent
~ WBS-t
--not made his wow^tucijdUQ
Thou
daughter,and be thou forrte
To follow Cj/ar
his Triumtih
Cafar in
'\ab\s
Triumph, fince
Thou haft bin whipt. For following him .henceforth
J The white hand of a Lady Feauer thee
Shekc thou to looke on*t. Get thee backe to Cafar
Tell him thy entertainment: looke thou fay
*
He makes me aogry with him. For he feetnes
J Proud and diCdainfull, harping on what 1 am
Not what he knew 1 was. He makes me angry.
Andat this time moft eafie ’tis to doo’t t
When my good Starres, that were my former guides
Haue empty left their Orbes, and ihot their F.rw
Into th’Abifase of bell. Ifhemiftike,
My fpcech, and wliat is done, tell him he ha»
IHiparebue, my enfranched Bondman, whom

There’s fan in’t vet. The nett rimer do fight

Kerforcs his heart; when valour pravtA in
t eates the Sword it fights with: 1 willfceke^*
Some way to leaue him.
Enter Ctfar, Agrippo, & Mecenai vritbbi, Arm
Cafar noting a Letter,
To £LHe Calles ?' B°y»
cbid« as he bad power
u°{*ue™eout°f Egypt. My Meffenger
^

cJ^aV
me toknow,
Lafar to Anthony; 1« tfe old Ruffian

a
*ft?.,f*fure WbiP* °r han8. 0r “™re.
As he (hall like to quit me. Vrgeitthou;
Hence w,th tby ftripes.be gone.
ExttTbid.
Lien. Haue you done yet?

E
bcSins to rage,hee’s hunted
E er, to falling Giuehim no breath,but now
M»l« boo., othi^ifl,,^, Ne ’
„ "
Made good guard for jr fclfe.
6
Of Let ourbeft heads know.
That to morrow, the left of many BattaiJe,

I«rZ% T<?fl,,Cter C*far'WOuld 7°** (n>°gleeyes
With one that tyes his points.;
5
J
Cleo. Not know roe yet ?
Act. Cold-hearted coward me ?
I
Cleo. Ah (Deere) ifl be fo.
From my cold heart let Heauen ingend'r haile.
And poyfon it in the fourfold the fir A ftone
Drop m my necke :as it determines fo

OfthTrr0?6^ ^V*in‘n our Eilca there at
Ofthofc that feru’d
but late.
Enough to/etch him in. Sect done,
*
And Feaft the Army, we haue ftorc to doot,
I
Aod they haue earn’d the wafte.Poore Anthony. Ezevnt j

■r-1 t'Ue *y 1,fc»the next Cxfanan fmile,
I Till by degrees the memory of my wocnbe.

Enter Aotbm,ClcJpatr.i, EnMa.Cbormia,,
Irat AUxae,tonb ethers.

I T°Setbw w'lh ®y braue Egyptians ell.
By thedifcandering of this pelleted fto’rme
Lye graoeleffe, till the Flies and Gnat.- of N.fe
Haue buried them for prey,
Ar.t. ] am famfied:

If' No ,WiI1
Ayt,

l Ca/^fets downe in Alexandria.where
I will oppofe his Fate. Our force by Land,
Hath Nobly held, our feuer’d Nauie too

my heatt f Doft tho“ hcare Lady ?
T,(?ld 1 (hall retarneooce more
To kiffcthefe Lips, l will appeare in Blood,
I.and my S word, will eame our Chronicle,
1 here* hope m’t yet.
Cleo. That’s my braue Lord,

I

withtnepomiti*,)

Why (hould he not?

Ayr. Tomorrow Soldier

Haue knit againe,and Fleete, threading moft Sea-like.
1

Combat. I1

I haue many other wayesto dye tmcaoctimel
Laugh et his Challenge.
Mece. Cafar muff chinke,

Ay. Alacke our Terrene Moone is now Eclipft,
And it portends alone the fall ofAmbony,
“
I
Cleo. Irouftftay his time?

J L‘

of

^-

I Or

L,a0d Hc fi^bt: °>r 1 w«U Hue.

Or bathe my dying Honor in the blood
tZnJl!TWT W°0'1 thou figHtweU.

E»°- Ileftnke.aadoyiTakeaU.

C l) t*
come °n :
forth my HoufljoJd Seruaocj^ets to night

a off l 1 W!!1 bc t'cbb'e- finewed,hearted .breath'd.

And fight tnalicioufly i for when mine houre*
Were nice and lucky, men did ranfome lines
Of me for .efts: But now, I le fet my c eeth,
I And fend to datkenefle all that ftop me. Come,
Let s haueone other gawdy oight: Ckil to me
AU my fan Capr&ines, fill our Bowles once more t
Let smocke the midnight Bell.
I
Cleo. | isroy Birth-day,

Is
* h*“CKP°°re* But fince tuv Lord
Is sin.by agame.I will be CUparrc.
A*s. We will yet do wr/1

^hb7---ourMed, Giue^D^

Sr ha? brrightly honeft* r° haft thoo,

*

And Kmo
‘h°U; y0U haue ftTU'd
And Kings heoe beene your fdlowes.
cieo. What(neanesthis?

*^11,

Outof 7u

a'lcks Which fcrow bo™

"n*** And rboamHoneft too t
i.1 ?dd be made fo
n**
And all of you cbpc vp together. In
An Ambeny ;tj,-8t,
ht do
t

J»g9odaeyouheuedon«.

^


To giuetro this difeomfort ? Looke they weep?,
Scant not my Cups, and make as much of roe
You! ferue another Maftcr. Ilookeayou,
Tend me to night two houres, I aske no more,
Haply you (hall not see roe more,or if,
1 tumeyouoot away, but like a Mafter
A mangled (hadow. Perchance to morrow,
And fuffcr'd my command.
At one that takes his leaue. Mine honeft Friends,
Now the Witch take me,if I meant it thus.
May bc.it is the penodof your duty,
Grace grow where chofc dropsfallfmy hearty Friends)
Transforme vs not to women.
And the Gods yeeld you fbr*t.
I hope well of to morrow, and Will leade you,
Then death.and Honor. Let's to Supper, come.
Tobumethis night with Torches: Koow (my hearts)
For l fpake to you for yoor comfort, did defire you
an Afle, am Ooyon-ey'd; for fhame,
And
And drovrne confideration.
Heard you of nothing ftrange about the streets.
Where rather Tie cxpeQ vidorious life.
You take me io too dolorous a fenle.
Nauie thtiae, I haue an abfolute hope
Out
Oat Landmen will Band vp.
Do hcatc what we do ?
Now leaueshiro.
X Well fir, good night.
Anthony
to night 5
Am.
Comes.
Tend roe to night 5
Am.
Eno
To make his Followers weeps.
What docs he meane>
Cieo.
Am.
Wdl, roy good Fellowes.walt on roe te night:
Ho,ho,bo:
Ant.
Ael.
I
3 Vrtdet the earth.
I Lift lift.
I Muficke i'th'Avre,
*i
does not?
2 Peace, what noise ?
1 Lift lift.
2 Hearke.
3 Muftcke i'th'Aire.
1 Under the earth.
2 Is it dignes well,do's it not ?
3 No.
2 Peace I say: What Should this meane ?
1 'Tis the God Hercules, whom Anthony loued,
Now leaves him.
1 Walk,let's see if other Watchmen
Do hease what we do ?
2 How now Maifters, Speak together.
Omnes. How now? how now? do you heare this ?
1 i, i'st not strange ?
3 Do you heare Maifters? Do you heare ?
1 Follow the noyfe fo farre as we haue quarter.
Let's see how it will giue off.
Enter Anthony and Cleopatra,with others.
Ant. Eros, mine Armour Eros.
Cleo. Sleepe a little.
Ant. No my Chucke. Eros,come mine Amos Eros.
Enter Eros.
Come good Fellow,put thine Iron oo,
If Fortune be not ours to day, it is
Because we braue her. Come.
Cleo. Nay, Ile helpe too,Anthony.
What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art
The Armourer of my heart : False,False : This, this,
Sooth-law ile helpe: Thus it moff bee.
Ant. Well, well, we shall thrive now.
Seelt thou my good Fellow. Go put on thy defences.
Eros. Briefly Sir.
Cleo. Is not this buckled well ?
Ant. Rarely,rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To daft for our Repofe, (hall hear* a ftorroe.
A Workman inn't.

Enter an Armed Soldier.
Good morrow to thee, welcome,
Thou look'th like him that knows a warlike Charge:
To biffinefte that we love, we rife betime,
And go too't with delight.
Sigh, A thousand Sir, easily thought be, base on their
Rucciued rim, and at the Port expect you.
Shears. Trumpets Flourish.

Enter Captain, and Soldiars.
Alx. The Morne is faire: Good morrow Generall.
All. Good morrow Generall.
Ant. 'Tis well blowne Lads.
This Morning, like the spirit of a youth
That meannes 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 life : rebookeable,
And worthy thamefuli checke it were, to ftand
On more Mechaceick Complement,)le leane thee.
Now like a man of Steels, you that will ftght,
Follow me close, Ie bring you too't: Adieu.
Exeunt.
Char. please you reture to your Chamber?
Cleo. Lead me :
He goes forth gallantly: That he and Caesar might
Determine this great Warre in single ftight ;
Then Anthony; but now. Well on.
Exeunt.
Trumpets sounded. Enter Anthony, and Eros.
Eros. The Gods make this a happy day to Anthony.
Ant. Would thou, & those thy forces had once prestald
To make me ftght at Land.
Eros. Had't thou done fo,
The Kings that have resold, and the Soldier
That has his morning left thee, would have full
Followed thy heedles.
Ant. Who's gone this morning?
Eros. Who? one eier neer* thee,call for Enobarbus.

Anthony and Cleopatra.
He shall not hear thee, or from Caesar Campe,
Say I am none of thine.

Ant. What sayest thou?
Sold. Sir, he is with Caesar.

Eros. Sir, his Chefs and Treasure he has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?
Sold. Most certaintay.

Ant. Go Eros, send his Treasure after, do it,
Detaine no jot I charge thee: write to him,
(I will subscribe) gentle advice, and greetings;
Say, that I wish he never finde more cause
To change a Master. Oh my Fortunes have
Corrupted honest men. Dispatch Enobarbus. Exit

Flor. Enter Agrippa, Caesar, with Enobarbus, and Dollabella.

Caes. Go forth Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is Anthony be tooke alike:
Make it so knowne.


Caesar. The time ofuintifer peace is neere:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three nook'd world
Shall bear the Oiuue freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Anthony is come into the Field.

Caes. Go charge Agrippa,
Plant those that have resolutely in the Vant,
That Anthony may seeme to spend his Fury
Upon himselfe.

Enobarbus. Caesar, I did resolutely, and went to Lewry on
Affaires of Anthony, there did diffwade
Great Herod to incline himselfe to Caesar,
And issue his Master Anthony. For this pains,
Caesar hath hang'd him: Camindius and the Scott
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable truth: I have done ill,
Of which I do accufe my felloe forely,
That I will lay no more.

Enter a Soldier of Caesars.

Sold. Enobarbus, Anthony
Hath after thee sent all thy Treasure, with
His Bountie overplus. The Messenguer
Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now
Vnoading of his Mules.

Eros. I giveityou.

Sold. Mocke not Enobarbus,
I tell you true: Bell you fast the bringer
Of the hoist, I must attend mine Office,
Or would have done't my selfe. Your Emperor
Continues still a louse.

Exit.

Eros. I am alone the Villaine of the earth,
And feel I am forsooth. Oh Anthony,
Thou Mine of Bountie, how would it thou have payed
My better service, when my turpitude
Thee doo to Crowne with Gold. This blowes my hart,
If swift thought breake it not; a swifter meane
Shall out: strike thought, but thought will not do't. I feel
I fight against thee: No I will goe to seek
Some Ditch, wherein to dye: the foulenst befl fits
Against thee: No I will go seeke
But thou I will not doe.'t myselfe:
I feele my better part of life.
Exit.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa.

Agrippa. Retire, we have engag'd our felues too farre:
Caesar himselfe he's worke, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected.
Exit.
Enter a Centerie, and his Company, Enobarbus follows.

Cent. If we be not releas’d within this hour, We must return to th’ Court of Guard : the night Is thinny, and they say, we shall embattale By th’second hour th’h’Morne.

1.Watch. This last day was a shrew’d one too’s. Enob. Oh beat me witness night.

2. What man is this?

3. Stand close, and lift him. Enob. Be witness to me (O thou blessed Moone)

When men revoluted shall upon Record Bear hatefull memory: poore Enobarbus did

Before thy face repent.

Cent. Enobarbus?

2. Peace: Hearke further.

Enob. Oh Soueraigne Mistris of true Melancholly, The poysonous dampe of night dispunge vpon me. This so wle Egyptian hath betrayed me:

Of what he has, and has not. His fretted Fortunes giue him hope and fears

Say, they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly. 

Saites their nefts. The Auguries In Cleopatra’s Sails their nefts. The Auguries

Say, they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly. And dare not speake their knowledge. Anthony, Is valiant, and delected, and by flats His fretted Fortunes giue him hope and fear Of what he has, and has not.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. All is loft: This fowle Egyptian hath betrayed me:

My Fleece hath yeelded to the Foc, and yonder They caft their Caps vp, and Caroie together Like Friends long loft. Triple-turn’d Where, ’tis thou Halft fold me to this Nourice, and my heart Makes one, and Warrs on thee. Bid them all flye: For when I am reueng’d upon my Charme, I have done all. Bid them all flye, be gone. Oh Sunne, thy yprife Shall I fee no more, Fortune, and Anthony part here, even heere Do we shake hands? All come to this? The hearts That pannell’d me at heele, to whom I gave Their wishles, do dif-candle, melt their fweets On bloffoming Cefar: And this Pine is barks, That ouer-top’d them all. Betray’d I am. Oh this falfe Soule of Egypt! this graue Charme, Whose eye beck’d forth my Wars, & cal’d them home: Whose bosome was in my Crownet, my chiefs end. Like a right Gypsic, hath at fis and loofe Beguill’d me, to the very heart of loffe.

What Eros? Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou Spell! Arraunt.

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag’d against his Loue? Ant. Vanish, or I shall gueze thou thy deceusing, And blemith Cefar’s Triumph. Let him tak thee, And hoist thee vp to the shouting Pibeanian, Follow his Chariot, like the greateft spo’t Of all thy Sex. Moft Monstring-like be sheewna For poore’st Diminitiues, for Dolts, and let, Patience Olliana, plough thy vsage vp With her prepared nailes. 

’Tis well th’art gone. If it be well to live. But better’twere Thou fell’t into my furie, for one death Might have prevented many. Eros, hast thou The shirt of Nefus is vpnone me, teach me Alcidet, thou mine Ancefter, thy rage. Let me lodge on the homes o’th’Ivcone. 

Subdue my worthieft self: The Witch shall die, To the young Roman Boy she hath sold me, and I fall Vnder this plot; She dyes for’t. Eros hoo t.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Ira, Meridian.

Cleo. Help mee my women: Oh hee’s more mad Then Telamon for his Shield, the Boare of Thesaly Was never fo imboift.

Cbar. To’th Monument there Locke your life, And send him word you are dead:

Anthony and Cleopatra.
Mares what it does: yes, very force entangles
It selfe with strength: Scale them, and all is done.

Eros. I come my Queen. Eros? Stay for me,
Where Souls do coach on Flowers, wee' hand in hand,
And with our Brightest Port make the Ghostes gaze:
Dido, and her Aneas shall want Troopes,
And all the haunt be ours. Come Eros, Eros
Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?
Ant. Since Cleopatra dyed,
I have 'lid in such diifonour, that the Gods
Detest my basefenne. I, the that with my Sword,
Quarter'd the World, and of e're Greene Neptune's backe
With Ships, made Cities: condemn me my felfe, to lacke
The Courage of a Woman, left Noble minde
Then she by which her death, out Caffer telles
I am Conqueror of my felle. Thou art frome Eros,
That when the exigeant should come, which now
Is come indeed: When I should fee behinde me
Timenewable prefection of disgrace and horror,
That on my command, thou then would ft kill me.
Don't, the time is come: Thou flikt'ft not me,
'Tis Caffer thou defeat'ft. Put colour in thy Chace.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me,
Shall I do that which all the Parthian Darts,
(Though Enemy) loft syne, and could not.

Ant. Eros.
Would thou be window'd in great Rome, and fee
Thy Master thus with pleas'd Arms, bending downe
His Corrigible necke, his face subdue'd
To penetrative fame; whilft the wheel'd feate
Of Fortune Caffer drawne before him, branded
His Bafonne, that ende'd.

Eros. I would not fee't.

Ant. Come then: for with a wound I must be cur'd.

Draw that thy honeft Sword, which thou haft wore
Most wffull for thy Country.

Eros. Oh fir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'ft thou not then
To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent Services are all
But accidents vapour'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Tune from me then that Noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. I doe thee.

Eros. My fword is drawne.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou haft drawne it.

Eros. My deere Mafter,
My Captaine, and my Emperor. Let me fay
Before I strike this bloody stroke. Farewell.

Ant. 'Tis faid man, and farewel.

Eros. Farewel great Chief, Shall I strike now?

Eros. Why there then:
Thus I do escape the forrow of mortmen death.

Ant. Thrice-Noble themy felfe,
Thou teachft me: Oh valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou coul'dt not, my Queen and Eros
Hawe by their brave infruption got upon me
A Nobleness in Record. But I will be
A Bride-groom in my death, and run into't
As to a Louers 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 discharge me,

Enter.
**Antony and Cleopatra**

---

Enter a Guard.

1. Guard. What's the noise?

2. Guard. I have done my work. I'll tell: Oh, make an end of what I have begun:

3. Guard. The Starre is false,

4. Guard. And time is at his Period.

5. All. Alas, and woe.

6. Guard. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

7. Guard. Not I.

8. Guard. Nor I.

9. Guard. Nor any one.

10. Enter Marcus Brutus.

11. Brutus. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly this sword but shew me to Caesar with this dyings, Shall enter me with him.

---

Enter Diomedes.

12. Diomed. Where's Antony?

13. Diomed. There Diomed was.

14. Diomed. Lines he: will thou not answer man?

15. Antony. Shall I then where Diomed was?

16. Antony. Draw thy sword, and giveth me,


18. Antony. My Mistis Cleopatra sent me to thee.

19. Antony. When did she send thee?


21. Antony. Where is the?

22. Antony. (Seare

23. Antony. Dam. Lock her in her Monument: she had a Prophecying

24. Antony. Of what hath come to passe: for when the law

25. Antony. (Which never shall be found) you did suspect

26. Antony. She had dispos'd with Caesar, and that your rage

27. Antony. Would not be purged, she sent you word (he was dead:

28. Antony. But fearing since how it rogtst wotke, she sent

29. Antony. Me to proclame the truth, and I am come

30. Antony. I am dying Egypt, dying: only

31. Antony. I heere importune death a-while, vntil

32. Antony. Of many thousand kisfes, the poore laft

33. Antony. What hao: the Emperors Guard,

34. Antony. Lace good: call my Guard

35. Antony. Entred

36. Antony. His Guard have brought him thither.

---

Enter Antony and the Guard.

---

Cleo. Oh Sunne,

37. Cleopatra. Burne the great Sphere thou mou'th in, darkling stand

38. Cleopatra. The varying thore o'th world.


41. Antony. Peace,

42. Cleopatra. Not Caesar: Valour hath o'throwne Antony,

43. Antony. But Antony's hath Triumphd on it selfe.

44. Cleopatra. So it should be,

45. Cleopatra. That none but Antony should conquer Antony,

46. Antony. But woe'tis so.

47. Antony. I am dying Egypt, dying: only.

48. Antony. I heere importune death a-while, vntil

49. Antony. Of many thousand kisfes, the poore laft

50. Antony. I am dying Egypt, dying.

51. Antony. Peace,

52. Antony. Oh Sunne,


54. Antony. Antbe® and £leopatra.

55. Cleopatra. Oh, quicke, or I am gone.

56. Cleopatra. Here's sport indeed:

57. Cleopatra. How heauy weighs my Lord

58. Cleopatra. Our strength is all gone into heauineffe.

59. Cleopatra. That makes the weight. Had I great

60. Cleopatra. The strong wing'd Mercury should fetch thee vp,

61. Cleopatra. And let thee by Ioues fide. Yet come a little,

62. Cleopatra. Witches were ever Fools. Oh come, come, come,

63. Cleopatra. They beant Antony aloft to Cleopatra.

64. Cleopatra. And welcome, welcome. Dye when thou hast liud,

65. Cleopatra. Quick'en with Kissing: had my lippes that power,

66. Cleopatra. Thus would I weare them out.

67. All. A heauy sight

68. Antony. I am dy ing Egypt, dying.

69. Antony. Give me some Wine, and let me Speake a little.

70. Antony. No, let me Speake, and let me sayle so hye,

71. Antony. That the falsc Hufwife Fortune, breake her Wheelie,

72. Antony. Prouok'd by my offence.

73. Antony. One word (sweet Queene)

74. Of Caesar I feake you Honour, with your safety.

75. Cleopatra. They do not go together.

76. Antony. Gentle heare me.

77. Antony. None about Caesar truff, but Pseudias.

78. Cleopatra. My Resolution, and my hands, Ile truff.

79. Antony. None about Caesar.

80. Cleopatra. The miserable change now at itsy end,

81. Antony. Lament not torow st: but pleases your thoughts

82. Cleopatra. In feeding them with those my former Fortunes

83. Antony. Wherein I lived. The greatest Prince o'th world,

84. Cleopatra. The Nobles: and do now not safely dye,

85. Antony. Not Cowardly put off my Helmet to

86. Antony. My Countrymen. A Roman, by a Roman

87. Cleopatra. Valiantly vanquishd. Now my Spirit is going,

88. Cleopatra. I can no more.

89. Cleopatra. In this dull world, which in thy absence is

90. Cleopatra. No better then a Stye? Oh see my women t

91. Cleopatra. Whether is the Garland of the Warre.

92. Cleopatra. The Crowne o'th earth doth melt. My Lora?

93. Cleopatra. With that the Thames doth rise up:

94. Cleopatra. Peace,

95. Cleopatra. Oh Sunne,

96. Cleopatra. Oh wither'd is the Garland of the W arrt.

97. Cleopatra. The Crownco'th'earth doth melt. My Lora?
The Souldiers pole is false: young Boys and Gyres
Are leuell now with men: the oddes is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the viewing Moone.
The SeuIdtm pole is fallen: young Boys and Gyres
Axel now with men: the oddes is gone.
Which writ his Honor in the Ads it did.
Nor by a hyed Knife, but that selfe-band
Is nor a finale doom: in the name lay
To rush into the secret house of death.
Hath with the Courage which the heart did lead it,
Should have looked Lyons into civill streets,
I robbed his wound of it: behold it
Gained, split the heart. This is his Sword
A mortal:
This case of that huge Spirit now is cold.
Our Lampe is spent, it's out. Good Sirs, take heart,
Patience is sweetish, and impatience does
To tell them that this World did equall theirs.
To throw my Scepter at the iniurious Gods,
And Citizens to their deames. The death of
This man then
A greater crack. The round World
Should have shook Lyons into ciuill streets,
And Citizens to their deames. The death of
Anthony
Is not a single doome, in the name lay.
A moost of the world
Dec. He is dead Caesar,
Not by a publicke minister of Justice,
Nor by a hyed Knife, but that selfe-hand
Which writ his Honor in the Ads it did,
Hath with the Courage which the heart did lend it,
Split the heart. This is his Sword,
I toub'd his wound of it: behold it is flank'd
With his most Noble blood.
Ces. Look you sad Friends,

The Gods rebuke me, but it is Tydings
To wash the eyes of Kings.
Del. And strange it is,
That Nature must compell us to lament
Our most perficiated deeds.
Mrs. His raints and Honour, wrag'd equal with him.
Dels. A Rarer spirit never
Did stee humbly: but you Gods will give us
Some faults to make us men. Caesar is touch'd,
Mrs. When such a spacious Mirrors let before him,
He needes must see himself.
Caesar. Oh Gbancy,
I have followed thee to this, but we do launch
Diseases in our Bodies. I must perforce
Have the woe to thee such a declining day,
Or looke on thine: we could not stand together,
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With tears as Souraigne as the blood of hearts,
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,
In top of all designe; my late in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,
The Arme of mine owne Body, and the Heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our States
Unreconcilable, should divide our equalnesse to this.
Hence me go, Friends,
But I will tell you at some meett Season,
The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he sayer

Enter an Egyptian.
Whence are you? 
Egypt. A poor Egyptian yet, the Queen my mistress
Confined in all, she has her Monument
Of thy intents, defires, instruction,
That she preparedly may frame her self,
To th'way thee's fors'd too.
Caesar. Bid her have good heart,
She scarce shall know of vs, by some of ours,
How honourable, and how kindly Wee
Determine for her. For Caesar cannot leave to be vngentle
Egypt. So the Gods preferr thee.
Caesar. Come hissibl Proceedings. Go and say
We purpose her no frame: give her what comfort,
The quality of her passion avail require;
She hence shall have vs. For her life in Rome,
Would be eternal! in our Triumph: Go,
And with your speediest bring us what she sayer,
And bow you finde her.

Proceed. Caesar shall.
Egypt. Proceedings.
Caesar. Callus, go you along: where's Delabella, to second Proceedings?
All. Delabella.
Caesar. Let him alone: for I remember now
How hee's imploy'd: he shall in time be ready,
Go with me to my Tent, where you shall fee,
How hardly I was drawn into this Warre,
How calme and gentle I proceeded still
In all my Writings. Go with me, and fee
What I can shew in this.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.
Cleopatra. My defolatation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be
Caesar:
Nor being Fortune, he's but Fortunes knave,
A minister of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds, Which shackle accedens, and bolts up change; Which steepe, and never velloses more the dunge, The beggers Nurse, and Cephas.

Enter Proculus.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queene of Egypt, And bids thee fludy on what faire demands Thou mean'tst to have him grant thee.

Cle. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculus.

Cle. Anthony

Did tell me of you, bad me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceived
That have no use for trauaing. If thy Master
Would have a Queene his begger, you must tell him,
That Mainely to keepe derson, mule;
No issue begge then a Kingdom: If thy please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne,
I will kneel to him with thankes.

Pro. Be of good cheer:

You are faine into a Princely band, feare nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Your sweet dependacle, and you shall finde
Who is so full of Grace, that it owes over
A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnes,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cle. Pray you tell him,

I am his Fortunes Vassall, and I fend him
The Greatnesse he has got. I hourly leave
A Defcription of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him in the Face.

Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady)
Garde our little friends, for I know your plight is pitied
Of them that caus'd it.

Pro. You see how easily the may be surpriz'd:
Garde our little ones:

Surely he may: let the World see
How comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of all that neede. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependacle, and you shall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnes,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cle. Pray you tell him,

I am his Fortunes Vassall, and I fend him
The Greatnesse he has got. I hourly leave
A Description of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him in the Face.

Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady)
Garde our little friends, for I know your plight is pitied
Of them that caus'd it.

Pro. You see how easily the may be surpriz'd:
Garde our little ones:

Surely he may: let the World see
How comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of all that neede. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependacle, and you shall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnes,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cle. Pray you tell him,

I am his Fortunes Vassall, and I fend him
The Greatnesse he has got. I hourly leave
A Description of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him in the Face.

Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady)
Garde our little friends, for I know your plight is pitied
Of them that caus'd it.

Pro. You see how easily the may be surpriz'd:
Garde our little ones:

Surely he may: let the World see
How comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of all that neede. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependacle, and you shall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnes,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cle. Pray you tell him,

I am his Fortunes Vassall, and I fend him
The Greatnesse he has got. I hourly leave
A Description of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him in the Face.

Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady)
Garde our little friends, for I know your plight is pitied
Of them that caus'd it.

Pro. You see how easily the may be surpriz'd:
Garde our little ones:

Surely he may: let the World see
How comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of all that neede. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependacle, and you shall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnes,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cle. Pray you tell him,

I am his Fortunes Vassall, and I fend him
The Greatnesse he has got. I hourly leave
A Description of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him in the Face.

Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady)
Garde our little friends, for I know your plight is pitied
Of them that caus'd it.

Pro. You see how easily the may be surpriz'd:
Garde our little ones:

Surely he may: let the World see
How comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of all that neede. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependacle, and you shall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnes,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cle. Pray you tell him,

I am his Fortunes Vassall, and I fend him
The Greatnesse he has got. I hourly leave
A Description of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him in the Face.

Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady)
Garde our little friends, for I know your plight is pitied
Of them that caus'd it.

Pro. You see how easily the may be surpriz'd:
Garde our little ones:

Surely he may: let the World see
How comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of all that neede. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependacle, and you shall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnes,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cle. Pray you tell him,

I am his Fortunes Vassall, and I fend him
The Greatnesse he has got. I hourly leave
A Description of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him in the Face.

Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady)
Garde our little friends, for I know your plight is pitied
Of them that caus'd it.

Pro. You see how easily the may be surpriz'd:
Garde our little ones:

Surely he may: let the World see
How comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of all that neede. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependacle, and you shall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnes,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cle. Pray you tell him,

I am his Fortunes Vassall, and I fend him
The Greatnesse he has got. I hourly leave
A Description of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him in the Face.

Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady)
Garde our little friends, for I know your plight is pitied
Of them that caus'd it.

Pro. You see how easily the may be surpriz'd:
Garde our little ones:

Surely he may: let the World see
How comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of all that neede. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependacle, and you shall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnes,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cle. Pray you tell him,

I am his Fortunes Vassall, and I fend him
The Greatnesse he has got. I hourly leave
A Description of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him in the Face.

Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady)
Garde our little friends, for I know your plight is pitied
Of them that caus'd it.

Pro. You see how easily the may be surpriz'd:
Garde our little ones:

Surely he may: let the World see
How comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of all that neede. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependacle, and you shall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnes,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cle. Pray you tell him,

I am his Fortunes Vassall, and I fend him
The Greatnesse he has got. I hourly leave
A Description of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him in the Face.

Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady)
Garde our little friends, for I know your plight is pitied
Of them that caus'd it.

Pro. You see how easily the may be surpriz'd:
Garde our little ones:

Surely he may: let the World see
How comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of all that neede. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependacle, and you shall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnes,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cle. Pray you tell him,

I am his Fortunes Vassall, and I fend him
The Greatnesse he has got. I hourly leave
A Description of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him in the Face.

Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady)
Garde our little friends, for I know your plight is pitied
Of them that caus'd it.

Pro. You see how easily the may be surpriz'd:
Garde our little ones:

Surely he may: let the World see
How comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of all that neede. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependacle, and you shall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnes,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cle. Pray you tell him,

I am his Fortunes Vassall, and I fend him
The Greatnesse he has got. I hourly leave
A Description of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him in the Face.

Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady)
Garde our little friends, for I know your plight is pitied
Of them that caus'd it.

Pro. You see how easily the may be surpriz'd:
Garde our little ones:

Surely he may: let the World see
How comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of all that neede. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependacle, and you shall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnes,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cle. Pray you tell him,

I am his Fortunes Vassall, and I fend him
The Greatnesse he has got. I hourly leave
A Descrip...


The Tragedy of

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt.

Cleo. kno.wns.

Cæs. Art thou, Cleopatra? I pray you, nurse, eish Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the Gods will have it thus.

My Master and my Lord I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts.

The Record of what injuries you did vs,

Though written in our flesh, we shall remember

As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole Sir o'th World,

I cannot procure mine owne cause so well

To make it clear, but do confess I have

Bene laden with like failings, which before

Hawe often thorn'd our Sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra know,

We will extenuate rather beau inforse:

If you apply your selfe to our intents,

Which towards you are most gentle, you shal finde

A benefit in this change: but if you feeke

To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking

Anthony's course, you shall bereave your selfe

Of my good purposes, and put your children

To that deftruction which Ie guard them from

If thereon you relye. Ie take my leave.

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.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the breefe: of Money, Plate, & Jewels

I am posfeft of, of exactly valued,

Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus?

Sele. Here Madam.

Cleo. This is my Treasurer, let him speake (my Lord)

Upon his peril, that I haue refer'd

To my felfe nothing. Speake the truth Seleucus.

Sele. Madam, I had rather my lippes.

Then to my peril speake that which is not.

Cleo. What haue I kept backe.

Sele. Enough to purchafs what you haue made known

Cæs. Nay bluss not Cleopatra, I approve

Your Wifedome in the deede.

Cleo. See Caesar: Oh behold,

How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours.

And we must fhafe eftates, yours would be mine

The ingratitude of this Seleucus, does

Euen make me wilde. Oh Stua, of no more trust

Then loue that's hyr'd, & shall

Go backe I warrant thee: but fie catch thine eyes

This is my Treafurer, let him speake (my Lord)

To my felfe nothing. Speake the truth Seleucus.

Then to my peril speake that which is not.

Cleo. What haue I kept backe.

Sele. Enough to purchafs what you haue made known

Cæs. Nay bluss not Cleopatra, I approve

Your Wifedome in the deede.

Cleo. See Caesar: Oh behold,

How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours.

And we must fhafe eftates, yours would be mine

The ingratitude of this Seleucus, does

Euen make me wilde. Oh Stua, of no more trust

Then loue that's hyr'd, & shall

Go backe I warrant thee: but sie catch thine eyes

This is my Treafurer, let him speake (my Lord)

To my felfe nothing. Speake the truth Seleucus.

Then to my peril speake that which is not.

Cleo. What haue I kept backe.

Sele. Enough to purchafs what you haue made known

Cæs. Nay bluss not Cleopatra, I approve

Your Wifedome in the deede.

Cleo. See Caesar: Oh behold,

How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours.

And we must fhafe eftates, yours would be mine

The ingratitude of this Seleucus, does

Euen make me wilde. Oh Stua, of no more trust

Then loue that's hyr'd, & shall

Go backe I warrant thee: but sie catch thine eyes

This is my Treafurer, let him speake (my Lord)

To my felfe nothing. Speake the truth Seleucus.

Then to my peril speake that which is not.

Cleo. What haue I kept backe.

Sele. Enough to purchafs what you haue made known

Cæs. Nay bluss not Cleopatra, I approve

Your Wifedome in the deede.

Cleo. See Caesar: Oh behold,

How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours.

And we must fhafe eftates, yours would be mine

The ingratitude of this Seleucus, does

Euen make me wilde. Oh Stua, of no more trust

Then loue that's hyr'd, & shall

Go backe I warrant thee: but sie catch thine eyes

This is my Treafurer, let him speake (my Lord)

To my felfe nothing. Speake the truth Seleucus.

Then to my peril speake that which is not.

Cleo. What haue I kept backe.

Sele. Enough to purchafs what you haue made known

Cæs. Nay bluss not Cleopatra, I approve

Your Wifedome in the deede.

Cleo. See Caesar: Oh behold,

How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours.

And we must fhafe eftates, yours would be mine

The ingratitude of this Seleucus, does

Euen make me wilde. Oh Stua, of no more trust

Then loue that's hyr'd, & shall

Go backe I warrant thee: but sie catch thine eyes

This is my Treafurer, let him speake (my Lord)

To my felfe nothing. Speake the truth Seleucus.

Then to my peril speake that which is not.

Cleo. What haue I kept backe.

Sele. Enough to purchafs what you haue made known

Cæs. Nay bluss not Cleopatra, I approve

Your Wifedome in the deede.

Cleo. See Caesar: Oh behold,

How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours.

And we must fhafe eftates, yours would be mine

The ingratitude of this Seleucus, does

Euen make me wilde. Oh Stua, of no more trust

Then loue that's hyr'd, & shall

Go backe I warrant thee: but sie catch thine eyes

This is my Treafurer, let him speake (my Lord)

To my felfe nothing. Speake the truth Seleucus.

Then to my peril speake that which is not.

Cleo. What haue I kept backe.

Sele. Enough to purchafs what you haue made known

Cæs. Nay bluss not Cleopatra, I approve

Your Wifedome in the deede.

Cleo. See Caesar: Oh behold,

How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours.

And we must fhafe eftates, yours would be mine

The ingratitude of this Seleucus, does

Euen make me wilde. Oh Stua, of no more trust

Then loue that's hyr'd, & shall

Go backe I warrant thee: but sie catch thine eyes

This is my Treafurer, let him speake (my Lord)

To my felfe nothing. Speake the truth Seleucus.

Then to my peril speake that which is not.

Cleo. What haue I kept backe.

Sele. Enough to purchafs what you haue made known

Cæs. Nay bluss not Cleopatra, I approve

Your Wifedome in the deede.

Cleo. See Caesar: Oh behold,

How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours.

And we must fhafe eftates, yours would be mine

The ingratitude of this Seleucus, does

Euen make me wilde. Oh Stua, of no more trust

Then loue that's hyr'd, & shall

Go backe I warrant thee: but sie catch thine eyes

This is my Treafurer, let him speake (my Lord)

To my felfe nothing. Speake the truth Seleucus.

Then to my peril speake that which is not.

Cleo. What haue I kept backe.

Sele. Enough to purchafs what you haue made known

Cæs. Nay bluss not Cleopatra, I approve

Your Wifedome in the deede.

Cleo. See Caesar: Oh behold,

How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours.

And we must fhafe eftates, yours would be mine

The ingratitude of this Seleucus, does

Euen make me wilde. Oh Stua, of no more trust

Then loue that's hyr'd, & shall

Go backe I warrant thee: but sie catch thine eyes

This is my Treafurer, let him speake (my Lord)

To my felfe nothing. Speake the truth Seleucus.

Then to my peril speake that which is not.

Cleo. What haue I kept backe.

Sele. Enough to purchafs what you haue made known

Cæs. Nay bluss not Cleopatra, I approve

Your Wifedome in the deede.

Cleo. See Caesar: Oh behold,

How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours.

And we must fhafe eftates, yours would be mine

The ingratitude of this Seleucus, does

Euen make me wilde. Oh Stua, of no more trust

Then loue that's hyr'd, & shall

Go backe I warrant thee: but sie catch thine eyes

This is my Treafurer, let him speake (my Lord)

To my felfe nothing. Speake the truth Seleucus.

Then to my peril speake that which is not.

Cleo. What haue I kept backe.

Sele. Enough to purchafs what you haue made known
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Anthony calls: I see him rowse himselfe.
To praise my Noble Aæ, I heare him mock.
The lucke of Caesar, which the Gods gave men
To extol their after wrath. Husband. I come:
Now to that name, my Course proce my Title,
I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements
I giue to bafer life. So, have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my Lippes.
Farewel kinde Marchant, Iar, long farewell,
Have I the Aspice in my lipps? Doff fall?
If thou, and Nature can so lightly part,
The stroke of death is as a Louers pinch,
Which hurts, and is defir'd. Doff thou lyce still?
If thou thus vanisheft, thou tell'ft the world,
It is not worth leave-taking.
Char. Diffolue thicke round, Cæsar, and Raine, that I may say
The Gods themselves do wepe.
Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meete the Curled Anthony,
She'll make demand of her, and spend that kiffe
Which is my heav'n to have. Come thou mortal wretch,
With thy sharpe teeths this knot intunnicate.
Of life at once untye: Poore venomous Foole,
Be angry, and dispatch. Oh could'ft thou speake,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar Asse, unpolicied.
Char. Oh Esteerne Starre.
Cleo. Peace, peace:
Dost thou not see my Baby at my breast,
That suckes the Nourse asleepe.
Char. O breake! O breake!
Char. As sweet as Balm, as soft as Ayre, as gentle.
O Anthony! Nay I will take thee too.
What should I say——
Dyes.
Char. In this wilde World! So far thee well;
Now boast ther Death, in thy possession eyes
A Laffe unparalled. Downe, Windowes close,
And golden Phoebus neuer bebeheld
Of eyes againe so Royall: your Crownes away,
Ile mend it, and then play——

Enter the Guard rustling in, and Delabella.
1 Guard. Where's the Queene?
Char. Speake softly, wake her not.
1 Cæsar hath sent
Char. Too slow a Messenger.
Oh come spare, dispatch, I partly see thee.
1 Approach hoa,
All's not well: Cæsar's build.
2 There's Delabella sent from Cæsar: call him.
1 What worke is heere Marchant?
Is this well done?
Char. Tis well done, and fitting for a Prince
Defended of so many Royall Kings.
Ah Soul'dier.

Enter Delabella.

Del. How goes it heere?
1 Guard. All dead.
Del. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thy selfe art comming
To see perform'd the dreaded Aæ which thou
So fough't to hinder.

Enter Cæsar and all his Traine, marchinge.

All. A way there, a way for Cæsar.
Del. Oh sir, you are too sure an Auguster:
That you did fast, is done.

Cæsar. Brasueft at the least,
She knew'd I at our purposes, and being Royall
Tooke her owne way: the manner of their deaths,
I do not fe them bleed.

Del. Who was last with them?

Guard. A simple Countryman, that brought his Figs:
This was his Basket.

Cæsar. Poyfon'd then.

Guard. Of Cæsar:
This Chamber liu'd but now, the flood and spake:
I found her trimming vp the Diadem;
On her dead Mis'sis tremblingly she flood,
And on the sudden dropt.

Cæs. Oh Noble weaknesse:
If they had swallow'd poyson, 'twould appeare
By externall swelling: but the lookes like sleepe,
As she would catch another Anthony
In her strong toyle of Grace.

Del. Here on her breast,
There is a vent of Bloud, and something blowne,
The like is on her Arme.

1. Guard. This is an Aspikes traile,
And these Figge-leaves have flame upon them, such
As th'Aspikes leaves upon the Couses of Nile.

Cæsar. Most probable
That so she dyed: for her Physitian tells mee
She hath pursu'd Conclusions infinite
Ofasie wyes to dye. Take vp her bed,
And beare her Women from the Monument,
She shall be buried by her Anthony.
No Graue upon the earth shall clip in it
A poyson so famous: high events as these
Strike choles that make them: and their Story is
No leffe in pity, then his Glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army shall
In solemn shew. attend this Funerall,
And then to Rome. Come Dolabella, see
High Order, in this great Solmennity.

FINIS.
Enter two Gentlemen.

Primus.

SCENA PRIMA.

The Tragedy of

Cymbeline.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gent. O you do not meet a man but Frownes. Our bloods no more obey the Heavens Then our Courtiers: Still see me, as do's the King.

2. Gent. But what's the matter?

1. His daughter, and the heir of the kingdom (whom He purposed to his wife's first son, a Widow That late be married,) hath referred her selfe Into a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded, Her Husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all Is outward sorrow, though I think the King Be touch'd at very heart.

2. None but the King?

1. He that hath lost her too: so is the Queene, That must defir'd the Match. But not a Courtier, Although they weare their facet to the bent Of the Kings lookes, hath a heart that it not Glad at the thing they scowle at.

2. And why so?

1. He that hath mis'ed the Princeffe, is a thing Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her, (I mean, that married her, alacke good man, And the restore banish'd) is a Creature, such, As to secke 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 such a Wombe Within Endowes a man, but thee.

2. You speake him faire.

1. I do extend him (Sir) within himselfe, Crush him together, rather then unfold His measure duly.

2. What's his name, and Birth?

1. I cannot deliue him to the roote: His Father Was call'd Sceneline, who did noyse his Honor Against the Romanes, with Cassilban, But had his Titles by Tammartius, whom He gird'd with Glory, and admir'd Success; So gain'd the Sub-addition, Leonatus. And had (besides this Gentleman in question) Two other Sons, who in the Warrs o'th time Dy'de with their Swords in hand, For which, their Father Then old, and fond of yffe, tooke such sorrow That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theme) deceas As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe To his protection, calls him Pothamus Leonatus, Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber, Puts to him all the Lernings that his time Could make him the receiver of; which he tooke As we do ayre, falt as 'twas miniftr'd,

And in his Spring, became a Hussey: Ludd in Court (Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most loud, A sample to the young: to them more Mature, A glasse that feated them, and to the gracer, A Child that guided Disorders. To his Miftris, (For whom he now is banish'd) her owne price Proclames how the efeem'd him; and his Person By her election may be truly read, what kind of man he is.

2. I honor him, even out of your report.

But pray you tell me, is the sole child to the King?

1. His onely child:

He had two Sons (if this be worth your hearing, Make it) the eldest of them, at three years old In washing clothes, the other from their Nursey Were Aolne, and to this houre, no ghefe in knowledge Which way they went.

2. How long is this ago?

1. Some twenty yeres.

2. That a Kings Children should be so conuey'd, So slackely guarded, and in search so slow That could not trace them.

1. Howsoever, 'tis strange, Or that the negligence may well be laught'd at.

2. Yet is it true Sir.

1. I do well beleue you.

2. We muft forbear. Here come the Gentleman, The Queene, and Princeffe.

Exeunt

SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter the Queene, Pothamus, and Imogen.

Que. No, be affay'd you shall not finde me (Daughter) After the fander of most Step-Mothers, Built-ey'd vnto you. You're my Prisoner, but Your Gaoler shall deliver you the keyes.
That locke vp your restraint. For you postethme, So soon as I can win this offended King,
I will be knowne your Advocate: marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and twere good
You leaue but speake his Sentence, with what patience
Your wilful one may informe you.

Poet. Please your Highnesse,
I will from hence to day.

Qu. You know the peril:
He fetch a turne about the Garden, pittyng
The pangs of bard Affections, though the King
Has charg'd you shoul'd not speake together. Exit

Imo. O dissembling Curtise! How fine this Tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds? My dearest Husband,
I sometyme feare my Fathers wrath, but nothing
(Alwayes refer'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes: nor comforted to liue,
But that there is this Jewell in the world,
That I may see againe.

Poet. My Queene, my Misstress:
O Lady, weep no more, least I gie cause
To be displaced of more tenderness
Then doth become a man, I will remaine
Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me
And with mine eyes, I drinke the words you send,
Though Inke be made of Gall.

Enter Queene.

Qu. Be briefe, I pray you:
If the King come, I shall innocere, I know not
How much of his displeasure: yet Ile mourne him
To walke this way: I intuer do him wrong,
But he do's buy my Injuries, to be Friends:
Payes deere for my offences.

Poet. Should we be taking leave
As long a terme as yet we have to liue,
The loathnesse to depart, would grow: Adieu.

Imo. Nay,stay a little;
Were you but riding forth to ayre your felfe,
And penhervp.

Lco. Leave us to our selues, and make your selfe some comfort
Out of your selfe advice. I

Pep. Nay let her languifh
The soe Sonne of my Queene.

Enter Queene.

Cym. Thou foolish thing;
They were againe together: you haue done
Not after our command Awaywithher,
Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soueraigne,
To draw vpon an Exile. Obrue Sir,
Not after our command Awaywithher,
Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soueraigne,
To draw vpon an Exile. Obrue Sir,
And pittyng
The pangs of bard Affections, though the King
Has charg'd you shoul'd not speake together. Exit

Imo. O bleffed, that I might not: I chose an Eagle,
And did syue a Putcocke.

Cym. Thou tookst A Beggar, would'ft haue made my
Throne, a Seate for bafenefle.

Qu. No, I rather added a luftre to it.

Cym. O thou vilde one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I haue fou'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman: Ouer-buies mee
Almoft the flame he pays.

Cym. What art thou mad?

Imo. Almost Sir: Heaven restore me: would I were
A Neat-heards Daughter, and my Lousant
Our Neighbour-Shepheards Sonne.

Cym. Thou foolish thing;
They were againe together: you haue done
Not after our command Awaywithher,
Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soueraigne,
To draw vpon an Exile. Obrue Sir,
Not after our command Awaywithher,
Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soueraigne,
To draw vpon an Exile. Obrue Sir,
Trggs
ttyofCymbeline.
Qu.
pray walke a-while.
Imo. About some little more hence,
Pray you speake with me;
You shall (at least) go see my Lord aboard.
For this time leave me.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

1. Sir, I would advise you to shift a Shirt; the Violence of A'rion hath made you reck 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 shed it.

2. No faith: not so much as his patience.

Hauelhurt him?

2. No faith: not so much as his patience.

3. His Steele was in debt, it went o'th'Backside the Towne.

Clot. The Villaine Would not stand me.

2. No faith: not so much as his patience.

Stand you? you haue Land enough of your owne:

But he added to your haging, gaue you some ground.

As many lochcs.as you haue Oceans'Puppies.

Clot. I would they had not come between* vs.

2. So would I till you had meafur'd bow long a Foolc you were upon the ground.

Clot. That and that should love this Fellow, and refufe mee.

2. If it be a sin 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 thinnes not upon Foolcs, least she reflect upon the ground.

Clot. And that she should love this Fellow, and refufe mee.

2. If it be a sin 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 thinnes not upon Foolcs, least she reflect upon the ground.

Clot. Come, lie to my Chamber: would there had beene some hurt done.

2. I with not so, vnlesse it had bin the fall of an A'lse, 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.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grewt'nto the flores o'th'Hauen, And questioned't every Saul: if she should write, And I not haue it, 'twere a Paper lost As offer'd mercy is: What was the left That he spake to thee?

Pifa. It was his Queene, his Queene.

Imo. Then wou'd his Handwerkishe be?

Pifa. And kiss it, Madam.

Imo. Sense you Linnen, happier therein then i: And that was all?

Pifa. No Madam! for so long

As he could make me with his eye, or ear, Diftinguifh him from others, he did keepe The Decke, with Gloue, or Hat, or Handwerkishe, Still vauing, as the仕s and flares of his mind Could beft exprefse how low his Soule fa'yt'd don,' How twift his Ship.

Imo. Thou shou'dt haue made him.

As little as a Crow, or leffe, ere left To after-eye him.

Pifa. Madam, fo I did.

Imo. I would haue broke mine eye-strings: Crackd'then, but to looke upon him, till the diminution Of space, had pointed him fharpe as my Needle: Nay, followed him, till he had melted from The smallneffe of a Grate, to ayre: and then Haue turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good Pisanio, When flall we hear from him.

Pifa. Be affuj'd Madam,

With his next advantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had Most pretty things to fay: Ere I could tell him How I would thinke on him at certaine houres, Such thoughts, and fuch: Or I could make him fware,
The Shees of Italy ftiouid not betray Mine Interett, and his Honour: or haue charg'd him At the firft home of Morning, at Noon, at Midnight, To me with Orifons, for then I smirksHeauen for him: Or ere I could, Give him that patting kiffe, which I had fet Betwixt t wo charming words, come is my Father, And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North, Shakes all our buddes from growing.

Enter a Lady.

La. The Queene (Madam)

Desires your Highnesse Company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,
I will attend the Queene.

Pifa. Madam, I flall.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Philario, Inachino: a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Beleeue it Sir, I have feene him in Britaine; hee was then of a Crefcent tore, expected to prove fo 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 perufen by

Phil. You fpeake of him when he was leffe furnilh'd, then now he is, with that which makes him both with¬

out, and within.

French. I have feene him in France: wee had very ma.

many there, could behold the Sunne, with as fine eyes as hee.

Iach. This matter of marying his Kings Daughter, wherein he muft be weighed rather by her value, then his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deale from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. 1, and the approbation of those that wepte this lamentable divorce vnder her colours, are wonderfully
to extend him, be it but to fortifie her judgement, which ells an easie battery might lay flat, for taking a bigger without less quality. But how comes it, he is so fond of you? How creeps acquaintance?

Psh. His Father and I were Souldiers together, to whom I have bin often bound for no lesse then my life.

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the Britaine. Let him be so entretained amongst you as furies with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a Stranger of his quality. I belefe 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 appear hereafter, rather then flory him in his owne hearing.

French. Sir, we have knowne together in Orleans.

Post. Since when, I have bin debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o’re-rate your poore kindneffe, I was glad I did atone my Countryman and you; it had bene pity you should have bene put together, with so mortall a purpose, as then each bore, vpon importunity of so flight and triuiall a nature.

Post. By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Traveller, rather than to go even with what I heard, then in my every action to be guided by others experiences but vpon my mended judgement, (if I offend by this it is mended) my Quarrel was not altogether flight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbitrement of Swords, and by such two, that would by all likelyhood have confounded one the other, or have faile both.

Iach. Can we with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I thinkke, was a contention in publique, which may (without contradiction) suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of vs fell in praise of our Country-Mistresses. This Gentleman, at that time vouching, (and vpon warrant or bloody affirmation) his to be more Faire, Vertuous, Wise, Chaste, Conffant, Qualifie’d, and lesse attemptable then any, the rarest of our Ladies in France.

Iach. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentleman opinion by chist, wroune our.

Post. She holds her Vncurdill, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so farre preferre her, you Loose ours of Italy.

Post. Being so farre prouoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I professe my selfe her Adorer, nor her Friend.

Iach. As faire, and as good; a kind of hand in hand compassion, had bene something too faire, and too good for any Lady in Britaine; if the went before others, I have seene as that Diamond of yours out-luxters many I have beheld, I could not beleue she excelled many: but I have not seene the most precious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Iach. Pray d’her, as I rated here so do I my Stone.

Iach. What do you esteeme it at?

Iach. More then the world enjoyes.

Iach. Either your vnapazon’d Mistis is dead, or the out-priz’d by a triffe.

Iach. You are miistaken: the one may be solde or given, or if there were wealth enough for the purchase, at mercy for the guife. The other is not a thing for sale, and onely the guilt of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods have given you?

Post. Which by their Graces I will keepe.

Iach. You may wære her in title yours; but you know strange Fowle light upon neighbours Pond. Your Ring may be solde too, so your brace of unsolde Emitations, the one is but faile, and the otherCashall. A cunning Thief, or a (that way) accomplisht Courtesie, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy, containes none so accomplisht a Couerrie to conuince the Honour of my Mistris: if in the holding or losse of that, you terme her faile, I do nothing doubt you have store of Theeues, notwithstanding I feare not your Ring.

Post. Let us loose here, Gentlemen?

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior I thankes him, makes no stranger of me, were familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your faire Mistris, make her go backe, euen to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunite to friend.

Post. No no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pounce the moytie of my Estate, 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 against any Lady in the world.

Post. You are a great desie abus’d in too bold a perswasion, and I doubt not you sustaine what y’are worthy of by your Attempt.

Iach. What’s that?

Post. A Repulse though your Attempt (as you call it)defeare more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentleman enough of this, it came in too sodainly, let it dye as it was borne, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my Fisters, and my Neighbours on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What Lady would you chuse to affayle?

Iach. Yours, whom in confancie you thinkes fit. I will lay you ten thousands Duckers to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage then the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence, that Honor of hers, which you imagine so refered.

Posthumus. I will wage against your Gold, Gold to.

Iach. My Ring I holde deere as my finger, ’tis part of it.

Iach. You are a Friend, and there in the wife: if you buy Ladies stones at a Million a Dram, you cannot preverse it from tainting; but I see you have some Religion in you, that you fearce.

Posthumus. This is but a custom in your tongue: you bear a greater purpose I hope.

Iach. I am the Master of my speeches, and would vn den what so spoken, I Sweare.

Posthumus. Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond till your returne: let there be Content, without betwixt. My Mistris exceeds in goodnesse, the bignesse of your unworthy thinking, I desire you to this match: here’s my Ring.

Post. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the Goddes it is one: if I bring you no sufficent testimony that I have enjoy’d the dearest bodily part of your Mistris, my ten thousand Duckers are yours.
Scena Sexta.

Enter Queen, Lady, and Cornelia.

Qu. Whilest yet the dewes on ground,
Gather those Flowers,
Make haste. Who's he, the note of them?

Lady. I Madam.

Qu. Diapatcher.

Exit Ladies.

Now Master Doctor, have you brought those drugges?

Cor. Pleasesthy Highnes, I: here they are, Madam:
But I beseech your Grace, without offence
(My Confidence bids me ask) wherefore you have
Commanded of these most poiyonous Compounds,
Which ate the nooters of a languishing death:
But thoughlow, deadly.

Qu. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a Question: Have I not bene
Thy Pupill long? Hast thou not learnt me how
To make Perfumes? Diffill? Prefume? Yes so,
That our great King himselfe doth woo me oft.
For my Confessions? Having thus farre proceeded,
(Vnlesse thou think'st me dull, alive) is't notmeete
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other Conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these the Compounds, on such Creases as
We count not worth the hanging (but none humane)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their Act, and by them gather
Their feuerall virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your Highnesse
Shall from this practice, but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noyseome, and infectuous.

Qu. I content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flattering Rascal, upon him
Will I first work: Hee's for his Master,
And enmy to my Sonne. How now Pisanio?

Doctor, your servise for this time is ended,
Take your owne way.

Cor. I do suspect you, Madam,
But you shall do no harme.

Qu. Haunceth then, a word.

Cor. I do not like her. She doth think she's
Strange ling'ring poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trufl one of her malice, wish
A drugg of such damn'd Nature. Tho' she's,
Will dupifie and dull the Sense a while,
Which fuit (perchance) thee prove on Cats and Dogs,
Then afterward vp higher: but there is
No danger in what fhe show of death it makes,
More then the locking vp the Spirits a time,
To be more fresh, renewing. She is fool'd
With a most flate effect: and I, the truer,
So to be fale with her.

Qu. No further service, Doctor,
I will fend for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave,

Qu. Weeps he the still (sigh thou?)
Don't thou thinke in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where Folly now poifefles? Do thou workes:
When thou shalt bring me word the loves my Sonne,
Tell thee on the infall, thou art thence
As great as thy Master: Greater, for
His Fortunes all yee speecchles, and his name
Is at last garpe. Returne he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: To flifte his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another.
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A dayes work in him. What fhal? thou expect?
To be depend'n on a thing that leanes?
Who cannot be new built, nor ha's no Friends
So much, as but to prop him? Thou tak'ft wp
Thou know'ft not what: But take it for thy labour.

Qu. Nay, Docror, thou takest
What is an earneft of a farther good
That I meane to thee. Tell thy Miftris how
Thinke what a chance thou chang'd on, but thinke
That thou haft thy Miftris still, to boote, my Sonne,
Thinke on roy words. A flye, and conftant knaue.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

Pisanio. Tell thy Miiftress how
The cafe stands with her: Soo't, as from thy felfe,
Think what a chance thou chang'd on, but thinke
Thou haft thy Miiftress still, to boore, my Sonne,
Who shall take notice of thee. I love the King
To any shape of thy Preferment, fuch
As thon'it defue: and then my felfe, I cheefely,
As great as is thy Mafter: Greater, for
He tell thee on the infall, thou art then
Is at last garpe. Returne he cannot, nor
Continue where he is; To fibife his being.

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

Qu. Whilest yet the dewes on ground,
Gather those Flowers,
Scene Septima.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imogen. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my Lord with Letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam:
The Worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your Highness secretly.

Imo. *Thanks good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All other, that is out of doore, moist rich:
If the be furnished with a mind for rare
She is alone! a Arabian-Bird; and I
Have left the wager. Boldnesse be my Friend:
Arise me Audace from head to foote,
Orlike the Parthian I shall flying fight,
Rather directly fly.

Imogen reads.

He is one of the Noblest men, so whole kindeenes I am must
Infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your self.

So fare I reside abroad,
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by thine, and rakes it thankfully.
You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I
Have words to bid you, and shall finde it so
In all that I can do.

Thankes fairest Lady:
What are men mad? Hath Nature given them eyes
To fee this wantful Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land, which can daintly twixt
The fruitful Orbes above, and the wind'd Stones
Upon the number'd Beach, and can we not
Partition make with Species so precious
Twixt faire and foule?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be th'eye: for Apes, and Monkeys
Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way, and
Commence with moves the other. Nor th'judgment
Per Idiots in this case of favour, would
Be wisely defin'd: Not th'Appetite.
Slutery to such earst Excellence, oppos'd
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so alluring to feed.

Imo. What is the matter now?

Iach. The Cloyed will:
That finest eye yet vainish'd define, that Tub
Both stud'd and running: Ruening get the Lambes,
Longs after for the Garbage.

Imo. What, deere Sir,
Thus rap's your: Are you well?

Iach. Thanks Madam well: Befearch you Sir,
Defire my Mans abode, where I did leave him
He's strange and peecifith.

Pfis. I was going Sir,
To give him welcome.

Iach. Continues well my Lord?
His health beseach you?

Iach. Well, Madam.

Iach. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope be is.

Iach. Exceeding pleafant: none a stranger these,
So merry, and so game: he is call'd
The Britaine Reueler.

Imo. When he was here
He did incline to fadness, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I bow'd him fad.

There is a Frenchman his Companion, one
An eminent Monfieur, that it seemes much lover
A Gallien-Girl at home. He furnaces
The thicke fighes from him, whiles the jolly Britaine,
(Your Lord I meanes) laughs from his free lungs series
Can my fides hold, to think that man who knowes
By History, Report, or his owne prove.
What woman is, yes what the cannot choose
But muff be will's free houses languisht
For assured bonmage?

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 mordre the Frenchman:
But Heauen's know some men are much too blame.

Imo. Nothe I hope.

Iach. Not he:
But yet Heauen's bounty towards him, might
Be vs'd more thankfully. In himfelfe'tis much,
In you, which I account bis beyond all Talents,
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity Sir?

Iach. Two Creatures heartly

Imo. Am I one Sir?

You looke on me: what wrack disterre you in me
Defuer our pity?

Iach. Lamentable: what
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace
Th'arsenell by a Soufe

Imo. I pray you Sir,
Deliver with more openneffe your answeres
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
(I was about to say) enjoy your —but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speake on't.

Imo. You do seeme to know
Something of me, or what conceres me pray you
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Then to bære they do. For Certaines
Either are past remedies, or timely knowing,
The remedy then borne, Discouerer to me
What both you spurre and flop

Iach. Had I this cheere
To barre my lips upon this hand, whose touch,
(Whose every touch) would force the Feelers foule
To th'th'ath of loyalty. This obiect, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fleering it onely here, Should I (demand then)

Scene.

The Tragedy of Cymbeline.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Enter Cloten, and the two Lords.

Clot. Was there ever man had such lucke? when I lift the lacke upon an ap-scaft, to be hit away? I had a hundred pound on't: and then a whorton lacke-an-Apes must

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.
must take me vp for swearing, as if I borrowed mine othes of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.
1. What got he by that? you have broke his pate with your Bowle.
2. If this wit had bin like him that broke it: it would have run all out.

Clot. When a Gentleman is dispos'd to swear'st it is not for any stenders by to curtall his othes. Ha?
2. No my Lord; nor crop the eares of them.
Clot. Wharfen dog; I gave him satisfaction: would he had bin one of my Rank.
2. To have fmeil'd like a Foonle.

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in the earth: a pot on. And rather not be so Noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the Queene my Mother: every Locke-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 Cooke and Caps too, and you crow Cock, with your combe on.

Clot. Say'eft thou? 6. It is not fit you Lordship should undetake every Companion, that you give offence too.
Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.
2. It is fit for your Lordship onely.
Clot. Why fo I say.
2. Did you heare 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.
3. There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought one of
Leonatus Friends.

Clot. Leonatus! A banifie Raffell; and he's another, whatsoeuer he be. Who told you of this Stranger?
2. One of your Lordships Pages.
Clot. Is it fit I went to looke upon him? Is there no derogation in't?
2. You cannot derogate my Lord.
Clot. Not really I think.
2. You are a Foonle granted, therefore your issues being foolish do not derogate.
Clot. Come, I go fee this Italian: what I have left to day at Bowles, I weene to night of him. Come goe;
2. He attend your Lordship.

That such a craftie Diewell as is his Mother Should yold the world this Age: A woman, that Bears all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne, Cannot take two from twenty for his heart, And issue eighteene. Alas poor Princefse, Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st, Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame gouern'd, A Mother hourly crying plots: A Wooer, More hatefull then the foulle expulsion is Of thy deere Husband. Thea that borrid Ad Of the divorce, hee'd make the Heavens hold firme The walls of thy deere Honour. Keepe vnhaak'd That Temple thy faire mind, that thou maiit stand Tenoy thy banifie Lord; and this great Land.

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.
Imo. I have read three hours then:
Mine eyes are weake, Fold downe the leafes where I have left: to bed Take not away the Taper, issue it burning;
And if thou canst awake by foure o'clock, I prythee call me: Sleepe sleepe heziz'd me wholly, To your protection I commend me, Gods,
From Fayries, and the Tempers of the night,
Guard me beforesh yee.

Sleepe.

Iachimo from the Trunk.

Iach. The Crikcets sing, and mans ore-labor'd sense Repaires it felle by reft: Our Tartaglia thus
Doth softly preffe the Ruthe, ere he wakend
The Chaftite he wounded. Cytharae
How bravely thou becom'st thy Bedrefh Lilly,
And whiter then the Sheets: that I might touch,
But kifie, one kifie. Rubies unparagon'd,
How deere they doot: 'Tis her breathing that Perfoymes the Chamber thus: The Flame of'th' Taper
Boves toward her, and would under-peepe her Ils,
To see th'included Lights, now Canopied
Vnder these windowes, White and Azure leck'd
With Bleeve of Heauens owne tinct. But my designe,
To note the Chamber, I will write all downe,
Such, and such pictures: There the window, such
Tha'd ornament of her Bed: the Arras, Figures,
Worl'd tellifie, 'Trench mine Inuentorie.
O Sleepe, thou Ape of death, lye dull vnpon her,
And be her Sente but as a Monument,
Thus in a Choppell lying. Come off, come off;
As flappery as the Gordian-knot was hard,
'Tis mine, and this will witness ouerwardly,
As strongly as the Conference do's within:
To thé'mading of her Lord. On her left breat
A mole Cinque-spotted: Like the Crimdon drops
I' th'bottom of a Cowslippe, Here's a Voucher,
Stronger then euer Law could make; this Secret
Will force him thinke I have pick'd the lock, and caine
The treasure of her Honour. No more: to what end?
Why should I write this downe: that's riueted.

Enter Cloon, and Lords.

1. Your Lordship is the most patient man in loose, the most coldset that euer turn'd vp Act.
Clot. It would make any man cold to loose,
2. But not every man patient after the noble temper of your Lordship. You are most hot, and furious when you winne.

One, two, three: time, time.

Clock strikes. Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cloon, and Lords.

1. Your Lordship is the most patient man in loose, the most coldset that euer turn'd vp Act.
Clot. It would make any man cold to loose,
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 courage: if I could get this foolish Imagery, I should have Gold enough; 'tis at morning, it's not?

1. Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this Musicke would come! I am advis'd to give her Musicke a morning, they say it will penetrate. Enter Musicians.

Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so: sweetly with tongue too; Win not, but I'll use her remaine: but I'll not give o' more. First, a very excellent good conceived thing: after a wonderful sweet site, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hearts, hearts, heare the Lark as heeancus gaeus sung, 
And Phoebe nuris aris.

Hie Stude's to water at those Springs 
And making Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes: 
With every thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet aris: 
Arise aris.

So, get you gone: if this pen trance, I will consider your Musicke the better: if it do not, it is your in her ears which Horse-hair, and Calues-guts, not the voyce of vapoured Eunuch to boot, can never moved.

Enter Cymbeline, and Queen.

A. Heere comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was vp solate, for that's the reason I was vp so care: he cannot choife but take this Service I have done, fatherly. God morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the doore of our flem daughter Will she not forth?

Clot. I have affay'd her with Musicke, but she vouch-safes no notice.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new, She hath not yet forgot him, some more time Must were the print of his remembrance on it, And then she's yours.

Do. You are most bound to th' King, Whose he goes by no vantages, that may Preferre you this daughter: Frame your selfe To orderly felicity, and be friended With spirituall of the feaon: make dentals Encrease your Services: so seeme, as if You were mispris'd to do those duties Which you tender to her: that you in all obey her, Sake when command to your diminution tend, And therein you are fenfeleffe.

Clot. Senfellefe? Not fo.

Mef. So like you: Sit! Ambassadors from Rome; The one's Caius Lucius. A worthy Fellow, albeit he comes on angry purpose now; But that's no fault of his: we must receive him according to the Honor of his Sender, And towards himselfe, his goodnese fore spent on us We must extend our notice: Our deere Sonne, When you have given good morning to your Miftris, Attend the Queen, and vs: we shall have neede To employ you towards th' Romanes. Come our Queene. Exeunt.

Clot. If I do live one of their hands, 'tis Gold Which buys admiration (of if it doth) yes, and makes Diana's Rangers fake themselves, yield vp Their Deere to th' hand o' th' Stealer: and 'tis Gold Which makes the True-man kill'd, and fuses the Theepe. Nay, sometime hangs both Theepe, and True-man: what Can it not do, and vndoe? I will make One of her women Lawyer to me, for I yet not understand the cafe my selfe. By your leave. Knockes.

Enter a Lady.

La. Who's there that knockes?

Clot. A Gentleman.

La. No more.

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewoman Sonne.

La. That's more.

Then some whole Taylors are adcente as yours, Can iustly boast of: what's your Lordships pleasure?

Clot. Your Ladies perfon, Is the readey?

La. I, to kepe her Chamber.

Clot. There is Gold for you, Sell me your good report.

La. How, my good name? or to report of you What I shall think is good, The Prince's.

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good morrow fairest. Sifter your sweet hand. Imo. Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much paine For purchasing but trouble: the thankes I giue, Is telling you that I am poore of thankes, And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still I vssue I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, were as deepe with me: If you (wearre full), your recompence is full That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yeeld being silent, I woulid not speake. I pray you (pare me), Faith I shall unfold equall discourse To your bel kindnesse: one of your great knowning Should learn (being taught) for bessance.

Clot. To leave you in your madnesse, 'twere my sin, I will not.

Imo. Footers are not mad Folkes.

Clot. Do you call me Foole?

Imo. As I am mad. I do:

If you be patient, Ile no more be mad, That curst vs both. I am much forry (Sir), You put me to forget a Ladies manners By being so verbal: and leave now, for all, That I know my heart, do heere pronounce By th' veritie of it, I care not for you, And am fo neere the lacke of Charitie To accuse my selfe, I hate you which I had rather You felt, then make my boas.

Clot. You fitten again.

Obedience, which you owe your Father, for The Contract you pretend with that base Wretch, One of breed of Almes, and foster'd with cold diuers, With spars o' th' Coast: It is no Coçet, nor; And though it be allowed in meaner partier (Yet who then he most mean) to knit their foules (On whom there is no more dependanie But Brass and Beggerly) in false-figured knot, Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by
A Pantler; not so eminent.
The consequence of the Crowne, and must not fool.
Will do the Commission throughly. And think to
be his Groome: thou wert dignified enough.
Lore tut, hath heard of Great Augustus,
Comparative for your Vertues, to be stilled.
A Squire's Cloth, that warmer dayes would come. In these fearful hope
Even to the point of Envy. If Twice I made
But what thou art besides: thou wert too base,
The precious note of it; with e base Slave,
muft die much your debtor.

To winne the King, as I am bold, her Honour
I barely gratifie your love; they sayling
His meanest Garment? Well.
Exit.

She's my good Lady, and will conceive, I hope
But the worst of me. So I leave your Sir,
Your Lady being easy.

The Queen, and must not fool.
Will remaine her's.

Whose meaneft Garment?
Imo. I said to Sir,
If you will make't an Action, call witness to't.
Clo. I will enforme your Father.
Imo. Your Mother too:
She's my good Lady; and will conceive, I hope
But the worst of me. So I leave your Sir,
To' th worst of discontent.
Clo. I' leereuen'd?
His meanest Garment?
Imo. I said to Sir,
If you will make't an Action, call witness to't.
Clo. I will enforme your Father.
Imo. Your Mother too:
She's my good Lady; and will conceive, I hope
But the worst of me. So I leave your Sir,
To' th worst of discontent.
Clo. I' leereuen'd?
His meanest Garment?
Imo. I said to Sir,
If you will make't an Action, call witness to't.
Clo. I will enforme your Father.
Imo. Your Mother too:
She's my good Lady; and will conceive, I hope
But the worst of me. So I leave your Sir,
To' th worst of discontent.
Clo. I' leereuen'd?
His meanest Garment?

Enter Post humus and Philaro.

Pofi. What means do you make to him?
Pofi. Not any: but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the present winner's state, and with
This warmer dayes would come: In these fea't'd hope
I barely gratifie your love; they sayling
I must die much your debtor.

Pofi. Your very goodneffe, and your company,
Ore payses all I can do. By this your King,
He hath heard of Great Augustus: Caesar Lucius,
Will do's Commission throughly. And I think
He'll grant the Tribute. send th' Arrerages,
Or looke upon our Romanies, whole remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Pofi. I do beleue
(Stars it though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will prove a Warre; and you shall heare
The Legion now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not fearing Britaine, then have readings
Of any penny Tribute paid. Out Countrymen
Are men more order'd, then when Julius Caesar
Smil'd at their lacke of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Ther discipline,
(Now wing-led with their courages) will make knowne
To their Approuers, they are People, such
That mend upon the world.

Cast. See Iachimo.
Pofi. The first of Harts, haue posted you by land;
And Wirdes of all the Corners kis'd you Salutes,
To make your wellfer nimble.
Pofi. Welcome Sir.
Pofi. I hope the briefnesse of your answere made
The speedinesse of your returne.
Iach. Your Lady,
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd ypon
Pofi. And therewithall the best, or let her beauty
Looke thorough a Casement to allure falfe hearts,
And be false with them.
Iach. Here be Letters for you.
Pofi. Their tenure good I truft.
Iach. 'Tis very like.
Pofi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britaine Court,
When you were there?
Iach. He was expexted 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?
Iach. If you have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in Gold,
Ile make a journey twice as farre, to see her beauty
A second night of such sweet Content, which
Was mine in Britaine, for the Ring is wonne.
Pofi. The Stones too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your Lady being so fairy.
Pofi. Make more Sir
Your loffe your Sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue Friends.
Iach. Good Sir, we must
If you kepe Coveuant: had I not brought
The knowledge of your Misris 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 stronger
Of her, or you having proceeded but
By both your wiles.
Pofi. If you can mak't apparent
That you have cafted her in Bed; my hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the foule opinion
You had of her pure Honours games, or looses,
Your Service, or mine, or Masterleffe leaue both
To who shall finde them.
Iach. Sir, my Circumstances
Being to fere the Truth, as I will make them.
Must first induce you to beleue, whose strength
I will conforme wit h oath, which I doubt not

You'll
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall finde
You need it not.

Pho. Proceed.

Jach. First, her Bed-chamber.

[Where I confesse I slept not, but profeffe
Had that was well worth watching] it was hang'd
With Tapesty of Silk, and Silver, the Story
Proud Clespatria, when she met her Roman,
And Sidone I well'd above the Bankes, or for
The preffure of Boates, or Pride. A piece of Work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strike
In Workmanship, and Value, which I wonder'd
Could be so rare, and exactly wrought.
Since the true life on't was—

Pho. This is true:

And this might have heard of heere, by me,
Or by some other.

Jach. More particulars
Must suffice my knowledge.

Pho. So they must,
Or doe your Honour imory.

Jach. The Chimney.

Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-piece
Chaste Dios, basting: newe saw I figures
So likely to report thenes; the Curier
Was as another Nature dumber, out-went her,
Motion, and Breath left out.

Pho. This is a thing
Which you might from Relation likewise reape,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Jach. The Roofe of her Chamber.

With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andisons
[I had forgot them] were two winking Cupids
Of Silver, each on one foote standing, nicely
Depending on their Brands.

Pho. This is her Honor:

Let it be granted you have seen all this (and praise
Be given to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing faues
The wager you have laid.

Jach. Then if you can
Be pleased, I begge but leave to ayre this ewell: See,
And now'tis vp againe: it must be married
To that your Diamond, he keepe them.

Pho. Leave—
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Jach. Sir (I thanke her) that
She stript it from her Arme: I fee her yet:
Her pretty station, did out-sell her gifts,
And yet enrich'd it too: the gave it, me,
And laied, the priz'd it once.

Pho. May she, the pluck'd it off
To send it me.

Jach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Pho. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Hecate, take this too,
It is a Balsamke into mine eye,
Killes me to looke on't: Let there be no Honor,
Where there is Beauty: Truth, where semblance: Love,
Where there's another man. The Vowes of Women,
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Then they are to their Virtues, which is nothing:
On, above measure false.

Pho. Have patience Sir,
And take your Ring againe, 'tis not yet wonne,
It may be probable the lost it:

Who knowes if one her women, being corrupted
Hath holne it from her.

Pho. Very true,

And so I hope he came by't: backe my Ring.

Jach. To me some corporall signe about her
More evident then this: for this was holne.

Pho. By Jupiter, I had it from her Arme.

Jach. Hearstye, he swears: by Jupiter he swears
'Tis true, nay keep the Ring; 'tis true
I am sure
She would not looke it: her Attendants are
All sworne, and honourable: they induc'd to inter cept it?

Pho. And by a Stranger? No, he hath enioy'd her,
The Cognisance of her incontinence
Is this: the hath bought the name of Whore, thus deeply.
There, take thy hyre, and all the Friends of Hell
Divide themselves betweene you.

Pho. Sir, be patient:

This is not strong enough to be beleu'd.

Of one perfwaved well of.

Pho. Neuer take on't:

She hath bin colted by him.

Jach. If you fecke
For further satisfying, vnder her Breast
[Worthy her prefting] lyes a Mole, right proud
Of that boast delicate Lodging; By my life
I kifst it, and it gave me present hunger
To see it againe, though full. You do remember
This flaine vpon her?

Pho. I, and it doth conforme
Another flaine, as bigge as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Jach. Will you heare more?

Pho. Spare your Arthemasticke,
Neuer count the Turnes: Once, and a Million.

Jach. Ile be sworne.

Pho. No swearing:
If you will swear you have not don't, you lye,
And I will kiff thee, if thou don't deny
Thou'lt made me Cuckold.

Jach. Ile deny nothing.

Pho. O that I had her heere, to tearre her Limb-macle.
I will go there and doo't, in the Court, before
Her Father. He doe some thing.

Pho. Quite besides
The government of Patience. You have wonne:
Let's follow him, and perswade the present wrath
He hath against himselfe.

Jach. With all my heart.

Enter Pho. bhamus.
Or lest at first? Perchance he spake not, but
Like a full Acorn'd Beare, a Terram on,
Cry'd e-o, and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for, should oppose, and the
Should from encounter guard. Could I find our
The Woman part in me, for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the Woman part: I list Lying, note it,
The women: flattering, hers; deceiving, hers:
Luft, and rank thoughts, hers; hers: revenues hers:
Ambitions, Courtings, change of Prides, Distraint:
Nice-longing, Standest, Mortuality:
All Faults that name, nay, that I tell knowes,
Why hers, in part, or all: but she'er All for even to Victorious they are not confine, but are changing still:
One Victorious, but of a minute old, for one
No halle fo old as that. He writes against them,
Defeat them, curse them: yet's greater Skill
In true Hate, 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 at another, Caius, Lucina, and
Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Caesar with us?
Luc. When inuictus Caesar (whose remembrance yet
Lives in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues
Be Theame, and hearing euer) was in this Britain,
And Conquer'd it, Cymbeline thine Vnkle
(Famous in Caesar's praifes, no whit lesse
Then in his Feats deferving) for him,
And his Succession, granted Rome a Tribute,
Yeere by yeere thousand poundis; which(by thee) latest
Is left unembrace.

Qu. And to bill the moraualis,
Shall be so euer.

Caius. There be many Caius,
Ere such another Jovis: Britain's a world
By it selfe, and we will nothing poy
For wearing our owne Notes.

Qua. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to resume
We have againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,
The Kings your Ancesters, togetherwith
The natural bravery of your Isle, which fhands
As Neptunes Parke, ribbd, and pal'd in
With Oakes vnderable, and roaring Waters,
With Sands that will not beare your enemie Boates,
Did put the yoake vpon's; which to fluke off
Could J node out
The sides o'th' World, against all colour heere.

To informe me, I am but a man,
That tend to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the Woman part: I list Lying, note it,
The women: flattering, hers; deceiving, hers:
Luft, and rank thoughts, hers; hers: revenues hers:
Ambitions, Courtings, change of Prides, Distraint:
Nice-longing, Standest, Mortuality:
All Faults that name, nay, that I tell knowes,
Why hers, in part, or all: but she'er All for even to Victorious they are not confine, but are changing still:
One Victorious, but of a minute old, for one
No halle so old as that. He writes against them,
Defeat them, curse them: yet's greater Skill
In true Hate, to pray they have their will:
The very Diuels cannot plague them better. Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pisenio reading of a Letter.

Pis. How! of Adultery! Wherefore write you not
What I longers hee accept? Leontina:
Oh Master, whose a strange infection
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Enter Belarius, Gadarius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day, not to keepe house with such, Whose Roostes, a lowe as ours: Sleepe Boys, this gare Instructs you how t'adore the Heauens; and bowes you to a morning's holy office. The Gates of Monarches Are Arch'd so high, that Giants may let through And keep their impious Turbulons on, without Good morrow to the Sun. Haile thou faire Heaven, We house i'th Rocke, yet vfe thee not so hardly As prouder liuers do.

Gud. Haile Heaven.

Arvir. Haile Heaven.

Bel. Now for our Mountaine sport, vp to yond hill Your legges are yong: Ile tread thefe Flats. Consider, When you about perceiue me like a Crow, That it is Place, which lesTen's, and sets off, And you may then resolve what Tales, I haue told you, Of Courts, of Princes; of the Tricks in Warre. This Service, is not Service; to being done, But being fo allowed. To apprehend thus, Drawes vs a profit from all things we see: And often to our comfort, shall we finde The tharded-Beetle, in a safer hold Then is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this life, Is Nobler, then attending for a checke: Richer, then doing nothing for a Babe: Prouder, then suffling in vnpayd-for Silke: Such gaine the Cap of him, that makes him fine, Yet keeps his Booke vncovered: no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proofs you speake, we poore vnsled'd Have never wing'd from view o'th'neft: nor knowes not What Ayre's from home. Happily this life is best, (If quiet life be beff) sweeter to you, Than that which lesTen's, and sets off. For mine's beyond, beyond, say, and (speake thicke (Lours Counseller shall fill the botes of hearing, To th'mothering of the Seneschal) for feare it is To some time bleffed Milford. And by this'way Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as I Tinheire such a Heauen. But first of all, How we may fleale from hence: and for the gap That we shall make in Time, from our hence-going, And our returne, to excuse: but first, how get hence. Why should excuse be borne or ere begor? Weele talke of that henceafter. Psyche speake, How many Rose of Miles may we well rid

Scena Tertia.
The freezing hours away? We have seen no thing
We are beautifull, as the Fox for prey,
Like warlike as the Wolfe, for what we eat:
Our Valour is to chase what flyes: Our Cage
We ere beaftly; sobtle a* the Fox for prey,
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing.
The feere's as bad as tailing. The toyle o'lh'Watre,
And felt them knowingly t the Art o'th Court,
The World may teach me: My bodie s mark'd
And hath a* oft a fland'rous Epitaph,
A peine that onety feemei to feekeout danger
Ai hard to leaue, as keepe: whole top to climbc
Did you but know the Citties Vfurtes,
And fng our bondage freely.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Pifanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou toldst me when we came to horse, I place
Was more at hand: Notre long'd my Mother to
To see me first, as I have now. Pifano, Man:
Where is Ptolemaeus? What is in thy mind
That makes thee face thus? Wherefore breaks that figh
From thy inward of thee? One, but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond felf-explication. Put thy felf
Into a humour of effe fearce, ere wildreff
Vanquifh my playder Senfes. What's thtfroatter?
Why tender fit thou that Paper to me, with
A looke vnunder? If th' Summer Newes
Smile too before: if Winterly, thou need'l:
But keep that count'ncelfe. My Husband's hard
That Drug'd my Jefu, bash out-crafted him,
And hee's at some hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue
May take off some extreme, which to reade
Would be even mortall to me.

Pis. Pleafcb you reade,
And you fhall finde me (wretched man) a thing
The moft diuid'd of Fortune

Imogen reads

Thy felf propitiation (Pifano) hath plaine the Strumpet in my
Bed: the Teflimonies whereof I have bleeding in me: I fee,
not out of weakneff Surerres, but from proue as strong as my
Grief, and as certain as I expect my Revenge. This part, thou
(Pifano) must alle for me, my felf be not tainted with the
breath of hers; let them none move take away her life: I thus
give thee opportunity at Milford Haun. She hath my Letter
for the purpofe; where, if thou fears to fledge, and to make me
crave it is done, thou art the Pander to her difhonneur, and
equall to my diuidion.

Pis. What fhall I need to draw my Sword the Paper
Hath cut her throat alraic, No, thy Slander,
Whove edge is Sharper then the Sword, whose tongue
Rides on the poffing windes, and doth belye
All comers of the World. Kings,Queene's, and States,
Maides, Matrons, may the Secrets of the Grave
This vipers Slander enters. What cheere, Madam?

Imo. Falfe to his Bed? What is it to be falfe?
To lye in watch there, and to think on him?
To weape twixt clock and clock? If lye charge Nature,
To break it with a feftrall dream of him,
And cry my felf awake? That's fallesto's bed? Is it?

Pis. Also good Lady,

Imo. I falfe? Thy Confience vntrufed:Jachein,
Thou didn't accuse him of Inconvenience,
Thou then look'd like a Villaine now, me thinkes

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 Pale, a Garment out of fashion,
And for I am richer then to hang by th'walle,
I must be ript: To pieces with me: Oh!
Men's vows are women's traitors. All good feeding
But worn a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good Madam, hear me.

I'mo. True honest men being heard, like false anchors,
Were in his time thought false: and Synops weeping
Did sound all holy tears: tooke pity from most true wretches.
So thou, Ptolemus
Wilt lay the lesuion on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and petr'd
From th'great false come: Come fellow, be thou honest,
Dost thou thy matters bidding. When thou feest him,
I a little witnefe my obedience. Look:
I draw the sword, my selfe, take it, and hit
The innocent Man's soul of my love (my heart):
The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,
Thou may'lt be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence vile Intruder,
Thou shalt not damme my hand.

I'mo. Why, I must dye.

And do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy Master. Against Selfe-slav't;
There is a prohibition so Divine,
That treason my weake hand: Come, here's my heart:
Something's a foot: Soft, soft, we're no defence,
Obedient as the scabbard.

What is he? The Scripture of the lion,
Leonatus, Obedient as the scabbard.
What is he? Something's a-foot: Soft, soft, well to defence.

When I desire it too-

I'mo. What, shall I do the while? Where abide? How live? Or in my life, what comfort, when I am
to think, when thou shalt be disfear'd by her,
That now thou tyr'dst on, how thy memory
Will then be past by me. Pythias dispatch,
The Lamb entreats the butcher, Wher's thy knife?
Thou art too low to do thy master's bidding
When I desire it too.

Pis. Oh gracious Lady,
Since I set out command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.
I'mo. Why, do not, and bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls first.

I'mo. Wherefore then
Didst thou wak't me? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? This place
Mine action? And thine owne? Our hero's labour?
The time inviting thee? The pertur'd court
For my being absent? Whereunto I never
Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so farre
To be un-bent? when thou hast ranc'rous stand,

Pis. But to win time.

I'mo. Talk y' your tongue weary, speake:
I have heard I am a strumpet, and mine ease
Therein false troths, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent, to bottom that. But speake.

Pis. Then Madam,
I thought you would not back again.

I'mo. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so neither.
But if I were at wife, as honest then
My purpose would prove well: it cannot be,
But that my Master is abus'd. Some Villains,
Land singular in his Art, hath done you both
This cursed injury.

I'mo. Some Roman Curtezan?

Pis. No, on my life:
I could not notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody signe of it. For 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be mist at Court,
And that will well confirm it.

I'mo. Why good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where abide? How live?
Or in my life, what comfort, when I am
to med my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to th' court.

I'mo. No court, no father, not no more ado.
With that hath, noble, simple nothing:
That Cloten, whole Loue-suit he hath been to
As fearless as a siege.

I'mo. If not at court,
Then not in Britaine must you abide.

I'mo. Where then?
Hath Britaine all the Sunne that shines? Day or night?
Are they not but in Britaine? This world's volume
Our Britaine seemes as of it, but not in't:
In a great pool, a Swanne's nest, prystethink,
Our Britaine seemes as of it, but not in't:
Are they not but in Britaine? This world's volume
I'th'world's Volume.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place: Th'ambassador,
Lucius the Roman comes to Milford-Haven
To scour, now, if you could were a minde
Darke, as your fortune is, but disquiet,
That which appears it selfe, must not yet be,
But by selfe-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yea, happily, near
The residence of Ptolemus; foe mine (at least)
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him houly to your ears,
As truely as he moveth.

I'mo. Oh for such means,
Though perill to my modestie, not death on't
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, hear't the point:
You must forget to be a Woman: change
Command, into obedience. Fear, and niceness
(The handsmaids of all women, and more truely
Woman it prettily) into a waggithe courage;
Ready in gybes, quick in answer'd, brutish,
And quarrellous as the weasel: Nay, you must
Forget that raref Treasure of your cheeke,
Exposing it (but oh the harder heart,

Alacke
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

I wear? it as your Enemy.

Exit Lucius

he have croft the Seuern. Happincs.

Conduiiouer Land, to Milford-Hauen.

I he due of Honor, m no point omit:

they, must need* then leffe Soueraignty

to fhew felfe; Will ycake not endure his and for our

My Maffcrs Enemy that muff report yc

And am fony, right wrote,

Empcrot hath 1 mud from hence,

Direct you to the befi

OrStomacke-qualm'd at Land, a Drammeofthis

And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods

Will driue away diffemper. To feme (hade,

What's in't is precious: if you are fuke at Sea,

Hecre is a boxe, I had it from the Queene,


Leaft being miff, 1 be fufpe&ed of

There's more to be confides'd: but wee'l euen

thei good time will giue vs. This attempt,

All TheGod* wdl diet me with. Prythee away.

I am Souldier too, and will abide it with

Beginning, nor fupplyment.

You haue me rich, and I will neuer fade

And doubling that, moft holy Yourmeanes abroad :

With loy he will imbrace yoa: for hee's Honourable,

If that his head haue eare in Muficke, doubtleffe

(Tis m my Cloake-bagge) Doublet, Har, Hose^aH

and forget Titan:

Of common-biffing

And chat (he hach all courtly parts more exquifite

Qjf. Dare come about him.

How now, my Sonne?

Go, looke after:

Pif. thou that stand'ft so

thou that fland'ft so

Theduty of theday. She lookers like

We haue noted it. Call her before vs, for

A ihingmotemade ofmalice, then ofduty.

Where is fhe gone? Haply d. fpaire hath feir'd her:

He hath a Drugge of mine: I pray, his abfence

Can her contempt be anfwer'd ?

Her Chamber, are all lock'd, and there's no anfwer

(And with what imitation you can borrow

Fore-rhinking this. I hane already fit

Lucius

From youth of fuch a feafon) fore Noble

She pray'd me to excufe her keeping clofe.

She w.'fh d me to make knowne: but our great Court

this Dayty fhe wu bound to proffer

She wrot me to excufe her keeping clofe.

This attempt,

All

TheGod* wdl diet me with. Prythee away.

I am Souldier too, and will abide it with

Beginning, nor fupplyment.

You haue me rich, and I will neuer fade

And doubling that, moft holy Yourmeanes abroad :

With loy he will imbrace yoa: for hee's Honourable,

If that his head haue eare in Muficke, doubtleffe

(Tis m my Cloake-bagge) Doublet, Har, Hose^aH

and forget Titan:

Of common-biffing

And chat (he hach all courtly parts more exquifite

Qjf. Dare come about him.

How now, my Sonne?

Go, looke after:

Pif. thou that stand'ft so

thou that fland'ft so

Theduty of theday. She lookers like

We haue noted it. Call her before vs, for

A ihingmotemade ofmalice, then ofduty.

Where is fhe gone? Haply d. fpaire hath feir'd her:

He hath a Drugge of mine: I pray, his abfence

Can her contempt be anfwer'd ?

Her Chamber, are all lock'd, and there's no anfwer

(And with what imitation you can borrow

Fore-rhinking this. I hane already fit

Lucius

From youth of fuch a feafon) fore Noble

She pray'd me to excuse her keeping clofe.

She w.'fh d me to make knowne: but our great Court

this Dayty fhe wu bound to proffer

She wrot me to excuse her keeping close.

This attempt,

All

TheGod* wdl diet me with. Prythee away.

I am Souldier too, and will abide it with

Beginning, nor fupplyment.

You haue me rich, and I will neuer fade

And doubling that, moft holy Yourmeanes abroad :

With loy he will imbrace yoa: for hee's Honourable,

If that his head haue eare in Muficke, doubtleffe

(Tis m my Cloake-bagge) Doublet, Har, Hose^aH

and forget Titan:

Of common-biffing

And chat (he hach all courtly parts more exquifite

Qjf. Dare come about him.

How now, my Sonne?

Go, looke after:

Pif. thou that stand'ft so

thou that fland'ft so

Theduty of theday. She lookers like

We haue noted it. Call her before vs, for

A ihingmotemade ofmalice, then ofduty.

Where is fhe gone? Haply d. fpaire hath feir'd her:

He hath a Drugge of mine: I pray, his abfence

Can her contempt be anfwer'd ?

Her Chamber, are all lock'd, and there's no anfwer

(And with what imitation you can borrow

Fore-rhinking this. I hane already fit

Lucius

From youth of fuch a feafon) fore Noble

She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close.

She w.'fh d me to make knowne: but our great Court

this Dayty fhe wu bound to proffer

She wrot me to excuse her keeping close.

This attempt,

All

TheGod* wdl diet me with. Prythee away.

I am Souldier too, and will abide it with

Beginning, nor fupplyment.
Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from every one
The best of all, and all the rest compounded
Out-sells them all. I love her therefore, but
Distraining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, limners to her judgement,
That what’s else rare, is shock’d: and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nae indeede,
To be reveng’d upon her. For, when Fools shall—

Enter Posthumus.
Who is here? What, are you packing for a race?
Come hither; Ah, you precious Pandar, Villain,
Where is thy Lady? Is, or by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close Villain,
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness, cannot
A dram of worth be drawne.

Thou art straightway with the Fiend.

Where is thy Lady? Oh, good my Lord,
Where is heere? What, are you packing firrah?
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeede,
Thou art straightway with the Fiend.

The fiirt service thou dost me, fetch that Suite
hither, let it be thy first service, go.
Pif. I shall my Lord.

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Hauen: (I forgot to ask
him one thing, Ile remember’t anon:) even there,
thou villain Posthumus will I kill thee. I would these Gar-
ments were come. She said upona time (the bittersorne 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 upon my backe I will ra-
uish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall the see
my valout, which will then be a torment to his contemps.
He on the ground, my speach of infultment ended on his
dead body, and when my Lust hath dined (which, as I
say, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloathes that she
prais’d:) to the Connt Ile knock her backe, foot her home
againe. She hath defpis’d mee riotingly, and lie bee
merry in my Reuenge.

Enter Posthumus.
Be those the Garments?
Pif. My noble Lord.

Clo. How long is’t since she went to Milford-Hauen?
Pif. She can fasie fe be there yet.

Clo. Bring this Apparrel to my Chamber, that is
the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third
is, that thou wilt be a voluntary Mute to my defigne. Be
but duteous, and true preferment shalt tendes felle to
thee. My Reuenge is now at Milford, would I had wings
thereof. Come, and be true.

Pif. Thou bid’st me to thy life: so true to thee,
Were to proue falsie, which I will never bee
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And finde not her, whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow
You Heauenly blessings on her: This Fools neede
Be croft with stownesse; Labour be his meede.

Enter Posthumus.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Imogen alone.

Ins. I fee a mans life is a tedious one,
I have tyr’d my selfe: and for two nights together
Hause made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helpe me: Milford,
When from the Mountaine top, Posthumus shewed thee,
Thou wast within a kenne. Oh Ioue, I think
That hee was’t within a kenne. Oh Ioue, I think
To Milford go. At point to finke for Food. But what is this?
I were bell not call; I dare not call: yet Fonn*
Heere is a oath too’t; ’tis some fawage hold:
That hee heere to eschew u’d. Two Beggers told me,
I could not misse my way. Will poor Folkes lie
That have Afflictions on them, knowing’tis
A punishment, or Triall? Yes; no wonder,
When Rich-ones fearfe tell true. To lapse in Fulnece
Is foret, then to Iye for Neede: and Fallhood
Is worst in Kings, then Beggers. My deere Lord,
Thou art one o’t’falsie Ones: Now I thorke on thee,
My hunget’s gone; but even before, I was
At point to sinke, for Food. But what is this?
Heere is a path too’s: ’tis fome fauage hold: I
would not call: I dare not call: yet Famine
Ere cleane it o’re-throw Nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and Peace breeds Cowards: If Hordineffe euer
Of Hordineffe is Mother. How? heere heere?
If any thing that’s civil, speake if fauage,
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Scena Septima.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Armuregus.

Bel. You restless have proud'ft Bel' Woodman, and
Are Master of the Feast: Cadwall, and I
Play the Cooke, and Seruant,'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and dye
But for the end it worked too. Come, our Romackes
Will make what's homely, fauoury: Westinffe
Can fire upon the Flint, when reflex Sloth
Finds the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be beer,
Poor house, that keep'ft thy lease,
Stronger felfe, that keep'ft thy lease.

Gu. I am throughly weary.

Ars. I am weake with toyle, yet strong in appetite.

Gu. There is cold meat i'th'Caue, we'll brouz on that
While what we have kill'd, be Cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in
But that it eates our visibles, I should thinke
Here we were a Fairy.

Gu. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By Jupiter an Angel: or if not
An earthly Paragon. Behold Divineneffe
No elder then a Boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good matters harme me not:
Before I enter'd heere, I call'd, and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have eate; good grasse
I have fome nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold swe'd i'th'Floore. Here's money for my Meate,
I would have left it on the Board, so soon
To haue begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good troth
Before I enter'd heere,
call'd, and thought

Gu. And such a welcome as I'd giue to him

Bel. He is a man, he loue him as my Brother:

Gu. Such a welcome as I'd giue to him

Imo. Sober Sir, you fall 'mongst Friends.

Bel. I am throughly weary.

Gu. I am weake with toyle, yet strong in appetite.

Bel. Sir: I haue a-Kinfman, who
Fidele

I mo.

Bel. I see you're angry:

Gu. Know, if you kill me for my fault, I shoulde

I mo.

Bel. But that it eates our visibles, I shoulde thinke

I mo.

Bel. To haue begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good troth

I mo.

Bel. He wrings at some dittrefle.

Gu. Would I could I free't.

Ars. Or I, what ere it be,
What paine it cost, what danger: Gods!

Bel. Hear he Boyes.

Imo. Great men
That had a Court no bigger then this Caue,
That did attend themselves, and had the vurre
Which i heir owne Confcience seal'd them: laying by
That nothing-guift of differing Multitudes
Could not out-peere these thwaine. Pardon me Gods,
I'd change my fexe to be Companion with them,
Since Leonatus falle.

Bel. It shall be so:

Boyes we'll go dreffe our Hunt. Faire youth come in;
Diffcource is heavy, fasting: when we haue fupp'd
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy Story,
So farre as thou wilt fpake it.

Gu. Pray draw neere.

Ars. The Night to th'Owle,
And Morn to th'Lark elefe welcome.

Imo. Thanks Sir

Ars. I pray draw neere.

Exeunt.

Scena Octava.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribuns.
1.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 weak to undertake our Wars against
The false-off Britains, that we do incite
The Gentry to this businesse. He creates
Lucius Pro-Confull: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Leuy, he commands
His absolute Commision. Long live Cæsar.

Trs. Is Lucius General of the Forces?

2.Sen. 1.

Trs. Remaining now in Gallia?

1.Sen. With these Legions

Whye I haue spoke of whereunto your leue
Mutt be suppfant: the words of your Commision
Will tye you to the numbers, and the time
Of their dispatch.

Trs. We will discharge our duty.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleomenes.

Cles I am neere to th'place where they should meet,
if Pisena haue mapp'd it truly. How fit his Garments
I fereume? Why shoulde his Miftris who was made by him
that
that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (issue of reverence of the Word) for this a Womans finetite comes by fits; therein I must play the Workman, I dare speake it to my felfe, for it is not Vamglorie for a man, and his Glaffe, to confer in his own Chamber; I meanc, the Lines of my body are as well drawne as his; no lefle markcable in ftngle oppofit ions j yet this imperfeuerant Birth, alike conuerfant in generall seruices, and more re- lyond nim in the aduantage of the time, aboue him in foreed, thy Garments cut to peeces before thy face: and Thing loueshim in my defpighi. What Mertalitie it? Are we not Brothers?

Bel. To'th Field, to'th Field:

Wec'll leave you for this time, go in, and refl.

Arus. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not fice, For you must be our Hufwife.

Imo. Well, or ill, I am bound to you.

Bel. And that'll be cuer.

This youth, how ere diffreft.appeares he hath had Good Ancestors.

Arus. How Angell-like he fings?

Gus. But his neare Cookerie?

Arus. He cut our Rootes in Charrafters, And fave'll our Brothers, as I saw had bin ficke,

And he his Dieter. Arus. Nobly he yokes

A fming, with a figh; as if the figh

Was that it was, for not being fuch a Smile*

From fo diuine a Temple, to commix

With windes, that Saylors ralle at.

Gus. I do more,

That greefe and patience rooted in them both,

Mingle their furpures together.

Arus. Grow patience,

And let the flinking-Elder (Greffe) yntwine

His perishing roore, with the encresing Vine.

Bel. It is great morning. Come away: Who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Cle. I cannot finde those Runnagates, that Villaine

Hast mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. Thofe Runnagates?

Means he not vs ? I partly know him, 'tis

Cloten, the Sonne o'th Queene. I feare some Ambush:

I faw him not these many yeares, and yet

I know 'tis he: We are held as Out-Lawes: Hence.

Gus. He is but one yyou, and my Brother search

What Companys are neere: pray you away,

Let me alone with him.

Cle. Soft, what are you

That flye me thus? Some villaine-Mountainers?

I have a hurt of fuch. What Slawe art thou?

Gus. A thing.

More flauish did I ne're, than answeting

A Slave without a knocke.

Cloten. Thou art a Robber.

A Low-breaker, a Villaine: yeeld thee Thee.

Gus. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I

An armes a bigger as shine ? A heart, as bigger:

Thy words I grant are bigger: for I weare not

My Dogger in my mouth. Say what thou art

Why

Scena Secunda.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Aruragus, and Imogen from the Cane.

Bel. You are not well: Remaine here in the Cane,

We'll come to you after Hunting.

Arus. Brother, fay here.

Are we not Brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be,

But Clay and Clay, differs in dignitie,

Whose duft is both alike. I am very ficke,

Gui. Go you to Hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So ficke I am not, yet I am not well.

But not fo Citizen a wanton, as

To feme to dye, ere ficke. So please you, leave me,

Stiche to your Journall couse the -breath of Cuttome,

Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me

Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort

To one not fickable: I am not very ficke,

Since I can reafon of none.

Bel. Thefe are kinde Creatures.

I cannot fave thes Runnagates, that Villaine

Hast mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. Thofe Runnagates?

Means he not vs ? I partly know him, 'tis

Cloten, the Sonne o'th Queene. I feare some Ambush:

I faw him not these many yeares, and yet

I know 'tis he: We are held as Out-Lawes: Hence.

Gus. He is but one yyou, and my Brother search

What Companys are neere: pray you away,

Let me alone with him.

Cle. Soft, what are you

That flye me thus? Some villaine-Mountainers?

I have a hurt of fuch. What Slawe art thou?

Gus. A thing.

More flauish did I ne're, than answeting

A Slave without a knocke.

Cloten. Thou art a Robber.

A Low-breaker, a Villaine: yeeld thee Thee.

Gus. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I

An armes a bigger as shine ? A heart, as bigger:

Thy words I grant are bigger: for I weare not

My Dogger in my mouth. Say what thou art

Why
Why should ye yield to thee?

Clot. Thou Villaine base, 

Know'st me not by my Clother?

Gui. No, nor thy Taylor, Rafeall:

Who is thy Grandfather? He made those cloather,

Which (as it seemes) make thee.

Clot. Thou precious Varlet,

My Taylor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thanke

The man that gavemeth thee. Thou art some Poole,

I am loath to beare thee.

Clot. Thou inuious Thieves,

Hearke but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clot. Clemen, thou Villaine.

Gui. (Clemen) thou double Villaine be thy name,

I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,

'Twould move me soon in.

Clot. To thy further feare,

Nay, to thy meer Confusion, thou shalt know

So worthy as thy Birth.

Gui. I am perused what

Art not afraid?

Gui. Thee that I reverence, thee I feare: the Wife;

At Poole I laugh at thee.

Clot. Dye the death:

When I have flaine thee with my proper hand,

He follow those that even now fled hence

And on the Gates of Heerdome let your heads:

Yield Rusticke Mountaine.

Fight and Execution.

Enter Polidore and Artriums.

Ed. No Companie's abroad?

Arui. None in the world: you did mistake him.

Ed. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,

But Time hath nothing blurted those lines of Favour

Which then he wore at the matches in his voice,

And burst of speaking were as his: I am abfolute

Twas very Clemen.

Arui. In this place we left them;

I with my Brother make good time with him,

You say he is so fell.

Ed. Being feare made vp,

I meanto man; he had not apprehension

Of roaring torrents: For defect of judgement

Is oft the caufe of feare.

Enter Guiderions.

But feare thy Brother

Gui. This Clemen was a Poole, an empty pursel,

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 Poole had borne

My head, as I do his.

Ed. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perused what: cut off one Clemen head,

Some to the Queene (after his owne report)

Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and swore

With his owne fingle hand he'd take vs in,

Displace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow

And set them on Linds: Tawn.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy Father, what have we to lose,

But that he swore to take, our Lives? the Law

Proteas not vs, then why should we be tender,

To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us?

Play Judge, and Executioner, all himselfe?

For we do fear the Law. What company

Difcouer you abroad?

Bel. No finge foule

Can we fet eye on: but in all safe reaon

He must have sone Attendants. Though his Honor

Was nothing but mutation, I, and that

From one bad thing to worse: Not Frenzie,

Not absolute madneffe could fo farre have rau'd

To bring him heere alone: although perhaps

It may be heard at Court, that such as we

Cauie heres, hunt heres, are Out-laws, and in time

May make some stronger head, which he hearing,

(As it is like him) might breake out, and swear

He'll fetch vs in, yet is't not probable

To come alone, either he do undertaking,

Or they do suffering: then on good ground we fearse,

If we do fear this Body hath a taille

More perilous then the head.

Arui. Let Ord'nanccs

Come as the Gods fore-tay it: howfoere,

My Brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no minde

To hunt this day: The Boy Fidelis Ficker we,

Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his owne Sword,

Which he did waue against my throat, I have rau'd

His head from him: Ilethrow/ into the Creekc

Which he did waue againft my throat, I hau« tane

Did make my way long forth.

Gui. He made choate cloathes.

Ant. In this place we left them;

Thou precious Varlet.

Cloten, thou Villaine.

What's thy name?

Cloten. Whatsoere thou do'st not done: thou dost

To thy further feare,

Thou double Villaine be thy name,

Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and sware

With his owne Angle hand hel'd take vs in,

My head, as I do his.

Could haue knock d out his Braines, for he had none:

Yet I not doing this, the Foole had borne

There was no money in't

Not Frenzie.

Gui. Oftoaring terrors: For defeft of iudgement

But fee thy Brother

You say he is so fell.

Ant. I am sorry for't: not Teeming

Pot.

Ant. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,

None in the world: you did mis rate him sure.

Arui. What hart thou done?

Gui. What's thy name?

Cloten. Cloten.

Thou precious Varlet.

Thou Villaine bafe,

Thou injurious Theefe,

No, nor thy Ts/Ior, Rafcall:

fftsi.

Thou Villaine.

What's thy name?

Cloten. Cloten.

Hence then, and thanke

Thou double Villaine be thy name,

I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,

'Twould move me soon in.

Clot. To thy further feare,

Nay, to thy meer Confusion, thou shalt know

So worthy as thy Birth.

Gui. I am perused what

Art not afraid?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I feare: the Wife;

At Poole I laugh at thee.

Clot. Dye the death:

When I have slaine thee with my proper hand,

He follow those that even now fled hence

And on the Gates of Heerdome let your heads:

Yield Rusticke Mountaine.

Fight and Execution.

Enter Polidore and Artriums.

Ed. No Companie's abroad?

Arui. None in the world: you did mistake him.

Ed. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,

But Time hath nothing blurted those lines of Favour

Which then he wore at the matches in his voice,

And burst of speaking were as his: I am abfolute

Twas very Clemen.

Arui. In this place we left them;

I with my Brother make good time with him,

You say he is so fell.

Ed. Being feare made vp,

I meanto man; he had not apprehension

Of roaring torrents: For defect of judgement

Is oft the caufe of feare.

Enter Guiderions.

But feare thy Brother

Gui. This Cloten was a Poole, an empty pursel,

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 Poole had borne

My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perused what: cut off one Cloten head,

Some to the Queene (after his owne report)

Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and sware

With his owne fingle hand he'd take vs in,

Displace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow

And set them on Linds: Tawn.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy Father, what have we to lose,

But that he swore to take, our Lives? the Law

Proteas not vs, then why should we be tender,

To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us?

Play Judge, and Executioner, all himselfe?
In Embaflie to his Mother; he's hoftage
I haue lent Clot-pole downe the ftreame.

Chum It did not Ipeake before. All folemne thingc
Since death of my decr*d Mother
Should anfwer folemne Accidents. The matter?
Hath Cadwalnove (Hearke) it founds: but what occaftion
Tnumphes for nothing, nd lamenting Toyes.

Is Cadxeall Is iol|ity for Apes, and gtcefe for Boyes.
And brings the dite occafion in his Armes,
That we haue made fo much on. 1 had rather
To haue turn'd my leaping time into a Ctutcb,
Then hauesene this.

Mteht'ft cafileft harbour in. Thou blefced thing,
The Ooze, to (hew what Coaft ihy (luggifh care
loueknowes what man thou mieht'ft haue made but,
As when thou grew'ft thy feife.

My Brother weares thcenottheonehalfc fo well.
Thou dyed'fl a mofl rare Boy, of Melanchoily
How found you him?

Who euer yet could found thy bottome? Finde
Thusfmiling, as fome Fly had tickled flumbtr,
Not as deaths dart, being laugh'd at; his right Cherkc
Repofine on a CuiTuon.

My ingenuous Inflrumenc,
"Bel. Great gleeefes I fee med'cine the leffe: For Clo
t Is quite forgot. He was a Queens Sonne,Boyes,
And though he came our Enemy remember
He was paid for that: though meant, and mighty rotting
Together have one duff, yet Reuerence
(That Angell of the world) doth make diifuvStion
Of place 'tweenee high, and low. Our Foe was Princely,
And though you tooke his life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him,as a Prince.

"Bel. Pray you fetch him hither,
Tberfites body is as good as Aias,
When neyther are alioe.

"Arui. If you'l go fetch him,
We'll fay our Song the whil'd: Brother begin.
"Gus. Nay Cadwall, we mufly lay his head to th' Eaft,
My Father hath a reafon for't.

"Arui. 'Tis true.
"Gus. Come on then, and remove him,
"Arui. So, begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fears no more the heates o th' Sun,
Nor th' fierce Winter's rages,
Thou thy worldly task haft fom,
Home art you, and tane thy wages.

"Arui. Thou art poore, and of no profitable
Thou haft fettled in gooditie,
Care no more to cloath and care.
To thee the Rede we as the Oak:
The Scripture, Learning Phyfick muft,
All follow this and come to duff.

"Gui. Fears no more the Lightning flaff.
"Arui. Nor th' all dreaded Thunder ftreke.
"Gui. Fears not Slander, Confufre art,
"Arui. Thou haft fettled in gooditie,
Care no more to cloath and care.
To thee the Rede we as the Oak:
The Scripture, Learning Phyfick muft,
All follow this and come to duff.

"Gui. No Exercifers harmes thee.
"Arui. Nor no witch-craft harmes thee.
"Gui. Ghost unlaid forefear thee.
"Arui. Nothing ill come more thee.

"Both. Not Confitration harmes thee,
All follow this and come to duff.

"Gui. All breaws young all breaws muft,
"Arui. Confine to thee and come to duff.

"Gui. We have done our obfequies:
Come lay him downe,
"Bel. Heere's a few Flowres, but 'bout midnight more:
The heares that haue on them cold dew o th'night.
Are firewings fit for Graves vp on their Faces.
You were as Flowres, now wither'd; euen fo
Thefe Herbeft fans, which we vpon you stroke.
Come on, away, apart vpon our knees:
The ground that gauethem foft, ha's them againe.
Their pleasures here are paff, fo are their paine.
Exeunt.

"Imogen

SONG.

"Gui. Pray thee have done,
And do not play in Wench-like words with that
Which is fo ferious. Let vs fleep him,
And not protra&with admiration, what
Is now due debt. To th' grave.

"Arui. Say, where fhall's lay him?
Ods psttikios: can it be lixe mile yet?

Yes Sir, to Milford-Hauen, which is the way?

This bloody mud the care on*t. I hope I dreatne:
I haue gone all night; 'Fauh, lye downe, and sleepe.

Thefe FlowresUre like the ple&furcs of the World;

Oh God's, and Godde's!

These are sometimes like our Judgments, blinde.

Good faith I tremble still with feare: but if there be
Yet left in Heaven, as small a drop of pittie
As a Wrens eye; lest God's, a part of it.

This dreame's here yet: euery wheal wake it is
Pifamo,

Murther in beauen

His Foote Mercurial!: his martial! Thigh
PoSihume

A headlefle man? The Garments of

'Twas but a bolt of nothing, (hot 3t nothing,
I know the shape of large this is his Hand:

Hecuba
All gave the Grcekes,

Hercules
: but his louiali face--

The brawnes of

Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd
Confip'd with shat Irregulous diuell
Cleten,

alas,

From this moft braueft veffell of the world
Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me* whe.c's that ?
Pifauio)

Hath with his forged Letters (damn d
Betnufter'd : bid the Crptaineslooke too't. Now Sir,

That confirmes it home:

'Tis he, and
Cioteu
: Malice, and Lucre in them

Some Falies are meaner the happier toarife.
Exeunt

And make biro with our Pikes and Partizans
And leauing fo his seruice,follow you,

And Gentlemen of$i..ty, moft willing Spirits,

And make warres
And on it faid a Century of prayers
With wild wood-leaues & weeds, I ha' Brew'd his graue

He hide my Mafter from the Flies.asdeepe

You heere at MilforckHauen, with your Shippes:

That heere by Mountaineers lyes slaine: Alas,
A Graue: Come, Arnie him; Boy bee's prefen'd

And make biro with our Pikes and Partizans
Exeunt

And make biro with our Pikes and Partizans
And Gentlemen of$i..ty, moft willing Spirits,

That heere by Mountaineers lyes slaine: Alas,
A Graue: Come, Arnie him; Boy bee's prefen'd

And make biro with our Pikes and Partizans
Exeunt

And make biro with our Pikes and Partizans
And Gentlemen of$i..ty, moft willing Spirits,

That heere by Mountaineers lyes slaine: Alas,
A madrigal, of which her life's in danger: Heautots,
How deeply you at once do touch me. Imag
The great part of my comfort, gone: My Queers
Upon a depera bed, and in a time
When fearfull Walters point at me: Her Sonne gone,
So needfull for this present: I strikes me, paht
The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Doft seeme to ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharpe Torture, Tyf.
Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly let it at your will: But for my Miftris,
I nothing know where sic remaines: why gone,
The day that she was milting, she was beere;
I humbly set it at your will: But for my Mifriss,
I dare be bound hee's true, and shall perform
All put* of this subieftion loyally. For
Clem,
Do's yet depend.
Of Romaine Gentlemen, by the Senate fent.
The Romaine Legions, all from Gallia drawne,
We'll peace for a feafon, but our iesloufie
Are landed on your Coaft, with a supply
I am arnaz'd with matter.
Your preparation can affront no less (ready
): The want is, but to put chofe Powres in motion,
Then what you heare of. Come more, for more you're
Und will no doubt be found,
There wants no diligence in feeking !
I wrote him slaine. Tis strange:
Imogen
Miftris, who did promife
Nor heare I from
We receive at chances heere. Away.
Exeunt
This solong to move.
Whu is betide to
but remains
Clotcn,
Thesepresent wirresiball findc to loue my Country,
Wherein I am falfe, lam honeft: not true, to be true.
Euen to the ncre of the King, or lie fall in them t
fortune brings in some Boats: that are not freer d.
Exit,

Scena Quarta.

Enter Belarius, Guidersus, & Aruegus.
Gu. The noyse is round about vs.
Bel. Let vs from it.
Ar. What pleasure Sir, we finde in life, to locks it
From Action, and Adventure.
Gu. Play, what hope
Hau we in hidding vs? This way the Romans
Muff, or for Britaine play vs or receive vs
For barbarous and vnmerall Results
During their life, and Day vs after.

Bel. Sonnes,
Vf'll higher to the Mountains, there secure v,
To the Kings party there's no going: newmefle
Of Claut's death (we being not known, nor matter'd
Among the Bands) may drue vs to a reader
Where we have little, and to extort from's that
Which we have done, what answer would be death
Drawne on with Torture.
Gu. This is (Sir) a doubt
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying vs.
Ar. It is not likely,
That when they heare their Roman horses neigh
Behold their quarter'd Pires; haue both their eyes
And eses to cloyd 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 yeares
(Though Claut then but young) you fee, not wore him
From my remembrance. And besides, the King
Hath not deferved my Service, nor your Loues,
Who finde in my Exile, the want of Breeding:
The certainty of this heard life, see hopelesse
To have the courtrefy your Cradle promis'd,
But to be fell hot Summers Tanlings, and
The shrinking Slaves of Winter.
Gui. Then be fo,
Better to cease to be. Pray Sir, to'h'Army:
I, and my Brother are not knowne; yourfelfe
So out of thought, and therto so over-grown
Cannot be question'd.
Ar. By this Sunne that shines
Hee thither: What thing is't, that I neuer
Did fee man dye, fearless ever look'd on blood,
But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Venison?
Never befrd a Horfe faue one, that had
A Rider like my felfe, who ne're wore Rovell,
Nor fion on his heele! I am afham'd
To hooke vp on the holy Sunne, to have
The benefit of this bleff Beames, remaining
So long a poore unknowne,
Gu. By heaven's I'll goe,
If you will bleffe me Sir, and give me leave,
He take the better care, but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall en me, by
The hands of Romans.
Ar. So fay I, Amen.
Bel. No reason (fine of your lives you fet)
So flight a valeuation) should refume;
My crack'd one to more care. Haue with you Boyes,
If in your Country warres you chauce to dye,
That is my Bed too (Lds) and there I lie.
Lead, lead; the time seems long, their blood thinks som
Till is fuye out, and shew them Princes borne.
Exit.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Pothinus alone.
Poth. Yes bloody cloth, He keep thee: for I am with
Thou should'lt be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this costume, how many
Must murther Witus much better then themselves

b b b
For
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Enter Posthumus, and a Britaine Lord.
Lor. Can'tsthou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did,

Though you it scemes come from the Fliers
Lo. I did.

Post. No blame be to you Sir, for all was lost,
But that the Heavens fought: the King himselfe
Of his wings deftruite the Army broken,
And but the backes of Britanies scene; all flying
Through a faire Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the Tongue with flattering haung worke
More plentiful, then Toailes to dos: strooke one
Some mortally, some lightly touch'd, some falling
Merecely through feare, that the first: paffe was dam'd
With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cawards living
To dye with lengthned flame
Lo. Where was this Lane?
Post. Clofeo by the barren, dist'd, & wall'd with turpht,
Which gave advantage to an ancient Soldiour
(An honeste one I warrant) who defer'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his Country. Athwart the Lane,
He, with two striplings (Lads more like to run
The Country safe, then to committ such slaughter,
With faces fit for Maskes, or rather fayer
Then those for preference caus'd, or flame)
Made good the passage, eyed to those that flied.
Our Britaines hearts dye flying, nor our men,
To darkeffe fere foules that flye backwars; fland,
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beall, which you fhun brayfly, and may fave
But to looke backe in crowne: Stand, fland, These three.
Three thousand confident, in all as many:
For three performers are the Filer, when all
There def do nothing. With this word fland, fland,
Accommodated by the Place; more Charming
With their owne Noblenesse, which could haue turn'd
A Difiefe, to a Lance, guided pale lookes;
Part flame, part spirit renew'd, that fome turn'd coward
But by example (Oh a finne in Warre,
Damn'd in the first beginnes) gan to looke
The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons
Upon the Pikes o' th' Huntres. Then beganne
A Fop'th' Chafe; a Retye: anon
A Row, confusion thick of, forthwith they flye
Chickens, the way which they flote Eagles: Slaves
The frides the Victors made: and now our Cowards
Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
The life o' th'need: hauing found the backe doore open
Of the vnguarded hearts: heauen, how they wound.
Some flame before fome dying; fome their Friends
Ore-borne I' th' former were, ten shout'd by one,
Are now each one the laugher-men of twenty:
Those that would dye, e're refielt, are grown
The merriest bares o' th' Field.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Posthumus, and a Britaine Lord.
Lor. Can'tsthou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did,

Though you it scemes come from the Fliers
Lo. I did.

Post. No blame be to you Sir, for all was lost,
But that the Heavens fought: the King himselfe
Of his wings deftruite the Army broken,
And but the backes of Britanies scene; all flying
Through a faire Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the Tongue with flattering haung worke
More plentiful, then Toailes to dos: strooke one
Some mortally, some lightly touch'd, some falling
Merecely through feare, that the first: paffe was dam'd
With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cawards living
To dye with lengthned flame
Lo. Where was this Lane?
Post. Clofeo by the barren, dist'd, & wall'd with turpht,
Which gave advantage to an ancient Soldiour
(An honeste one I warrant) who defer'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his Country. Athwart the Lane,
He, with two striplings (Lads more like to run
The Country safe, then to committ such slaughter,
With faces fit for Maskes, or rather fayer
Then those for preference caus'd, or flame)
Made good the passage, eyed to those that flied.
Our Britaines hearts dye flying, nor our men,
To darkeffe fere foules that flye backwars; fland,
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beall, which you fhun brayfly, and may fave
But to looke backe in crowne: Stand, fland, These three.
Three thousand confident, in all as many:
For three performers are the Filer, when all
There def do nothing. With this word fland, fland,
Accommodated by the Place; more Charming
With their owne Noblenesse, which could haue turn'd
A Difiefe, to a Lance, guided pale lookes;
Part flame, part spirit renew'd, that fome turn'd coward
But by example (Oh a finne in Warre,
Damn'd in the first beginnes) gan to looke
The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons
Upon the Pikes o' th' Huntres. Then beganne
A Fop'th' Chafe; a Retye: anon
A Row, confusion thick of, forthwith they flye
Chickens, the way which they flote Eagles: Slaves
The frides the Victors made: and now our Cowards
Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
The life o' th'need: hauing found the backe doore open
Of the vnguarded hearts: heauen, how they wound.
Some flame before fome dying; fome their Friends
Ore-borne I' th' former were, ten shout'd by one,
Are now each one the laugher-men of twenty:
Those that would dye, e're refielt, are grown
The merriest bares o' th' Field.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Romane Army at one deere:
and the Britaine Army at anoterh: Leonardus Posthumus
following like a poor Soullier. They march on, and goe
out. Then enter againe in Skirmsh Iachimo and Posthu-
:mo:i: be vangallit and differneft Iachimo, and then
leaves him.

19c The heauinesse and guilt within my bosome,
Taught off my foules: I have belied a Lady,
The Princeffe of this Country; and the syre on't
Reuengingely enfeebles me, or could this Care,
A very drudge of Natures, haue fubdu'd me
In my profition (Knighthoods, and Honors borne
As I warfare mine) are titles but of fcorne.
If that thy Gentry (Britaine Prazant) so Ileffe dye
Against the part I come with: fo He dye
That (Britaine) I haue kill'd thy Miflris: Peace,
Had you'd to put on this: fo had you faved
The ftrides the Vigors made: and now our Cowards
Vpon the Pikes o' th' Huoters. Then beganne
The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons
Against the part I come with: fo He dye
That (Britaine) I haue kill'd thy Miflris: Peace,
Had you'd to put on this: so had you faved
The ftrides the Vigors made: and now our Cowards
Vpon the Pikes o' th' Huoters. Then began
To haue them salie I no more: you fome permit
You snatch fome hence for little faults; that's loue

But Imogen is your owne, do your beft wills,
And make me ble to obey. I am brought hither
Among th'th'Italian Gentry; and to fight
Against my Ladies Kingdome: 'Tis enough
That (Britaine) I have kill'd thy Miflris: Peace.
Ilc give no wound to the: therefore good Heauens,
Here patiently my purpofc. Iildebabe me
Of thofe Italian weedes, and fouile my felfe
As do's a Britaine Pezant: fo Ileffe dye
Against the part I come with: fo Ileffe dye
For thee (O Imogen) even for whom my life
Is evey breath, a death: and thus, wincnowne,
Pitted, not hared, to the face of peil
My felfe Ile dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, then my habits shew.
Gods, put this strength o'ch in me:
Leonatius, lachimo, and the Romane Armie at one deere:
and the Britaine Army at another: Leonardus Posthumus
following like a poor Soullier. They march on, and goe
out. Then enter againe in Skirmsh Iachimo and Posthu-
:mo:i: be vangallit and differneft Iachimo, and then
leaves him.

Enter Polibius, and finders the Britaine. They Repufe
Cymbeline, and Exeunt.

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.
Lo. Away boy from the Troopes, and fave thy felfe:
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's fuch
As warre were hood-wink'd.

Loc. Tir their fresh supplies.
Loc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or beines
Let's re-infore, or fly.

Exit.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

A

991
dakeno Collection of it. Let him (he

hew

iij skill in the construfion.

Luc. Philarmonus.

Sooth. Heere,my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Reades.

When a Lyons whelp shall to himselfe unknowne, with- out seeking finds, and bee embrac'd by a piece of tender Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be lost branches, which being dead many yeres, shall after remove, bee inserted to the old Stocke, and freely grow, then shall Poethronus end his mysteries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plen- tie.

Thou Leonatus art the Lyons Whelpe,
The fit and apt Construction of thy name
Being Leonatus, doth import so much:
The piece of tender Ayre, thy virtuous Daughter,
Which we call Mollis Aer, and Mollis Aer
We terme it Muler, which Muler I dune
Is this most constant Wife, who even now
Anw'ring the Letter of the Oracle,
Unknowne to you unsought, were elipt about
With this most tender Aire.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty Cedar, Royall Cymbeline
Personates thee: And thy loft Branches point
Thy two Sonnes forth: who by Belarbus shine
For many yeres thought dead, are now renu'd
To the Maiesticks Cedar ioynd'd; whose Issue
Promises Britaine, Peace and Plen-ty.

Cym. Well,

My Peace we will begin: And Caius Lucius,
Although the Victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Romane Empire; promising
To pay our wonted Tribute, from which
We were diffwaded by our wicked Queene,
Whom heaven in justice both on her, and hers,
Hawe laid most heayy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the Powers above, do tune
The harmony of this Peace: the Vision
Which I made knowne to Lucius ere the stroke
Of yet this faire-cold-Battale, at this instant
Is full accomplisht'd. For the Romaine Eagle
From South to West, on wing soaring aloft
Lessen'd her felfe, and in the Beames o'th Sun
So vanish'd; which fore-shew'd our Princeely Eagle
Th'Imperiall Caesar, should againe unite
His Favour,with the Radiant Cymbeline,
Which shineth here in the West.

Cym. Laud we the Gods,
And let our crooked Smosakes climbe to their Nottrile
From our blest Akars. Publish we this Peace
To all our Subjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman, and a Brittifh Ensigne wawe
Friendly together: so through Lud-Toome
March.

And in the Temple of great Jupiter
Our Peace we'l ratifie: Seale it with Feasts.

(see.)

Newer was a Warre did cease
(Ere bloodie hands were washd) with such a Peace.

FINIS.
Lord. This was strange chance:  
A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boys.  
Poff. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made  
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,  
Then to work any. Will you Blume upon’t,  
And vent it for a Mockrize? Here is one:  
'Twixt an Oldman, & two Boys, was the Romanes hose.  
Lord. Nay, be not angry Sir.  
Poff. Lacke, to what end?  
Who does not stand his Foe, be he his Friend  
For he'll do, as he is made to do,  
I know hee quickly flye my friendship too.  
You have put me into Rime.  
Lord. Farewell, you're angry.  
Poff. Still going? This is a Lord: Oh Noble misery  
To be r'dFielded, and ask what newes of me:  
To day, how many would have given their Honours  
To have such their Caractef? Toooke heed to doot',  
And yet dyed too. I mine owne zone charm'd  
Could not finde death, where I did hear him groane.  
Not feel he where he stakk. Being an uyglyMonster,  
'Postraves he hides him in freth Cap's, soft Beds,  
Sweet words; or hath good masters then mee.  
That draw his kniues. M War. WeU I wUlfinde him:  
For if hec'l do, as he made to doe,  
Who dares net (land his Foe. He be bis Friend j  
This is strange he bides him in fire's Caps, soft Beds.  
To haue fau'd their Caractef? Took heels to doo',  
Great supper be prsis'd, Leave is  
So Yis reported i  
Enter two Captains, and Soldiers  
1 Great Jupiter be prsised, Leave is taken,  
'Tis thought the old man, and his sons, were Angels.  
2 There was a fourth man, in a solly habit,  
That gavc the Affiant with them.  
5 So 'tis reported:  
But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?  
Poff. A Roman,  
Who had not now beene drooping here, if Seconds  
Hath overru'd him.  
Great Nature like h's Ancestors,  
Moulded the fatale so faire.  
With Mars fall out with Love's Childen, that thy Adulteries  
Roses, and Reuenges.  
With Mars fall out with Love's Childen, that thy Adulteries  
Roses, and Reuenges.  
Thus doth the Thunder-Maker  
Thou shalt not now make; thou art a way;  
Thou shalt not now make; thou art a way;  
(Thou shalt not now make;)  
Great Nature like his Ancestors,  
Moulded the fatale so faire.  
The Word was not be made;  
That had feru'd the purpose of the World,  
That could stand vp his parrellel,  
Or treasur'd cibes be?  
In eye of Imogen, that best could desse  
His dighte.  
With Marriage wherefore was he mock'd  
To be call'd, and throwne  
From Lemari State, and cast from her,  
To haue fau'd their Caractef? Took heels to doo',  
Great supper be prsis'd, Leave is  
So Yis reported i  
Enter two Captains, and Soldiers  
1 Great Jupiter be prsised, Leave is taken,  
'Tis thought the old man, and his sons, were Angels.  
2 There was a fourth man, in a solly habit,  
That gavc the Affiant with them.  
5 So 'tis reported:  
But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?  
Poff. A Roman,  
Who had not now beene drooping here, if Seconds  
Hath overru'd him.  
Great Nature like h's Ancestors,  
Moulded the fatale so faire.  
With Mars fall out with Love's Childen, that thy Adulteries  
Roses, and Reuenges.  
With Mars fall out with Love's Childen, that thy Adulteries  
Roses, and Reuenges.  
Thus doth the Thunder-Maker  
Thou shalt not now make; thou art a way;  
Thou shalt not now make; thou art a way;  
(Thou shalt not now make;)  
Great Nature like his Ancestors,  
Moulded the fatale so faire.  
The Word was not be made;  
That had feru'd the purpose of the World,  
That could stand vp his parrellel,  
Or treasur'd cibes be?
That hatie this Golden chance, and know not why:
What Fayenes haunt this ground? A Book? Oh rare one,
And yer are free'd m Fauours; so am I
Mar.y Dtcame not to find, neither deserve.
On Greatnefsc Fauour; Dreamc as I heue done.
Wake, and finde nothing. But (alas) I fweruer
Gone, rhey went hence so foone as they were borne:
And fo I am awake. Poore Wretches, that depend
A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh fcome)
A Father to me: and thou haft created
His radiant Roofe: Away, and to be bleft
Let vs with care performe his great be'ncft.
Vanjh
As when his God is pleas'd,
Stoop'd, as to foore vs: bis Afcenfion is
Prunes the immortall wing, and cloyes his Beake,
More sweet then our bleft Fields: his Royal Bird
Was fulphurous to smell: the holy Eagle
A (cauls
Mount Eagle, to my Palace Chriftalline.
Our pleafure, bis full Fortune, doth confine,
This Tablet lay vpon his Breft,wherein
And fo away: no farther with your dinne
And happier much by his Afflidion made.
He fhall be Lord of Lady
Imogen,
Our toyuall Srarre reign'd at his Birth, and in
His Comforts thriue, his Trials well are fpem;
Be not with ttiortall accidents oppreft,
Whom beft I loue, I croffe; to make my guift
Vpon your neuer-withering bankes of Flowres.
Sky-p!anted, batters all rebelling Coafts.
Accufe rhe Thunderer, whofe Bolt (you know)
Offend our hearing;hu£h. How dare you Ghofts
No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Jupiter,
Istpiter defeends m Thunder and Lightning fitting uppon
Vpon a valiant Raee,thy harlh. and potent iniuries:
The Graces for his Merits due,being all to dolors turn'd?
Then Topiter,^ King of Gods,why haft I) thus adioum'd
Our Fealty,& tight,with Honor to maintaine.
That ftriking in our Countries caufe,
He came iD Thunder, his Celeftiall breach
Pofi.
Ache: but a man that were to fleepe your fleepe, and a
The Acquittance foliowes.
charge: your necke(Sis)is Pen,Booke,and Counters;fo
Creditor but it: of what's paft,is, and to come, the dif-
now be quit: Oh the charity ot a penny Carder fiimmcs
beauier,so7 being too light; the Purfe too light, being
too much t Purfe and Braine, both empty: the Brain the
you haue payed too much, and forry that you are payed
Tauerne Bill, which are often the fadneffe of parting, as
is you fhall be called to no more payments, fear no more
meate, depart reeling with too much drink e : forrie that
that, you are well Cook'd.
Tange, and from thy iufticeflye.
Sky-plantet, batters all rebelling Coafts.
Accufe rhe Thunderer, whofe Bolt (you know)
Offend our hearing;hu£h. How dare you Ghofts
No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Jupiter,
Istpiter defeends m Thunder and Lightning fitting uppon
Vpon a valiant Raee,thy harlh. and potent iniuries:
The Graces for his Merits due,being all to dolors turn'd?
Then Topiter,^ King of Gods,why haft I) thus adioum'd
Our Fealty,& tight,with Honor to maintaine.
That ftriking in our Countries caufe,
Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Aruriagus, Pisanio, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my tide you, whom the Gods have made Prefumers of my Throne: woe is my heart, That the poor Soldier that so richly fought, Stept before the Target of proofe, cannot be found. Stand by my side you, whom the Gods have made Cym.

Conscience, here are verier Knaves to hue: for all the dead. neuer saw one so prone: yet on my get young Gibbets, 1 would against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would no trace of him. But no trace of him.

But no trace of him.

Companions to our person, and will fit you O there were all of one minde, and one minde good: but no trace of him. We were desolation of Gaolers and Galowes: I speake against my present profit, but my wish hath a preference in't.

Exeunt.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

The Noblest task.

Imo. I humbly thank your Highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beggo my life, good Lad, and yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no, slack not.

There's other work in hand: I see a thing

Bitter to me, as death: your life, good Master,

Must suffer for it false.

Luc. The Boy disdains me.

He enters me, comes me: briefly dye their ioyes,

That place them on the truth of Gyules, and Boys.

Why finds he so perplexed?

Cym. What wouldst thou, Boy?

I love thee more, and more, think more and more.

What's best to sake? Know'st him thou lookest on? speak

Wilt hate him now? Is he thy Kind? thy Friend?

Imo. He is a Roman, no more kin to me.

Then I to your Highness, who being born your vassalle

Am something nearer

Cym. Wherefore cry'st thou so?

Imo. He tells you (Sir) in private, if you please

To give me hearing.

Cym. I, with all my heart,

And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fido! Sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth: my Page

Bel. is not this Boy rejoin'd from death?

And. One Sand another.

Nor more resembles that sweet Rosie Lad:

Who dyed, and was Fido: what think you?

Gai. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace, see further: too eyes us not, forbear*

Creatures may be alike: were't he, am sure

He would have spoke to vs.

Gai. But we see him dead.

Bel. Be silent: let's see further.

Pifa. It is my Mistress:

Since she is living, let the time run on,

To good, or bad.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side,

Make thy demand slow. Sir, step you forth,

Give answer to this Boy, and do it freely,

Or by our G reatness, and the grace of it

(Which is our Honour) bitter torture shall

Winniow the truth from falsehood. One speake to him.

Imo. My boone is that this Gentleman may render

Of whom he had this Ring.

Pofl. What's that to him?

Cym. That Diamond upon your Finger, say

How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leaue unspoken, that

Which to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How? me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that

Which torment me to conceal: By Villany

I got this Ring; 'twas Leonatus Jewell,

Whom thou didst banish: and which may greeue

As it doth me: a Nobler Sir, ne're hid (thee,

Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hate more, my Lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That Paragon, thy daughter,

For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits

Quelle to remember. Give me leave, I faint.

Cym. My Daughter; what of her? Renew thy strength

I had rather thou shouldst live, while Nature will,

Then die ere I hear thee more: Brieve more, and speake.

Iach. Upon a time, vnhappy was the clocke

That strooke the houre it was in Rome, accurt

The Mansion where: 'twas a Feast, oh would

Our Viands had bin posyfon'd (or at least

Those which I heard to head): the good Pholmmus,

(What should I say? he was too good to be)

Whereill then were, and was the best of all

Among'th' rarest (or gude one): sitting, fathered,

Hearing us praise our Loues of Italy

For Beauty, that made barren the swel'd boast

Ofhim that beft could speake: for Feature, seeming

The Shrine of Venus, or strange-pigget Minerva,

Polutes, beyond breake Nature. For Condition,

A chapp of all the qualities, that man

Loues woman for, besides that hooke of Wiung,

Faireresse, which striketh the eye.

Cym. I stand on fire. Come to the matter

Iach. All too soon I shall.

Villefse thou wouldst give greeuere quickly, This Pholmmus

Most like a Noble Lord, in loue, and one

That had a Royall Louer, tooko his hint,

And (not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein

He was as calm as vertue) he began

His Miftres picture, which, by his tongue, being made,

And then a minde in't, either our bragges

Were crack'd of Kitchin-Trullers, or his description

Prou'd vs unspaking; forces.

Cym. Nay, nay, to'th' purpose,

Iach. Thy daughters Chastity, (there it begins)

He spake of her, as 'Dian hot had dreams,

And the alone, were cold: Who wretch

Made slipste of his praisce, and wager'd with him

Pieces of Gold, gain'd this, which then he wore

Upon his honour'd finger) to attaine

In quite the place of a 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, flakes this Ring,

And would so, had it beene a Carbuncle

Of Phoebus Wheel: and might so safely, had it

Bin all the worth of Carre. Away to Bratine

Pofl. I in this defigne: Well may you (Sir)

Remember me at Court, where I was taught

Of your chaitle Daughter, the wide difference

'Twixt Amorous, and Villainous. Being thus quench'd

Of hope, not longing; mine Italian braine,

Gin in your dulle Britaine openre

Most wildly: for my vantage excellent.

And to be breathe, my praisce so preui'd

That I returned with simular proofs enough,

To make the Noble Leonatus med,

By wounding his beliefs in her Renowne.

With Takens thus, and thus: seuerating notes

Of Chamber-hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet

(Oh cunning how I got) may some marks

Of secret on her person, that he could not

But think her bond of Chastity quite crack'd,

I haung' tanke the forseys. Whereupon,

Me thinkes I see him now.

Pofl. I go thou do'st,

Italian Friend. Aye me, most credulous Foole,

Egregious murtherer, Theafe, any thing

That's due to all the Villaines past in being

To come. Oh give me Cord, or knfe, or payfon,
Some upright spirits. Thou King, send out
For Torturers ingenious: it is I
That all th'ishborred things o' th'earth amend
By being worse then they, I am Pothomus,
That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain-like, I lye,
That can't a leffer villain then my felfe,
A satirigious Theeue to doo't. The Temple
Of Vertue was fue; yea, and the her felle.
Spir, and throw ftones, cast my renown me, fe:
Of Vettue was fire; yea, and she her felfe.
Wake my Misfit, *

For Torturers ingenious: it is I
That kill'd thy Sonne: Villain-like, I ly.
That all th'abhorred things o' th'earth amend
The dogges o' th'ftreet to bay me: euery vilame
Be vilany leffe then't was. Oh Imogen
Pole: Itkum Leonas Hie,
and
Be call'd
A sacrilegious These to doo't. The Temple
My Queene, my life, my wife; oh Imogen,
Thou scornfull Page, there lye thy part.
Corn.
Oh Gods!

Haue (faid) be given his Misfit that Confession
You ne're killed Imogen till now: helpe, helpe.

Peace my Lord, heare, heare.
Shall have a play of this?

What comes the daggers on mee?

How comes the daggers on mee?

Though you did lone this youth, I blame ye not.

Belarius.
Thou hadd'ft (great King) a Subject, who
Thou hast done too good, should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: Pray thee valiant youth
Deny't againe.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Cym. A most iniquill one. The wrongs he did mee
Were nothing Prince-like; for he did ptouoke me!
With Language that would make me spurne the Sea,
If it could fo toare to me. I cut off's head.
And am right glad he is not landing heere
To rell this tale of mine.

Bel. Oh Fift, there's Fire and Fire.
Bel. There's Fire and Fire.

From mine owne part, unfeald a dangerous spich
As I have giuen out him. My Sonnes, I must
But I will prove that two one's are as good
To temper poisons for her, still pretending
Of no esteeme. I dreading, that her purpofe
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A cunning stuffe, which being vau'd, would ceafe
Do their due. Seeke her on the Mountaines neere to Milford,
If I dipeou'red not which way fhe was gone.

The Queene (Sir) very oft importun'd me
It poison'd me.

Cym. ibis, Cornelius?

Bel. Your danger's ours.

Cym. Why old Soldier?
Wilt thou vndoo the worth thou art vnpayd for
By rafting of our wrath? How of decent
As good as we?

Arriv. In that he spak too farre.
Cym. And thou that dye for't.

Bel. We will dye all three,
But I will proue that two one's are as good
As I have giuen out him. My Sonnes, I must
For mine owne part, unfeald a dangerous speec,
Though happily well for you.

Arriv. Your danger's ours.

Cym. What of him? He is a banilh'd Traitor.

Cym. Why old Soldier:
Wilt thou vndoo the worth thou art vnpayd for
By rafting of our wrath? How of decent
As good as we?

Arriv. In that he spak too farre.
Cym. And thou that dye for't.

Bel. We will dye all three,
But I will proue that two one's are as good
As I have giuen out him. My Sonnes, I must
For mine owne part, unfeald a dangerous speec,
Though happily well for you.

Arriv. Your danger's ours.

Gud. And our good his,
Bel. Haue at it then, by leve.
Thou had't (great King) a Subject, who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? He is a banilh'd Traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed a banilh'd man.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

I know not how; a Traitor.

Cym. Take him hence.
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot;

First pay me for the Nursing of thy Sonnes,
And let it be consolatory, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my Sonnes?

Bel. I am too blunt, and swesty: there's my knee:

Here I strike, I will presage my Sonnes,
Then for thy yonge, the old Father. This nighty Sir,
These two young Gentlemen that call me Father,
And thynke they are my Sonnes, are none of mine,
They are the yules of your Loynes, my Liege,
And blood of your begetting.


Bel. So sure as you, your Fathers: I (old Morgan)
Am that Belarius, whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my oceane offence, my punishament
It selfe, and all my Treason that I suffer'd,
Was all the harme I did. These gentle Princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty yeares
Have I train'd vp; those Arts they have, as I
Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir)
Has all the hate mel did. These gentle Princes

Cym. Thou seest, I am a man, a sanguine Star:
This Gentleman, my noble Prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This Gentleman, my Cadwall, Arviragus,
Your yonger Prinell Prince, be Sir, was last
In a most curious Mancie, wrought by th'hand
Of his Queene Mother, which for more probation
I can with safe produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his necke a Mocle, a sanguine Starre,
It was a marke of wonder.

Bel. This is he,
Who hath upon him fill all that naturall stomas:
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
I renty'd deliverance more: Blesse, pray you be,
That after this image starting from your Orbes,
You may reign in them now: Oh Imogen,
Thou hast by this a Kingdom

Imo. No, my Lord.

I have got two Worlds by 't. Oh my gentle Brothers,
Hawe we thus met? Oh never say hereafter

But I am truth speakes. You call'd me Brothe,
When I was but your Sister: I you Brothers,
When we were so indeed,

Cym. Did you see meere?

Arui. I my good Lord.

Guu. And at first meeeting lou'd,
Continued so, until we thought he dyed.

Cym. By the Queene Dranme the swallow'd.

Cym. O rare infinct!

When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment,
Hath to it Circumstantial branches, which
Diffidion should be rich in. Where he too'd you?

And when came you to ferue our Romme Captive?
How parted with your Brother? How first met them?
Why fled you from the Court? And whether they
And your three motuues to the Battle? with
I know not how much more should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependences
From chance to chance? But nor the Time, nor Place
Will ferue our long Interrogatories. See,

Pol. Banuus Anchors upon Imogen;

And the (like barrenlese Lightning) throws her eye
On him: her Brothers, Me: her Mafter hitting
Each object with a loy: the Counter-change
Is feuerall in all. Let's quit this ground,
And make the Temple with our Sacrifices.

Thee art my Brother, so we'll hold thee ever.

Imo. You steer my Father too, and did releace me:
To see this gracious leason.

Cym. All are joy'd
Save thefe in bonds, let them be joyfull too,
For they shall taste our Comfort.

Imo. My good Mafter, I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you.

Cym. The Inlorne Souldier, that no Nobly fought
He would have well becom'd this place, and graced
The thankings of a King.

Poff. I am Sir

The Souldier that did company these three
In poore becomement: it was a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. Thar I was he,
Spake Imogen, I had you downe, and might
Hawe made you finish.

Jaeh. I am downe againe

But now my heauie Conscience sinks my knee,
And that my force did. Take that life, before you
Which I so often owe: but your Ring firft,
And breere the Bracelet of the truef Prince:
That ever swore her Faith.

Poff. Kneele not to me:
The powre that I have on you, is to spare you:
The malice towards you, to forgoe you. Liue
And deale with others better.

Cym. Nobly doon't.

We'll learn our Frenesse of a Sonne-in-Law
Pardon's the word to all.

Arui. You holpe vs Sir,
As you did meane indeed to be our Brother,
Joy'd were we, that you are.

Poff. Your Servant Princes, Good my Lord of Rome
Call forth your Sooth-sayer: As I slept, me thought
Great Jupiter upon his Eagle back'd
Appeard to me, with other sprightly sheues
Of mine owne kindred. When I weake'd, I found
This Label on my bofome; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardnesse, that I can
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Make no Collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. 

Sooth. Here's my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Reades.

When a Lyons whelp shall to himselfe be knowne, without seeking friends, and be embraced by a piece of tender Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be loft branches, which being dead many yeares, shall after some time, be engrafted to the old stock, and freshly grew, then shall Poffhumous end his enemies, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plenty.

Thou Leonatus art the Lyons Whelpe, The fit and apt Construction of thy name Being Leonatus, doth import so much: The piece of tender Ayre, thy virtuous Daughter, Which we call Mollis Aer, and Mollis Aer We term it Muler; which Muler I chuse Is this most constant Wife, who even now Anfwering the Letter of the Oracle, Unknowne to you unsought, were clipt about With this most tender Ayre.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty Cedar, Royall Cymbeline Perfonates thee: And thou lost Branches, point Thy two Sons forth: who by Belerus to the many yeares thought dead, are now real'd To the Maiftrake Cedar to ye'nd, whose issue

Promis Britaine, Peace and Plenty.

Cym. Well,

My Peace we will begin: And Cassi Lucinus,
Although the Visitor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman Empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were diffwaded by our wicked Queene,
Whom beausens in Iuicis both on her, and hers,
Have laid most heayy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the Powers above, do tune The harmony of this Peace: the Vision Which I made knowne to Lucinus are the stroke Of yet this severe cold Bartale, at this instant Is full accomplisht. For the Roman Eagle From South to West, on wing leaning sloft Leffened her selfe, and in the Beames of the Sun So vanish'd: which fore-showd our Princely Eagle The Imperiall Cæsar, should againe vnite His Favour, with the Radiant Cymbeline, Which shines heres in the West.

Cym. Laud we the Gods,

And let our crooked Smokes climbe to their Nostrils From our blest Altars, Publish we this Peace To all our Subjects: Set we forward: Let A Roman, and a Britifh Ensigne waye Friendly together: so through Ludgate march, And in the Temple of great Jupiter Our Peace we'l ratifie: Seal it with Feasts.

Set on there: Never was a Warre did cease

(Ere bloody hands were wash'd) with such a Peace.

FINIS.